

The New Century

TO PROMULGATE THE BROADEST TEACHINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD



Year 82

Point Loma, San Diego, California, January 5, 1902

Copy 5c



Some Sturdy Old-fashioned Buildings on the banks of the River at Nurnberg, Germany

The New Century

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Two Dollars; other countries in the Postal Union,

Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; payable in advance

Single copy, Five Cents

Communications for the Editor, manuscripts, reports, books and periodicals for review should be addressed, "Katherine Tingley, Editor *The New Century*, Point Loma."

The editor is only responsible for views expressed in unsigned articles.

Articles will not be considered by the editor unless signed by the author and marked with the number of words contained. In no case is manuscript returned.

Address all Business communications, including subscriptions, and make all remittances (in bank drafts or money orders, payable to The New Century Corporation) to "Clark Thurston, Point Loma, Cal."

To comply with recent postal regulations, all Post-Office money order remittances should be made payable at San Diego. The remittances, as well as all other mail, should be made to Point Loma, as usual.

Entered at the Post-Office at Point Loma, Cal., as second-class matter Nov. 30th, 1901
Copyright, 1901, by Katherine Tingley

Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

New Year Resolutions

IT is proverbially common to make new resolutions at the New Year, or to renew old ones. But there is a proverb which embodies a too frequent experience of the fate of such resolutions. After a certain point in life, men are apt to make them no more, and to spend their remaining years drifting slackly—if a little self-reproachfully—upon the stream of their tendencies of body and mind.

Clearly, victory can never come to the man who does not fight.

Again; he who is thinking of ceasing to try should remember that to be in the neighborhood of a man *who is trying* is a penetrating stimulant to others, even when they do not see it. And when they do see it, it awakens to tenfold power their sympathy, their charity; and sustains them in every personal effort of their own.

And again; there are times not known to us, and whose periodic cycles are not suspected, when all efforts made in the past become cumulative and when the old difficulties are at their minimum. Then success is suddenly attained; the iron-bound door suddenly yields to the long pressure. Now-a-days there is a great deal of talk about *heredity*. We

A Proper Basis for New Resolves

are almost hypnotized by the word. But if heredity obtains in one direction, so also in the other. If we hand on our failings to our children, why should we not hand on to them our *power to try*? What a gift to future children does a parent bequeath and hand on who has acquired *this* power, and embedded it in their very physical constitution! The amount of *this* heritage is not fixed and completed by the birth-time of the child, but is added to throughout all the years of child-dependency.

Some of the failures to keep New Year resolutions may be due to the fact that those resolutions are not wisely based.

Let us sometimes make our resolutions, not to *do* and keep on doing this or that particular thing; but to *think* henceforth in a particular way. A man comes at last to act as he thinks. Well, what shall we think?

It is a New Century; let us think of ourselves as new men and women to fill it. The mind that constantly thinks that, will gradually transform itself, get fuller of power, clearer. Let us think of ourselves as having the power to dominate all failings; and the power will come.

Like the body, the mind is constantly renewing itself, shedding old fabric, weaving in new. If we think as of old, the old pattern will not change. If we spring upon the shoulders of the past, winged with hope, if we let no doubt of our power to transform live a moment in the current of our thoughts, if we think of the steady renewal, of the gradual coming of more and more of the golden threads among the old ones; then the renewal will go on, we shall *grow* with the years up to the very last; we shall be always in tune with the future where it springs from the present, instead of with the past where it enters the present.

At last, nature will show us the meaning of her transformations, and of that special one we call *Death*.

HRYN

One Lesson from the South African War

THE South African imbroglio is a very painful experience for John Bull; but he can turn it to most profitable account if he will only learn the lessons which Eternal Justice is trying to teach him through it. If he will do this, he will save himself the need of still severer lessons; and, as to onlooking nations, let them avoid the dangerous attitude of ungenerous criticism, which invariably brings home to the critic the fault he criticises, and take by proxy an experience which otherwise might soon be their own.

And what is the lesson I wish to point out here?

It is this: that "good" men who will not bestir themselves will be victimized by bad men. Negative, passive, indolent virtues do not count in the struggle of human life; or rather they count on the wrong side. Men have badly needed to have this lesson brought home to them, and the South African war is doing it.

For what has been the story all along? Has it not been a story of gallant soldiers, stirred up by zeal for country and honor, victimized by those hidden powers whose dirty work they are sent out to do? Of devoted and able commanders disgraced because they would not abet in the secret deceptions required of them? Of a peaceful colony, shedding its gallant blood to subserve the obstinate pride of its chiefs? Everywhere we have seen the highest self-sacrifice, devotion, and valor, called forth from men, women and children, on both sides of the combat. Everywhere, when seeking for a motive, we have found the same obstinate pride, the same impalpable power hiding behind visible authority, the same deception and irresponsibility.

The powers of darkness are at the helm. And shall we sit down in our dark, snug cabin and pray to God for abler guides, while we fiddle and talk politics? Shall we continue to play our allotted part of sitting still and doing the talking, while others do the acting?

The whole story is one of negative virtues and their dangers. These are the kind of ornamental virtues that are bred by false religion, false rearing, and false education. They cannot help a man to come in out of the rain. They will not suffice to prevent him from shedding his blood or orphaning his family to further the schemes of his worst enemies.

A brave and noble people is one that can save its own country; but a people that will rush out to battle at the word of a stump orator, a music-hall song, or a glass of beer, is a *neurotic* people. It may have virtues, but its vices control it, and are in their turn controlled by those who at all events have self-possession.

The war has certainly shown up the rotten side of our social organization and national character. It has shown the people how easily they can be fooled. It has shown them what valuation the cynical powers of ambition set upon their homely and factious virtues. It will perhaps prevent them from sitting at home and talking about the impregnable solidity of the national character, the rightmindedness and incorruptibility of rulers, and such favorite relics of antiquity.

I am not saying there is no saving grace left in the nation; for I am not one of those critics whose mission seems to be to sneer down others into the same despondency as themselves. There is much saving grace; enough to save. But it must become active and alert. It must quit waiting to see if somebody will not rise and put things straight. It must take matters into its own hands.

And what can you, the individual citizen, do? I will tell you one thing you can do—that is **PROTEST**. You have a press which is your own absolute voice, and whose sole interest it is to subserve your wishes. Take your pen, and at least **PROTEST**.

One more thing you can do—*give up shirking*. I cannot tell what little detail of public national duty may fall in your way, but I know that such details will befall you. Do not shirk opportunities when they come, and you shall have no lack of them. AN ENGLISHMAN

There is surely a piece of divinity in us, something that was before the elements and owes no homage unto the sun; Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end.

—SIR THOMAS BROWN

The New Life

IT is sad that a simple, wholesome, clean, honest, graceful life must be called "A New Life," and yet, who will deny that it is so? What are the present standards of purity, of honesty? And is modern life beautiful?

The results of the present systems are unsatisfactory, without doubt. It is a common saying that "Everyone has his own sorrow." Pain, pain is everywhere. Only the foolish and vain are enjoying a short-lived contentment or some shielded innocents, who have not yet awakened to the facts of life.

Now, pain is the penalty which is paid for disobedience to the laws of nature. What else can it be? Everything is smooth, easy, peaceful, glorious when it is carried out under the Law. And because of the pain, there is both a conscious and unconscious recognition that the right part has not been found, and there is an asking on the part of the world, a searching after the difficulties. Not necessarily in words, but the innumerable new methods known as fads show it, as well as the innumerable more bare statements of discontent, as well as the eager pursuit of pleasures, as well even as the deeper plunge into vice.

The world is wrong; everybody knows it. Not everyone wants to be taught, to be sure, but everyone wants to know how to live in order to bring about results which are more satisfactory to him than the present ones.

In the midst of this confusion of ideas, this seething unrest, Teachers have actually come to the world who know where the trouble is, and how it must be remedied. How have they been received? They have presented to the world for its consideration a philosophy with which no flaw can be found. It is absolutely harmonious with itself and with the facts of life. They have revealed the meanings of religions, and as much of the mystery of man's nature as could be understood. They have explained the purpose of life, and pointed out the defects of the present civilization. They have answered all these questions that everybody has been asking. How grateful the world must be!

Not only this. These Teachers have worked night and day, almost without rest, simply to the end that the world might suffer less; might learn how to live to be happy. They have worked unceasingly to suppress evil and bring out the good everywhere. They have actually begun the process of demonstrating what an ideal life is. For the sake of the world they have endured sufferings unheard of, undreamed of, if the truth were known. They have given the world a love that it no more understands than it does the movements of the stars in space, or the glow and warmth of the living sun.

And what is the result? A few are grateful, but the many rise up in wrath. Some snatch eagerly the spiritual food that has been offered, and declare with pride, "It is I who found this, myself." Others oppose it in every fashion conceivable. Subtly with smooth words, or fiercely with anger. If one in a family confesses his obligation and determines to follow the teachings, the rest are almost certain to begin a process of persecution, which, unless he has great courage, will crush him out. They try to turn the good and beautiful results into ridicule. They tell lies of every description, and, in their animus, overstep themselves, because many of the lies are so improbable; so impossible. They throw stones at the teachings on every conceivable occasion, condemn, attack, would

like to destroy. They even enter the courts of justice to crush out the truth! Would you have believed it of humanity? I would not! All this

might be less astonishing if the new life taught were something hard and disagreeable. But it is *easy!* Easier far than the road humanity is already traveling, which is beset with obstacles at every turn, and covered with pitfalls. It is a golden path to which the finger of the Teacher is pointed, bright and light and full of joy—straight and narrow, of course, for those who are opposing nature, for they strike the Law at every turn—but for those who are willing to be natural, it is simple and easy, and leading on to a broad plateau of freedom which has no bounds.

And yet, where there is one who is glad to be guided to this path of flowers and sunshine, there are thousands who declare there is nothing in it for *them*, and there are many who try to cover the entrance with clouds; to blind the eyes of those who have caught this vision.

Why is all this? How can such strange things happen? It is nothing against the teachings nor the Teachers. All the powers of hell cannot prove that the teachings which emanate from the Universal Brotherhood are not pure, ennobling, uplifting, and that its work is not beneficent and a direct outcome of the teachings. Nothing that anyone can ever say or do can ever hurt the Universal Brotherhood and the principles for which it stands. It is founded on the rock of Ages. If the enemies *could* succeed in covering it with clouds for centuries, there it would stand, pure and white and clean, after the folly was spent and the antagonism had worn out, ready for the recognition of the weary multitude. Nothing hurts *it*, but all recoils on the one who has opposed it.

The principles are so plainly true, and the sincerity of the Teachers in carrying them out is so patent, that all who condemn them, simply classify themselves. What a fearful comment it is on the world! The many find nothing in the teachings, because there is nothing that will encourage them on their present insincere and unstable lines of life. They do not *want* the *real thing*. They are still controlled by false desires, and are so absorbed in seeking happiness in a direction in which it does not lie, that they will not see and recognize their friends.

Why should they be so perverse and stupid? There must be a reason for it. Are the masses absolutely intent on wickedness, or are they simply asleep and allowing the dust to be thrown in their eyes? There are those somewhere who *are* intent on wickedness. That is quite plain to one whose eyes are opened. There *is* an organized, intelligent effort to crush out the Truth, to deceive human beings, to hold them down in ignorance, for which no trouble seems to be too great, no meanness too small to accomplish the end. It works through the weak, the selfish, the vain, the ignorant all over the world. It finds an ally in every thread of selfishness in every human being.

Is it then any wonder that all the teachings which have come to make "a new life" are opposed, and that the Teachers are ignored, when one who undertakes it must do so sincerely? What else is to be expected? For it is selfishness which blinds the eyes and numbs the heart. It is that, which, like a powerful drug, stupifies *man* and lets loose all the lower faculties. So all this we must expect until the masses are thoroughly aroused by the Truth. But, one feels like asking, "How long will they sleep?"

GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT

Greetings from Macon, Georgia

DEAR NEW CENTURY: We in Macon love you and welcome you more warmly than ever in your new growth and beauty. You bring to us a glimpse of Point Loma life, a breath of its air, a whiff of its winds, a vision of its mountains, a scent of its sea, a suggestion of its dignity, a touch of its strength and an inspiration of its glory. Like its children, you are pure and fresh and healthy. Like its Leader, you fill us with new life and hope and courage, and the determination to reach toward her "superb energy." Like her again, you thrill us with greater love and compassion towards all—with deeper conviction and higher realization of truth.

May you carry your message far and near, may your light stream into the darkest corners, may the seeds that you scatter take root and grow and blossom, may the bread that you cast upon the waters return unto you, and may the evil that you attack wither at your touch.

The Macon lodge salutes you and yours, and sends you greetings.

ELIZABETH BONN

The Influence of Music upon Animals

SOME very curious experiments have recently been carried out in the German Zoological Gardens in order to ascertain the actual influence of music upon animals. The instrument was the violin and Herr Baker was the performer. Of all the animals the Puma was the most sensitive to the musical influence. His moods changed rapidly according to the nature of the melody, the animal frequently becoming very excited and nervous, "just like a Frenchman," as the report says.

Leopards were entirely unconcerned, but the lions appeared to be afraid, although their cubs wanted to dance when the music became of that order. The hyenas were very much terrified but the monkeys were merely curious and interested. Wolves, on the other hand, were highly appreciative and seemed to beg for an *encore*.

The experiments are to be continued and with a variety of instruments, in order to distinguish between the mental states which are actually produced by the music and those which are merely the result of an unusual experience.

G.

Some Views on Twentieth Century Problems

The Limits of the Influence of Heredity

NO ONE can get outside the limits imposed by his heredity. That is a scientific aphorism upon which a good deal of destructive light is falling of late years. One might almost reply to it: "but *does* heredity impose any limits?"

The question goes far deeper than the domain of biological science. Within it lies folded the far greater question, Can we *now*, with the existing human material, in the midst of, and from, the humanity of today, ensure the beginnings of a new race? A race which, as compared with existing types, shall be almost a race of gods?

The current theories of heredity say, No; nature proceeds gradually, not by leaps. As the parent, so—with small modifications—the child.

Says the *Revue Scientifique*, of the investigations in heredity and variation of Standfuss:

M. Standfuss has succeeded in showing that chrysalises, according to temperature at which they have been kept, give birth, not to the insect from which they are derived, but to butterflies peculiar to countries very far removed from Zurich (where Standfuss is at work).

Thus pupæ of *Vanessa Urtica*, common in Switzerland, which had been kept at a temperature of 4° to 6°, produced *Vanessa Polaris*, a species belonging to Lapland. Others, under the influence of a temperature of 37° to 39° produced the variety *ichnusa*, which is found only in Corsica and Sardinia. Pupæ of the butterfly called *Macbaon*, common in temperate regions, produced a variety found in Syria in July and August.

And so on, the sacred and impassable wall builded by heredity around the *species* being thus easily defied by change of environment, a change involving one item only—temperature. Now the possibilities of child-training have never yet been sounded.

Moulding Character of the Child by Pre-Natal Conditions

MAY it not be possible, under ideal and as yet untried conditions, altogether to transcend the limits commonly regarded as set by heredity? May not, even before birth, subtle influences be put to work upon the delicate tissues of the physical framework

preparing for the soul?

Much of this can be done by the mother only; but how many mothers have as yet even taken this matter into consideration? How many mothers think that every change in their consciousness, good or bad, is instantly active in moulding for good or evil the psychic and physical organism of the unborn child?

Yet though they do not *think* of this, it has been *known* to them in every age of the world's history.

We, whose tissues are comparatively fixed and unyielding in their finer elements, know what music and color will do for us. How much more will they do for the unborn infant, *through* the mother, whose tissues are fluid, in the tenderest stages of formation?

Though it is true that the soul is, in its essence, pure and divine, yet, when on earth, it is limited in the expression of that purity to the quality of the psychic and physical organism through which it functions. And how if this has been built up whilst one of the builders (the mother) nearest of all to it, has been habitually wayward, disturbed, cross, or often angry and otherwise discordant with her divine function? What sort of psychic heritage is she then conferring upon her child?

This is but one aspect of a very great question; yet it is full of significance for the future of the race; and full of promise, if properly applied, to the immediate future. In future papers we shall develop it more fully and open up many other aspects of it and of the whole education question.

H. C.

The Simple Laws of Health for Mind and Body

LOOK at the weary man of the world! He has put down his Sunday edition, and once more the old horror creeps over him. He has skimmed over the surface of myriad stagnant pools of thought and agitated seas of controversy, and once again he feels that

all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

He has studied more "isms" than the hairs of his head, and embraced more creeds than the stars of heaven. But everywhere he has found vanity, self-deception, fraud, and private ax-grinding. Is there no reality in life at all? he will ask himself for the thousandth time.

And now what can we do for this despondent individual? Shall we give him one more "ism" to study and one more cult to sample? Shall we offer him theories, more beautiful perhaps than any he has studied before; books on Reincarnation and the astral plane; lectures on Nirvāna and Karma? Shall we give him the stale old dogmas of Churches, recast perhaps in chaster and more eloquent molds than ever before, or leave him to the tender mercies of blind cosmic law and the fortuitous course of atoms?

He is sick to death of words and theories. Even if ours were so superior that he should accept them intellectually, he would still be in the same need of steam to make him go—motive for action—purpose in life.

HOPE is what he wants; he has lost the power of taking interest. Life to him is not an obvious boon, and he searches amid philosophies for a deeper meaning to it. It is of no use for us to give him any more ideas; they would only take color from his gloom and become hindrances. We must remove that gloom, so that his brightened eye will see meaning in the world around and the daily life, instead of peering into the mists of unknown worlds and transcendent states.

What the man needs is much more simple than his pride would suffer him to admit. He needs a restoration to *health*, inner and outer. But the conditions of modern and social life are so completely unfavorable that health cannot be had among them. Every habit is a violation of those natural laws which a healthy life demands. Food, raiment, work, recreation, sleep—all are managed on a wrong system. And so the man's body and mind is deranged; he sees all things in a muddy light.

Now it is clear why the Universal Brotherhood lays so much stress upon the simple details of daily life, rather than upon intellectual conceptions. It is establishing the nucleus of a new order of human life, in which the conditions will be such as to render healthy thought a possibility. Everyone knows that a man's outlook upon life is determined much more by his moods than by his creeds. Optimism and hopefulness are the result of a healthy temperament and a vigorous constitution—not of a fine intellectual philosophy.

Let us therefore bid our weary friend burn his Sunday edition, and start out on the attempt to simplify his life and his mind instead of complicating them.

H. T. E.

Religious Freedom in Russia and the United States

IS Russia at last about to open the safety valve of free religious discussion? We are led to hope so by recent proceedings in the Province of Orel. At a recent meeting held to discuss the necessary steps against heretics, Mr. Stachovitz made an appeal for religious liberty. It was of course voted down, but the newspapers have taken up the matter and vigorously discussed it and, so far, without interference from the Government. This is unprecedented and we hope we may augur good things from it. Russia is intolerant only towards unorthodox Christians. Both Buddhists and Mohammedans enjoy religious liberty, but to Christians a particular brand only of that faith is allowed.

In looking at religious fanaticism elsewhere we may as well remember that even here we have not yet reached an ideal. The persecuting spirit of Cotton Mather is not yet fully exorcised. While

He tried to make us orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks,

the "blows and knocks" of his successors may be of a less material kind but they are none the less painful. Slander is not yet out of date, and we imagine that many and many a country village, and many and many a big town could still show examples of the tortures of religious persecution, none the less agonizing for being confined to the libel which keeps outside the law and to the social ostracism which, to our shame, is still permitted to be the instrument of the persecutor and of the fanatic. We say this with the full recognition of the many noble men who are to be found in American pulpits and American pews, and with full confidence that their number is augmenting day by day, but Priestcraft dies hard. Religion as well as trade has its vested interests, and we have among us the descendents of the silversmiths of Ephesus, and their cry of "Great is Diana of the Ephesians" has come right down through the ages. C.

The
**Art of Musical Expression
a Common Heritage**

There is music in all things, if men had ears.—BYRON

MUSICAL accomplishment is desired by almost everyone. However, it is a common thing that most of our best musicians are reared under most adverse circumstances. Thousands of children of marked musical talent are discouraged in this propensity by parents, teachers and guardians who themselves claim to be unmusical. It is not so long since that musical taste and accomplishment was considered effeminate and not at all the thing suitable or desirable for a man. A large proportion of parents still consider a musical career unsatisfactory and the life of a professional musician too small an affair from a business point to permit or encourage their children to enter into it. Inclination of children, who have a strong desire to develop the musical ideal, is rarely encouraged for fear that it might make them unpractical, unfit for commercial or mechanical pursuits; little do they think that many a life would be barren and joyless if it were not for a bit of ideal life that asserts itself in spite of early discouragement. In spite of the fact that nine-tenths of the good musicians had to develop their talent under such adverse circumstances and that the path is still beset with thorns, there is not a single case of disappointment, inasmuch as music has developed an ideality which could not be exchanged nor superseded by any other conditions.

Genius has a certain push of its own; it will come to some kind of fruition notwithstanding the most obstinate impediments. Everybody has some talent for music, and in very truth is a natural musician. Life itself is a rhythm, an unwritten melody threaded through all happenings and vicissitudes; joyous notes of harmonious strains singing through the gravest errors its chord of hope, its sweet cadences of love. One may not be able, from want of training, to intone correctly one single note, and yet there is a side to the nature of each that responds instantly and deeply to sweet strains of music.

In moments of unobserved relaxation from the tight grip of commercialism, even the rigid intellectual accountant weakens to beautiful harmonies. At the song of a child, perhaps, the icy crust thaws away and the assumed rigidity goes a-flying into nothingness. If such a one could have grown up in a congenial atmosphere of music, who will say that he would not sing a joyous song the live-long day and be as happy as a bird instead of counting and recounting his debts and worrying out his life-blood over the unimportant things that sap his strength but amount to nothing in the end.

This is a commercial age. There is nothing so sacred to the so-called practical man or woman that he will not sacrifice it to money-getting. Thank heaven, this state of things is in its last throes and nearing an ignominious end.

Get thee gone with the dollar-aches and sing me a song of love:

Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold;
But my darling you will be
Always young and fair to me.

Did we say that the commercial yardstick supremacy is about to end? Yea, indeed, "all's well that ends well." The end is the beginning of a new era. The spirit of love, beauty, art, music, was never really dead, only sidetracked by the psychology of greed. And now, that we have reaped the pains thereof and that we find no satisfaction with all that we have gained, we return again to these beautiful things. These are more than wealth, honor, fame, pleasure, clothing, houses, bric-a-brac, mansions. Mansions full of nonsense but empty of joy.

Presently it will be the fashion to be happy, healthy and beautiful. That will come when we cultivate the "life beautiful," music, art and sweet temper.

STUDENT



SPINNING SILK AT LOMA-LAND

The
**Discovery of a Prehistoric
Picture Gallery**

WE have got in to such an ingrained habit of considering all the arts and sciences to be the product of the last few thousands of years that it comes with rather a shock to find evidence that, ages before the admirable civilizations of ancient Egypt or India existed, man was possessed of highly intellectual capacities not inferior in some lines to our own. A recent discovery of a prehistoric "Art gallery," formed in the far-distant past—the obscure "Night of Time"—sets the mind upon a line of thought, which, if honestly followed, leads to very astonishing conclusions which prove how much more there is to learn about the development of mankind than is

dreamed of in what passes current for philosophy today. The discovery has been made near Dordogne, in France, a well-known locality for such finds, and it greatly exceeds all others in interest.

The "gallery" is a cave passage about 300 feet in length covered with carefully-drawn and well-preserved rock engravings of animals, including the mammoth, which has not roamed about the European forests for probably 50,000 years at least.

There are 109 figures in good condition and the details of many of them are "rendered with an extreme care that will allow a separate study of many points of detail. . . . Such are the figures whose great antiquity cannot be doubted—the evident works of artists reproducing, with perfect fidelity and astounding technical skill, the animals that they saw." (*La Nature*, Paris, Oct. 5.)

In *The Secret Doctrine* H. P. Blavatsky devotes considerable space to a discussion of the origin of similar, well-executed drawings from the grotto of Thayngin in Switzerland, etc., and of those carved upon bones and antlers of the Palæolithic period—the ancient stone age. Speaking of a well-known sketch of a reindeer scratched upon an antler of which she gives an illustration, she says, "Compared with the specimens of Egyptian drawing and sketching—7,000 years ago—the earliest portraits of men, horses heads and reindeer, made 50,000 years ago, are certainly superior. Nevertheless, the Egyptians of those periods are known to have been a highly civilized nation whereas the Palæolithic men are called savages of the lower type."

But Theosophy shows that mankind has passed through many cyclic periods of rise and fall, and that it does not at all follow that the earlier savage state, of which we find remains, was the really primitive condition of mankind. The Palæolithic art was a relic of a fast decaying culture, an offshoot from the civilization of the lost Atlantis. We find in corroboration of this that the following race which populated Europe, the Neolithic, in spite of some apparent progress in agriculture, had become cannibals—a previously unknown degradation—and had lost the high artistic faculties shown by the earlier men.

Max Muller says, "What do we know of savage tribes but the last chapter of their history? . . . They may have passed through ever so many vicissitudes, and what we consider as primitive, may be, for all we know, a RELAPSE INTO SAVAGERY or a corruption of something that was more rational and intelligible in former stages." (*India*, 1883.) And Professor Rawlinson says, "The primeval savage is a familiar term in modern literature, but there is no evidence that the primeval savage ever existed.

Rather all the evidence looks the other way." And in his *Origin of Nations* he rightly adds, "The mythical traditions of almost all nations place at the beginning of human history a time of happiness and perfection, a 'golden age' which has no features of savagery or barbarism, but many of culture and refinement."

Each new discovery, such as that of these remarkable drawings, is a fresh confirmation of the teachings of Theosophy, and tends to raise our estimate of the antiquity and dignity of the human race. JYNRAC

The New Era

by SARAH K. BOLTON

IT is coming! it is coming! The day is just a-dawning
When man shall be to fellow-man a helper and a brother;
When the mansion, with its gilded hall, its tower and arch and awning,
Shall be to hovel desolate a kind and foster-mother.

When the men who work for wages shall not toil from morn till even,
With no vision of the sunlight, nor flowers nor birds a-singing;
When the men who hire the workers, blest with all the gifts of heaven,
Shall the golden rule remember, its glad millennium bringing.

The time is coming when the man who cares not for another
Shall be accounted as a stain upon a fair creation;
Who lives to fill his coffer full, his better self to smother,
As blight and mildew on the fame and glory of a nation.

The hours are growing shorter for the millions who are toiling,
And the homes are growing better for the millions yet to be;
And the poor shall learn the lesson, how that waste and sin are spoiling
The fairest and the finest of a grand humanity.

It is coming! it is coming! and men's thoughts are growing deeper;
They are giving of their millions as they never gave before;
They are learning the new gospel, man must be his brother's keeper,
And right, not might, shall triumph, and the selfish rule no more.

Ruth's Decision

"THE first good level is right doctrine," said Ruth Saunders brightly
—"I see—and the second?"

"Putting it into practice," said her companion laconically,
shutting his pinc-nez together with a snap and returning them to their
case.

Ruth laughed. "You are nothing, if you are not practical."

"I cannot say my sympathies lie with the dreamers," he replied, "I
never see a man mooning along with his eyes half shut—metaphorically
speaking—without feeling inclined to give him a good shake up to see
what he is made of."

"And when you do, doesn't he ever bite?" said the girl.

"If he does, what does it matter," replied the man squaring his shoul-
ders, "he has had his chance of proving himself to be a man, and I can-
not hold myself responsible for having failed to show him the way he
should tread, a man in my opinion is a perfect anomaly who does not
take an interest in the affairs of men and become an active factor in the
arena of life."

"I must be up and doing then," said Ruth and she rose, giving him
her hand with a smile.

"My remarks applied to *men*," he rejoined, also laughing. "I think
repose is beautiful in a woman."

A thoughtful look stole over Ruth's face. "It has always been my
ideal to be of some use in the world," she said quietly, "though I have
not taken many steps yet towards its accomplishment."

There was a slight pause, and then Ruth added in a different tone,
"There are the girls, I promised to meet them under the oak trees, we
are going for a trip to the seaside this afternoon, to revel in the ocean
breezes."

Ruth Saunders and Edric Darley had accidentally met in the veranda
of the Tea Rooms near the Botanical Gardens, where both had taken
advantage of a beautiful day to enjoy their midday meal in the open air.

"I wish I might go and do likewise," he replied, "but I must return
to my den for the rest of the day, I wish you the most enjoyable outing."

The trip down the bay was beautiful with the soft blue grey haze
softening the distant outlines, and here and there a gabled red roofed
house sun tipped, among the wooded slopes reaching to the water's edge,
and their destination reached, the long pink stretches of sandy beach and
the glorious ocean.

"The very sound of the roll of the waves on the shore is life-giving,"
said Ruth, stretching out her arms and standing up a straight white figure
outlined against the blue of the sky and the purple and green of the ocean.

"You look like an ancient priestess evoking the gods of nature," ex-
claimed Lulu.

"Don't move, please," cried Olivia, "I just want you for my sketch,
I have an idea."

Ruth, used to the sudden demands of her artist friend stood obedi-
ently, with a whimsical smile on her hidden face, as she thought, "at all
events I am material for the creative work of an active factor."

"You are very quiet today," said restless Lulu.

"They also serve who only stand and wait," replied Ruth aloud, car-
rying on the train of her thought.

"What *are* you talking about," cried Lulu, "do you think that stand-
ing in the sun has affected her head?"—with pretended alarm.

"Don't be a silly Loo," said Olivia calmly. "Thanks, Ruth, I have
finished with you for the present. Perhaps you will give us the benefit
of your thoughts for you were silent enough coming down in the boat,
and I suppose that sage remark of yours was the result of your reflections."

"What do you consider is a woman's true position in life?" said
Ruth earnestly.

"Oh, Ruthie, what a question," cried Lulu, "to look nice and be
sweet-mannered and take care to settle yourself in life as comfortably as
possible of course."

Olivia squeezed the water out of her brushes and set her sketch on
one side to dry. "I thought you had something weighing on your mind,
who put it into your head?"

"Mr. Darley," Ruth replied, "he thinks men should be workers, but
seems to have the same old limited ideas about women," and she repeated
their conversation.

Olivia busied herself with her sketch before replying, but presently
laid down her brushes. "As far as I can see," she said gravely, "there
is plenty of work to be done by *both* men and women, but I do not think
their work is the same. Men always appeal to me as the pioneers, the
breakers up of new ground physically and mentally; the warriors, strong,
but gentle, as only the strong dare to be; self-reliant and fearless. The
men should fight for freedom, and the women make use of the vantage
gained, plant the flowers in the reclaimed primeval forest, so to say."

"I haven't met many men of *that* stamp," broke in Lulu, "they
often *think* they are very brave, but they lean on you a good deal for
their courage I'm thinking."

"I am talking of *ideals*," continued Olivia calmly, "though I know
one or two embodied that come near to the mark, and they are always
men who treat you with the most respect and give you full value as a
woman, and expert in your own line, while maintaining their own self-
reliance. For my part I always feel towards men who ask me my ad-
vice as to their duty, and lean on me for sympathy, much as I do towards
a child, I am glad to help him, since he needs it, but I trust he will learn
to stand on his feet some day and to do his own work instead of taking
me away from mine."

"What is yours?" said Ruth.

"Looking after the children, nursing the sick, cultivating all the es-
pecially womanly accomplishments, needlework, etc. Music and the
kindred arts are, of course, common to both sexes. I rather lean to-
ward Ruskin's ideas on education, that a woman should be well grounded
in most things that she may teach her young children, and intelligently
sympathize with the men in their work of discovery—but it is a long
story and that is enough to give you an idea of the drift of my thought."

"But all women have not got either children, or homes of their own,"
commented Lulu.

"Oh you don't need children of your own to find your work," re-
turned Olivia, "there are plenty of children worse than homeless—*Soul*
starved. I have a class of little ones I teach on Saturday afternoons, we
sing, and I draw them pictures and tell them stories, and I teach the
girls to sew and the boys to wood carve, and no mother loves her children
better than I love my pupils, indeed I look upon myself as their 'Soul
mother,' for I see the manifestation of their souls made visible through
the power of the music and the beauty I teach them to see in everything,
for I put God back into Nature for them and into their own hearts, for
in Him truly, 'we live and move and have our being,' did we but open
our eyes and see."

"Oh Olivia, how lovely!" cried Ruth, her eyes sparkling, "teach me
also that I may help you in such a glorious work, for I really long to be
a true woman—and I will."

STUDENT

Wild Flowers

by H. T. PATTERSON

YE guarded buds and blooms, with hues and odors rare,
 Lo! I know where
 Flowers, as fair,
 Cast just as sweet a fragrance on the sun-warmed air.

No care they know —
 Unless the care of wand'ring winds which on them blow —
 Yet they bestow
 Upon the sombre ground, on which they grow,
 Unrival'd tints — some soft as freshly fallen snow,
 And some so rich, like molten gold they glow.

With varied hue —
 Red, yellow, purple, blue —
 Here, there and everywhere, themselves they strew,
 As if they knew
 They'd never rue
 The wind-sown way in which they grew,
 Commingling color-tones, with instinct true,
 Whilst in colleague confusion they together grew.

Like scent, from censers swung to anthem'd song,
 In dim cathedral aisles, amidst a kneeling throng,
 At times their pungent odors are so strong
 They weight the laden breeze which, on its airy pinions, beareth them along.

And yet, some are so strangely shy
 That, on my word, I do protest they seem to try —
 As in their twilight shaded haunts they lie,
 Known but by timid things which scurry by —
 To hide, e'en from their steadfast friend, the sky.

Faith! guarded buds and blooms, with odors rare,
 Ye must beware
 Lest flowers so fair,
 Which bear themselves with such unstudied care,
 Which cast such dewy fragrance on the sun-lit air,
 Do not your hearts and, yea! your very souls, ensnare,
 So that ye needs must yearn their dainty livery to wear.

The "Gospel of Work"

Rest is not quitting the busy career,
 Rest is in fitting of self to one's sphere.

MRS. Saunders snapped her thread off short and held the hat she had just finished trimming at arm's length to judge the effect, twisting a flower here, and a ribbon there, until the result satisfied her.

"That is the best I can do for you," she finally said, and handed the hat to her companion, who walked over to the glass and put it on.

"Nell, you are a darling! it is just lovely, it was good of you to bother about it with all the work you have to do; I can never do anything like that myself, in fact I sometimes wonder what I am good for," and the girl gave a little sigh as she returned to her former seat.

Nellie looked at the dainty little figure before her and was about to say something when the front door bell rang. "Will you excuse me, please," she said, "the maid is out today; you will find some magazines to look at over on the little table by the window."

Nellie Saunders returned in a short time carrying an afternoon tea tray and arranged the cups on the table while chatting to her friend: "I thought it a nuisance when the bell rang, but it was a benefit in disguise for it proved to be the muffin man and I was wondering what I should give you, for there is not a cake in the house."

"It would not have mattered," replied Lucy, "I came to see you, and not to eat cakes."

"I hope so," rejoined her friend, "but it would have offended my sense of hospitality;" and there was a lull in the conversation while they drank their tea.

"Nell," said Lucy, suddenly, "don't you ever get tired of being busy, you never seem to be idle, and yet you always seem so young and bright-looking?" and then, before Nell could reply, "I found a little poem in one of the papers on the table — THE NEW CENTURY I think it was called — which expressed quite a new idea to me, I have always rather pitied the workers before."

"Which was it?" asked Nell, and Lucy got THE NEW CENTURY and read from it the following little poem in a particularly clear, sweet voice:

Rest is not quitting the busy career,
 Rest is in fitting of self to one's sphere.
 'Tis the brook's motion clear without strife
 Fleeing to ocean, after its life.
 'Tis loving and serving, the highest and best;
 'Tis onward unswerving; and this is true rest.

"It certainly expresses what I believe — in fact what I know to be the truth," said Nell earnestly, after a pause. "But it seems to me we only discover truth by experience — by action."

"Like you I once held a dreamy state of idleness to be a blissful rest, but now I know it to be only an enervating lethargy induced by selfish desire for ease, and really productive of a miserable state of unrest," and Nell delivered her dictum with the forceful utterance due to a realized experience.

"I don't know that I quite follow what you mean," Lucy replied, "unless it is that doing nothing all day reduces you to that state of feeling described by the vendors of patent medicines as 'a feeling of languor and an inability to take an interest in anything' — and that is about what I feel myself."

"And the patent medicine you usually take for its removal is sensation in some form or other, a large dose of novel reading, for instance, which only makes the after depression deeper."

"Precisely so, *ma chere*, the seven devils arrive in the place of one." Though Nell smiled at Lucy's expression of the situation, she felt the trouble at the back of it. "Lucy," she said, "there is only one way in which we can hope to be happy and that is through work, and work for others, for no selfish ambition will bring us rest, and no distractions through pleasure are of any real use, there is one thing we can never escape from, and that is ourselves, we take ourselves wherever we go, so surely the sensible thing to do is to make our inseparable companion a pleasant one, keep busy and you have no time to be cross or miserable, or to worry about yourself."

"But suppose you are ill," said Lucy, "what then?"

"That will be the time to develop patience," rejoined Nell, laughing. "Still, as a rule, the busiest people are the least often ill."

"I am not advocating a wild rushing here and there or a fanatical activity, but a steady, quiet round of employment; when one duty is completed, take up the next, nor do I consider it idleness to listen to good music — and by the way I hope you will sing me something before you go, you can do that, you know — or to talk about matters of real interest to your friends or to enjoy an outing in the country, but let what you do be purposeful and not casual or haphazard."

"It would take a terrible effort," said Lucy, slowly.

"Yes, it does at first," replied Nell, "but we are creatures of habit and it soon becomes easy, of course there is always room for improvement and I am not by any means the model you make me out to be, still I try to make the best use of my time, and as some one says most comfortingly, 'not failure but low aim is crime,' and I can certainly affirm I have been in better health and stronger in mind, and happier, decidedly happier, since circumstances have compelled me to work, and now that times are brighter with us again I am so glad to have formed the habit, for I am able to do so many little kindnesses for others I should never have thought myself capable of doing in the old days."

"The result is enough to make me try the experiment," Lucy replied, "so after my song, I think I shall go home and read to my brother for awhile, the poor boy has injured his eyes from over study, and, being compelled to rest them, is shut off from all his usual pursuits, which makes him rather trying to live with, but I don't believe that I have tried to be very sympathetic."

Two or three days later Nell and her husband met Lucy and her brother strolling on the beach in the cool of the evening to enjoy the sea breezes after the heat of day. Taking advantage of the greetings, Lucy dropped her brother's arm, and, squeezing Nell's, whispered in a dramatic undertone: "Behold in me your latest convert to the 'gospel of work,' and it works magnificently."

"Where are you, Lucy," inquired her brother, and the affectionate vibration in his voice completed the other half of the tale. ETHNE



Panoramic View of Loma-Land

Looking North from Parapet of the Aryan Temple across Homestead Lawn and Adjacent Property; an Arm of the Pacific Ocean to the Left, where it connects with False Bay, which extends around Point Loma on the North and is seen again on the Extreme Right.

PROFESSOR Max Muller, one of the greatest Sanskrit scholars the world ever knew, was

asked what he considered the chief failure of the various religions of the East. His reply is worthy of careful preservation:

In the discharge of my duties for forty years as Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Oxford, I have devoted as much time as any man living to the study of the Sacred Books of the East, and I have found the one key-note—the one diapason, so to speak—of all these so-called sacred books, whether it be the Veda or the Brahmans, the Puranas of Siva and Vishnu, the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Zend-Avesta of the Parsees, the Tripitaka of the Buddhists—the one refrain through all—salvation by works. Our own holy Bible, our sacred Book of the East, is from beginning to end a protest against this doctrine. Good works are, indeed, enjoined upon us in that sacred Book of the East far more strongly than in any other sacred book of the East; but they are only the outcome of a grateful heart—they are only a thank-offering, the fruits of our faith. Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

The religious paper from which the above quotation is taken considers Professor Muller's reply as worthy of careful preservation. If such be the case, it is also worthy of careful examination and consideration in the interests of truth.

In the statement quoted, the Professor declares that the great difference between the teachings of the Sacred Books of the East and the Christian Bible, is that between "salvation by works" and "salvation by belief."

He further states that "our own holy Bible, our sacred Book of the East, is from beginning to end a protest against this doctrine" (salvation by works). This latter statement is manifestly incorrect, as witness the Sermon on the Mount, the Golden Rule, and the many other enjoinders to right speech and right action which constitute the body of the teachings of Jesus.

In this, however, he but states the commonly accepted belief of Christianity—that the essential for salvation is the acceptance by belief of the vicarious atonement of Jesus for the sins of the world, and—that good

Salvation by Faith or Works?

works, unselfishness and high morality are valueless and non-essential as far as salvation is concerned, and

in so doing shows that he has failed to grasp the spirit of the teachings of the Founder of Christianity.

In previous statements, the Professor declared that there is no nation in the world in which the feeling of devotion or of religious mysticism is more prominent and developed than in the Hindu people, and further declared Buddhism to have the most perfect moral code on earth.

In regard to this, it is well to note that every moral code is based upon some form of religious belief, and that in fact the code is but an assemblage of specific rules for right attitude and conduct under the form of belief upon which it is based. From this it is clear that if a moral code is admittedly perfect the belief upon which it is based must possess a similar quality—for perfection does not come from imperfection.

This fact the Professor has evidently ignored in his haste to place upon a pedestal—not the teachings of Jesus—but the commonly accepted idea of those teachings.

Sufficient has been said to show that the difference between christian theology and the Sacred Books of the East, is not at all as stated by the Professor, but is in reality one of difference of belief in regard to the nature of the teachings of both the Bible and the Sacred Books of the East.

One of the great objects of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, is to remove from the minds of men, the encrustations of erroneous belief which hide the truth in all sacred books. To point out that under every form of religion, the Truth itself lies hidden, and that the Divine Teachers of all ages have taught the same doctrine—the doctrine of immortality—the essentially divine nature of man, and the necessity for him to express that divine nature in his life and works. To show that all Divine Teachers have emphasized the fact that *right belief and right works cannot exist apart*. And particularly to point out that the teaching par excellence of Jesus was *man's divinity and his perfectibility by right thought, right speech and right action*. A STUDENT

REV. COLUMBUS BRADFORD, a Methodist Episcopal pastor of Okaw-

ville, Ill., at a meeting of Christian ministers, presented the teachings of Reincarnation and Brotherhood with a force that must have startled his clerical audience. While rejoicing to see enlightenment of thought spreading, we are not blind to the dangers of having the truths of Theosophy culled without acknowledgment from our pages and incorporated with modifications into some dogmatic church creed.

But Mr. Bradford has ventured much further than most even of the broadest-minded clericals. The Methodist discipline lays down no absolute principles concerning the hereafter, so that it will require special management to get rid of or suppress Mr. Bradford, whose views are certainly not those of the church he claims to represent. Here are some of these views:

Man attains immortality by the good he does to others. By doing good to others he does most for his own advancement until at last he veritably conquers

The Truth Will Out

death. A place that is good enough for God's creatures to live one time is good enough for them to live a second time, a third time, or a thousand times, if so many times are needed to exhaust the possibilities of that place for human development.

An individual lives again after death by being born again, and he is born again by virtue of having during his life maintained sympathetic connection with his race.

By deeds of kindness and mercy to his fellows, even on a small scale, he maintains this sympathetic connection and comes under the operation of a law which draws the soul-seed of the dead man into the warm life-currents of the living race, and so assures his being born again.

The utterly selfish will be left forever in a bodiless condition "outer darkness," and be forever lost. If he has visited the sick and otherwise helped the needy, he is drawn back and lives again, and this will go on until he becomes spiritual enough to be above dying.

This race redemption from death is to come through purification of our common hereditary stream. Hence the importance given in the Bible to a scheme of blood salvation.



Panoramic View of Loma-Land

Looking North from the East Balcony of Loma Homestead; Homestead Garden and Students' Group Home No. 1 in Foreground; the International Brotherhood League Cuban Colony on the Hill in the Middle Distance; Pacific Ocean to the Left Back of Students' Home and Loma Homestead; San Diego Bay on the Right. (Unfortunately the Picturesque Mountains in the distance do not come out in the Photograph.)

NEW YEAR'S DAY dawned bright and clear in Loma-land. Even before the sun peeped up over the distant Sierras the sky was alight with a great golden glow, the vast expanse of the Pacific lay quiet, its iridescence broken only by the tawny line of kelp which stretches along the length of the Point on its western side. The gardens, from roses to heliotrope, from palm to poinsetta, were never so dewy and fragrant, and it seemed to those who were up betimes—as Loma Students always are—that Nature herself had turned over another leaf and on it recorded New Year's resolution, writ in terms of beauty.

It was early announced that the day would be one of pleasure. Early the flags were flying and the students were preparing to take part in the dedication of another building, just erected in this World Center. It is the Lotus Aryan Temple, not a large structure, of pagoda shape, and erected on the Raja Yoga School grounds. It is glass enclosed, some of the glass being of the prismatic colors, and is to be the Temple of Music in which the children of the school will be taught. For the dedication, it was decorated with palms and flowers, and to the music of the piano within the children, with songs and flying banners, marched up its steps and took their places inside. The grown-ups remained, in groups, outside, excepting their music master, Mr. Neresheimer, his assistant Miss Bolting, and the Leader.

After a service of song by the children, the Leader referred to the dedication of the Aryan Temple which took place in November, 1900, and of her great joy in being now able to dedicate an Aryan Temple for the children. "And while it is true," she said, "that the real Temple, is being builded within your hearts, it means much to humanity that this should find an outer expression, as it now does find. Knowing, as I know, how the hearts of H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, went out in love to all little children, I know something of how great would be their joy in all that is being done for the children of the world today."

The Leader referred to the fact that two years ago Point Loma was a barren waste, and of how she stood there, looking out over the sea, and in her imagination built the City Beautiful for the children. In less than two months from that time group houses had been built and many little ones from the Lotus Home in the East were being cared for. She spoke of the noble co-operation of the fathers and mothers of some of the children, in what was to them a system of new training; she referred to the marvelous results of the work of Miss Wood, who entered upon it at first a girl of seventeen, with only three months' training! Today, such has been the progress of this school, children from all parts of the world are here. "Again," she said, "I picture in my imagination a larger City Beautiful. I see the slopes of Loma Hill dotted with group houses. I see the present Raja Yoga children grown beautiful and strong and true, the Craftsmen and Builders of the Greater City for the children. And I see in my mind's eye a picture of thousands of little children coming to this Hill. And it is your example, your true, sweet, strong lives that they will follow. It is what you are doing, day by day, and every day, my children, that will bring all this to be. You have it in your power to be really a light unto the world."

After the Leader had spoken a tribute of flowers was given by the children to their beloved music master, Mr. Neresheimer, and after that, while the children marched back to their group houses, singing still, the elders moved slowly to the south entrance of the Homestead, which opens into the Leader's office.

As Mrs. Tingley returned from the little Temple she was seated in a chair on the wide porch, and she then became aware that a surprise was in store for her. The students made an impressive picture. On either side of her were the younger

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN LOMA-LAND

Dedication of the Lotus Aryan Temple on the Grounds of the Raja Yoga School— Original Play by the Children

nation alien, is one of the "mysteries" of Loma-land.

With a few words of greeting the students presented the Leader with a gift of brotherhood, very, very beautiful it was, and symbolic of the courage, the power, and the fearlessness of their friend whom we all love because she dares to speak the truth. Her ringing words on that occasion will never be forgotten by those present, for they did a Warrior's work in unveiling us to ourselves and to our opportunities.

Perhaps the highest pitch of enthusiasm was reached during the play given by the Raja Yoga children in the Temple early in the evening. Mrs. Tingley, who has originated the unique method of education followed in the Children's School at Point Loma, holds that after seven years of age the child enters upon a remarkable phase of creative life. This is, as the world goes, generally overlooked. The child is hampered and held in by the mistaken conscientiousness of its elders. Not understanding the child's nature, they expect him to imitate them, as to virtues and intellectual knowledge, at least, with the result that the child's real power is undeveloped, and finally becomes atrophied.

Very few survive this process, and those who do the world, sooner or later, labels, "this is a genius."

But Mrs. Tingley holds that every child who is rightly trained and taught to use his gifts not for selfish or ambitious purposes, but in the service of others, is and will be "a genius." The children on Loma Hill are not mere imitators. They create, and that they have creative genius was made evident during the progress of this play, written by them, arranged and presented by them with no unseemly interference from any member of the species *yclept*, adults.

Their play was entitled "Miles Standish and Brotherhood," the subject having been chosen by themselves from their studies in American history. The players represented both Puritans and Indians, those of the Cubans who had recently arrived being given pantomime parts.

The costumes, which were remarkably truthful, were all worked out by the children themselves.

And as to the play itself—there was not a halt, not a break in the action, not a stupid moment, and not a conventional or studied attitude or action to mar the performance.

In action and spontaneity it was a lesson to the grown-ups. A year's practice could not bring out of a group of adults the naivete, the simple naturalness and action that these children displayed, all because it is as easy for them to be perfectly natural as it is for a California sky to be blue, or a flower to open in the sunshine. It was a speaking tribute to Raja Yoga training.

After the play the Lotus children presented to the various teachers and helpers of the Raja Yoga school, New Year's gifts. For, you see, Santa did not finish his work entirely on Christmas day, but left it with the Fairies to do on New Years. Yet even they did not quite finish, and so it was left to the Leader to present two gifts, one to Miss Hecht of the Isis Conservatory of Music, and the other a golden medal, as a testimonial of affection, to Mme. Olivia Peterson of Loma Homestead.

With a social and musical in the Oriental room, closed the first day of the New Year, 1902.

OBSERVER

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office at POINT LOMA, CAL.

Doings at Point Loma.

THE recent showers have produced quite a stir among the vegetation at the Point—new shoots and seedlings are rapidly appearing. A spring-like feeling is in the air and the birds are tuning their voices in anticipation of the coming joyous months of flowers and verdure. With the constant arrival of new resident students and visiting friends, activities at the Loma Homestead, the Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood, increase in scope and energy. In fact the work of the Organization is limited only by the number of students and members. We have recently had the pleasure of visits from Brother Sederholm, one of Katherine Tingley's Cabinet officers, whose kindly presence is always welcome, and who is well-known for his unifying and devoted work at Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Smith, and Mrs. Bohn of the same city, Mrs. Dick of Dublin, Ireland, Mrs. Tyberg and children, and many others from great distances, for there is hardly a spot upon the civilized portion of the earth where some Brotherhood worker, who is in touch with this center, is not to be found. Besides the members of The Universal Brotherhood who come to Point Loma for mental and physical refreshment, many guests who are not connected with our work are delighted to avail themselves of the privilege of visiting this lovely spot, where nature wears her brightest smiles and human activities beautify the scene instead of marring it.

¶ Miss Ellen Bergmann, of the Royal Academy of Music, Stockholm, who has been visiting Sweden, and for whom all the comrades have a great regard, has returned and will again be able to give us, and the pupils of the Isis Conservatory of Music, the benefit of her great talents in choir training and voice production. Judging by the good results achieved by her last winter in bringing the Homestead choirs into harmony in such a short time, the progress now made should be exceedingly rapid. When the choirs were formed few of the members had any knowledge of music or singing, but now they all have, thanks to Miss Bergmann's indefatigable labors, a solid groundwork for progress.

¶ The Athletic, the Dramatic Work, the Rhythmic Motion, the Musical Recitals, the various classes and social reunions are in full swing and the constant change and variety of incidents as the work grows add a wonderful zest to the life here. Inspiring all the multifarious lines of work and enjoyment is the presence of our beloved Leader, Katherine Tingley, who seems to be everywhere at once, guiding and helping, and always ready with a kind word or smile in passing, though her errand may be of the most absorbing nature.

¶ Reports from all parts indicate that there will be a large increase of activity throughout the Organization during the winter term. In a great number of centers practices and rehearsals in preparation for the Greek Symposia have been started with vigor. Although they are given by pure amateurs who have never had professional dramatic training, there is something in these refined presentations which impresses the deeply-interested audiences with a sense of their dignity and educational value, for they have the special advantage of being performed by those who feel the truths behind the words they utter and who are endeavoring to bring to the spectators a part of that which they are realizing in their training. This underlying reality is felt by the audiences instinctively, and combined with the elegance of the costumes and the beauty of the setting, makes up for any small infringements of the ordinary stage conventions which may occasionally occur. Rightly understood these Symposia are of great educational importance both for the actors and the audience, and judging by their success wherever presented, the public is realizing this, and finding that they are entirely unique.

¶ Students' Group Home No. 1 is the admiration of all who see it—a veritable thing of beauty within and without. It is delightful to hear that another such ideal home, Students' Home No. 2, has been commenced for Mr. E. August Neresheimer, the Treasurer-General of the Universal Brotherhood. The erection of this will be followed immediately by the commencement of a third for the occupation of Mr. W. T. Hanson, another member of Katherine Tingley's Cabinet. Mr. and Mrs. Spalding, who have leased the first Student's Home for many years, and who have found it equal to their highest anticipations in every way, are expected to return from their trip to the East before long. Everyone at Point Loma will be glad to see them, as their genial presence has been greatly missed.

¶ Is it the health-giving properties of the unceasing ocean breezes which blow gently across Point Loma, the perennial sunshine, and the wholesome out-of-door life of the students, combined with pure, simple food and the remarkably salutary water lately discovered on the Homestead grounds, which have produced such notable results in the alleviation and cure of many long-standing cases of ill-health? Anyway, whatever the cause may be, the cures remain as evidences not to be gainsaid.

¶ The friends of Mrs. Grace G. Bohn and all members of the Universal Brotherhood and others, who have profited by her valuable and instructive writings, will be glad to hear that her health, which was greatly depleted when she arrived here, is improving.

¶ The Cuban children have brought yet more joy to the Point, and the shouts of delight that resound across the hills from the International Lotus Home playground are a source of great happiness to the Leader and the Comrades. Some of these children have never known the blessings of a good home, and the kindness, care and loving teaching they are now receiving are marvelous to them, and their appreciation is indicated in their brightening eyes, more upright bearing and increasing power of self-control. With good training the warm Southern temperament is capable of great things, and here these future workers for humanity are taught that the superabundant energy which is apt to be dissipated in spasmodic outbursts of excitement, must be conserved and well controlled by the higher nature and so used for high and wise purposes.

¶ The conduct, discipline and intelligence of the older pupils of the Raja Yoga School, American, English, Cuban, etc., sets a splendid example to the new comers and proves to all the visitors who are privileged to be shown the working of the school what a magnificent system of training the Point Loma system is as designed and carried out by Katherine Tingley. It succeeds, where ordinary methods fail, in making it possible for the pupils quickly to gain control of their restless minds and so direct all the force of the will to the subject in hand and thus master its meaning with ease and rapidity.

¶ The educational department is fast increasing in scope and extent. Elementary and advanced classes have been formed in Greek, Latin, modern languages, mathematics, English subjects, art, history, astronomy, botany and other sciences, and the very important subject of music is a leading feature. The latter is too often treated as if it were merely an ornamental adjunct to life—an amusement to while away an hour and of no intrinsic importance—but we have learned that it is an integral part of real living and when properly taught and given forth is capable of raising human nature, making it receptive to finer impressions and rendering life infinitely happier, richer and holier. Katherine Tingley says, "Everyone is a musician at heart," and her unique system of teaching is designed to bring out the artist in each one and so to increase the sum of happiness and usefulness. The newly-established branch of the Isis Conservatory of Music at San Diego adds another attraction to that city, for here the new system of musical training is in full operation under first-class teachers who have been fully instructed in this new system at the Point Loma Headquarters. C. J. R.

A STRIKING sign of the times is the spread of anti-militarism in France. In the

Thirty-eighth Regiment of the Line 750 men recently refused to obey their colonel, and mutinied to the sinister strains of La Carmagnole. Similar events occurred in the Loire and at St. Etienne. In Eure-et-Loire the soldiers freely shouted "Down with the Army!" while at the maneuvers near Angouleme the number of men who fell out of the ranks on the plea of physical weakness was unprecedented. These are a few instances only, out of a very large number that might be quoted, and the French government is greatly exercised as to the cause and the remedy. There is no doubt that compulsory military service is becoming unpopular in France. Only those who have personally observed the operation of such a system can realize the irritation and distress which it brings into every household throughout the country.

But a greater grievance still is to be found in the treatment which the individual soldier receives from his superior officers. The only professional soldiers in France are the regular officers; the rank and file be-

Anti-Militarism in France

ing invariably conscripts. A broad gulf is thus created between officers and men. The former are pursuing the avocations of their lives, while the latter are panting to return to civil life. From this inevitable lack of sympathy the worst excesses on the part of the officers are to be traced.

M. Camille Pelletan has recently protested that "the soldier of France is a free citizen, even whilst he is consigned to rigorous obedience for the time, and ought not to be subjected to the galling conduct of tyrant officers."

In writing in this way M. Pelletan, whose name carries special weight, has voiced a very wide-spread discontent, and one that will probably increase with the augmenting social pressure of the day. Already the French government is acting on the belief that it is unwise to allow the Parisian conscripts, most of whom are disaffected, to garrison the capital. They are, therefore, dispatched to the provinces, there to spread the disaffection of Paris, while their provincial comrades are brought to the capital to learn the same disaffection in the same school. S. C.

Who Loves Trees Best?

by ALICE MAY DOUGLAS in *Independent*

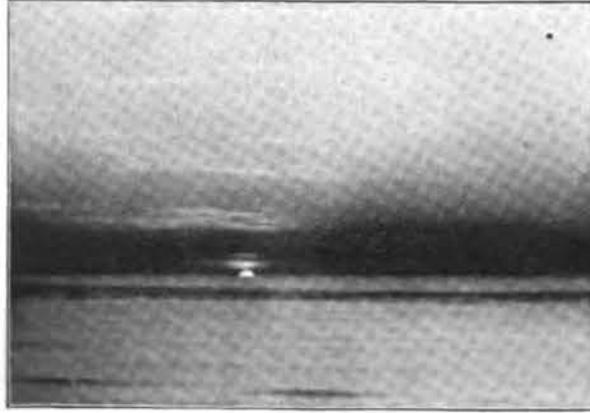
WHO loves the trees best?
 "I," said the Spring.
 "Their leaves so beautiful
 To them I bring."

Who loves the trees best?
 "I," Summer said,
 "I gave them blossoms,
 White, yellow, red."

Who loves the trees best?
 "I," said the Fall,
 "I give luscious fruits,
 Bright tints to all."

Who loves the trees best?
 "I love them best,"
 Harsh Winter answered,
 "I give them rest."

Sunset over the Pacific from Loma Homestead



The Coming of the Night

by CAAN EMIR

WITH floating garments, soft and cool,
 And healing balm for earthly ills
 The gentle Night comes slowly down
 And rests upon the topmost hills.

Then comes a movement sweet and slow,
 Vibrating through the solemn air---
 Loving awe and reverence flow
 Out to the Night in silent prayer.

O Rest! for thee the tired soul
 All day may stretch its arms in vain,
 It falls at last upon the brow
 Where Night's cool kiss hath softly lain.

And with her dewy presence falls
 A holy quiet, calm and deep,
 Repose of spirit more profound
 Than in the halls of sweetest sleep.

THERE is something in the lofty grandeur of the mountains that appeals to the highest

The Hand of Nature

and best in human nature. The ocean changes; it is moving, restless, of varying aspects. But the mountains stand in still and solemn majesty.

"The everlasting hills," they change not, they are restful. And amid their deep quietude we find the silence and solitude so grateful to the soul. From Point Loma we look across the beautiful bay to the mountain range, whose peaks seem to lean lovingly against the sky. Their beauty, their sublimity, their myriad, shifting tints and colors are only to be seen and carried ever after in the heart, for no poet may describe, no painter portray them.

We can fancy the higher peaks whispering softly to each other of earlier days of the world. When we watch the sun coming up over the range we think of *One*—the Guardian of the Race—the "*Solitary Watcher*." How often must he have looked upon that sun. With what infinite patience and compassion has he watched and waited; waited for dull, heedless man to look up, to listen, to begin to understand the true mission of the soul.

What courage, what patient endurance have been shown by each of our Leaders! How slow we have been to learn; how prone to forget their teachings in the trivialities of the outer life. How our great Mother Nature calls out to us to come forward and claim the birthright which is ours. How all things speak to us; the sky, the sea, the stars of night, the clouds that float through the air or rest upon the mountain tops.

In the early morning their voices speak most clearly. There is then a peculiar freshness—an air of just-finished newness—which makes us think of the very first morning sun that ever rose over the earth. And then we think: "Why, *we* are a part of the Elohim—the Logos—the Creative power. *We* helped to bring all this into being. *We* are Souls; therefore a part of the one great Soul of the Universe. We helped in the creation of the world and all it contains. We are here to *go on working* until all is finished—brought to a state of perfection."

These are some of the lessons that Nature, kind, loving, benign, is ever whispering to our hearts.

A COMRADE

"THERE, it's Christmas week, and I haven't needed my coat since I hung it in that fig tree at sunrise this morning," said Lawrence Oliver. "Yes, you can work in the fields without a coat 350 days in the year in this country."

Mr. Oliver was the proprietor of one of those ten-acre-orchard-homes for which California is famous. He had come here for the health of an only child, and was telling a tourist friend his California experiences. Being typical, they may be interesting.

"The first three years were rather discouraging," said he. "Clara's recovery was still uncertain and financial disappointments were several and severe. Clothing we had to quit buying and wear make-overs. We



LOMA-LAND LILIES

stayed at home or defied the fashion. If it hadn't been for the cow and chickens we would have often gone

hungry. As soon as the orchard came into bearing we had plenty of fresh fruit. From orange, fig or guava trees you can pick a daily supply. Vegetables can be gathered every day in the year by planting in rotation. But all this we had to learn.

"The ranchers hereabouts rather look down upon 'truck-gardening' as beneath the dignity of an orchardist. They trade a little 'hen-fruit' to the Chinaman for a few vegetables and are content. But we had to learn to live on vegetables and save eggs and butter for groceries, or starve. It was as hard as teething at first, to come down to meat once a week and go without butter and sugar! 'Plain living and high thinking,' by virtue of necessity.

"Hard out-door work was my only salvation. Something from the sunshine, the air and the soil buoys you up like a cork on the sea of life, and watching my baby's eyes has taught me religion. No, I don't 'believe' in immortality. I sort of feel that I *know* I am immortal. And happy! Why, Joe, you could hardly believe it. This nature-touch makes one love everything, and Joy bubbles up from your heart like a flowing well. The orchard brings a handsome income now, and with restored health and

sunshine inside and out, we have an ideal home." A. B. C.

ONE of the strangest stories that travelers have brought back from the wonderful land of the Cocopahs in lower California is that of the roaring mountain, called by the Indians "El Bramador." It is near the mouth of the Colorado, has an altitude of 2500 feet and is quite near the famous sulphur mines.

As often, sometimes, as twice in twenty-four hours, and seldom less than once in that time, a tremendous booming, dull and heavy, like the firing of many cannon at some distance, is heard for miles around.

The thunder reverberates and echoes for several minutes from peak to peak, and the Indians call it the voice of the native spirits. It is, in scientific parlance, the sound of explosions that are continually taking place in a huge volcano that is active internally, although there are no outward evidences of eruptions.

One of the most plausible of the scientific theories advanced is that accumulations of gases inside the volcano find vent through fissures that lead to a series of mud volcanos which are situated some miles distant.

—Selected

IN THE botanical garden of Berlin is to be seen a cactus which has grown for seven years in a glass cask sealed by fusion. The growth of the plant was expected by the fact that the soil in which it grows contains a certain quantity of spores of fungi, which cover the sides of the flask with a greenish layer. These, in dying, furnish the carbonic acid necessary for the life of the cactus.—Selected

Students



Path

Thou Art a Mighty Warrior

by E. J. PHILIPS

THOU art a Mighty Warrior: in thy hands
 Lieth the fate of lands thou dost not know
 And when God bade thee go, when time was young
 And the worlds rang with our first battle song,
 To stay the tide of wrong, thou didst not dream
 That that dark stream was aught too strong for thee:
 Remember now thy strength, and be thou free.

Thou art a Mighty Warrior: thy two eyes
 Hold all that the wide skies hold of star-flame,
 And at thy name shall demon armies fly
 And olden sin-lords die, and craven hosts
 Of pale besetting ghosts shall fade away
 And wrong shall have no sway where thou shalt go,
 So thou be strong, arise and cad thy woe.

Open Confession Is Good for the Soul

THE truth herein conveyed is one with which every right-minded person is quite familiar. In the progressive evolution of the soul of man each step is a realization of something higher; a leaving of a state of consciousness pronounced to be no longer good or worthy; an adoption of something new, more divine, more true.

The position which we take when we thus confess to ourselves our previous comparative misdoing, is equivalent to a confession of relative error. The sturdy soul who is positive and strong enough thus openly to face and to confess to the "Father" of the hidden sanctuary, is on the road to divinity, and for that soul this open confession is good.

It cannot, therefore, be doubted that the truth concealed within the proverb is that which has preserved it from destruction. All men have recognized it, by their own innate ideas, to be of wise value.

But we must remember that this value lies in a true interpretation. The confession spoken of is one made within the temple, of which every man is his own officiating priest. On the altar of the heart the sacrifice is made, and the confession is in the silence of the inner chamber. It is "open" because it is without mental reservation. Such a facing of ourselves, done with the calmness of a set purpose, and with a resolution born of a knowledge of our real strength, is indeed good for the soul. At such a time remorse has no part; nor even sorrow. For in this sacrifice to the power of the Christ within, whose cleansing spiritual life-blood is thus made to flow through and purify our lower nature, we experience that which has been called, for want of a better word, "forgiveness." In the words of scripture, "For if we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Events such as these are continually occurring in the life-history of every man who has set his face towards the Light. Confession may be made a dozen, nay, a hundred times a day, over matters apparently, but not really, trivial; or it may be that the battle is one which strikes at the very root of our conscious existence, and threatens, as we think, to overwhelm us, *until we have won it*. In every case the result is the same—victory for the true heart.

Then there is the open confession which we may make of wrong-doing towards our brother. Here again the openness of the confession does not imply words. There is a conversation more convincing, more open, than that of speech. It is the masonic grip of the soul, which requires no password.

But what shall we say of the awful perversion of this truth? P1

Sun-light and Lamp-light

I, that saw where ye trod the dim paths of the night,
 Set the Shadow called God in your skies to give light;
 But the morning of manhood is risen,
 And the shadowless Soul is in sight. —SWINBURNE

ISAT late into the night and shaded my eyes from the glare of the lamp. I had work to do, and the lamp was useful, but its light hurt my eyes, though it could scarcely dissipate the gloom of the work-room. In other rooms there were other lamps.

At last the Sun rose and Day-light flooded the room.

Then the light of the lamp grew pale, and, as I watched, a beam of Sun-light fell upon the lamp and cast the *shadow of the lamp* upon the table.

I put out the lamp and opened the windows and was glad in the Light of the Sun. A new day had dawned!

Then I saw men going to the mines and some carried lamps. They were going to work underground where the Sun-light could not penetrate; they had need of their lamps—and in a room there were men who were gambling, and as the day-light crept through the closed shutters it seemed to disturb the gamblers and one of them rose and drew the curtains closer, and refilled the lamps and the game went on.

But the children ran out into the Sun-light, and I heard their songs and laughter and my heart was glad for the New Day that had dawned.

A STUDENT

Symbolism

IN the children's play given by the Raja Yoga school children there is an incident that I had witnessed several times without grasping its significance, but at last my slow mind realized the lesson. The little tots come on the stage bearing miniature brooms, and they go to work to sweep up the fallen flowers and leaves. Each one sweeps in a different direction and runs about from one place to another. All are busy and when called off, they go reluctantly, and the stage remains as it was; the flowers and leaves are there still, for all the sweeping.

Such are the reformers of the world, and such the results of their sweeping. When the little tots have learned the next lesson, they will all sweep in one direction and the stage will be cleaned.

This is what we are learning in the Universal Brotherhood. We learn slowly, no doubt, but we are learning our lesson all the same, and soon we will sweep together and *clear the stage*. THE DOOR-KEEPER

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

Thanksgiving

DEAR COMRADES: Yours of — just this moment read, and I will "just this moment" respond. Think of my being able to get myself down to the *point of doing* the thing at the *moment!*

Well, I can tell you, I am learning more every minute out here than I ever dreamed of in eternity. For we live in the *eternal now!* It has always been such torture to me to get into working relations with the terrible machinery of life—and I believe it was due to ignorance of the machinery of my own body. I am learning so much about it now, however, that it makes the world seem quite different. The amazing ability to control my own affairs, that I am developing, makes me seem optimistic in faith that the affairs of the great world may be reduced to a state of law and order (when it has suffered through ignorance sufficiently to turn and demand knowledge).

Recalling the happy welcome of one of our comrades back from the other side—our dear Miss Bergman of Sweden—it was indeed a welcome from the heart. Never before have we had such graceful speeches from the various comrades who gave greetings for the great household. But, in truth, none among us has greater power than Miss Bergman in arousing the glorious harmonies of the heart that produce the music of life in the sweet cadences of unity.

You know how we have always thought at home that our Wandering Family gatherings were the finest in the world, and I believe they were, for they had the spirit of unity in them. But out here we extend that same spirit to the whole world. So, while you are fore-gathered as usual this year, please think of me as with you literally, in spirit—gathered here together with all the nations of earth, one great, glorious, united family, having a glorious Thanksgiving in glorious America. PATRIOT

MR. W. M. HOLLINGER, of New York City, recently spoke at a photographic convention in Detroit, Michigan, in part as follows:

The Art of Being Pleasant

'As I think in my heart, as my heart is, that is the way I am.' That is my idea, and on that principle I work. When I look at you I do not measure your sur-

roundings; I just measure you, and how you take your surroundings. "The subject of 'being pleasant' is a curious one. Everybody is pleasant sometimes; but we want to learn to be pleasant at all times. I want to first talk to you of the advantages of that, and the next how to do it—as far as I have learned it. I have not learned it all yet, but I am getting along. I have been learning it for some time; and one reason why I enjoy life more than I used to is that I am learning more and more how to 'be pleasant.' It is quite a trick, how to do this; and it touches every customer you come in contact with, it touches everything about us.

"We all make that which pertains to us. There is nothing affects us in this world but what we allow it to, not a thing. I make myself; I make my day; and when I want to keep right and be pleasant today I must begin not today but yesterday, and this morning even before that. I wanted to feel pleasant and lively this morning, but I did not wait until this morning to make the resolve; I began yesterday morning, and to be pleasant tomorrow I will begin today; I tried that—and here I am. . . . Every one of the people

that come into my business place, or nearly every one of them, is carrying a tremendous load, and they need to meet some one who is not carrying such a load, or can do it more easily. I cannot help another man to carry a burden if I am overweighted myself. No beggar helps another beggar with his pack; it is not the grumblers that help other people in their troubles. The selfishness of men is at the bottom of the whole matter. And I want to say to you that I am a friend to each one of you; but you do not all know it. A man who just met me up stairs said: 'Hollinger, you look better.' 'No,' I said, 'you are feeling better. You are feeling better and you look at me, and as you feel, I am.' Now, I am all right all the time. I am watching all that there is good in you, and I am paying no attention to the unpleasant side. I used to be a great reformer, belonging to three churches and all the political parties that wanted to reform the state; I tried to down the devil, and generally to reform the world. I have stopped all that now and am trying to live as one man. I am living to be a man; that is my highest object—nothing else."

Everybody who has anything to do with us feels this atmosphere at once, from the little newsboy to the members of our family at home; everybody feels the effect of that one thing, and it is the most essential thing to get into our work. "We are told by Shakespeare that our thinking makes things either good or bad; 'There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so.' Another wise man, who lived hundreds of years before Shakespeare, said: 'As a man thinks so is he.' 'So is he!' in his heart! We have learned much when we learn that nothing outside of ourselves has anything to do with our being pleasant—not a thing! No matter to me how you look, no matter to me how you think, or how you feel, I must be pleasant. We have a little world of our own; we have our ancestral ideas on our shoulders; we all think that we have to be cross, and get old, and get wrinkles on our faces, and look crabbed and surly in order to be dignified; there is nothing in that, nothing whatever. If we want to enjoy our lives we must find out how to be always bright and pleasant. And I would add to those things that those good men told us of,

A Lawyer and an Honest Man

A CERTAIN Attorney named *Strange* being on his death bed begged his wife to see to it that his epitaph was simple and unpretentious, consisting solely of the bare statement, "Here lies a Lawyer, and an honest man." His wife objected that this was altogether too brief as no one would know to whom it referred. "Yes they will," said the dying man, "when they read that they will say, *dear me, that's strange.*"

There is a sequel to that story. The dying request was duly carried out and the tombstone displayed to a wondering world that "here lies a lawyer and an honest man." An Irishman happening to pass along studied the announcement in silence for a few moments and then, turning to a companion, he asked, "how did they come to bury those two fellows in the same grave?" S.

Mass for Dead Filipinos

REV. JOSEPH F. MENDI, rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception at Montclair, New Jersey, announced that at 8 A. M. Thursday he will celebrate a high mass of requiem for the repose of the souls of the Filipinos "who died fighting for the rights of their country" and the Catholics who have been slain fighting with the Boers in South Africa.

Father Mendi said the mass was intended as a tribute to those who had died in the defense of their homes and families. It is also in the nature of a protest, he said, against the acts of both the American and English governments.—*Chicago Post*

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small.—COLERIDGE

Ernsting's IS THE HUB FOR Holiday Goods

Largest and Best Stock ever seen in a San Diego Store. PRICES REASONABLE

915 FIFTH STREET SAN DIEGO, CAL.

FINE APPLES FROM THE MOUNTAINS, BELLFLOWERS, PIPPINS ETC.

Good Tea at Sixty Cents, India, Ceylon, Gunpowder, Hyson, Oolong Breakfast and Japan

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF FANCY GROCERIES

HAMILTON BROS. 933 5th Street, San Diego, Cal.

Secreted and hidden in the heart of the world and the heart of man is the light which can illumine all life, the future and the past.

—THROUGH THE GATES OF GOLD

Freemasonry, while it has always placed itself in hostile array against intolerance, dogmatism and bigotry, is ever in accord with the progressive spirit of the age. Entertaining no views of impracticable and impossible conditions, it does not pretend to settle questions which agitate political and religious communities—its actual mission being to preserve its own undeviating course. Men and actions are judged with equanimity; moral instructions are inculcated; and in its very nature it is essentially in harmony with the declaration of natural and revealed religion. Strong in the assertion of its own truth, it is the uncompromising enemy of falsehood; and, having nothing to defend in the past, it steadfastly adheres to a prescribed course, and in its vitality and durability sees nothing to fear in the future. It cherishes that which is good, true and right, awarding to each a proper value, and has an ideal of social perfection, to the attainment of which it incites high, ennobling thoughts and a sense of moral responsibility, and thus in the enforcement of the pure and the beautiful, prepares for the life beyond life.—1876, JOHN MILLS BROWNE, Grand Master.

Isis Conservatory of Music

of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD Point Loma, Cal.

San Diego Branch, 1940 B Street

Personal applications and inquiries received every Saturday by the Secretary at 1940 B Street, San Diego. Hours 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. FALL TERM COMMENCING MONDAY, OCT. 21ST. Full particulars sent on application by mail.

Address J. H. FUSSELL, Secretary and Treasurer Isis Conservatory of Music, POINT LOMA, CAL.

EDWARD M. BURBECK

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Copper Plate Engraving & Printing
Steel Dies, Crests, and Monograms
Largest & most varied stock of Books
and General Literature in the City

1051-59 FIFTH STREET, SAN DIEGO

“Burbeck’s Big Bookstore”

Toys Games Souvenirs Office Supplies City and County Maps

ENTERTAINMENT

by Children of the

Raja Yoga School

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON

in the

Aryan Temple, Point Loma

Tickets 50 cents

Quon Mane & Co.

Direct Importers of

CHINESE & JAPANESE GOODS



831 Fifth Street, Bet. E & F

San Diego, Cal.

Fire Works, Fans, Bamboo Shelves and Easels,
Toys, Scens, T Chinaware Lacquered Ware

Silk, Silk Handkerchiefs, Shawls, Banners and Canton
Crape, Ladies' Underwear Bamboo Work to Order

WE ALSO CARRY THE FINEST CLOISONNE, SATSUMA,
TOKONABA AND CANTON WARES

**PUBLIC MEETINGS
OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGES**

STOCKTON, Cal., 523 Yosemite Building

Lodge No. 3. Public meetings: Sunday 8 p. m., and Wednesday
7:30 p. m. Lotus Group for children, Sunday 10:30 a. m.

BOSTON, Mass., 24 Mount Vernon St.

Lodge No. 28. Public meetings every Sunday at 8 p. m.
Lotus Group, Sunday at 11 a. m.
Members Union meeting, Thursday at 8 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Friday at 7:30 p. m.
Girls' Club, Saturday at 3 p. m.

CHICAGO, Ill., 511 Masonic Temple

Lodges No. 70 and 45. Monthly public meeting, first Sunday of the
month, 8:15 p. m.; Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesdays 8 p. m.;
Lodge meetings, members only, Lodge 45, Thursdays, 8 p. m., and
Lodge 70, Fridays, 8:15 p. m.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Y. M. H. A. Building

Lodge No. 119. Public meeting, Sunday 8 p. m.
Lodge meeting, members only, Thursday 8 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Friday 8 p. m.

MACON, Ga., Triangular Block

Lodge No. 13. Public meeting about the middle of month.
Lotus Group, Sunday 10 a. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesday 7:30 p. m.
Members' meeting, Friday 8 p. m.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., 206 Weybossett Street

Lodge No. 33. Monthly meetings, last Sunday in each month, 7:30
p. m.; Lodge meetings, members only, Wednesdays, 7:45 p. m.
Lotus Group, Sundays, 10:45 a. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Thursdays, 8 p. m.

SOUTHPORT, England, 138 Poulton Road

Lodge No. 24 (Eng.) Lotus Group, Monday, 7 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesday, 8 p. m.
Lodge meeting, Friday, 8 p. m.
Public meetings, 1st Sunday each month, 7 p. m.

Queen Victoria's Signature

A little story has come to me of Queen Victoria, which was not mentioned during her life. It bears the stamp of truth, as it was told by her youngest son, Prince Leopold, when he was studying at Oxford. A Harvard professor was spending the greater part of a year there, and became intimately acquainted with Prince Leopold. When calling upon him to say “good-by,” Prince Leopold said: “I want to tell you a story to remember me by:

“I was a little boy, playing on the floor of the room where my mother was sitting. ‘Lord Johnny,’ as we affectionately called him (Lord John Russell), came into the room where my mother was and handed her a paper, which she read carefully, and then handed it back to him without a word. He went out, and later returned with the paper. She read it through again, and showed some displeasure, remarking: ‘I do not like it, and I shall never sign a paper that would in any way lead to war with United States.’

“I looked up from my play, as this was the first time I received any intimation that my mother was anything more than any other woman. The paper was still further changed. A week or two later my mother told me that my brother, the Prince of Wales, had visited the United States the year before. He had been so kindly received that she considered that it had established a bond of amity between the United States and England, and that she would never be one to do anything that could in any way disturb it.”

Leopold is dead, Victoria is dead, and all of us who hear the story will further honor the good mother and peace-loving Queen.—EDWARD EVERETT HALE in *Lend a Hand Record*

Late President's Surname

The surname of MacKinlay or McKinley (the latter as spelled by the late president) is the same with Finlayson, both meaning “son of Finlay.” The name is distinctly Scottish, but occurs also in the north of Ireland among the descendants of the settlers of the “Scots plantation of Ulster.”

The name, unlike most other Scottish surnames beginning with Mac, is not a very common one, and occurs only sparingly in the public records of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as McFindlay, McFinlay, McInlay, McKindlay, McKynlay and McKinley. In Gaelic orthography, says George F. Black in *New York Times*, the name is MacFhionnlaigh (with fh silent). So early as the end of the tenth century the name Finlay is found borne by a powerful earl. Finlaic, son of Ruaidhri, Mormaer or earl of Moray, a province which at that period included almost the whole northern Scotland. The “Icelandic Saga or History of Olaf Tryggvissou” gives his name in a Norse form, Finnleik, and states that he suffered a severe defeat in Caithness at the hands of Siguard, earl of the Orkneys, about 985 A. D. In the year 1020 Finlaic was murdered by his nephews, the sons of his brother Maelbrigde, and Tighernac, the Irish annalist, in recording the death of his successor, calls Finlaic Ri Albain; that is, “King of Alban,” indicating that he claimed a position of independence, both from the earls of Orkney and the Kings of Scotland.

His son was Macbeth, the usurper and murderer of Duncan, whose obscure career Shakespeare has invested with the splendid light of genius. The Duan Albanach, an old Irish poetical chronicles of the Kings of Dalriada, said to have been written about the year 1057, in giving length of Macbeth's reign, says: “A seacht bliadhna deag mac Fionnlaioich; literally that is “seven years and ten (ruled) the son of Finlay.” The early forms of the name given above show us that it means “fair hero,” (from Gaelic fionn, fair, white, and laogh, hero), a meaning which is quite in accord with the principle upon which early Celtic personal names were compounded.

Hardware & Stoves

HIGH GRADE SHELF HARDWARE
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS
FINE CUTLERY TOOLS
BUILDERS' HARDWARE

San Diego Hardware Co.

658 FIFTH STREET

Schiller and Murtha

CLOTHIERS, FURNISHERS & HATTERS
AGENTS FOR DUNLAP HATS

Corner Fifth & D Streets

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

For ARTISTS MATERIALS

PICTURE FRAMES

We can please you

C. H. GLASER

1040 FIFTH STREET

San Diego, Cal.

Bank of Commerce

841 FIFTH ST., bet E & F Sts., SAN DIEGO

Capital, \$100,000

Reserve & Undivided Profits, \$46,837.23

R. M. POWERS, President F. W. JACKSON, Cashier
GRAHAM E. BABCOCK, C. L. WILLIAMS,
Vice-President Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—R. M. Powers, Graham E. Babcock, J. F. Sinks,
G. W. Jorres, E. S. Torrance, J. S. Harbison, A. H. Frost

General banking business transacted. Exchange drawn direct on all principal cities of United States and Europe. Prompt attention given to collections.

**Souvenir Postal Cards
of Loma-land**

PRIVATE MAILING CARDS, PRINTED ON
FINEST IVORY-FINISH CARDBOARD
13 different half-tone glimpses of Loma-land on which to
send your Brotherhood Thoughts all over the world. A
stream of them should be kept in circulation by every member.

- 1 Aryan Temple from the Canyon
- 2 Childrens' Group Houses, International Lotus Home
- 3
- 4 Young Warriors of the Raja Yoga School
- 5 Loma Homestead and Aryan Temple from the Northwest
- 6 North View of Loma Homestead and Aryan Temple
- 7 Lotus Buds and Blossoms of the Raja Yoga School Sending
Thought Messages to all the World as Aryan Temple
- 8 Childrens' Play-ground, International Lotus Home
- 9 Lotus Buds with their Cuban Godmother, Raja Yoga School
- 10 Egyptian Gate to School of Antiquity Grounds
- 11 Lotus Buds at Play, International Lotus Home
- 12 Lotus Blossoms, Raja Yoga School
- 13 East Entrance of Loma Homestead

2 for 5 cents (postage 1c extra) . \$0.06
50, postpaid, for 1.00
100, “ “ 1.50

Sent assorted unless ordered with specifications. Order from

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The
LEADING REAL ESTATE BROKER in SAN DIEGO IS

E. J. Carter

964 Sixth Street, San Diego

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE LOCATING IN SAN DIEGO CITY OR COUNTY, CALL ON OR WRITE TO HIM

Rudder's

NEW RESTAURANT
AND GRILL

Newly Furnished Finest in City
Corner 4th and Plaza, San Diego

Strahlmann-Mayer Drug Co.
PHARMACY GRADUATES
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, etc.
Physicians Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully prepared

CORNER FOURTH & D STREETS
Telephone Main 424
CORNER FIFTH & C STREETS
Telephone Black 856

THE
Lion Clothing Co.
CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"
STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

D. L. HOOVER
G R O C E R
SIXTH & H STREETS
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Telephone Black 11

DO YOU NEED GLASSES?



COMPLETE STOCK OF OPTICAL GOODS

1046 FIFTH ST. OPPOSITE
SAN DIEGO, CAL. BOWEN'S DRY GOODS STORE
EYES EXAMINED FREE

The CHADBOURNE FURNITURE CO.

W. L. FREVERT, Manager

We aim to carry an entirely up-to-date stock of house furnishings, and, for style and variety of goods, cannot be out-done in Southern California. We are glad to show visitors through our extensive store-rooms at all times.

Store-rooms

SIXTH & D STREETS
San Diego, Cal.

HOTEL BREWSTER



The only Modern Hotel in the City

Terms:
European \$1.00 up
American \$2.50 up

C. B. Daggett
Manager
SAN DIEGO California

KELLY'S LIVERY

POINT LOMA COACH LINE

Dealer in first-class horses
Special coaches for select parties arranged by telephone

THIRD & F STS. PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

SANTA CLAUS WAS TICKLED

in fact his merry old face just beamed with smiles of satisfaction when we showed him our stock of Beautiful Pictures and Picture Frames, that we have prepared for Holiday Presents. He remarked with great emphasis, "Better than ever!" "Better than ever!" and "BEST OF ALL!" "Yes, of course," he said, "I'll get my supply right here at your store, and will tell everybody I see that 'Mr. Fuller & Co.' have the prettiest, most artistic, and most desirable stock to select from. "Say," he said, as he shouted good-bye "how can you afford to sell those beautiful creations at such low prices?"

NOTE TO THE PUBLIC

Come in, look around, stay as long as you like, for you are welcome. Do you want a "home-grown calendar?"

W. P. FULLER & CO.
WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS
7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, President
G. B. GROW, Cashier
W. R. ROGERS, Assistant Cashier

Every facility and security offered to our patrons and the public generally. Collections and exchanges on all points.

AT

Bowen's

DRY GOODS STORE

Will be found a full assortment of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Tea Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Wrappers, Silks and Dress Goods . .

W. O. BOWEN 1043 FIFTH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SAN DIEGO CORNER FIFTH AND E STS.

CAPITAL PAID UP \$150,000
SURPLUS & UNDIVIDED PROFIT \$40,000

J. GRUENDIKE - - PRESIDENT
D. F. GARRETTSON - - VICE PRES.
G. W. FISHBURN - - CASHIER

DIRECTORS—J. Gruendike, Geo. Hannahs, J. E. Fishburn, G. W. Fishburn and D. F. Garrettson

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO FIT YOUR EYES TO SUIT YOU. WE HAVE A SPECIAL PLACE SET APART FOR OPTICAL WORK, CONTAINING ALL THE MODERN INSTRUMENTS USED IN SIGHT TESTING IF YOU NEED GLASSES, HAVE A PRESCRIPTION TO FILL, or FRAME TO REPAIR

we give you the best work obtainable in San Diego

JENKS

826-828 5th street Graduate Optician

549

The New Century

TO PROMULGATE THE BROADEST TEACHINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD



Year 52

Point Loma, San Diego, California, January 12, 1902

Copy 5c



A Typical Scene in Nurnberg, Germany

The New Century

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Two Dollars; other countries in the Postal Union, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; payable in advance
Single copy, Five Cents

Communications for the Editor, manuscripts, reports, books and periodicals for review should be addressed, "Katherine Tingley, Editor *The New Century*, Point Loma." The editor is only responsible for views expressed in unsigned articles. Articles will not be considered by the editor unless signed by the author and marked with the number of words contained. In no case is manuscript returned.

Address all Business communications, including subscriptions, and make all remittances (in bank drafts or money orders, payable to The New Century Corporation) to "Clark Thurston, Point Loma, Cal."

To comply with recent postal regulations, all Post-Office money order remittances should be made payable at San Diego. The remittances, as well as all other mail, should be made to Point Loma, as usual.

Entered at the Post-Office at Point Loma, Cal., as second-class matter Nov. 30th, 1901
Copyright, 1901, by Katherine Tingley

Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

The State and the Church

IT may reasonably be said that the moral history of the whole world is the record of a struggle for religious liberty. That this has continually been confused with religious toleration, which is a very different thing, is merely an evidence of the grudging spirit in which a natural right has been so often twisted into a religious or a political favor. We have moreover to remember that the power of Governments to enforce religious liberty is necessarily limited to those specific acts of which Government and Law can take definite cognizance and excludes the mental pressure which is as fatal to liberty as are any of the better defined acts of persecution. Far advanced is that nation which has embalmed in its Constitution the principles of religious freedom. Further still along the line of evolution is that community which adheres to such a Constitution not alone in the letter, which is easy, but in the spirit of the daily life.

True and False Liberty

To America may fairly be conceded the claim to belong to both of these categories, but, it may be admitted, not altogether to the same extent. The constitution of every state of the Union contains precise enactments for the freedom and liberty of worship, but there are not wanting here and there representatives of religion who assume that those who framed these wise and beneficent provisos had in contemplation a liberty as between one sect of Christians and another, rather than a freedom that should embrace every phase of worship within and without the Christian churches. Our contention has been admirably epitomized by Professor Bryce:

Religious freedom has been generally thought of in America in the form of freedom and equality as between different sorts of Christians, or at any rate, different sorts of theists. . . . The neutrality of the state cannot therefore be said to be theoretically complete.

The professor however mitigates his judgment by adding that

The Passion for Equality

The passion for equality in religious as well as in secular matters is everywhere in America far too strong to be braved, and nothing excites more general disapprobation than any attempt by an ecclesiastical organization to interfere in politics.

We might add that this same passion for equality views with a daily increasing disapproval any attempt by religious organizations to interfere with the freedom of conscience of those outside of such organizations. That there should still exist in America the possibility, and sometimes, indeed, the practice, of that mental religious pressure which, perhaps unwittingly, partakes of the nature of persecution, is not remarkable in a community where a particular religious ideal is so widely prominent. Indeed it would be remarkable were it otherwise, although this should be no hindrance to a steady and unceasing pursuit of the spirit as well as the letter of Equality. That such a possibility and such a practice actually exist must be well known to the observer of the religious life of our people.

A Religious Despotism

It was recently evidenced by the overheard remark of a Judge during a trial in which our Organization was interested, and who referred to a group of our members as "those Theosophists." And yet it is but a few years ago, as world history is measured, when "those Christians" was also a term of reproach from the high places of the earth. Truly there is a religious despotism which, because it is thoughtless, or unwitting, or even conscientious, bites more deeply than did the deliberate cruelty from which America is free and must continue free. Lieber expresses the ideals of the good citizen when he writes:

Conscience lies beyond the reach of government. The liberty of worship is one of the primordial rights of man, and no system of liberty can be considered comprehensive which does not include guarantees for the free exercise of this right. It belongs to American liberty to separate entirely the institution which has for its object the support and the diffusion of religion from the political government.

The Presidential Election in Cuba

IN wishing to the people of Cuba a prosperous, an united, and a happy New Year, we record the news which reaches us today of the election to the Presidency of the Nationalist Candidate, Senor Thomas Estrado Palma. The Democrat, Senor Bartoleme Maso, withdrew from the campaign, and a remarkably light vote was consequently polled throughout the Island. The event was duly celebrated in Santiago by the elevation of a new flag, forty feet long, and by a display of fireworks.

We have every confidence that we shall see the accomplishment of our good wishes for Cuba. The long continued suffering through which the Island has passed has at least had the effect of preserving to the Cuban People some characteristics which have been lost to the other nations of the world. We base this belief not alone on our personal observations in the Island but from our daily contact with the children in the Schools at the Point. And so, while we take no part in all political issues we are confident in the future of Cuba, and confident that she will succeed in correcting and in destroying all those factors in her public life which stand between her and the good fortune that she merits. The scourge of persistent war has weakened her manhood in numbers only, but there are enough Cubans left, and with a sufficient fire of patriotism, to place their country where it ought to be on the ladder of progress and in the estimation of humanity. All true Americans will be glad to see that this first step has been taken.

Confident of Cuba's Future

We are informed that Senor Palma is a man deserving well of his countrymen, and we have sufficient belief in the wisdom of the people to feel certain that political party and political opinion will weigh with them less than a reputation for devotion and for unselfish effort, for which no amount of statecraft nor intelligence can compensate. These are virtues which we have observed in no common degree in Senor Palma's countryman, Senor Emilio Baccardi, who has already been honored by his community, and who will assuredly take a yet higher position in the counsels of his nation.

THE FAMINE IN INDIA

THE famine in India is now well advanced into its third continuous year and reports just to hand show that so far from a diminution of its horrors, we may reasonably expect an increase. All over the famine districts the crops are again far below the average, and the mortality from hunger and its incidental diseases, is increasing rapidly.

Indian famines are one of the problems of the world, and how great that problem is can only be adequately understood by those who have a personal acquaintance not only with the character of the Hindu but with the conditions under which he habitually lives. The fact is that the millions of India even in prosperous years are as close as they can be to the starvation line and the smallest crop failure carries them at once over that line. Then comes the inevitable consumption for food of the seed grain, with the result that no further crops can be sown when the time comes, and so the misery and hopelessness of the situation become such as to baffle imagination. The picture of a chronic Indian famine is too frightful for contemplation, but three years' continuance forces it into view.

As with individuals, so with nations, and we believe that the sorrows of India are a preparation for a brighter and indeed, for a magnificent future.

THE RAJA YOGA study of children is based on the knowledge that all are souls, and on the knowledge of the relation between the body and soul. The soul may be

compared to a beautiful gem, enclosed and concealed in a soil, which is its body. When the body is new, it is plastic, hampered, of course, with the tendencies it inherits, but still comparatively plastic.

And while it is being formed, it is so yielding, so sensitive that even a thought helps to fashion its form. Nothing in its environment is too slight to influence it, and when it first begins its individual life, like the first fresh green shoots of a young plant, it is so gentle, so tender, that every faintest breath is felt, every little influence finds it responsive.

The Raja Yoga study of children recognizes all this. It sees an imprisoned soul, concealed in its self-made habitation, and the whole object of the study is to help the soul in the task before it—that of unbaring the prison doors. This study, based on a knowledge of what is to be accomplished, is a study of the difficulties to be overcome, of the obstacles that are in the way. The teachers of this system study the child with the idea of keeping the path open, of not constantly interfering with the natural development, knowing that the soul, if not prevented, will find its own way out. And so they study to remove the wrong tendencies which will act like ruts, starting the soul on the wrong road, and to keep away from the sensitive young nature poisons of every sort, those which affect the body and those which affect the mind. It is a constant process of guarding, of the giving of pure food to body and mind, of watering the soil and furnishing the proper conditions. It is the service which one soul who has penetrated matter, offers to another who is penetrating it. Therefore it is a study which must result in the gradual uncovering of this glowing gem—the soul.

It is different from the modern system of education, which results in the further covering up of the soul. A man today, instead of being more flexible, more responsive to the impulses of his soul, more intuitive than when a child, becomes instead more hardened, more encrusted, a less perfect instrument for the soul's use, notwithstanding his increased mental power. Wordsworth painted the picture truly when he wrote

Heaven lies about us in our infancy,
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom, on thy being's Light,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And customs lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

Most men, notwithstanding all they learn, pass out of their bodies with a new set of tendencies to hamper them, with a new set of obstacles to overcome. The Soul fails to liberate itself.

For the ways of life are wrong from the start. Notwithstanding the sacredness of the forming of a habitation for the Soul, notwithstanding the extreme delicacy of the organism, many a woman assumes the duties of motherhood without any preparation whatever, with barely a thought of her responsibility and with no knowledge of it. She is willing to undertake the creation of an instrument for some soul's use, with actually less knowledge of what is needed than she would in the making of a simple garment to cover the body. If the women are content to go on in this carelessness, and if the men are content to continue to offer no purer material for the formation of human bodies, what can we expect for the real progress of the race. How shall we ever work out of our present limitations? The Raja Yoga study must begin with the mothers. I have heard the founder and guiding genius of the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma say that women must awaken to their responsibilities if the race is to be raised. They must learn how to care for the bodies of their children intelligently. I have heard her say that if every woman understood thoroughly physiology and the laws governing the functions of the body, she would discover some facts which are now potent causes in holding down the race.

The body is in itself not such an important factor, but as the Soul's instrument, it is supremely so. If the cells of the body, which all have their own intelligences, are started in the wrong way by the mother, with

The Raja Yoga Study of Children

Lecture delivered by DR. GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT
at Fisher Opera House, San Diego

the wrong desires, or if the wrong desires they already have are not corrected, they become tremendous obstacles, sometimes insuperable.

And if the little human brain be-

comes filled with an idea of its own importance, with the ideas of separateness, with the idea that it is a little more interesting, a little more charming than others, an idea which many an adoring mother does her best to plant, how can the soul use it easily? Think of the agony of that overshadowing soul as it sees the lower intelligence it is seeking to redeem, turned more and more away from it by the pampering, petting, cuddling process that most babes and children undergo.

There is not today an absolute living belief in a higher and lower nature—in the duality in human nature. It is taught in all Scriptures, but it is but an abstraction even in the minds of those who accept it. The lower nature is mistaken for the only and the real thing and is educated independently so far as possible and strengthened at every point, so that when a philosophy is presented which emphasizes this belief and insists that it shall be acted upon, the lower natures all over the world rise up against it like so many armed devils.

The soul is the real teacher and can lead the human child to heights undreamed of, but the mother so constantly through her ignorance turns attention away from this and to the child's exterior, that the majority of children at a young and tender age even, become so cursed with self-consciousness, that they can hardly do a natural thing in the presence of a stranger. It is a rare, rare instance, if, by the time a child is ready to leave the parental roof, the mother has not succeeded in so emphasizing his natural self-love, that he is completely saturated with it in some subtle form or other. He may have evolved beyond the ordinary selfishness, as so recognized, but he is saturated with the idea of separateness, and half the time cannot recognize it. The immense pressure of human opinion on this point settles down upon him like a weight of iron and there he is, encased in his body, with a feeling of loneliness; an integral part of all that is; an essential factor in the universe, yet unconscious of his oneness with it all; a living, palpitating being, having at his command all of nature's sweet treasures, yet cursing his fate that he was born.

His joys to him are *his*, his sorrows also—and the joys and sorrows of the rest of the human kind belong to them also. He must make his way by outstripping his fellows. His happiness depends upon his ability in some fashion to exceed them, in business, in brains, in love, or whatever he is engaged in. The world is big enough for all no doubt, he thinks, but this indifference as to other's greatness must be out of his immediate little circle.

What can the Soul do, with such an idea holding humanity fast in its clutches? For the unifying Soul is not *recognized*, but only these separate individuals. Mr. Jones is the real man in the eyes of the world, though in reality Mr. Jones may be almost a corpse walking about, from whom the Soul has been obliged to recede so far that he transmits nothing of its glory and power. But the world is not looking for that. It is occupied in describing Mr. Jones as a man of such and such a character, having such confirmed weaknesses, having perhaps a talent which he abuses or an intellect which does him no good, in short as being himself these things which he seems. But it does not appear to occur to the world to describe him as an instrument which by reason of all the faults of heredity and training the Soul is unable to enter and use, and which therefore is at the mercy of the powerful forces which rush back and forth, surrounding human minds like poisons and entering wherever there is an open door. And yet is not this view common sense? When we look into an eye full of cunning and malice, expressing nothing but a purpose of cheating others, with no suggestion of any friendly impulse, is it the Soul we see there? When we see an eye flashing with anger, or drooping with despair, or heavy with melancholy, is it the Soul which shines forth? If not, *what is it?*

And when in a twinkling we see the picture change, and the angry eyes ask forgiveness, or the despairing look give place to hope, or the faint-hearted lift their heads with courage, is it the same that was looking through those eyes, or has some cloud been suddenly dispersed which permits the light of the sun to penetrate? The Raja Yoga study of children considers all these things. It is looking for the soul, it will accept

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 14

Some Views on Twentieth Century Problems

**Degradation
of the
Printing Press**

AMONG the most curious signs of the times are the two opposing currents of optimism and pessimism which find place in the chronicles of contemporary thought. At one moment we have humanity presented to us as the culminating product of past ages of achievement; at the next we are given a picture of decadence that makes us despair. All this is evidence that humanity is in the crisis of a purifying disease, wherein are equally conspicuous both the worn-out tissues that are being cast off and the new life that is welling up from within. It is when we limit our vision to one or the other of these factors alone that we get the purview that colors our ideas as optimist or pessimist.

A writer in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, in discussing England's decadence, calls attention to the abuse of the printing press in terms that will apply equally well to other countries. This agent, which was relied upon to elevate mankind, is now the most potent engine for vulgarizing the mind. We quote from the *American Review of Reviews*:

Until the reading of nonsense comes to be regarded by respectable families in the same light as dram-drinking, the press will do more universal harm than the public house. . . . The greatest writer of our age is Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whose works spread the doctrine that force is the only means, national wealth the only end, courage and application the only human virtues.

What good art and literature there is in England now is for the initiated, and appeals to ever-narrowing circles. . . . The papers have lost the power of looking at facts as they are. Journals, magazines, and the continued spawn of bad novels constitute our national culture, for it is on these that the vast majority of all classes employ their power of reading.

But beneath all the multitudinous superficiality of civilization there is a deep undercurrent ever coming nearer the surface; and this deeper feeling, that can find no vent through a debauched press, will manifest itself in deeds rather than in words. H. T. E.

**Mrs. Partington
Still Active
With Her Broom**

THE Marconi experiments in long-distance wireless telegraphy have now been placed well outside the region of conjecture and doubt. The inventor at his receiving apparatus on the Canadian coast has received messages from his dispatching station on the shores of Cornwall, and the possibilities of such communication are therefore definitely proved. At the same time these messages varied very considerably in clearness and precision, due, Mr. Marconi thinks, to an insufficiency of power on the other side of the Atlantic. This he intends to personally remedy and he has sailed for England with that purpose. As usual the element of comedy finds its place in this surprising advance. The cable companies are up in arms at this encroachment on their territory and threaten to invoke the law in their protection. Mrs. Partington, it seems, is still resisting the ocean with her broom.

Gratitude has been defined as a lively sense of favors to come, and the world will not be disappointed in anticipating other and still more startling applications of the force which Mr. Marconi has so successfully harnessed. C.

**Can
Drunkenness
Be Cured
by
Indulgence?**

WE note in the *Literary Digest* some remarks on and quotations from the views of Dr. Archdall Reid on the cure of alcoholism. This doctor contends, it seems, that the drink habit, by killing off those who cannot survive a steady alcoholic diet, is making our race immune to its effects and so is working out its own cure. People will become so inured to alcohol that alcoholism will no longer exist, either as a craving or an ailment. We are to become, as it were, inoculated with alcohol, much as we are supposed to be inoculated by a mild or chronic form of smallpox against the acute and virulent form of that disease.

But what is the philosophy of this method of cure? Methinks we can recognize our old friend, the principle of destroying desire by satisfying it. This method certainly secures a lull through the agency of temporary repletion and disgust, but well we know what is its inevitable sequel. As a fire, damped down with a mass of slack, slumbers but to break forth later in a fiercer glow, so does a desire, satiated for the time, live to know a fiercer craving. We might get a race so sodden with

alcohol and so debilitated by its effects that it would be unable or unwilling for a generation or two to imbibe any more liquors; but we should as certainly have in no long time a generation of recuperated gluttons with a craving for drink hitherto unprecedented. We can let the race drink itself into temporary exhaustion; we might even in time breed a humanity that would be pickled in spirits like an anatomical specimen, or that would feed on alcohol like an engine. But the race has, we venture to think, higher aims; and it is in this belief that we recommend the old method of dealing with desire by combating it. There is another point in this connection. Evil may be turned to good, but we must not make that an excuse for doing evil. A man may learn much from a blunder and may ultimately be the better for it; but he must do it on purpose.

**Drunkards Should
Not Be Parents**

It must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh.

Dr. Reid's latest corollary to his theory is one with which all will agree, though they may not be able to see how he arrives at it. He would severely punish all drunkards who beget children. His idea is to abolish, not the drink, but the drunkard. The drunkard is to be allowed to drink himself immune or to death; but he must not procreate, lest he thereby create a potential drunkard. E.

**To "Link
Far Places in a
Bond
of Love"**

SHE and she alone, has taken the conquered to her bosom, and has made men to be one household with one name, herself their mother, not their Empress, and has called her vassals citizens, and has linked far places in a bond of love. Hers is that large loyalty to which we owe it that the stranger walks in a strange land as if it were his own; that men can change their homes; that we drink at will the waters of the Rhone and the Orontes; that the whole earth is one people.

In this way the poet Claudian wrote of the Roman Empire from whence come today the laws of the civilized world. Empires have succeeded one another, the scepter of dominion has passed from nation to nation, new civilizations have arisen from the wrecks and the ashes of the past, and now, passing ever westward, America has grasped that scepter of dominion and has stepped into the new responsibilities and the new duties of government outside of and beyond her own shores. Who can doubt that she has the power to take unto herself the magnificent claim of the Roman Claudian, that she can link "far places in a bond of love," and that under her sway the "whole earth" can be made "one people." The true greatness of the Roman Empire lay in the wisdom of her laws. Her statesmen were too great to suppose it possible to impose upon a conquered people or upon nations that had willingly come within her empire a system of laws which had been framed for Roman peoples and for Roman needs. And thus grew up the legal marvel of all ages, the *Jus Omnium Gentium*, the Law of all Peoples, by which the judicial systems of all conquered or annexed nations were carefully preserved to them, but tempered by Roman mercy and by Roman justice. And here as everywhere in the history of the world justice was followed by loyalty and nations which might have become wounds in the body politic grew rapidly into strong and healthy limbs. The fall of the empire was in spite of and not because of her laws. Caste and religion overthrew what justice and mercy might have preserved.

**The
Suppression
of
Anarchism**

THE resolution offered in the Senate by Senator Vest of Missouri, shows the public at last realizes that it is necessary to strike nearer the root if assassinations are to be prevented. The measure proposes to make the avowal of anarchistic views penal, and to provide penal colonies for persons holding such views; also to restrict the importation of dangerous aliens.

But, as we have often pointed out, the root of the evil lies deeper yet, and must be sought in those who from high places teach the subjection of the human will to superstition, bigotry and mental tyranny. Those who deny the sovereignty of the human soul and the freedom of the human mind are the real anarchists; for they seek to deprive man of the self-respect and dignity which alone can make him an orderly member of society. H. T. E.

The Parting on the Waters

MORN on the wide waste of waters. The first rosy glimmer of the light heralding a new day, revealed a weird and strange scene. In the center of the wide, trackless sea were grouped together seven quaint and ancient galleys, known as the quinque-rene or five-bank oared. Each one was identical in size, rig and general finish, except the coloring, and the coming light disclosed that each had a color distinct from the other; the seven primary colors; the colors of the prism.

The yards of the galleys were rigged with sails, and these corresponded with the same hue as the hulls, making them distinct spots of coloring, standing alone on the bosom of the ocean.

Brighter grew the light in the east and the first rays of the sun shot across the waters, shedding a lustre upon the galleys, the reflection from which formed a rainbow of wondrous brilliancy.

'Twas born in a moment, yet, quick as its birth,
It had stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth;
And fair as an angel, it floated as free,
With a wing on the sky and a wing on the sea.

Just as the sun arose, the positions of the galleys changed, and a few strokes of the oars shifted the rainbow into a six-pointed star, a galley at each point, and the yellow one in the center of the star. Simultaneously with the formation of this mystic symbol on the water, came from the different crafts melodious chords from the santir, the rebec and the lyre, and mingling with the notes was a mantram of potential force, and the very atmosphere pulsates with harmony.

And old tunes,
From instruments of unremembered forms,
Gave the soft winds a voice.

The galleys and their occupants were the soul survivors of Altana, the doom of which had been foretold in the temple by the old prophet, Hadasseh. The faithful had been saved, and the flotilla of seven held all that had escaped the cataclysm that engulfed Altana. Each galley held forty-nine souls—seven times seven. Through storms and tempests these elect ones had been wonderfully preserved, and now, in the morn of this momentous day, had come the time of parting, the separation of ways, the going forth to new and untried scenes, for,

These were the first great founders of the world—
Founders of cities and of mighty states—
Who showed a path through seas before unknown,
In the first ages, when the sons of men
Knew not which way to turn them, they assigned
Of land a portion, and of sea a lot;
And sent each wandering tribe far off to share
A different soil and climate. Hence arose
The great diversity, so plainly seen,
Mid nations widely severed.

As the last faint notes of the rhythm melted into space, Hadasseh, whose position had been in the after-part of the yellow galley, close to the altar on which blazed the Sacred Flame, made a signal by inscribing in the air the outlines of a circle. Instantly the galleys formed a circle, which was made continuous by the prow of one touching the stern of another; a perfect circle of color, the yellow galley becoming the "Point within the circle."

The old Heirophant, standing in the full glare of the effulgent sun, which shed a halo of brightness about him, looked like a personage belonging to a higher plane of being than earth mortals. Clear, resonant and forceful came these words to the faithful:

"My children! The time allotted for us to remain together has passed. We now must go our several ways, and carry the truth into the far away corners of the earth. To each one of you in charge, has been given secret instructions how to proceed when we separate. *Look well! Dare anything!* to fulfill what is required of you.



LOMA-LAND LILIES

Religion

by PAUL KESTER in *McClure's Magazine*

CREEDS change.
All outward forms
Recast themselves.
Sacred groves, temples, and churches
Rise and rot and fall.
Races and nations
And the various tongues of men
Come and go and are
Recorded, numbered,
And forgotten in the repetition
And the drift
Of many ages.
All outward circumstances
May be different,
But there lives no man—
Nor ever lived one—
Who, in the silence of his heart
Feeling his need,
Has not cried out,
Shaping some prayer
To the unchanging God.

a Tale of Prehistoric Times

"You are the pioneers of new races, and ye bear with you the seeds of the Wisdom Religion. See that ye sow and garner well! that you may avoid the dreadful fate of those with whom we have lived, with whom we vainly tried to lead towards the light. Blindly led by the Dark Powers, the caverns of the ocean bed hold all that was once Altana; the chosen place of the Gods.

"Make *your* lands bright with brotherhood, brilliant with truth, and supreme with faith. Races will come after you, prepare *now* for their coming. Some of you go to the far north, the land of magnolia blossoms, others to the middle south, or west, others farther south and east, and from this spot will be taken seven different courses, as has been fully prepared.

"Ye will become fashioners and builders. Build ye pyramids and temples. Mighty stones shall ye raise, and make unto the form of the zodiac, as monuments to your greatness, and as witnesses of these days, literally inscribed with written records that shall stand for ages. Ye shall give them *motion*, and they shall be to you an oracle to consult in times of great need. Under the triangular stones at the four corners of the world shall ye dwell.

"Cities shall ye build, one on top of another as each cataclysm causes their overthrow. Your successors shall build above these, and in future ages when man is evolved enough, these secrets will be found. Nothing will be lost, for psychic secrets shall be preserved in indestructible flint and platinum. Make passages underground, and hew caves in the rocks that nothing be lost. Teach your posterity to say to those who ask, 'where is the cradle of your race?' to point to the setting sun and say, 'it lies there.'"

Turning towards the violet-hued galley, where stood the Princess Loma, he continued:

"You, go to where the plant of the Azure Bloom shall flourish. From that spot of unshaken land shall spring up east, south and north, a mighty nation, destined to be foremost in all that is ennobling. Your mis-

sion is to plant the seed, to nurture it and coming generations in unborn centuries will bless your name."

Taking from beneath the fire altar a parcel wrapped seemly in parchment, and causing it to be handed to Loma, he said:

"This is your standard, not to be unfurled till your destination is reached. You will plant it with your own hands, for through you it will float one day in every land. Guard it as you would your life!"

With a gesture that impelled the attention of all, and with a triumphant ring of accent that sunk deep into the very souls of his hearers, he exclaimed:

"All is finished! May the Gods bless and protect his chosen own! Farewell!"

His hands extended in benediction, the people sank upon their knees, and a holy calm settled in every heart. Once again went forth that intonation, then the signal for unmooring was given, the flotilla separated, and in seven different courses the galleys departed.

Long before high noon not a trace could be seen from the deck of the galleys of their late companions. As the golden sun sank into the waters of the west, its lambent rays shone full upon the violet-hued galley, upon the prow of which stood Princess Loma, still holding in her hand the sacred package given her by Hadasseh. Close at her right hand was the young flower girl Cinda, who with her hand across her brow to shade her eyes from the sun, was gazing intently and longingly into the southwest.

A. I. M.

When an intelligent man thinks he is right, he should go ahead; then if he is wrong, his errors will soon be discovered, and they will be pointed out to him, and having had the courage to do that which he "thought" was right, he will be brave enough to drop his errors, when it is demonstrated to him that they are such. But men with prejudices stronger than their honesty will never do this.—*Seattle Patriarch*

Flashes of Genius

GENIUS is one of those things of which the world talks a great deal but of which it understands very little. We are content to see the lightning flash illuminate the night and we are too disposed to believe that the comprehension of that glory is beyond our attainment, and that still more beyond our reach is the power to summon it at will.

And so we are unworthily satisfied to walk within the mental grooves in which we find ourselves, without even an attempt to realize that all knowledge, even up to the most godlike, is within our reach if we have but the courage to recognize it and the energy to take it for our own.

There is a period in the life of everyone, when, with curious and opening eyes we peep beyond the mental veils and wonder at the mysterious depths full of half-seen movements and of strange lights. The modern parent and the modern education combine to curtail that period, and to inaugurate the mental automatism which is to be our blind-eyed guide through life. But while that time lasts we are looking into the Promised Land which shall one day be the home of the Race, and then it is that we make our ideals, wondrous realities for us then and onward—until we learn to look back with a sigh to the “poetic fancies of youth,” until we learn to pursue the shadow and to forsake the substance.

It is indeed an automatism into which we enter. We are set within a mental Garden of Flowers, but we see only the gravel path, and our minds are chained to its turnings and its windings. We no longer remember the flowers which we saw so clearly long ago, but the flowers are there still, as they were then. It is we who have forgotten how to look at them, because our eyes are fascinated and enslaved; we might once have gathered them; now we cannot even see them. Those flowers are the flowers of genius and the blossoms of power. We might have walked at will among them, and they are of many a hue and form. They are Art, and Literature and Poetry, and their soil is the Will to Serve, it is Hope and it is Compassion.

Has that time then passed away forever, with the “dreaming ideals” of youth and of the college? I believe, not quite. I believe that to every one of us come still the colored glimpses of what we might have seen with open eyes.

Still into our minds come the tinted lightning flashes from that other world, and now for a moment they perplex and they confuse, because they are so much at variance with those other things which we have decided are alone fit for us to contemplate, and to which we have so attuned the vibrations of our minds that they have become well-nigh opaque to all that is really beautiful, to all that speaks of the realities of power and of peace.

But with an effort we can still lift our eyes up to that other world. Those lightning flashes are too a part of ourselves. They are sun gleams from that neglected “Garden of Flowers” which is all our own. Not by chance have they thus forced themselves upon our vision, not by chance have they thus come into our darkness. And to watch for them is to invite them, and there is no such fruitful watchfulness as this. They come now as unbidden guests, hasting to be gone. If we could hold them we should soon know that their light is the light of genius, and that with all their glory and with all their power, they are but reflections, they are but the afterglow of the abiding light which waits to illuminate every man that cometh into the world.

STUDENT



SPINNING SILK IN LOMA-LAND

Let Something Good Be Said

by JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

WHEN over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall, instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head;
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awake strong and glorified
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye; by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Saviour bled,
And by your own soul's hope of fair renown,
Let something good be said.

able to say, “I and my Father are One,” having fulfilled the commands he gave in conscious knowledge of the possibilities of humanity. “Be ye also perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect,” for “ye are all sons of God.” It will always hold true that he who is greatest amongst us will be the wisest in his brotherhood, he will “Love the Lord his God with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself,” because he knows that such an attitude will alone open the gates of spiritual knowledge to him. Neither you nor I, nor anyone else will or can ever come to understand anything from which we separate ourselves, there must always be a contact. It takes the concentration of the brain-mind to understand intellectual matters, so in like manner it takes the concentration of the Heart to reach and understand the Heart of the Universe, the great Spiritual Center from which flows all life and light, the Illumination which brings Truth, Light and Liberation to our fettered Souls, in their iron-bound casements of selfish desires and preconceived notions of separateness forged through many lives of willing subjection to the impulses and desires.

We, the Souls, are incarnated in bodies upon this earth to control and raise to a higher state of consciousness the lower forces of nature. It was an act of Brotherhood necessitated by the existence of the Universal Law of Interdependence, which pervades all nature, and in it, it seems to me, we glimpse the origin of what later degenerated into the dogma of vicarious atonement. The God in man, the true Ego, or Soul, suffers through the sins of its personalities and will continue to suffer until it has gained complete control and the Kingdom of the Father be on earth as it is in Heaven.

EMILY I. WILLANS

The Purpose of Life

IN speaking of the Purpose of Life, it is of course to be understood that human life upon this planet is meant, for Life itself is Universal and continuous, the Divine Immortal Spark within each human heart, and the sustaining power of all that lives.

The purpose of our sojourn on earth is a great one, the conscious realization of our oneness with the Supreme Spirit, and our unity also with spiritual forces acting in matter—in brief, *Universal Brotherhood*. We cannot in truth separate our Higher Natures from “Our Father in Heaven,” for as Jesus told us, “the kingdom of Heaven is *within you*,” nor can we stand apart from the kingdoms below man in haughty isolation. Our similar emotions and passions link us in our lower consciousness and bodily form with the animals, and an analysis of the composition of that outer body reveals the assistance of the vegetable and mineral kingdoms in its upbuilding. The great underlying Intelligence that informs man, informs all nature likewise. There is not an unconscious or dead atom in the whole Universe, each kingdom of nature being informed and guided in its evolution by conscious Beings suitable to manifest the grade of intelligence necessary for progress through the visible form provided. All growth proceeds from *within out*, and behind *all form* stands Consciousness and Life, its Sustainer and Informer. The Universe is *Ensouled*, and there is a divine purpose and unity behind this diversity of form, each kingdom playing its part in the great scheme of Universal Brotherhood.

As we better realize the great destiny of humanity, it will add a new dignity to earth-life and we will not fritter away so much of our precious time in silly and ignoble pursuits, but bend our energies towards reaching the high aim set before us, to be attained little by little during our succeeding earth lives, 'till at last we stand like Jesus and other great Spiritual Teachers

WHO were the Hittites? Whence came they? What was their going out? These are questions that have puzzled the most learned scholars for nearly a century, ever since the first Hittite carvings and cuneiform writings were discovered. These have been a sealed book to the archæologists and have served to throw no light on this mysterious and ancient people. Now, however, according to a recent article by Clifton Harby Levy in the *New York Herald*, it "seems more than likely that our scholars are upon the eve of some wide-reaching discoveries" relative to this race, for a large mass of new material has recently been brought before them "by the researches of a French explorer, M. Ernest Chantre, of the University of Lyons.

"He has been working for two years or more in Cappadocia, and there has unearthed remarkable ancient monuments of the Hittite and Pelasgic age and peoples, with numerous inscriptions in Assyrian cuneiform character, which may go far toward a solution of the most puzzling question with which the scholars of the world have wrestled.

"Those familiar with the Bible have read of the Hittites as one of the seven nations conquered by the Israelites when they took possession of the Promised Land under the leadership of Joshua. Others may remember that Uriah, the friend of David, whose wife was taken by that monarch, was a Hittite, so that, according to the tradition which connects Jesus with David, there was Hittite blood in his veins, for Solomon was the son of David and the wife of Uriah.

"Biblical mention of this people would lead us to suppose that they were merely one of the small tribes in Palestine, like the Jebusites and the Hivites, but history inscribed upon monuments of Egypt and Assyria leads us to quite other conclusions. It is evident that Hittites or Khetta, as Egyptians call them, were a powerful confederation of tribes living in Northern Syria and Asia Minor any time before 1500 B. C., and thence onward until the eighth century B. C.

"From Egyptian paintings of these people we know that they were of a light yellow complexion, small of stature, and that the men wore their hair in pig tails. On account of this mode of picturing them both on Egyptian monuments and on those attributed to the Hittites themselves it has been concluded that the Hittites were of Mongolian stock, as distinguished from the Aryans and Semites, by whom they were surrounded.

"It is certain that this people must have been a very powerful one, for all the power of Egypt was summoned against them, and treaties were made between the Egyptians and Hittites on equal terms. In the time of Rameses II, more than one campaign was necessary to bring the Hittites to terms, and though the Egyptian Pharaoh was victorious he was glad to make a treaty with his redoubtable foe.

"From excavations at Hamath and Carchemish, on the Euphrates, and the evidence of Egyptian and Assyrian inscriptions it seems certain that before 1500 B. C. the Hittites occupied these two cities as capitals and controlled a large part of Asia Minor. It had been noticed also that some Hittite remains existed in Cappadocia, that province lying in the center of Asia Minor to the east of Armenia, and it is here that M. Chantre has made some notable discoveries.

"The great trouble hitherto was not that the world did not possess quite a number of Hittite monuments, but that no scholar in any country could read them. The queer hieroglyphs seemed to resemble those of Egypt, yet they could not be read by them as a guide.

"It was found that, as is the case in Chinese, the characters were to be read down the column sometimes, while at others they were read from right to left and left to right, or, as it is called, 'boustrophedon'—as an ox plows, turning up one furrow and down the next. This is a trifle to decipherers of ancient texts, for some of the earliest Greek texts read in this fashion. But after it was ascertained that the characters should be read in all sorts of directions the scholars were just as far as they were

Who Were the Hittites?

Discoveries Being Made Which Throw Light on the Identity of This Most Ancient and Mysterious People

before; they could not translate a single line with any accuracy or sense. "Aid now comes in a peculiar, unlooked for, form, which may nevertheless lead to the solution of this age-long mystery. It is to M. Chantre that the discovery is due, and it was in Cappadocia that he found the texts which may reveal the whole truth and furnish the key to the problem.

"There is, however, much more than the mere reading of unread monuments in the discoveries of M. Chantre, for in Cappadocia he has found not only Hittite remains but remains of Pelasgic civilization as well. An entirely novel field of speculation, which has been broached before, but never with great force, is now laid open for future investigation.

"It is concerned with the origin of Greek civilization, which means the civilization of all the modern world, for it is from Greece that all our arts and letters come. It has been impossible to trace all the letters of the Greek alphabet heretofore, and it is uncertain whence these letters came, but now in the light of the discoveries made in Cappadocia it seems more than probable that the inscriptions found at Mycenæ and in Cyprus, which have astonished many scholars by their likeness to Hittite characters, may have been derived from this ancient and powerful race.

"And it was a wonderful people, if we are to judge from the monuments in stone and clay which it has left to the world to puzzle over for centuries. On all sides its memorials are discovered; even in Babylon, that stronghold of Aryan and Semitic power. The German expedition now uncovering the ruins, has found a great bas-relief of a Hittite deity, the god of thunder and lightening, with a long, perfectly preserved inscription on it, but which no one can interpret.

"At Euyuk, M. Chantre found a huge tell, as the mounds of ruins are called, in the center of which were two great sphynxes, together with bas-reliefs of processions of priests with offerings for the Hittite deities.

"Along the face of the living rocks of Boghaz-Keui were found processions seemingly of gods, and it is thought that these are monumental reminders of the conquest of Cappadocia by the Hittites, aided as they thought, by their divinities. The artist has a row of Hittite warriors in advance to show that they conquered the land, but besides these he has represented divinities or deified heroes higher up on the rocks or mounted on the backs of animals.

"Another palace was found at Eski-Konak, and here was the throne used by the king, formed of a solid block of stone, with two lions looking out from it. Buyuk-Kaleh, or the great fortress, is a tremendous piece of work some nine hundred yards from the palace, which it was intended to protect. Cyclopean walls recalling those of Tiryns and Mycenæ are still standing in some places. They are from sixteen to twenty feet in thickness.

"It is proven also by the architectural remains and the pottery found that the Hittites were possessed of a civilization closely approaching that of the Ægeans at a very distant period. M. Chantre has no doubt that the relations between the Hittites and Babylonians extended as far back as 3000 B. C. The information as to the life of the ancient Hittites is fuller on account of these researches, and the finding of what the discoverer calls a Pelasgic city, with remains comparable to those of Mycenæ and Cyprus, will furnish much food for thought and further investigation. In summing up the results of his excavations the explorer holds that they prove the date of the Hittites to be much earlier than has usually been supposed, running back to at least 3000 B. C. He suggests that this date should be assigned to the foundation of the palace and fortress of Boghaz-Keui, as well as of the other cities found in this locality.

"The fact has also been proved that anterior to the making of the Hittite inscriptions, found elsewhere, an entire primitive civilization was developed in Cappadocia by this remarkable people coming we know not whence, and their close connection with the Babylonians at a very ancient date is no less conclusively proven."

DO you wish to weaken your will, render your nervous system over-sensitive, and let your faculties break loose from your control? Have you a bad habit you would like to have strengthened, or a disease you wish to encourage? Then follow a new craze which threatens London society, and obey the directions of its prime mover, Mr. Andrew Lang, the nov-

How to Lose Your Self-Control

elist. Become a crystal-gazer. Go into your room and sit with your back to the light. Think of everything you please, and stare at the crystal ball. This will render your mind passive and negative, so that evil influences may readily act upon it. This and similar practices are the best means known for rapidly developing any nervous ailment or bad habit you may have. E



Panoramic View of Loma-Land

Looking Northeast from Loma Homestead over the Homestead Property toward San Diego Bay and the City in the distance

STUDENT (*laying down newspaper*). By-the-bye. Do you see that Mrs. Piper has thrown up the sponge?

BROWN. Mrs. Piper? Who the dickens is she?

Any connection of Mrs. Eddy or Mrs. Nation? The name seems familiar, somehow.

S. Not exactly. She is, or rather was, the pet spiritualistic medium of the society for "Psychical Research." But I see she has thrown off her allegiance to the "Researchers" and given up her salary—for reasons which, she says, "most students and lovers of science and humanity will, I hope, understand!"

B. What reasons?

S. Well, she doesn't exactly say, but from her sphinx-like attitude of "I could-an'-I-would" you know—

B. Sphinx-like! was not that what they used to call Madame Blavatsky, who was exposed by the Psychical people?

S. Indeed she was a Sphinx, a Mystery—to the Psychic Researchers—for they never got within a thousand miles of understanding her, and as for exposing her, the idea is ludicrous.

B. Aha, I suspected you of leaning towards the "Mysteries" and all that kind of nonsense. Why, I believe you may actually be a Theosophist?

S. Well, sir, and what then? Is it anything discreditable?

B. Oh, no! It is even becoming quite respectable, but it seems funny for you—such a scoffer! But tell me, do not the Theosophists believe Madame Blavatsky to have been a perfectly innocent and foully calumniated woman in spite of all the hosts of the Society for Psychical Research?

S. Yes. No true Theosophist believes H. P. Blavatsky to have been the clumsy trickster depicted by the enemies of progress. The idea of H. P. Blavatsky having been the fraud that the Psychical Research Society alleged is inconsistent with her life and with the nature of her teachings and with the intelligent and high-minded character of the class of people she attracted around her and who recognized that here was one who had the power of awakening their Higher natures.

B. But to return to Mrs. Piper. Why should her renunciation of the Psychical Research Society and all its ways give you such pleasure? Declare this mystery!

S. Because, you see, it involves Dr. Hodgson and the S. P. R. in a most admired disorder, and it is possible that, as his credit for accurate observation is now seriously compromised, people will cease to take his *ipse dixit* for gospel.

B. Who may this tremendous authority be? His fame has not reached me?

S. He is the "Committee" of one sent out by the S. P. R. to India in the eighties, to spy into Madame Blavatsky's doings. He was then a very young man and had his spurs to win as an amateur detective.

B. What report did he bring back?

S. He returned with a cock-and-bull story, that H. P. Blavatsky was a Russian secret-service agent seeking to undermine British rule in India, and that to support her ostensible character as a teacher of Theosophy

Dialogue in the Train

between a Student of Theosophy and Brown His Friend

she had produced bogus occult phenomena.

B. And did the Society for Psychical Research believe him, and accept his one-man report?

S. Yes, sir, like lambs. He had it all his own

way, and reaped excellent advertisement; though of course the Theosophical Movement could not be injured or permanently set back by any such nonsense. The preposterous charge of being a Russian spy was soon abandoned by the S. P. R. and the other unproved charges are rapidly sinking into the limbo of time, while the nobility of H. P. Blavatsky's character and the value of her work stand out more clearly.

B. But where does Mrs. Piper come in?

S. Why, for over fifteen years the S. P. R. and Dr. Hodgson have been studying the case, and the sapient doctor had come to the fixed conclusion that she was actually giving forth *bona fide* communications from the dead and that spiritualism was scientifically established!

B. What nonsense! And so she has confessed to the usual trickery?

S. No, not quite. She appears honest, but her claim is that the S. P. R. and Hodgson have been entirely mistaken in their deductions from her trance-utterances. She says, I see, (reading extract) "I do not believe the spirits of the dead have spoken through me when I have been in the trance state," and so on.

B. Has Hodgson recanted?

S. Not at all. He again shows his want of judgment by holding to his preconceived hypothesis. He sticks to the "spirits" as fervently as he cherished his false notions about H. P. B. and with about as much reason. Even according to Mrs. Piper the intervention of the departed is not at all necessary to explain the remarkable phenomena produced by her.

B. Were they so very striking?

S. Yes, particularly to those who have not studied on the lines advised by H. P. Blavatsky?

B. Did Madam Blavatsky teach methods of communicating with the dead?

S. On the contrary, she strongly denounced such attempts as being highly injurious to all concerned. Mrs. Piper, in refusing to admit the spiritualistic hypothesis, so willingly swallowed by Dr. Hodgson, is in perfect accord with the teachings of Theosophy. I remember in *The Key to Theosophy* H. P. Blavatsky says, "The causes of such manifestations are by no means so simple as the spiritualists would like to believe." And, speaking of the remarkable powers native to the soul while on earth, we assert that our "spiritual self" is practically omniscient, but that it cannot manifest its knowledge owing to the impediments of matter. "The more the physical body is paralyzed, as in deep sleep or deep trance, the more fully can the inner self manifest on this plane." The whole of H. P. B.'s teachings are opposed to the idea that it is necessary to call in the aid of "spirits" to explain the immense mass of communications given by mediums.

B. Well, this does seem a more reasonable idea and would explain some curious events I have witnessed. I must inquire further into this philosophy of yours and the work of the Universal Brotherhood organization. But here is my journey's end. Good-bye. C. J. R.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office at POINT LOMA, CAL.

Loma-land News Notes

THE Aryan Press is an activity that grows all the time, like a healthy child. Mention has already been made of its change of location from a somewhat crowded second floor to a roomy, well-lighted ground floor, with double frontage on the street, and its name well displayed to the public. Inside all is neatness and activity, an activity needed more and more day by day.

¶ The staff of the Aryan Press is about sixteen in number, and while many of them are not members they did not hesitate to send to the Leader a beautifully executed message of their affection which was received by her with great appreciation. The message reads as follows:

To
KATHERINE TINGLEY
 Leader and Official Head of the
 UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD and THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
 Throughout the World

These:

THE New Year Greetings of the Printers and Binders of
 The ARYAN THEOSOPHICAL PRESS

WITH our Best Wishes for the Continued Success of
 your Noble Work

AND an expression of our admiration for your cour-
 ageous and compassionate labors for Humanity

[Signed by the entire staff].

¶ THE NEW CENTURY is an increasing power within our hands. A short while ago it was issued fortnightly and was sent to Lodges, members and friends. Now it has become truly International, with a weekly issue, and its circulation goes up by leaps and bounds. Touching as it does upon every department of life, and upon all the current topics of the day, it has become of general interest to no ordinary degree, and we know well how eagerly it is looked for far beyond the limits of our actual membership. A feature upon which the Leader lays special importance is the development of the best and permanent interests of the State and especially of San Diego, which she hopes to see some day the Athens of America.

¶ The efforts made along this line have met with gratifying and ready response in spite of the cruel attacks which have emanated from some few who ought to have the well-being of California equally at heart.

¶ The Great Rotunda of the Homestead is to add yet further to its usefulness and to its beauty. Without impairing the work to which it is already consecrated it will be made the Headquarters of the twenty-eight departments into which our activities are already divided. For this purpose twenty-eight desks are already in course of preparation and these will be ranged in a circle between the exquisitely designed central pillars. The desks themselves will be an abiding addition to the beauty of the Rotunda. They are entirely "home-made," to the exquisite symbolic carving of the panels which has been undertaken by some of the students. When it is remembered that the Rotunda measures some 300 feet in circumference, with its floor of polished wood and walls richly decorated with oil paintings and towering upwards to the superb dome of colored glass, some idea may be formed of this House of Work which will be a ganglion of the nerve threads covering the world. No great exercise of the memory is needed to recall the early days when some two or three rooms were amply sufficient for all the work that was then to be done.

¶ But even the Homestead Rotunda will still be insufficient for our needs. Now on its way from the forests around Tacoma on Puget Sound, is the timber which is to be used for yet another building, of which the site will be near the sides of the great Amphitheater Canyon. This new building will be the home of the Publishing Company, of the Silkworm Industry and of the Exhibits, and its beauty will be ensured and increased by the extensive use of glass in its construction. Although this building will be devoted to business, to book sales, etc., etc., the shadow of the modern commercial touch will be kept at arm's length.

¶ But the timber which is now en route from Tacoma, is in far larger quantities than will be needed for the purpose which has been mentioned. Other buildings too are in contemplation, and are indeed waiting for this very material; but these we shall have to notice and describe in some future issue.

¶ Still the visitors come and come day by day, of many kinds and of many nationalities. The position of Guide is not a sinecure, but rather one full of hard work, but what work can be more delightful than to describe the buildings and the activities which are so much an object of personal affection to everyone of us.

¶ The visitors are themselves widely representative of the world from which they come. Here we have the honest enquirer who has come to personally investigate the nature of a widely known work. Here again is the student of architecture or of art, who has heard that there is that upon the Hill which it is worth his

while to see. Then there is the educational enthusiast, who wants to know "how it is done," and there, too, in the background are those others, the object of whose visit is supposed by them to be their own secret, and perhaps would be, if they did not carry it upon their faces. One of the peculiarities of this class is a great curiosity to see what they suppose to be private and a lack of interest in what is not private. And it is sometimes necessary to point out to such visitors that the Homestead buildings, in common with all other buildings in the world, have their private rooms and that the grounds have their private walks. This privacy will be maintained at the Homestead until that happy millennial day when bankers no longer need their safes nor dwelling houses their doors and locks, and when men need no longer fear the pickpocket in the crowded streets.

¶ We must add a word about the legal actions which are now pending. Katherine Tingley recently said that there was a point at which patience ceases to be a virtue, and those of us who have daily watched events at close hand, have wondered at the extent to which her patience has gone. It has now become necessary to take action in defense of the whole Organization and of the whole Work. Slanders uncontradicted are sure to find credence and the flood of slander which has been spread abroad over the State and over the country, largely by the persecutors of her predecessor, W. Q. Judge, must be seen to be believed. The life of the students on the Hill is a life of absolute purity, and because it is pure and above suspicion, it fears no investigation that may be necessary. American law must indeed be defective if its citizens are unable to appeal to it with a firm confidence for protection against such persistent attempts at a moral assassination for which we should have to look far to find a parallel. Without question the word has gone forth among those who are our enemies because they are the enemies of the whole human race, that the Hill must be stormed at all costs. The storming party will have to painfully learn that the descent of that Hill may be more rapid than the ascent, and certainly more humiliating and ignominious.

¶ The Theosophical meetings at the Opera House in San Diego, eight miles distant from the Homestead, grow in enthusiasm and in interest. If the walls were elastic they would grow also in size. Some of the elder boys from the Raja Yoga School have recently read papers to these vast audiences, and even the most indifferent have been amazed at their composure and complete absence of self-consciousness. The papers that the boys read are written entirely by themselves without any aid either in matter or in form, and present a wonderful object lesson in education and training.

¶ Time was, and not long ago, when Theosophy was reproached for its want of practical application. That can hardly be said today while evil-doers of all kinds are in combination against its practice and its application, which they are finding a menace to them and to their crimes. What is not practical is not Theosophy, and the world is beginning to see that in philanthropy, in art, in education, and in everything that adds to the use and the joy of life, Theosophy can supply all that is practical enough to be permanent.

¶ The reports of Lodge activities which have hitherto appeared in THE NEW CENTURY will in future find a place in the *Universal Brotherhood Path*, also under Katherine Tingley's editorship, under the "Mirror of the Movement."

¶ And so the work upon the Hill goes on its ever broadening way. To it come the reports from the near and the far countries of the world, the reports which speak of successful propaganda and of the devotion which is the inspiration of all loyal and abiding labor. And from it, back into the world, goes the energized fruit of that labor and with it the stimulation of victorious leadership. OBSERVER

The Raja Yoga Concert

The Christmas festival given by the Raja Yoga School of Point Loma and the Lotus Group branch of this city was a highly meritorious affair in every respect, and deserving of all the applause and appreciation received last night.

The singing of the children, some sixty of them, including many little Cuban waifs, was most excellent, the children showing the result of their careful training under competent instructors. The violin and piano numbers were also of a high order of merit. But probably the most interesting and beautiful feature was the series of tableaux, comprising part three of the program. These tableaux were arranged on a raised platform at the back of the stage, while in front sat the children of the two schools. As the tableau curtain raised the children would begin to sing, continuing until the curtain rang down. All the skill of the electrician and property man were called into play to produce the beautiful light effects on the tableaux, and they did their work well. The tableaux represented famous scenes from childhood's rhymes, as follows: "Cinderella," "Darby and Joan," "The Doctor's Visit," "Sail Ahoy," "Little Miss Muffett," "The Sleeping Beauty," closing with a grand international tableau, displaying the flags of all nations. The participants in the tableaux had trying parts to carry out, but all did the work assigned them in a most creditable manner, reflecting great credit upon the institution of which they are a part.—*San Diego Sun, Dec. 21, 1901*

The Hand of Nature



Some of the Reptiles of Loma-land

UNDER a large aloe which spreads its fleshy, thorn-bordered leaves in front of the Homestead a little lizard has made his "home and sheltered bed," and as soon as the sun has warmed the air sufficiently he creeps from his asylum and basks in the genial rays. He prefers a leaf that bends over to the south, where he can enjoy the direct sunshine and from whose eminence he can watch out for flies or small beetles crawling over the ground.

Ever and anon he makes a quick dart to some distant, moving speck, snaps the morsel up, licks his lips and returns to his sun-warmed, leafy couch.

The lizard has no power to keep his body the least degree warmer than his environment. In the language of science he "is obedient to the temperature of surrounding objects," and when the sun has set he steadily cools down like the soil and pebbles among which he hides.

Do we not all know the human lizard; the man who attends a meeting and is warmed up to the same heat as his neighbors, but who cools off as he leaves the building, and who lives through the coming days in chilly scepticism as though no new idea had fired his soul? Most of us I fear are too apt to be "obedient" to the moral temperature of surrounding persons, we are not positive enough to withstand the numbing torpor of public opinion and still less to kindle dead hearts with the glow of our own hopes and enthusiasms.

But the evolutionist holds out a hint which contains a mighty hope for us. The birds, bright, active and warm-blooded, are said to be derived from the scaly, sluggish, torpid kingdom of the reptiles, and birds we know inhabit the Arctic regions and yet maintain a high degree of heat.

How comes it—this growth, development and evolution into higher forms? Simply by internal effort, pressure from within, or aspiration.

Oh, human lizard, if you wish to be a bird you must try, and keep on trying, and in the long run you will find yourself transformed and enter the kingdom of the warm-blooded, feather-clothed birds.

Some weeks back a curious creaking noise like a pair of new shoes might be heard in front of the house, and, as I hold with Lord Bacon, that "all knowledge is my province," I determined to investigate as to the author of the mysterious sounds. After a little search, deep down where the black leaf stalk of the Abyssinian banana joins the trunk, I found a modest little tree frog. His throat was distended like a bladder in his efforts to make himself heard, but when I drew him from his stronghold he collapsed and remained mute.

I noticed that his skin was almost exactly of the same color as the dark hollow where he lived, while the skin of one I caught two days before upon the leaf of a calla lily was of a beautiful gray-green hue. Evidently, like the chameleon, his surroundings affect his coloring.

I think our minds are like the sensitive skin of the frog and according to the mental surroundings in which we elect to dwell, so is the mind colored to correspond. An obvious lesson here, which he who runs may read.

STUDENT

Wonderful Radium

TO a woman belongs the credit of having made one of the most notable discoveries in chemistry recorded in many years—nothing less than the production of a substance that makes a cold light. The woman is Madame Currie, of the Municipal School of Physics, in Paris, and the substance that she has produced she calls radium.

The discovery of the X-ray set scientific men to experimenting in different ways, their common object being the search for other forms of radiant energy. It was found, among other things, that the metal uranium has the power of absorbing light, and afterward of emitting it. This was demonstrated with varying degrees of success by several experimenters, but nothing practical was developed.

Finally the experiments were dropped, and Madame Currie, believing she saw the reason of their failure, took the matter up on her own account. By experiments with one of the uranium salts she discovered a substance resembling bismuth, and by using different salts in combination with this she at last produced a substance that, when heated, gave out visible rays of light. This she called radium, and the discovery has made a profound sensation among the scientists.

That the substance produces light without heat has been shown in many ways. If a piece of it be dropped into gunpowder a perceptible glow spreads through the powder, but there will be no explosion. Various means have been tried of making it start combustion, but without success. Its light is absolutely cold and its luminosity may be destroyed by immersing it in boiling water for an hour, but when taken out and heated again its remarkable power returns.

A Berlin scientist, after testing the permanence of its light, says that a piece one-quarter of an inch square will retain its luminosity for a million years.—*San Diego Union*

The Largest Rocking Stone

THE largest rocking stone known is that of Tandil, near Buenos Ayres, in Argentine. It weighs about 700,000 lbs. and has been rocking for centuries. Its pendulous movement, however, is so slow as to be imperceptible to the eye, but if a bottle be placed under it, near the point of support, the ponderous mass soon crushes it. The rocking is supposed to be due to the unequal heating of the stone by the sun, causing unequal expansion of the different parts. This "Piedra enobediza," as the natives call it, is one of the greatest curiosities of the Argentine Republic.

A Whistling Tree

THE whistling tree, or tsofar, certainly seems to be a remarkable botanical freak, if the description in *La Semaine Horticole* is not an exaggeration. According to Dr. Schweinfurth, as the wind blows across its branches, it produces a sound analogous to a flute. This musical property, wonderful in a tree, is due to the fact that the base of the prickles of the hirsute branches is perforated by a certain insect which sucks the gum out and transforms all the thorns into little flutes. The tree is an acacia native in Nubia and yields a variety of acacia gum—the sennaar or gedaref gum.

A Lesson from Stonehenge

INIGO JONES regarded this celebrated group of stones as a temple of the Romans. Other writers of later date placed its construction in the fifth century. Others put it back to a hundred years before Christ. Some bronze tools having been discovered in its vicinity, it was assumed to date from the "bronze age."

Some well-formed stone hammers and axes being lately unearthed have pushed its origin still further back into the night of the pre-historic past—to-wit: the "stone age."

Where next? This compelled process of "age-ification" of the remains is very instructive. It is an apparently incurable trick of learned research to sneer at or discount national traditions that assert the immense antiquity of remains, literary and other. The great vista of time must be foreshortened somehow for some reason.

Students



Path

The Craftsman's Silence

by HORACE FLACK in *Mirror*

"HE held his peace!" So they were wont to say
Of old when one kept silence under wrong.
It is a mighty saying! They who hold
Their peace and work in silence shall win strength
Of fortitude, diviner and more strong
Than bravery which wrecks itself in act
And fails in anguish of its weakness, where
Its peace it cannot hold. The artifice
Who wrought the fair Apollo for the shrine
Of Delphi, to be sought of all men there—
In peace of his own silence, shaped the God—
Chiseling the thought divine into the stone
With no word said, though men who could not hold
Their peace or use their craft might wag their head,
Assailing him with laughter when he failed,
Railing upon him when distorted lines
Of older idols for whose grace they prayed
They could not find in his Apollo's face.
So, stroke by stroke, the stone he shaped to tell
The story of the Mind in man which broke
The shackling bands of circumstance and use
In power and thought, with haloed head, and hands
Holding the bow whose liberating shaft
Struck to the python's heart. So he wrought on
And held his peace until in living stone
Expressed in beauty the immortal part—
The silent, nobler part, of those who laughed,
Then holding still his peace, he died unknown;
But say not, he failed of great reward—
He was Apollo! And from his own soul
He made the God and gave it his own strength
The weak ones who mocked him to control
By power divine throughout their life's whole length.

Wanted—A Rational Ideal of Life

If you want a thing well done, Go! if not, Send!—*Old Proverb*

HERE is the root of the whole trouble that arises from the custom of having work done for us by paid servants, and who can hardly ever both give and receive satisfaction in their service.

It is no hardship that there should be different classes of people doing different kinds of work, if the work is adapted to the capacity of the worker.

But it is a shameful thing to allow a fellow human being to do for us work that we should consider degrading to ourselves. The willingness to do this, the desire to have other people doing for us what appears to be degrading work, the sense of importance that grows out of this, are all strong motives for acquiring wealth. All are base and selfish motives, and are in reality vastly more degrading than the work so shirked and deputed to others.

The power to gain wealth and the desire to so employ it has produced a class of people who are unwillingly forced to accept the position of paid servants occupying a lower social position than their employers.

It is not possible to properly direct the work of a servant or a body of employes unless one is able and willing, if necessary, to take hand in the work one's self. But our Nineteenth Century educational system has produced whole classes of the community, who are totally unfit and unable to take their part in the ordinary work, upon which their whole domestic life depends; they are in the position of masters and mistresses over paid servants and are in reality almost the slaves of their own domestic establishment, so little are they fit to guide or control it. And this is shown by the constant and pathetic outcry about the incapacity, the dishonesty

or the ingratitude of servants. The last complaint is the most strange of all, perhaps; for what should the servants be grateful, indeed? Is it not time to reform our education and our own ideal of life, so that the life of lazy dependence on paid service may come to be regarded as unworthy of even the most wealthy family. A more rational ideal of life, a more practical conception of home and a recognition of the basis of human dignity would put an end to half of our social evils and domestic troubles.

CIVES

I find the greatest thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it—but we must sail and not drift, nor lie at anchor.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

Ring out the Old, Ring in the New

DEAR COMRADES: My waking thought this morning was, "Sunday! Purple Day! The last one of the old year!" Then, with a retrospective flash, all the Sundays of the year swept before me—and over me—each one surging in like a wave from the ocean, enveloping and bathing me in a feeling of gratitude—unspeakable gratitude—permanent, abiding, stay-with-you sense of gratitude—and I knew that the old time of making New Year resolutions was gone forever, and in the new time, without any strain or effort, every Sunday would be sacred, each succeeding one more sacred than the last, a precious heritage, which we, who have learned the power of giving, are to dispense throughout the seven days of the week, so that all who come in contact with us may receive some of the joy that has been given to us in such full measure.

While the fruitage of the old year seems to me to be gratitude, its chief lessons have been

RESPONSIBILITY AND OPPORTUNITY.

And the course of my studies has been along the line of

THE NEEDS OF HUMANITY, *versus* ITS WANTS.

When first given the responsibility of paying my own dressmaker's bills, I was appalled to find that my allowance did not meet the demand. On going to my father for aid, his only comment, as he made out a check for the extra amount, was, "Try to learn what is necessary."

That lesson has pursued me at every turn, and through it I begin to realize that "The unnecessary is the immoral." Today the world is reeking with immorality and I am wondering how much responsibility for these conditions, may be laid to the teachings of the Vicarious Atonement.

Taught all our lives to depend on something aside from oneself—this thought has penetrated into our every act and word almost, and we turn in every direction to let others do the little things which we can easily do for ourselves if we but think. Thus we carry for one another many unnecessary burdens, which leads to endless complications throwing discord all about us, resulting only too often in what we have learned to call immorality—*i. e.* a breaking away from the Higher Law—or, in simple words that anyone can understand, trying to get rid of our personal responsibility, by letting some one else do our work.

Now, as the *needs* of a man are the necessary things, it is the swarming army of *wants* that lead him off the straight path of the Law into the immoral thoughts and acts that cause him misery.

Do you not think, as a race, that we are almost ready to recognize this power that has had full sway over us so long—to recognize it as the lower part of our nature? And to look for the real meaning of the Atonement, in the union—or re-union—in ourselves, of this lower part with something higher that we have discovered existing within us? In fact, it seems often as though a great cry was bursting from the lips of Humanity—a cry to merge all these wants into one absorbing need—the need of the heart to express the freedom of the Soul—to let the Soul be master and give it a chance to direct affairs.

With the opening of the New Year what a tremendous opportunity faces us! To give into the keeping of the Master the full guidance and control of the lower man.

With the giving, I believe would come the power of blending all our voices into one glad song—strong enough—buoyant enough—to ring out the thousand years of old, and ring in the thousand years of peace.

HARMONY

THE CAVE MAN'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

II

DEAR BLOSSOMS, do you remember about Columbus and the thought fairies who were guiding him? Well, thought fairies are not always beautiful and sweet and true. Sometimes they are selfish. And in my dream I saw a great many of these ugly thought fairies that somehow had gone wrong. They came from the people Columbus had left behind him in Spain, and even from his own sailors, who didn't quite trust him, you know. They were trying to drive away the beautiful fairies, and once or twice they even succeeded in leading the caravels out of their course. But not quite, for the good fairies were stronger and kept leading and leading Columbus until at last he found the new land.

And in the picture that was passing before me I saw him sailing back to Spain to the good Queen. I heard the bells ringing and the people shouting, and there was a great procession.

Then this picture passed and another came before me on this vast arena of the Pacific. There was a new land and a little group of people stepping out of a ship upon its shores. I heard the sound of hammers and spades and the laughing of little children. I saw others come and still others, who built little homes and cut down the great forests. And right over the heads of these people hung the beautiful picture that had been painted such a long time ago in the Golden Days. Some of these people would have seen it but their eyes were so heavy and their hearts were so sad. Yet many

of them tried to look up, and one of them caught just a wee glimpse of it now and then, a beautiful woman with snow white hair, yet whose face was happy and whose step was strong and firm. She was Mary, the mother of Washington.

And I saw a young man walking beside her. He kissed her forehead and said, "Goodbye," and she said, "Go, my son, it is your duty." And on this vast arena I saw him go far, far toward the setting sun, into a great wilderness. I saw wigwams and ever so many Indians and the tents of Washington and his soldiers, and I saw them all holding a council together. At last I saw him coming back to his mother, and all the people gathered around him. They told him about their trouble and they said, "It crushes us like a heavy weight." And Washington stood up so straight and tall, and I heard him say, "Why, we will throw it off!"

Then another picture passed into view, of ever so many ships filled with men, soldiers, in red, red coats and with swords. I saw them land on this new shore, and, Blossoms, such a terrible scene came before me. I heard the roll of drums, the tramp of horses' feet, the measured tread of men. There was Washington, their General. There were brave, beautiful women. And the whole country shook as if a great earthquake passed over it, and when the ships sailed back over the seas and carried away the red-coated soldiers, it seemed to me as if the country lay in fragments. But the people all gathered around Washington again, for they loved him very, very much, and I saw him gathering these fragments together, and at last he united them all. How happy the people were then! And in my dream I thought of the promise that Columbus had seen painted in this beautiful picture.

For this picture that was painted in the Golden Days still hung right over the heads of all these people, and those who stood up straight and tall and were not afraid, like Washington, got glimpses of it every now

and then. But this picture passed, too, from the arena before me and in my dream I saw another, oh, so beautiful, Blossoms. There was such a wonderful land, all birds and flowers, though there were a few shadows, for the sun was just beginning to rise over it. I saw a broad Path leading through it and over to the mountains. A great many people were walking in it, and they stood so straight and tall that, every now and then, they saw the beautiful screen of time that hung just above their heads. I saw great Temples and beautiful women and strong, true men. I saw oh, ever so many little children leading them into the Temples and teaching them there. And, Blossoms, there was Columbus among them,



though the people did not know him by that name. He had come back again, and, as before, stood up so strong and tall that he saw the beautiful screen of time above his head. And this time he saw a part of its wonderful picture that he had not seen before. I saw him pause as if he were thinking, and I heard him say, "When I was here before I told my people about the future. Now I will tell them about the past."

For he was a great archæologist. And I saw him uncovering the records of prehistoric days, the ancient cities and old forgotten books. In these the people read what they were not able to understand from the glimpses they got, now and then, of this screen of time.

Then there came upon this vast arena another great man. It was Washington, come back again, a great spiritual reformer, a soldier still, but this time in the Army of Light. He was teaching the people about higher politics, a higher civic life and about the Higher Law. He taught them the higher patriotism.

But the picture passed. A white-winged ship, like a slow-flying bird, sailed toward me out of the west, and I awoke. There stood the Cave Man. He was still silent but he looked at me and smiled curiously. He seemed to be very happy. "Is it, then," I asked him, "only a dream?"

"Nay, my little girl," he said, "you call it a dream, but instead it was a vision of the real thing. This beautiful picture which you saw, that was painted in the Golden Realm, is the screen of time. Now you know, by what you have seen upon it, that the great, noble men and women of the past have never really died, never can die. Their bodies wear out and are laid aside, but they live on and on. The work they did and the thought fairies they sent forth remain pictured in colors, forever. Most people never see the picture these make, but that is only because they will not grow straight and tall, because they will not stand

in the sunlight and look up. Yet," he said, "on this is the picture of the future as well as of the past. And when you saw Columbus and Washington coming back again to help men it was the future you saw. All this will surely happen. Some of these great helpers are even now here, though all do not know who they are. For the Golden Time is very, very close."

The Cave Man turned toward me and looked into my eyes. His face was radiant, and he said, "This is the *real* Christmas gift I was longing

to send to all the little children in the world, and I knew of no one who could carry it to them—this beautiful story of the screen of time whose colors are just above their heads, and which they may see for themselves if they will only look up into the sunlight and grow straight and true and strong. This gift, this story, are from my very heart, and you shall take it to them."

And so, Blossoms, I bring this gift to you from the Cave Man, with his greetings for the Christmas Day. AUNT ESTHER

no counterfeit, and will search until it finds.

If a child sees a comrade's success or hears a

comrade praised and has a feeling of jealousy, is it the Soul acting at that moment; if it even feels a regret, and thinks, "Would that it were I who had done the thing," is it the Soul? If the child does right because of the fear of punishment, because of the fear of the opinion of others, because of the desire to be better than others, is it acting from the impulses of its soul?

The Raja Yoga system of education studies all these points and probes the young nature to bring out and make clear the hidden motives before they become buried too deep by the clever subtleties of vanity. In its eagerness to find the Soul, it is on the alert for all that obscures it.

Not until the child without a conscious effort enjoys a success, indifferent as to the channel through which it came, undisturbed by jealousy if through another, or by vanity if through itself, does the Raja Yoga study recognize the Soul as master on the field. Not until a child does right because it is right, and in later years, not until it perceives a sort of interior morality, behind and independent of all the superficial social demands, does it see the uncompromising honest Soul at work. The trouble is we do not practically believe in our souls, we ask too little of our children and of ourselves, although the law is "Ask and it shall be given you, seek and ye shall find."

The Raja Yoga teacher believes these things, but knows also that nature has her ways, and that her laws are inflexible, and must be fulfilled. There are conditions necessary for success in everything, which in every art or science must be studied. So this system turns attention first to the body, as the outer covering of the soul's instrument, and the one first

The Raja Yoga Study of Children

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 3

encountered. This must be healthy, pure, clean. Pure water cannot flow through a mire without defilement. Unless clean the mind cannot use the brain with ease, and the Soul cannot use the mind. In order to maintain this through life, the Raja Yoga system recognizes the necessity of planting in the young mind the desire and the determination to have a pure clean body for the Soul's use.

It also recognizes the necessity of connecting thought and action before the paralyzing hand of fear has time to grasp the young mind in its clutches.

For men, not believing in their Souls, are hypnotized with fear of the wrong kind—they fear suffering, poverty, they fear their power to do this or that. Often some simple thing that is needed will bring the words, "I can't" to thin lips and set them mentally shivering—a trifle that any one can do. They have almost every fear except that which they should have—the fear to do wrong. For then they are working against all the forces of nature. They can face all the mighty powers of the universe with a complacent opposition, and yet they fear a simple thing that is right! What kind of an atmosphere must it be that men breathe when they have the courage to do wrong, but not the courage to do right? What but the most dire ignorance of the things worth knowing, can explain such a subversion.

Time it is, indeed, that the young minds are prevented from falling into this pit, and guarded from those malign influences which seek to snatch from every young life the divine courage it brings with it from heaven. Imagine a race of men who know the right and have the power and courage to do it! The Raja Yoga system aims at nothing less.

THE West is not all gold and climate. It has been said that it has a glorious future before it, and, we may add, "Sure and it has a mighty past before it, too." In the *Los Angeles Herald* are described some of the recent fossil discoveries in Wyoming, Colorado and Texas. The largest skeleton that has been found is that of the Dinosaur, or gigantic lizard, found in Wyoming by Professor Reed of the Wyoming University.

A Prehistoric Giant

The professor gives it as his opinion that the animal weighed sixty tons, that its neck was thirty feet long and its tail fifty. The ribs are nine feet in length, and the cavity of its body would have made a hall thirty-four feet long, sixteen feet wide, and twelve feet in height. One foot of this prehistoric monster must have covered, at the very least calculation, a square yard of earth. STUDENT

Ernsting's IS THE HUB FOR Holiday Goods

Largest and Best Stock ever seen in a San Diego Store. PRICES REASONABLE

915 FIFTH STREET SAN DIEGO, CAL.

FINE APPLES FROM THE MOUNTAINS, BELLFLOWERS, PIPPINS ETC.

Good Tea at Sixty Cents, India, Ceylon, Gunpowder, Hyson, Oolong Breakfast and Japan

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF FANCY GROCERIES

at HAMILTON BROS. 933 5th Street, San Diego, Cal.

A True Horse Story

A remarkable instance of equine sagacity was recently exhibited which comes to us testified to by several reliable witnesses. Thomas Drummond of this city owns a horse which has been afflicted with lameness for two or three weeks past. One morning Mr. Drummond turned him out upon the common, hoping that fresh air and exercise would benefit the animal. Upon gaining its liberty, the crippled horse hobbled along on three legs direct to the blacksmith shop of William Eager, entered the shoeing department, and stood there holding up his injured foot, with his head turned and his eyes intelligently fixed on Mr. Eager. This peculiar act on the part of a brute attracted Mr. Eager's attention, and induced him to examine the foot held up for inspection. The result of that examination was the discovery of a long nail driven into the frog, which was the cause of the lameness. Of course Mr. Eager removed the nail.

Equine intelligence, according to the common acceptance of the term, is not so rare, but when a horse deliberately concocts and executes a plan for relieving his injured foot of a rusty nail, he certainly can lay claim to a small portion of the reasoning faculties which are supposed to elevate the human race above the level of brutes.—*Janesville (Wis.) Gazette*

Isis Conservatory of Music

of the

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD Point Loma, Cal.

San Diego Branch, 1940 B Street

Personal applications and inquiries received every Saturday by the Secretary at 1940 B Street, San Diego. Hours 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. FALL TERM COMMENCING MONDAY, OCT. 21st. Full particulars sent on application by mail.

Address

J. H. FUSSELL, Secretary and Treasurer Isis Conservatory of Music, POINT LOMA, CAL.

The
LEADING REAL ESTATE BROKER in SAN DIEGO IS

E. J. Carter

964 Sixth Street, San Diego

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE LOCATING IN SAN DIEGO CITY OR COUNTY, CALL ON OR WRITE TO HIM

Rudder's

NEW RESTAURANT
AND GRILL

Newly Furnished Finest in City

Corner 4th and Plaza, San Diego

Strahlmann-Mayer Drug Co.

PHARMACY GRADUATES
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, etc.
Physicians Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully prepared

CORNER FOURTH & D STREETS
Telephone Main 424
CORNER FIFTH & C STREETS
Telephone Black 856

THE

Lion Clothing Co.

CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"
STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

D. L. HOOVER

G R O C E R

SIXTH & H STREETS
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Telephone Black 11

DO YOU NEED GLASSES?



COMPLETE STOCK OF OPTICAL GOODS

1046 FIFTH ST. OPPOSITE SAN DIEGO, CAL. BOWEN'S DRY GOODS STORE

EYES EXAMINED FREE

The CHADBOURNE FURNITURE Co.

W. L. FREVERT, Manager

We aim to carry an entirely up-to-date stock of house furnishings, and, for style and variety of goods, cannot be out-done in Southern California. We are glad to show visitors through our extensive store-rooms at all times.

Store-rooms

SIXTH & D STREETS
San Diego, Cal.

HOTEL BREWSTER



The only Modern Hotel in the City

Terms:
European \$1.00 up
American \$2.50 up

C. B. Daggett
Manager
SAN DIEGO California

KELLY'S LIVERY

POINT LOMA COACH LINE

Dealer in first-class horses
Special coaches for select parties arranged by telephone

THIRD & F STS. PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be one season or another. Paint will set tougher during the winter, and of course that gives durability. One point favoring winter. There are others favoring summer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so often as houses painted with any other paint, because it has more body to withstand action of the elements. There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per gallon.

We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.

WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS

7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, President
G. B. GROW, Cashier
W. R. ROGERS, Assistant Cashier

Every facility and security offered to our patrons and the public generally. Collections and exchanges on all points.

AT Bowen's

DRY GOODS STORE

Will be found a full assortment of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Tea Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Wrappers, Silks and Dress Goods . .

W. O. BOWEN 1043 FIFTH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SAN DIEGO CORNER FIFTH AND E STS.

CAPITAL PAID UP \$150,000
SURPLUS & UNDIVIDED PROFIT \$40,000

J. GRUENDIKE - - PRESIDENT
D. F. GARRETTSON - - VICE PRES.
G. W. FISHBURN - - CASHIER

DIRECTORS—J. Gruendike, Geo. Hannahs, J. E. Fishburn, G. W. Fishburn and D. F. Garrettson

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO FIT YOUR EYES TO SUIT YOU. WE HAVE A SPECIAL PLACE SET APART FOR OPTICAL WORK, CONTAINING ALL THE MODERN INSTRUMENTS USED IN SIGHT TESTING IF YOU NEED GLASSES, HAVE a PRESCRIPTION to FILL, or FRAME to REPAIR

we give you the best work obtainable in San Diego

J E N K S

826-828 5th street

Graduate Optician

5410

The New Century

TO PROMULGATE THE BROADEST TEACHINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD



Year 52

Point Loma, San Diego, California, January 19, 1902

Copy 5c



Ruins of the Golden House of Nero, near the Coliseum, Rome, Arch of Titus in background to the left

The New Century

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Two Dollars; other countries in the Postal Union, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; payable in advance
Single copy, Five Cents

Communications for the Editor, manuscripts, reports, books and periodicals for review should be addressed, "Katherine Tingley, Editor *The New Century*, Point Loma."

The editor is only responsible for views expressed in unsigned articles.

Articles will not be considered by the editor unless signed by the author and marked with the number of words contained. In no case is manuscript returned.

Address all Business communications, including subscriptions, and make all remittances (in bank drafts or money orders, payable to The New Century Corporation) to "Clark Thurston, Point Loma, Cal."

To comply with recent postal regulations, all Post-Office money order remittances should be made payable at San Diego. The remittances, as well as all other mail, should be made to Point Loma, as usual.

Entered at the Post-Office at Point Loma, Cal., as second-class matter Nov. 30th, 1901
Copyright, 1901, by Katherine Tingley

Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

The Sorcery of Science

THE reckless irresponsibility which is one of the characteristics of the age is even more marked in the domain of science than elsewhere. Public opinion is slow to move even in the defence of public interest, but we can hardly suppose that the present apathy toward hypnotic experiments will be long continued. However passive a community may show itself to be in the presence of forces which for so long it is pleased to consider as non-existent it must eventually awake to a danger which is every day more apparent and which threatens material interest and public sanity.

Our attention is especially aroused by some experiments which have been carried out in New York by Professor Quackenboss and which, we are told, have aroused a marked sensation. It would be gratifying if that sensation had taken the form of safeguarding the forces thus disclosed rather than that of irresponsible curiosity.

Public Calamity and Social Destruction

Briefly, it seems that the Professor has succeeded in hypnotizing an actress into a realization of her part which was otherwise impossible to her. This he did by first saturating himself with the part in question and then imposing his will upon her. The results exceeded even his expectations, and he is not slow to point out the almost limitless possibilities which await an extension of his experiments. In these possibilities we will believe, but they are the possibilities, and indeed the probabilities of public calamity and social destruction. We mention Professor Quackenboss with every recognition of his profound learning and great public services, but a knowledge which is safe in the hands of such men as himself will not be safe in many of the hands into which it may fall. The advertisements which are already appearing show that this is indeed the case.

Public Self-Interest must be Aroused

"The wayfaring man, though a fool," and indeed though a knave, is to be taught "how to hypnotize," and how through hypnotism to attain to wealth which he has not earned, to position which he has not merited, and to the gratification of every passion and of every lust, at the expense of—he neither knows nor cares.

It is probably fruitless to appeal to the conscience of these advertising sorcerers of modern knowledge, but it may not be equally fruitless to attempt to arouse public self-interest, and so we will ask what will be the end of the road on which public curiosity has embarked? Is it realized that the process of hypnotism depends upon the temporary destruction of all that constitutes a human being, upon the reduction of the mind of another to a condition of absolute plasticity, of a will-less automatism? What would be the condition of society if such methods were to become general, as there seems to be every evidence that they will? The question needs no answer other than that which arises in the

mind of every intelligent human being. The outlook is certainly tragic. Every community protects itself by laws against its criminal classes, and those laws should be elastic in order to meet the extensions of fraud and violence. The time has surely arrived when humanity must protect itself against the psychic garroters and scientific thugs who may eventually arise, and if crime is intensified and aggravated by the helplessness of the victims, the crime of unauthorized hypnotism must rank high in the penal scale.

This is a problem which concerns not one class alone, but all classes; not of one interest alone, but all interests—those of the heart as well as those of the pocket. Nature will herself provide a remedy, but it will be the terrible one of physical disease and of mental insanity. It is in our power to forestall that drastic cure by the voluntary adoption of wholesome penal restrictions.

STUDENT

JUSTICE

IN the world of sham and imposture there is no more altogether tragic feature than a Court of Sham Justice. Such is indeed a place where the very enemy of mankind might disport himself in the midst of his evil ideals as in a miniature Kingdom of Hell planted here upon earth.

Where all ideals have been prostituted how should that of justice escape? In the world of defied Mammon, Justice has become a synonym for the legal defense of wealth, of privilege and of prejudice. There are courts of justice now where wrong walks utterly undaunted and unafraid, because it is the expression of the people's will that wrong shall triumph, or of the people's apathy which is contented with the victory of evil.

For the victim of judicial injustice there is no remedy. Such an one stands helpless before the organized wrong-doing of a nation. But the heart torture which is born of injustice has for its own child a power which goes out as a curse upon the community; a whip with many thongs, from the lash of which no one can escape. And so, from some of our courts of justice today there goes forth a malarial miasma of disease, infecting and paralyzing every part of our social system. Its fruits are insanity and poverty, arrogance and persecution, and with them a general hopelessness which precedes disaster and death.

How can any situation be more grave than that which is constituted by a habitual denial of justice? What more menacing condition can be imagined than that in which "justice" is sold to the highest bidder, or is made to depend upon prejudice or spite? The law which creeps servile at the feet of power and asserts itself only to crush the innocent and the weak, is the outcome of a national weakness which will destroy all things unless it be itself destroyed. And what hope is there for a nation if it view with complacency its own corruption? It is surely the truest patriotism to hope for one of those shattering blows which are an intelligent nation's last appeal for a national sanity and a national conscience. Nothing but sudden and overwhelming pain can stay the destruction of a nation which has forgotten God. Of what avail is it that there are some few who have not bowed the knee to Baal nor kissed him, if those few be obscured?

Well might Lot have searched in vain for the ten righteous men who would have saved the doomed cities of the Plain. Had there been ten righteous ones they would have needed no seeking, for their fierce protests would have filled the air, bringing shame into the minds of the people and surely the knife into their own hearts.

Has the vitalizing power of justice died in the hearts of men? Are we to be contented, until it be too late, to see the judicial robes trampled into the mud of self-interest? Where are the young men who are seeking for an ideal, for a cause and for a career? These things ARE surely ready to their hands.

CHRISTIANITY must rule or abdicate. If it cannot give the law to society, the world has no need for it. Not by might nor by power can its empire be established; only by clear witnessing to the supremacy of love. But the time has come when there must be no faltering in this testimony. Hitherto it has hardly dared to say that Love is King; the kingdoms of the world have been ceded to Mammon. With the dawning of the new century comes the deepening conviction that the rule of Mammon can never bring order and peace, and it begins to be credible that the way of the Christ is the way of life, for industry as well as for charity, for nations as well as for men.—DR. GLADDEN

The Home Ideal

WHAT is an ideal? Is it not the soul's memory of a past that was perfect and pure? Is it not living proof that once the sunlight *did* shine upon the human race?

Verily, our souls remember a Golden Age, even though our brain-minds do not. But there is one ideal which has been, fortunately, less desecrated than any other. It is the ideal of the home. Tear out the home ideal from the heart of a nation and you have destroyed the nation itself.

To say that the home should be the corner-stone of the Republic is not to utter a mere figure of speech, but an absolute, solemn fact. And the home ideal is almost the only ideal which the Dark Ages did not utterly profane. Read the history of those merciless centuries and you will see how nation after nation went to pieces when the home life became a sham.

Yet the destruction was not complete because the mothers, somehow, kept the link unbroken—the link in that vast chain which stretches through all time, out from the Golden Age of the past and into the Golden Age of the future. And that is why, as our Teacher says, today the home ideal is the rock upon which we, as a nation, ought to build our life. No more terrible indictment can be pronounced against any evil than to say "It is a destroyer of the home." That argument will appeal to the men who make our laws when all other arguments fail.

What is a home? I define it to you in the light of that ancient conception of the home as a living Temple, builded unto the child, its priestess the mother; the guardsman at its outer gate, the father; its Holy of Holies, the mother's heart. How far we have departed from that ideal, only those who have tried to get back to it are fully aware.

And amid all the turmoil and pain and confusion the world is waiting hopelessly for help. One evidence of this is an awakened interest in all things that pertain to the home. Our more enlightened men and women, particularly women, are today endeavoring to understand the needs of the home and of childhood as never before. And this means everything. For the child stands at the center of the home, a symbol of that divine ideal that is shrined in the unseen Temple. And upon the altars of the home must be laid the daily sacrifice. For sacrifice, not a reluctant sacrifice, but the joyous giving up of the lower in the service of the higher, that is the one condition of the true home. For sacrifice is the secret of soul growth.

Yet, in spite of this, all about us we see homes that are far from ideal; homes that are failures; homes that hinder the soul-life of the child rather than help it; homes by the thousands in our great cities that are kingdoms not of heaven, but of hell. And yet, if we go into these homes we still see the child at the center of the altars red with the sacrifice.

What, then, is the trouble? Why are so many homes failures? Is it not our own fault? Have we not lost the great secret? Can we hope to unlock the sealed doorway that leads to the greater life until we have found the key. And, as we have been told, we lost the key, ages ago.

This great secret is soul-knowledge, the knowledge, the absolute conviction that we are souls, not mere bodies, not mere bundles of desire; not a mere collection of mental faculties, but divine souls, verily children of God. When we once realize this then we see that there is a sacrifice of wisdom, and there is also a sacrifice of foolishness. And this sacrifice of foolishness is what has made many a home today a pitiful caricature of the real thing.

Let us study what we are. Such a study will teach us that the home must become a Temple of Knowledge; that the one great purpose of the home should be to bring all the parts into perfect harmony with this high ideal. And we will come to see that the home, which is so complicated, or so frivolous, or so selfish or so inharmonious that the strong life, the true life, the happy life cannot be lived in it, is a clog in the world and a disgrace.

And then, looking at the child from this higher standpoint, we begin to understand why the ideal mother intuitively desires to bring into the home love and peace and color and joy and music and sunlight. We begin to understand why such a mother feels intuitively that she should not give the child these things that feed its vanity, its selfishness, its sense of possession or of power, even though they may appear to tide her over difficulties. Yet many a mother despairs at this ideal. She is fairly paralyzed by the pressure of her environment. She is fairly sucked down into this

pitiless vortex that is named "civilization." Confused, as she is, by the myriad tangled threads of her daily life, and with but a vague knowledge of her own power, the mother is not

alert enough, nor strong enough to hold fast the single central thread of purpose; that thread of Spiritual Resolve to accept nothing for her home but those things which minister to its higher life, come what will.

Even the ideal mother stands helpless at the obstructions put in her way, sometimes by those who should be the first to remove them. So she does as well as she knows. She parleys. She temporizes. She soils her mother love with a little, just a little, indulgence. She stains her high ideal with a little, just a little yielding to the child's desire for sensation. She quiets her conscience and yields a bit, just a little bit, for the sake of a false peace. She does not say "My boy is a soul and I starve him if I feed him with less than the Bread of Heaven." No, she says, "Wait until he is a little older and then I will do what I have not the moral courage to do now." And at last the day comes when her boy is older. His nature has changed, his desires have grown, until the mother often becomes but the servant of his caprices. And then she finds that she has upon her hands a problem that she is utterly helpless to cope with. In despair, she points to the altars of her home temple, red with the daily sacrifice of her very heart's blood. And she cries, "Do I deserve this? Is it just that every sacrifice I have made should return to me, a bringer of torture? I have not been selfish. I have only been ignorant." And the one who is a true friend in that hour will reply, "The Law is just. You are reaping exactly what you have sown. You suffer, but you deserve to suffer. Ignorance is not mere folly, *it is an absolute crime.*"

In spite of our boasted civilization, are our homes what they should be, as the world goes? Look at the children of the world for your answer. Go into the bridewells of any great city, look at the fatal tendency toward sense pleasure among children and the young. Look at the way they hang to their plans and pleasures as if there were no other plans in the universe. Look at the young men who rush headlong into dissipation or suicide the first time they are disappointed. Look at the women of today, with but few exceptions, learning at thirty and forty and fifty years of age the lessons they might have learned at three, four and five.

Alas, it is too true that the homes of this nation are not yet ideal, and that is a serious condition. For the home is the cradle of the race and of the future. It is the matrix of the soul of humanity. Destroy the home and humanity dies a speedy death. Build a higher home ideal; set the minds of men and women aflame with a desire to make the home what it should be to the child, and you have bargained with the future for a greater humanity than that which we see today.

While a few prejudiced minds are trying to tear down the great work being done in Loma-land, here the ideal Temple Homes are being established. The ideal work of the century is being carried out. Why do not such homes already exist throughout the world today? Because of our sheer ignorance. Because men and women have lost sight of their own higher natures and their sacred responsibilities; because they do not know how to live the greater life; because they establish the home selfishly, ignorantly, carelessly, thoughtlessly; because the man and the woman do not realize that they must let non-essentials go; they must give up their personal, selfish purposes or they cannot hope to keep the thread of the One Spiritual Purpose; they must realize with a conviction that craves any sacrifice, that no home can be ideal unless the man and the woman, the father and the mother, work together and stand together, shoulder to shoulder, humanity's warriors, for the sake of the children of the race. Such a home is inviolate. Such a center not all the disintegrating forces in the universe can ever crush down nor tear away.

But I hear you say, "Yes, it is very beautiful, but it cannot be meant for me. Look at my circumstances. I cannot reach such an ideal." I grant that you cannot, for no ideal was ever yet reached in an instant. *But you can have the courage to try.*

You can keep before you the one Sacred, Fixed Purpose to make your home become a living light to your family, your state, your nation; even the whole world. That fixed purpose will make you strong enough to ignore anything and everything that hinders the establishment of such

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 14

Some Views on Twentieth Century Problems

The
True Meaning
of
Patriotism

THERE is no more beautiful virtue than a true patriotism, nor one more difficult to find. Only those who are themselves of exalted mind are capable of feeling it and being inspired by it, but those of base minds are peculiarly susceptible to its limitations. There is perhaps no other virtue that is so readily and easily corrupted, inasmuch as the selfish man giving a national expression to his selfishness, calls it patriotism, and the vainglorious man, being vainglorious for his country, calls this, too, patriotism. And so a very large part of what today is called by this name throughout the world is but a wider expression of personal selfishness in one of its many forms, and being thus more extended it becomes similarly more reprehensible and more dangerous.

I would liken the pure patriotism to the love which a good man bears for his mother. If he were questioned on the origin and the source of his love, he would not ascribe it to her many virtues, nor to the excellence of her life, but rather to the sufficient fact that she is his mother and that he is her son and that nature has produced a bond between them which is above, and independent of, reason and intellect. And his filial love, which will be in proportion to the perfection of his own character, will in no way produce a sentiment of antagonism to the mothers of other men but rather, on the contrary, all other women will become the more sacred to him thereby. If there be any sentiment which draws a frontier to human respect and human love, that sentiment is base and to be condemned. All true virtue and therefore all true patriotism widens the bounds of human affection and can never narrow them. How odious then becomes that false patriotism which expresses itself by such a formula as "My country, right or wrong." True love desires always the best things for the one who is loved, and how can we better prove our love for our country than by wishing for her the virtues of justice, of magnanimity and of mercy, and in what way do we demonstrate our love by being blind to the absence of these virtues, in whole or in part? If we ourselves acted thus towards our children, closing our eyes to their faults and loudly ascribing to them virtues which they do not yet possess, we should but lay up for ourselves a future of sorrow and for them a heritage of shame.

Where
"Civilization" and
"Progress"
Are at Flood
Tide

THE Degeneracy of a Great People," by Major Ben C. Truman, in the *Los Angeles Herald*, gives some facts that are an ironical comment on the complacency of some worshipers of modern progress. In France more wine is consumed by the 40,000,000 people than by the nearly five times that number of people in Germany, Great Britain, and the United States, and much more spirit per capita than by the people of any of the above countries; and the consumption of absinthe has been enormous.

The population has come to a standstill, and in some places is falling off. Nervous and mental diseases are frightfully on the increase, as are brain and spine diseases in young children.

There was a greater number of disastrous labor strikes than in any other country, while the wages of French workmen are lower than in Germany, Great Britain, and the United States of America.

Out of 800 recruits, "not ten could be rightly termed well-made. Pigeon-chested, round-shouldered, and weak-legged were nearly all." And these were country-bred; the Paris-bred boys are even worse.

One hundred and fifty thousand deaths from consumption in a population of 39,000,000; and in Paris, 12,314 out of 2,500,000. "So far as suicides are concerned, the statistics of the Palais de Justice are alarming, and are far beyond the records of England, Germany and Italy combined. There were 29,000 suicides between 1895 and 1900.

France has the most gigantic national debt of any nation.

And yet there are people who are moving heaven and earth to prevent the Universal Brotherhood from saving out of such charnel-houses a few children and bringing them up with a decent chance of health and happiness!

STUDENT

Whom
the Gods Love
Never
Grow Old

THE eternal contrast between hopeful, ardent youth and disappointed, cynical age is a trite topic for dramatist and novel writer; but, now and again, the reader is refreshed by a picture of some grand old soul who has preserved his youthful optimism and sweetness through the vales of disillusionment.

The passage from enthusiasm to cynicism is not invariable, even in this troubled civilization. There are some who find in their hearts a spark of the perpetual fire, and it lights and warms their evening days. But why should not this exception be the rule? Did the architect of human life sketch out for men a ceaselessly reiterated swelling-up and bursting of gaudy bubbles? Is it eternally decreed that most of us shall pass our spans of earth-life disillusionizing and cynicizing?

This depends upon whether we have anything permanent upon which to fix our hopes and our interests. If our zeal depends on the springs of youthful vitality alone, it will perish when the sap dries up and the tissues harden.

This is the unromantic explanation of much senile wisdom. But no man loses hope and interest when he sinks tired into his arm-chair at night, for he knows there is a new day of strength and activity before him, and his faith overrules the temporary condition of his body. Why cannot this principle apply to a life-time of years, as to a life-period of hours?

Surely it is because of the pernicious doctrines of death and "eternity" that have taken away man's hope and sense of immortality. It is because strange systems of metaphysics have turned his immortal soul into an abstraction, and hypnotized him to regard his appetite as more real than his aspirations. The real man is the thinking, feeling soul, and he cannot be destroyed, though processes of natural change may remove antiquated growths to make room for new ones.

He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

These words give the clue to perpetual youth. No Brown-Sequard elixir nor pickling of bodily cells will replace this recipe.

Let us have more of the gospel of hope, and learn more deeply the lesson of the sunrise, that we may look upon our life as a never-ending opportunity and cease to doom ourselves to death because the sun of one life may chance to be setting. "Never say die" is a good proverb, to which, as a purist in pronunciation, we might add, "say day."

The grand old souls, whose names have come down to us as examples of perennial youth have often had no luminous philosophy upon which to pin their faith and hopes; but their spirits have refused to be cowed. How much easier for those who know of the glorious teachings of the Universal Brotherhood?

H. T. E.

The
Thin End
of
the Wedge

SIGNS are not wanting that the political situation, together with the economic condition of affairs in Italy are becoming more and more distasteful to the Roman See. The advisers of the Pope are much too astute not to have outlined some means of escape in case such should be necessary. And in order to feel the pulse of the American people a certain Father Pope writes an article in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* which is forthwith copied by the *Boston Pilot* (Nov. 2). He says:

Such a change, startling as it is, is not inconceivable. We may not always be blessed with pontiffs of the stamp of Leo XIII; without a recurrence of the dark periods of the papacy, we may yet have pontiffs whose ken is not so far-reaching, whose sympathies are not so all-embracing as we could desire; it may be well that the New World, through no fault of its own, finds itself out of touch with the spiritual head of Christendom. Modern views may in time so predominate that the large number of members of the Sacred College may hail from America, there may spring up a feeling that an up-to-date Pope, in other words an American Pope, would be an advantage.

All this is possible, but is it possible that the Holy See should be removed from Rome to New York? that the successor of St. Peter should no longer be Bishop of Rome, but Bishop of New York?

[O]

Composers Created by the Musical Atmosphere of the Nation



MUSICAL traditions are not among the things of which America may boast. Perhaps it will not have so much to unlearn while building the *New*. It is true, the desire for music is not yet so deeply rooted in the populace as to create a distinctive musical atmosphere; therefore we have no great composers or artists. The great composers of music are made by the people and of their ideals. The notion prevails that composers and poets are always in advance of their nation. That may be so, but the ideals of a people are also in advance of them. And the ideals of the people make the atmosphere which produces the genius.

Germany has produced the great composers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in obedience to the force that reposed in the taste and love for music which the nation had cultivated for centuries and which demanded objectivation or expression. That country will keep on producing the great composers till these same conditions arise elsewhere perhaps with more force and in an entirely new way.

A wonderful musical genius is now commanding the attention of the world in the person of Richard Strauss who, it is said, has touched entirely new chords of emotion which were heretofore latent or at least unrecorded from Bach to Brahms and Wagner.

Strauss was born in Munich, Bavaria, which city is the very center of art and music in Germany. It was there, under the protection of the eccentric young King, Ludwig I, that Richard Wagner became first noted as a genius. Though quite young, Strauss is immensely versatile and productive. He has composed a very large number of songs, one opera, nine symphonies and many other pieces, all remarkable in some particular feature: simplicity or humor, philosophy, irony, joy or genial, emotional, heroic or mystic. Of one of his symphonic poems, thus spoke Zarathustra, an able critic writer: "it is music the like of which has never before been heard on earth."

The chief American composers, McDowell, Chadwick, Hadley, Van der Stucken are all under the sway of German influence, though we discern a bit of genuine vigorous American sprightliness which has a touch of decided originality.

Music cannot be said strictly to be the property of one nation. As an art medium for the expression of sentiments it is international, not

being dependent on a certain language, custom, rhythm or national idiosyncrasy which more or less restrict the sister arts to a nation. The musical notation too can be real from one end of the globe to the other. In fact, if music be entirely truthful, it should be universal, as then it is the record of the experiences of the soul and these are the same the world over. If they are transcribed in Egypt or Australia, they should be interpretable in America or China. It is even thus now in a measure, barring the national peculiarities which as yet dominate our's and the musician's predilections.

During the last two decades music has been growingly cultivated in the American home. That is the basis of building up a national atmosphere of music. Though it cannot be said as yet that the taste has a very distinctively classical turn in the popular mind, there is a decided predilection for melodious music and where opportunities have provided it there is a quick appreciation and development of the higher class music. While the visible results are not astounding the developing influence broods over the individual and the nation, and there is quietly building a musical atmosphere that is distinctively American. The composers that will set these sentiments eventually to musical notations will not fail us, they come like everything else has come that has been ardently wished for. The probability is that the future American music will be more natural than intellectual; it should mark a decided departure into the realm of cheerfulness, as indeed there are already signs, in contradistinction to the more gloomy character of the music of older nations.

If we take the general character of the American people in comparison with other nations we are obliged to note a greater degree of receptivity, a keener intelligence to grasp a new thing. There being greater diffusion of intelligence and also more practical talent and education in America than in any other country in the world, and a lively appreciation for the æsthetic, the beautiful, the gracious, the harmonious, it is positively certain that music will develop most rapidly once that it has made a fair start. Music like every other branch of culture will in time become more universally diffused and popular in America than elsewhere, because of the people's natural capacity of assimilability of the Beautiful. There is not the gulf of caste to overcome which has such a hindrance to popular dissemination with other nations.

America is the promised land for many many good things that mark the advancement of Humanity and, musically it is the most promising land under the sun.

STUDENT

BEETHOVEN

Music is the link between spiritual and sensual life.

True art endures forever, and is a bond that unites all the world.

It is one thing to give ourselves up to reflection, and another to inspiration.

It is Art and Science alone that reveal to us the hope of a loftier life.

Liberty and progress are great conditions in the empire of music, as in the universe.

Melody converts the spiritual part of a poem into actual feeling.

Music should kindle the divine flame in the human mind.

It is the acme of bliss to approach the throne of Deity, and thence to diffuse its rays among mankind.

On no account submit or give way to the spirit of the age. If you do, there is an end to all originality.

SCHUMANN

Music is the overflow of a beautiful mind.

The language of music is the most beautiful of all; its action on our feelings is spontaneous, unaccountable, and it is in them she finds a home.

The laws of morality are also those of Art.

If your music emanates from your own heart, it will have a reciprocal effect on others.

In music you can never study and learn too much.

WEBER

Music is to these arts what love is to man; in truth, it is love itself, portraying it in a thousand shades of color and feeling.

The human heart may be affected, moved, and brought to vibrate when touched by a chord which is in harmony with it.

The focus toward which all your faculties converge governs your perception as

Thoughts of Great Musicians

Compiled by the *Theosophical Chronicle*

with magic power. It governs not only your physical, but also your mental range of vision.

GLUCK

I regard music not only as an art whose object it is to please the ear, but as one of the most powerful means of opening our hearts and of moving our affections.

Simplicity, truth and unaffectedness are the leading principles of the beautiful in every work of art.

Art alone has the merit of civilizing man without corrupting him, of engendering obedience without lowering him.

HOFFMANN

What a marvelous thing is music! How little are we able to fathom its deep mysteries! And yet does it not live in the very heart of man? Does it not so imbue him with its grace and beauty that his mind is wholly engrossed by it; that another and purer life seems to raise him above the shallows and miseries here on earth?—

SCHOPENHAUER

Music, therefore, represents the real thing; the thing itself; not a mere appearance. The other arts only speak of the shadow; music speaks of the real substance, for it represents the will.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

There is something sacramental in perfect metre and rhythm. They are outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace; namely, of the self-possessed and victorious touches of one who has so far subdued nature as to be able to hear that universal sphere-music of hers, speaking of which Mr. Carlisle says that "all deepest thoughts instinctively vent themselves in song."

SHORTHOUSE

The life that is in tune with the melodies of heaven cannot fail of being happy.

A Prayer for Patience

by ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

“Oh, dreary life!” we cry. “Oh, dreary life!”
 And still the generations of the birds
 Sing through our sighing, and the flocks and herds
 Serenely live while we are keeping strife
 With heaven's true purpose in us, as a knife
 Against which we may struggle. Ocean girds
 Unslacked the dry land; savanna swards
 Unweary sweep; hills watch, unworn, and rife
 Meek leaves drop yearly from the forest trees
 To show above the unwasted stars that pass
 In their glory. Oh, thou God of old!
 Grant me some smaller grace than comes to these;
 But so much patience as a blade of grass
 Grows by, contented through the heat and cold.

What Is My Duty?

“WHAT is my duty?” This question each unit soul has faced at some time and has answered in some fashion since the day when Cain replied: “I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?” In all ages have the Great Teachers held before men the idea of duty as the highest incentive to action. These are the words of Solomon: “Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.”

Said Krishna, long before: “It is better to do one's own duty, even though it be devoid of excellence, than to perform another's duty well. It is better to perish in the performance of one's own duty; the duty of another is full of danger.” These are the words of a World Teacher of the present day, “Fear nothing for yourself; fear only to fail in your duty to others.”

Yet how has this ideal been degraded! Within a year the assassin of our President, a professed anarchist, attempts to justify his crime by the words, “I only did my duty.” How came such profanation to be possible?

Plainly, our ideal of duty advances or recedes according to the state of our own consciousness. It must be clear to anyone who will watch the ebb and flow of his own acts and motives, throughout even one day, that duty is not an absolute, but a relative, thing. What is my duty? It depends. Yet the miserably chaotic condition of affairs about us proves that the precepts of the Great Teachers are needed. There exists no one to whom they do not apply, no one but whose life, however meager, would become rich and full were these precepts of duty followed. For soul is one. All that is germane to the soul-life of one man is equally germane to that of another. It is because the Masters of Compassion have yearned to lift humanity into the joy and wholesomeness of soul-life that they have always set up the same standard, the ideal of duty. And that man might attain this ideal and really come to live in the higher part of his nature, they have brought from age to age the same Heart Doctrine, with its statement of the Higher Law, of man's dual nature, of his divinity. They have striven to remind humanity of the one fact so persistently ignored or forgotten, that man is a soul, that the natural life is the soul-life, that the doing of duty is the sacred gateway thereto, and that duty itself is the soul's greatest joy.

“Why then does the word “duty” suggest to many a certain disagreeableness? Is it not proof positive that the mark of a creed-bound heredity is still upon us? For most of us consider “duty” as something appropriately done with a shrug of the shoulders or a sigh. We divorce it, as far as may be, from the joy of a life. And we talk sanctimoniously of the “conflict” between duty and pleasure.

This is a great mistake. The centuries pass, and again the light is breaking over the world. A true philosophy of life is once more being given to the world's children. And those who have seen the light and have found, once again, this new-old philosophy begin to realize that duty is not a prison-task but a pleasure and opportunity. They see that it is as ridiculous to speak of the conflict between duty and pleasure as it soon will be to speak of the conflict between science and religion. It is a false idea of duty and a false idea of joy that has led men into this mistake. True duty and true joy are one. What is duty? Is it not the measure of our indebtedness to the Great Law? Is it not the measure of the soul's opportunity, the “open sesame” into the storehouse of



A CORNER OF THE OLD CITY WALL, NURNBERG, GERMANY

knowledge and compassion infinite? Whence came, then, the common notion that duty is not pleasure but rather the opposite?

It is the dictum of the lower nature. For centuries we have been looking upon life from a selfish standpoint. Hypnotized, as has been said, by a “worm of the dust” belief, man has forgotten his own divinity. He has lost sight of the fact that his nature is dual, that within him are the potentialities of the god as well as of the demon. As a result, the self of appetite and caprice has grown to such enormous proportions that the man is actually deluded into thinking that it is himself. Centering his consciousness in this lower self, therefore, man defies the Great Law and brings upon himself fearful penalties. And perhaps the most usual of his defiant methods is the neglect of duty. For duty—by which I mean all those acts or renunciations which are truly a part of our own Karma and of the Universal Law—is the very life of the Soul. The doing of it presages the death, or transformation, of the lower nature. That explains the rebellion of appetite and desire when the soul is finally awakened and, by the joyful doing of daily, simple duty, throws down the gauntlet to the elemental self. Small wonder that those who listen to its shrill voice are often persuaded that duty is most disagreeable.

It is easy to say, “I will do my duty.” It is quite possible to do it, for the duty is always that which lies nearest at hand. Yet it is not so easy to answer the question, “What is my duty?” For worries and events confuse one and the elemental self is so clever that, as all students know, it uses even the noblest qualities of our nature as a means by which to lead us out of the path.

Yet duty is an advancing ideal. The very sustenance and life of the soul as it is, we perceive deeper and deeper phases of it, broader and broader applications of it, as we grow and our consciousness expands. If we really desire to live the truly helpful life, at any sacrifice, we advance, and, inevitably, our ideal of duty today is replaced by a higher ideal tomorrow.

As a youth, one's duty may be toward one's parents. The man feels his first duty to be toward his home and his children. But let an enemy besiege the land in which he dwells and, like Hector, a larger duty claims him, the duty owed to his nation or race.

Orestes' filial duty to Clytemnestra was transformed, by his agony over a mother's disgrace, into a higher ideal of duty—that which he owed to the memory of his father and the principles of his religious belief. Hamlet is an example of one who was not strong enough to follow the advancing standard of this ideal beyond the confines of a strange territory. Had he been, Denmark would not have wept at the grave of



BEAUTIFUL FOUNTAIN AND THE FRAUENKIRCHE, NURNBERG, GERMANY

a sacrificed Prince but would have rejoiced at the coronation of a noble King. Hamlet's mistake is typical and common. It is the daily tragedy of our civilization. It springs from cowardice, from a false idea of compassion, and it deludes oftenest those who are most sympathetic and most conscientious.

Such mistakes prove that mere goodness is not enough. We must have enough common sense, in addition, to enable us to decide what is our duty and what is not. We must be able to discriminate between compassion and mere sentimentality—sentimentality often stands between a loved one and the punishment he has earned and deserves. The truly compassionate hesitates not to use the surgeon's knife even upon the one beloved, knowing that the healed soul will one day understand and be grateful. Not one of us, probably, is capable of such true compassion, but *we can hold it before ourselves as an ideal.*

What is my duty? That each one must decide for himself. "Ye hypocrites!" was the reproach of Jesus to those who assumed to prescribe the duties of others while they neglected their own. "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye and perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" These are the words of an older teacher: "Follow the wheel of life; follow the wheel of duty to race and kin, to friend and foe, and close thy mind to pleasure as to pain."

This is the only means by which the disciple, the student, may hope to step beyond little duties into greater ones. No one but has stood many times between apparently conflicting duties and queried, "Which may I choose?" Real duties, those which spring from the action of the Great Law, never conflict. Why this paradox?

Simply because over the true duty is invariably thrown the shadow of the false. Over the intuition is thrown, like a veil, some caprice of the lower brain mind. Those who are intuitive, those whom the soul can really guide and who know something of that divine discrimination which is the soul's prerogative, only those recognize the true duty and do it. Those who are lacking in intuition—most of us, it must be confessed—too often choose the false and see our mistake when too late. Small wonder that Solomon counseled, "With all thy getting, get understanding."

A false idea of duty would have kept Hector home from the Trojan war. He had the discrimination to perceive where his real duty lay even though the personal duty he owed to wife and child appeared—on outer lines—to be for the time abandoned. On the real planes, however, it was not abandoned, but doubly done. A false idea of duty might have kept Joan of Arc in Domremy, busied with caring for her own people.

Her true duty was a larger one. Yet it included the lesser, for she saved France. Could she have done so much for her own people in any other way?

Nor did she abandon the lesser duty. *It was included in the greater.* Let us not forget this fact. Just as the small expanse we view when standing in the valley is not lost sight of but becomes a part of the larger view that we have when standing on the mountain top, so the humble duty of today is not abandoned when we rise to meet the greater duty, but is included in it.

Yet the world does not always see this. Too many are quick and cruel to condemn the one who steps a bit forward on the Path. And this is not strange, for in public life are many self-seeking, ambitious men and women who neglect their own duties and cleverly mimic the virtues of those who do not. So common is this hypocrisy that the Great Soul who does a broad humanitarian work, who does not seek the public place but is put into it by the Great Law, is certain to be distrusted and condemned by many. History is one long, pathetic record of the persecution of women who would have saved the world long ago, as Joan of Arc saved France, had the world not looked askance at them and insisted that they were "out of their sphere." Just what a "woman's sphere" is, in the opinion of those who cavil, it is impossible to say, for the fault-finder is rarely definite; but, evidently, it is limited, like a setting hen's, by the boundaries of the home nest!

Is not the world waiting for a new womanhood? Why have the centuries passed and found it not? It is women themselves who are largely at fault. Their situation today is but another evidence of the subtle tricks of the elemental self. A false ideal of duty has been used to psychologize them into a false life, a false relationship to the home and particularly to the children in it, a false attitude toward each other. As a class, they have not had the insight nor the courage to discriminate between the lesser duty and the greater. Usually have they failed to understand the woman who could.

As there is a larger life so is there a larger duty and a larger love. Once realized, this, and this alone, will break down the barriers built around the human race by the mediæval notion of a "woman's sphere."

The woman is the nourisher of souls. Can the soul's domain be bounded by less than the whole horizon? And the true woman who realizes this, she who does the simple home duty bravely day after day, is as certain to rise at last into the broader duty as the children are certain to grow. If she realizes that she is a soul and that her children are souls, not merely bodies to be clothed and fed, she is certain to struggle up the steep Path and gain at last the wider view from the top.

Such a woman is the Leader of the Universal Brotherhood. She is today doing a humanitarian work so broad that it affects the entire world. Yet think you she has stepped out of her "sphere?" Think you she has forgotten how to take care of a baby or dust a room? Not at all. You can find nowhere a truer, happier, more home-like home than hers in Loma-land. And, instead of caring for two or three children and doing it after a fashion, she is caring for hundreds and doing it as it ought to be done. The greater, larger love which flows out from the heart of a true woman, that love which goes out to all the world's children, never blots out the love that is given to her own, but includes it, as surely as a universe includes worlds. It is duty in its divinest aspect. **MADLINE**

Upliftings

by BERNARD CARPENTER in *New York Tribune*

CRY ye to man when man all hope forgets;
Say: All is as the end is;
Call no day dark or bright till the sun sets.

All is as the end is. What of dark days if evening be serene?
The past, the past makes not our destiny,
But that which is the future still we see.
Man is not always what he once has been,
But rather what he hopes and strives to be.

All is as the end is.
Duty may spring from pangs which grief begets,
And life's best purposes from dead regrets,
Like scent distilled from vanished violets;
For all is as the end is.
Call no day dark or bright till the sun sets.

Half a year of clouds and flowers, half a year of dust and sky.

SO sang Bret Harte, and a certain freedom pulsates in the meter that persuades one the lines must have been written of Southern California. Nowhere is life so free and rich and full as in this climate. How could it be otherwise with air so ozone-laden, with days so balmy the year round, with a sky so peculiarly blue that it has come to be described as "the California sky," with a generous, tender sunlight that is never uncomfortably warm. San Diego has but two seasons and so beautiful is each that one is reluctant to see Father Time usher in the other. Summer and winter, as the ordinary Easterner defines them, are unknown here. Frost has never touched its borders, the first case of sunstroke has yet to be recorded. And to one who has come here from the chill and snow of New England, the beauty of this climate appeals with especial force. The balmy, sunshiny days recall the old legend of the Indians about "a summer land" where the warriors shall win in battle and smoke the pipe of peace. An unusual number of tourists have found their way to San Diego within the last few months, some of them invalids. And, in the cases of those whose condition, on reaching here, was not already hopeless, marked improvement will probably result. One wonders that more home-keepers do not see in this an opportunity. First-class, comfortable, home-like homes for invalids who come here would do much to lessen the number of "healers" and "pathists" of various descriptions, of which every city, unfortunately, has a share. In a recent article in the *Atlantic Monthly* David Starr Jordan, president of the Leland Stanford, Junior, University, writes of this class: "It is not the poor and helpless alone who are the victims of imposition. There are fools in all walks of life. Many a well-dressed man or woman can be found in the rooms of the clairvoyant or the Chinese 'doctor.' In matters of health especially, men grasp at the most unpromising straws. In one city lately visited, I found scarcely a business block that did not contain at least one human leech under the trade name of 'healer,' metaphysical, electrical, astral, divine, or what not. And these will thrive so long as men seek health or fortune with closed eyes and open hands."

There is considerable religious fervor in San Diego at the present time. Many of the clergymen are making strenuous efforts in their own church meetings. But, to judge from indications, those who are making the most noise are accomplishing the least in results.

Katherine Tingley, who has great respect for some of the clergymen in San Diego—for there are some good, true men in the churches in every city—said recently: "What a pity it is that those clergymen who really have the good of humanity at heart are hindered from helping the world as they might, by the dead forms, the conventional and prescribed channels, through which they try to work." Yet there are those whose hearts are not so filled with their own duties to humanity, but they are ready to go on the war-path of disintegration at almost any time. They are never too busy to attack people and institutions not in harmony with their own views, no matter how unselfish and humanitarian these people and these institutions may be. However, in her attitude to certain of the clergymen of San Diego, it must be remembered that Katherine Tingley is not, and has never been, aggressive. Their own un-called-for attacks have compelled her to defend, and defend vigorously, her students and this work for humanity's children which has its center on Loma Hill. Theosophists are most peaceable. They not only desire peace but propose to secure it even though it cost a battle or two. For that matter, everything that is worth having costs in proportion to its worth, and peace is worth very much.

All San Diego has been interested in the recent election of the Chamber of Commerce, of which Mr. W. L. Frevert is now president. There are in the body about 350 members, and its scope is becoming wider than that of most similar bodies in our Eastern cities. It is not surprising, for San Diego men are largely Eastern, having all the experience of our Atlantic communities, reinforced by the broadening experiences of life in the extreme west. Let them see that monopoly is not encouraged, that the middle class, worthy men and women, be given an honest chance to become self-supporting, and able to have their own homes. Anything that tends to fetter the working classes in any way whatever is working against the common interests of this city. For San Diego has a great commercial future if it can escape that "love-of-power" fever which palsied Athens and wasted Rome. It is not uncom-

San Diego

mon to hear one of the students of Loma-land say "Mrs. Tingley is very partial to San Diego." However that may be, I am very certain that she is not using a mere figure of speech when she speaks of San Diego as the future Athens of America. There are many striking parallelisms between conditions in San Diego today and those which existed in Athens. The very topography of this place, with the vast Pacific and its beautiful bay, is not so unlike that of the ancient Grecian city. There was in Athens, at that time, a great deal of speculation on matters of the soul, of immortality, of systems of philosophy, of ethical conduct, of one's true position in life. Socrates came, with this wonderful new idea of his that men were souls, actually souls, and that the most logical basis for action was brotherhood. Students gathered about him, their lives being lifted, by his teachings, to a plane of the highest beauty and morality. And those who wished to possess the power conferred by his philosophy upon its students, yet who did not wish to live the life enjoined, of course commenced their persecution. And it is historical that many of his persecutors were exponents of the old, the established religion. For, at that time, just as at present, many were becoming dissatisfied with the old forms of worship, and were looking for something higher, better, truer, for something, in a word, that would satisfy the hunger of their souls. It was a time when a "waking-up" process was going on, a time of considerable inner expansion and more or less discontent with existing conditions. There was much political ambition at that time. Athens had its demagogues and its would-be monopolists. And Athens had its god called "public opinion" just as has San Diego. For how the Athenians loved to gossip! I do believe they were the greatest gossipers of all antiquity. Katherine Tingley's recent address on "Public Opinion" might have been just as appropriately delivered to the citizens of old Athens. To quote one paragraph, "We may make of public opinion a sort of personality with a higher and lower self of its own. We may make of it a soulful thing which would, if it could, aid the right in humanity. But it is played upon by the human minds which have power to touch it. It is in this way that we are today receiving our education from the plastic power of public opinion. We, who suppose that we have left education to the schools are today being educated by the great psychological forces of public opinion. A man may be lifted by public opinion into his true place, which is often one of usefulness, or he may be swept into oblivion by the same force. Whether we wish to do so or not, we are compelled to admit that public opinion is a mighty force and a mighty factor in human life. . . . Has not public opinion crucified the helpers of humanity all down through the ages?"

And it is interesting to see what public opinion succeeded in doing in Athens, unto those who were really, earnestly trying to help humanity by holding up before them the ideal of a pure and unselfish life. When Socrates was an old man of seventy he was charged with "corrupting the youth of Athens" with his doctrines. For many young students gathered about him, which some of their well-meaning elders could not understand in the least, just as young students are gathered about the Teacher of the true philosophy of life today. Yet he was accused of "corrupting them"—strikingly parallel, is it not, to the recent vile insinuations of "immorality" flung at the students of the Homestead on Loma Hill, an institution whose moral tone is so high that it could teach much that would help even the best of our social institutions out in the world.

Well, Socrates drank the poison cup proffered him by this unhealthy entity called "public opinion." Are we among those who today would offer the same poison cup to those who have come to help us, to work with us in building a better, cleaner, more moral city, and to bring into the lives of little children joy and music and high ideals?

Friends, let us take refuge in Plato for a space, or the old Greek history we studied in school, if nothing more adequate is at hand, and read once more of Athens. As we see our defects, and our excellences as well, by looking into a mirror, so will we learn much by seeing the conditions which at present surround us, mirrored in the accounts of conditions in ancient Athens. We have it in our power to escape the evils that crushed Athens and ruined Greece. We have it also in our power to send our city down, as selfish persecutors sent Athens, in a general wreck. Which shall we choose to do? G. G.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office at POINT LOMA, CAL.

Loma-land News Notes

THE one perfectly steady phenomenon in the life at the Point is the constantly increasing interest which is being shown by the public. The guide department has always been a busy one, but it gets larger and busier all the time. This is partly due to the hostile action of those who try to obscure our work, but who succeed only in bringing it into greater prominence. A notable feature is the return visits which are being paid by the well-wishers who came to see us last year. They come back and they bring with them their friends, and their interest in our wonderful growth finds always a gratifying expression—gratifying alike to them and to us. The rotunda naturally receives more and more attention as the decorative additions approach their completion. It need hardly be pointed out to our friends that these decorations, designed by the Leader, and symbolic in form, constitute a study in themselves.

¶ With an ever heedful eye to the future the Leader has established a class in Law at the Point, and has herself selected the students. A very competent teacher has been found in this miniature universe of Loma-land, and he and the pupils will get to work at once. It is not difficult to see that from this class many lawyers in the years to come will go out into the world to work for humanity along those higher lines of equity and justice of which we have been taught to think. In touching upon this topic our minds naturally revert to the old days in New York when the Leader fought and won three great actions designed by her enemies to discredit and destroy her work. Going further back still we recall the action brought by H. P. Blavatsky against the *New York Sun*, an action which lapsed through her death, and it is with a peculiar pleasure that we remember the creditable conduct of the *Sun* in accepting the explanations which were tendered and in retracting the charges after all possibility of legal action was removed. Sometimes a backward glance like this floods the mind with joy and courage and these pages, from our history may well be an augury for the future. We may note in this connection that the person whom the Leader is now suing for damages is becoming overwhelmed with other difficulties of a similar nature originating from quarters where his paper enjoys no savory reputation.

¶ One further reflection is suggested by the mention of the law class. It is not usual to turn to legal handbooks for moral philosophy and still less for Theosophy. It is therefore none the less gratifying to find them in such a work as *Blackstone*, but we do certainly find in his pages something more than a touch of a philosophy which commands our respect because of its identity with Theosophy. The author gives every evidence of having been well qualified to say much more than he does along these lines and to have been restrained only by the nature of his work.

¶ Had we several vacant pages to devote exclusively to lodge reports it would not be difficult to fill them. From Australia comes good news and more especially from Sydney. We learn of increased success in propaganda work, of a greater public interest, and of a dramatic work which is full of encouragement for the future as well as for the present. From Auckland too come enthusiastic letters from our members who are of course still as full of work as ever. It was at Auckland that the Leader left her Brotherhood message for the Maoris, who are energetically keeping up their sports, of which the editor is arranging to get a full and beautifully illustrated report which we shall hope to include in our next issue. From New York we learn that the unity amongst the members is producing steady

and continuous work. Mrs. Tyberg, who is now with us at the Point, brings with her all-gratifying assurances from the Brooklyn Lodge which, our readers may remember, is made up of those members of the old Aryan Lodge, such as Colonel Hooper and Mr. and Mrs. Tyberg, who have not yet reached Loma-land. The "do good" mission goes steadily forward and there is also the splendid work which is being done on the East side by the young Russians. From Boston, which has always remained in the front rank, comes a lengthy report of good work well done, and of especial activity among the children.

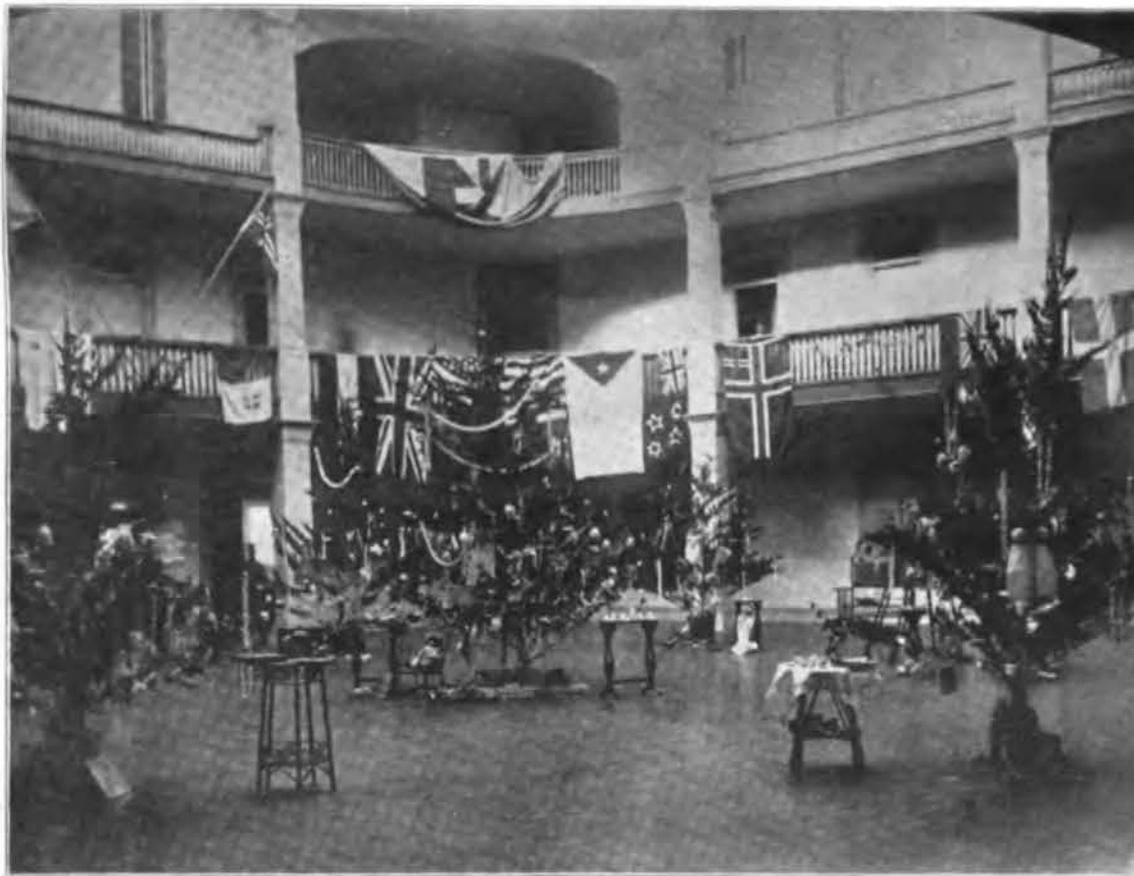
¶ Among old members at the Point, and there are many here who have watched the progress and the methods of our work from the very early days, there is a general consensus of opinion that they have never before seen propaganda work so rich in quantity, or so fruitfully directed, as at the present time. The Lodge reports speak eloquently for themselves, while *THE NEW CENTURY* has trebled its influence. Both *THE NEW CENTURY* and the *Universal Brotherhood Path* are about to appear in their new spring dresses, or rather covers, for which the Leader has herself arranged appropriate designs.

¶ New Year's Day was not allowed to pass over without the receipt of sheaves of telegraphic reminders from all parts of the world. Miss Atkinson cabled her good will from Richmond, England, while from Avenue Road came a warm message from the faithful workers there.

¶ This day—and Comrades will please note the date—we have gathered our

first strawberries, and unusually fine and luscious strawberries they are. Our roses and lilies are in full bloom, while the violets are giants in size and with an intensified perfume. But flowers and fruit together do not banish the thought or memory of the countries where snow and frost are the order of the day, nor of the comrades elsewhere who keep a perpetual summer in their hearts.

¶ From the front of the Homestead spreads a great wealth of color. In and out, among the trees and the flowers flash the humming birds, stopping here and there motionless on invisible wings, while they suck the honey with their sharp, long beaks. And from both Temples flood the sound of fairies of song as the children learn the melody and the harmony which they will



ROTUNDA OF LOMA HOMESTEAD, DECORATED FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

without doubt reproduce in the world—and we shall hear it. OBSERVER

Connecticut Universal Brotherhood League Meeting

The Connecticut Universal Brotherhood League held an open meeting at the home of Mrs. F. A. H. Loomis, 430 Broad street. Prominent members were present from New Haven, Bridgeport, Wallingford, Newington and New Britain.

An exceptionally fine program was rendered which consisted of choice readings in poetry and prose and several musical selections on the zither, mandolin, guitar and flute. A piano solo was very finely rendered by Miss Miller and a vocal solo was sung by Miss Hall in an effective manner.

There was a sale of fancy articles for the benefit of the Cuban orphans at Point Loma, the international headquarters of the Brotherhood League, which realized a neat little sum of money. The League with Mrs. Katherine Tingley, the recognized Leader throughout the world, is doing effective work. These open meetings are held monthly and are well attended. A supper was served and a social time followed the meeting.—*Exchange*

We of America, with our soil sanctified and our symbol glorified by the great ideas of liberty and religion, love of freedom and love of God—all in the foremost vanguard of this great caravan of humanity. To us rulers look, and learn justice, while they tremble; to us nations look, and learn to hope, while they rejoice. Our heritage is all the love and heroism of liberty in the past, and all the great of the Old World are our teachers.—GEORGE W. CURTIS

THE people of Isleta are as a rule, rather short in stature, but strongly built. All have a magnificent depth and breadth of chest, and a beautifully confident poise of the head. Most of the men are very expert hunters, tireless runners and fine horsemen.

Their amusements are many and varied. Aside from the numerous sacred dances of the year, their most important occasions, they have various races which call for great skill and endurance, quaint social enjoyments, and games of many kinds, some of which are quite as difficult as chess. They are very fair weavers and pottery makers.

Their secret inner religion is one of the most complicated systems on earth. Besides the highest deities, all the forces of nature, all animals as well as many things that are inanimate, are invested by them with supernatural powers. They do not worship idols, but images and tokens of unseen powers are revered. . . . They do nothing without some reason, generally a religious one, and whatever they observe they can explain in their own superstitious way. Every custom they have and every belief they own has a reason, which to them is all-sufficient; and for each they have a story. There is no duty to which a Pueblo child is trained in which he has to be content with the bare command, "Do thus;" for each he learns a fairy tale designed to explain how people first came to know that it was right to do thus, and detailing the sad results which befell those who did otherwise.

The use of books is not only to tell, but to preserve, not only for today, but forever. What an Indian wishes to perpetuate must be saved by tongue and ear, by "telling-down," as were the world's first histories and poems. This oral transmission from father to son is of sacred importance to the native. Upon it depends the preservation of the amusements, the history, the beliefs, the customs, the laws of their nation. A people less observant, less accurate of speech and memory would make a sad failure of this sort of record; but with them it is a wonderful success. The story goes down from generation to generation, almost without the change of a word. The fact that it is told in fixed metrical form—a sort of blank verse—helps the memory. Winter is the season for story telling. Then the thirsty fields no longer cry for water, the irrigating ditches have ceased to gnaw at their banks, and the men are often at leisure.

Then, of an evening, if I go over to visit some vecino (neighbor) I am likely to find in the great adobe living room a group of very old men and very young boys gathered about the queer little corner fire-place, with its blazing upright sticks. They, too, have come a-visiting. The young men are gathered in another corner by themselves, eating roasted corn, and talking in whispers so as not to disturb their elders, for respect to age is the corner stone of all Indian training. They are not required to listen to the stories, being supposed to know them already.

If, in the far, sweet days, when I stood at my grandmother's knee, and shivered over "Bluebeard," or thrilled at "Jack the Giant-killer," some one could have shown us a picture of me as I was to be listening to other fairy tales twenty-five years later, I am sure that her eyes

The Pueblo Indians of Isleta

From the introduction to *The Man Who Married the Moon and other Pueblo Indian Folk Stories*, by Charles F. Lummis.

would have opened wide as mine. Certainly neither of us ever dreamed that thousands of miles from the old New England fireplace, when the dear figures

that sat with me before its blazing forestick had long been dust, I would be sitting where I am tonight and listening to the strange, dark people who are around me.

The room is long and low, and overhead are dark, round rafters—the trunks of straight pine trees that used to purr on the sides of the most famous mountain in New Mexico. The walls are white as snow, and you would never imagine that they are built only of cut sods, plastered over and whitewashed. The floor is of adobe clay, packed almost as hard as a rock, and upon it are bright-hued blankets, woven in strange figures. Along the walls are benches, with wool mattresses rolled up and laid upon them. By and by these will be spread upon the floor for beds, but just now they serve as cushioned seats. Over in a corner are strange earthen jars of water, with little gourd dippers floating, and here and there upon the wall hang bows and arrows in sheaths of the tawny hide of the mountain lion; queer woven belts of red and green, and heavy necklaces of silver and coral, with charms of turquoise—the stone that stole its color from the sky.

There is a fireplace, too, and we are gathered all about it, a dozen or more—for I have become an old friend here. But it is not like the fireplace where the little sisters and I used to roast our apples and pop our corn. A wee hearth of clay rises a few inches from the floor; a yard above it hangs the chimney, like a big white hood; and a little wall, four feet high, runs from it out into the room, that the wind from the outer door may not blow the ashes.

Some of us are seated on benches, and upon the floor. His back against the wall, squats my host, who is just going to begin another fairy story. Such a wee, withered, wrinkled old man! It seems as though the hot wind of the Southwest had dried him as they dry the forgotten last year's apples that shrivel here and there upon lonely boughs. He must be a century old. His children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren are all represented here tonight. Yet his black eyes are like a hawk's, under their heavy eyebrows, and his voice is musical and deep. I have never heard a more eloquent story teller, and I have heard some famous ones. I can tell you the words but not the impressive tones, the animation of eye and accent, the eloquent gestures of this venerable Indian as he tells—what? An Indian telling fairy stories?

Yes, indeed. He is the very man to tell them. If this dusky old playground for wrinkles, who never saw the inside of a book, could write out all the fairy stories he knows, Webster's Unabridged Dictionary would hardly hold them. His father and his father's father and so on back for countless centuries have handed down these stories by telling, from generation to generation, just as Tata ("Father") Lorenzo is telling his great-great-grandsons tonight, and so the legends will pass on and on as long as there shall be a Tee-wahn Indian in all New Mexico.

THE *Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China*, of the Abbe Huc, gives an

interesting account of the birth of Tsong-Kaba, the great Asiatic Teacher who introduced into Tartary and Thibet the gospel of compassion. Previously to his arrival, religion was managed by the Red-cap Lamas, priests of a degenerated, selfish, and black-magical Buddhism. Tsong-Kaba founded the order of Yellow-cap Lamas, who revived Buddha's main teaching of compassion.

Tsong Kaba was miraculously born of poor peasants in 1357 in Eastern Thibet. He had at birth a white beard and could speak wise words on the nature and destiny of man. He renounced the world and embraced the religious life at three. While in contemplative seclusion he was visited by a Lama from one of the remote regions of the West, who was remarkable for his profound learning and the singularity of his appearance, which seems to have been of Aryan rather than Mongolian type. This stranger initiates Tsong-Kaba into the enlightened doctrines of the further West, and then dies, or appears to die.

Tsong-Kaba then set out on his mission of reform, and succeeded in placing his order of Yellow-caps in a position of superiority. Of his final overthrow of the corrupt worship the following story is told. West-

Tsong-Kaba, a Teacher of Compassion

ern readers will note the figurative and hyperbolic style peculiar to Oriental

description, which sets less value on verbal accuracy than upon the conveying of a vivid picture to the mind. The Red-cap high-priest, having vainly summoned Tsong-Kaba to his presence, at last decides himself to visit Tsong-Kaba, and worst him in discussion.

He repaired to the meeting with great pomp, surrounded with all the attributes of his religious supremacy. As he entered the modest cell of Tsong-Kaba, his high Red Cap struck against the beam of the door, and fell to the ground, an accident which everybody regarded as a presage of triumph for the Yellow Cap. The reformer was seated on a cushion, his legs crossed, and apparently took no heed to the entrance of the Chakdja. He did not rise to receive him, but continued gravely to tell his beads. The Chakdja, without permitting himself to be disconcerted either by the fall of his cap, or by the cold reception that was given him, entered abruptly upon the discussion, by a pompous eulogium of the old rites, and an enumeration of the privileges which he claimed under them. Tsong-Kaba, without raising his eyes, interrupted him in these terms: "Let go, cruel man that thou art, let go the louse thou art crushing between thy fingers. I hear its cries from where I sit, and my heart is torn with commiserating grief."

The Chakdja prostrated himself before Tsong-Kaba and acknowledged his supremacy, and the Yellow Caps encountered no further trouble.

Students



Path

"In Terra Pax"

by G. LEVENSON GOWER in *North American Review*

WAR in men's mouths, peace through the spring clad land;
Hate in men's hearts, and love in God's high heaven;
Yet in the mass already works the heaven,
And in the nations some cry, "Hold your hand,
Ye peoples! Turn not Earth into a hell!"
Already breaks the light when some can see
The change to come, the order new to be,
And, seeing evil, will not say, "'Tis well!"
Oh, for some high tribunal of the world
Where arms are stilled and equal law bears sway,
The strong aggressor from his vantage hurled,
The wronged upheld in the full light of day!
Then shall the Earth at rest yield glad increase,
And through all seas and every land be Peace.

A Life History

THE soul looked wonderingly out on the world from behind a baby's blue eyes, and the wonder increased as the little casement grew in stature and strength, and allowed its inmate to come more in touch with the wonders surrounding it. Everything was joy to the tiny creature so lovingly tended by the gracious dark-eyed woman who called her "my darling little daughter," and the brown-faced man with the sunny eyes who held her in his strong arms. But a time came when he held her no longer, and her eyes missed the bright-hued robes of her mother, now clad in sable garments, from which she turned in distress.

As Time fled by, each year he stole from the girl some childish fancy, till she stood at length at the threshold of womanhood with the one time wonder in the blue eyes still traced in their limpid depths, in the questioning gaze of her serious moods, or the phenomena around her—life was so strange, so contradictory, so much of cruelty, and injustice, and pettiness, 'twas a tarnished thread in the fabric of most lives, the glint of gold in the general mass seemed so few.

"But, though the traces are slight they are far spread," she thought. "It seems everywhere though it cannot shine through, and why? In me, too, its shine is dimmed, and yet in quiet moments I only seem alive by virtue of its glow; and when I thus draw near to it, the Light grows stronger."

But withal she turned from its radiance to the fascination of the gaudier hues and as she fixed her gaze on the vivid reflections and not on the golden center they marshalled their forces in gorgeous array and dazzled for a time the bright blue eyes, till the inmate within saw but dimly, and the glory of the sun seemed dulled. Then the dark clouds gathered and the storm burst, and her life seemed like to dissolve in the torrent of turbulent waters that swept across, threatening to engulf her within the vortex made by the swirling currents.

In her extremity her childish thoughts of the *Power of Light* came back to her—the thin, visible thread of gold that spoke of the Light behind all darkness—and to that she clung with the tenacity of the drowning. And it proved, as it *always* does, the ark of safety.

Out of the black shadows of man's life, and its dark smoke, winged flames arise; flames purified, that, soaring onward, weave in the end the fabric glorified of the three vestures of the Path.

The gaudy colors lost gradually their power of dazzling when she turned her eyes again to the Light, and the darkness of despair fled affrighted before its steady glow.

I will be a lamp unto your footsteps and a light into your path, softly breathed the God within to the repentant pilgrim, and her feet grew strong and her arms stretched out to help the weak and suffering, for the Light never shines at the call of the idle, selfishly sorrowing or the careless, but the dark powers hold them in their grip.

So, working on, the willing servant of the Inner Master, in the glow of the increasing Light, to the purified vision the thread of gold stretched from the shores of Eternity in the past to the shores of Eternity in the future, underlying always the darker fabric woven over its Light by the dark magic of selfish action, coming into sight whenever her heart had turned towards it in the past, sinking below the vision only when she turned stubbornly away from the Center within to follow false outer gods of passion and desire. Within her "casement of flesh" or at peace in the Soul's own realm, ever the Thread of Golden Light bound her to the One Great Spiritual Sun which lighteth the whole world; not her alone, but all people, albeit yet they recognize it not.

She, seeing now and knowing, works on happy and content to aid in bringing to the consciousness of all men the holy Truth that in their highest consciousness they *are that Light*, from whence they came, that the aching world may accomplish its destiny and be at peace. ETHNE

The Charm of Cheerfulness

DO not mistake mere boisterous mirth or high spirits for cheerfulness. If you have ever lived with people whose gayety is based solely on animal spirits, you will know that when things go wrong they collapse most pitifully.

Perennial cheerfulness is founded on an utter confidence in the spiritual Law or Force behind all things; it is built up by a broad sanity, a wide outlook on the world and a forgetfulness of self and all personal interests. It grows strong through expressing and manifesting itself. We can acquire the habit of doing this and of preserving a perpetual buoyancy and gladness.

There is no higher service we can render to those around us than radiating a positive, sunshiny atmosphere of cheer. We cannot do this unless we keep up the same joyous frame of mind when we are quite alone as when we are with others.

The strain on our stock of cheerfulness is sometimes considerable—it needs constant replenishing. Happily the source of joy is inexhaustible. The great all-powerful, ever-present Soul of the Universe is Joy, and it is ever expressing itself in Truth, in goodness, in love, in beauty of form, color, tone and motion.

In our quiet moments we can draw on this Great Fount of Joy, and its living stream will keep flowing through our heart as long as we afford a continual outlet. The mind forms a strong electric connection with that on which it thinks most persistently. If we forget to think of the great Fount of Joy our connection with it is weakened.

Besides radiating joy ourselves, we can drop a hint to others that the One Source is free to all. Children are naturally full of joy and need frequent opportunities of expressing it. STUDENT

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

DEAR COMRADES: I chanced to read the other day of the wonderful effect produced on a young man by hearing a political speech delivered by Abraham Lincoln just before the war.

The strange power, the strong magnetic influence of this great soul produced a complete revelation in his mind, and sentiments seeming to throw a flash-light upon past occurrences, and opening up a certain intuitive knowledge of that which was to come. He immediately became a devoted adherent to Lincoln and, through the long struggle which followed, gave his time, means, and offered his life, to his country.

How the mere reading of such things stirs our hearts with patriotism, and we feel the glow of pride that our land has produced a man like Lincoln, and so many brave, true sons who followed and sustained him when he came forward as the savior of our nation. It was the gravest crisis the Republic had then been called upon to face, and at the right moment the chosen Leader appeared.

Is it not true that a far greater crisis is now before us? The war set the negroes free, but is there not bondage of another kind? The evils which threaten us today are more secret, more subtle, therefore more dangerous. The great Leaders of the age have appeared and we are the soldiers upon whom they depend for victory. Shall we not then follow to the death wherever they may lead? Millions died that the union of the states should not be broken. Are we not willing to die or to live and renounce and labor unceasingly that all nations may be united in one grand Brotherhood of Man? A STUDENT

An Every-day Worker of Magic

LITTLE Dick was sitting on my knee one snowy evening in January last and his unusual silence showed that he had something on his mind. "Father," he began at last, "you know that my birthday comes next month, and Freddy Long has a book on parlor magic, and please I want one, too."

I said I would like to know more about this book, and thus encouraged he went on as follows: "Oh, it tells you how to

make an orange tree grow from a pip in five minutes, and how to command a card to rise out of a pack without your ever touching it, and how to catch money in the air, and to produce a bantam hen from a borrowed hat. It's written by Herr Doblitz and only costs half a crown."

I smiled a queer smile at the author's name, for it so happened that I had been called in to attend the "professor" when he was lying sick two years before. His "platform smile" was sadly tense and drawn as he lay there between the sheets, and his cheerful "patter" was changed to moans and sighs. He who could produce bantams from hats could not provide material for the chicken broth I ordered him, and as for money-catching in the air—my bill for "services rendered" is still unpaid.

"And is it," said I, "your ambition to become a parlor magician?"

"Oh, yes, father, for then, the book says, 'you can create roars of laughter and hold a delighted audience spell-bound by the marvels which any amateur can produce by following these simple directions.'"

Dick had evidently caught the conjuring fever, so I said nothing to oppose his desires, but gave him a little talk on magic of another kind.

"Last spring," I said, "there was a magician performing in our garden. He took a small, round, gray thing that looked like a carved stone and put it in the earth. He watered it and laid manure about it, and in time he changed it from a little, gray, lifeless thing into a beautiful nasturtium plant that grew all over the verandah and gave us hundreds of lovely orange-colored flowers for mother to put in the vases."

"Why, that was me!" broke in Dick.

"I saw the same magician cause a candle to disappear and vanish away completely. Every time he went to bed he lit the candle with a match and slowly, night after night, the little pillar of wax vanished from sight and no one could see where it had gone to. Wasn't that a wonderful trick?"

"And he could catch money, too," I continued. "He had a little crippled friend living in a garret and he wished he could give him a fortnight by the seaside. He told people about his wish and he kept thinking hard as well, and do you know, people began giving him sixpences and shillings until he got enough to send the cripple to Margate for two whole weeks. Wasn't that a glorious Money-catching?"

"Once this little magician was asked to shell peas with his cousins. When he went into the room where the girls were supposed to be at work, he found them idling and talking and looking out of the window. He didn't say anything though, but sat down quickly before his dish and went to work, and that is where the magic came in. Very soon Bessie and Alice and Kathleen were sitting down before their dishes and quickly emptying the pods, and in less than half an hour it was all done and they went out and played horses in the garden till dinner time. I would sooner do that trick than be able to command a card to rise out of a pack. Wouldn't you, Dick?"

"Why, then," exclaimed Dick, his face all over smiles, "everybody is a magician, at that rate."

"Yes," said I, "we are working magic all day long and don't need a book to teach us. But here comes mother to tell us it is bed-time, so good night little magician. You said the book was half a crown, didn't you, Dick? All right, mother will get it for your birthday. Good night once more, then."

RADIANT STAR



Views of the Children



of Senor Bacardi, Mayor

An Unexpected Christmas Tree

IN a town situated in the western part of York state there lived with their parents three little girls by the name of Marion, Mabel and Bessie. Bessie was the youngest and not at all like the two older girls, who, though they made many friends, did it in the usual way. But Bessie knew everybody, far and near; often when seen speaking to strangers, when asked who it was, she would say, "Oh, that is Mr. or Mrs. So and So; they live in Burke

street," and in fact seemed to know all about them. It had always been the custom in this family to have a Christmas tree for the children, but this year an uncle, whom they thought a great deal of, had lost nearly all he owned and was in great need. So the mother called the three girls to her and said:

"Now, Uncle Jack needs money, and I think that this year we could go without our Christmas tree and send the money to him. Don't you think so?"

The little girls, although disappointed not to have their tree, gladly agreed to this, and were happy to know they could do something for Uncle Jack, who had always been so kind to them.

So the money which would have purchased their Christmas tree and presents was sent to Uncle Jack, and there was not a murmur because they were not going to have their usual Christmas tree.

Two nights before Christmas Mrs. James stood at a window facing the street, and noticed a man going along carrying a Christmas tree, and when he reached the gate, turned in and, coming up to the door, rang the bell; so Mrs. James, thinking there must be some mistake, opened the door herself.

But the man said there was no mistake; that he was purchasing a tree for his daughter and thought he would bring one to the little black-eyed girl that had been so kind to his child, who was lame.

Mrs. James thanked the man, saying how much it would please her daughter, as they had not expected a tree this year.

Then Mrs. James thought the matter over and decided to keep it a secret from Bessie, but to let Marion and Mabel into the secret that they might help prepare the surprise. So they arranged to have the tree in the parlor Christmas night. Accordingly when they had finished their dinner, mother said: "I think we had better go into the parlor a while and have a good time, just as we do when we have a tree."

But Bessie said: "We can't have the same kind of a time this year, for we haven't a Christmas tree."

At a signal from mother, Mabel went into the parlor and lighted all the candles, and when Bessie came in and saw the tree she clapped her hands and exclaimed: "Oh, how beautiful!" Then, turning, she said: "But, mamma, I thought we were not going to have a tree!" Mother explained to her how it happened, and then asked who the man was. Bessie

said: "Why, don't you know? That is Mr. Howard, president of the electric light works, and he lives on Elm street in that large white house, and his little girl, Ellen, is so lame; I feel so sorry for her."

So, after all, they had their Christmas tree, and I am sure they enjoyed it more than any they had ever had, because of the sacrifice they had made for their uncle.

And thus it was impressed upon their young minds that "As ye give, so shall ye receive." And also proving the Law of Brotherhood. And don't you see, dear children, that a good act always brings good; sometimes quickly as in this case; sometimes not so soon, but always certain.

Then how much better it is to help others. Perhaps you give them great pleasure by a little self sacrifice, which is really no sacrifice at all, as you receive something far more important than what you give, and it cannot be purchased with money or selfishness. ZANA HEMENWAY



of Santiago de Cuba



GROUP OF ENGLISH LOTUS BUDS IN THE WOODS

a home, with its higher influence upon your own children and upon all the little ones of the world, even though, in so doing, you may ignore the world's follies.

You can find the resourceful part of your own nature. You can be faithful to your ideal. You can be rich in hope. And the ideal home life that you long to establish you can begin to build at once, little by little, hour by hour, day by day. And as you build, be sure that you discriminate between what is duty and what is not. Take refuge in that Higher Law which has never yet failed those who put their trust in it, even though its workings may not be as you would fashion, even though the very foundations you hoped to build on should be torn away. Such would not be a calamity—not even a sacrifice. It is part of the bargain which the true woman makes when she touches for the first time the

The Home Ideal

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 3

hem of that seamless white garment of the larger life. It is a false idea of duty, a daily surrender of principle for the sake of a false peace, that keeps women dead to their possibilities and makes them willing to send their children out into the world unanchored and soul hungry. It is because women have no faith in themselves that ideal homes are so few. Until women learn their own power as guardian angels of the house-hold; until they establish in the very beginning of their home life a basis of equity that shall be a sacred law unto those who pledge themselves to love, honor and protect; until they demand that equity shall rule in the home as well as in the world of business and dollars; until then, women may expect to be sacrificed as they have been sacrificed in the past. And these things will be until a new order of home life is established.

A STUDENT

ONE of the greatest marvels of the Nineteenth Century was Leverrier's discovery

of the distant planet Neptune by means of mathematical calculations. There seems now to be a good chance that the Twentieth Century will match this with a greater discovery of the same nature—greater because the problematical planet is much more distant and probably much larger and more massive than Neptune.

Leverrier based his calculations on the disturbances which the attraction of the unseen planet produced in the motions of the planet Uranus, and when he had finished his work he said, in effect, to the astronomers in the observatories: "Point your telescopes at such and such a place in the sky and you will see something worth while—a new world." They pointed; they gazed; they saw. Neptune was discovered by the eye of man, as it had already been discovered by his brain.

Now, in the case of the still greater and more distant planet which some astronomers think exists far beyond Neptune, and for the discovery of which calculations are now being made—though not yet with the systematic thoroughness of Leverrier's work—dependence is placed largely upon the disturbing effect of its attraction on comets. Large planets situated far from the sun exercise a powerful control over comets venturing into their neighborhood, and there have been several comets whose orbits indicated that they had suffered disturbance somewhere in the vast abyss of space beyond the known borders of the solar system.

There are seven of these comets, according to the calculations of Professor Forbes of Edinburgh, which unite the silent testimony of their orbits in support of the hypothesis that at the enormous distance of more than nine thousand million miles from the sun—a hundred times the earth's distance—there cycles in lone majesty a planet mightier than the

Astronomers Are Looking for a Great New Planet

[Copyright, 1901, by W. R. Hearst.]

The suggestion that there is an undiscovered planet belonging to our system greater than Jupiter is, in itself, startling, for Jupiter has never yet had a known rival among planets. He is thirteen hundred times larger than the earth, and so massive that if all the other planets—except the as yet unseen but suspected monster beyond Neptune—were thrown together into the scale against him he would outweigh them almost three to one. In fact, as far as size is concerned, there is less difference between Jupiter and the sun than there is between the earth and Jupiter.

To say, then, that there exists a yet grander globe than Jupiter, obeying the sun's attraction, although situated almost a billion miles away, is to open a most imposing vista to the imagination.

In the years 1264 and 1556 comets were seen of a magnitude so great, and so terrible in their splendor, that old chroniclers are filled with the living dread that they inspired. These comets are believed to have been identical, the two appearances having been two successive returns of the same body, and it was calculated that there should be a third appearance in 1848; but the expected great comet did not come.

But in 1843 there was a wonderful comet, whose path was an unknown one, and now the suggestion is made that this is the third return of the prodigy of 1264, its orbit having been perturbed by the attraction of the mighty planet beyond Neptune.

So, eventually, by means of its interference with far-traveling comets, the mysterious globe may be located. But when it is discovered how shall we find a name for it worthy of its greatness—a name excelling in dignity that of Jupiter, the ruler of the gods?—GARRETT P. SERVISS in *Chicago American*

great Jupiter himself and requiring about a thousand years to complete a single journey about the sun.

Largest and Best Stock of Jewelry

in
SAN DIEGO
Will be Found at

C. W. ERNSTING'S

Repair Work of all Kinds
Manufacturer of Jewelry
Large Stock of Souvenir
Spoons

915 FIFTH STREET SAN DIEGO, CAL.

FINE APPLES FROM THE MOUNTAINS, BELLFLOWERS, PIPPINGS ETC.

Good Tea at Sixty Cents, India,
Ceylon, Gunpowder,
Hyson, Oolong
Breakfast and
Japan

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF FANCY GROCERIES

HAMILTON BROS.

933 5th Street, San Diego, Cal.

Lung Troubles in Samoa

Capt. E. E. Tilley, U. S. N., governor of the American possession in Samoa, says that, strange as it may seem, the adoption of clothing by the Samoans has introduced lung troubles into that mild climate. In the old days before the white men obtained control the natives went nearly naked, protecting themselves from rain and dampness by liberal applications of cocoanut oil, which was quite as effective as the oily secretion of a duck's back in shedding water. Nowadays, the native man wears clothes and no cocoanut oil, and when the clothes become wet a cold follows and in many cases tuberculosis results.

The great need of Samoa, according to Captain Tilley, is industrial work. The country is so rich in natural production that there is no incentive to work, and he believes the condition of the people will improve if they are taught to engage in profitable labor. —*San Diego Tribune*

Within their silent chambers treasures lie
Preserved from age to age; more precious far
Than that accumulated store of gold
And orient gems, which for a day of need
The Sultan hides deep in ancestral tombs;
These hoards of truth you can unlock at will.
—WORDSWORTH

Isis
Conservatory of Music

of the
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD
Point Loma, Cal.

San Diego Branch, 1940 B Street

Personal applications and inquiries received every Saturday by the Secretary at 1940 B Street, San Diego. . . .
Hours 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Full particulars sent by mail on application

Address

J. H. FUSSELL, Secretary and Treasurer Isis Conservatory of Music, POINT LOMA, CAL.

SEARCHLIGHT

NO. 6

Special number issued to
the public

CONTAINING A FULL REPORT OF THE

Great Debate on Theosophy & Christianity

HELD AT FISHER OPERA HOUSE, SAN DIEGO, CAL.,
ON SEPTEMBER 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, AND
OCTOBER 6 AND 13, 1901

SEVENTY-TWO PAGES

Notwithstanding the increase in the cost of publishing, owing to
the largely increased number of pages, the price
remains the same as heretofore

FIFTEEN CENTS

The
Theosophical Publishing Co.
Point Loma, Cal.

ENTERTAINMENT

by Children of the

Raja Yoga School

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON

in the

Aryan Temple, Point Loma

Tickets 50 cents

PUBLIC MEETINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGES

STOCKTON, Cal., 523 Yosemite Building

Lodge No. 3. Public meetings, Sunday 8 p. m., and Wednesday
7:30 p. m. Lotus Group for children, Sunday 10:30 a. m.

BOSTON, Mass., 24 Mount Vernon St.

Lodge No. 28. Public meetings every Sunday at 8 p. m.
Lotus Group, Sunday at 11 a. m.
Members Union meeting, Thursday at 8 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Friday at 7:30 p. m.
Girls' Club, Saturday at 3 p. m.

CHICAGO, Ill., 511 Masonic Temple

Lodges No. 70 and 45. Monthly public meeting, first Sunday of the
month, 8:15 p. m.; Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesdays 8 p. m.;
Lodge meetings, members only, Lodge 45, Thursdays, 8 p. m., and
Lodge 70, Fridays, 8:15 p. m.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Y. M. H. A. Building

Lodge No. 119. Public meeting, Sunday 8 p. m.
Lodge meeting, members only, Thursday 8 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Friday 8 p. m.

MACON, Ga., Triangular Block

Lodge No. 13. Public meeting about the middle of month.
Lotus Group, Sunday 10 a. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesday 7:30 p. m.
Members' meeting, Friday 8 p. m.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., 206 Weybossett Street

Lodge No. 11. Monthly meetings, last Sunday in each month, 7:30
p. m.; Lodge meetings, members only, Wednesdays, 7:45 p. m.
Lotus Group, Sundays, 10:45 a. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Thursdays, 8 p. m.

SOUTHPORT, England, 138 Poulton Road

Lodge No. 24 (Eng.) Lotus Group, Monday, 7 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesday, 8 p. m.
Lodge meeting, Friday, 8 p. m.
Public meetings, 1st Sunday each month 7 p. m.

Manual Labor Lightened by Literature

Among the many foreign colonies in New York, including Greeks, Syrians, Turks, Russian Jews, Italians, Armenians, and a score of others hardly less interesting, the Spanish colony is said to be one of those most worthy the attention of the author in search of "local color." According to a writer in *The Evening Post*, the members of this colony number about 20,000, and have their headquarters in the neighborhood of Pearl Street and Maiden Lane. In the course of a study of their social customs, the writer mentions one which is of interest both from the literary and the sociological standpoint. All through this Spanish quarter, he says, are cigar-factories which employ large numbers of operatives, more completely organized in trades-unions than the operatives in American establishments of the same nature. The discipline is strict and the loud talking or hard swearing of many American factories is not tolerated, because the employees themselves would not tolerate it. But the distinctive feature of these factories is the "shop reader," of which every establishment has at least one. The writer says:

"This functionary may be classed as a professional. He must have a good voice, a clear enunciation, and an excellent knowledge of Spanish. In this city, most of them know enough English to translate at sight. He goes on duty with the operatives, and has a desk, chair, pitcher of water, and cigarettes or cigars. All day long he reads aloud while the men work. Each shop has its own program. In some the reader opens the morning by reading the news of the day. He uses for this purpose a local daily, and sometimes papers from Havana or Madrid. After reading the news he then takes up the special subject of the course. This may be a feuilleton from a Spanish paper, a Spanish novel, a volume of poems, a book of plays, a history, or any other books which the shop has selected previously. It must be said that he reads well. The operatives display deep interest in the reading, and seldom speak, unless it may be to ask the reader some question. The amount of ground covered in this way is very great. The reader averages a hundred to a hundred and fifty words a minute, or from six to nine thousand an hour. At six hours a day, this would give a total of thirty-six thousand words, which is about the length of a short Spanish novel. A longer novel will take two days, so that, in the course of a year, not less than one hundred books have been poured into the ears of the men at the benches. The practice is encouraged by all employers. It keeps the men interested, and weakens any tendency to leave the workroom for drinking purposes. It enforces good order and decorum, and at the same time acts as an educational force upon all the hearers. Sometimes, in place of a reader, a shop will engage a musician. The favorite music is that of the mandolin or guitar, and next to these the violin. Music, however, does not seem to be as popular as literature."

"Never Apologize"

It was reported in a newspaper that a certain man had been hanged for horse-stealing. The man in question based his demand for an apology on the ground that he had stolen no horse, nor had he been hanged. The editor replied that it was his policy never to apologize nor climb down, but that, wishing to do the generous thing, he would insert an announcement that the complainant had been cut down before he was dead.

The soul is not born; it does not die; it was not produced from anyone; nor was any produced from it.—EMERSON

NOTHING great or good can ever be accomplished without toil.—A. HAMILTON STEPHENS

Hardware & Stoves

HIGH GRADE SHELF HARDWARE
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS
FINE CUTLERY TOOLS
BUILDERS' HARDWARE

San Diego Hardware Co.

658 FIFTH STREET

EDWARD M. BURBECK

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Copper Plate Engraving & Printing
Steel Dies, Crests, and Monograms
Largest & most varied stock of Books
and General Literature in the City

1051-59 FIFTH STREET, SAN DIEGO

"Burbeck's Big Bookstore"

Toys Games Souvenirs Office Supplies City and County Maps

For ARTISTS MATERIALS

PICTURE FRAMES

We can please you

C. H. GLASER

1040 FIFTH STREET

San Diego, Cal.

Bank of Commerce

841 FIFTH ST., bet E & F Sts., SAN DIEGO

Capital, \$100,000

Reserve & Undivided Profits, \$46,837.23

R. M. POWERS, President F. W. JACKSON, Cashier
GRAHAM E. BABCOCK, C. L. WILLIAMS,
Vice-President Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—R. M. Powers, Graham E. Babcock, J. F. Sinks,
G. W. Jorres, E. S. Torrance, J. S. Harbison, A. H. Frost

General banking business transacted. Exchange drawn direct on all principal cities of United States and Europe. Prompt attention given to collections.

Souvenir Postal Cards

of Loma-land

PRIVATE MAILING CARDS, PRINTED ON
FINEST IVORY-FINISH CARDBOARD

13 different half-tone glimpses of Loma-land on which to send your Brotherhood Thoughts all over the world. A stream of them should be kept in circulation by every member.

- 1 Aryan Temple from the Canyon
- 2 Childrens' Group Houses, International Lotus Home
- 3
- 4 Young Warriors of the Raja Yoga School
- 5 Loma Homestead and Aryan Temple from the Northwest
- 6 North View of Loma Homestead and Aryan Temple
- 7 Lotus Buds and Blossoms of the Raja Yoga School Sending Thought Messages to all the World at Aryan Temple
- 8 Childrens' Play-ground, International Lotus Home
- 9 Lotus Buds with their Cuban Godmother, Raja Yoga School
- 10 Egyptian Gate to School of Antiquity Grounds
- 11 Lotus Buds at Play, International Lotus Home
- 12 Lotus Blossoms, Raja Yoga School
- 13 East Entrance of Loma Homestead

2 for 5 cents (postage 1c extra) . \$0.06

50, postpaid, for 1.00

100, " " 1.50

Sent assorted unless ordered with specifications. Order from

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The
LEADING REAL ESTATE BROKER in SAN DIEGO IS

E. J. Carter

964 Sixth Street, San Diego

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE LOCATING IN SAN DIEGO CITY OR COUNTY, CALL ON OR WRITE TO HIM

Rudder's

NEW RESTAURANT
AND GRILL

Newly Furnished Finest in City
Corner 4th and Plaza, San Diego

Strahlmann-Mayer Drug Co.

PHARMACY GRADUATES
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, etc.
Physicians Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully prepared

CORNER FOURTH & D STREETS
Telephone Main 424
CORNER FIFTH & C STREETS
Telephone Black 856

THE
Lion Clothing Co.
CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"
STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

D. L. HOOVER G R O C E R

SIXTH & H STREETS
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Telephone Black 11

DO YOU NEED GLASSES?



COMPLETE STOCK OF OPTICAL GOODS

1046 FIFTH ST. OPPOSITE
SAN DIEGO, CAL. BOWEN'S DRY GOODS STORE
EYES EXAMINED FREE

The CHADBOURNE FURNITURE Co.

W. L. FREVERT, Manager

We aim to carry an entirely up-to-date stock of house furnishings, and, for style and variety of goods, cannot be out-done in Southern California. We are glad to show visitors through our extensive store-rooms at all times.

Store-rooms

SIXTH & D STREETS
San Diego, Cal.

HOTEL BREWSTER



The only Modern Hotel in the City

Terms:
European \$1.00 up
American \$2.50 up

C. B. Daggett
Manager
SAN DIEGO
California

KELLY'S LIVERY

POINT LOMA COACH LINE

Dealer in first-class horses
Special coaches for select parties arranged by telephone

THIRD & F STS. PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be one season or another. Paint will set tougher during the winter, and of course that gives durability. One point favoring winter. There are others favoring summer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so often as houses painted with any other paint, because it has more body to withstand action of the elements. There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per gallon.

We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.
WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS
7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, President
G. B. GROW, Cashier
W. R. ROGERS, Assistant Cashier

Every facility and security offered to our patrons and the public generally. Collections and exchanges on all points.

AT Bowen's

DRY GOODS STORE

Will be found a full assortment of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Tea Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Wrappers, Silks and Dress Goods . .

W. O. BOWEN 1043 FIFTH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SAN DIEGO CORNER FIFTH AND E STS.

CAPITAL PAID UP \$150,000
SURPLUS & UNDIVIDED PROFIT \$40,000

J. GRUENDIKE - - PRESIDENT
D. F. GARRETTSON - - VICE PRES.
G. W. FISHBURN - - CASHIER

DIRECTORS—J. Gruendike, Geo. Hannahs, J. E. Fishburn, G. W. Fishburn and D. F. Garrettson

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO FIT YOUR EYES TO SUIT YOU. WE HAVE A SPECIAL PLACE SET APART FOR OPTICAL WORK, CONTAINING ALL THE MODERN INSTRUMENTS USED IN SIGHT TESTING IF YOU NEED GLASSES, HAVE a PRESCRIPTION to FILL, or FRAME to REPAIR

we give you the best work obtainable in San Diego

J. E N K S

826-828 5th street Graduate Optician

5812

The New Century

TO PROMULGATE THE BROADEST TEACHINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD



Year \$2

Point Loma, San Diego, California, February 2, 1902

Copy 5c



Roma Piramide di Cajo Cestie e Porta S. Paolo (Rome, Italy)

5812

The New Century

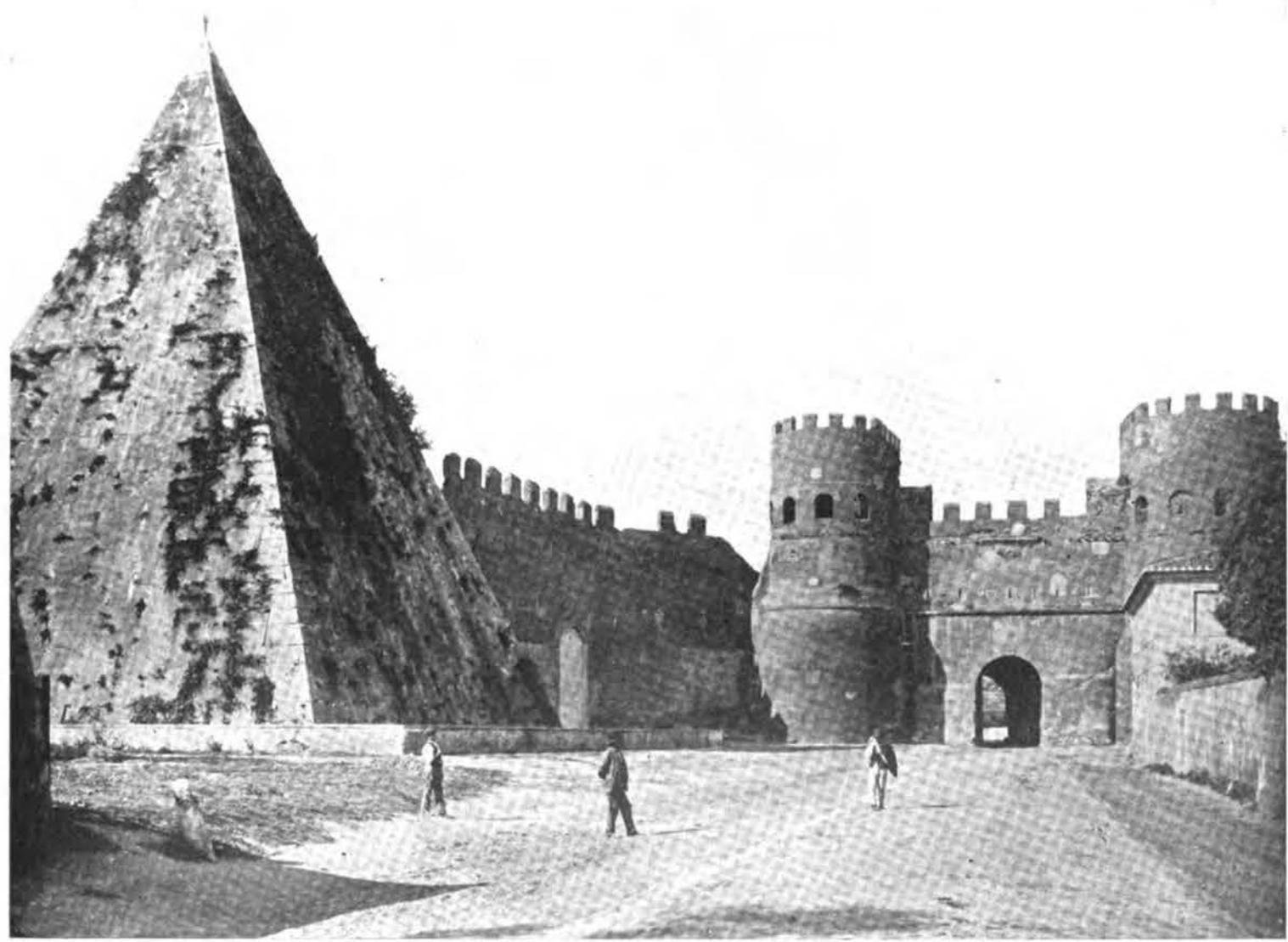
TO PROMULGATE THE BROADEST TEACHINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD



Year \$2

Point Loma, San Diego, California, February 2, 1902

Copy 5c



Roma Piramide di Cajo Cestie e Porta. S. Paolo (Rome, Italy)

The New Century

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Two Dollars; other countries in the Postal Union, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; payable in advance
Single copy, Five Cents

Communications for the Editor, manuscripts, reports, books and periodicals for review should be addressed, "Katherine Tingley, Editor *The New Century*, Point Loma."

The editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

Articles will not be considered by the editor unless signed by the author and marked with the number of words contained. In no case is manuscript returned.

Address all Business communications, including subscriptions, and make all remittances (in bank drafts or money orders, payable to The New Century Corporation) to "Clark Thurston, Point Loma, Cal."

To comply with recent postal regulations, all Post-Office money order remittances should be made payable at San Diego. The remittances, as well as all other mail, should be made to Point Loma, as usual.

Entered at the Post-Office at Point Loma, Cal., as second-class matter Nov. 30th, 1901
Copyright, 1901, by Katherine Tingley

Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

A
Reformed
Daily
Journalism

THE age is very rich in reform movements and there are but few institutions which escape the zeal of the social medicine men of today. Were that zeal as intelligently based and as wisely directed as it is abundant we might confidently look forward to a day when the reformers would begin to reform themselves from sheer lack of any other object for their activities.

To a very large percentage of our social reformers the problems of the day present no very great difficulties. They first perceive what they suppose to be an evil and then they clamor for a law to forbid it. The old lady who was nearly run over by a bicycle expressed an opinion that "Them things ought not to be allowed on the street," and she thereby showed that she too had at heart the reformation of humanity and was equipped with suggestions for carrying it out.

But so far journalism has largely escaped. It is not possible even for

The
Right Journal
Would Be
Successful

Congress to enact laws that journals shall adopt a high moral tone. And the reformers are so busy trying to forbid other people from doing the things which they themselves do not want to do, that the real evils of the day pass unchecked. There was indeed a modest and bashful attempt to edit a newspaper as Christ would have edited it, but as it has not been continued we suppose that the public did not want to read it. Our own opinion is that the failure was due, not to a lack of interest in Christ-like editing, but to the fact that the editing was not Christ-like. We believe that a journal conducted on Christ-like lines would meet with an unquestioned and triumphant success. But there is the initial difficulty of selecting the editor. In speaking thus we are not without unqualified appreciation and admiration of every sincere and unobtrusive effort to conduct the affairs of life on Divine lines, but unless the effort be without vaunting, unless it be silently purposeful, it has

Might
Create a
Higher Public
Demand

failed before it has begun. We do not hesitate to assert the belief that the evils resulting from journalism are greater than the evils resulting from drink, and the alliance between them is closer than may perhaps appear at first glance. We have of course in mind the popular and conscienceless journalism of today when we say that both it and drink are noxious stimulants, the former mental and the latter physical. They provide means whereby men can get away from themselves and the realities of themselves, and the plane to which they are led is not higher but lower than their normal plane.

The journalism of today asserts that it is but obeying a law of supply and demand. So be it. We are not among those who claim that the lower demands are to be cured by blank denial of what they ask, but we do claim that the higher demands are also entitled to a hearing, although they may seem to be less audible and articulate. The wise merchant en-

to
View Events
from a
Moral Sense

deavors not only to supply the existing markets, but to foster and create new ones, and that skillful tradesmen can themselves create a public taste is not unknown to the world of commerce. To deny that there is room for a higher journalism is to deny that there is a higher aspect to human life, and that higher aspect which certainly exists is as little fed by most of the religious journals as it is by the daily and popular press. The need of the day is for a journalism, not that will taboo or ignore any of the daily events of the world, but that will habitually look at them from the higher standpoint, that will record the prize-fight as it records the disease epidemic, and that will in short assume that there is a moral sense in the community, and in every unit of it, and that will speak habitually from the standpoint of that moral sense. This can be done without ostentation, without even asserting that it is being done, without claiming to occupy any kind of superior position as judge or censor. Such a journal would be as one conducted by men, for men, recognizing human weaknesses and recognizing all men's share in those weaknesses, but ever with an eye upon a higher collective life and a national ability to reach it. The American people have a deserved reputation for acumen, for

An
Audience
Awaits
the Coming
Journalism

sensing a public demand and for meeting it. But here is a public demand which is not met. Here is a false business assumption that journalism is susceptible of only two divisions—one that shall pander to the weak, the base and the infamous, and the other that shall pharisaically denounce what it calls the world, the flesh and the devil. There is room for another and an intermediate class, a class that shall be as free from baseness as it is from "piety;" that shall frankly recognize the world as it is and the world as it might be. For such journalism there is already an audience, although it may not have formulated its demand. And the instant success which awaits it will be a sufficient proof that there is a higher aspect to our national life and that it awaits but the means for its expression to become triumphant.

Behind Closed Doors

IS it pretended that in the interests of justice it is necessary that all criminal cases should be tried in public?

We have in mind a recent Los Angeles trial in which one of the witnesses, a little girl, could not or would not give the disgusting evidence that was required of her, because of the presence of a large number of the public who had no possible connection with the affair.

Cases involving the disclosure of many unnamable vices are a part of the food over which no inconsiderable number of people are wont to gloat daily, some of them being regular attendants, on this sole errand, at criminal courts. And no small proportion of these creatures are women.

Surely it would be a considerable step, in the interests of public morals, to close the courts during the hearing of such cases. Doubtless there are cases in which wide publicity is necessary or desirable, not only in the interests of justice, but as an educative measure, and also as part of the punishment of the criminal; but there can be no possible question that in the cases to which we now refer the evils of publicity are in excess, beyond reckoning, of any possible benefit.

Cutting Barbed Wire Sectarianism

THE church services in Los Angeles on Thanksgiving day may have far-reaching consequences in religious evolution. They mark a new departure in methods for strengthening and unifying the work that all godly persons have at heart, regardless of denominational distinctions. The start made by Los Angeles ministers and congregations in breaking down the barriers that separate religious sects may prove to be the initial step in a movement of vital concern to the cause of religion. From similar unpretentious beginnings the salient events of church history had their origin. There is good cause for belief that the time for solidifying and concentrating all religious effort is at hand, and that only intelligent direction is needed for the beginning. It will not be strange, therefore, if future religious history traces that beginning back to the spectacle presented in Los Angeles churches last Thanksgiving day.

It is a noteworthy circumstance, at least, that in the city of the angels, on the national day of thanksgiving, worshipers of widely differ-

ent faiths should break through the barriers of sectarian restraint and join hands in the common cause of universal religion. How strikingly significant that action appears when we consider for a moment the great number of sects with which the workers in the Lord's vineyard are divided. There are about one hundred and fifty in the United States alone. Each is striving in its own way to advance its doctrinal trocha, without much regard to disastrous effects upon the defensive lines of other denominations. All are working for a common purpose, but efforts are nullified by the widely different methods employed and the perpetual clashing between the various sects.

It is apparent to all thoughtful observers that the time has come when the churches must either get together and work harmoniously or pass to the stage of irremediable decay. Nearly all the denominations

are complaining that they are losing ground in the struggle to maintain their line of doctrinal defense. All the churches are at disadvantage because of their divided ranks in face of the compact enemy of infidelity and ungodliness. The batteries of modern science and the rapid-fire guns of unbelievers are pouring unceasing volleys into the broken columns of the faithful. How long this unequal contest can last is a matter of conjecture.

But Los Angeles has shown to the religious world how it is possible to rally the disorganized hosts of religion into a compact body, competent to cope successfully with the common enemy. That is by cutting the barbed wire fences of sectarianism, bringing all the religious elements together in a common cause, and fighting the good fight under the common banner of the God of Hosts.—*Los Angeles Herald*

THERE is a prime need of our Soul that compels us to postulate order and method as underlying the plan of the Universe, nor can we tolerate the notion of a chaotic and fortuitous state of affairs. Those who speak of God, speak of him as the very prototype of all that is just, orderly and harmonious; while those who deny the existence of God are obliged to substitute an equivalent under the name of Law or Nature.

A few centuries ago religious dogmatism and religious controversy were so exacting and oppressive that men of intelligence were debarred from further speculation in that field. Hence they sought an outlet for their enterprise in a new domain—the domain of natural science. Great biologists and physicists, astronomers and geologists arose, and nature, which before had been an object for ignorance and superstition, now assumed an aspect of order, method and intelligent design. The more men brought their intelligence to bear upon the mysteries of nature, the more were law and order revealed, and we have now a knowledge of physical forces that enables us to control and apply them, and frees us from the fear and slavery due to ignorance.

Modern science prides itself upon that great generalization known as the Law of Conservation of Energy, which shows the exact and unflinching connection between cause and effect in the physical and chemical world, and enables us to calculate accurately what will happen under any given circumstances, and rely securely upon the calculated results. We have yet to extend that generalization further, and to make it embrace, not only the departments of physical science, but the whole life of man, mental, moral, spiritual. There is no conceivable reason why the Universe should be divided off into two domains—the one that of Nature, ruled by Law; the other, the moral world, ruled by God. God and Law are not separate; it is only because theologians and scientists have pursued their studies separately that the idea of such a separation has arisen at all. It results in absurd disputes as to the relative authority of God and natural law, where one begins and the other ends, whether God can set aside natural law, what is a miracle, and so on. God and Law are one, and all nature is one; God and Law rule and pervade all creation. It may suit some minds to see in the chemist's retort and the physicist's balance the workings of "force," "chemical affinity," "gravitation," or what not; and to discern in the events of a man's life the finger of God. But to me there is one Law for all; one intelligence back of the whole. I do not believe either in blind forces or in arbitrary and capricious dei-

Perfect Justice Rules

ties; but I see the same orderly, intelligent will alike in the atom and in the man. What is it that makes the motley drama of a human life seem so futile, so arbitrary, so purposeless, and oftentimes so callous and cruel?

Why do men invoke all imaginable powers to witness their struggles with destiny and supply them with some solution of the apparent injustice that they suffer? It is because they do not see the Law that governs human life. They are exactly like the scientific blunderer who blows himself up, or the moth who burns himself over and over again at the lamp. They look upon events as being dealt out capriciously by the hand of an inscrutable Providence or a still more mysterious Mr. Chance or Lord Destiny; not seeing that an event is an effect and must have a cause. On the other hand they are daily, hourly, creating causes, which they seem to imagine have no results. Intelligent thought should lead us to pair off the isolated causes which we set in motion with the effects whose origin we cannot trace; and thus we might succeed in tracing a science of life wherein all should be law and order, and wherein chaos and caprice should find no place.

When we recognize the reign of Law in human life, the mystery of pain is solved at once. *Men suffer because they are constantly butting their heads into it.* They desire sensation, and sensation is made up of equal parts of pleasure and pain. There can be no pleasure without pain, any more than there can be light without shadow; and as long as we grasp the one we shall have the other. A drunkard who cannot resist the pleasures of intoxication will not escape its penalties, nor will he blame an angry Providence for his suffering, for he well knows he has brought it on himself. All suffering is of the same class; but in many cases our ignorance prevents us from tracing the cause, though we may be reproducing it all the time. The most fertile causes are in our thoughts, which are the most powerful agents in molding our destiny, and all those events that we call fortuitous because we do not see how they were caused, are the inevitable result of the creative power of our thought.

These few remarks are given with the hope that they may provide suggestions for helpful thought, for anyone who cares to elaborate the subject. I will sum up by saying: Never be down on your luck, but investigate and find out what is the matter and try to set it right. Wisdom and justice reign supreme in those depths of the world's Soul that lie behind the Veil of matter, and no man can ever suffer unjustly.

H. T. EDGE

IN Charles Kingsley's novel, *Yeast*, figures a mystic adept, whom it is hard to believe an imaginary character. He is plain, even uncouth, in appearance, concealing his true character from all but a few chosen people. He calls himself "Barnakill" (Barn-nakill) because he came to save the children.

One of the sayings of this character is recalled by the nature of Point Loma. Addressing the hero of the novel, the mysterious stranger says (in effect): "Come away from the troubled land of England. Here the rocks are exhausted by ages of geological upheaval and contortion, and they give no life and energy to the population that lives on them. I will take you to a land where the rocks are new and the ground vibrant with fiery life, so that the dwellers thereon are inspired." Is this such a land? In England certainly the typical rustic is a clod, and the closer

An Unexhausted Soil

he gets to the soil the heavier he becomes. A day in the country is apt to breed sloth and sleep, and in too many cases it also breeds a

thirst that is not for the waters of life.

In America the aborigine is not a clod nor a hog. He is a nervous, energetic type. The engrafted stock also tends toward restless energy and fineness of organization, as contrasted with the portly beefiness of John Bull.

What applies to America in general may perhaps apply in particular to Point Loma. At all events the quotation I have made will serve as a connecting link in the ideas of many students of our land climate. E.

Poets utter grand and wise things which they do not themselves understand.—PLATO

Some Views on Twentieth Century Problems

**Liberty
Comes to Those
Who
Deserve It**

THE underlings of the Russian Government still walk upon their persecuting path unchallenged and unafraid. Further repressive edicts have just been issued imposing tyrannical restrictions upon ten provinces, three large cities, twenty-four other cities and nine districts. To any man who had ever tasted the savor of liberty these restrictions would suffice to make life intolerable, but to the "freed" serf of Russia they are but another quiver upon nerves long since dulled by pain. There may be truth—there probably is—in Bismarck's grim aphorism, that every nation has so much liberty as it deserves, but that should not stifle the feeling of intense pity that any people should have to reach their salvation through pain so long drawn out. And today there is growing up in Russia a class whose eyes are being opened by education and who are thus day by day more sensitive to the evils which surround them. Upon this enlightened class a great responsibility is laid. Upon them devolves the duty not merely to go in quest of the liberty which is denied to them, but to see to it that the masses of the people make themselves ready for that liberty and to give to the people, who already look up to them for aid and guidance, some other ideals than those of the vodka flask. It is easy to oppress a people who have no high ideals. It is impossible to deny liberty to a nation which has once realized the actual meaning of freedom and its actual responsibilities. S. C.

**Putting
New Wine in
Old
Bottles**

REFORM does not mean merely the adopting of new ideas and habits; it means also the getting rid of the old ones. For the new ways must replace the old ones, and cannot be added to them. It has been said that some people adopt reforms and accept new teachings in the same way as certain vagabonds put on a new shirt—*i. e.*, by putting it on over the old one and absorbing the latter into their system. Certainly one meets many people who profess, and honestly believe themselves to have adopted, new ideas and habits; when in reality they have merely put on the new over the old.

In science, for instance, some people accept enlarged ideas about astral substance and spiritual forces, but still retain their old materialistic conceptions of matter. It does not occur to them that the newer ideas will necessitate a revision of the older. They retain the errors and add the corrections in the margin without observing the contradiction. To them the material world is still complete in itself, and so they create a separate and independent world to accommodate the new elements.

To such people the Soul is a kind of appendix to the man—a kind of highly-colored comic supplement. It does not strike them that the fact of man's being a Soul must alter one's whole conception of man's nature. They still regard man as a reasoning animal, or an animated machine, and add the Soul as an extra.

**Men
Still Regard
The Soul
as a thing
Apart**

Thus we meet many hardened old materialists and philistines, unknown to themselves, with a new name for each old idea, a new explanation and justification for every old habit, and a spiritualized appendix to every chapter of their dear old beliefs. To them Reincarnation means just the same old kind of lives, only more of them. The astral world is another world outside or inside this one. The Soul is another man, sharing and competing with the original man. Brotherhood is an alternative mode of conduct, to be pursued in the intervals of ordinary occupations (which they regard as selfish).

The reason why we do not reap such vigorous crops of wisdom and power as we might have expected, is that we are still clearing the ground of the stubble of earlier sowings. But in that occupation we are right well employed, for a clean field is a sight to rejoice men's eyes.

It is worse than useless, as we are told, to put a new patch on an old garment, or new wine into old bottles: the case would only be made worse than before. What then is the use of giving new and beautiful philosophies and systems to a world which is suffering from putrefactive consumption. It will only turn our revelations into novel forms of vice and disease. First it is necessary to root out the vampire-growth from the vitals of human society, that we may have a clean bottle into which to pour our wine. H. T. E.

**Evolution
of the
Woman
Question**

THE advance into the world of new ideals has produced nowhere a more marked disturbance than in the relations between men and women. And we might further say that no other question has given rise to so much inanity or to the expression of a greater selfishness. It is hard to open a magazine without reading some reference to woman's "natural" position and "natural" functions, apparently written by those who suppose themselves to have some special access to the Book of Nature and some special qualification to read from it and to expound its meaning. As far as observation enables us to understand the processes of Nature, we can nowhere find any Law which is entirely stable except the all-embracing Law which provides for unceasing, forward movement, unending change, unbroken evolution.

To speak, then of the present position or functions of women or of men or of anything else, as being an unchanging decree of Nature, implies an ignorance which the most casual observation should remove. Through constant change evolution is seeking to produce a composite harmony and not to play eternally upon one note, and our efforts should be directed, not to maintain a cessation of movement, but rather to seek for an active advance along the line of least resistance.

Any discussion of the relative positions of the sexes which assumes an antagonism between them is based upon fallacy and foredoomed to failure, just as much as is the assumption of a natural rivet binding women to certain specified functions in life. It is not our mission to advance theories either for or against what is known as Woman's Suffrage, with all that that term implies, but there are certain facts in the great Law of Evolution which appear to us to be obvious. One of these facts is that with the progress of humanity,

physical strength and physical force will weigh less and less in the balance of life, and will become less and less a governing and deciding basic factor. And with the tide of this change, which is already strongly flowing, women will gravitate into their true position, and that position will be decided by their ability to supply the needs of the world. We use the word "gravitate" advisedly, because that position will not be won by ranging themselves as a hostile army against the other sex, nor by denunciations, nor by recriminations.

However it may cloak its need, and be itself unaware of it, the demand of the world today is for spiritual wisdom, for spiritual strength, for justice and for fearlessness, and in seeking for these things it will demand no sex credentials. It will take them wherever they are to be found, and it will honor those from whom these things come. Neither laws nor governments nor parliaments nor anything else can keep women or men from their place in Nature which they merit. Nor, on the other hand, does nature recognize any password except merit. S. C.

**Alcohol
and
Population**

SOME remarkable results appear from French statistics of the effect of alcoholism upon the population. In Rouen two drunkards were found who had produced thirty-two children, all of whom died before reaching maturity. From another set of figures it is shown that of eight hundred children born of drunken parents over twenty-one per cent died in childhood—and there are many similar and equally significant calculations. But the research might well be carried further than figures. What of the career of the seventy-nine per cent of the children who did not die in childhood? Looked at merely from the standpoint of population it is sufficiently serious that twenty-one per cent should die. Looked at from the standpoint of the future life of the children who lived, we might be forced into a regret that the mortality among these unhappy little ones was not greater still. We can hardly imagine a more frightful environment than a drunken home. Under such conditions it is not remarkable that a large percentage of the children should become criminals, but it is astonishing that there should be any at all who escape such a fate.

The progress of true science is but ineffectually measured by the triumphs of invention and the conquest of material nature. The true benefactors of the race will be those who lay their hands upon the very mainspring of human happiness and progress by a comprehension of the subtle forces which play like angels and demons around the unborn child.

MANY people enjoy good music and without

Music an Unfathomable Mystery

doubt receive considerable spiritual elevation from it. The majority do not trouble about forming a conception to themselves of what music really is. They feel that it is something splendid, and thus are content. To have the highest benefit and enjoyment of music one must have formed the habit of concentration. The mind should remain long enough positive to follow a composition and exclude extraneous thoughts and influences which crowd upon us on account of the multitudinous phantasms and pictures that are called up by association of ideas.

Musicians say little about the way they feel when they play or hear music; they speak about the music itself, but rarely of their experiences. The fact is that a musician has the same experience as everyone else, differing only in fine sensibilities, which are sharpened by high culture in the art by reason of which he enters quicker and deeper into the mystery. To him, the ideal image of a composition is a living organism with a long story, a history and a future. It does not belong to the realm of the mind, but has its associations in the soul. No concept of limit to its beauty is possible; the harmonies suggest overtones in endless succession, on and on, forever unreachable.

The highest appreciation of music is of course not general. The average listener permits it to affect him something like a dream. He is fond enough of hearing music but has not really learned to listen to it. In the public mind it is yet only a sort of vague, emotional pleasure, a promoter of certain moody conditions, and far from the real meaning and import of the art as a spiritual agent.

An interesting anecdote is told of Mary Anderson. When but a young girl, a professional actor heard her recite some lines of Shakespeare. He said her declamation was bad and he thought she did not know what she was talking about, but there were evidences of genuine ability in her delivery. When asked if she understood what all that meant, she answered: "No, I don't know what half of it means, but it's all sort of splendid, somehow, and it makes you feel grand when you recite it."

In many instances it is not so much the music itself which appeals to the audience as it is the performance or the power of the personality of

the performer. The latter often sacrifices all the æsthetic beauty of a

composition simply to evoke admiration and applause. It is the fashion to go to a concert rather to listen to the artist than to the program.

While there is much pleasure in hearing a good artist, personal admiration should not be indulged in at the expense of music. To some, music brings but a momentary forgetfulness of the day's cares, or wafts them into a lazy, dreamy state of paradise. Ambrose has said:

The enjoyment of a work of art is by no means a passive state; a correct understanding, and with it the highest enjoyment, consists of our re-creating for ourselves, as it were, that which is offered us by the composer. The go-as-you-please music-lover when he hears a piece of music which particularly pleases him, generally wishes to hear it over again instantly, and will listen to it day in and day out until he is satisfied, and then he cares for it no more. The musician, after hearing a great work, is not anxious to hear it immediately repeated, but finds greater enjoyment after a while at each successive hearing. By degrees the beauties unfold; only after the general outline has been understood and assimilated can we go deeper into the finer intricacies.

Agassiz, the naturalist, once gave a pupil of his a fish to look at with directions to make a catalogue of all the interesting points he could observe in it. After an hour or so the pupil returned with fish and catalogue and asked "What next?"

"Oh, go back again and look at your fish some more," was the reply.

Next day the pupil brought in a larger list of interesting items, but with no better result. On the third day the professor looked through the catalogue more carefully than before, but after considering with himself for awhile, said: "Very good, my young friend, very good, indeed; and now, if you seriously mean to become a naturalist, really, the best thing you can do is to go back to your fish and study him some more."

The way, then, for us to enrich our appreciation of the soul-stirring harmonies of music, is to cultivate a knowledge of the art, first by hearing good music to improve our tastes and gradually grow a desire to perform it ourselves—if not in this life, then in the next, for surely no effort shall be wasted. The farther we go with music the more we know of its beauty; it is endless.

THE invention of the piano has been a great boon to the music-loving public during the last hundred and fifty years. By its means music has entered into the home of millions of families all over the earth, and has enabled a very large number of people to enjoy the inspiring and noble sentiments of the composers of all nations.

The Educative Value of Piano-Playing

From the point of view of progress in music which is so

vastly desirable, it is to be hoped that the mere piano instrument may become much lower in price so that it will find access to more homes of those whose means are limited, but whose desire to cultivate their musical taste is often very great.

For a long while music was only considered as an adjunct to culture, but since its popularization through the piano, it has become the great developer of refinement and æsthetic ideals. We may say that now it is the great leveler of coarseness and vulgarity, and besides being a source of unending pleasure, it is the most important moral agent in the advancement of Humanity.

As an art, piano playing has been brought to a point of great perfection by such eminently talented men as Taubert, Liszt, Rubinstein, Joseffy, Paderewsky and others, and the beautiful accomplishments of these artists have given a great stimulus to its popularity. The lay student has through it command over a wealth of compositions from the oldest masters down to those of the present day.

Perhaps in this fact lies the chief value of piano playing, because of the opportunity and facility with which musical works of all kinds can be rendered. In this respect the piano is more useful than any other instrument on account of the complete harmonics which are involved in the larger works. As an accompanying instrument to song and solo-instruments it is invaluable, supplying an excellent substitute for orchestral arrangements.

It is to be noted also that if it had not been for the facility which the piano affords for accompanying the changing harmonies and contributing the descriptive element of all kinds of music, the other instruments would not have so rapidly developed. This is particularly true of song to which it is a great aid as a background and also in sustaining pitch.

However, there is yet a great bar in front of a more extended use of the piano by reason of the methods of teaching the young student. Cold ivory keys and sheet music is what a child is confronted with. There is nothing in that which would suggest music of which the child inwardly is perhaps brimfull. Then the unmusical hammering, position, endless rules aimed at mechanical training, are enough to kill out the budding musical ambition.

No wonder so many children get disgusted in the early stages and are unable to continue of their own volition. Katherine Tingley's methods, not yet known to the public, are great aids to the musical aspiration of the child, and are based on the knowledge that the soul also has its own methods of overcoming limitations, if not choked by too much artificial technique.

The living verity, that nearly all children have an intuitive desire to give expression to the poetry within themselves, is being demonstrated under the direction of the Leader and Spiritual Teacher of the Universal Brotherhood Movement at Point Loma, Cal., where children, under six years old—not one, but many, some of them unpromising waifs—are so eager to give musical expression to their harmonies within them, that the key-board ceases to be the repulsive instrument to them that it is for so many children. Their musical talent is awakened first on another line to such a degree that the mechanical part is to them an agreeable pastime.

In the hands of such wise and loving instructions, piano playing may yet become a greater boon in the education of the masses than has heretofore been dreamed of.

STUDENT

"I DECLARE, it is too bad," exclaimed Elsie, as, almost on the verge of tears, she

Towards Some Solutions

"Yes, that is the difference, exactly. I have not the *nous* to make the analysis." And so they chatted

pointed to her nicely scrubbed floor marked all over with the prints of a boy's muddy boots.

"Never mind, little sister," said Marjorie, "it will just give me a nice opening for a talk with Master Gerald before I go home today."

Marjorie lived some distance away; she was much older than her step-sister, and had some lively youngsters of her own.

"Oh, it's not only this once, but all the time Gerald dirties and untidies the whole place as fast as I put things straight."

"I know, dear, I've been watching him all through my visit. It is mainly want of thought. You'll see; he will cheerfully wipe off all those boot-marks, and begin, I hope, to amend his ways in general, when we have had a little chat about it all."

"Oh, I am always talking to him. It is not the slightest use, and I can't help feeling very cross, indeed!"

"You are cross, dear, because you are thoroughly tired out," said Marjorie, soothingly. "Being so entirely unaccustomed to all this housework and responsibility it soon tells on you."

"But I really get through so very little; even small mending jobs get postponed until they haunt me. I seem to be doing nothing to get worn out over. Why, at school I had three times as much to do and never felt it."

"But you forget what a difference training makes. I know many an indefatigable housewife who would be prostrate after two hours' endeavor to teach one of your big classes."

Elsie's brilliant college career and her literary gifts had led to a purely mental life unleavened by any sort of manual occupation, until quite recently a sudden change of circumstances had caused her bravely to undertake all the work of the little household. "Surely a woman of trained intellect need not be afraid to attempt work usually done by the least educated," she had said, "and as to cooking and all that, one can easily read it up."

In theory it was all very simple, but none the less there were frequent blunders and forgets and cuts and burnt fingers to bear witness to the fact that *doing* is a big step from merely understanding. Then, too, without being aware of it, Elsie was somewhat untidy, and now that there were no silent, unobtrusive maids to put things in order, this failing of hers was becoming painfully apparent. She had become quite despairing and bewildered with so many unwonted perplexities, and had written about it all in a weary, discouraged strain to Marjorie.

"Poor child! I really must run over for a week, George, and cheer her up," said Marjorie, handing the letter to her husband to read.

"You must, indeed, dear. Our learned little sister had no idea what a big plunge it was she took so pluckily."

During that visit Marjorie had worked wonders. Little hints and secrets and methods were conveyed in the raciest style, and mistakes and accidents were made a source of merriment. But most of all, to see how Marjorie *did* the work was a fresh inspiration to the distraught little lady, who had never before handled anything much weightier than words.

She was still mournfully contemplating the erstwhile immaculate floor when Marjorie gayly rallied her: "Be not cast down, O, Arjuna! Whence cometh upon thee this dejection in matters not wholly to be worried over?"

"Abandon, O, tormentor of thy friends, this despicable weakness for small banter, and stand up," rejoined Elsie, audibly smiling. "Let us go for one last stroll on the beach. It is for want of a fresh breeze I am dejected." While she was getting ready Marjorie made the fire up and left things in trim for luncheon.

"What a glorious day," said Elsie as they started. "I had no idea it was so fine."

"No, you make such an atmosphere of gloom and despair in the house that it is beginning to materialize as a dense fog. Soon you will need perpetual lamps to see the sun at all."

"Now, do stop that, Margie; let us forget for a bit that houses have yet been invented. Say; have you read that last Materlinck I sent you?"

"*Wisdom and Destiny*? Yes. There are some fine things in it; but, on the whole, I like *The Treasure* better."

"So do I; it feels more spontaneous and living. In the other book he seems to be straining to elaborate a system of the universe."

on until the sunshine had quite chased all the anxious lines from Elsie's thoughtful face.

Presently she laughingly returned to the original problem. "I must be a very worthless specimen, Margie, to be floored so completely by these simple little household matters."

"My dear girl, this morbid, self-criticism of yours is a subtle mixture of vanity and rooted preconception. You tacitly assume that your intellectual culture is a greater thing than practical ability, and then you agree that the greater should include the less, and are surprised that because you have been trained in one direction it does not follow that you have skill in several others, which you are pleased to consider inferior to your special line. While you have been pursuing your very one-sided development, all your executive faculties of construction and arrangement have been in abeyance. What could you expect but to meet with difficulty and partial failure in taking up pursuits that need just the powers you have never cultivated. And besides this, the actual physical strain has been considerable. You know it will be a long time before you can get through a day's 'cleaning' with as little fatigue as the average maid-of-all-work."

"Yes, I'm not so much bothered about the mere tiredness as with my general stupidity and awkwardness. Quite a third of my work is unnecessarily caused by clumsiness and want of concentration and attention."

"Then you should be devoutly thankful to your guardian angel for giving you such a splendid chance of making good your deficiencies."

"I am, indeed, and I hope to show my gratitude by persevering until I succeed."

"Of course you will succeed. But take things quietly and don't go to extremes. Keep up your singing and whatever happens you just feel aggressively joyous all the time. When things go wrong think of a warm, golden sunshine until you feel it raging all around you from out of your own heart."

"I will, Margie dear. You'll hardly know me or the *menage* when you come again. It has been so good of you to leave your bairns and the whole establishment to come to me. You *have* been a refreshment to this weary old bungler."

"Nonsense, child! We shall expect an epoch-making treatise on housekeeping to result from the bending of your great mind to the subject."

"Now, you are teasing! But it's true; I *have* got all sorts of luminous notions for diminishing house drudgery, such as a clock-work arrangement to fit on sauce-pans that will keep stirring the contents; a self-squeezing mop, and a floor-scrubber and polisher that will be as good fun as roller skates. And I'm writing a poem in hexameters, besides, called *The Housewife's Dream: or A Woman's Prayer to Architects and Plumbers*.

"Be more discreet, my dear, or I may pirate some of these brilliant notions, and certainly, if you think so vigorously about them, some unknown inventor will kidnap your ideas, and suddenly you will find that done of which you wished to be the doer."

"I think I shall pass on my original ideas to your boys for execution. I can't think, Margie, how you keep your house in such splendid order, with four riotous youngsters to disarrange everything."

"Four able allies, if you please? They all take a fair share in the work—boys and girls alike; independent and interdependent. They each take great pride in the tidiness of their own department. Then, one great secret of order is having an adequate space as well as a place for everything. But here we are, and I see Gerald in the garden, so I'll go and have that talk out now. If he is inclined I'd like to carry him off with me for a few weeks. My boys would love to have him with them. Would you be too lonely without him?"

"No, indeed, but I'm afraid he'd sadly upset all your discipline."

"Not at all. We'll easily assimilate him."

An hour later Elsie noticed that the muddy marks had been carefully removed, and she saw Gerald with the greatest earnestness, looking out his things for packing up. "Well, that is the first time I've ever seen him set to do anything for himself. Marjorie has an air with her of *expecting* people to do things, that seems to work miracles. DETHCÆN

WE have had in the municipal campaigns this fall many acute and illuminating il-

Votes Bought Without Money

lustrations of that curious and considerable public sentiment which measures all political opportunity by its direct value to the individual. The voter taking this view of the situation does not ask: "Which is right, and of the largest benefit to the community?" but puts it plainly to himself: "Which ticket will pay me best?" If these cases were sporadic, or even only plentiful, the danger would not be so great, but when we find them almost overwhelming a genuine regard for principle the result becomes a general calamity, for nothing could so quickly cheapen and degrade the life of a free people as the placing of a dollar mark before good citizenship.

If we use the ballots simply to increase our temporary comforts and fortunes, irrespective of what we know to be right, we must set down the grim heroes of the revolution which gave us liberty as having been the biggest lot of fools that ever lived. If they had so chosen they might have remained in their homes with plenty of food and personal comfort, with no greater inconvenience than that of paying a few taxes which were not so onerous in amount as those which Americans have to pay today; but they preferred seven years of suffering and starvation to the sacrifice of conviction. And yet, after one century and a third of free government, we find men who will support factions and cliques which they know to be corrupt, simply because they can get from them trivial concessions.

We know of one case in which a wealthy man declines to join a reform movement because the crooked machine in power allows him to take up more room on the sidewalk with his boxes than he is entitled to. And that—strange to say—is not only a typical but a very mild case.

Sir Walter Scott was censured by some of his readers for not assigning the hand of Wilfrid to Rebecca, instead of to Rowena, in the novel of *Ivanhoe*. "The author may," he replied, "observe, that he thinks a character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp is degraded rather than ex-

alted by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity." Such, he declared, is not the recompense

which Providence deems worthy of suffering merit, and he considered it a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach "that rectitude of conduct and of principle are either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions, or the attainment of our wishes." It is hard for some people to understand this view of the higher morality, and it is easy to pass the matter off with the quip of the humorist that, though "virtue was her own reward, the jade had to work hard and wait long for it." But, with it all, the fact remains that the big things, the enduring things, the cleansing reforms, the noble and uplifting lives, come only from that zealous and jealous sentiment that clings to goodness for the sake of goodness, to right because it is right, and to principle because it is principle.

When a man begins to bargain with his conscience he sells his character to his lower self. When he compromises his vote for what it may bring him in convenience or in comfort he sells out just as truly as does the ignorant person who accepts money—and his guilt is all the greater because his sense of responsibility is greater. *There does seem to be in all the walks of life—in our great universities and our public schools—in our shops and our vast department stores—in our homes and in our offices—the need of direct, vigorous and undiluted education in the higher duties of conscience and character.*

With such training we shall come to a time—possibly in the far future, but we shall come to it—when great cities will not look upon open violations of Sunday laws and other ordinances as perfectly excusable merely because many people prefer matters managed, or rather mismanaged, in that way. We shall come to a time when a man will be as careful with his vote as he is with his oath on the witness-stand. We shall come to a time when there will be a vast majority of good citizens for the sake of good citizenship.

Then we shall not be ashamed of our cities, and we shall not see vice protected at the expense of virtue.—*Saturday Evening Post*

THOUGH there are but few pieces of music which have come down to our time from

Greek Music in Classic Period

the Greeks in actual notation, still they are quite sufficient to prove beyond all doubt that these highly cultured people were classic also in their music. They had many simple instruments, lyras, harps, flutes, syrinx (flageolet), water-organ, wind instruments, and some complicated ones: the cithara, which had as many as thirty-six strings, and others. For the finest expression of their harmonies they relied chiefly on the human voice. According to what is known of their musical system, the voices must have had very delicate training and a high degree of attainment. The lyra was the instrument of primitive simplicity and the means of musical education in every day use. The cithara was an improved lyra. There were four, six and ten stringed lyras; also a flute on which could be played all the scales, modes and genres.

In all our modern complicated system of music we have but two broad genres: the major and the minor. The Greeks had many more, the principal ones were the Dorian, Phrygian and Lydian. They also had evidently a well defined knowledge of the character of their musical forms (genres) for, Aristotle says, "I hold that the musical forms are not merely symbols, acting through associations, but are an actual copy or reflex of the forms of moral temper." Aristoxenus, a profuse writer on the science of music, expatiates on the different moral influences exercised by genres. He describes the Dorian as producing a settled steadfast mood; the Phrygian is excitable; the Lydian, plaintive and depressed. There were other forms, the Æolian, Ionian and multiplications of all of them. Such changes were indicated by the prefixes: Hypo—or Hyper—Lydian and *c̄c̄*. It appears that certain intervals of four tones constituted a scale as well as a genus.

The Greeks divided the Ethos of music into three different kinds, viz.: one, that expresses Grandeur and manly elevation of soul and heroic action; and these are employed by tragedians and poetry that approaches the tragic type; another, by which the soul is brought down into the humble and unmanly frame, and such a disposition will be fitting for amatory effusions and dirges and lamentations and the like; and still another,

the tranquilly disposed ethos of musical composition is that which is followed by calmness of soul and a lib-

eral, peaceful disposition, and the temper will fit hymns, pæans, laudations, didactic poetry and the like.

The use of written characters to represent the sounds of music are past classical and of very great antiquity. The Greek notations consisted of fifteen characters, comprising two octaves of our diatonic scale.

The most striking characteristic of Greek music, especially in the earlier periods, is the multiplicity and delicacy of the intervals into which the scales are divided. The octave was divided into twenty-four intervals. This multiplicity shows that there were far finer shades in their chromatic construction than in our modern chromatic scale of thirteen intervals. At Plato's time the chromatic and enharmonic scales were the object of much zealous study and experiment on the part of musicians, also the natural adaptation between the musical form and the value of the words and the language. It is certain, therefore, that the Greeks made use of dissonant as well as consonant intervals in singing as well as instrumental accompaniment. The use of quarter tones shows an immensely refined system and the practical application of these should have marked a range of expression to which there is no modern parallel. These refinements of melody were far from being subordinate features; they were as much bound up with the fundamental nature of that music as the complex harmony is with the music of modern Europe.

It should be borne in mind that the use of the voice was the chief agent of expression, and it is easy to conceive that the subtle variations of pitch which they attained to thereby, might have been and probably were far superior to anything we know. The time may come again when we recognize finer distinction, when music becomes more spontaneous and less mechanical. The modern piano, much as it is used as a medium for disseminating music, is a nightmare on the *Spirit* of music. Indeed, the beauty and persuasive effect of the human voice is away and above in flexibility of every instrument, and responsive to illimitable nuances of pitch which give emphasis to musical melody, and light and shade to beautiful expression.

STUDENT

Some Questions

THEOSOPHY is a subject which has always excited many questions. I remember well when I first heard of it some years ago, in my home in Boston. It was most unpopular then and the questions were very curious ones. Nothing had as yet been proved to the world concerning it, and the questions were always asked with a tone of voice and a look of settled conviction which seemed to say, "The answer to this evidently condemns it."

But these questions have answered themselves long before this, and the questioners are, most of them, standing about where they were, with their lives unchanged in character, wheeling round and round with interests of about the same caliber, and still settling questions of moment with the same ease and satisfaction to themselves. But all along the road, new questions have been asked, as the old ones, as time moves on, answer themselves.

They were not all incredulous in the old days, though Theosophy was so extremely unpopular, and I recall with what pleasure I would have hailed some unprejudiced answers.

For I too was asking questions, not about Theosophy understood as a subject, but about life itself. I would have given *my* life gladly for the answers, so puzzling had the many phases of thought become, and after searching in many places, only to meet disappointment, it occurred to me that a subject so generally criticized was likely to have something in it, so I studied it, first curiously, then with interest, which grew into a satisfaction and delight which no words can express, as I discovered that at last there was something which could answer all questions that any one could ask, and answer them consistently and in harmony with all that is best and noblest. The joy of such a revelation, no one can know who has not experienced it. It would have helped me much in those early days if I could have found some one to explain instead of criticize. So now, when many have dropped their cynical expressions, and halted with a half turned ear, thinking they may have been too hasty in their judgments; and when many more are really asking earnestly, it has occurred to me it might not be uninteresting to answer here some of the questions which belong to today.

Those who are sufficiently unprejudiced to look into the lives of Theosophists, and especially those on the Hill, ask "What is the secret of so much joy? Why do your faces carry the sunshine? How is it that you live together so peacefully? How do you work so willingly?" And some who perhaps have a little skepticism mingled with their interest, ask "Are you not giving too much time to physical welfare?"

Another question seems to trouble very much a certain class. They ask, "Why do you bring from Cuba, at such an expense, so many children, when there are thousands here in our own country who are so needy? Does not charity begin at home?" Others ask, "Why do you not make public appeals?"

All of these questions are rapidly answering themselves, and will be supplanted by others. Many of them have been answered to us. We do not need to ask what is the secret of so much joy, when we can see before our eyes the old, who were bent double, awkward, on their last legs physically, gradually regain their elasticity, their youthful expression of hope, their power of enjoyment; when we see the uninteresting young, those of little promise, suddenly blossom forth as positive helpers, transformed, with grace and beauty and force. When we see children of selfish tendencies, of ungovernable tempers, of violent appetites, with an ugly heredity, quickly transformed into little creatures of dignity and self-control, with their tears dried, their complaints stopped, their whole beings expressions of happiness. Those who see these things do not need to ask the secret, for they feel it. The world is unhappy because it is discouraged. When hope takes its place, joy reigns. And it is this hope



EAST ENTRANCE OF LOMA HOMESTEAD

on Theosophy

which Mrs. Tingley is capable of ingraining into the nature, which is perhaps the greatest reason for the joy which so many Theosophists feel. There is nothing supernatural in it. She simply knows of the possibilities within the reach of all—and that which is known by experience can be transmitted. I speak of Theosophy and the Leader of the movement indiscriminately, because she is Theosophy demonstrated, and she is doing her utmost to demonstrate it in others.

This is in process, and so all do *not* express joy; those who understand the best and have been under this influence the longest, express it the most. Life is joy, only when it is lived naturally, as it should be—according to nature's laws. With the false standards, false ideals, lack of real knowledge in the world today, in spite of all the learning, life cannot be joy—but Theosophists are beginning to learn how to live—those who deserve the name are—they have recognized some one who is able to teach, they have a living hope, they are beginning to see a little of this hope realized, and they are working *consciously* to find themselves. That is the great point. All are working to find them-

selves, but they do not know it. When that is accomplished there will be no more personal pain.

Nature forces them on this journey in spite of themselves, but when they begin to understand the meaning of this quest, and to work with nature, they begin to awaken to the hints, directions and helps which are constantly thrown across the path, and there is a new zest in life. They catch the thread which is going to lead them out of the labyrinth, and that thread becomes the golden thread of hope which radiates a joy which cannot be removed. At certain stages of the journey they can see the light streaming in through the winding passages, and they know they will reach it and help their fellow wanderers to reach it also.

Why do they work so willingly? Who would not work for such an end? The world works hard for money—a thing which may burn in a night, as all know. It works for fame—a thing which a breath of public opinion may wipe out. And every one has seen many who have gained these two fancied treasures, go down to a sour old age, unsatisfied, unloved. Is it then so surprising that those who know they have found the cause of life's sorrows, and the secret of life's joy, who have discovered some one wise enough and true enough to reveal these to the world, and lead it on to a new and golden age, is it so surprising that they are willing, grateful, eager to work together for this, without money and without price, that one need ask the question why?

There is always a right way to accomplish any result. And if much attention is paid to the training of the body at Point Loma, it is because Theosophists know that it is the bodies which are asleep. These fail to connect with the soul, and to transmit its impulses, because they are so heavy, clogged and out of tune. And they must be trained to respond, not only to the mind, for this has been tried without producing any great reform, but also to the soul. And so we answer to those who think we attend to the body too seriously, that the body is studied not only from the same standpoint as that of a modern physician, and not with the same motive, but the laws of the body being in harmony with the laws of mind and spiritual law, they are studied with the idea of relating all the different elements which go to make up the man. When this is fully accomplished, the man will have found himself, and there will be an unbroken thread of consciousness, streaming through the whole of his being. The door leading to the higher realms, now closed by sleep, will be open, sending the light down to the last atom of the body—and every atom will do its work perfectly, without the constant interference it meets with now.

And why do we spend so much money to help Cubans, when there are so many in our own country who need it? I might answer—Be-

cause Mrs. Tingley in her wisdom chooses to do so, and it would be a good answer, because the work is private, and because Mrs. Tingley's wisdom is simply the expression of common sense, as has been proven over and over again, when the facts, of which she always possesses a larger knowledge, gradually become known. But I would be glad to answer more explicitly, as this seems to puzzle many. In the first place I might say: The Cubans are those who need us most just now. They have had a nightmare of persecution for ages, and there are not many to help them. But there *are* many who could attend to the suffering at home, and with the land filled with churches the present institutions may be left for them to care for. The sufferings of the Cubans have left them in a pitiful state, and humanity will be benefited by a demonstration of what can be done with and for them.

Notwithstanding the contracting and heavy religious influence they have been under for so long, strange to say this religion has not ingrained itself into their natures—and also, in a way, they are very promising because they have lived closer to nature than some who consider themselves more advanced. It is possible that some of the highly civilized today may have to retrace a few of their steps before they can go forward. Indeed I have heard Katherine Tingley say that the civilized will be the last to unbend. So the Cubans who have been so demoralized by their sufferings and have not had the advantages of some other races may, when once their real natures are uncovered, be able to render the world a great service.

Why do we not make public appeals? Great assistance is often given by those outside of the organization, but we make no appeals, be-



YERBA SANTA CLIFFS, STUDENT'S GROUP HOUSE NO. 1, LOMA-LAND

cause it is not necessary. The members all over the world do what is needed to carry on the work and do it freely, without appeal. Occasionally, when some national work has been undertaken, such as caring for our brave men at Montauk or helping the Cubans by thousands in those first terrible days after the war, appeals have been made, and it may be said to the glory of America that it did respond heartily in this work of common interest. But as a rule these appeals are unnecessary.

Such questions as these cited are friendly ones, and I have answered them because they are asked sincerely.

But there are many others inspired by animus, which it would be a waste of time to consider. It is natural they should be put, and it is to be expected that such a work as Katherine Tingley is doing should be criticised. There are not many yet who are ready to see it grow and let it speak for itself, and there are too many who must change their lives when it does grow. But all of the criticism cannot impede her work, fortunately for the critics as well as the friends, for opposition always brings out something new in her, some force reserved for the occasion, and draws her followers more closely to her.

As I have been answering a few questions to friends, I would like to ask of friends a few questions which might confuse the enemy. Would there be any antagonism to this movement, if it were a creed-bound institution? Or if it had salaried officers? Or if it had power to wield influence, political or otherwise? Or if it opened its doors to others in power, no matter what their moral character might be? Or if large sums were paid for interesting articles in journals?

What think you?

GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT

Unearthing the Sand-Buried Cities of Chinese Turkestan

REUTER'S representative has had an interview with Dr. M. A. Stein, who is returning to India (says the *London Daily Telegraph*), after making a preliminary arrangement of the remarkable finds brought to light during his recent expedition in Chinese Turkestan. The cursory examination that has so far been possible within the short time available reveals in a striking manner, and for the first time, many points bearing on the culture and daily life of localities which for many centuries—some for nearly two thousand years—have been buried under a sea of sand, and whose history has hitherto been practically a blank. Speaking on this point Dr. Stein said:

A full investigation of the sculpture, fresco painting, objects of industrial art, and seals, etc., which were dug out of the temples and dwelling-houses of sand-buried sites, will help us to resuscitate the civilization of a region which has played an important part in history as the link between ancient China, India, and classical West. Now for the first time have been brought to light some aspects of the everyday life, the home industries, and arts of the inhabitants of the villages and settlements of Chinese Turkestan, which were abandoned in the early centuries after the beginning of the Christian era, and have since been buried under moving sand dunes. As showing the extent to which the desert has advanced, I may say that some of the settlements I excavated are situated fully a hundred miles beyond the edge of the present cultivated area.

No doubt can be entertained, continued the doctor, that the inhabitants of these places were in possession of a culture mainly derived from India, and that they were Buddhists. My excavations go to prove that their culture was highly advanced, and that the art influences of Greece and Rome were felt even at that great distance from the centres of classical culture. Khotan is, I should say, about half-way between Peking and Western Europe. Possibly the most striking excavations I made were at a site in the heart of the desert, north of Niya, where one settlement was exposed, covering with its scattered dwellings and shrines an area of about six miles by four. Until digging began, all that was visible were weird-looking rows of bleached timber pieces projecting in various places like the framework of a wrecked ship from between the sand dunes. Of special interest were the refuse heaps which we unearthed near some ruined houses, once apparently tenanted by

village officials—kind of "waste-paper" baskets, containing hundreds of documents, beautifully written on wooden tablets, and carefully tied and sealed. Owing to the preservative nature of the sand, many of these were in splendid condition—the ink as black, and the seals and string as perfect, as if they were only a few weeks old. As these documents are in a known Indian script, their decipherment can be expected to reveal in a fascinating manner many of the details of the ancient village life. But it will be a task requiring years of close study, as in India itself the materials available of this early script have so far been scanty. Round most of the sand-buried houses were brought to light carefully planned little gardens, with avenues of trees, fenced lanes, orchards, and so forth. It was truly astonishing, on clearing away the sand, to find under the shrivelled hedges heaps of dried leaves, just as they had fallen in ages gone by. The gardens were much the same in character as those still to be found in Turkestan today. The trees were mostly poplars and peach, mulberry and apricot trees. There is no evidence that these places were abandoned owing to any sudden catastrophe, but their gradual desertion was evidently due to the impossibility of continued irrigation caused by the advance of the sand.

In the ruined temples we found a sort of unintentional exhibition of the fabrics of these remote ages, for in front of some of the idols were heaps of torn shreds of elaborately-worked silks and other fabrics which had been deposited as votive offerings. In one temple it was curious to note an instance of where a pilgrim, anxious apparently to propitiate as many deities as possible, had torn into portions a Tibetan manuscript which he had divided among the various idols. These fragments are now once more united under glass panes. Many colossal statues in stucco were unearthed from the monasteries and temples. One of the latter contained in its cloisters over 100 statues all over life size. As showing how the customs of today were in vogue in the past, it may be noted that my laborers at once recognized an ice-pit (which was dug out) by dry leaves, which were apparently used then, as now, to protect the ice from the terrible summer heat.

The larvæ of flies, bees, and other insects were placed in the wooden half of a box having one section of lead and another of wood; on exposure to Rontgen rays they were greatly excited, retreating to the leaden part of the box. With blind larvæ the results were the same, showing that exciting rays were perceived through the skin.

The HAND of NATURE *M*

The Sound of the Sea

THE sound of the seas at Loma-land, the sound of the seas that sweep
Eternally over the long, gray sands, and the rocks that lie asleep.
The sea is singing the song it learned when the world was glad and young;
And still it breaks on sands and rocks, still croons the songs it sung.



The sound of the seas at Loma-land, the sound of their ebb and flow,
Swells over the cliffs at Loma-land, into the world of woe.
May it carry the joy of the sunrise; may it speak of the days that were,
When the hearts of men were like the sea, strong and fearless and fair.



O, seas that break on the ridges, where the House of Refuge stands,
The sound of thy waves shall carry afar, out into many lands.
And wherever they be who hear it, their hands shall be strong to aid,
And their hearts shall be like the ocean, mighty and unafraid.

The Skies of Loma-land

WHO shall tell the glories of the skies of Loma-land! Be there
cloud forms, magnificently lighted with the constant presence
of the sun, charming in the harmony of their diversified
shapes, or be the sky unspotted by any clouds, there is always a wealth
of color that seems to absorb one in its very richness. Intense blue is
the predominating color—a blue that illuminates the shadows cast by
the sun to a rich purple. Purple too, seems the very sky itself at times,
and very often Old Pacific takes this color to himself and rides lightly
with it on his bosom.

Constant as this "crowning glory of nature" is with us, in its rare
beauty and uplifting influence, it is by no means monotonous. The
blue sky, when not marked by clouds, is not, as some might suppose,
one huge space of even color. No: gradation of most subtle and
tender nature is manifest. No two inches of the sky seem alike, and so
it is a boundless sea of color on which the eye can take the soul on
voyages that give it peace and joy and enable it to return to earth with
renewed energy and strength to make of earth a realm so fair and bright
as the calm, blue sky itself, to restore on earth the harmony of a golden
age, to establish firmly once again the law of Brotherhood, to have men
know themselves as souls and thereby crown themselves with glory as
easily as does nature in Loma-land with fair skies. W. H. G.

About fourteen miles from its source in the Uintah mountains,
northwestern Utah, during the summer months, the Dry Fork river

disappears suddenly and mysteriously midway in its course. At this point
it reaches a large basin or sink, whose walls are from 75 to 100 feet high.
Although the flow into this pool is considerable at all times, except when
the winter or spring rains cause a flood, the stream does not flow beyond it.
At a point seven miles to eastward several large springs are found.

A Wonderful Montana Cave

A NEW and wonderful natural cave, believed to be one of the
largest known, has recently been discovered in the canon of the
Jefferson, on the line of the Northern Pacific Railway about fifty
miles east of Butte, Montana. A partial exploration of it has been made
by a small party.

Several days were spent in the cave and explorations made covering
an extent of ten miles or more to a depth of nearly 1,000 feet. A large
river with a cataract of about 100 feet was explored for a distance of
several miles without discovering its source or outlet.

A few articles of stone and copper utensils and some bones, believed
to be human, were also discovered in one of the large apartments ex-
plored. There were other evidences that at some time in a prehistoric
period the cave was used as a habitation. The belief of J. W. Gilbert,
a scientist with the party of explorers, is that an earthquake closed the
entrance to the cave and killed its inhabitants.

The present opening to the cave was made by some lime quarrymen
at a point 1,600 feet above the bed of the Jefferson River. They were
engaged in blasting rock. The stalactites and other natural decorations
throughout the cave are pronounced the most beautiful and varied ever
seen. A more thorough exploration is to be made as soon as proper
equipment for an extended stay can be provided.

Silence in Nature

HOW strangely different is the silence of moonlight, to the silence
of sunlight. I know that it is not strictly correct to speak of
the silence of the moonlight or of the sunlight, and yet every
one who has spent much time alone under the one or the other will un-
derstand the expression, for it is the strangest thing that I know of.

Sitting late into the night at work in the silence of a room or of a
tent, one may at last be oppressed with a sense of solitude, but, on step-
ping out into the moonlight, the sense of solitude is lost in the silence.
And yet frequently the night is full of sounds, the sea, and the frogs, and
the coyotes and watch dogs may make much noise, but the full moon
seems to force its silence upon the mind in a strange way, and seems to
dominate all sounds and spread such a strong influence over all that these
sounds only
silence and to
Another strange
moonlight is that
silence is exciting
suggest sleep or
is a common
who thus step
moonlight to find
once wide-awake
some adventure; a desire to wander off over the hills or down to the
sea is scarcely to be resisted, and in the silence one listens for some
unknown voice, and then the waves begin to *talk*, (who has not heard
that?) strange babble and murmur and laughter mingling with subdued
talking, but over all reigns supreme the strange silence of the moonlight.



But when the sun is high and the air is still and all the stir of busy
life is lulled in the hot haze of mid-noon there comes a silence widely
different. Here it seems as if the silence lay beneath the sound deep
down in the heart of nature and that silence of the sunlight is peace, it
makes one long to sit very still and lose one's self in it, floating out on
the glowing haze, listening for no voices, seeking no strange adventure,
but rejoicing in the glory of pure life. The Song of Life is Silence, but
a silence that is radiant and intensely vivid. The Silence of the Sun-light
is pure joy, in it there is no sense of mystery nor excitement, but of
something vast and glorious, a sense of God-like strength and youth and
joy. There are no voices in this silence, but a sense of union with the
Heart of Nature and its Wisdom where no voice is needed—to unfold
the mystery.

seem to mark the
emphasize it.
thing about the
its peaceful
and does not
drowsiness. It
thing for people
out into the
themselves all at
and eager for

A DREAMER

Students



Path

Birth

by ALFRED TENNYSON

OUT of the deep my child, out of the deep,
 When all that was to be, in all that is,
 Whirled for a thousand zons thro' the vast
 Waste dawn of multitudinous eddying light ---
 Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
 Through all this changing world of changeless law,
 And every phase of every heightening life,
 And nine long months of ante-natal gloom
 Thou comest.

"Rejoice Always"

THE desire for happiness is so universal and seems to healthy minds so right and natural a thing that we feel sure it is of God's implanting. If there were any doubt about the matter the oft-repeated scriptural injunctions to rejoice without ceasing and to give expression to our joy, should certainly bring conviction.

In these latter days, happiness seems to be almost one of the lost arts; the faculty for rejoicing seems to be disappearing, and little attempt is made to recover and re-cultivate the lost power. In its place we find a feverish pursuit of pleasure, which, pitiful as it is in itself, at least bears witness to the existence of the true instinct of joy, of which it is a sad perversion—just as the counterfeit sovereign implies the genuine coin.

There is no other single command in the Bible that is reiterated with such insistency as the command to rejoice, to make a joyful noise, to be glad. And yet how few Christians think of deliberately and sedulously cultivating this virtue in themselves and in those under their charge?

When reproached with the joylessness of their attitude towards life people say: "My discomforts and anxieties far outweigh my pleasures; it is therefore a mockery to tell me to be glad." Then the pious person will retort that there is always life and "a measure" of health to be thankful for, and that others are still worse off. But this seems somewhat a begging of the question and such words seldom bring much comfort or conviction. The fact of the matter is that our troubles and hardships are very much as we take them—and make them. In other words, "The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a heaven of hell; a hell of heaven."

The art of doing this is by no means easy of acquirement, but neither are many other virtues inculcated by all scriptures and systems of ethics. It is perhaps easier at first sight to see the wisdom of such commands as "Thou shalt not kill," and "Thou shalt not steal," than of the command "Thou shalt rejoice?" But a little reflection will show that this latter command includes many others—much in the same way as "love" is said to be the fulfilling of the law. When the heart is full of joy what room is there for strife, malice, envy or any other form of ill-will? Indeed, to be always joyful is practically the same thing as to love all men; for joy, to be continuous, must have a continuous outlet, and so is ever seeking to make other people happy.

STUDENT

The Art of Art Training

WISE direction in art is full of all possibilities, but because art is synonymous with inner development, and therefore cannot be taught, the majority of teachers have given it up as a bad job and are content to tell the poor students that art is a mystery, and that to them it is only possible to imitate the material before them. Could anything be more depressing to the young student, ready to receive any knowledge, than the disappointment of imitation, in which he can never rival the camera? No wonder this is an inartistic period when art tuition is such an obnoxious dose, and no wonder true art is gone from us

because we are not receptive. We should become more so if we realized that the great aim of art is to wean us from material desires, and to give us the reality of imagination, whose beauty has no limit, except in ourselves; it is the aspiration of our inner selves in unity with the aspiration of nature.

Students should have all freedom of thought; they should be encouraged to think and compare for themselves. From the first they should know that art is life and light, and they will soon find out for themselves that it is love also; in drawing they should be directed to see the subject as a whole and select the leading lines which give it life. Each student must see what the subject signifies to him, and consciously or unconsciously build up his subject in design, which gives to the work a creative force; such opportunities are stimulating joys and give the poorest imagination chances to grow.

The art student must be a student of light, a study full of all possible results, for who can say it is the material we love, when we find its beauty depends on the light? By long-continued comparison of effects we learn to appreciate light, and are introduced to color by seeing how the atmospheric effects govern the local colors.

Freedom brings responsibility; liberty in art does not mean license; it means working with nature; and the more we know the better we shall be able to work with her. In getting life we must get proportion, construction and action; the light will emphasize the colors which that particular effect favors in nature; and the more sympathy we put into our work the better it will be. It has been said that one of the chief differences between a crank and a genius is that the latter has much more heart, more love; at any rate our greatest men had big hearts and sympathy with all they approached. This feeling of oneness with things is essential for true discipleship in art.

A. S.

Courage!

RIGHT must triumph. Light will prevail. Go right on unswervingly. Every doubt and hesitation gives an opportunity to the enemy. Despair opens wide the gates. With the eye of flesh we see the wealth, the numbers, the apparent high positions of the powers of darkness. With the eye of spirit we see the mountains filled with the chariots of the Lord—we see that we are encompassed about by a great cloud of witnesses.

This is the vision to keep clear and bright before us. Then we cannot falter. The old stories of the gods watching over the fates and the combats of mortals, and now and then interfering, are no doubt distorted memories of truths once seen and known.

The Supreme Spirit manifests among men at times when there is a decline of virtue and an insurrection of vice. Then the great Leader is to be found. May we form a faithful body-guard and help to prepare the conditions which will enable the great souls of the past to incarnate soon again.

E. WHITE

Foiling the Common Enemy

THE widow of an English army officer was visiting me with her son, a charming little fellow about five years old. The mother told me with pride how honorable he was, how high-minded, and that she had never for an instant seen in him indications of any traits that were low and base.

The child was put to bed every night at six. We dined at seven. I was sitting in the drawing room one evening before dinner. The room was dark, the doors open, and my seat commanded a view of both the stairway and the dining room. The table was set, and in the center was a dish of tempting peaches.

Presently there came to my ears the patter of little bare feet, as a childish figure, clad in a night-gown, stole down the stairs, through the hall, into the dining-room, up to the table. Small fingers seized the topmost peach from the dish, and the little fellow turned and trotted away upstairs again.

As I sat in the dark, in an agony of apprehension, there came again the patter, patter of little feet, as a white-clad figure stole down the stairs, through the hall, into the dining-room, up to the table. Small fingers replaced the stolen peach just where it had been, and a stubborn little voice muttered, "Done again, old devil!"—*Harper's Magazine*



A Picnic Party at Loma-land

The Sunbeam and the Cowslip

THERE is an old, old legend which my grandmother used to tell me, about the cowslip, and it ran something like this:

Once upon a time a little plant grew in the midst of a great marsh. Though she had handsome, broad leaves and a nice, soft bed and plenty to eat and drink, she was very unhappy. Every day the sunbeams shone upon her and the winds went whispering by and the big frog who lived with his family in the pond would hop over to see her. Yet the discontented little plant would only wrinkle up her leaves and draw up her roots a little closer and say "I thank you; doubtless it is a very pleasant day, but I am not happy in the least, I assure you." "Do you enjoy being unhappy?" asked the frog. And the wind whispered, so gently:

Ugly and wrinkled you soon will be; Why so sad?
Cheer up; smile at the sunbeams, dear; Just be glad!

"How can I help being sad?" said the cross little cowslip. "Nearly every other plant in the marsh has blossoms, and not one have I. I am sure Mother Nature has forgotten me."

The sunbeams knew why, but they just shone down upon the little plant day after day. They did not tell her why she had no blossoms, for they knew she would not understand.

By and by autumn came. The cowslip grew chilly. But down came floating many bright leaves from the soft maples that grew near the edge of the marsh, and by and by she was almost covered. Then winter came, and snowflakes fell gently over the blanket of leaves. All day and all night they floated down and the cowslip was as cosy and comfortable as baby Alice is when the warm, white eider-down robe is tucked about her in her little carriage.

So the little cowslip slept the winter through, and her cross, naughty thoughts all went away, or perhaps some of the lowland fairies changed them into good ones. For naughty thoughts must be good ones just gone wrong, I fancy.

At any rate, when little Miss Cowslip wakened in the spring she was neither cross nor sad. Mother Nature had been so kind to her all winter that she felt quite ashamed. And then, too, she had been sleeping so long that she had quite forgotten about herself, and it was thinking just about herself, you know, that had made all the trouble.

The robin said, "Cheer up!" and the cowslip nodded her green leaves. The frog came to say "Good morning!" and she replied: "How beautiful the world is, Mr. Frog, and your family is quite well, I hope." And as the wind passed by she held out her shining leaves to show him that the wrinkles were quite gone. But when the sunbeams shone down upon her the little cowslip was so happy that she fairly started up from the ground. She lifted her finest, smoothest green leaves high in the air to nod "Good morning!" and suddenly the yellow sunbeams shone down into her heart. There, as if by magic, grew a cluster of beautiful golden blossoms. "You see," said the sunbeams, "had you opened your heart to the sun these beautiful blossoms would have come long, long ago."

And ever since that day, so the legend goes, the marsh cowslip has been the happiest little plant that one can discover, and every spring the marsh is made beautiful by her golden blossoms. Affectionately, AUNT ESTHER

A Talk About Birds

EARLY this morning, just as the sun was peeping up beyond the mountains, I went out for a walk. Everything was very quiet. No sounds did I hear save the surging of the ocean, and the "cheep, cheep, cheep," of little birds. I went down into one of the canyons, attracted by the voices of the birds. There were ever so many of them hopping about the yerba santa, which is again beginning to blossom, now that the rains have come. The birds of Loma-land do not seem to know what fear is, for the children of the Raja Yoga school would no more think of frightening or hurting them than they would think of injuring one another.

Once upon a time I lived in the suburbs of a great city. A family of robins lived in one of our great elm trees, and nearly every day, and often several times a day, I was compelled to go out and protect them from the attacks of boys. Think of it, Blossoms! Hardly a boy passed that tree without stopping to take aim and throw a stone at that little nest or at the mother robin, who was always near it. They could not have known much about Raja Yoga nor Brotherhood, I am sure. The little birds really are our comrades and brothers. Have you ever stopped to think what we humans would do if there were no birds in the world?

Why, we really could not live. The farmer who puts up a scarecrow to keep the robins from his fruit and crops does not know that if all the birds in the world could be driven away he would not have any crop, because of the insects and worms. The birds are really his best friends, and if he understood Brotherhood I am sure he would want them to have their share of the fruit and grain which they help to save for him.

The robins in our tree in the city used to go south every winter and come back again every spring, and I loved to sit on the big front porch with my sewing, just as quiet as could be, and watch them build their nests. O, such pains as they would take, and such happiness as they seemed to have in weaving their little home! The old nest of the year before was never used by them a second time.

I once heard of a last year's robin's nest that was used again. Shall I tell you about it? It was built by father and mother robin in a big quince bush, and there they brought up their little family, leaving the nest to fly to the sunny Southland before the first snowflakes came. The next summer my friend was walking near it when he saw the branch move, as if there were something in the nest. He looked in and saw a little bunch of wool. But again the branch moved, and he heard a tiny "squeak, squeak!" So he lifted aside the wool and there were six little baby mice as snug and happy as they could be.

Are there any birds near your homes, Blossoms? Spring will be here soon and perhaps you will see them building their nests. And then, after a time, you will see one of the prettiest sights in the world—the patient mother bird teaching her little ones to fly. After all, birds are very fortunate, are they not? For they can look at the whole world *from above*. I sometimes wonder, Blossoms, if you and I may not some day find our wings, that is, our own better natures, and then we, too, can look at life *from above*. Life would be joy, then, and to the Buds and Blossoms of Loma-land, Life Is Joy, day after day.

COUSIN EDITH

What I Can Do

by THEODORE B. GREEN

An acorn is a tiny thing—
And so am I;
But the tree some day its boughs will fling
Toward the sky.
And if an acorn from the sod
Can reach the sky,
I, too, can soar much nearer God,
If I but try.

FOOTBALL AT LOMA-LAND



Street Waifs at London Lotus Headquarters



SEARCHLIGHT

NO. 6

Special number issued to
the public

CONTAINING A FULL REPORT OF THE

Great Debate on Theosophy & Christianity

HELD AT FISHER OPERA HOUSE, SAN DIEGO, CAL.,
ON SEPTEMBER 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, AND
OCTOBER 6 AND 13, 1901

SEVENTY-TWO PAGES

Notwithstanding the increase in the cost of publishing, owing to
the largely increased number of pages, the price
remains the same as heretofore

FIFTEEN CENTS

The
Theosophical Publishing Co.
Point Loma, Cal.

ENTERTAINMENT

by Children of the

Raja Yoga School

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON

in the

Aryan Temple, Point Loma

Tickets 50 cents

PUBLIC MEETINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGES

STOCKTON, Cal., 523 Yosemite Building
Lodge No. 3. Public meetings, Sunday 8 p. m., and Wednesday
7:30 p. m. Lotus Group for children, Sunday 10:30 a. m.

BOSTON, Mass., 24 Mount Vernon St.
Lodge No. 28. Public meetings every Sunday at 8 p. m.
Lotus Group, Sunday at 11 a. m.
Members Union meeting, Thursday at 8 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Friday at 7:30 p. m.
Girls' Club, Saturday at 3 p. m.

CHICAGO, Ill., 511 Masonic Temple
Lodges No. 70 and 45. Monthly public meeting, first Sunday of the
month, 8:15 p. m.; Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesdays 8 p. m.;
Lodge meetings, members only, Lodge 45, Thursdays, 8 p. m., and
Lodge 70, Fridays, 8:15 p. m.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Y. M. H. A. Building
Lodge No. 119. Public meeting, Sunday 8 p. m.
Lodge meeting, members only, Thursday 8 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Friday 8 p. m.

MACON, Ga., Triangular Block
Lodge No. 13. Public meeting about the middle of month.
Lotus Group, Sunday 10 a. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesday 7:30 p. m.
Members' meeting, Friday 8 p. m.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., 206 Weybossett Street
Lodge No. 31. Monthly meetings, last Sunday in each month, 7:30
p. m.; Lodge meetings, members only, Wednesdays, 7:45 p. m.
Lotus Group, Sundays, 10:45 a. m.

SOUTHPORT, England, 138 Poulton Road
Lodge No. 24 (Eng.) Lotus Group, Monday, 7 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesday, 8 p. m.
Lodge meeting, Friday, 8 p. m.
Public meetings, 1st Sunday each month 7 p. m.

A Picture of Lord Kitchener

A writer, evidently an officer, who met Lord Kitchener, presumably for the first time, at De Aar sends a graphic word-picture of the General to *Blackwood*:

"We feel his presence, but it is not long before we see him. . . . That cold blue eye, which is the basilisk of the British Army. . . . A round, red, and somewhat puffy face. Square head, with staff cap set squarely upon it. Heavy moustaches covering a somewhat mobile mouth, at the moment inclined to smile. Eyes just anyhow; heavy, but not overpowering eyebrows. In fact, a very ordinary face of a man just past his prime. Hardly a figure that you would have remarked if it had not been for the gilt upon his hat—in fact, it was all a disappointing discovery."

The General was "pacing up and down with his hands on his hips, and elbows pointing backwards talking good-naturedly to a colonel man who was evidently just off 'trek,' and with his overgrown gait and ponderous step the great Kitchener did not look half as imposing as his travel-stained companion."

THE BIRTH OF A BRIGADE

The Chief was explaining something to the colonel. They paced up and down together for a few minutes, then stopped, and the conversation was as follows:

CHIEF—All right; I will soon find you a staff. Let me see; you have a brigade-major?

COLONEL—Yes; but he is at Hanover Road!

CHIEF—That's all right; you will collect him in good time. You want a chief for your staff. Here, you (and he beckoned a colonel in palpably just-out-from-England kit, who was standing by); what are you doing here? You will be chief of the staff to the new cavalry brigade!

NEW COLONEL—But, sir—

CHIEF—That's all right. (Reverting to his original attitude.) Now you want transport and supply officers. See that depot over there? (nodding his head towards the De Aar Supply depot.) Go and collect them there—quote me as your authority. There you are fitted up; you can round up part of your brigade tonight and be off at daybreak tomorrow. Wait; you will want an intelligence officer. (Here he swung round and ran his eye over the miscellaneous gathering of all ranks assembled on the platform. He singled out a bedraggled officer from amongst the group who had arrived the preceding night in the van of the ill-natured Afrikaner guard.) What are you doing here?

OFFICER—Trying to rejoin, sir.

CHIEF—Where have you come from?

OFFICER—Deelfontein—convalescent, sir.

CHIEF—You'll do. You are intelligence officer to the new cavalry brigade. Here's your brigadier; you will take orders from him. (Turning again to the colonel, and holding out his hand:) There you are; you are fitted out. Mind you move out of Richmond Road tomorrow morning without fail. Good-bye! And so a brigade came into being!—Exchange

One adequate support

For the calamities of mortal life

Exists—one only; an assured belief

That the procession of our fate howe'er

Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being

Of infinite benevolence and power,

Whose everlasting purposes embrace

All accidents, converting them to good.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

An American comedian relates that a rich old lady observed a tramp on all fours eating grass in her garden. He explained that he was starving. "Poor man, poor man! My heart bleeds for you. Go round to the kitchen door—the grass is longer there."

Hardware & Stoves

HIGH GRADE SHELF HARDWARE
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS
FINE CUTLERY TOOLS
BUILDERS' HARDWARE

San Diego Hardware Co.

658 FIFTH STREET

EDWARD M. BURBECK

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Copper Plate Engraving & Printing
Steel Dies, Crests, and Monograms
Largest & most varied stock of Books
and General Literature in the City

1051-59 FIFTH STREET, SAN DIEGO

"Burbeck's Big Bookstore"

Toys Games Souvenirs Office Supplies City and County Maps

For ARTISTS MATERIALS

PICTURE FRAMES

We can please you

C. H. GLASER

1040 FIFTH STREET

San Diego, Cal.

Bank of Commerce

841 FIFTH ST., bet E & F Sts., SAN DIEGO

Capital, \$100,000

Reserve & Undivided Profits, \$46,837.23

R. M. POWERS, President F. W. JACKSON, Cashier
GRAHAM E. BABCOCK, C. L. WILLIAMS,
Vice-President Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—R. M. Powers, Graham E. Babcock, J. F. Sinks,
G. W. Jorres, E. S. Torrance, J. S. Harbison, A. H. Frost

General banking business transacted. Exchange drawn direct on all principal cities of United States and Europe. Prompt attention given to collections.

Souvenir Postal Cards

of Loma-land

PRIVATE MAILING CARDS, PRINTED ON
FINEST IVORY-FINISH CARDBOARD
13 different half-tone glimpses of Loma-land on which to
send your Brotherhood Thoughts all over the world. A
stream of them should be kept in circulation by every member.

- 1 Aryan Temple from the Canyon
- 2 Childrens' Group Houses, International Lotus Home
- 3
- 4 Young Warriors of the Raja Yoga School
- 5 Loma Homestead and Aryan Temple from the Northwest
- 6 North View of Loma Homestead and Aryan Temple
- 7 Lotus Buds and Blossoms of the Raja Yoga School Sending Thought Messages to all the World as Aryan Temple
- 8 Childrens' Play-ground, International Lotus Home
- 9 Lotus Buds with their Cuban Godmother, Raja Yoga School
- 10 Egyptian Gate to School of Antiquity Grounds
- 11 Lotus Buds at Play, International Lotus Home
- 12 Lotus Blossoms, Raja Yoga School
- 13 East Entrance of Loma Homestead

2 for 5 cents (postage 1c extra) . \$0.06

50, postpaid, for 1.00

100, " " 1.50

Sent assorted unless ordered with specifications. Order from

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The
LEADING REAL ESTATE BROKER in SAN DIEGO IS

E. J. Carter

964 Sixth Street, San Diego

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE LOCATING IN SAN DIEGO CITY OR COUNTY, CALL ON OR WRITE TO HIM

Rudder's

NEW RESTAURANT
AND GRILL

Newly Furnished Finest in City
Corner 4th and Plaza, San Diego

Strahlmann-Mayer Drug Co.

PHARMACY GRADUATES
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, etc.
Physicians Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully prepared

CORNER FOURTH & D STREETS
Telephone Main 434
CORNER FIFTH & C STREETS
Telephone Black 856

THE
Lion Clothing Co.
CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"
STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

D. L. HOOVER G R O C E R

SIXTH & H STREETS
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Telephone Black 111

DO YOU NEED GLASSES?



COMPLETE STOCK OF OPTICAL GOODS

1046 FIFTH ST. OPPOSITE
SAN DIEGO, CAL. BOWEN'S DRY GOODS STORE
EYES EXAMINED FREE

The CHADBOURNE FURNITURE Co.

W. L. FREVERT, Manager

We aim to carry an entirely up-to-date stock of house furnishings, and, for style and variety of goods, cannot be out-done in Southern California. We are glad to show visitors through our extensive store-rooms at all times.

Store-rooms

SIXTH & D STREETS
San Diego, Cal.

HOTEL BREWSTER



The only Modern Hotel in the City

Terms:
European \$1.00 up
American \$2.50 up

C. B. Daggett
Manager
SAN DIEGO California

KELLY'S LIVERY

POINT LOMA COACH LINE

Dealer in first-class horses
Special coaches for select parties arranged by telephone

THIRD & F STS. PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be one season or another. Paint will set tougher during the winter, and of course that gives durability. One point favoring winter. There are others favoring summer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so often as houses painted with any other paint, because it has more body to withstand action of the elements. There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per gallon.

We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.
WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS
7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, President
G. B. GROW, Cashier
W. R. ROGERS, Assistant Cashier

Every facility and security offered to our patrons and the public generally. Collections and exchanges on all points.

AT
Bowen's

DRY GOODS STORE

Will be found a full assortment of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Tea Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Wrappers, Silks and Dress Goods . .

W. O. BOWEN 1043 FIFTH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SAN DIEGO CORNER FIFTH AND E STS.

CAPITAL PAID UP \$150,000
SURPLUS & UNDIVIDED PROFIT \$40,000

J. GRUENDIKE - - PRESIDENT
D. F. GARRETTSON - - VICE PRES.
G. W. FISHBURN - - CASHIER

DIRECTORS—J. Gruendike, Geo. Hannahs, J. E. Fishburn, G. W. Fishburn and D. F. Garrettson

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO FIT YOUR EYES TO SUIT YOU. WE HAVE A SPECIAL PLACE SET APART FOR OPTICAL WORK, CONTAINING ALL THE MODERN INSTRUMENTS USED IN SIGHT TESTING IF YOU NEED GLASSES, HAVE A PRESCRIPTION TO FILL, or FRAME TO REPAIR

we give you the best work obtainable in San Diego

J E N K S

826-828 5th street Graduate Optician

25914

The New Century

TO PROMULGATE THE BROADEST TEACHINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD



Year \$2

Point Loma, San Diego, California, February 16, 1902

Copy 5c



A Group of Lotus Buds at Play at International Lotus Home, Point Loma, Cal. Loma Homestead and Aryan Temple

SOME FACTS & FAITHS of the CHRISTIAN BIBLE

A STRONG wave of biblical criticism has swept over the shores of Western thought of late, and clergy of all denominations and their more or less faithful flocks are exercising their minds on the question of what is to be left of their Bible after the German critics (Weiszackers!) have finished thumb-nailing it. In these circumstances perhaps a few remarks tending towards a calm and hopeful view may be acceptable.

Prof. Charles W. Pearson, of the chair of English literature in the Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, has thrown a bomb-shell into the ranks of Methodism by publishing his belief that biblical infallibility is a superstitious and hurtful tradition, and that the Bible stories of Christ's bringing the dead to life, of his walking on the water, etc., are mere fancies, incredible and untrue. He declares that the policy of the Methodist Church is one of "inaction, obstruction, and Jesuitical silence on the views in which the leaders and scholars of the church have gradually come to believe, but which are not held by the body of the church."

Prof. Pearson's statements have been largely criticized in recent sermons. We select a few from a Chicago report in the *Los Angeles Herald*:

RABBI STOLZ—It is not difficult to find in the Bible inaccuracies, exaggerations, inconsistencies, errors in text, and sentiments that degrade the Deity to the level of an oriental despot. We are under obligations to Prof. Pearson that he again has called attention to this truth in a spirit of reverence and duty and not from a sense of scorn and ridicule.

DR. LEACH—Take away one single prop from me if you dare to try it, and in the name of Jehovah—God—I will brand you Judas. Disturbed by the utterances of Prof. Pearson? No. There never has been lack of such, for the devil lives until he shall have been cast into the pit by the conqueror.

REV. DR. JOHNNOT—We have not lost any true faith when we recognize the fallibility of the Bible, but we have made a distinct gain. The Bible is like a gallery of paintings, in which are gathered many kinds.

From an English paper, *Reynolds's Weekly*, we take the following:

It is interesting to note what the orthodox admit in the present day as the result of what is called the higher criticism of the Bible, that is, the labors and researches of learned men, based, to a large extent, on the study of the various languages and dialects of languages in which the Bible is written. Dr. Farrar, the Dean of Canterbury, may be taken as a fairly typical representative of the orthodox. He has contributed to a popular publication an essay on "The Literature of Religious Criticism." Here are some of his admissions:

- (1) It is no longer disputable that the last sixteen verses of St. Mark are a later and dubious appendix to that gospel.
- (2) That the narrative of the woman taken in adultery in John viii, 1-11, was no part of the original gospel.
- (3) That the text about the three heavenly witnesses (1 John v, 7-8) is spurious.
- (4) That the verse about the angel troubling the water of the pool of Bethesda (John v, 4) should have no place in the genuine text of the Fourth gospel.
- (6) That the word "fasting" has been introduced by ascetic scribes into Matt. xvii, 21; Mark ix, 29; 1 Cor. vii, 5; Acts x, 30.
- (7) That it may now be regarded as indisputable that the Epistle to the Hebrews was not written by St. Paul.
- (10) That the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua are composed of patchwork documents.
- (13) The story of the Tower of Babel is "Jewish babble."

Now let us look the situation in the face. How much longer will the trust of people in their pastors hold out? Here are ministers—

- (1) Pinning their faith to literal interpretation.
- (2) Admitting the contentions of the critics.
- (3) Believing in the contentions of the critics, but not admitting their beliefs to their flocks.
- (4) Every variety of compromise, dodging, and graduated scales of orthodoxy.

The people will have to judge for themselves. And here are a few of the discoveries they may make:

That the Bible is only one of many sacred books, all of which claim to be the word of God, and have similar cosmogonies, genealogical tables, stories, and moral teachings.

That the Bible of one age always borrows from the Bibles of earlier ages. That the world is much vaster than they have imagined, and that they must enlarge their conception of God and his modes of revealing himself.

That true religion is based on the truths revealed to man by his soul; these truths being recognized as genuine and not mere fancies by their universality. Isolated men may have "revelations" which come from a less pure source and are colored by personality and crankism; but such truths as the golden rule, the immortality of the soul, re-birth, and the law of compensation, are universal.

The Bible is a library, a compilation. Some of it is Chaldean, some Jewish, some Christian. There is no real reason why Christians who have accepted a Jewish Genesis should cavil at a Chaldean Genesis. In *Isis Unveiled*, by H. P. Blavatsky, we read:

Every student of the Bible must be aware that the first and second chapters of *Genesis* could not have proceeded from the same pen. They are evidently allegories and parables; for the two narratives of the creation and peopling of our earth diametrically contradict each other in nearly every particular of order, time, place, and methods employed in the so-called creation. In accepting the narratives literally, and as a whole, we lower the dignity of the unknown Deity. We drag him down to the level of humanity, and endow him with the peculiar personality of man . . . capable of anger and revenge. But, in recognizing the allegorical coloring of the description of what may be termed historical facts, we find our feet instantly on firm ground.

"Which things are an allegory," says Paul in *Galatians* iv, 24. See also *Matthew* xiii, 10-15, where Jesus explains that sacred teachings are given symbolically so that they may be recorded in a way that will be understood only by those who can safely be entrusted with them.

And now, taking the above somewhat discursive remarks as introductory, let us point and conclude this article by a little sermon of our own.

There is danger of jumping to the opposite extreme and becoming skeptics and pessimists. But we need not refuse to walk just because our crutches are broken down. We may have been deluded by ourselves and others with a false interpretation of the Bible, but the Bible itself still remains. Let us wrest it from the hands of those who would interpret it for us, and read it ourselves. Read it in the light of a generous and enlightened historical knowledge and broad-minded sympathy for the ancients and the people of other lands. If we are scholars and would like to penetrate into the mysteries of speculation about origins and beginnings, we can compare the Hebrew Genesis, the Chaldean Genesis, the Vedic Genesis, the cosmogony of the Eddas and of the Incas, and what not. We shall find the common factor in all.

But, for a plain man, why split the brain with anxiety over the creation of the world and the origin of evil? The recipe for living one's life aright is of vastly more importance. And here again we can readily sift out the constant, ever-recognized truths from mere transitory fads and fanaticisms. Men have ever known that happiness and good lies in the direction of brotherly love, and that destruction and misery follow the selfish, lustful man. This is the true revelation of God to man; let no man obscure its meaning.

Accept the discoveries of the critics, but never mind their skepticism and materialism. If part of the Bible is Chaldean, then—not, so much the worse for the Bible, but—so much the better for the Chaldeans. The conception of man and his destiny is not lowered by destroying the narrow notions of orthodoxy. It is ennobled and expanded. The Soul becomes vaster and, so to say, more immortal than before; and God rises from a tribal deity to the lord of the Universe. H. T. E.

Lord Curzon, who is being made the subject of sharp criticism for his novel methods of administration in India—particularly for his extreme consideration of the natives—has been Viceroy of India since 1898. This is the first time that he has been publicly criticised in an adverse manner, whatever opinions may have been held privately. Lord Curzon went to India perhaps the one man best qualified for the post. As a young man his attention had been drawn to the orient, and he has followed his bent with zeal and intelligence. Baron Curzon is now 42, and in the very beginning of his greatness.

Some Views on Twentieth Century Problems

Life's
Higher Levels
Shall
Be Found

THE NEW CENTURY is not alone in representing the world as drifting into aimless eddies and standing in stagnant pools, while searching restlessly for the turn of tide that shall carry its waters to the higher levels. The world's own cries and questionings prove this, and we quote from an article by Mr. H. G. Wells on "Anticipations," in the December *Review of Reviews*, because it depicts the general perplexity in a way we can scarcely better. Says our reviewer:

The mass of men, even including our religious and philosophical teachers, seem to have no definite objective. We are adrift in a great ocean, without any port towards which to set our sails; and, to vary the metaphor, we have no solid standing-ground from which to envisage the endlessly-varying phenomena which confront us in our pilgrimage from the cradle to the grave. Where are we going? We live from day to day, from hand to mouth, in a more or less successful struggle to make both ends meet, to acquire more of this world's goods, to provide for our families, to do what we can to improve ourselves intellectually and physically.

But nations, as well as individuals, all must pass through such cycles of doubt and aimlessness, before boldly soaring forth on the wings of new-born hope and purpose. All buoyant, tonic, and illuminating forces have died down; and hope, faith, zeal, love, devotion, and joy are at ebb-tide. But they will be reborn, for the God-breathed spark dies not wholly in its temple of clay, and its waning is the signal for its waxing anew.

Mr. Wells' book is one of many that have sought to deal with symptoms as if they were causes and to predict the probable course of a blind man by a minute and ingenious study of his more recent staggerings. It may be aptly compared with the proposals to exterminate consumption by enlarging dwellings and disinfecting sputum, while overmastering vice

Too
Much Stress
Upon the
Visible Things

and corruption eat out the vitals of the race even in the cradle. The reviewer claims credit for his author as having preserved his independence of thought by keeping clear of current tides of speculation. It may sometimes be advantageous to be a secluded student, but Mr. Wells' task would have been more ably achieved by a politician, a man of the world—anybody who had the least acquaintance with the existence of organized forces behind the scenes of life. Mr. Wells suggests to us some chessman, endowed with speech and criticizing the game, while crafty minds, all unknown, direct the moves. But the reviewer is better. He says:

The chief criticism which may be leveled against Mr. Wells' calculations is that they are based too exclusively upon material and mechanical considerations. He confines himself too exclusively to the visible things, whereas it is the invisible things which are often the most potent in shaping the destinies of nations. . . . Faith in the invisible has again and again proved a mightier lever for the displacement of kingdoms and the remodeling of societies than any of the mechanical processes upon which Mr. Wells almost exclusively dwells. Faith is the picric acid of human society. The explosive force of an intense conviction is incalculable. Therefore, Mr. Wells may say, he leaves it out of his calculations. He is free to do so, of course, but the element which he ignores may bring all his calculations to nought.

We shouldn't wonder!

H. T. E.

The
American
Wage
Earners

THAT American labor has attained to a very remarkable success in its competition with the labor of other countries has become a truism, and is hardly open to discussion. Why this should be so is, however, a question which ought to be solved, and its solution will be as much to the advantage of American wage earners themselves as it should be to those of other countries. That there will always be grades in the quality of manufactures is probably inevitable, but these should rather be grades of excellence, and unmarked anywhere by a distinct inferiority.

The wage earners of every country are mainly those who produce things with their hands as against those who co-operate in such production by furnishing other aid, such as capital, etc. A very unjustifiable assumption has, however, crept into European economic theories that the wage earners must be chiefly those who work only with their hands as against those who work only with their brains. And it is here that the cause of the unquestioned superiority of much of the American

workmanship comes in. The American workman recognizes that no possible manual dexterity can take the place of brains. He might, it is true, recognize it very much more than he does, but it is certainly the fact that the American wage earner has perceived that he must work with his head as well as with his hands, and that, given two men with equal manual skill, it will be the one with the most intelligence that will turn out the best work. But there is still another aspect to the question. America has not yet passed through the stage, and we hope that she never will, when manual ability is looked upon in nearly all classes as a priceless possession and one to be necessarily acquired. The result is that the manufacturing and commercial brain worker produces better brain work because he has the mental equilibrium which comes from the ability to do manual work as well, and the man who works with his hands is able to contribute to, and to accentuate, his manual skill by a keen and directing intelligence.

The
Union of
Intelligence
and
Manual Skill

Our object is not to claim for the American workman a greater skill nor for the American manufacturer a greater intelligence than are to be found in their European confreres, but rather to suggest that a combination of manual skill and of mental intelligence in the same man is of more practical value than if they were specialized in separate individuals. We believe that an appreciation of this truth is doing more for American industry than even the natural resources of the country.

If
There Were a
Few More
Fearless
Clergymen

A REMARKABLE sermon has just been preached by Canon Henson at Westminster Abbey. We welcome pronouncements of this kind as showing that the Church is awakening to her vanishing opportunities, and that there are searchings of heart among her dignitaries as they more and more realize her neglected opportunities. Canon Hanson pointed out that there has been no superstition more abject, no zeal more ruthless, no casuistry more depraved than has been found in Christianity. The contrast between the Spirit of Christ and that of the Church was one of the most remarkable paradoxes in history. Statistics of "progress" were the fashion of the hour.

In the missionary field, in front of a confused and scandalized heathenism, the Churches were found competing with one another as business rivals, while the year books of the Churches were the ever-growing library of self-advertisement and self-admiration.

The preacher spoke much more along these lines, which we have not the space to quote, and it is indeed a feature of admirable significance that such words as these should be uttered in Westminster Abbey, the seat and center of the English Church and, in a sense, the religious property of all English-speaking Episcopalians. That such sentiments, in such a place, should find such a voice, is startling evidence, not only that the disease of commercialism has eaten its way deeply into the body of the Church, but that there are those within the church who do not fear to recognize its presence and to search for a remedy. If there were a few more with the fearlessness of Canon Henson, with his deep convictions, and his power of expressing them, we might yet see a revival of Church life, and a new inflow of that energy which earnestly seeks to face and to know the real problems of life.

A
Faith for
Enlightened
Men

IN a recent number of the *Westminster Review*—one of the most influential and widely read of the English periodicals—W. J. Baylis says: "While Christianity is not perhaps being destroyed as Paganism was destroyed, it is undoubtedly going through a very critical evolutionary phase, and it seems inevitable that it will issue from the ordeal a very different kind of religion from what it was, say, a century ago."

He then goes on to say that "A recent writer has ventured to prophesy that what will seem to posterity to have been the most characteristic features of the Nineteenth Century is its curious intellectual cowardice. . . . This will be the task of the Twentieth Century—to find a faith credible to enlightened men."

He that can have patience can have what he will.—*Poor Richard*

Columbus

by JOAQUIN MILLER

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,
 Behind the Gates of Hercules;
 Before him not the ghost of shores,
 Before him only shoreless seas.
 The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
 For lo! the very stars are gone.
 Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"
 "Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
 My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
 The stout mate thought of home; a spray
 Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
 "What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
 If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
 "Why, you shall say at break of day:
 'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
 Until at last the blanched mate said:
 "Why, now not even God would know
 Should I and all my men fall dead.
 These very winds forget their way,
 For God from these dread seas is gone.
 Now speak, brave Adm'r'l; speak and say —"
 He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
 "This mad sea shows its teeth to-night.
 He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
 With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
 Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word;
 What shall we do when hope is gone?"
 The words leapt as a leaping sword:
 "Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
 And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
 Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
 A light! A light! A light! A light!
 It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
 It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
 He gained a world; he gave that world
 Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

Man the Arbiter of His Own Fate

All are architects of fate
 Working in these walls of time.

THE wind whistled and howled through the trees, which creaked and groaned as they resisted the fierce onslaught of the storm gods. Such a tumult! The ground was strewn with leaves and broken branches, and to crown all, the rain came pelting down in torrents, beating the very grass flat with the violence of the downpour.

Two little ragged children crouched in the corner of a "bush humpy," (which translated into ordinary English means a bark-thatched log hut) beside the wide fire-place down which the rain was pouring, threatening every minute to quench the already smoking huge log.

"Oh, Tommy, I'm so frightened," sobbed the younger boy, as an extra strong blast shook the old humpy to its foundations. "I wish father would come."

At the appeal for consolation Tommy withdrew his bright eyes from the glassless square which did duty for a window, to look at his little companion. "Never mind, Jack," he said, "there is no use being frightened. Think what fun it must be to the wind to blow along like that; how strong it is! and away, away it goes all through the country! I wish I could travel like that, I would like to see something else besides these everlasting sheep and gum trees"—discontentedly—then with sudden resolution, "and I will when I am a man."

Jack listened listlessly, his attention riveted upon his own fears. "I don't like storms," he half sobbed; "I like it when it is quiet and the sun shines. I wish the sun would always shine."

"It would be a bad lookout for us if it did, kid," replied Tommy with a laugh. "There, the rain has stopped a bit. Hand me over the

tommy-hawk and I'll chop the cinders off and get the log into a blaze before Dad gets back, and you fill the billy."

But Jack only watched and shivered in his corner, so the elder lad finally performed both duties.

The storm died away as suddenly as it arose, and the boys went out to reconnoiter the damage. They found the fowl coops blown over, and the hens and chickens in a sadly dragged plight, and Tommy, with Jack's help, righted them and rigged up comfortable beds of clean straw and gave them their supper. Then the handy little man prepared their own simple meal, after which they again sat down before the now glowing fire.

The sons of a "free-selector," whom the droughts had well nigh ruined, the boys knew little of luxury, and when the mother died some little time ago, Tommy had added house-keeping to his other duties. There was no school near, at which Jack rejoiced, but Tommy's ambition was to be a good scholar, as it had been his mother's ideal for him. If their father was not too worn out with his day's work he nightly instructed his boys in the mysteries of reading and writing, which instructions Tommy drank in as the nectar of the gods, but his greatest joy was to get hold of a pencil and paper and draw all the familiar objects around him—the sheep, the tall trees, and waving grass—now, alas, there was little of either. But they were colorless, and how his soul longed for color! Even as a tiny child he used to sit and gaze at the blue sky, the rugged hills and moss-grown rocks, or the tiny stretches of undulating country covered in waving grass, with here and there a clump of trees, a flock of gentle sheep, with now and then a distant hawk circling in the sky and descending like the fiat of law upon its quarry. And as he looked, he wondered much on life, with all its curious happenings, this little boy of the back blocks, for he had an artist-soul hidden under his ragged coat, or rather I should say *shirt*, for coats were a rare luxury for him. . . . But one day all was changed. Gold was found by his father upon their little property, and in a few months the lonely locality was transformed into a busy mining town, with hordes of men engaged in the wild pursuit of wealth.

Mr. Norton welcomed the change for his sons' sake, and Jack rejoiced that work was no longer compulsory. Tommy grieved for the vanished beauty, albeit he too was delighted that he might now enjoy the pleasures of intellectual cultivation. The father sold his claim and the boys were sent to a big boarding school in a large city. But he did not live to see the result of this changed life, and the boys were early left to carve out their own fate. As time went on, the early tendencies grew more marked in both characters. Jack ever sought to avoid the path of effort, and soon sank into helpless mediocrity lulled to rest by the poppies of selfish desire and the enervating pleasures of modern life, whose lethal influences wrapped in drowsy dreams of false security. Thomas also followed the star ideal of his early youth, he feared not the storms and entered into the vital questions of life with the determined energy of a Soul, resolved to know the truth. And his resolve brought him many a hard knock and many painful surprises, and at thirty years of age he still found himself, in his own eyes, an ignoramus in the deeper mysteries of life.

His artist soul taught him that in the learning of the schools the kernel of things was wanting, and he still sought the "pot of gold at the end of the rainbow."

"Tommy, my son," said a boon crony, coming to his studio one morning—for he followed his art as the solace of his life—"will you come with me tonight to a Greek Symposium?"

"Will I do *what*?" asked his friend absently as he stepped back a few steps with his brush in his mouth to try the effect of the last few strokes on his picture, and then forget both question and questioner, absorbed in his work.

Alan Wallace sat down and waited until the desired transformation was effected, and the artist putting down his brushes gave him his attention, and the upshot of the conversation was that that evening found the two young men seated among the audience of the Greek Symposium, given by the Universal Brotherhood Lodge of that city.

The lights were lowered, and the white curtains drawn aside disclosed a banquet hall in ancient Alexandria. The graceful white dresses, the beauty of the scene, the discussion as to the reality of the soul, the noble bearing of the youth who affirmed the existence of the Gods, and his own Divinity, and finally the inspired and stirring words of the beautiful

Hypatia held Thomas spell-bound, and when the curtain dropped he felt as if a door, long unused in his nature, had been opened and something had entered in, he knew not what, but a conviction permeated his whole being, that life need not be purposeless, that his unanswered questions about truth and beauty and justice might yet receive an answer—*would* receive an answer, his heart affirmed. When they finally found themselves in the street, his friend rather anxiously asked him if he liked it.

"Like is hardly the term to use old boy," he said slowly. "To tell the truth I feel bewildered. Philon so took me out of myself I can hardly yet believe I did not live in those times, and was myself a pupil of Hypatia, and what I heard tonight was but the echo of something I have known for ages."

"Very likely it was," replied Alan.

"I don't feel in the humor for joking," said Thomas shortly.

"Nothing is farther from my mind," said his friend, earnestly. "I have been very interested to know how they would affect you, for it regularly shook me up the first time I went. I took to going while you were away, and since then I have been reading Theosophy, and I can tell you old chap it makes you open your eyes a bit to see what a grand philosophy of life it is—and then its wonderful realization at Point Loma—it must be a marvelous place that. I say" —for they had just

then reached his door—"just wait a moment and I will get you some of the books," and he disappeared.

Thomas stood under the shining stars thinking, thinking, and words he had read somewhere floated into his mind, "A great good is coming to thee . . . a great good is coming," and the stars reflected it back, and his friend's warm hand-shake drove it home, and with the feeling it embodied, wrapping him round, he sat down in his arm chair and read the still night through.

The gleaming daylight dimmed the artificial light as he turned the last pages, and Thomas rising, opened wide the window to receive the rising sun, as he had opened the portals of his heart to receive the glorious truths which, though old, are very young with the perennial beauty of the Eternal, and the earth and the man passed on into the glories of a New Day. . . .

"There is a tide in the affairs of men," and Thomas, who was nothing if not practical, seeing his opportunity and grasping the truth that "Man is the Arbiter of His Own Fate," strenuously started to work to embody in his life those ancient truths, once loved and lost awhile, and joined hands with comrades, who are helping to lift the veil of selfishness that alone for all men dims the glory of the Light for human eyes.

ETHNE

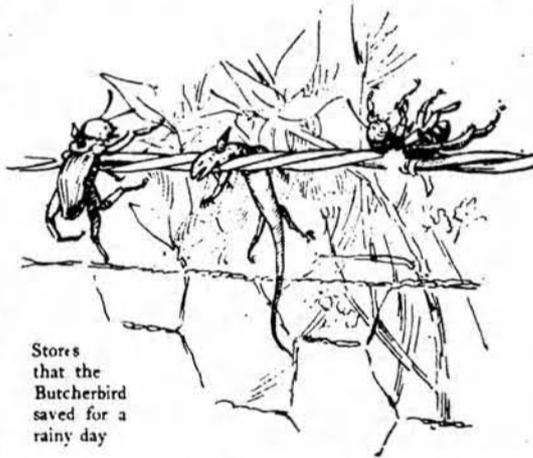
OPPPOSITE the Homestead is an estate bounded by a barbed wire fence, and

The Provident Butcherbird

I have for some time past known this to be a favorite haunt of the butcherbird, by reason of insects and small lizards firmly impaled upon the spikes of the fence. It is a well-known habit of this bird to lay up stores for future need, and his larder does certainly remind one of the joints dangling from the hooks in a butcher shop. Recently he had been laying in an unusually abundant supply. I counted twenty-two meaty and nutritious "potato bugs" and two small lizards the other morning, all neatly spiked and in full view of the passer-by. I mentioned the matter to one or two students and they rather scoffed at the bird's proceedings. "In a climate like this," they said, "an industrious butcherbird can always be sure of potato bugs to be gathered fresh every morning." A day or two later the thermometer fell and the rain descended, the weather was so very inclement that no potato bug with an atom of sense would put his nose out of doors. During the rainy spell I passed by and saw the bird dining on one of his "joints." He was so much interested with his meal that I came almost within touching distance, and could admire his beautiful blue-gray back and the bold markings of white and black which adorned his head. By the time the wet weather had passed away his stores were exhausted, only one shrivelled insect and a desiccated lizard remained. The wise students who criticized the bird's "excessive prudence" were wrong, and "wisdom was justified" of one

more of the children who trusted her. Although as a rule "the fowls of the air do not sow nor reap nor gather into barns," the butcherbird is an exception, and this shows us how impossible it is to lay down hard and fast rules for conduct that shall be binding under all conditions.

We are told to "consider" the fowls of the air, but not slavishly to imitate their examples. Christ told the rich young man to sell his property and give away the money, but he did not recommend everybody thus to cut loose from all their possessions and live like sparrows. It would seem as though we must guide our conduct according to the stage of evolution we have reached, and that while it is well to "consider" the laws of eth-



Stores that the Butcherbird saved for a rainy day



ics, the maxims of sages, and the lives of the wild things in the woods, we must in the end form our own conclusions and as Christ said, "judge of ourselves what is right." No one can fitly judge another, for he knows not where his brother's place in evolution may be. The sports of children are right and proper, but as we evolve into manhood and womanhood "childish things" are put away. Christ never laid down cast-iron rules of conduct for all, but he said, "He that bath ears to hear let him hear," and again, "He that is able to receive it let him receive it."

How deep and rich our lives might be, for a butcherbird's larder by the wayside will suggest to the thoughtful mind the weightiest matters of human life, and "the flower in the crannied wall" contains the greatest secrets of the Universe.

TWO STUDENTS

JOHANN VON BLOCH is dead, and the world is the poorer by the loss of the great

Johann von Bloch

peace advocate whose persevering mind contributed so much to the formation of the peace conference at The Hague. A life such as his has no room for the feelings of disappointment, but had he lived he would doubtless have still further raised the curtain which has hidden the methods by which the beneficent aims of that conference were deliberately frustrated.

Johann von Bloch was above all things a philanthropist, and of that rare order which preferred to work unknown for humanity, and which recoiled in consternation from recognition by his nation and by the world. His whole life work was a struggle against an environment as hostile to his aims from a social point of view as it was from a political.

Born in Russia, where the hatred and persecution of his race has become almost a mania, he yet raised himself to a position of political in-

fluence from whence he could dare to publicly espouse and defend the cause of his suffering people.

His work on modern war, extending to six large volumes, was so calculated to bring its subject into popular detestation, that it was banned by the Russian censor, but the struggle against officialism was the author's daily bread, and his appeal to the Czar not only removed the censor's prohibition but brought the work so closely to the Czar's attention that it left an ineradicable mark upon his mind.

Courage is one of the invincible forces of nature. Of this the life of Johann von Bloch is a proof.

THE future possibilities of humanity can be gauged by its present possibilities.

WHEN you are tired of using the pick, do not sit down and cry, but use the shovel for a spell.

Theosophy for the Young

IT has often been thought that the teachings of Theosophy could not

be grasped by the simple and uneducated mind of a child. But this is only because people have imagined Theosophy to be some abstruse system of metaphysics, or to consist entirely of learned discourses on Karma and Astral Bodies. But, while it is true that Theosophy includes many teachings that would appeal more to the trained intellect, its main and most important teachings are concerned with the simple laws and duties of daily life, and can be understood as well, nay, perhaps even better, by the child. For example, the principal teaching of Theosophy is that man's nature is twofold, his mind being the battleground of two forces—the light force, which inspires him to act unselfishly and be kind to his fellow men; and the dark force which instigates him to selfish and personal gratification, and causes anger and all wrong moods. This any child can understand. It may be said that ordinary religion teaches the same thing; but there is a great difference. Religion teaches a child that it is born in sin and must appeal for aid to an outside God; but Theosophy teaches the child that it is an immortal Soul, and encourages it to assert the divine in its own nature. Again, ordinary religion makes a child think that it is angry, or sulky, or selfish; whereas Theosophy teaches it to regard anger and ill temper as foreign influences of the lower nature, to be ejected. In other words, Theosophy early trains children to rely upon themselves and to assert the goodness of their own character, instead of making them consider themselves miserable sinners. Under the system of education taught by Theosophy, children learn in early years to control their own moods, and not to allow their minds and hearts to be clouded by mean, angry thoughts and dark, unpleasant moods. This gives them great strength of character and saves them endless trouble and misery when they grow up. And all this benefit comes from applying the simple teaching of Theosophy that man is essentially a bright Soul, and the dark moods and instincts are only infirmities which can be overcome by the will.

It is a mistake to think that children cannot understand the teachings of Theosophy. On the contrary these teachings come naturally to their minds. Grown folks have first to unlearn a great deal of false learning that has been crammed into their minds from childhood up; but

the minds of children are not so cumbered and warped. For instance, it is quite natural for children to understand that all nature is alive and intelligent. All children believe this naturally, until the idea is hammered out of them by modern education. It is natural for a child to be friendly and tolerant towards everybody, until false social ideas are instilled into him. Thus Theosophists preserve their clear minds from becoming narrowed and hardened by the artificial notions of older people. Theosophy is the true art of living—the way of happiness; and parents who believe in Theosophy can bring up their children in a way that will really help them and give them happy and useful lives.

We see so many parents, who say they love their children, and who probably *think* they love them, occupied in systematically ruining the character by indulgence and yielding to temper and caprice. This roots infirmities of temper deeply in the character, so that misery is caused in after life. The parents had looked upon their child as a body, and had disregarded its interests as a Soul. Hence they had fed and pampered that body until it had become a burden to the Soul within it. There is much deep-rooted vice and disease in the world, that is eating away the life even of infants, and it will destroy the human race if it is not checked. Parents must gain knowledge to cope with such gigantic evil, and they cannot until they sufficiently realize its presence and power. There is no power that can conquer it except the simple Theosophical teachings properly applied. Theosophy gives such a clear understanding of human nature that it is easy to watch over the growing mind and prevent the formation of bad habits and the development of selfish and injurious propensities. There is nothing new in the moral teachings of Theosophy; they are



A SAN DIEGO GARDEN

those of the Sermon on the Mount. But as taught in the world, they do not appeal strongly to the childish nature, because they are seen to be inconsistent with the worldly ideals and narrow religious views that are held. But Theosophy, with its constant assertion of man's Soul and his immortality, and with the glorious prospects of higher development that it holds out for humanity, lends these simple moral truths a new force. Children are the most hopeful material for Theosophic teaching, especially practical teaching. They understand the grand truths in all their simplicity.

STUDENT



FIELD DAY SPORTS IN LOMA-LAND



The Use and Abuse of Athleticism

AS is the case with most of the good things of life, there is a use and an abuse of Athleticism. Those who venture to point out the abuse, and even the prevalence of the abuse—for it is becoming prevalent—are commonly charged with misanthropy and a desire to discourage healthy physical exercise. There is, however, no particular physical advantage to be gained by paying an admission fee at the gates of the Baseball or Cricket field, by betting on the results of the contest, or by gloating over the details in the daily press and allowing an interest in the achievements of others to occupy the position and the time which should be given to pursuits more serious and more important. It is unquestionably of great moment that the physical part of the nature should be cultivated, developed, brought to perfection, but this should be done, not as an end in itself, but in order that the body may be a more useful and a more obedient servant of the mind within. The aim of evolution is not to endow man with the body of an ox, but to produce so perfect a balance between mind and body that the latter shall be an expression of what is within, and a vehicle that shall transmit its light unclouded and undimmed. It is a pity to extinguish the flame in our endeavor to decorate the lamp, but it is to this that very much of the athleticism of the day is tending, to this and to the admiration and encouragement of this in others.

STUDENT

The Giant Serpent of Ohio

IN the year 1848 a notable discovery was made in Adams County, Ohio, by Squier and Davis, the pioneers of American archæology. On the summit of a rocky promontory they found the gigantic effigy of a serpent, over twelve hundred feet in length and, in parts, five feet in height, represented with open jaws and in the act of swallowing an egg one hundred and twenty feet in length.

The jaws are each seventeen feet in width, and respectively sixty-one and fifty-six feet in length, while the open mouth measures seventy-five feet across. In the center of the egg is a mound of stones, still blackened with the ashes of prehistoric sacrificial or sacred fires.

The day will come when American history books will "begin at the beginning," instead of at the events of yesterday, with which they now fill their opening pages.

The Serpent Mound is one of the as yet unwritten pages of that history, and yet other pages and, indeed whole chapters, are scattered up and down the vast face of American territory.

The time is now not far distant when they will be deciphered by the aid of the Master Key of Theosophy, which reads the riddles of all such symbolic and rock-hewn writings, and finds them to be in one universal language and to deal with the one universal story of the pilgrimage of the human soul caught in the "Cycle of Necessity."

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office at POINT LOMA, CAL.

Last Sunday at the Fisher Opera House, San Diego

LAST Sunday's meeting in the Fisher Opera House, San Diego, saw quite a change in the arrangements. For several weeks past the platform has been occupied exclusively by the Daughters of Loma-land, and certainly no procedure, except the presence of the Leader herself, could be more satisfactory to the crowded audiences. But change being the order of the Universe, Dr. Herbert Coryn was selected as the lecturer for the day, with additional papers by two of the boys from the Raja Yoga School. It is needless to say that the audience was large. It always is large and this was no exception to the rule. The lecturer's subject—and the choice of subjects seems always to be peculiarly appropriate—was "Theosophy for the Masses—its Obstructions and Obstructors." As this lecture will be published immediately, we need make no extended reference to it except to say that it was delivered with the energy and in the manner with which so many of our readers are familiar.

The two students from the Raja Yoga School were Alfred Spalding, who read a paper on "True American Reformers, and Thor. Von Holst, whose subject was "Harmony the Heart of the World." It is not difficult to select from the school the boys who are to perform a duty of this kind. It could almost be done blindfolded, without any very marked difference in the result. It is very hard for those who have only perused such papers as these to believe that they are actually the unaided production of young boys, but the sight of the boys themselves is sufficient evidence for the audience. Apart from the genuine thought which the papers express and the style with which it is expressed, the elocution, the dignity, and the absence of self-consciousness, would put to shame many a college student. It is obvious that these boys are quite unaware that they are doing anything at all remarkable. The audience seemed to be asking itself a collective question—How is it all done?—while even the reporters felt it to be a part of their duty to talk to the young speakers after the meeting was over and so get educational information at first hand.

But there is no mystery to explain, at least for us who live on the Point and so get occasional glimpses of the method which is at work. The children are simply taught that whatever their labor in life may be, however varied may be their destinies, there is one great background of duty which must ever include them all, and that is the duty of Sympathy and Help. This is the supreme obligation which tints everything they do, and those who think it hard to teach such a thing to a child are simply ignorant of children. It is part of a child's nature to believe such a truth as this, and it is the children who do not believe it who are the unnatural and the distorted ones. The Leader's method of education—if indeed in its simplicity it can be called a method—is to permit the spiritual part of the nature to grow up with the physical, instead of stunting and crippling it from the nursery.

As usual at these Sunday meetings, music, wonderful in its charm, was produced by Miss Bergmann and Miss Hecht, Mr. Rounds and Mr. Barboroka. One day the dividing line between speech and music will break down and then there will be a real Music of Speech and a real Speech of Music. OBSERVER

Boston, Massachusetts

THE last few months here have been very busy ones. Much strength continues to be given by the comrades to the Sunday public meetings, held in Boston every week and by each suburban Lodge once a month. *New* strangers appear at every meeting, some becoming regular attendants and eventually joining the Organization, and all surely feeling and being affected by that strong love of so many comrades sincerely desiring their welfare. In the course of the year many people, passing through the various Lodges, get the leaven of true Brotherhood, which is carried away by them to ultimately bring the world to an appreciation of the great Universal Brotherhood Organization and what it means to humanity.

Early in the month of October the members of the Boys' Brotherhood Club were welcomed into their new hall.

On the 10th of October the seven Lodges of Boston, Cambridge, Somerville, Malden, Beacon, Roxbury and Trimount, being represented by their several presidents and secretaries, met to arrange for a more unified system of work.

The suburban Lodges have nobly shouldered their full share of financial responsibility, thereby taking so large a slice of this always perplexing problem that the Boston Lodge, which heretofore has borne the burden of it, faces the coming fiscal year with a very hopeful heart. Then it was resolved to make the Thursday evening Union Meetings more helpful to each Lodge, and therefore to the members as a whole, by having the Lodges in turn take charge of these very helpful and healthy Union Meetings. Writing now, after two months' work along this line, one can well see that the thought that prompted this action was a wise one. Each Lodge, in its endeavor to provide instruction, entertainment and work for all, has done

nobly. The Cambridge Lodge, the first to enter upon this new method, pleased with its opportunity to further the Work and desirous that this new order should commence on a solid basis, took up the Three Fundamental Propositions, and these were ably dealt with by several speakers of this Lodge. Next came the meeting of the Somerville Lodge, with the Lotus children to sing, which was a treat and agreeable surprise to all members. Then came the Malden Lodge, and its meeting being that of the first of the month when the Leader's "Suggestions for Work" is read, after some singing by its Lotus children and the taking of the smokers' offering by one of its sweet Lotus Buds, the president read the circular with that vigor and clearness that comes from a heart loyal to the Leader and the Work; and the "Suggestions" when so read always brings to the members new light and helpfulness.

And now came the Beacon Lodge, and for the noble work of this Lodge's meeting a new paragraph is needed. A member of this Lodge, dear to all, conceived the idea last summer while engaged in fixing up and holding the fort here when nearly all the comrades were having a restful vacation time, of securing new seats for the hall, the lack of which was the one thing all members so deeply felt. So notices were sent out to all the comrades here of an important matter to come up at the meeting of the Beacon Lodge on the 14th of November, and a large and enthusiastic meeting was the result. Then after some minor business was finished, the strong, smiling face of this worker appeared on the platform and he said, after arousing again among the members a desire for new seats, that this could be accomplished quite easily, and that as he brooded over it during the long time since vacation, it grew more easy of accomplishment, and now if all present would agree to help, either directly by buying a seat, or perhaps two, one for self and one for a friend, or indirectly, if unable to do that, by not building up any mental objections, the work would be done. So strong was the willingness to help and the unity of action so complete, that the result is that at this writing Boston's beautiful hall has now 100 new and comfortable chairs. This meeting closed joyously; and, because of the accomplishment of this seemingly impossible work, all comrades are emboldened to do greater work in the future.

At the risk of seeming-selfishness in taking so much of the valuable space of THE NEW CENTURY, the writer desires to tell of other most encouraging work, and this with regard to the children. On the 12th of October the Girls' New Century Club held its first meeting and organized, there being present ten girls and two members of the board of directors, which board consists of three members of the Universal Brotherhood, appointed for the purpose of supervision of the Club by the president of the Boston Lodge. This Club is an opening and an opportunity for the larger girls of the Lotus Groups as well as their acquaintances, to come into closer touch with the work of the Universal Brotherhood.

Another good work for the children was done at a meeting of the several superintendents and teachers of the four Lotus Groups about this center. Here it was resolved to hold a monthly union meeting of these Groups, the last Sunday of each month being the one selected for this; and special preparation by each Lotus Group for the benefit of the others, will now be a part of the work of the Lotus children in this vicinity.

And thus the opportunity is more and more fully given to all comrades here to help and so prove that "Helping and Sharing is what Brotherhood means."

Boston, December, 1901

W. H. S.

NOTICE TO U. B. MEMBERS

Members are cautioned against various attempts which are being made to obtain names and list of our membership by so-called "Theosophical Societies," etc., using our name or similar designation. All such should be scanned closely, then destroyed unanswered, or sent to me, if deemed important, remembering that the simplest communication addressed to you, unapproved by the Official Head, is not to be recognized.

F. M. PIERCE, *Secretary-General*

A FAVORITE BOOKLET REPRINTED

The Purpose of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, which has been out of print for some time, is now again obtainable, the Theosophical Publishing Company having just printed another large edition. Price, five cents; obtainable from the publishers.

The Harmony of Music and Nature

KUBELIK, the violinist, speaking of his original cigar-box violin, says:

I used to play on it down in the wood near the house. Do you know that some music should be played in the open air? Some in the night and some at moonrise and some in the wind! That poor little violin played with the wonderful things, with the moon to help—like this.

He drew his bow and it was as if dream hands were drawn down the air and silver streams slipped in their wake.

This is a Stradivarius, he said, but the little old violin had all this for me.

Students



Path

The Nazarene

IT is usually supposed that Jesus, the son of Joseph the carpenter, was called the Nazarene because he lived in a place called Nazareth. The fact, however, is quite different. He received this appellation on account of belonging to a school of mystics or occultists known as Nazars.

Samson and Samuel both belonged to this school, and many of the prophets mentioned in the Bible were also Nazars. This "School of the Prophets" was of ancient origin, and in it the Secret Doctrine, that is, the Divine Mysteries or the Wisdom Religion, was taught, as it was in similar schools of Egypt, India and older races. This divine Truth has always been called the Secret Doctrine, because known only to Initiates.

The term "Secret Doctrine" has been much misunderstood, many thinking those who possess this knowledge jealously wish to withhold it from others.

Such is not the case, for all great Masters of Wisdom have ever been and are now most anxious to impart to all who have made themselves fit to receive. But as a man cannot take his degree at any college before he has mastered the prescribed course of study, so the would-be occultist must learn certain things before he is entitled to initiation.

According to H. P. Blavatsky in *Isis Unveiled*, the word "Nazare" means "to vow or consecrate oneself to the service of God." That is what the Nazares did. They wore long hair, cutting it only at the time of initiation. Jesus and John the Baptist are always pictured with long locks. Paul speaks of having his hair shorn at Cenchrea, as he had a vow upon him; meaning that he there took the pledge of initiation.

Samson's hair had grown again after he had been initiated; but that he suffered it to be shorn at another time, and thus lost his strength, signifies that he broke his vows and thus was stript of the divine power which was his while he kept his pledge.

The somewhat differing sects of the Nazars, Nazarites, and Essenes were never looked upon with any cordiality by the Hebrew priests, Scribes and Pharisees; but before the coming of Jesus there was no open conflict or persecution. Jesus came as a reformer, first among the Nazars and Essenes, who had departed in some ways from the ancient teaching; and then to the Jews and other nations. As all the great world Teachers and Reformers have done, and still do, the divinely illumined Leader aroused the forces of evil into greater activity, and was bound to meet opposition and persecution.

That the Nazars were not active reformers and workers for humanity is sufficiently proven by the fact that they chose to remain in safe and selfish seclusion, leaving the great Master of Wisdom to fight alone his battle for the race.

Jesus did not adhere strictly to the customs of the Nazars or the Essenes, always showing less regard for rites and ceremonies than for inner states of thought and feeling. His purpose, like that of Buddha, was evidently to benefit the whole of humanity by a giving it religion of pure ethics. The great Teacher never claimed, nor did his pupils claim for him, that he was "Christ" in the meaning which theology has given to that word.

Among the Nazars the Initiate who was able to rise to spiritual communion with the "Father in Heaven," was said to have become "Christos." The name was given to any man thus spiritually developed, and Jesus taught his disciples that they could reach such a state as well as himself.

One thing is certain, the Path he pointed out was one of purity, truthfulness and unselfish labor for others; and any church or individual who does not follow these precepts has no right to proclaim to the world that they are upon the Path and are followers of Jesus the Christos or any other divine Teacher and Leader.

STUDENT

The Viceroy of India Honors the Religion of Burma

THE Viceroy was busy at Mandalay recently, performing various official functions and visiting points of interest. On November 28th he held a large durbar, and delivered an address. Having sketched the history of Upper Burma since its annexation, Lord Curzon said:

Because the British came to this country and introduced the reforms of which we have been speaking, we do not therefore wish that the people should lose the characteristics and traditions, so far as they are good, of their own race. It is a difficult thing, as I have often said elsewhere, to fuse East and West, but no fusion can be effected by the suppression of national habits and traits.

The Burmans were celebrated in former times for their sense of respect for parents, respect for elders, respect for teachers, and respect for those in authority. No society can exist in a healthy state without reverence. It is the becoming tribute paid by an inferior to a superior, whether his superiority be in position, rank or age, and it is the foundation stone of civic duty. I should think the advantages of education which we give you dearly paid for if they were accompanied by any weakening of these essential ties.

Again, if civilization were found to encourage a taste for such pursuits as betting and gambling, or in any way to depreciate the standards of commercial honor, I should think it had not succeeded in its aim. There is another respect in which I beg you not to get diverted from your old practices. You have a venerable and famous religion, whose relics are scattered throughout the East, and whose temples are among the beauties of the Oriental world. But it is of no use to build pagodas unless you maintain them, and a powerful and popular religion is not well represented by crumbling and dilapidated shrines. Similar thoughts are suggested by your art and architecture, once so fanciful, ingenious and picturesque.

The main reason for which I ordered the preservation and restoration of the building, in a part of which I am now speaking, is that a model of ceremonial architecture in this country might survive, for I felt certain that if it disappeared, as before long it would otherwise tend to do, its place would never be taken by anything similar in design or structure, but, if at all, by something new and in all probability hideous. If, however, your art and architecture, delicate wood carving, silver work, lacquer work, and painting are to survive, they cannot be fostered by external patronage alone; they must rest upon the unprostituted tastes and traditions of the nation and upon the continued support of your own selves.

My concluding words to Burmans today are these: Keep that which is best in your religious faith, in your national character, and in the traditions, pursuits and accomplishments of your race. The most loyal subject of the King-Emperor in Burma, the Burman whom I would most like to honor, is not the cleverest mimic of Europeans, but the man who is truest to all that is most simple, most dutiful, and of best repute in the instincts and customs of an attractive people.—*London Times*

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

DEAR COMRADES: Lately I read these words:

No enemies! the boast is poor;
He who hath mingled in the fray
Of duty, that the brave endure
Must have made foes.

This has ever been true; it is true now. One who has never made an enemy is *nothing*, no force, no power, of no use. It is a fact that the best, the noblest, the most unselfish and compassionate have made many enemies, the most dangerous and deadly. Otherwise how could there have been martyrs?

Those who endeavor to help and uplift the people, to right wrongs, political or ecclesiastical, must earn the hatred and vengeance of the wrong-doers in church and state; and their reward is martyrdom. It is not the people who do this; but those in power who wish to blind and lead them for their own selfish interests. The people have permitted it. Yes, but it will not always be so.

The time is coming—nay, it is here—when a Messenger, a Light Bringer will be honored and protected! When the world will no longer permit the bravest and truest to be crushed and killed.

Where have those who are now striving to arrest the materialism and soul-destroying vices of the world, to uplift humanity to higher levels, to make the life of the people pure and sweet and wholesome—where have they found their bitterest opposers but among hypocrites? They, and we who are privileged to fight with them, have made and will make enemies. So be it! Let them come! We are pledged to bring man's Liberation. We will fight on and on, and come again and fight till the world is free.

AN OLD WARRIOR

The Three Kings

A Story for the Children

ONCE upon a time there lived a very wonderful king; he was called the King of the Fairies, and his name was Ismar. He was very beautiful to look upon; his face shone like the sun, and when he sent forth a thought a lovely color flashed, and a harmonious sound arose, which became a perfect form. He thought within himself, "I will build a city unlike any that has ever been built, a city full of marvels, a living city which shall be the wonder of all ages." But he could not do this quite by himself. So he called forth by his mighty will, from his own body, two powerful giants. The first giant was the color of silver, but the second giant was copper-colored. And the King said unto them, "Build me a city, and I will make you both Kings over the portions that you build." So saying, the King who shone like the sun retired into a place of splendor, round about which the wonderful city should arise. The Silver King, whose name was Astralor, began first to build. He wrought in subtle fabrics which influenced the minds of those who gazed thereon, and moved them to love and hate, joy and grief, happiness and unhappiness; so powerful were these emotions that they affected even the Golden King in his central palace.

In a short time a fairy city arose, inhabited by fairies, who could become either good or bad. But the King of Splendor, although he did not show himself, helped the Silver King, and these little beings lived in peace and order, doing each group their special work, while the Silver King lived in a very wonderful mansion which he had built for himself at the entrance to the city. It was like a maze or labyrinth, with passages winding in every direction; and, although he was not as great as the Sun King, yet he was very great in his own way.

Now the Copper King, who was called Matterbore, began to build, but he was ignorant and turbulent. He was not spiritual, like the Golden King, and not intellectual, like the Silver King, but he was very strong and powerful, and also very bad tempered; when he was cross he shook the city to its very foundations.

He began to build in a very decided manner; that which was fairy-like and subtle became apparently hard and substantial. All that the Golden King had thought about and desired, all that the Silver King had made, he had the power, unknown to himself, to build into his city. When he had finished, and he took a very long time about it, there stood expressed a beautiful model of all that had gone before. Now the fairies who lived in King Matterbore's city were exactly the same fairies who lived in King Astralor's city, and, as they had been made out of the bodies of both the giants (for these had no other material), and the giants had come out of the body of the Golden King, they were really sun fairies, and they had hearts of pure gold, like their father, the great One who lived in the palace of splendor. They were also joined to him by an invisible golden cord, but they had forgotten all about this, and fancied they were King Matterbore's children, and so began to be very naughty indeed, and to fight and quarrel among themselves.

The time they spent in Matterbore's realm they called day, and said it was their real life, but that was because they didn't know any better. They hadn't found out that it was only a make-believe city.

The time they spent in Astralor's realm they thought was night, and called their life there dream-life, which was not so, because it was more real than the other. But the time they spent in the palace of splendor they could not recollect anything at all about, but only had a faint idea that they had been to a lovely place and were told some very wonderful things. All three Kings were trying to keep possession of these fairies. The Copper giant by showing them things, the Silver giant by making them feel things, the Golden King by making them become things, and

so mastering them. Now this wonderful city (for these three kingdoms were in reality only one, as each arose out of the other) had seven white gates on the right side of it, and seven black gates on the left. But these gates were joined right across the city, so that, when you opened a white gate, a black one would swing open as well.

Each gate had seven keys, and each key had to be turned seven times. The white gates were guarded by seven good fairies, and the black gates by seven bad ones. Each of the inhabitants of the city were given the fourteen keys, which were really to let them right through, and into the palace of splendor, if they managed to open all the gates. But the people did not know this, so they played about the gates like little children. Now and then one would fit his key in unconsciously and open a white gate a little way, and the guardian angel at the gate would hold out his hand and say, "Try, oh try, don't give up;" but the black fairy at the black gate would shake his horrid, big, black fist at them and roar and make ugly faces, and they would run away, trembling with fear. This was very silly, because you cannot conquer anything when you are afraid of it. But still, by very great effort, and by throwing off all fear, one here and there got through all King Matterbore's gates, when they found that, after all, he was only a big black shadow, and couldn't hurt them at all, although it wasn't pleasant fighting him.

But when these royal few, who were acting like true sons of the King with the golden heart, got to King Astralor's Kingdom, they found it much more difficult to turn the keys in the locks. The way got dark and dreary, and there were deep pits into which they tumbled and had to scramble out again all by themselves. And these pits were full of all kinds of creeping things. Then great dragons would spring out upon them. There was one special dragon that gave them a lot of trouble and took a great deal of killing. Each time they got him down and thought that he was killed, and walked off feeling so triumphant, that old dragon would lift his head up and, after solemnly winking his one great red eye, with which, indeed, he could see but a very little way, he would slyly put out his tail. They, not seeing it, as they were carrying their heads so high, being so proud of their supposed victory, would trip over it, and down they would come, such a bump, until by degrees they got to know better. But, through it all, the golden thread that bound them to their great Father was shining very brightly, and it was strong, for none

of the wicked creatures could break it. As these few fought their way, step by step, they heard, faintly, then louder, the mystical, divine sound which came from the palace of splendor. They saw the radiant colors. When they looked back they saw mostly green and red, all around was a pale blue color, while in front there shone a deep purple, fringed with gold. They rejoiced, and from their own hearts sent the same music and colors back to those who were fighting the two giant kings, and even to those who were playing about the gates, and all were helped by this act of loving care. When at last the very few got up to the palace of splendor the great gate, which was made out of a single diamond, flew open, and the Mighty One stood before them. The Golden King bade them enter and dwell forever with him. But this handful of great souls remained just outside the gate, and gazed long and wistfully into the golden heart of the city, and on the Divine face of the Father they had struggled so hard to see, and answered "Nay, my Father, not until all those we have left behind can enter, too." The great King smiled, and the palace and King vanished in an instant, and in their place there was impenetrable darkness, and the warriors found themselves back again on earth among the people.

V. A. S., in *Theosophical Chronicle*



LOTUS: BUDS AT PLAY



STREET WAIFS GATHERED AT LONDON LOTUS HEADQUARTERS

SEARCHLIGHT

NO. 6

Special number issued to
the public

CONTAINING A FULL REPORT OF THE

Great Debate on Theosophy & Christianity

HELD AT FISHER OPERA HOUSE, SAN DIEGO, CAL.,
ON SEPTEMBER 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, AND
OCTOBER 6 AND 13, 1901

SEVENTY-TWO PAGES

Notwithstanding the increase in the cost of publishing, owing to
the largely increased number of pages, the price
remains the same as heretofore

FIFTEEN CENTS

The
Theosophical Publishing Co.
Point Loma, Cal.

ENTERTAINMENT

by Children of the

Raja Yoga School

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON

in the

Aryan Temple, Point Loma

Tickets 50 cents

PUBLIC MEETINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGES

- STOCKTON, Cal., 523 Yosemite Building**
Lodge No. 3. Public meetings: Sunday 8 p. m., and Wednesday 7:30 p. m. Lotus Group for children, Sunday 10:30 a. m.
- BOSTON, Mass., 24 Mount Vernon St.**
Lodge No. 28. Public meetings every Sunday at 8 p. m.
Lotus Group, Sunday at 11 a. m.
Members' Union meeting, Thursday at 8 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Friday at 7:30 p. m.
Girls' Club, Saturday at 3 p. m.
- CHICAGO, Ill., 511 Masonic Temple**
Lodges No. 70 and 45. Monthly public meeting, first Sunday of the month, 8:15 p. m.; Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesdays 8 p. m.; Lodge meetings, members only, Lodge 45, Thursdays, 8 p. m., and Lodge 70, Fridays, 8:15 p. m.
- LOUISVILLE, Ky., Y. M. H. A. Building**
Lodge No. 119. Public meeting, Sunday 8 p. m.
Lodge meeting, members only, Thursday 8 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Friday 8 p. m.
- MACON, Ga., Triangular Block**
Lodge No. 13. Public meeting about the middle of month.
Lotus Group, Sunday 10 a. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesday 7:30 p. m.
Members' meeting, Friday 8 p. m.
- PROVIDENCE, R. I., 206 Weybosset Street**
Lodge No. 31. Monthly meetings, last Sunday in each month, 7:30 p. m.; Lodge meetings, members only, Wednesdays, 7:45 p. m.
Lotus Group, Sundays, 10:45 a. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Thursdays, 8 p. m.
- SOUTHPORT, England, 138 Poulton Road**
Lodge No. 24 (Eng.) Lotus Group, Monday, 7 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesday, 8 p. m.
Lodge meeting, Friday, 8 p. m.
Public meetings, 1st Sunday each month 7 p. m.

environment; upon the common worker, the common weaver, the common weal.

The hewer of wood and drawer of water is as necessary to the plan by which society exists as are the judge, the senator, the magistrate. A watch marks time quite as much by the assistance of the smallest part of its mechanism as by the mainspring or the balance-wheel. The State—that is to say, organized society—is such a machine. It has its dial and hands. These are visible and prominent. But behind these, out of sight, and out of thought, save to those who have looked into the elaborate construction of it all, are the common parts, upon whose regular motion the whole depends.—CHARLES CARROLL ALBERTSON in *Saturday Evening Post*

Yacht of Rameses Is Being Repaired

The oldest boat in the world, the royal yacht of the ancient kings of Egypt, is being prepared for exhibition in the Carnegie Museum at Pittsburg. They call it "The Moses and Aaron" in that city.

When the "Moses and Aaron" reached this port after a tempestuous voyage on a plague ship from India, no room was found in the museum large enough to accommodate the clumsy relic. Director Holland placed the big box containing the boat on the lawn in the rear of the institute building and built a frame shed to protect it from the raids of curio hunters.

To a modern ship builder the yacht is a marvel of construction. The yacht of Rameses in size and shape does not differ materially from sailboats to be seen on inland waters today. In its building not a nail or screw was used. The heavy six-inch cedar timbers that form the hull are dovetailed together in unique fashion—a trick in boat building known only to the ancients.

The "Moses and Aaron" is 30 feet in length with a beam of eight feet. Ten inches below the gunwales a deck is constructed that, in the palmy days of the craft, allowed reclining seats for probably a score of passengers. The timbers were spliced amidships and holes still visible in the decaying wood indicate that rawhide thongs were used to draw the ends of the beams together. The boat draws about three feet of water.

There are no evidences of rowlocks. A contrivance in the stern is thought to be the remains of the original steering gear. A pole twelve feet long found with the boat may have been used as a mast to support the mainsail.

The old yachtsmen on the Nile did not depend much on keels, judging from the construction of the "Moses and Aaron." Its bottom is as smooth as that of a wooden butter bowl.

The wood in the hull is wonderfully well preserved. Although the timbers are decayed and worm eaten, time has not been able, in thousands of years, to part the joints and seams that the Egyptian carpenters welded together.

On the starboard side of the hull are the faint remains of hieroglyphic inscriptions.—*New York Journal*

Masonry is the friend of education. It encourages the spread of intelligence, and in the long-ago time when the world was in intellectual darkness the lights from its altars shed a bright radiance through the surrounding gloom. The mission of Masonry is not political. It does not seek to interfere with government affairs. The teaching of Masonry is obedience to the law, respect to the government; and while it does not interfere in mere party affairs, it bears in mind the national honor and is ever earnest for the nation's good.—1869, FRANK M. PIXLEY, Grand Orator.

Hardware & Stoves

HIGH GRADE SHELF HARDWARE
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS
FINE CUTLERY TOOLS
BUILDERS' HARDWARE

San Diego Hardware Co.

658 FIFTH STREET

EDWARD M. BURBECK

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Copper Plate Engraving & Printing
Steel Dies, Crests, and Monograms
Largest & most varied stock of Books
and General Literature in the City

1051-59 FIFTH STREET, SAN DIEGO

"Burbeck's Big Bookstore"

Toys Games Souvenirs Office Supplies City and County Maps

For ARTISTS MATERIALS
PICTURE FRAMES
We can please you
C. H. GLASER
1040 FIFTH STREET
San Diego, Cal.

Bank of Commerce

841 FIFTH ST., bet E & F Sts., SAN DIEGO

Capital, \$100,000
Reserve & Undivided Profits, \$46,837.23

R. M. POWERS, President F. W. JACKSON, Cashier
GRAHAM E. BABCOCK, C. L. WILLIAMS,
Vice-President Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—R. M. Powers, Graham E. Babcock, J. F. Sinks,
A. H. Frost, Chas. T. Hind, U. S. Grant, & F. W. Jackson

General banking business transacted. Exchange drawn direct on all principal cities of United States and Europe. Prompt attention given to collections.

Souvenir Postal Cards of Loma-land

PRIVATE MAILING CARDS, PRINTED ON
FINEST IVORY-FINISH CARDBOARD
13 different half-tone glimpses of Loma-land on which to
send your Brotherhood Thoughts all over the world. A
stream of them should be kept in circulation by every member.

- 1 Aryan Temple from the Canyon
- 2 Children's Group Houses, International Lotus Home
- 3
- 4 Young Warriors of the Raja Yoga School
- 5 Loma Homestead and Aryan Temple from the Northwest
- 6 North View of Loma Homestead and Aryan Temple
- 7 Lotus Buds and Blossoms of the Raja Yoga School Sending Thought Messages to all the World at Aryan Temple
- 8 Children's Play-ground, International Lotus Home
- 9 Lotus Buds with their Cuban Godmother, Raja Yoga School
- 10 Egyptian Gate to School of Antiquity Grounds
- 11 Lotus Buds at Play, International Lotus Home
- 12 Lotus Blossoms, Raja Yoga School
- 13 East Entrance of Loma Homestead

2 for 5 cents (postage 1c extra) . \$0.06
50, postpaid, for 1.00
100, " " 1.50

Sent assorted unless ordered with specifications. Order from

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The
LEADING REAL ESTATE BROKER in SAN DIEGO IS

E. J. Carter

964 Sixth Street, San Diego

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE LOCATING IN SAN DIEGO CITY OR COUNTY, CALL ON OR WRITE TO HIM

Rudder's

NEW RESTAURANT
AND GRILL

Newly Furnished Finest in City

Corner 4th and Plaza, San Diego

Strahlmann-Mayer Drug Co.
PHARMACY GRADUATES
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, etc.
Physicians Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully prepared

CORNER FOURTH & D STREETS
Telephone Main 424
CORNER FIFTH & C STREETS
Telephone Black 856

THE

Lion Clothing Co.

CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"
STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

D. L. HOOVER

G R O C E R

SIXTH & H STREETS
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Telephone Black 11

DO YOU NEED GLASSES?



COMPLETE STOCK OF OPTICAL GOODS

1046 FIFTH ST. OPPOSITE
SAN DIEGO, CAL. BOWEN'S DRY GOODS STORE

EYES EXAMINED FREE

The CHADBOURNE FURNITURE CO.

W. L. FREVERT, Manager

We aim to carry an entirely up-to-date stock of house furnishings, and, for style and variety of goods, cannot be out-done in Southern California. We are glad to show visitors through our extensive store-rooms at all times.

Store-rooms

SIXTH & D STREETS

San Diego, Cal.

HOTEL BREWSTER



The only Modern Hotel in the City

Terms: European \$1.00 up American \$2.50 up

C. B. Daggett
Manager
SAN DIEGO California

KELLY'S LIVERY

POINT LOMA COACH LINE

Dealer in first-class horses
Special coaches for select parties arranged by telephone

THIRD & F STS. PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be one season or another. Paint will set tougher during the winter, and of course that gives durability. One point favoring winter. There are others favoring summer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so often as houses painted with any other paint, because it has more body to withstand action of the elements. There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per gallon.

We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.

WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS

7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, President
G. B. GROW, Cashier
W. R. ROGERS, Assistant Cashier

Every facility and security offered to our patrons and the public generally. Collections and exchanges on all points.

AT

Bowen's

DRY GOODS STORE

Will be found a full assortment of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Tea Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Wrappers, Silks and Dress Goods . .

W. O. BOWEN 1043 FIFTH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SAN DIEGO CORNER FIFTH AND E STS.

CAPITAL PAID UP \$150,000
SURPLUS & UNDIVIDED PROFIT \$40,000

J. GRUENDIKE - - - PRESIDENT
D. F. GARRETTSON - - - VICE PRES.
G. W. FISHBURN - - - CASHIER

DIRECTORS—J. Gruendike, Geo. Hannahs, J. E. Fishburn, G. W. Fishburn and D. F. Garrettson

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO FIT YOUR EYES TO SUIT YOU. WE HAVE A SPECIAL PLACE SET APART FOR OPTICAL WORK, CONTAINING ALL THE MODERN INSTRUMENTS USED IN SIGHT TESTING IF YOU NEED GLASSES, HAVE a PRESCRIPTION to FILL, or FRAME to REPAIR

we give you the best work obtainable in San Diego

J E N K S

826-828 5th street Graduate Optician

The New Century

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Two Dollars; other countries in the Postal Union, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; payable in advance
Single copy, Five Cents

Communications for the Editor, manuscripts, reports, books and periodicals for review should be addressed, "Katherine Tingley, Editor *The New Century*, Point Loma."

The editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

Articles will not be considered by the editor unless signed by the author and marked with the number of words contained. In no case is manuscript returned.

Address all Business communications, including subscriptions, and make all remittances (in bank drafts or money orders, payable to The New Century Corporation) to "Clark Thurston, Point Loma, Cal."

To comply with recent postal regulations, all Post-Office money order remittances should be made payable at San Diego. The remittances, as well as all other mail, should be made to Point Loma, as usual.

Entered at the Post-Office at Point Loma, Cal., as second-class matter Nov. 30th, 1901
Copyright, 1901, by Katherine Tingley

Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

True Mission of Scientific Research

WE notice in some public remarks by Professor Rucker of the Royal College of Science, London, a complaint against the shallowness of mind engendered by over specialization and artificiality in science teaching. The Professor pleads for an actual practical acquaintance with one's subject founded on observation of nature, instead of a mere book knowledge. He represents an older generation of scientists, approximating to those pioneers of science who, in the early days of last century, made science interesting and romantic by the spirit of real veneration and love of knowledge with which they pursued it. In those days the heroes of science directed their intelligent eye upon the book of nature, in search of secrets that might elevate and ennoble the race. There was an air of poetry and sublimity about the early investigations of chemists and the discoveries of geologists.

But now all this romance has succumbed to the corrupting spirit of a

The Degeneracy of Modern Science

deadly dull age. Vulgarity, grovelling utilitarianism, finical precision, have reduced all to a cut-and-dried system. "Technical education" is the latest and most degenerate descendant of a long line beginning with Wisdom, which begat Knowledge, which begat Learning, and so on. We turn out a horde of clever nimble nobodies, who have at their fingers' ends the highly methodized and formulated teachings of the newest and most precise text-books; who can go through a prescribed course of experiments with credit. But, outside this beaten track they are—what? Simply the street-filler, whose name is Legion and whose type is invariable. Their science is merely a branch of technical education; of ideas and ambitions and aspirations they have none.

It is no wonder these individuals grate upon older men, who worshipped their Muse in days when science was studied either for love or not at all. To the former the forces of nature may stand as revelations of a universal Soul and an all-pervading Intelligence; to the latter, they are simply a system of square-roots and Greek letters.

Even Patriotism Is Taught by Rote

But let us not rest content, like many critics, with simply deploring the evil. Let us seek out the cause and import of it. The present case is only an instance of a prevalent tendency of the times—the tendency towards degeneration. All arts, enthusiasms, institutions and ideals have suffered in like measure. It is impossible to start any exalted and pure cult that will not speedily succumb to the vulgarizing, utilitarian, prosaic spirit of the age. Even patriotism has reached the stage of an item on the public school curriculum.

We cannot hope to stem this tide or reinstate any bygone glories in the department of science, or in art, or in any other department, until the general downward tendency is checked. This mental consumption

The Deeper Revelations of Science

and fever is a disease of the age—part of that great disease that the Universal Brotherhood is working to heal. Science is one of the goddesses that have to be rescued from their thralldom to the demons of lust and foolishness, and wedded once more to noble ideals and unselfish aspirations.

The chief consolation is that those who pursue science for sordid ends close their own eyes to her deeper revelations, and must expend their energies on mere detail and classification; while, for those whose pursuit of knowledge is chaste, the real secrets lie ever ready. H. T. E.

The New Cover and Its Frontispiece

IT is hardly necessary to call attention to the handsome new cover plate of THE NEW CENTURY, since it is so conspicuously in evidence; yet in pausing for a word of explanation of the frontispiece it contains this week ("The Daughters of Loma-land Holding Their Theosophical Meeting in Fisher Opera House, San Diego") it may not be inadvertent to remark that the plate is a very faithful and well-executed copy of the design prepared under the special direction of the Editor, who gives it her entire approval. The method of reproduction is interesting and quite novel in its application. The design was first roughly traced on cardboard and then modeled in clay. From this clay model a photograph was taken and from the photograph the process engraver etched the printing plate.

The lower half of the cover design is mortised, as will be seen, for the insertion of a different view each week. As indicated by the title of this week's picture, it represents the "Daughters of Loma-land" attired in their simple Greek costumes and seated amid a luxury of floral decoration on the stage of the Opera House in San Diego, during one of their Sunday evening Theosophical meetings. The latter have become very popular, both with the citizens of San Diego and with the thousands of tourists who come here at all times of the year, and the Opera House is always especially well filled when it has been announced that the regular Sunday evening Theosophical meeting will be held by the "Daughters of Loma-land." G

Man, the Gateway

Man is the avenue through which Heaven flows to earth.

—EMERSON

THEOSOPHY teaches that the principles which underlie the processes through which the structure of man, the epitome of the universe, progresses along evolutionary lines apply, as well, to universal nature.

It is essential to fully realize that man's consciousness is the primary gateway through which is manifest the divine impulse, waves that spread throughout the world, attuning the heart of nature to their rhythm, so that at their periodic ebb, nature has been "raised," vitalized and strengthened to receive the succeeding uplift.

Only when men comprehend this great fact, will they strive to the utmost to keep the channel pure and undefiled that the "imprisoned splendor" may flow through without a taint of color of the lower personal nature, and yield to his fellow man, and the universe, the divine influx which is the rightful heritage.

The blood courses swifter when the mind is serene

Everyone knows that during hours of cheerfulness and pleasurable excitement, the respiration is more rapid, circulation swifter, and that other bodily functions run at an increased rate. Conversely, we know that during depressing emotions man's respiration is slower, his circulation more languid, and every bodily function less vigorous.

Now, science has proven, by chemical analysis, that depressing and evil emotions, such as fear, hate, jealousy, revenge, anger, remorse, etc., produce in the fluids and tissues of the body a poisonous substance. Science also proves that the good emotions, such as love, kindness, charity, trust, etc., produce in the fluids and tissues of the body an elixir, a body-builder, which makes for a fitter vehicle for the indwelling soul.

We know that fright kills. Anger in the mother poisons the milk for the nursing babe. Morbid mental conditions leave an unmistakable

mark upon the body, and, likewise, whatever is repugnant to the *moral nature* is harmful to the body.

It being true, also, that the good emotions produce increased functional activity in the organs of the body, we must know that this increase could not be unless the cells, out of which the organs are made, are themselves more active, and this cellular activity means metabolism.

The mind governs the acts of the cellular builders and destroyers

Metabolism is the general name for all the chemical and nutritive processes taking place in the protoplasmic body (the minute life-cells) of the human organism. This process is automatic and occurs only in a living thing. If the cell be dead, chemical changes may take place, but no nutritive, assimilative changes. Metabolism is a life process. An uncellular organism that cannot feel is dead; to feel implies the possession of mind. To adapt acts to ends implies mentality. Vitality is mentality, and vice versa. Now, keep in mind that the processes, which are constructive and a gain to the organism are called anabolism, while the destructive, which lower the tide of life, are called catabolism. This is well known to physiologists; but that metabolism is a mental process is not so well known.

The mind, which acts upon the body through the mediation of emotion, consists of intellectual functions, of emotive functions, of conative or volitional functions and of a deep and broad under-current of subjective processes. The province of the intellect is to know; that is, it is purely cognitive.

The province of emotion is that of a unique kind of excitement in the subjective states by our appreciation or valuation of any cognitive state. Much of that which the mind knows and the emotions feel is carried out under a series of conations (volitions). In other words, we determine that upon which our mind shall dwell; we deliberate upon it and the emotion which follows is an index to the appreciation or valuation we have given it, and in degree the subjective states are manifest.

Depressing emotions and passions life-blood of man's destroyers

As a matter of fact, we may have no emotion that has not arisen, primarily, from conscious thought, the result of spiritual (noetic) action within, or psychic action without. The relation of metabolism to mentality has been proven thoroughly by the experiments of Dr. Elmer Gates of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C. He has demonstrated, by chemical analysis, that the excretion urea, which is the final product of the decomposed cells of the body, and produced by catabolism can be more than doubled within an hour or two by the deliberate bringing on of a depressing emotion through calling to mind those subjects conducive to depression. He also proves that specific depressing emotions bring about specific poisonous products in the secretions of the body. In the saliva the sulpho-cyanides were increased from 50 per cent. to 200 per cent. by intense fits of anger.

Experiments proving that the brain is functionally active in far greater degree while in a deliberately happy state were also made; so that increased vividness in imaging and great speed in conceptuating and ideating are obtained. It is thus seen that anabolic metabolism is augmented by our deliberately dwelling on the good, the unselfish.

Cheerful, comforting thoughts drive out the foes of bodily growth

It is a well-known fact that whenever a plexus of the body is aroused by an increased flow of life through it, superinduced by a pleasurable or aspiring emotion, as we repeat this by volition, a continuous demand, at shorter and shorter intervals, for its arousal is manifest and a chronic, automatic excitement can thus be ultimately obtained. This is well illustrated by habits and besetting sins.

Pain and moral repugnance tend directly to oppose anabolism by lowering and stemming the tide of life, thus rendering less operative the automatic upbuilding action. Nature is anabolic (moral). We know well that by a deliberate dwelling upon cheerful, comforting subjects we lessen the tendency to the attachment to thoughts promotive of evil; determinedly attaching our conscious mind to the good, the kindly, the best we can find in everything about us, will ultimately drive out the base and unjust—foes to our mind and body. Our every thought is registered upon a specialized group of brain cells, and, as we consciously dwell upon it, the group is vitalized and functionally strengthened until finally it may quite wholly absorb our attention. It is true that as we consciously build brain structure, registering pure and unselfish thoughts, we lessen

the functional activity of evil memory-groups not used; and this kind of warfare may be kept up until at last the groups through which our baser impulses emanate are atrophied and in complete abeyance. This is the "Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good" policy of Jesus.

A specific attitude of mind has a specific effect upon the body. The different emotions have specific vehicles in the plexuses of the body for their manifestation just as the memory groups in the brain are specific vehicles for conscious manifestation of our subjective states, and the force of each "reacts upon the centre from which it emanates" [H. P. Blavatsky]. Nature builds, uplifts, by the return wave of the energy thrown out. Physical growth and strength are attained by first expanding physical energy, and in the relaxed rest-time of the reactionary state following, the cells are vitalized and the tissues built up by anabolism. To gain mental capacity, conscious mental energy must be expended and, under Karmic law, new memory groups will be formed and vitalized under the influence

Spiritual energy expands in unselfish thoughts and deeds

of the returning energy wave. So, too, if we expend spiritual energy in sacrificial, unselfish thoughts and acts, we build within our nature a fitting vehicle that will present a still more manifest expression of the divinity within. The indisputable scientific proof of these facts given to the world at this time is only in line with other proofs, equally satisfying to the thinker, which are brought forward to maintain the theosophic assertion that the Christ in man is the medium through which the Great Law manifests itself in its operations through evolutionary processes pertaining to manifested life. Emotions are contagious—we need hardly be told that—but there is a dynamic property in them not generally recognized. Physics teaches that the differing physical properties seen in substance is caused by protoplasmic matter in differing rates of vibration; and that that accounts for the infinite variety of forms. Theosophy teaches us that all manifestation is the result of spirit and matter in differing vibrational rate. This is true, and the specific exhibit of an emotion is simply a life-wave surging through its instrument, a plexus in the body, sent forth by its progenitor the mind. Truly as H. P. Blavatsky said, "The body is an Aeolian harp chorde with two set of strings, one made of pure silver, the other catgut." When the breath of the divine fiat brushes softly over the former, man becomes like unto his God—but the other set feels it not; it needs a breeze of a strong terrestrial wind, impregnated with animal effluvia to set its animal chords vibrating.

The higher mind alone can influence the "interacting atoms"

It is the function of the physical lower mind to act upon the physical organs and their cells; but it is the higher mind alone which can influence the atoms interacting in those cells, which interaction is alone capable of exciting the brain, via the spinal centre cord, to a mental representation of spiritual ideas far beyond any objects on this material plane.

In man, the microcosm, we observe that "every external change, motion, act, gesture, whether voluntary or mechanical, organic or mental, is produced and preceded by internal feeling or emotion, will or volition, and thought or mind" [Secret Doctrine]. So, too, no outward, evolutionary change in the universe, the macrocosm, may take place unless provoked by an inward impulse. The world will recognize, some day, that thought and emotional energy waves are the primary forces of the universe; and that each finds lodgment, as it travels out in concentric forms, in other personal nature; and they respond by attunement to their uplift or are aroused to baser impulse. Herein lies the principle of "Brotherhood, a fact in nature." Browning was right when he said "Truth is within ourselves, it takes no rise from outward things whate'er we may believe." If we wish to attain to the perfect stature, and we must, we will demand that the divine efflux dominate. Only then can we transmute these personal "temples" from a state of defilement to a pure dwelling for our real selves, rays of the "Father in secret; within the Kingdom."

Man can progress only through the exercise of the higher potencies

We see from the foregoing that all are influenced, in degree, by us; so, too, are we influenced by potent forces aroused throughout the world. The earth will "be raised" only as fast as mankind progresses toward the dominancy of the higher self through individual and mutual effort inspired by a knowledge of the Law and the exemplification of its fulfillment in the pure and noble lives of the world's Great Teachers.

AMOS C. McALPIN

THE American people have an especial aptitude for all good

Music in the Home Life

things of a progressive nature. They have keen sensibilities for physical and mental grace, bright use of language, a good share of humor and a growing appreciation of music and the fine arts.

Though the general standard of intelligence is higher in the American people, and education more diffused among all classes than it is with any other nation, we have yet to cultivate a warmer sensibility for the divine art of music. With the natural, inborn disposition for æsthetics we should soon be able to rouse that latent side in our nature which is the germ of intense desire to express beautiful thoughts, feelings and ideas in harmonies of sound—or music. The essential prerogative for the creation of such an atmosphere wherein the desire should rise, is *the Home*. That is the sanctuary where the seeds are sown that crave for high attainment. When the seed has taken root, the desire to cultivate it grows irresistibly, and the child or youth will seek opportunity to improve the taste in the concert room and by such associations as are congenial to the noble pursuit. If parents have not the faculty to stimulate such an atmosphere at home, they should see to it that the children are not prevented from getting their inspiration wherever chance might favor it; but more than that, children should be decidedly encouraged when they show musical tendencies. It is a crime to discourage or even neglect it. If children should be left alone in cases where they show marked inclination for music, they would be certain to inspire the home circle of parents, cousins and aunts with more harmony and joy than is often the case. How is the musical atmosphere to be promoted? Certainly by having the children instructed in music! How shall an unmusical family proceed? what instruments should be learned and how should the accomplishment be applied? The piano takes supreme rank of all musical instruments today. It is supposed to be indispensable to music-making. Such a notion, however, is entirely erroneous. The advantage of the piano over certain other instruments is fully granted, but we have heard many times delightful music in the home and seen the happiest musical attractions spread over the family circle without a piano.

The fundamentals which enchant the fireside with musical harmonies do not depend on any one thing or instrument. The excelling and all-compassing instrument is the human voice.

Singing is natural to every man and woman, and whoever has a voice to speak can also sing. Everybody sings at times, in moments of reverie, of joy, or even of sadness; giving vent to that innate impulse which should be foremost in the family life—harmony.

There is nothing that will unite a family so closely as when all the members cultivate music together; nor is there any occupation, pastime or pleasure which is so noble, so grand and elevating, so charming!

Singing, even without accompaniment, is pleasing; perhaps more telling than when covered over with other sounds. But part songs of two and three voices are certainly very beautiful, and especially four voices, composed of the four principal human registers, are the acme of beauty of musical sound. The less pretentious can get as much satisfaction from a single song with guitar accompaniment or from elementary melo-

dies played in duet on mandolin and guitar as from other music. Both these instruments are more easily mastered than others and they are very accessible as to price and also susceptible of great perfection and the same sweetness as many other instruments. Violin and violoncello are more difficult instruments to master and they require more arduous application before satisfactory results are attained.

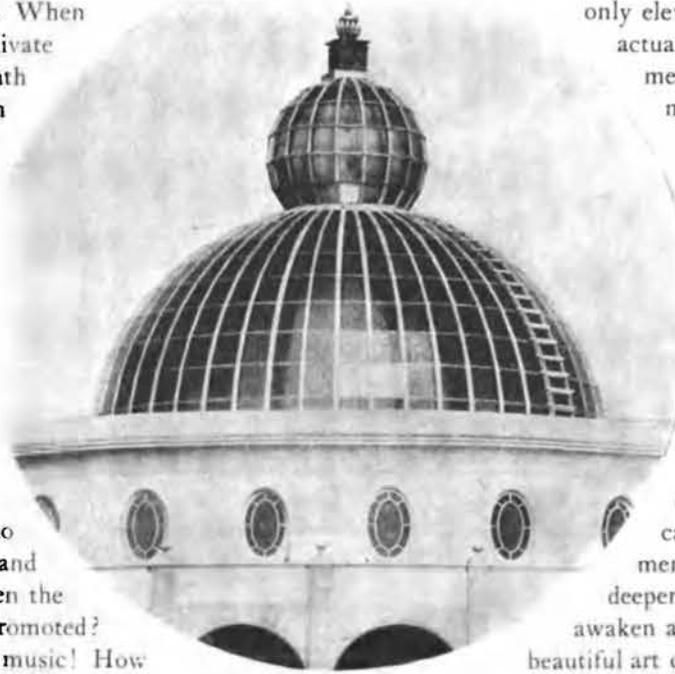
No matter what instrument is taken up, the aim should be to make an atmosphere of music in the home. It will soon be found that it is an unexpected attraction; keeping the husband at home from the club; the mother in sweet attention to her musically-interested children, while to youth music in the home is the greatest boon of life. When children become once interested in music they experience a growing fascination for it and crave to express their ideals. It not only elevates their moral character, but it makes them actually disgusted with vulgarity and coarse amusements. The influence that is exercised by music under favorable conditions upon children just growing into independent life, no amount of persuasion could do full justice to. There are practical examples enough to show what benefits are enjoyed by those who have the privilege of a home where music is regularly, diligently and intelligently cultivated. There are many instruments, zither, flute, cornet, clarinet, oboe, saxophone and others, which are not so frequently used in family life. However, strange predilections are often developed after the innate love of music has been aroused, causing some persons to take up peculiar instruments. There is yet another way, and perhaps a deeper one, by means of which to more speedily awaken a desire for the cultivation of the inestimably beautiful art of music in the American nation. It is in the public schools. A good singing teacher, one who teaches by example, should be provided for the children, and time should be devoted to culture of voice and music. Children love to sing. They hum and sing at every opportunity, and are perfectly capable after but little training, of singing two and three part songs.

Let no prejudice of the elders about their capabilities discourage persistency in the children.

Cheerful and appropriate songs can easily be arranged to suit the pitch of their voices. In a short time the children get an idea of harmony and are surprised and delighted at their own power to produce sweet and pleasing sounds.

It awakes the natural faculty for music which everybody possesses, and such children, thus cultivated, bring the atmosphere of it into their homes and educate their parents in that sadly neglected gift.

If the public could know what wonderful accomplishments are achieved by the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma, Cal., of which Katherine Tingley, the Leader of the Universal Brotherhood Organization, is the inspirer and director, they would acknowledge in astonishment and admiration her rare power, and it would also teach them the telling lesson of the magnificent qualities which lie latent in unpromising children and which can be brought out under a loving and intelligent system. It might develop a knowledge in some pessimists that humanity is destined to rise at last from the minor to the major key. STUDENT



Dome of Aryan Temple at World's Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, Cal.

GOETHE—A man should hear a little music, read a little poetry and see a fine picture every day of his life, in order that worldly cares may not obliterate the sense of the beautiful which God has implanted in the human soul.

DISRAELI—Were it not for music we might in these days say the beautiful is dead.

ADDISON—Music is the only sensual gratification which mankind may indulge in to excess without injury to moral or religious feelings.

NAPOLEON—Music, of all the liberal arts, has the greatest influence over the passions, and is that to which the legislator ought to give the greatest encouragement.

CICERO—Plato says that a change in the songs of musicians can change the state of commonwealths.

HORACE WALPOLE—Had I children my utmost would be to make them musicians. Considering I have no ear, nor even thought of music, the preference may seem odd; yet it is embraced on frequent reflection.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Saturday, January 11, 1902. There come times when the city-confined woman longs to get away from bricks and mortar for a space—to catch a glimpse of sky and sunshine that is not veiled by a city's smoke. Like the knights of old, she longs to go forth into the very heart of nature, in quest of adventure, in quest of the freedom that is forbidden her in the city. As old Chaucer puts it: "Than pricken hem nature in her corages, than longen folks to gon on pilgrimages."

And so it came to pass that one snowy day in December I turned my back upon dear old Boston, and my face to the great West. Chicago, a big, smoky, overgrown city, quite deserved a few-days visit. Yet I gladly left behind me its snow and chill and pushed westward. Kansas City, too, was cold and not inviting to one from our hospitable New England, particularly one whose thought horizon was filled by a vision of palms and pomegranates. But Las Vegas, in New Mexico, deserves something more than the two-days visit I made. I did not wonder that so many invalids stopped there, for the climate is quite remarkable. Its southern location insures warm winters, while the high altitude of the place bestows upon the inhabitants cool and delightful summers. Still, the presence of so many invalids is depressing, and it must be confessed that the frequent brawls and occasional murders in the Mexican community, which dwells in the heart of the place, are features as unpleasant as they appear to be inevitable. The river which runs through the place, circling the hills, has a curious habit of disappearing now and then, in places, and reappearing unexpectedly at the wrong time. We left the hotel, a party of four, crossed the sluggish, peaceable little stream on stepping stones, and climbed to the top of the stony hills beyond. At sunset our stepping stones had disappeared, an energetic current was flowing along at the point where we crossed and when we reached our hotel we were wiser, but very wet.

There was once a clever person who described civilization as "a disease which has destroyed every nation that has fallen a victim to it." And this definition took possession of my mind at the sight of a number of Indian women at one of the Arizona stations. "Two bits! See pappoose for two bits!" And when 25 cents had been collected and placed in her big, greasy hand, she threw back a bit of rag and disclosed the fat, dirty face of her sleeping baby. Wherefore this degradation? Has it any connection with the disease called "civilization," or has civilization been somewhat soiled in its passage through the hands of the "Indian agent?" I have heard hints to that effect. And I was almost tempted to wish that the last few centuries might, somehow, disappear and place this slatternly squaw back again to the days when all the tribe worked instead of begging, when they smoked the peace pipe by the shores of Gitchee Gumee, and in the tepees of the Black hills, when they daily greeted the rising sun and intoned thanks to the Great Spirit. The sadness of the picture—for it is not suffering, that is the calamity, but degradation—filled me with a sense of almost despair. At that very moment our flying train rounded a curve and the Spanish peaks came into view. How fortunate are we, for when the sight of sordidness and inhumanity is more than we can bear, we may always turn to Nature. Nothing could present a more complete contrast to the sordid, greasy picture of that Indian woman, than the opaline, translucent tints of these wonderful twin mountains. Their bases lost in a haze of atmosphere, their summits snow-covered, their outlines shifting, merely suggested in marvelous tones of pink, azure, and a vision of purple, these mountains rose above the brown, dry slopes about me as Fujiyama, the sacred mountain, rises above the rice fields and rivers of Japan.

A day more and we were flying over the desert, many of the stations having little more than a side-track and a water-tank, and populated chiefly with jack-rabbits and prairie-dogs. At last, not long after sunrise, the train pulled into Los Angeles, a picturesque city and prosperous. It is well laid out, scores of luxurious homes speak of large and successful business ventures, its shop windows have a decidedly eastern look, and altogether the city appears to be unusually enterprising. But on every hand I met invalids; at Santa Barbara, still there were invalids; and at last I moved on to the western terminus of the Santa Fe railroad, San Diego.

From the "feel of things" in San Diego, I judged that the city was gradually awakening, like Rip Van Winkle, from a sleep of many years. In 1873 no other city on the Pacific coast had such prospects as San Diego. A great transcontinental railroad was projected, the chief promoters being Col. Thomas Scott and Marshall O. Roberts. Negotiations were well under way, loans with European financiers were all but closed, when the business world was thrown into a panic by the Credit Mobilier investigation begun in the United States Senate. The business houses of Europe became suspicious, negotiations for loans, unfortunately not completed, were abandoned. The railroad project was doomed, and San Diego patiently worked and waited, quiet of temperament and slow of growth up to the present time. The Easterner, who has never studied our great West, is scarcely aware of the importance of San Diego from some standpoints. Its bay

From *The Republican*, Springfield, Mass.

SAN DIEGO AND POINT LOMA

MRS. TINGLEY'S THEOSOPHIC HOME

A Visitor to Southern California Gives Some Account of the Prospects of the Town and the Character of Loma-land, With Some Comments by the Way

(Correspondence of *The Republican*)

become before long a natural drainage port for the entire southwestern portion of the United States, including territory as far north as Utah, and eastward well into Colorado. I learned that some of the more progressive citizens are now surveying for a transcontinental railroad, running directly east from this port. This will pass by easy grades to Yuma, Arizona, through that fertile region which was formerly the bed of the Gulf of California, and into which the immense flow of the Colorado river is now being turned, thus making it possible to reclaim millions of acres of land. They tell me that, under irrigation, this land is equal in fertility to the valley of the Nile, and there is, in parts, abundant proof of it. Such a railway line will be financed without difficulty, they tell me, as its undoubted advantages are recognized by those in control of our aggressive eastern and middle state trunk lines, which are now pushing across the continent for a west-coast port, a transcontinental and all-the-world-round trade. There seems already to be a commercial demand for such a line, connecting us it will with a combination line of freight and passenger steamers, plying between its terminus at San Diego and the Orient.

The city is picturesque in its topography. Natural ravines and canyons here and there afford building sites that would be the envy of the architects of our prairie states. A splendid water front, not quite appreciated I think, is San Diego bay. Coronado Beach is not far distant. Old Town may be reached by a drive of a few miles in the opposite direction. Here was San Diego mission established in the 18th century, and here the guide points out to you the home of "Ramona," now falling into decay. National City is another point of interest. On University Heights was opened in 1897 a Normal School, one indication that San Diego is to take a step ahead on educational as well as commercial lines.

At the end of an eight-mile drive around the beautiful bay, I found another educational center which is being, perhaps, more talked of than any other on the Pacific Coast. I refer to the "Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society," of which Katherine Tingley is the Leader, and which has its International Headquarters at Point Loma. I had heard from various quarters most remarkable stories about this place, tales of high walls, massive, barred gates, a high stockade surrounding it, guarded by armed sentinels; tales of sadly neglected children, of "mysteries" and "private ways." I had heard from intelligent tourists, on the other hand, that this place, Loma-land, was something of a Utopia, where men and women and children lived a really joyful life, and where students in music, art, the languages, philosophy and other branches, enjoyed exceptional advantages. Thus, it was with feelings mixed and mitigated that I accompanied a tally-ho party out to Loma Hill. At the gate, which is an arched structure of Roman design, the guard, who is a brother, by the way, of Senator Pettigrew, indicated the direction in which we were to drive to reach the Homestead proper. But where were the high walls? I looked for them in vain. Naught did I behold save a rabbit-proof fence of wire netting, the height of a gentleman's cane, which with Yankee curiosity, I borrowed in lieu of a yard-stick. The whole place appeared to be more exposed and less protected than the average eastern farm.

Nor did I behold any formidable "sentinels," only a few guides here and there, who show visitors points of interest that would otherwise in the space of a short visit be overlooked. On inquiry I found that among their number were business men of means and the highest commercial rating, who live here with their families, and own their own horses. And the "semi-military uniforms," which some American yellow journals describe as being quite terrifying, were simply suits of khaki-colored cloth, selected because of the sand which covers the hill in many places, rendering the conventional dark suit untidy and dusty. As to the "private ways," one led to a canyon, the passage of which was too dangerous to allow carriages to enter it, another to the suite of offices occupied by the Leader, a third to the children's Raja Yoga School. Alas, thought I, if there be no "mysteries," my visit to Loma-land will be destitute of romance. And just then the sound of children's voices broke upon the air—for Point Loma is very quiet, and silence seems to be a part of the nature of the place—and I heard the words as the children came nearer:

See the nations hand in hand,
Life is Joy, Life is Joy.

The guide led us into the Temple where the children daily meet for their singing lesson. Side by side stood the daughter of a millionaire and homeless waifs from Cuba and our own States. Later I visited the Raja Yoga School in company with

GEORGE WASHINGTON & THEOSOPHIST

As the years pass we do not feel that Washington is passing out of them. On the contrary, each year seems to bring him nearer. We find growing within our hearts a broader conception of his work and his character; a larger gratitude for the integrity and the wisdom of his life. Were he living today he would be greater than he was even in the turbulent eighteenth century, because today is a greater time; greater opportunities are at hand. We face more subtle dangers with every passing year. The disintegrating forces in human life are active as never before. Not in centuries has there been so great a need of the synthesizing, unifying force that was characteristic of this man.

Mrs. Tingley, in speaking of her Crusade around the world, once said: "In every country, even in the Orient, I heard the name of Washington coupled with that of America. Everywhere the hearts of men are turning to this land, and I found the feeling among all people that Washington, somehow, stood as our type, our ideal, of American manhood and public service."

The fact that receding years only bring him closer to us in thought is but another proof of the faith that is within us. For it is the eternal qualities in the man which are real to us. These reckon not of time nor outer circumstances, and are the soul's own answer to the Materialist. The very fact that, as a nation, we have a sense of nearness to this great soul at the present time proves that, in our better moments, we are capable of looking deeper than the mere man; capable of appreciating the deeper, the enduring traits of his character. It seems to be a part of the Law that the Great Reformer is never recognized by the masses during his life. He must wait for future ages to be discovered. Joan of Arc was persecuted by the very type of people who now seek to do her honor, and there are among us today Reformers whose greatness we refuse to recognize till they have passed away.

In heredity, Washington was most fortunate. His birth and early environment point us to the cause of some of his greatness, for he sprang from good, old Virginia stock; from those sturdy pioneer families, which were to the South what the old Plymouth families were to the North. Integrity and courage were not acquired virtues with him. They were ingrained in his very nature, quite as a matter of course. Mary Washington was a woman of unusual strength and sweetness of character. She was intellectually far above those of her class, for the higher education of women belonged not to the code of those days. She esteemed learning, yet she possessed rare intuition and recognized learning to be properly the hand-maid of the virtues. In her home-life she was a queen. How much her son owed to her we may imagine, for she was, of course, his teacher and companion during his earliest years, and when he was left fatherless at the age of eleven, it was Mary Washington to whom he looked for guidance during the critical time when he was passing from boyhood to manhood. O! the unknown struggles and conquests of the unknown mothers of men! We search and search for causes, we wonder why our great men are great, and yet it rarely occurs to us to look into the lives of their mothers. Is it not true that real history yet awaits to be written? Is it not true that the deepest facts in character-analysis have never been recorded? Mary Washington's life was rich and true and strong. It is easy to see why the son's reverence for his mother was knightly in its tenderness and unreserve.

Washington was not a collegian, like Jefferson. Beyond his mother's tuition he depended only upon the common schools of his day. Though studious, he was not naturally a student of books, but a man of affairs, rather; a man of action and a good judge of human nature. Surveying was his favorite study, and in those pioneer days, with the great West unexplored, practically unknown, no other science could have better equipped him, in some ways, for his work.

He was born into the very midst of the jealousies of nations. The old rivalry between France and England that disgraced the Middle Ages had transferred its battleground to the fertile Ohio valley, and finally this young surveyor, a lad of twenty-one, was commissioned to carry a message from the English to General St. Pierre, in Presque Isle, Lake Erie. He succeeded, in spite of the dangers of a trackless forest, unfriendly Indians, bridgeless streams filled with floating ice, and the severest hardships. He came back, laid the defiant message before Governor Dinwiddie and, when war was determined upon, he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the Virginia militia, and it fell to this youth, under the authority of Virginia, to open the war. The little stockade, "Fort Necessity," was the scene of Washington's first conflict in those outer battles which exist because men will not,

do not, fight the inner, those unseen battles of thought and of conscience, whose anguished arena is the human heart. Washington was a warrior; a man born to battle. When the battles were those of the open field, there he was found. When they were transferred to the arena of political and civil reform, there he still was, the wise Leader and the Conqueror. Yet his was never the warfare of disintegration. His life betrays not a suspicion of thirst for conquest, hunger for power and dominion, or a disintegrating tendency. He loved peace rather than war, of which all his delicate diplomacy during that critical period of our history immediately after the closing of the Revolutionary war, is another proof. Yet he was enough of a philosopher to distinguish clearly the difference between the *true peace and the false*. And true peace he proposed to win for America, *even though he must fight for it*.

When he, with Adams, Franklin, Thomas Paine and others, flung into the face of King George that defiant, but sublimely dignified Declaration of Independence, he knew, in a measure what he would have to meet. He stood face to face with the choice that comes both to nations and to men at recurring times—the choice between war and slavery, of which so-called "peace" is often but another name. To the latter he preferred war, every time. *In that, Washington was a true Theosophist*. Washington's life as a warrior was marked by many victories. He had the capacity to transform into conquest what would, to others, be defeat; and, searching for the cause of this, we find it in a certain quality of his nature, which we might define as the "higher patience." Had Washington been a self-seeker, those periods in his life when everything seemed to fail him, would, sooner or later, have robbed him of his power. Yet, the fact exists that so-called "defeats" or reverses, were to him treasure-houses of strength. Out of them he gathered resources which made possible ultimate victory. Like Arjuna, he recognized that "dejection in matters of difficulty" was "unworthy of the honorable . . . contrary to duty and the foundation of dishonor." He

was great because he had the capacity to transform, transmute, defeat into victory, by that alchemy which is the possession of the great soul; which is born from integrity and from an absolute conviction that one's cause is just. And the "higher patience" is the sign of it, sure proof of the presence of the soul. Washington was great in all his splendid conflicts in the French and Indian war; he was great on Dorchester Heights, but he was greater during that trying time which followed the loss of Fort Washington and Fort Mifflin, the taking of Rhode Island and Connecticut by the British, and the capture of General Lee. Everything seemed to be going against the patriot's cause, and it must have appeared impossible that Washington, with his

little force of undisciplined volunteers, and with limited funds, could hope to succeed against England, with her immense wealth, her prestige, her thousands of disciplined soldiers and the thousands more of German mercenaries which she was already sending over. Washington's men were far inferior to the enemy in point of numbers, in discipline, in equipment. Probably not one man in a regiment fully comprehended the situation. In spite of Washington's marvelous tact, he unified them only to a certain point. More than once, from sheer wrong-headedness, they were on the eve of mutiny. And it is hard to say whether Washington—who stood, of course, as the outer expression of the patriot cause—suffered most from the avowed enemy, or from the disintegrating forces that became active in his own army during those periods of discouragement which followed defeats.

Yet, Washington was tranquil. *He held on*. He had no thought of yielding, and he knew that every moment spent in regret was one moment stolen from the constructive work that would fashion victory. The result was that, after that discouraging period came a complete reversal of things in the victory of Trenton, and just when George III was congratulating himself, and Cornwallis was preparing to return to England, the British Secretary wrote home: "*All our hopes are blasted by the unhappy affair at Trenton!*"

The tide had completely turned. Is it too much to say that the real battle was fought in that little tent on the banks of the Delaware, long before Washington crossed the river or entered Trenton? I think not. It was that which made possible the outer victory, depend upon it. The greater heroism is that which endures and builds and waits and *yields not*, under the pressure of apparent defeat.

There is a Universal Law. It carves a path for the human race; an upward path, unto the sunlight and into the gates of the Soul. Those who would be co-workers with it must possess the "higher patience." It is the first qualification of



the Theosophist; the spiritual warrior. Washington possessed it. And how he was tested during that winter at Valley Forge! Germantown and Brandywine had been added to the list of his defeats. Philadelphia had been lost. The British had full control of the Delaware. Supplies had failed. Washington saw his men facing a long winter without sufficient food, clothing or shelter. He saw thousands of those who were heroes under shot and shell become like petulant children under the strain of inactivity and privation. He saw again the disintegrating forces at work, not only in the ranks of his own volunteers, but throughout the country. Men all over the country were losing faith in him, judging him with their opinions. Even Congress began to criticise his leadership of the patriot cause, for, then, as now, some Congressmen were corrupt, or at least, unwise. Never had he faced darker days, for never before had his own integrity and leadership been so questioned. Never before had the patriot cause appeared so hopeless. What heroic quality was that in his nature which gave him the capacity to be silent, to plan, to wait, and to refuse to harbor despair, as a man would refuse to contact leprosy? It was this "higher patience." Few, very few, in all history, have been capable of it. But Washington's early education, through the wisdom of his mother, had been of the heart rather than of the head. And at this time, as before, something in his heart assured him that the time was pregnant, that he must needs wait and be silent, or those events which the future held would be robbed of their power by being hastened into an untimely birth. All this was true.

With spring came the news of an alliance with France, and conciliatory proposals from King George III. The tide again turned. Yet there came a reaction after these victories, and during the following winter, all of Washington's tact and patience and knowledge of human nature were needed to prevent a general mutiny among his men, discouraged, cold, unpaid, unfed.

The test of Leadership is the capacity to tide men over those reactionary periods which are inevitable in the warfare on all planes. It demands of a Leader a patience so high that it becomes a thing divine. This test Washington met, and he was most heroic during those periods of which our histories make almost no mention. Is it not time that his life was written from this new point of view, by some historian who shall translate to us the inner rather than the outer; who deals with causes rather than effects? For Washington's genius was really creative in type. He was at home in the world of causes; he did his real work there, even though he never published this fact, and his real life will never be understood by those who have not a philosophy which enables them to look deeper than the mere outer signs and circumstances. Already Katherine Tingley in reviving an interest in some of the heroes of the past, is bringing to light some phases of their lives overlooked even by those historians who have done so much. In her opinion, Washington's life should be written by a Theosophist. Washington was a born regenerator, a destined reformer of men and of conditions. Yet, he was one of the most impersonal of men, diffident, in spite of all the honors which came to him. When Adams nominated him as Commander-in-Chief of the American army he withdrew from the hall, saying: "I fear this will mean the downfall of my military reputation." When, years afterwards, he was in a position to remain at the head of the nation, when every opportunity was open to him and he saw the people awakening to a realizing sense of what he was and what he stood for, he quietly withdrew from the Presidency from principle. Yet, he had a Theosophist's appreciation of



FLOOD-GATES OF SWEETWATER DAM, SAN DIEGO COUNTY

what Leadership really meant, as is illustrated by one little incident which is rarely mentioned. When the Declaration of Independence was adopted, which, by the way, Washington ordered to be read to each brigade in his army, and which more than alarmed England, Washington, being Commander-in-Chief of the army, become the Leader of the patriot cause in a new sense. He then stood for the outer expression of a great principle. He became the outer head, as it were, of a new nation, the dignity of which England was expected to recognize with as little delay as possible. General Howe, not recognizing this fact, opened negotiations with Washington on behalf of the English people, with the object of effecting a reconciliation. His first dispatch to Washington was addressed "George Washington, Esq.," purposely ignoring his official title as commander of the American armies. Washington received the insult, not to himself but to the patriot colonies for which he stood, and he refused to open the dispatch. The messenger returned it to Howe, who sent another note bearing the superscription "George Washington, etc., etc., etc.," and the messenger tried in vain to explain to the General that "etc.," must mean his official title, of course. Washington a second time refused to receive the note. Again it was returned to Howe, who, it is safe to say, acquired more respect for the thirteen colonies and for the man who represented them, than he acquired even at Philadelphia. Washington's first aim was to free men, then to unify them. In that, too, he was a true Theosophist. And after his people were freed then his ability was tested to the utmost by the effort to unify the colonies, to draw them together into a settled, strongly centralized, government. He saw that that alone would insure the future of America. Had the people realized it, conditions would be far less difficult today than is the case. Yet, in spite of the fact that many of the people resisted this idea, fearing that it would result in the establishment of another monarchy, Washington tided over this reactionary condition and carried his point, I sometimes think, through sheer courage. For it takes courage to harness inharmonious forces to the same chariot, and once harnessed, it takes greatest courage and skill to avoid disaster, and to have them see their duty in a quiet, steady pulling of the same load. It required courage on Washington's part to place men of such diverse views as Jefferson and Hamilton in his Cabinet. Yet this Washington did and the result was the credit of the United States was soon firmly established and the administration gained the respect and confidence of the entire people.

Washington's life deserves to be better understood. It was the life of a warrior lived on highest lines. His battles were not won by powder and bullet merely, nor did he believe them to be. He had a trust in that Universal Law which does not fail those who put their trust in it, yet he realized that it was equally necessary to "Keep the powder dry." His was a practical philosophy. And yet, possessing an absolute, unyielding belief in the justice of his cause, convinced that he was "working with the tide of the world's life working with him," he had a power and an insight and a capacity for patience and perseverance that is possessed by very few. The old, old fight for freedom is still waging—not on the battlefield, with cannon and sabre, but in our political arena, in the commercial world, and in our courts of law. Never has Humanity so needed true warriors, high souled-reformers. We cannot wonder that Katherine Tingley exclaims, "O for a George Washington! O that the power of his life, of his soul, of his patriotism, might sweep in upon us today and bring about a higher type of liberty and of justice." STUDENT

THE great seal is placed upon commissions of the cabinet and of diplomatic and consular officers, ceremonious communications from the president to foreign governments, pardons and commutations of sentence by the Chief Executive, exequaturs, extradition warrants upon other countries, and commissions of civil officers appointed by the President, whose commissions are not signed under a different seal.

Arms: On a field chevrons composed of seven pieces on one side and six on the other, joined together at the top in such wise that each of the six bears against or is supported by and supports two of the opposite side, the pieces of the chevrons on each side alternate red and white. The shield borne on the breast of an American eagle, on the wing and rising proper. In the dexter talon of the eagle an olive branch and in the sinister a bundle of arrows. Over the head of the eagle a constellation of stars surrounded with bright rays and, at a little distance,

The Great Seal of the United States

clouds. In the bill of the eagle a scroll with the words "E Pluribus Unum." The design for the reverse, which has never been executed, is a pyramid unfinished. In the zenith an eye in a triangle surmounted with a glory, proper. Over the eye these words, "Annuit Cœptis." On the base of the pyramid the numerical letters, "MDCCLXXVI," and underneath these words, "Novus Ordo Seclorum."

The words "Annuit cœptis novus ordo seclorum" have commonly been taken as one motto, meaning "The new series of ages is favorable to our undertakings"; but from the "remarks and explanation" accompanying the description of the seal as finally adopted, some authorities have inferred that the intention was to have two mottoes—"Annuit cœptis," meaning "It (the eye of Providence) is favorable to our undertakings," and "Novus ordo seclorum," meaning simply "A new order of centuries." The pyramid signifies strength and duration; the eye over it symbolizes the many signal interpositions of Providence in the American cause.

Bird Life at Point Loma.

ONE of the most conspicuous of the birds which haunt the immediate neighborhood of the Homestead is the black phœbe. True, its plumage is rather funereal, but its grace and activity are so incessantly displayed that it contributes not a little to the life of the grounds. Perched on a bough or a hydrant, it keeps a sharp lookout for flies, and when its prey is near enough it makes a rapid flight to meet it and the sharp snap of the beak which marks the insect's capture may be heard at quite a distance. Then there is a little modest bird clothed in a quiet suit of dull green, which creeps and flits and glides among the lesser branches of the shrubs in quest of aphides and other insect pests. It is very like the wren of British hedgerows, and probably belongs to the class of vireos, but it would take an expert to name it with precision. There are some who greatly pride themselves on their knowledge of the classification of the wild things of Nature, and their power of naming everything they meet, but such knowledge is really of very doubtful value. There are four hundred kinds of humming-birds, but the man who has known and loved one single species knows more about humming-birds than the learned person who can exactly discriminate between the four hundred species and knows their Latin names.

The red-breasted linnet or house-finch now gathers in considerable numbers on the roofs and keeps up a chorus of incessant twittering.

The meadow lark (which is really a starling) may often now be seen about the fields. He wears a vest of pure yellow and vents his feelings in a most melodious whistle. If the voice is any indication of the feelings he must be supremely happy. Ever and anon a black crow flaps his tedious way overhead, and caws to his distant mate. Yesterday one of them found what looked like a dead gopher on the eastern slope of the hill, and joyfully carried off the dainty in his claws. It is a great pity that the sky-lark is not an American bird and thus that Shelley's famous ode cannot be properly appreciated on this side of the Atlantic, as it is in England, but the bird has lately been introduced into one or two localities in the Eastern states and it is to be hoped will gradually extend its range.



A DESERT CACTUS (Agave Shawii)



HUGE POMME DE TERRE OF LOMA-LAND

STUDENT

The Introduction of Mulissa.

THE last addition to the happy brotherhood of animals at the I. B. L. Colony in Loma-land was Mulissa, the Homestead donkey. It was a great day in the animal world, and even the humans shared in the interest and joy. First came Cactus, the faithful guard, to demand the pass-word and the motto of our order—"Happy?" "You bet I am happy!" said Mulissa, in the rough-and-ready language of the west.

Cactus just danced for joy. He barked, leaped and bounded in her face, tried her heels and tested her good humor in every way known to a vigilant tyler. When he had proved that she would not bite or kick the children, nor impose on the other animals, he admitted her as worthy and well qualified to enter our secluded home of Nature's order, and went off and lay down: but kept one eye open. Next came the cows. First one, then another and another until all nearly stared their eyes out and craned their necks over the fence to inspect this strange musician. "Now, who and what are you?" blurted out Fanita, the heifer, who had never seen a burro before. The colony Cowboy turned Mulissa into the corral and all the cows retreated except Fanita, whose curiosity knew no bounds.

Mulissa took her stand in the alley and braced herself, as only a burro can, ears, neck and fore-legs stiff as pokers, with an expression on her resolute but kindly face, of "Well, what do you intend to do now?"

Fanita snorted and capered away, her fat sides shaking with suppressed laughter. "Come now, be pleasant and good humored," purred Patsy, as he came off guard over a mouse hole in the barn and rubbed along on the fence. "She is only a yearling, too frisky and gay to be as dignified as you and I are," and Patsy swelled with the pride of one who is getting to be quite a grown cat now. "Surely you'll forgive her, she is only a spoiled baby," pleaded Molly, the motherly old cow. "She is a thick-necked Jersey, fit only for beef," sulked the donkey, as she slowly got over her feeling of injury at the calf's familiarity. And then the cat and the calf, the dog and the donkey, made friends and the donkey has now become one of the most useful and contented members of our happy family.

A. B. C.

The fourth regard in which we must consider estates is the title to the same. Title is the means whereby a person comes to the just possession of property. Title may be derived either by descent or by purchase. By descent is to be understood the means whereby a man acquires title to property upon the death of an ancestor by virtue of representation or of being his heir at law. In order to understand the Law of Descent we must study the subject of consanguinity or Kinship by Blood, which kinship may be lineal, direct by Descent or Collateral, where kinship is derived indirectly, from, however, a common stock or root.

The legal significance of Purchase is broad enough to take in every method of acquiring property other than by Inheritance or Descent. Purchase includes, Escheat, which is where the property is cast upon the Paramount Lord on account of a failure of heirs; Occupancy is where title is gained by taking possession of property which previously had no owner; Prescription is where an imperfect title or no title at all ripens into a good title by the lapse of time and by the negligence of the true owner to assert his better right. Forfeiture is where the title is lost to the owner and gained by some other as a penalty to the owner, which happens generally where the owner has been guilty of some crime against the Government; Alienation, which is generally either by deed or devise.

We come now to the matter of Personal Property by which the Law means something more than is included in the definition of Things Movable, for everything which lacks either duration or immobility is Personal Property, or Chattels, as it is denominated by the Law.

Chattels are divided into Chattels Real and Chattels Personal; Chattels Real being such as savor of the realty, to use the language of Sir Edward Coke; Chattels Personal are, strictly speaking, things movable, which are attached to the person of the owner and may be carried with him wherever he may go. In some American States, if not in all of them, there is no legal distinction in point of the

Blackstone's Commentaries

Narrative Analysis of Book II—CONCLUDED

application of the Law of Personalty, between Chattels Real and Chattels Personal, the laws which made the distinction having been repealed. As in Real Property so in Chattels, one may own an absolute or else a limited property, although from their nature such quantity of interest is not subject to the division of Freehold or less than Freehold. There may be the use of the chattels for a fixed time, as for life, or years, at will, by sufferance. Chattels are liable to a qualified ownership arising from the nature of some chattels which does not apply to realty; as for instance, the right to the use of the air and the light which environ the Real Property of a person, or the qualified ownership of animals, birds, fish, etc., which are wild by nature, called *feræ naturæ* by the Law; such being the property of the owner only while they are under his control.

Title to property in chattels is gained entirely by purchase, as they are not subject to descent, excepting such as are called Heirlooms, but on the death of the owner they go to the Administrator and are in consequence disposed of in a different channel than if they went direct to the heirs of the deceased owner.

Purchase may be by: Occupancy; Forfeiture; Succession; Marriage; Judgment; Grant; Contract; Testament; Administration, and perhaps by a few other methods. In America one of the principal advantages of Inheritance by Descent is lost to the Heir, for Realty as well as Personalty is made liable to the debts of the deceased.

Personal Property is either in possession or in action, by which latter is meant the right to property not in possession but which may be reduced to possession by an action at law; the right to personalty not in possession is called a Chose in Action. Personal property may be held in either Severalty, Joint Tenancy, in common, but not in Coparcenary, as Personal Property does not descend from the ancestor, and property in a Coparcenary interest can arise in no other way save than by Inheritance.

STUDENT

Students



Path

All This Hath Been Before

by ALFRED TENNYSON

AS when with downcast eyes we muse and brood
 And ebb into a former life, or seem
 To lapse far back in a confused dream
 To states of mystical similitude,
 If one but speaks or hems or stirs a chair
 Ever the wonder waxeth more and more,
 So that we say, all this hath been before,
 All this hath been, I know not when nor where;
 So, friend, when first I looked upon your face
 Our thoughts gave answer each to each, so true,
 Opposed mirrors each reflecting each—
 Although I knew not in what time or place,
 Methought that I had often met with you,
 And each had lived in other's mind and speech.

Truth Fears Not the Light of Day

“FREE criticism has restored a given life to the Bible, while it has cut away the whole material on which the older secularism and infidelity depended.”

So says a writer in the London *Daily Chronicle*, reviewing *The Old Testament and the New Scholarship*, by Dr. J. B. Peters. And it should be comfort to those who unintelligently confound honest research with ribald scepticism. Enlightenment and study will not hurt anything that is genuine and true in the Bible and religion; it is only the shams that need tremble.

The absurdity of maintaining an attitude of bigoted conservatism towards the Bible is shown by a glance at similar mistaken prejudices in the past. Quoting again from the review:

Dr. Peters is peculiarly happy in showing how the mistrust of the Higher Criticism is as old, and as unreasonable, as human prejudice itself. St. Jerome was mistrusted as a dangerous higher critic, even by his great contemporary, St. Augustine, because he endeavored to correct the current Latin version of the Bible, and even upset the minds of the faithful by going back to the original Hebrew and venturing to translate that! Nay, the very arrangement of our Old Testament, unchronological and misleading as it is, was the work of Alexandrine critics two thousand years ago, and was regarded then with as much suspicion as it is now with irrational devotion.

Eichhorn, who first a century ago applied the term “Higher Criticism” to the study of dates and authorship in the Bible, was a devout believer in the Mosaic authorship the Pentateuch; yet he was attacked by the traditionalists of his day because he ventured to trace the different sources which can be detected in the Books of Moses.

Harmony, the Heart Light of the World

by MASTER THORLEY VON HOLST

IT seems to me that harmony implies all that is good and beautiful, for when you mention harmony you always have to think of something that is good. There are two forces in the world, Harmony and Discord, the one working for the benefit of mankind while the other is trying as hard as it can for the downfall and degradation of all living things.

But what is it that causes all this discord and unhappiness in the world? Whose fault is it that men are fighting and shedding blood and living in misery? Is it not our own fault that there is not harmony reigning in the world, for was not the world made for men to live in happily and in harmony?

Do not the beautiful flowers teach us that people have no right to spoil human life in the way they do? If you go to a place where men have not been you cannot find any discord, because it is an unnatural thing and does not exist in nature. When men come from the country many of them seem to be in touch with nature, in comparison with

those who live in great cities and are working for gain all the time. Men are asleep; they do not rouse themselves to see that things cannot go on as they are; they do not realize that *life is joy*. And yet there is something in nature that cannot but help to make men rejoice in the fact that they are souls. But what is that something? If you were to go out on a bright spring morning and see the birds singing and the trees and every living thing responding to the first touch of spring, what would you feel like? Would you feel like moping and crying and shutting out the joy of all this? No, if you had any sense of beauty at all, you would respond like the plants and the animals, and shout for joy at being a soul. What is it that stirs up the feelings of man and all that has life? It is that great force of light and harmony that is forever moving in nature and in men's souls. It is that great fire of purity and love that is lighting up men's souls, and will in the end burn out all the discord and wickedness in the world.

Do not men see how utterly useless it is to fight against the truth? What is it that would dare to strike against the truth? It is men's lower nature that is striving to quench the good in men.

If people were to realize the horror of it all they would see that instead of bringing joy and happiness to the world they are building a perfect hades on Earth. But it is not the nature of man to bear all suffering and discord quietly. Efforts have been made by men to establish the truth, but they cannot succeed because they have not the true knowledge and they do not know how to start. Surely, when a man is doing wrong he must have some feeling that he is only wasting time. But even if this is so, the time must come when he will awake and declare himself a soul among others. It is a glorious thing to think that the Golden Age is not far off, and that it is a much greater and finer thing to help to bring about the destruction of the evil. But men will have to make efforts in the right way, for they cannot gain true happiness by living for themselves; they will have to learn to live for others and lead a life of self-sacrifice, which, to us Raja Yoga boys and girls, means a life of joyous helping.

The time for making one great effort to help the world is here; the portals of truth are thrown open to mankind. Now is the time for man to arise and overthrow the discord in the world! The day of a new age is dawning! The age of harmony and peace when man shall live the true life free from bloodshed and strife!

FOR every man, when at work, even by himself, has his own song, however rude it may be, that softens his labor.—*From the Latin*

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

DEAR COMRADES: There are so many things in the life of a Theosophist that it is hard to put into words, indeed impossible so to express as long as language remains what it is. They cannot be expressed; not because they are vague or dreamy, but because they are so vivid and partake so much of the true knowledge which transcends speech. But such things form part of the experience of all Comrades, near and far, and knowing this, we get glimpses of a new soul language, which needs no words and which communicates by the unerring rapidity of thought.

But while such is, to a certain extent, the experience of all, perhaps we here see it more fully illustrated than is possible elsewhere. Here the actual concretion of devoted effort takes place and advances daily before our eyes.

It is the self-sacrifice of all members wherever they may be found that is built up in the stately walls, and which overflows into all those other plans which unfold themselves day by day. And however abiding shall be this visible concretion of loyalty and hope which, with increasing beauty crowns the Hill, the inner force shall be greater still, and upon it time can never lay a destroying nor defacing hand. It will go forth into the centuries yet unborn. It will be an ever-broadening stream which shall carry away the evils which men have done and which shall clothe the world with a new verdure of compassion of which the child shall be a joy such as humanity has never known.

Surely there are times which come to all of us when the corner of the curtain is thus raised. It may be for but a moment, but that moment is enough to flood the light of a great success into our lives, and so to glorify the work that we are doing, that the daily task, and it may be the daily drudgery, are exalted into the Kingdoms of the Soul.

INTERIOR VIEWS OF THE CHILDREN'S RAJA YOGA SCHOOL, POINT LOMA, CAL.

THE City Beautiful, in which is located the International Lotus Home for Children, is the prettiest spot on Loma Hill. Located directly south of the Homestead, beside a grove of eucalyptus trees, and surrounded by vines and flowers, these simple Group houses form a beautiful picture, most fascinating during play-time when the grounds are filled with happy children. In this issue—pages 13 and 14—are photographs which give one a glimpse of what the home life of the children really is and what some of their pleasures are.

No. 1 represents Tiny Lotus Buds about their Christmas tree, in the great Rotunda of the Homestead. All of these little ones are Americans, far excelling in deportment, it must be confessed, the average American child of that age. It might be said that the deportment of all the children, in the midst of the glee and little temptations to selfishness that Christmas days always bring, was an eloquent tribute to the Raja Yoga training.

No. 2 gives us a glimpse into Group House VII. Most interesting are the shelves which contain their toys. Would that I might give you a peep into the actual cupboard, instead of a mere picture. Among their treasured dolls are "Florence Nightingale" and "General Garcia" and "Emilio Bacardi." And the tots of two and three years take the greatest pride in keeping them immaculate, knowing they will some day be the heritage of other little "Sunbeam Babies" who will come after them.

No. 3 represents a group of Cuban children around their Christmas tree. After their sad experiences during the war in Cuba this picturesque



7—HOME ROOM OF THE "TINIEST BUDS"—THE BABIES (Group House No. 8)

not conscious of any surveillance and are extremely proud of their responsibility as "housekeepers." Flowers, plants, pictures upon the burlap-covered walls, and the pretty denim-covered couches give the room much the appearance of an artist's studio.

No. 6 shows the Home room of the Senior Raja Yoga Boys, in Group House I. In this charming picture one realizes the home feeling. It would be well if this were more often found in the average institutions built for the care and training of orphaned children.

No. 7 shows a view of the Home room of the "Tiniest Buds," the babies' Group House, where the same home feeling is realized. It is a great privilege to be allowed to visit this Group House, where live the wee ones from a few months old to two years; and here, as in all this City Beautiful, true home life is the objective feature. STUDENT

Hill must seem like fairyland to them.

No. 4 gives a picture of some of the younger students of the Isis Conservatory of Music. The high standard of the training at Point Loma, both in music and drama, is unequalled. Music is not a mere accomplishment in Loma-land, but a part of life itself.

No. 5 gives us a glimpse into the Home Room of the "Little Housekeepers of Loma-land," in the girls' Group House No. V. Here a happy group of little girls from six to ten years of age live and "keep house." One of their number is appointed the house mother and takes general charge. And although the group, as is the case with all the children, is at all times, day and night, under the observation of an adult, they are

THE subscription blank which accompanies this issue of THE NEW CENTURY is respectfully recommended for your consideration. It is hoped that if you are at all interested in the principles for which this journal stands—that of promulgating the knowledge that all men are brothers in fact as well as in theory; that the purer, higher, truer life which

Non-Subscribers to the New Century

those must live who try to practice Brotherhood gives quick assurance that "Life is Joy;" that the philosophy which underlies and explains this law of Universal Brotherhood is the heritage of all men and should be known and realized by all, to the end that Life

may be Joyous for all men—if in any of these things, or all of them, you have any measure of faith or sympathy, you will realize at once that it is your duty to help THE NEW CENTURY gain an ever larger and larger number of readers, and you will fill out the enclosed blank and send it with your remittance to

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

Largest and Best Stock of Jewelry in

SAN DIEGO
Will be Found at

C. W. ERNSTING'S

Repair Work of all Kinds
Manufacturer of Jewelry
Large Stock of Souvenir
Spoons

915 FIFTH STREET SAN DIEGO, CAL.

FINE APPLES FROM THE MOUNTAINS, BELLFLOWERS, PIPPINS ETC.

Good Tea at Sixty Cents, India,
Ceylon, Gunpowder,
Hyson, Oolong
Breakfast and
Japan

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF FANCY GROCERIES

HAMILTON BROS.

933 FIFTH STREET SAN DIEGO, CAL.

NOTICE TO U. B. MEMBERS

Members are cautioned against various attempts which are being made to obtain names and list of our membership by so-called "Theosophical Societies," etc., using our name or similar designation. All such should be scanned closely, then destroyed unanswered, or sent to me, if deemed important, remembering that the simplest communication addressed to you, unapproved by the Official Head, is not to be recognized.

F. M. PIERCE, Secretary-General

Should Be Better Protected

When a land is denuded of its forests, either through the medium of fire or the axe and the saw-mill, it follows that the ground will hold less moisture and the streams become gradually less and less in steady volume until eventually they are mere torrents and dry beds. This may be verified in many localities along the Coast Range of mountains in Southern California.

Too much care cannot be exercised in protecting our forest reserve. It means much for the fruit-grower—in fact to every individual interested in the welfare of our commonwealth. By all means let us see to it that our forests are better protected, even if it is necessary to petition Congress for additional help.

The modern danger is, not that genius will be overlooked, but prostituted for a mess of pottage. G

Isis
Conservatory of Music

of the

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD
Point Loma, Cal.

San Diego Branch, 1940 B Street

Personal applications and inquiries received every Saturday by the Secretary at 1940 B Street, San Diego. . . .
Hours 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Full particulars sent by mail on application

Address

J. H. FUSSELL, Secretary and Treasurer Isis Conservatory of Music, POINT LOMA, CAL.

SEARCHLIGHT

NO. 6

Special number issued to
the public

CONTAINING A FULL REPORT OF THE

Great Debate on Theosophy & Christianity

HELD AT FISHER OPERA HOUSE, SAN DIEGO, CAL.,
ON SEPTEMBER 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, AND
OCTOBER 6 AND 13, 1901

SEVENTY-TWO PAGES

Notwithstanding the increase in the cost of publishing, owing to
the largely increased number of pages, the price
remains the same as heretofore

FIFTEEN CENTS

The
Theosophical Publishing Co.
Point Loma, Cal.

ENTERTAINMENT

by Children of the

Raja Yoga School

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON

in the

Aryan Temple, Point Loma

Tickets 50 cents

PUBLIC MEETINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGES

STOCKTON, Cal., 523 Yosemite Building
Lodge No. 3. Public meetings: Sunday 8 p. m., and Wednesday
7:30 p. m. Lotus Group for children, Sunday 10:30 a. m.

BOSTON, Mass., 24 Mount Vernon St.
Lodge No. 28. Public meetings every Sunday at 8 p. m.
Lotus Group, Sunday at 11 a. m.
Members' Union meeting, Thursday at 8 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Friday at 7:30 p. m.
Girls' Club, Saturday at 3 p. m.

CHICAGO, Ill., 511 Masonic Temple
Lodges No. 70 and 45. Monthly public meeting, first Sunday of the
month, 8:15 p. m.; Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesdays 8 p. m.;
Lodge meetings, members only, Lodge 45, Thursdays, 8 p. m., and
Lodge 70, Fridays, 8:15 p. m.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Y. M. H. A. Building
Lodge No. 119. Public meeting, Sunday 8 p. m.
Lodge meeting, members only, Thursday 8 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Friday 8 p. m.

MACON, Ga., Triangular Block
Lodge No. 13. Public meeting about the middle of month.
Lotus Group, Sunday 10 a. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesday 7:30 p. m.
Members' meeting, Friday 8 p. m.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., 206 Weybosset Street
Lodge No. 33. Monthly meetings, last Sunday in each month, 7:30
p. m.; Lodge meetings, members only, Wednesdays, 7:45 p. m.
Lotus Group, Sundays, 10:45 a. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Thursdays, 8 p. m.

OUTHPORT, England, 138 Poulton Road
Lodge No. 24 (Eng.) Lotus Group, Monday, 7 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesday, 8 p. m.
Lodge meeting, Friday, 8 p. m.
Public meetings, 1st Sunday each month 7 p. m.

Some Kinds of Men

Rev. Robert McIntyre of Los Angeles said in a recent sermon, "I know a man who spent forty dollars for cut flowers to put on his wife's coffin who never spent forty cents for flowers when she was living."

The editor knows a man, a Chicago man, who spent five hundred dollars in a single retainer fee in a recent suit, the main object of which was to break his wife's heart by tearing away from her two little children, and who felt aggrieved because she couldn't run a house and entertain all his relatives on five dollars a week—the sum which his mother-in-law had, in solemn conclave with him, decided was quite sufficient.

The editor knows a man, a Chicago man, who has even begrudged his wife ten cents for car fare, yet who has offered to go half across the continent to a city in the far West, offering to pay his own expenses, to prevent a certain man, of irreproachable life and unspotted integrity from getting possession of his own little daughter, who, when she was left motherless, he had temporarily placed with relatives.

Surely the ways of men oft devious do appear, and the conduct of some is well-nigh past finding out.

The Products of Cuba

A correspondent to an eastern journal, in speaking of Cuba's resources, has this to say:

Pineapples are also receiving considerable attention, and there are both promise and opening for wide extension of their cultivation. Cuba is a land of fruits and vegetables. Many vegetables will produce two crops a year, and some are perennial. With capital, cheap sugar and intelligent direction, Cuban canned fruits and preserves might well become famous. Careful and intelligent investigation of Cuba's fruits and vegetables will open many avenues for profitable investment. The Cuban sisal grass will in time become a big industry.

Singeing the Hair

Of all the foolish fashions in regard to the hair, that of singeing is the most ludicrous. It is founded on an antiquated idea, and is a revival of an antiquated fashion. Away back in the Dark Ages it was thought that when the hair was cut it bled from the cut ends, or, at least, lost some fluid nutritive substance. Therefore, it was argued, we should singe the ends to prevent this loss, just as it once was the practice to sear wounds to stop hemorrhage. As the hairs are not hollow tubes, like arterioles, and neither bleed, exude, nor ooze in any way when cut, the operation has no foundation in fact, nor does it do any good. I have seen scores of barbers' customers who have gone about like singed cats for months, and without the least benefit.—*Medical News*

Fossil Chestnut from Assyria

Dr. Flinders Petrie, the eminent archæologist, announces that he has deciphered the cuneiform inscription on a tablet he excavated in the plains of Assyria, and believes that it is a copy of a prehistoric comic paper. Among other items, it contains the following merry jest, which bears a strangely familiar sound:

Now there were gathered together at the place of telling of stories, many of them that have lived long in the land, and one of them lifted up his voice and said:

"Behold, it groweth cold with much extremeness!"

Whereupon another made answer, saying:

"Verily, it doth, but let us separate and get hence, for here cometh Methusaleh, the aged, and if we tarry he will even tell us again of the cold spell of the year 40."

And they gat thence with much speed.—*Baltimore American*

Hardware & Stoves

HIGH GRADE SHELF HARDWARE
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS
FINE CUTLERY TOOLS
BUILDERS' HARDWARE

San Diego Hardware Co.

658 FIFTH STREET

EDWARD M. BURBECK

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Copper Plate Engraving & Printing
Steel Dies, Crests, and Monograms
Largest & most varied stock of Books
and General Literature in the City

1051-59 FIFTH STREET, SAN DIEGO

"Burbeck's Big Bookstore"

Toys Games Souvenirs Office Supplies City and County Maps

For ARTISTS MATERIALS

PICTURE FRAMES

We can please you

C. H. GLASER

1040 FIFTH STREET

San Diego, Cal.

Bank of Commerce

841 FIFTH ST., bet E & F Sts., SAN DIEGO

Capital, \$100,000

Reserve & Undivided Profits, \$46,837.23

R. M. POWERS, President F. W. JACKSON, Cashier
GRAHAM E. BABCOCK, Vice-President C. L. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—R. M. Powers, Graham E. Babcock, J. F. Sinks,
A. H. Frost, Chas. T. Hinde, U. S. Grant, & F. W. Jackson

General banking business transacted. Exchange drawn direct on all principal cities of United States and Europe. Prompt attention given to collections.

Souvenir Postal Cards of Loma-land

PRIVATE MAILING CARDS, PRINTED ON
FINEST IVORY-FINISH CARDBOARD

13 different half-tone glimpses of Loma-land on which to send your Brotherhood Thoughts all over the world. A stream of them should be kept in circulation by every member.

- 1 Aryan Temple from the Canyon
- 2 Children's Group Houses, International Lotus Home
- 3
- 4 Young Warriors of the Raja Yoga School
- 5 Loma Homestead and Aryan Temple from the Northwest
- 6 North View of Loma Homestead and Aryan Temple
- 7 Lotus Buds and Blossoms of the Raja Yoga School Sending Thought Messages to all the World at Aryan Temple
- 8 Children's Play-ground, International Lotus Home
- 9 Lotus Buds with their Cuban Godmother, Raja Yoga School
- 10 Egyptian Gate to School of Antiquity Grounds
- 11 Lotus Buds at Play, International Lotus Home
- 12 Lotus Blossoms, Raja Yoga School
- 13 East Entrance of Loma Homestead

2 for 5 cents (postage 1c extra) . \$0.06
50, postpaid, for 1.00
100, " " 1.50

Sent assorted unless ordered with specifications. Order from

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The
LEADING REAL ESTATE BROKER in SAN DIEGO IS

E. J. Carter

964 Sixth Street, San Diego

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE LOCATING IN SAN DIEGO CITY OR COUNTY, CALL ON OR WRITE TO HIM

Rudder's

NEW RESTAURANT
AND GRILL

Newly Furnished Finest in City

Corner 4th and Plaza, San Diego

Strahlmann-Mayer Drug Co.

PHARMACY GRADUATES
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, etc.
Physicians Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully prepared

CORNER FOURTH & D STREETS
Telephone Main 424
CORNER FIFTH & C STREETS
Telephone Black 856

THE

Lion Clothing Co.

CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"
STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

D. L. HOOVER

G R O C E R

SIXTH & H STREETS
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Telephone Black 11

Electric Laundry

NELSON SNYDER, Proprietor

16TH & I STREETS

OUT OF TOWN AGENCIES—National City, Otay, Chula Vista, Coronado, Lemon Grove, Fallbrook Escondido, La Mesa, La Jolla, Oceanside.

TELEPHONE BLACK 731

The CHADBOURNE FURNITURE Co.

W. L. FREVERT, Manager

We aim to carry an entirely up-to-date stock of house furnishings, and, for style and variety of goods, cannot be out-done in Southern California. We are glad to show visitors through our extensive store-rooms at all times.

Store-rooms

SIXTH & D STREETS
San Diego, Cal.

HOTEL BREWSTER



The only Modern Hotel in the City

Terms:

European \$1.00 up
American \$2.50 up

C. B. Daggett
Manager
SAN DIEGO California

KELLY'S LIVERY

POINT LOMA COACH LINE

Dealer in first class horses
Special coaches for select parties arranged by telephone

THIRD & F STS., PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be one season or another. Paint will set tougher during the winter, and of course that gives durability. One point favoring winter. There are others favoring summer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so often as houses painted with any other paint, because it has more body to withstand action of the elements. There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per gallon.

We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.

WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS

7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, President
G. B. GROW, Cashier
W. R. ROGERS, Assistant Cashier

Every facility and security offered to our patrons and the public generally. Collections and exchanges on all points.

AT

Bowen's

DRY GOODS STORE

Will be found a full assortment of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Tea Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Wrappers, Silks and Dress Goods . .

W. O. BOWEN 1043 FIFTH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SAN DIEGO CORNER FIFTH AND E STS.

CAPITAL PAID UP \$150,000
SURPLUS & UNDIVIDED PROFIT \$40,000

J. GRUENDIKE - - PRESIDENT
D. F. GARRETTSON - VICE PRES.
G. W. FISHBURN - - CASHIER

DIRECTORS—J. Gruendike, Geo. Hannahs, J. E. Fishburn, G. W. Fishburn and D. F. Garrettson

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO FIT YOUR EYES TO SUIT YOU. WE HAVE A SPECIAL PLACE SET APART FOR OPTICAL WORK, CONTAINING ALL THE MODERN INSTRUMENTS USED IN SIGHT TESTING IF YOU NEED GLASSES, HAVE a PRESCRIPTION to FILL, or FRAME to REPAIR

we give you the best work obtainable in San Diego

J E N K S

826-828 5th street

Graduate Optician

The
LEADING REAL ESTATE BROKER in SAN DIEGO IS

E. J. Carter

964 Sixth Street, San Diego

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE LOCATING IN SAN DIEGO CITY OR COUNTY, CALL ON OR WRITE TO HIM

Rudder's

NEW RESTAURANT
AND GRILL

Newly Furnished Finest in City

Corner 4th and Plaza, San Diego

Strahlmann-Mayer Drug Co.

PHARMACY GRADUATES
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, etc.
Physicians Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully prepared

CORNER FOURTH & D STREETS
Telephone Main 424
CORNER FIFTH & C STREETS
Telephone Black 856

THE

Lion Clothing Co.

CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"
STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

D. L. HOOVER

G R O C E R

SIXTH & H STREETS
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Telephone Black 11

Electric Laundry

NELSON SNYDER, Proprietor

16TH & I STREETS

OUT OF TOWN AGENCIES—National City, Otay, Chula Vista, Coronado, Lemon Grove, Fallbrook Escondido, La Mesa, La Jolla, Oceanside.

TELEPHONE BLACK 731

The CHADBOURNE FURNITURE Co.

W. L. FREVERT, Manager

We aim to carry an entirely up-to-date stock of house furnishings, and, for style and variety of goods, cannot be out-done in Southern California. We are glad to show visitors through our extensive store-rooms at all times.

Store-rooms:

SIXTH & D STREETS
San Diego, Cal.

HOTEL BREWSTER



The only Modern Hotel in the City

Terms:
European \$1.00 up
American \$2.50 up

C. B. Daggett
Manager
SAN DIEGO California

KELLY'S LIVERY

POINT LOMA COACH LINE

Dealer in first class horses
Special coaches for select parties arranged by telephone

THIRD & F STS., PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be one season or another. Paint will set tougher during the winter, and of course that gives durability. One point favoring winter. There are others favoring summer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so often as houses painted with any other paint, because it has more body to withstand action of the elements. There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per gallon.

We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.

WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS

7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, President
G. B. GROW, Cashier
W. R. ROGERS, Assistant Cashier

Every facility and security offered to our patrons and the public generally. Collections and exchanges on all points.

AT

Bowen's

DRY GOODS STORE

Will be found a full assortment of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Tea Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Wrappers, Silks and Dress Goods . . .

W. O. BOWEN 1043 FIFTH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SAN DIEGO CORNER FIFTH AND E STS.

CAPITAL PAID UP \$150,000
SURPLUS & UNDIVIDED PROFIT \$40,000

J. GRUENDIKE - - PRESIDENT
D. F. GARRETTSON - - VICE PRES.
G. W. FISHBURN - - CASHIER

DIRECTORS—J. Gruendike, Geo. Hannahs, J. E. Fishburn, G. W. Fishburn and D. F. Garrettson

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO FIT YOUR EYES TO SUIT YOU. WE HAVE A SPECIAL PLACE SET APART FOR OPTICAL WORK, CONTAINING ALL THE MODERN INSTRUMENTS USED IN SIGHT TESTING IF YOU NEED GLASSES, HAVE A PRESCRIPTION TO FILL, or FRAME to REPAIR

we give you the best work obtainable in San Diego

J E N K S

826-828 5th street

Graduate Optician

Sanford
MAR 18 1902

The New Century



Year \$2

Point Loma, San Diego, California.

Copy 5¢



Vol. V

MARCH 2, 1902

No. 16

The New Century

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Two Dollars; other countries in the Postal Union, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; payable in advance
Single copy, Five Cents

Communications for the Editor, manuscripts, reports, books and periodicals for review should be addressed, "Katherine Tingley, Editor *The New Century*, Point Loma."

The editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

Articles will not be considered by the editor unless signed by the author and marked with the number of words contained. In no case is manuscript returned.

Address all Business communications, including subscriptions, and make all remittances (in bank drafts or money orders, payable to The New Century Corporation) to "Clark Thurston, Point Loma, Cal."

To comply with recent postal regulations, all Post-Office money order remittances should be made payable at San Diego. The remittances, as well as all other mail, should be made to Point Loma, as usual.

Entered at the Post-Office at Point Loma, Cal., as second-class matter Nov. 30th, 1901
Copyright, 1901, by Katherine Tingley

Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

Common Sense Theosophy

IT is time to enter a plea for the protection of Theosophy against those who are using its name to advertise their own eccentricities and their own follies and even those weaknesses which are sometimes called by a sterner name. Would that our plea could reach those who have been, and are now being, deluded by those who thus debase a great name and a great system. But falsehood, just at present, travels faster and wider than truth, and we can only enter our protest and strive the harder to give to those whose lives are an expression of the spiritual hunger which is so often unvoiced because it is unrecognized.

Theosophy is, above all things, a gospel of common sense and of sanity, and a philosophy of life which never seeks to draw its students away from the world or from the duties—those simple, every-day and routine duties—which lie nearest to their door. It is, indeed, already condemned, unless it be such as to help in the performance of those

Give us Knowledge of the Laws of Life

duties with a greater patience, with a greater courage, with a greater thoroughness than ever before.

Theosophy professes to give its followers a knowledge of the meaning of life, and but little reflection is needed to show how immediately this must be fol-

lowed by a perception of the joy of life and by a new upspringing of the creative power of hope. With the mere beliefs of men, as such, a pure Theosophy has no concern, but it is seeking to give to the world a knowledge of the laws of life, of the eternity of consciousness, and of the presence of a divine and unerring justice, and surely these are the only truths which can illuminate our lives of toil, the long years of drudgery which, in the absence of knowledge, seem to be so purposeless and so painful. Surely, if Theosophy can do these things—and there are thousands who know it can and has done them—it is redeemed from the reproach which so many self-seekers have cast upon it with their mean-

Christianity Founded upon Theosophy

ingless Orientalism, and in it the common sense and the sublime have met. We are willing that our work should stand or fall on its power to gain hope where no hope was before, and herein are equally included the unlearned as well as the learned; the foolish as

well as the wise. Wherever men are gathered together in the world today, there walk sorrow and hopelessness unabashed amongst them, and it is because we see and know this, as do all who have the power of thought and comparison, that we are encouraged and, indeed, even the more determined both to speak and to practice a Theosophy of common sense. That Theosophy should be misrepresented and disgraced is no new thing in the history of men. It was pure Theosophy upon which was founded Christianity, but it is not possible to prepare the ground for the good seed and to exclude all tares and weeds. And so, upon the pure teachings of Jesus were grafted superstition born of fear, and credulity the child of

Those Who Profane the Temple of Truth

ignorance. And so it must ever be so long as any of that race shall survive who seek their own welfare at the expense of others, and who do not hesitate to enter the Temple of Truth itself and to profane the Holy of Holies in order that they may proclaim their own wisdom and their own knowledge.

There is no such unfailing detective of spurious coin as time. However deceptive the imitation of form and superscription may be, the base metal shows through at the last. Sad it is that any should be deceived and led astray, but the whole story of humanity is a proof that the teacher of false philosophy and false religion can play upon human hopes and fears, upon human credulity and superstition as can no other agency among us. But time, which will surely destroy everything which is base and unworthy, will but disclose more and more of whatever things are true, of whatever things make for the happiness of men, and thus we know that the future, and the near future, will bring into an ever greater light what we have called common sense Theosophy.

A New Way to Control Destiny

WHAT is not inaptly called "An Experiment in Human Destiny" is about to be tried in New York unless the better judgment of those concerned is aroused in time. Dr. W. G. Ferris proposes to attempt the control of a child's character and aptitudes by hypnotic suggestion upon the mother during the prenatal periods, and he believes that it will be thereby possible to take the life of the new generation into our own hands and to fashion it to suit ourselves.

Now it is neither our mission nor our desire to impugn the good faith and the high intentions of those who are undertaking research along such lines, nor is it any reflection upon their high scientific attainments to assert that an experiment like this is fraught with the gravest danger to human health and sanity, and is therefore illegitimate. Those who are the most justly celebrated for their advanced knowledge are the first to proclaim their ignorance of the laws which govern the mental and moral domain of which such an experiment is an unjustifiable invasion. The day is very near when we shall recognize that a child comes into the world under the control of forces which are largely self-generated, and which can only be successfully and permanently modified by an environment and an education which will foster the growth of a free will in that child, and the direction of that will along the highest lines. That destiny is the result of an evolution along the orderly paths of cause and effect, and to endeavor to change it by first automatizing the will of the mother and through her, that of the child, is to reverse the whole process of nature and to introduce the most abject mental and moral slavery where mind and will should alike be free. A destiny changed in such a way is changed for the worse, however remarkable might seem to be a momentary and a delusive success.

What Then Becomes of Free Will?

We should hope that it would be difficult to find any mother, however ignorant, whose nature would not revolt from so fatal an abnegation of her privileges and of her duties. It is opposed to the whole instinct of maternity, and an instinct such as this, and at such a time, is more weighty and more unerring than all the knowledge of the schools.

It is with the most profound appreciation of science and of its results that we suggest that its researches should be modified and restrained by a wider and a more rational sense of the public good.

An Ancient Celtic Fortress

THE illustration on the cover page of *THE NEW CENTURY* this week shows a typical mediæval stronghold of the Celtic people, Dunnottar Castle. Practically impregnable to assault, strongly built to defy the fury of the Northern gales as well as the attacks of marauders, these characteristic remains carry us back in imagination to the days of legend and romance—to Macbeth in Scotland and King Arthur in Cornwall. The cliff upon which Dunnottar Castle is built rises abruptly 160 feet out of the sea, and the erosions of centuries have laid bare the strata, showing alternate layers of freestone and puddingstone. Many of these old Celtic fortresses are traditionally credited with an enormous antiquity.

THE subscription blank with this issue should not be overlooked.

Some Views on Twentieth Century Problems

What to Put in Place of the Bible

the most interesting and representative of those received:

JUDGE C. B. WAITE—The sense of justice should be our moral guide.

HUGH O. PENTECOST—If anyone believes a substitute for the Bible is necessary, let it be "Leaves of Grass" by Walt Whitman.

H. L. GREEN, Editor of *Free-Thought Magazine*—Substitute the teaching of Science.

DR. R. W. SHUFELDT—Education.

I. RAYNE ADAMS—Common Sense.

RUFUS K. NOYES, M. D.—"Precepts of the Seven Sophists" are an ample substitute for the Bible.

GEORGE E. MACDONALD—Select from ancient and modern custom what cultured reflection approves.

GEORGE ALLEN WHITE—Let us have the best of Zoroaster, Buddha, Homer, Zeno, and Jesus.

JOHN P. GUILD—Brains.

FRANKLIN STEINER—Reason and experience.

DEAN DUDLEY—A scientific encyclopædia, compiled by men like Spencer and Huxley.

ALEXANDER E. WRIGHT—Spencer's "Data of Ethics."—*Literary Digest*

To Grasp the Shadow and Miss the Substance

The Agnostic attitude, both in these answers and in the comments made on them by other Agnostics, indicates a desire to rely on the essential divinity of human nature, coupled with an inability to formulate or even conceive what it is. The sense of justice, common sense, goodness, law, etc., are abstractions, considered by themselves. Considered as voices from the Soul, obscurely echoing in the troubled mind, they become realities. To worship the qualities of the Soul and the utterances of Soul-inspired men, is to grasp the shadow and miss the substance.

Faith in human nature is good, but the old exalted ideas of human nature need restoring. To paint man as a higher animal with a mechanical thinking apparatus and a character that will always lead him into trouble unless self-interest intervenes, is to set up a low ideal that can never replace the teachings of a Bible however misunderstood and perverted.

Let us by all means give up idols and dogmas and get back to self-reliance and common sense. But let it be the self-reliance of heroes and Titans and the common sense of sages.

Let all the sacred writings be opened, and for the sermon and commentary the intelligent study of the world's great Teachers. The Bible contains the truth that Man is a divine Being, and we need not burn it because it also contains fables.

Nor let us escape from the superstitions of religion to fall into those of science, lest the search-light of common sense be turned on these also.

H. T. E.

The Inventor of the XXth Century

THE inventor whose name shall go thundering down the years of the XXth Century will be—not he whose genius shall perfect the air-ship, for this humanity, it is written, shall not soar in the heavens until it has reaped the fullness of the earth—but he who shall harness the waves of the ocean and by means of the power derived therefrom teach us to irrigate the arid places of earth with the waters of the sea either distilled or shorn of their saline qualities by chemical or electrical agency.

The spirit of man ever soars, ever longs for freedom from its earthly trammels, and it is this which robs the air-ship problem with all its human fascinations; herein the real nature of man, which is godlike, finds expression in the material, work-a-day life. And the analogy goes farther. Man's physical efforts to project his physical body beyond the trammels of earth are as futile as are the soul's longings to free itself from the restraints of the body. The earth is a

great school house and both the real man and his earthly shadow must remain here until all the lessons are learned.

Mechanically this civilization has undoubtedly learned many of the more serious lessons of life's curriculum, but it has not learned them all and, parenthetically, it is only beginning to realize that the real lessons of life are not its mechanical problems. Still, as the lesser precedes the greater—grows into and blends with the greater, these lessons in square root and mechanical principles are not to be despised, and it would seem only the part of wisdom to take them all up seriously and thoughtfully as they present themselves. And is not the time ripe for an enlightened

To Solve the Problem of Irrigation

solution of the vast and perplexing problems of irrigation? The problem will not be solved satisfactorily by storage dams and viaducts, for experience has proven, at least in the Western states of America, that the cause which makes irrigation a necessity operates as well to keep dry the reservoirs. Only a year ago the great irrigation canals and storage reservoirs of Arizona were dry. Reservoirs help to conserve rain water or melting snow and preserve it for use during the dry months, but they are futile in the face of cloudless skies. And the most desirable portion of America for the residence of civilized man—the great Pacific slope—is subject to whole years of constant sunshine with only the minimum of storm clouds.

Meantime there roll the endless waters of the Pacific, often, when the trade winds blow, shouting, moaning, leaping against the arid earth—a fathomless, boundless waste of water needing only the genius of man to control its power, separate its elements and convey such of them as are useful to the thirsty earth that needs them.

Stupendous problem? Yes, but man will yet be capable of it, and though it is not so fascinating as the problem of the air-ship, it will repay the effort a hundred-fold quicker. Moreover the problem lies directly in front of us and the need of its solving is great, while the air-ship can wait.

G

This Might Be Called the Candy Age

GEOLOGISTS classify great periods of time as "Ages," qualifying the word by another indicating what they consider a characteristic of the human life of that period. Thus you have the "stone age," the "bronze age," etc.; stone and bronze being regarded as the materials with which the humanity then existing used to make its weapons, utensils and so on.

There would be some doubt if attempts were made to classify the present age after that manner, whether it should be called the "alcohol age" or the "candy age." It is true that we do not make weapons or utensils of these two products; but we do seem to try to make our bodies of them. That we are not successful is evidenced by the kind of bodies that the attempt seems to produce.

Since no one questions the evils of alcoholism; since the use of alcohol is probably decreasing and is certainly not increasing; and since the use of candy is increasing; after profound thought it would seem proper to call this the "candy age." Every candied person would admit the propriety of this designation.

A story was once written on the basis that all diseases should be punished as crimes; and all crimes treated as disease. Thus one of the characters is imprisoned for the commission of an act of scarlet fever; and another is in hospital for a mild attack of larceny.

We do not urge the adoption of these measures. Our reason for this forbearance is that the public do not sufficiently know the relation between their habits and their maladies. When they catch a cold they regard it as an act of causeless wickedness on the part of their bodies. Men do not seem to understand why their blood is an explosive mixture which is fired off so easily by a momentary exposure to a draught, a little wetting from the rain, or the neighborhood of an infectious disease.

We grumble if we have to work overtime without pay, or are expected to work beyond our strength. The work is apt to be ill done. But we are hard taskmasters to our digestive organs. We expect them to

Hard Taskmasters to Our Stomachs

work overtime and beyond their strength. They cannot but work ill, and the result is that they have to turn poisonous products into the blood. Moreover they very naturally grumble, and the grumbles get into our mind and produce gloominess, ill-temper, pessimism and doubts whether the universe is properly conducted. And after various periods of time, explosions in the blood occur, followed by fires to burn the accumulations

The Children Are not Taught Self-Restraint

of poisonous rubbish. These fires are diseases, colds and so on. When the fire runs riot, it takes to burning healthy tissue, and the man may not survive its ravages. Of course there are other reasons beside gluttony for the presence of poisons in the blood; but if no one consciously ate too much for a year we should be astonished at the small amount of disease that remained. And after the consciously eaten too-muchness had been eliminated, there would still remain the excess that we eat without knowing it to be excess. Children are trained to eat all they can hold, instead of being taught to leave the table still slightly hungry. Therefore they grow up, not only lacking any power of self-control—so easily implanted—but with the ineradicable habit of eating too much and an almost incurable ignorance as to how much they really require.

And between meals they eat candy, as if sugars did not count for anything! Sugar is the readiest of all foods to ferment in the stomach and generate poisons. A stomach forced to work between meals, instead of resting, becomes a very resentful and finally incompetent servant.

If the children were taught self-control, it is probable that in fifteen

years there would be but a tenth of the present total of drunkenness and morphinism. Three meat meals a day, a snack during the morning, a cup of tea and a trifle of cake in the afternoon, a "little stay" at bedtime, and unconsidered candies in and out—this is the problem that faces the dismayed stomach in the Candy Age.

GASTROPOD

"Civilized Warfare" Is a Misnomer

THE continuance of the fighting in the world gives much opportunity for discourses on "civilized" warfare, and even "Christian warfare. These terms are usually in evidence in rebuttal of charges of barbarous conduct upon one side or the other, but they are rarely honestly used by those who have any practical knowledge of their subject. At its best the actual field of battle itself represents the temporary abrogation of all those moral faculties which distinguish men from brutes, plus an intelligence which is for the moment entirely focused upon the business of killing. How it is possible to qualify an occupation so awful, whatever its initial necessity may be, by such terms as "civilized" or "Christian," it is hard to imagine. Fighting is, in its essentials, the antithesis of both, and not until it is so recognized can we hope for a mitigation of its horrors or for its substitution by a more effectual and a more sane method. So long as men are compelled—and we admit that for the present they are sometimes so compelled—to forego and forget the human within them, it is nothing less than absurd to expect that they will be other than inhuman or that it is in all cases possible even to keep their inhumanity within any bounds whatever.

Ancient Irrigating Systems

DISCOVERIES were recently made in the lava beds of New Mexico which prove that thousands of years ago there existed in New Mexico a system of reservoirs, irrigation and viaducts unparalleled at this age.

Under the lava which covers hundreds of square miles, are found traces of cement ditches and reservoirs that are marvels of civil engineering. Our irrigation engineers have much to learn from the people, older than the Pueblo race, who inhabited New Mexico when the race from which Columbus sprang were still barbarians. The ancients provided against seepage by cementing the bottoms of their ditches wherever they were conducted across loose soils. Their ditches wound in and out at the base of mountain ranges, following the sinuosities of canyons and rounding points in such a manner as to catch all the storm water before it was absorbed by the loose sands at the mountains' base. Reservoirs at convenient basins stored the water which was led in cemented ditches across the loose soil to where it was needed for use. Chasms were crossed by viaducts, and wonderful engineering devices were used for the removal of silt that might be used as an aid to the fertility of loose and rocky soils, otherwise valueless. Into some of the ditches lava has run, showing their great antiquity. Others are now covered with shifting sands, but enough are still visible in many places to enable the skilled engineer to understand the system which prehistoric New Mexicans rendered so effective.

In those days the deserts bloomed like a garden, and a civilized race of millions occupied the arid southwest. If congress desires to aid the work of reclaiming our arid lands it can do it no more effectively than by sending out a competent engineering force to study the few remains yet left of the vast irrigation system of the most ancient inhabitants of this country, enough of which are still visible to teach valuable lessons of water conservation to modern engineers.—*The Rural Californian*



Two Views Which Illustrate Two Phases of Outdoor Life at Loma-land. Picnicking and Horseback Riding at all Seasons of the Year

The Chibchas of New Granada

THE region of New Granada furnishes many illustrations of the existence upon the American continent of races who not only possessed a very considerable degree of culture and civilization, but who were in possession of arts of which the secret has not been altogether lost.

Of these we find an illustration in the tribe of Chibchas who occupied the province of Cundinamarca who are known to have used well made gold coins as money and who had a system of writing of which many specimens are available but which has never been deciphered. In form it appears to be entirely distinct from, and quite unlike, anything elsewhere known. Gold was evidently abundant with them, for on arrival of the Spanish conquerors the then existing remnants of these people are known to have thrown very large quantities of the precious metal into the Lake Guatavita from which, in spite of frequent efforts, it has never been recovered. The few examples of their workmanship which still exist are of unsurpassed excellence showing both a skill and an intelligence which must have been very considerable. Codazzi, in his *Antiguedades Indigenas* asserts that they were acquainted with the secret of an alloy of iron, copper and gold "to which they were able to give the temper and hardness of steel." That they were also well acquainted with the art of stone cutting is proved by the discovery of many of their idols which have usually been found in underground shrines and which are marked with some kind of hieroglyphic inscription. That so little is known of a people evidently so interesting as the Chibchas is sufficiently tantalizing. But perhaps one very considerable advantage which accrues from the study of archæology, at any rate from the Theosophic point of view, is not so much the acquisition of material and concrete facts about prehistoric peoples, as the establishment and recognition of the tidal laws which govern human evolution.

STUDENT




 CARVINGS
 ON THE
 DOGE'S PALACE IN
 VENICE

*The masculine
 figure on the
 extreme
 left represents "The
 Dejection (or
 literally, the
 'Drunkenness')
 of Noah"*
*The figures on
 the right are
 "Adam and Eve"*

*These carvings
 are among
 the very best
 specimens extant
 of the
 early Italian
 Renaissance Period*

Why Not Use English Words in Describing Music?

OUR programs for concerts and recitals of vocal music are veritable foreign linguistic conglomerates. The silly custom of music-makers to belittle their art productions with outlandish and meaningless labels has about reached its utmost limit. Here is a sample: "Nocturne Opus 62 No. 2; Sonata a major; Fugue a minor; Etude Opus 10 No. 6," etc., etc., or a long list of German or Italian titles for songs and arias. What do such announcements on a program convey to the average patron of the concert room?

If the popular love of music were not so great such programs would be chilling enough to induce many to eschew the concert-hall and, indeed, the tendency in that direction is much greater than is evidently recognized by the musical compilers and publishers.

The ballad has disappeared altogether and the simple folk-song has been relegated to oblivion; all from the notion that music must be made something exclusive, purely classical and high-toned! America has quite a liberal literature of modern songs which the public would certainly be more delighted to hear than many more pretentious pieces of music, but one has to scan the concert programs carefully and diligently before discovering a single number of this class. The literature of German songs, too, while abounding with gems of the choicest kind, is still inaccessible on account of faulty translations. It has been claimed that the English language does not lend itself readily to musical declamation. This is an error. Those who have heard well-rendered songs in the English language think differently; they are as euphonious as any and to the English or American there is no language that can take its place. It is folly to say that a proper translation cannot be made. A bad flavor has been produced by the mechanical versions of publications turned out by the yard, which some of the beautiful settings of words to foreign music have not yet been able to eradicate. In a translation, if the sentiment is to be rendered correctly, it is not necessary to adhere too strictly to rhyme, because musical declamation does not—like that form of poetry—depend on corresponding sounds of terminating syllables—barring exceptional cases. The beauty and flow of simple words in expressing the sentiment should never be sacrificed to any set form. Many singers have

in sheer desperation undertaken to compose their own setting of words to beautiful foreign songs in place of poor literal translation, and thus have rescued musical gems from cold and meaningless twaddle. The true worth and richness of German song will remain hidden to the English-speaking world until the translations are more conscientiously rendered.

Composers, even the greatest, have always been afraid to designate definitely what they meant by their productions. Schumann has openly declared that music should not be described in words, yet he himself gave very lucid and suggestive titles to some of his compositions which thereby became much more intelligible than those which he left without such notations. One very excellent concert piece, "Carnival, Opus 9," contains not less than twenty-three descriptive headings. The fact is that all music is elusive, that is to say, no law can be laid down that could settle definitely the meaning of a certain piece of music. Outside of unmistakable generalities such as march, fugue, dance, choral, there is no rule or limit to what any given piece of music may mean.

Whatever of musical understanding has reached the public at large has principally come from vocal music in popular form; at least therein was the seed for the development. Hence the importance of more extended culture of the literature of song.

It is true that music suggests more than language can describe, nevertheless a liberal use of suggestion by title and description of the purport of any and every piece of music is indispensable. Instead of Latin words which give only a bare suggestion of the character of a piece of music, we should have a full designation and mental picture given us in plain language of every number on a program, so as to give at least a hint of the intention of the music we are about to hear. Songs in the native language, oratorio, cantata, choruses, opera, take care of themselves, the language being already an integral part of them.

America has entered the field of producing its own national music, its own singers, composers and musicians, in which the native language must play an important part. It is to be hoped that they will not ape the custom of using foreign terms, titles and notations to indicate what should be said in plain words of the mother tongue. STUDENT

by re-living in thought past heroism that history can really be understood. Sympathy is the key to it all. The heart must be touched. The mind but registers and records. The personality is but the dramatic interpreter of the soul.

To bring some forgotten facts of human life and of human history before the public is the object of Katherine Tingley in reviving an interest in Thomas Paine. Paine was unique, not because he had a philosophy *but because he practically applied it*. It is not surprising that he was persecuted and maligned. He was ahead of his time. And one sign of the great soul is so-called "religious" persecution. Many obstacles were placed in his way by the very ones he came to help. And if he came among us today would he not still be persecuted by certain professed religionists? They are today persecuting the very ones who are actually doing the work which Paine tried to do but could not, for he stood so pitifully alone.

It is time that some of our mental barriers were broken down and rolled out of the way. It is time that we bid the Christos, so long crucified and buried beneath the rubbish of our personal life, come forth and enter upon its work as our inspirer and guide. It is time that we looked more deeply into the lives of some of those whom the religionists of the past have labeled "heretic" or "infidel."

And that there are a few who are brave enough to do this and just enough to proclaim it, means more for humanity than we can realize. To one of our liberal clergymen we owe the most complete vindication of Thomas Paine that has ever been published. Moncure D. Conway, well-known as a student and thinker, has after researches extending over several years published a biography of Thomas Paine which is unique, as biographies go, so ably has he handled all the slanders that have arisen from what he quotes as the "orthodox mob." Is there not a certain spiciness in the karmic fact that the ranks of religious teachers, out of which came Paine's most conscientious persecutors, should furnish his most able vindicator?

To quote: (Conway) "Being satisfied that Paine was not merely an interesting figure, but that a faithful investigation of his life *would bring to light important facts of history*, I found it impossible to deal with him as an ordinary subject of inquiry. It were vain to try and persuade people to take seriously a man tarred, feathered, pilloried, pelted. It was not whitewashing Paine needed, but a removal of the pitch and release from the pillory. There must first of all be a strong appeal

against such sentence. And because the wrongs represented a league of prejudices, the pleadings had to be in several tribunals—moral, religious, political, social—before the man could be seen at all, much less accorded the attention necessary for disclosure of *the history suppressed through his degradation*. Paine's personal vindication would still have required only a pamphlet, but that it was ancillary to *the historic revelations which constitute the larger part of his work*."

The Theosophist considers no study more important than history when studied in the right way. The sentences which I have taken the liberty to italicize in the above quotation indicate clearly that the life of Thomas Paine has something more than a merely personal significance. If his life were better known, the history of the most critical period of our national life would be far better understood.

Those who wish to investigate the life of Thomas Paine from a reliable source, cannot do better than read Moncure D. Conway's biography of him, an exhaustive work in two volumes. He has sifted out the malicious falsehoods with which nearly all earlier biographies were filled and, by research among historical documents, has thrown a clear light upon many disputed phases of Paine's life. Walt Whitman said to Mr. Conway not many years ago, "I am glad you are to write the life of Paine. Such a book has long been needed. Paine was among the best and truest of men."

The portrait of Paine in this issue is from a painting now owned by Mr. Conway, and is one of the few Paine portraits which gives us some insight into the character of the man. Mr. Conway himself has earned the commendation of all liberal minded thinkers. He has thrown down the gauntlet to those who have, by slanders made out of whole cloth (of one of which he naively remarks, "*Of course it is to be found in the religious encyclopedias!*") obscured the memory of the services to America of this man who was Washington's beloved comrade and counsellor, the only man of all the Girondins for whom we need not apologize, whose chief crime, in the eyes of his persecutors, was his conviction that "a religion which shocked the sensibilities of a child could not be a true religion." That

Paine was the object of a subtle conspiracy from the time he published *Common Sense*, there can be no doubt. Become thoroughly familiar with the facts of his life and you will not find it necessary to inquire, "*What was the conspiracy, and who were his hidden persecutors?*" PHAEDO



NOW that the California "winter" is over (winter in name only) and

A Prophecy That Was Fulfilled

the spring showers are giving their last touches of green to the foliage it seems not untimely to reprint the following lines that were written for the *Palo Alto Times* early last November:

It may seem, to Eastern people, invidious for Californians to contrast the climate of the Pacific slope with that of the Atlantic seaboard and the Middle West. But, how great is the contrast to those who know both the East and the West! There, the rigors of winter—the early snows have fallen and the first blizzards have come to remind the people of the long months of discomfort and disaster which the unkind Fates have in store for them.

Here, the land is awakening under the revivifying influence of the first warm rains of autumn, and wild flowers are coming into blossom among the lush grasses. The days are sunshiny, the nights delightful, and one is lured to spend as much time outdoors as duty will permit. And thus it will be all the winter through—a veritable springtime, the May and June of the East, with scarcely sufficient cold to remind one of winter.

There will be fresh vegetables at all times, berries perhaps for Christmas, a New Year's picnic party in the woods, a moonlight straw ride in February, when overcoats would be an incumbrance. During all this time our Eastern friends will take their duties and pleasures as the writer did before the wisdom of migration seized him, in fur-lined great-coat, ear tippets, yards of muffler and arctics; they will enjoy the jingle of sleigh bells and the tingle of frosted fingers; the discomforts of a snow blockade and the prospects of pneumonia will go hand in hand; the struggle for existence will last through the long winter months, and when summer

shall have come the oppressive heat and the occasional cyclone will make life even a greater misery. Why harp upon the subject? Simply because the better life that California offers is preferable and free to all who are wise enough to seek it.

Here health and comfort are the twin blessings, and how much does the realization of health mean to each of us. How very many who are suffering ill-health in the East might here find their energy restored and life made brighter and happier. It seems strange that where there is so little to sacrifice and so much to gain California has not long ere this become a land of millions, her fruitful valleys, her fertile foothills, her mountains so rich in minerals, all supporting a population many times larger than is now here, and which the State is so well capable of supporting—even in luxury. But the Eastern Ephraim is joined to his idols, even if they are snow images.

THE docking of horses is still carried on, although a great check has been given to this cruelty by the action of our War Office, not on humane grounds, be it noted, but on grounds of pure utility, inasmuch as it was found in tropical countries that our cavalry horses when unprovided with their natural tails died in great numbers from the pestilence of flies, of which they were unable to rid themselves. It is a *sine qua non* now of purchase by our Army Remount Department that the horses shall have natural and not docked tails. The late President of the United States is stated to have been strongly opposed to docking, and would not allow a docked horse in his stables. The new President, Roosevelt, holds similar views, and in purchasing horses for the White House he insisted that they should have long tails.—*Animals' Friend*



Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office at POINT LOMA, CAL.

Some Observations

THE giant Amphitheater has received its last touch, for here no human work can add to the beauty. And there can be no monotony of view where the sea is in sight with its ever changing breakers and still more varied color. Just before sunset the waters have a way of putting on a dress of the richest purple, a tint I, for one, have never seen elsewhere. It is not an imaginary purple, but true and pure and obvious to every one. And Homer, we are told, was blind, because he spoke of the Purple Sea.

¶ A story was recently told in this column of H. P. Blavatsky and a "first lesson" in Occultism which she gave to a claimant. The lesson consisted in aiding an old and destitute woman and it was received in some amazement by the aspirant for Divine Wisdom. The story was told to show the continuity of method from H. P. B.'s days until now. I am reminded of another similar lesson from the pen of the same Teacher. She drew a picture of a homeless starving boy hungrily watching the interior of a restaurant with his nose flattened against the window. The inference to be drawn was that her mission was to that boy and to such as him and that unless Theosophy had such practical application as this, there was no room for it in the world. Those who talk about a change of method are multiplying words without wisdom. The laws which govern the evolution of the soul are, in their broad aspect, the same yesterday, today and forever, and love is the foundation upon which all such work is done. It would be more accurate to say that we are now beginning to understand a little more of what H. P. B. intended, and that the present Teacher has shown us wherein lay our folly in the past; but to speak of any considerable change of method, at any rate in things essential, is simply an effort to excuse our former density. It was easy to write learned papers on, for instance, the Universal Life, but to some of us it was quite a new view that the comprehension of the Universal Life was invariably marked by an increase of practical compassion for the sufferings which others were undergoing, and that Philosophy and sympathy are largely convertible terms. Those who have left us from time to time have always found some specious reasons for doing so, but the real reason in nearly every case was that they were required to prove their comprehension of the alphabet of Theosophy by themselves becoming a manifestation of those first principles. Those whose idea of Occultism was to stand on a platform and tell people how to do things, naturally resented such treatment and withdrew on the ground that they did not approve the Leader's methods; which we can all quite believe.

¶ The revival of the Aryan Meetings in the Temple is now another manifested link in our unbroken chain. There has naturally been much said about Mr. Judge and those first meetings of all, when he himself was lecturer and audience too. A very old English member reminds me of a curious fact, that even while H. P. B. was alive and readily accessible, there were some in England who wrote to Mr. Judge for advice, and were content to wait two or three weeks for the answer. Those who knew him will not find this difficult to understand without any detraction from the mighty and ready aid which H. P. B. was always eager to give. At the time of his worst adversity he wrote to an English member, "I beg you to turn no one out of your heart," and we have had to learn that the truest service is often rendered by a strenuous, determined and whole hearted opposition to every word and deed of those whose nature is expressed by a hatred of their benefactor. In listening to the tributes which necessarily found a voice at the first of these meetings we were reminded of what was said by a pupil of another great Teacher who was killed by a more material but far less cruel poison, that of all the men whom we have ever known, this one was certainly the greatest, the wisest and the best.

¶ The New Year's Festival which was given in San Diego is being repeated from time to time in the Temple. Nearly all nations and periods are represented

and the costumes are perfect. Some of us have a curious idea, that the things done here at the Point will one day be done before the whole world, and that in watching the proceedings on the Temple stage and elsewhere in Loma-land, we are really looking at a kind of prophetic camera obscura, in which every tiny detail will one day be mightily rendered before humanity. It is an idea full of strong stimulation because upon our stage all nations are in concord around one common ideal. Here, too, the Present is made to understand the Past. The wisdom of today stands by the side of Tom Paine of yesterday and does not look askance upon him nor draw away the hem of its robe, recognizing the greatness of the man, and his uncomplaining sorrow. If we understood more of the alphabet of Occultism, to which reference has been made, we should participate more in all these proceedings in the same scientific spirit of certainty with which we plant a seed in the ground, knowing that it will come forth by the ordinary processes of nature. But, as in the case of the seed, we must guard the spot from the sowers of tares.

¶ Nine-tenths of our ignorance seems thus to proceed from our unwillingness to apply the theories in which we profess to believe, while clamoring for more. The parable of the grain of mustard seed is not yet time-worn, nor is it likely to become so for awhile.

¶ We have to chronicle one more highly successful meeting at the Opera House, San Diego, with a crowded audience of old friends and visitors. It is hard to imagine or to realize the effect of this stream of influence which is being carried away from San Diego into every quarter of the civilized world. At this season of the year every nation is represented at the famous health resort, and thousands of those who come in search of physical vigor, and who get it, will return to their homes with their hearts touched by a message of Brotherhood, and with a desire to give some expression to that for which the world is waiting.

¶ Next to the children the great Amphitheater claims the admiration of all visitors. It excels the expectations of even those who have traveled the most. Here the living truths of Theosophy will be dramatized. In the musical drama these beautiful teachings will be given in their pure simplicity, separated from all the undesirable elements that a certain class of self-labeled "Theosophists" seem de-

termined to invest them with. Except for an unusual pressure of work and many unforeseen calls upon the Leader's time, the first days of February would have witnessed the presentation of a great music-drama in this Amphitheater. It is written by Mrs. Tingley and is already in process of preparation.

¶ The golf links call forth from visitors, invariably, expressions of delight and surprise. They are said to be the finest in the world, far finer than even the famous links of Scotland. Here in Loma-land the links are laid out over hill and canyon, extending down by the edge of the sea, and the "hazards" are simply superb.

¶ Mrs. Tingley, as all students are aware, lays great stress on physical development as the basis of the perfect life. Yet she holds that the world needs a new method of physical training, a higher expression of athletic life. Field day sports, as conducted in Loma-land, have planted a new standard in the domain of athletics.

OBSERVER

NOTICE TO U. B. MEMBERS

Members are cautioned against various attempts which are being made to obtain names and list of our membership by so-called "Theosophical Societies," etc., using our name or similar designation. All such should be scanned closely, then destroyed unanswered, or sent to me, if deemed important, remembering that the simplest communication addressed to you, unapproved by the Official Head, is not to be recognized.

F. M. PIERCE, *Secretary-General*

Although the subscription blanks accompanying THE NEW CENTURY are firmly attached, being stapled with the paper itself, a perforation on the margin enables them to be readily detached. Every one of them should be torn off, its blank spaces filled with the name and address of a new subscriber, and mailed, with remittance of two dollars for one year's subscription, or one dollar for six months' subscription to

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION



TABLES SET FOR A BROTHERHOOD SUPPER AT MACON, GEORGIA

Of What Use Is the Sunrise?

“WHAT do you do with them?” I was once asked by an old country-dweller, to whom I had been discoursing on the glory of the sunrises in my part of the country. “Do with them!” I answered; “what can you do with a sunrise?”

He altered his question:—“Well; what do you let them do with you?”

He was a particularly hale old person, quite erect, always serene, as wise as an old owl *looks*, and with a kindly and bottomless sense of humor.

I admitted that I did not voluntarily let the sunrise do anything with me; I said I was usually breakfasting then.

“People make good resolutions once a year,” he said. “If they’d make ’em every day, there’d be some sense in it. A man makes a new start every day, begins a new life—or he might. Why don’t he take nature’s hint and wipe his dirty old slate clean?”

“I don’t quite see the drift,” I said, hesitatingly.

“Did you ever see a glass of water, with salt in it, crystallize?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“You throw in a bit of extra salt, and all of a sudden the thing grows solid?”

“Yes, especially if you give the glass a litle shake.”

“And it crystallizes accordin’ to the pattern belongin’ to salt?”

“Yes.”

“Well aint that exactly what takes place when you wake up? Your wakin’ gives your body a shake, and it crystallizes, *with you in it*, exactly accordin’ to the pattern belongin’ to you; and you



Roseville and Ballast Point at the Mouth of San Diego Bay, Taken from a Point Loma Eminence



Looking Down the Lane from the Bungalows toward Loma Homestead in the Distance

won’t mind my sayin’, son, that it aint a pattern that does you a heap of credit. But you aint a tumbler of salt, that can’t help itself; you’re a man, or might be, that can set his own pattern.

“Now when your section o’ this old earth rolls round eastward toward the sun, you call it sunrise. She gets under the slantin’ beams, the eastward sky gets them early colors that those paintbrush fellers can’t do nothin’ with; the birds begin to stir; the flowers thinks about openin’ up, and a general wake-up-ness spreads all over the scenery. Very good. Now your body is a part o’ that scenery; made o’ the same sort o’ livin’ earth-stuff as them birds and flowers and animals. And just the same as them, it begins to stir. It’s like the glass o’ salt water, afore you give it a shake.

“By the time the sun actually comes up, all the salt’s there, and if you aint on hand there’s trouble.

“There’s a many folks don’t *wake up*, as they call it, till long after sunrise. They stews along in bed. But I tell you, son, the *body’s* awake, right enough, and it *fills up with dreams* instead of with the *right thoughts of the owner*. Result: the salt crystallizes accordin’ to the pattern o’ them dreams, which are the dregs of the man’s mental foolings and chance experiences of the day before or the year before. Result: the man’s the same kind of a fool as he was the day before or the year before; in fact he’s more of a fool. And when he comes to 70 or 80 or



Some of the Rain Clouds that Favored Point Loma and San Diego Last Week

some such a trifle” (my old friend was 82, he told me afterwards) “he’s in his dotage instead of at his best.

“Now you’re breakfastin’, you say, at sunrise. You don’t give them dreams time to come in. That’s all right as far as it goes, but you aint such a heap better than the others. You wake kind o’ negative, with all the whims and jimjams o’ the night stickin’ about your soul, and so you pick up yesterday just where you left it. The salt

sets accordin’ to them jimjams, and that’s why you feel quarrelsome, and snarly at the other fellows, and no laugh warmin’ your gizzard.

“No, no, son; just you take right hold, the moment you wake; make a sunrise in your heart. And when you’ve made a thoroughly respectable sunrise *inside* o’ that particular bit of scenery you call your body, *then* you can go to breakfast.

“Now just you practice that up a bit; make every day a clean new start; crystallize yourself every day new, accordin’ to a creditable pattern. You aint like the salt that’s got its pattern set for it; you can set your own, a better one each day of the 365, and when you get to be 80 or 90 you’ll find you’ve got a body that’ll be some credit to you, instead of—but I don’t want to be anyways offendin’, son.

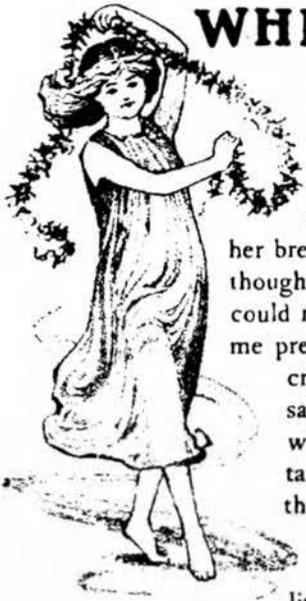
“And one of these days I’ll tell you what to do with your sunsets. Look at that one now; you want to stop your chatter while the sun’s sinkin’ behind the sea-line.” Which was unnecessary, for indeed I had not been chattering.

STUDENT

ONE of the hottest regions of the earth is along the Persian Gulf, where little or no rain falls. At Bahrin the arid shore has no fresh water, yet a comparatively numerous population contrives to live there, thanks to copious springs which burst forth from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is got by diving. The diver, sitting in his boat, winds a great goatskin bag round his left arm, the hand grasping its mouth; then he takes in his right hand a heavy stone, to which is attached a strong line, and thus equipped he plunges in and quickly reaches the bottom. Instantly opening the bag over the strong jet of fresh water, he springs up the ascending current, at the same time closing the bag, and is helped aboard. The stone is then hauled up, and the diver, after taking breath, plunges in again. The source of these copious submarine springs is thought to be in the green hills of Osman, some five or six hundred miles distant.

A PRIMITIVE process that is a marvel of old-time ingenuity is claimed in the Russian method of storing petroleum. No strong and expensive iron tank is built, but instead a bottomless tank of cheap sheet iron is suspended in water on piles, the top projecting a foot or so above water level. This tank is filled through a pipe passing to its center, the water sinking as the oil enters. The plan has other advantages (remarks *Invention*) besides inexpensiveness, for if the oil should take fire some of it may be drawn off from the bottom, and as there is only water at the bottom sand and dirt do not accumulate in the tank.

WHEN KINGS AND QUEENS WERE TRULY NOBLE



ETHEL'S heart was full as she walked home from school along the country road. "I will not cry," she said to herself, brushing away the tears that would come, and choking back the sobs that would rise in her breast. "They are very cruel and unkind," she thought. "How can mother help working? She could not help father dying! And how can she give me pretty dresses to wear? I will not cry. They are cruel and unjust. Why should I mind what they say?" and she threw back her graceful little head with proud defiance. "We go to school to be taught our lessons, not to talk about our fathers and mothers and dresses. And I can do my lessons as well as any one else," and again the little head was tossed back.

"I don't care a scrap for any of them. They are hateful, hateful." "Why, Ethel, whatever is the matter?" said a pleasant voice. "Mother," and the garden gate was opened with astonishing quickness, and two strong, loving little arms were thrown round the neck of a pale, slender woman. "Oh mother, I wish I were a man to fight for you." "Well," laughed her mother, "I have a loving little heart, and that is the greatest of all champions." "Listen," she continued, glancing at the girl's disturbed face, "I am not going to sew any more tonight and don't you think it would be very nice to have tea once more under the old oak tree?" "Yes, yes," said Ethel, clapping her hands, "you stay in the garden; I will get it ready. And off she ran up the garden walk and disappeared through a honeysuckle-covered porch. Soon she came out again, carrying a tray with tea-things, which she placed on a small wooden table under an oak tree that grew by the side of the house. An old ivy covered wall ran along two sides and a clump of old-fashioned blush rose trees on the other hid the nook from passers-by. To and fro Ethel ran. "Now I think that is everything. Mother, tea is ready."

"I am so hungry," she added as they seated themselves at the table.

"You ought to be," said her mother, with a smile, as she poured out the tea, "you walked home at such a pace."

"Did I?" said Ethel, and her face clouded. "No, I won't tell mother now," thought she. "Well, anyway I am hungry," she said aloud. And brushing aside the disagreeable remembrance of the afternoon she chatted brightly. "Cousin May told me such a funny thing about Harold today. You know he is very naughty sometimes, and yesterday he was naughty the whole day and auntie whipped him several times, but it did not do him a bit of good, because in the evening she found him sitting on the floor with a pair of scissors cutting up one of May's pretty aprons, and auntie just looked at him and said, 'Oh, Harold, why will you be so naughty?' And Harold looked up at her and put his head on one side and said, 'And 'fy vill 'oo be so dith-a-gwe-a-ble?'"

"The case from Harold's point of view" laughed mother, and so she chatted till tea was over. Then Ethel cleared away, and coming out again found her mother walking up and down under the oak. Ethel came softly to her side.

"See how beautiful the sunset is," said her mother, and together they watched the sun sink behind a distant hill in a sea of gold.

"Oh do let us stay out a little while longer," pleaded Ethel, "I will bring out shawls."

"Very well, but only a little while."

"We must keep walking up and down, dear," said mother, when Ethel returned, "it is too chilly to sit now."

"All right, I—I want to tell you something," and the episode which had so deeply wounded Ethel's sensitive nature was soon told.

The twilight hid the look of pain that crossed the woman's pale face.

"Well, dear," she said gently, "these things are hard to bear, but we must try to understand them. You know, my child, there are many foolish people in the world, and that makes a greater need for wise people. When anyone talks to you, as happened today, just try to remember that there are many poor people in the world having a much harder time than you are. Just think of the thousands who are weary and tired, so tired that they think each night they cannot work any more; and yet, when morning comes they must work on, or they would have nothing to eat. Oh, childie, think of all the poor people who are tired, and let your heart go out to them. Then these foolish things will not wound you so much. You are not a rich man's child, and you cannot have fine clothes like some of your companions, but it is greater far to have a loving heart and be truly noble. You know, dear, everything has a beginning. Long, long ago the kings and queens and nobles of the land were



GROUP OF RAJA YOGA GIRLS, POINT LOMA, CAL.

truly noble, because they had that royal blood which flows from a loving, compassionate heart, and being great it was their nature to be courteous to all. As time went on ambition took hold of the hearts of men, and they longed to be nobles because of the position and because they were attracted by the outward expression of courtesy and refinement, forgetting that it must be a pure and noble heart, living and working for others all the time, that would give them the

dignity and nobility they longed for. Things began to degenerate, and what was natural courtesy in the great ones, became in the degenerate days, rules of etiquette which gives the impression of refinement, but it is not always the true courtesy that springs from a noble and loving heart. So you see position in life or the quality of the clothes you wear has nothing to do with what is truly noble and great, and it is this that everyone is striving for; only they strive for the outward expression and lose the soul of it, the great loving heart which never stoops to foolish pettiness, because it lives in the nature of things, not the outward expression. Do you understand, my child? Is it not greater to be truly noble?"

"Yes, mother," said Ethel, softly.

A. M. D.

A Short Talk to Short Men

DON'T fret and stew about the other boy getting more than you get—of candy or of fun. You ought to be so busy with your own affairs that you haven't much time to make comparisons between this and that boy's "luck" and your own. But if you've simply got to be watching other boys all the time, then just remember that there isn't any such thing as luck. What goes by that name in the world is only the outside workings of the Great Law. You can bank on this Law, boys; it is the one thing that never fails, never has failed, never can fail. It will be in good working order when our earth and its planets and stars have died out and the stuff that is in them has gone into the making of other worlds and other universes. A boy—or a man, either—gets just what he earns; no more, no less. You can build your whole life on this, and it's a good thing to remember every minute, whether you are playing marbles, "doing arithmetic," or chopping kindling wood. If the hatchet flies off the handle and bumps you over the eye, don't go around wailing how unlucky you are. You will most likely find that the hatchet was loose on the handle—or it wouldn't have come off so suddenly. Just as like as not there were other causes and workings of

SEARCHLIGHT

NO. 6

Special number issued to
the public

CONTAINING A FULL REPORT OF THE

Great Debate on Theosophy & Christianity

HELD AT FISHER OPERA HOUSE, SAN DIEGO, CAL.,
ON SEPTEMBER 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, AND
OCTOBER 6 AND 13, 1901

SEVENTY-TWO PAGES

Notwithstanding the increase in the cost of publishing, owing to
the largely increased number of pages, the price
remains the same as heretofore

FIFTEEN CENTS

The
Theosophical Publishing Co.
Point Loma, Cal.

ENTERTAINMENT

by Children of the

Raja Yoga School

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON

in the

Aryan Temple, Point Loma

Tickets 50 cents

PUBLIC MEETINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGES

STOCKTON, Cal., 523 Yosemite Building

Lodge No. 3. Public meetings: Sunday 8 p. m., and Wednesday
7:30 p. m. Lotus Group for children, Sunday 10:30 a. m.

BOSTON, Mass., 24 Mount Vernon St.

Lodge No. 28. Public meetings every Sunday at 8 p. m.
Lotus Group, Sunday at 11 a. m.
Members' Union meeting, Thursday at 8 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Friday at 7:30 p. m.
Girls' Club, Saturday at 3 p. m.

CHICAGO, Ill., 511 Masonic Temple

Lodges No. 70 and 45. Monthly public meeting, first Sunday of the
month, 8:15 p. m.; Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesdays 8 p. m.;
Lodge meetings, members only, Lodge 45, Thursdays, 8 p. m., and
Lodge 70, Fridays, 8:15 p. m.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Y. M. H. A. Building

Lodge No. 119. Public meeting, Sunday 8 p. m.
Lodge meeting, members only, Thursday 8 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Friday 8 p. m.

MACON, Ga., Triangular Block

Lodge No. 13. Public meeting about the middle of month.
Lotus Group, Sunday 10 a. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesday 7:30 p. m.
Members' meeting, Friday 8 p. m.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., 206 Weybosset Street

Lodge No. 31. Monthly meetings, last Sunday in each month, 7:30
p. m.; Lodge meetings, members only, Wednesdays, 7:45 p. m.
Lotus Group, Sundays, 10:45 a. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Thursdays, 8 p. m.

SOUTHPORT, England, 138 Poulton Road

Lodge No. 24 (Eng.) Lotus Group, Monday, 7 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesday, 8 p. m.
Lodge meeting, Friday, 8 p. m.
Public meetings, 1st Sunday each month 7 p. m.

Fish in Deep Water

Dr. Hjart has made a remarkable discovery that away out in the open sea, where it was several thousands of meters in depth, he found fish as it were in layers or ocean strata. Some required a line as long as the Monument to reach down to them, others were in still lower depths, which would submerge St. Paul's and the Monument on top, and with many thousands of feet of water below them. There, in those still and dark and hitherto supposed barren regions of the sea, he caught great cod and haddock and coal-fish, sometimes in great quantities. The importance of this discovery is that it proves that not only fish brood, but mature fish also, exist out in the ocean, and that what have been looked upon as typical "ground fish" and "local" sorts, are to be found at other places as well as near the coasts. Not of least significance is the finding of cod in the deep places of the sea, as in this discovery we have the key to solve the mystery as to where the cod abides when he withdraws from the coasts. In the great cod fisheries off the coast of Newfoundland the fishermen find the fish at the commencement of the season in April, in the shallow water near shore, and use lines of thirty or forty feet, increasing the depth as they find the fish receding until they have to fish at over 200 feet for them in December.

It was formerly supposed that the killing of a cod in roe meant the destruction of more than two million potential codfish. Now, as Dr. Dahl says, it merely looks like improving the life-chances of the progeny of another cod. Formerly it was considered that the fish productions of the sea was a fixed quantity, which was being continually decreased by man's inroads on it. Now it would appear to be an organism on which the attacks of man can make no real impression. It seems probable, indeed, that in every second, every minute, every day, more fish is produced in the sea than all humanity combined could devour in the same time.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

Self-Burying Fish

A New Zealand correspondent sends an interesting letter to *The Spectator*, from which we quote: A fish of curious habits exists in New Zealand, and is called by the Maoris the kakawai. Its habitat is very extensive in the North Island, and it may be found on the Wairarapa plains, the Forty-Mile bush, etc. It is generally discovered when a man is digging out rabbits or making post-holes in the summer-time, and it lies at a depth of a foot or two feet under the soil. The character of the soil, whether sandy or loamy, does not seem to matter. The fish is from two to three inches long, silvery, shaped like a minnow, but rather more slender and tapering. It appears to be dead when exhumed, and if dug up in the summer, and put into water, it dies at once. If, however, it is brought to daylight in May or early June (the end of autumn), when the rains are beginning to make the soil thoroughly wet, and put into a tub of water, a curious thing happens. After a day or two it casts its skin, which sinks to the bottom, and the fish plays about, bright and lively. When dug up in the summer, there appears to be a growth of skin, or perhaps of a dry, gummy exudation, which seals up the head and gills. Apparently this enables it to aëstivate through the dry weather, and seals the fish as an Indian fakir is sealed up before he goes in for a long fasting burial. Of course, in winter there must be marshy spots or pools in which the fish can swim and propagate, but often all evidence of such natation disappears in summer, and the hot, dry, waterless plain seems the last place on earth in which to find a fish. When the skin is cast off, vivid little spots of red appear on the body.

Don't overlook the subscription blank.

Hardware & Stoves

HIGH GRADE SHELF HARDWARE
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS
FINE CUTLERY TOOLS
BUILDERS' HARDWARE

San Diego Hardware Co.

658 FIFTH STREET

EDWARD M. BURBECK

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Copper Plate Engraving & Printing
Steel Dies, Crests, and Monograms
Largest & most varied stock of Books
and General Literature in the City

1051-59 FIFTH STREET, SAN DIEGO

"Burbeck's Big Bookstore"

Toys Games Souvenirs Office Supplies City and County Maps

For ARTISTS MATERIALS

PICTURE FRAMES

We can please you

C. H. GLASER

1040 FIFTH STREET

San Diego, Cal.

Bank of Commerce

841 FIFTH ST., bet E & F Sts., SAN DIEGO

Capital, \$100,000

Reserve & Undivided Profits, \$46,837.23

R. M. POWERS, President F. W. JACKSON, Cashier
GRAHAM E. BABCOCK, C. L. WILLIAMS,
Vice-President Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—R. M. Powers, Graham E. Babcock, J. F. Sinks,
A. H. Frost, Chas. T. Hinde, U. S. Grant, & F. W. Jackson

General banking business transacted. Exchange drawn direct on all
principal cities of United States and Europe. Prompt attention given to
collections.

Souvenir Postal Cards of Loma-land

PRIVATE MAILING CARDS, PRINTED ON
FINEST IVORY-FINISH CARDBOARD
13 different half-tone glimpses of Loma-land on which to
send your Brotherhood Thoughts all over the world. A
stream of them should be kept in circulation by every member.

- 1 Aryan Temple from the Canyon
- 2 Children's Group Houses, International Lotus Home
- 3
- 4 Young Warriors of the Raja Yoga School
- 5 Loma Homestead and Aryan Temple from the Northwest
- 6 North View of Loma Homestead and Aryan Temple
- 7 Lotus Buds and Blossoms of the Raja Yoga School Sending Thought Messages to all the World at Aryan Temple
- 8 Children's Play-ground, International Lotus Home
- 9 Lotus Buds with their Cuban Godmother, Raja Yoga School
- 10 Egyptian Gate to School of Antiquity Grounds
- 11 Lotus Buds at Play, International Lotus Home
- 12 Lotus Blossoms, Raja Yoga School
- 13 East Entrance of Loma Homestead

2 for 5 cents (postage 1c extra) . \$0.06
50, postpaid, for 1.00
100, " " 1.50

Sent assorted unless ordered with specifications. Order from

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.

POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The
LEADING REAL ESTATE BROKER in SAN DIEGO IS

E. J. Carter

964 Sixth Street, San Diego

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE LOCATING IN SAN DIEGO CITY OR COUNTY, CALL ON OR WRITE TO HIM

Rudder's

NEW RESTAURANT
AND GRILL

Newly Furnished Finest in City

Corner 4th and Plaza, San Diego

Strahlmann-Mayer Drug Co.

PHARMACY GRADUATES
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, etc.
Physicians Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully prepared

CORNER FOURTH & D STREETS
Telephone Main 424
CORNER FIFTH & C STREETS
Telephone Black 856

THE

Lion Clothing Co.

CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"
STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

D. L. HOOVER

G R O C E R

SIXTH & H STREETS
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Telephone Black 111

Electric Laundry

NELSON SNYDER, Proprietor

16TH & I STREETS

OUT OF TOWN AGENCIES—National City, Otay, Chula Vista, Coronado, Lemon Grove, Fallbrook Escondido, La Mesa, La Jolla, Oceanside.

TELEPHONE BLACK 731

The CHADBOURNE FURNITURE CO.

W. L. PREVERT, Manager

We aim to carry an entirely up-to-date stock of house furnishings, and, for style and variety of goods, cannot be out-done in Southern California. We are glad to show visitors through our extensive store-rooms at all times.

Store-rooms

SIXTH & D STREETS
San Diego, Cal.

HOTEL BREWSTER



The only Modern Hotel in the City

Terms:
European \$1.00 up
American \$2.50 up

C. B. Daggett
Manager
SAN DIEGO California

KELLY'S LIVERY

POINT LOMA COACH LINE

Dealer in first-class horses
Special coaches for select parties arranged by telephone

THIRD & F STS., PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be one season or another. Paint will set tougher during the winter, and of course that gives durability. One point favoring winter. There are others favoring summer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so often as houses painted with any other paint, because it has more body to withstand action of the elements. There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per gallon.

We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.

WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS

7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, President
G. B. GROW, Cashier
W. R. ROGERS, Assistant Cashier

Every facility and security offered to our patrons and the public generally. Collections and exchanges on all points.

AT

Bowen's

DRY GOODS STORE

Will be found a full assortment of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Tea Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Wrappers, Silks and Dress Goods . .

W. O. BOWEN 1043 FIFTH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SAN DIEGO CORNER FIFTH AND E STS.

CAPITAL PAID UP \$150,000
SURPLUS & UNDIVIDED PROFIT \$40,000

J. GRUENDIKE - - PRESIDENT
D. F. GARRETTSON - - VICE PRES.
G. W. FISHBURN - - CASHIER

DIRECTORS—J. Gruendike, Geo. Hannaha, J. E. Fishburn, G. W. Fishburn and D. F. Garrettson

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO FIT YOUR EYES TO SUIT YOU. WE HAVE A SPECIAL PLACE SET APART FOR OPTICAL WORK, CONTAINING ALL THE MODERN INSTRUMENTS USED IN SIGHT TESTING IF YOU NEED GLASSES, HAVE a PRESCRIPTION to FILL, or FRAME to REPAIR

we give you the best work obtainable in San Diego

J E N K S

826-828 5th street

Graduate Optician

151

The New Century



Year \$2

Point Loma, San Diego, California.

Copy 5



A RIGHT action, done against a temptation to do a wrong one,

instantly strings up the entire nature, sweeps clouds out of the whole mind, tones the body, makes Satan of a sudden get behind us.

That is magic, and there is no other way to get for ourselves those results. They are very pleasurable; we are tempted to repeat the process. Imagine having a nature that continually tempted you to do—RIGHT! We are familiar with the other kind of temptation; this kind would be a novelty, but, I repeat, easy to get.

If only men would learn how easy it is to get the habit of right action! If only they would learn the continued pleasure of it! Not the pleasure of self-righteousness—for there is a pleasure in that—but pleasure as pure and innocent as that of a child in a fine day, quite unself-conscious.

The pleasure of self-righteousness is very short lived; you get on to a pedestal, but unless you have somebody to admire you, the thing gets monotonous. And when you have thoroughly tasted and relished the admiration of one person, you want two, and then three, and at last you require such a large and constant dose of admiration that it is not to be had; and then comes the other side of the picture!

But to the true great-hearted—and therefore child-hearted—man, pleasure in right action is very different from this. No audience is necessary, no pedestal. You simply feel an approving glow about your heart and are content with that, knowing that in every right action, even the most hidden and the smallest, you have given the whole world something, somewhat relieved the tension of things.

You have to be careful about right action; you will be certainly tempted to do another, and you may at last become so infatuated with that kind of work that no other will satisfy you for a moment. It rouses a good many little imps in the lower nature, and if you go back on your track and yield to any of these as you used to so cheerfully and constantly, you will feel peculiarly mean and small and out of tune. And there is *now* no way of getting rid of these unpleasant feelings except by returning to the new and charming policy of right action. All the people who have thoroughly tried right action agree in the account I am now giving you of the way in which it works.

But let us think—why didn't we try this before as a steady principle? Because something in our nature tempted us, and we yielded. And that something said, "Right action is troublesome and painful; skip it and try my way." We believed it and skipped accordingly. But if we gave the matter a thorough trial, we should find we had been lied to; the pleasure is the other way. Let us now try it and a surprising thing will become obvious. The pleasure in *wrong* action is not ours at all; it is the lower fellow—the little imp—who gets that pleasure; but he asserts so positively that WE get it that we are deceived and think his pleasure ours. It is HE who dislikes right action because he hates trouble and loves comfort.

All the while WE secretly loved right action without knowing it, and the pleasure of it is ours. We have a right to it; why not get it oftener? The pleasure is the approval of the soul, the only real and lasting pleasure without a reaction, productive of health of mind and body, productive of wisdom and knowledge of spiritual things, engenderer of charity, of genial regard for all, of self-sacrifice, of the unappeasable desire for more right action. It is a pleasure altogether peculiar to itself; it culminates in the end in that rapt and transcendent mergence into the all-presence of Deity for which saints and mystics have ever longed. It endows the possessor with a magic touch, a magic halo, not visible yet to be felt; and the possession of this halo causes it to happen that all who are distressed seek the possessor of it for comfort and for help; to all who see him it gives a sense of safety and protection which they cannot explain; all who are doing right feel encouraged; all who are in doubt between right and wrong select the right; all who have done wrong or who propose to do wrong feel mean and abased, and though in their resentment at this, the cause of their humiliation, they may go further yet along the wrong path, nevertheless it is now sure that some time they will turn; for deep in THEIR natures also, has been awakened this Divine love of right action. Right action is an Ariadne's thread placed in our hands to guide us through the perplexities of this difficult world.

The Magic of Right Action

Of course it is not really a difficult world. If all the best men in every nation, say one out of a hundred, took

up this thread of right action and followed it for a year, the world would be as simple, as clear, as pleasant, as a blue summer sky.

Naturally there would be a good many changes in things as they now stand. There would be far fewer books, because men would understand things without books. Political parties would disappear, because there would not be two opinions about the best course of action; both would have hold of the same thread. Armies would disappear, because a better way of settling all differences would always be perfectly obvious. In fact, differences would disappear of themselves, by the simple course of not existing. Right speeches would come of themselves into the minds of all orators; right medicines would occur to the minds of all doctors during the brief period that would remain for the work of doctors; perfect laws would occur to the unanimous minds of the law-makers during the trifling time that would remain in which laws were needed. Perfect vision of spiritual truths would come to the preachers; perfect ways of educating little children and youths to the educators—but why go on?

Everything would be so surprising and delightful that life would put on a new dress, golden and white; there would be a new kind of music and art and poetry; the dome that separates earth and heaven would be taken away; the rainbow bridge between here and Valhalla would have to be widened, the gates at both ends thrown into the sea and a peal of bells hung from the archways.

The sacred teaching of Theosophy is that all men's souls are all the time urging them to this; not to anything difficult or severe or ascetic or grim or smileless; but to infinite pleasure, and man will not take the continued hint. Why don't men take ONE first step, and do every day ONE healthy, ringing, resonant, right action? There would be a royal FUN about it! The little imps of the lower nature would object and cry, of course, but that would only add to the fun. A man would say to them, "Yes, I know you; I have had enough of you; you have nearly wrecked me many a time; you have had YOUR pleasure this many a long day and I it was who did the suffering; now it is time to change places; I propose to have all the pleasure in the future." The little fellows of the lower nature would soon fall into line and become little angels with the habit of tempting a man—they can't ever stop tempting, it's their nature—into RIGHT. They didn't know any better before. A moth would rather be a butterfly any time, and a bat a humming-bird, if once they tried it. And we can see to it that the moths and bats of our mind DO try it.

If anyone decides to try the experiment of right action, and is unwise enough to *talk* about it, someone is sure to ask him what is the test of right action and to point out to him that men's views of what is right change at different periods. Don't let him fall into the trap and get into an argument. The test of right action is right motive; and in any case everyone knows what is right action now, at this moment, and today.

Right action is the easiest way out of wrong action. To be continually examining oneself—"have I done wrong, is my conscience neglected?"—is apt to be morbid, and is certain to breed that monster of fear of consequence here or hereafter that paralyzes all action and all self-reliance. If the steady principle is to do right, wrong will soon go of itself, and there will be no need for morbid heart-searching.

And a man need not be worried about right action *tomorrow*, or look forward wearily to years and months of it. His concern is only with the *next act on his list*; in the path of right action you live, so to speak, from hand to mouth, healthily and cheerfully doing the NEXT thing on the list, and waiting for the thing after that till it comes, that is, till it, in *its* turn, is the next thing. Then you jump at it with your club, as usual.

Once upon a time, they say, men were pure white souls, rejoicing in strength of life, free, clear-minded, clear-hearted, all in the great God-Light.

Then they slowly changed; the light is still here, but they cannot see it; all is confused, difficult, angry, threatening, painful.

That has had its day. Will men not now spring forward to a future which is the past reborn, just as they are no other than the men of the

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 14

Some Views on Twentieth Century Problems

Is the Average Life Line Extending?

THE intellectual world has a general comfortable conviction, based on various official and non-official statistics, that the average life-length is extending.

There is no question about the fact, but a careful consideration of the whole matter is more disquieting than enheartening.

In the first place the longer life-line is not due to a more positive grip by mankind upon the *principle of life*. It is a negative lengthening, due to a mere *removal of some of the exterior causes of death*. It is like the apparently increased endurance of a runner, effected—not by addition to his strength—but by clearing the ground in front of him. And this appearance could be maintained a long time—even were he continually *losing* strength—by continually smoothing the track. This view comes out clearly when the statistics are dissected. It is by the prevention of a certain amount of *infantile* mortality that this deception-inspiring average has been made to rise. Let us take an example to make the point clear.

Suppose that, of two infants born twenty years ago, one would have died in infancy of mis-feeding due to ignorance of the laws of infantile digestion; and that the other would have lived to the age of forty. If the first lived but two years, it follows that the mean life-length of the two would be twenty-one years. But somebody discovers the recondite fact that infants cannot thrive on starch or are injured by twenty meals a day. Of other two infants, accordingly, neither one dies. One lives to thirty-eight and the other to thirty-six, *both falling short of forty*. But their *mean* life-length is thirty-seven.

It is from this cause—the removal of easily preventable agencies of mortality, mostly operating on infants—and *not* to more potent grasp of life, that the life-length is extending. From a deeper standpoint it is visibly shortening. In a little while, when all the easily preventable causes have been reckoned with, the shortening will be manifest.

Modern life exhibits a waste of the *principle of life* on a vast scale. It is a problem which every man must think out for himself; and in honest thought, in honest endeavor, he will have the help of his own soul. The very attempt to keep his face to the Light, and to practice Brotherhood to all men and women, will of itself commence at once to starve the canker-worm gnawing at humanity's vital center. M. R. C. S.

The Hypnotic Suggestion of Science

IN the current number of *Harper's* is a popular scientific article by Carl Snyder, a fairly well-known middleman in science. At the end, he sums up, in a few propositions which do not follow from his facts and from which he thinks "there can, in the light of present knowledge, be very little dissent."

By this sentence the non-scientific person's mind is reduced to a becoming state of humility and negativity, and is prepared for the dogmatic hypnotic suggestions which follow. A sample of these is the second, which reads: "Nerve substance is the sole path of the mind; *it is the mind*." A thoughtful reader will, of course, contemptuously reject this at once. He will know that it never has been or can be demonstrated that "nerve substance is the sole path of the mind;" *i. e.*, that the subtlest, swiftest, or most spiritual mental intuitions must necessarily come down to nerve molecular changes. And that they must *be* those changes, which is asserted in the second clause quoted, he will know to be an assertion which implies incompetent thinking on the writer's part.

But how many readers are thoughtful? How many read with minds positive, alert, and unsusceptible to hypnotic suggestion of this kind?

To the majority, the suggestion is a poisonous but unnoticed hypodermic injection of crass materialism. And though it may seem momentary in effect, it *does* color, weaken, and materialize their future understanding of life. They are thereafter more completely the sport of the transient physical conditions of their own bodies.

Science has its "Westminster Confession," and Mr. Snyder has printed five of its articles. The other four are on a par with the one we have quoted.

H. C.

Americans to Reform Archaeology

EXTREMES meet; and it will indeed be an apt illustration of this axiom if the New World assumes the task of introducing us to the Old. By "old" we mean, not the world of ordinary ancient and mediæval history, but a still older world yet to be revealed to students of antiquity.

In scanning the pages of current literature for suitable topics of the times, we find frequent papers on archæology, newly discovered relics of very old civilizations, important manuscripts unearthed, newer and wider theories of human origin and developments. Such studies and investigations as these are of recent growth in America, this country having up till now manifested the qualities of a new and growing race, and having been therefore occupied with the development of its territorial and commercial powers, while research was left to the older races of Europe. But we take it that America is now rapidly building up for itself a culture in literature, science, and antiquarian study, that will rival and then outstrip the established cultures of Europe.

If it be asked what will be the special characteristics of this culture, the reply comes naturally that they will be of the nature of a broadening and liberating from narrow and set forms. This expanding, reviving influence characterizes all the activities of newer races as contrasted with older, and there is no doubt but it will distinguish the new archæological culture also. When a Universal Brotherhood student takes up a standard text-book of Ancient History, he is continually vexed, when not amused, by the narrowness of the outlook and the prejudiced yet complacent spirit that pervades the disquisitions. Here is a little period of a few thousand years, during which a few minor races have paraded the earth. Of these few races yet a smaller fraction have left some historical remains; and out of these fractions of a fraction is compiled "Ancient History," as we know it.

We read recently of a theory of human races that completely reverses the ordinary one. This was that mankind, instead of diverging from unity of stock, was converging from multiplicity. The two theories, considered by a broad mind indicate that both influences—the converging and diverging—are always at work, and that what is called ancient history is such a small segment of human life that it is not enough to "show the pattern" or give data for drawing a curve of progress. It reminds one of the attempt to predict the future of humanity from its recent doings, or to calculate the geological happenings of a remote past from observations of a few recent years.

In America archæology and exploration are rapidly unearthing the proofs of civilizations antedating the Egyptian. This, the newest continent in one sense, is in another sense the oldest; and coming discoveries may soon prove beyond doubt that the Egyptians derived their knowledge and culture from still older peoples on this continent, whose remains are being and will be unearthed and interpreted. As these researches proceed we shall gradually acquire a much enlarged view of human past history, and escape from the mental bondage of narrow orthodox conceptions. These purviews are nothing but relics of the days of theological superstition, when biblical chronology and an archæology based on verbal interpretation of Bible myths, colored all speculation. Geology, astronomy and anthropology have long since outgrown such limitations, and require more millions of years than the old style required thousands; nor is there any reason why the general field of antiquarian speculation should not now be brought up to the level of these more enlightened sciences.

The old theory that modern civilization represents the flower of a growth whose early sproutings we see in savage races, is outworn; and there is at least as much reason to regard savages as decayed relics of past elevation as to consider them the rudiments of future growth. As to our civilization, it is becoming more evident that the arts we have prided ourselves on inventing are in reality but a small *recovered and reconstructed* installment of a far more extensive knowledge possessed by the ancients. The endowments of civilization may possibly in some respects place us above the wilder races that fringe our borders; but, when

accomplishment and at once they seize on its mastery with a joyous endeavor and with but little labor. Is it a wonder that thus surrounded by magnificent examples, keyed to the keenest appreciation of grace and beauty, in an atmosphere of music and art, that we have temples of the living god with new ideas, new powers, unexampled beauty? Shall we have to wait long for the actors and singers whose voice and action tell in an instant of time the whole story of the hero of Life? W. J.

From "Sappho and Phaon"

by JOAQUIN MILLER

TO be what thou wouldst truly be,
 Be bravely, truly, what thou art.
 The acorn houses the huge tree,
 And patient, silent bears its part,
 And bides the miracle of time.
 For miracle, and more sublime
 It is than all that has been writ,
 To see the great oak grow from it.
 But thus the soul grows, grows the heart,—
 To be what thou wouldst truly be,
 Be truly what thou art.

To be what thou wouldst truly be,
 Be true. God's finger sets each seed,
 Or when or where we may not see;
 But God shall nourish to its need
 Each one, if but it dares be true;
 To do what it is set to do.
 Thy proud soul's heraldry? 'Tis writ
 In every gentle action; it
 Can never be contested. Time
 Dates thy brave soul's ancestral book
 From thy first deed sublime.

An Afternoon Tea Talk

"THANK you, not any more," said Amy Brown, putting down her tea-cup and taking up her work again. "I really did not need any, only one gets so into the habit of taking afternoon tea that one is apt to think they do."

"It helps to pass away the time," remarked an extremely fashionably-dressed girl with a weary, rather fretful expression of face, "but this awful indigestion that most of us suffer from nowadays, prevents one enjoying the good things of life as they might. What are you smiling at, Amy?"

"It seems so funny that we should call food and such stuff the 'good things of life.' I have often thought it before, but this afternoon it came home more forcibly than ever."

"Well, I think they are," she returned. "Do you mean to say you don't enjoy a well-cooked dinner? You people who go in for being above all human weaknesses must find the world rather a dull place to live in."

"I did not mean to pose as being superior in any way, Violet," Amy returned quietly; "nor that I am indifferent as to whether my food is well or badly cooked, for I hold that anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well, but simply that by paying so much attention to food and dress, as is done at the present day, to my mind, exalts them out of all sense of proportion. I believe we eat too much, to the detriment of both body and mind, and that a simpler system of food and clothing would leave us more time and ability to devote to the real 'good things of life,' music and art and the higher qualities generally."

Their hostess who was listening, here put in softly: "I think myself moderation is a golden key and frees us from many troubles. Doubtless it is the rush and hurry of modern life that drives us women so often for solace to the tea-pot. Stimulant in some form is absolutely necessary to enable some of us to get through our social duties, or what we have been accustomed to consider our duties, I am beginning to think."

"I cannot but think that we were intended for something better than eating and drinking, gossiping and enjoying ourselves just because we happen to be born in prosperous circumstances, and yet that is just how so many of us do spend our lives; since I have had a home of my own I seem somehow to feel my responsibility more," rejoined Amy earnestly.

Violet Manners looked uncomfortable; such ideas were rather fa-

tiguing and entirely unnecessary to discuss at social functions. "If you two women are intending to discuss social reforms I shall take my departure. What is the good of making ourselves uncomfortable, the world was ready made when we came into it, and for my part I am content to enjoy the pleasures provided for me, and leave the future to take care of itself," and with a jingle of bangles and a flutter of scented laces and ribbons, she was gone.

Amy turned with a sigh to her older friend, "I get so puzzled about things sometimes," she said, "I cannot help feeling there must be some meaning in life, and yet it is so difficult to understand, it scarcely seems worth living sometimes, and yet I feel that in my heart to be a wrong feeling, but there seems to be so much injustice everywhere, don't you think so?"

"I used to," replied Mrs. Brown, "feel as you do, and when I read my Bible it seemed such a mockery to be told, 'Be ye also perfect,' when it seemed so impossible."

"Did you think that?" cried the young woman excitedly. "I have so often wondered, too, and I have never liked to say much about my doubts; people either think you are wicked for questioning 'God's word'—or queer—when you really are trying to understand what is meant."

Mrs. Brown closed her lips and nodded her head sympathetically, then she smiled. "Oh, my dear, we must not mind the opinions of others if we want to find the truth, the primrose path never leads very far from the beaten track. The truth about life lies hidden in the sayings of Christ; but He was not the first to give expression to them. We cannot really understand the Bible if we consider it to be the only Scripture ever given, or that the whole of humanity of all ages and times are not equally the children of the same Father."

"But Christianity is the only true religion; we have always been taught that Jesus was the Son of God, and —"

"When Jesus was asked was he the Son of God, what did he reply?" was Mrs. Brown's response to Amy's interruption. "Understand at once, child, that I, for one moment, neither undervalue *Christ* nor his teaching, for he was a great Teacher, a real Son of God, and his words were life-giving, but are we so sure that we possess a right understanding of what he says, for if we do why should we find 'Be ye perfect,' such a hard saying, and choose the title 'Son of God' as an exclusive possession for *Him alone* and practically deny our own title to divinity when *He*, in whom we believe, said '*Ye are all sons of God?*' And what do you know about other religions, of what Christians are pleased to term 'Pagans' and 'Heathens,' in the sense of reproach, as being inferior and false? Have you ever read their Scriptures, and do you know that the ceremonies of your own church, baptism, and the 'Lord's Supper,' are taken from the older faiths, and that the early Christians themselves never claimed that their faith was *new*, but a reform upon the original lines of faiths that were growing corrupt and smothering the truth under dogmatic form? Why it was only a few hundred years ago that the Church Council decided that Reincarnation was a heresy, and in the face of their Master's teaching, too, and so this dreadful cramping theory of one miserable little earth life has been forced upon us, and upset all our sense of justice and made us weak, frightened creatures unconscious that we are immortal souls, and that we can become perfect, having many lives in many bodies to do our work in."

"Do you mean we live on earth more than once?" asked Amy. "That is something new to think about, and I don't quite grasp it."

"You do; of course when your *body* dies that is the end of it, but the real you, the *Soul*, rests awhile in heaven and then returns to take up the unfinished task. To explain fully would take a long time, but if you are really interested and care to study the subject I shall be very willing to help you, and you will find all that I have said is true; it is only falsehood that fears investigation."

"I should very much like to learn more of what you have been telling me. I see that we will need to change our ideas in some respects," said Amy, earnestly.

"Truly you cannot put new wine into old bottles, but remember, child, the *truth* never takes from us anything worth holding to, and as humanity progresses on its journey towards perfection it becomes more ready to receive those greater truths that Christ spoke of, that the disciples and people were not prepared to understand. We pride ourselves upon our enlightenment—let us welcome the New Light." E. I. W.

THE word "Theosophy" means godlike wisdom, and it has been in use for many, many centuries. It has a sound as if it were of an abstruse and difficult nature, but the essentials of it are quite simple. Indeed it would not have been promulgated as something which this age needed unless it were easy to understand and its message plain enough for the simplest mind.

The *wisdom* that the word implies is wisdom about life, a wisdom which, when applied to life, makes life happy and useful. It would of course be useless to the busy man if it were difficult to grasp, or were full of weird or far-fetched ideas.

Theosophy teaches that man is threefold; the *soul*, the part that knows itself to be free and immortal; the *mind*, the part that is free and immortal if it can succeed in feeling itself to be so; and the *body* with its selfish passions, which is the part that limits the freedom of the mind and prevents the mind from realizing immortality. In Theosophy, the word "freedom" mostly means freedom from one's passions; "in bondage" means subjection to passions.

When we speak of the *man*, we generally mean the mind. But within the mind—which *thinks* and *learns*—is the soul which *knows*. If the mind finds within itself something which *knows* in a peculiarly certain way, it has there got a little point of touch with the soul. This peculiarly certain *knowing* is one that is not got at by ordinary thinking, and it cannot be done away with by thinking. It is in this way that man *knows* certain acts to be right or wrong.

Theosophy teaches that this kind of *knowing* can be immensely extended by practice; and it further indicates a few of the things that will become gradually *known* as the faculty develops. Among these are (1) Reincarnation, (2) the divine Law called Karma, (3) the divinity of man and nature. It also teaches that the passions and selfishness are the hindrances to this kind of knowing. For example, anyone knows that in an extreme degree of passionate desire for something, the knowledge that theft is contrary to the divine order of the world, disappears. And so, in their various degrees, *all* desires that are selfish, or injurious to the individual or to others, blot out each a bit of real knowledge. Consequently man's real knowledge is very small. There is a divine order possible in the world, and if man lived according to it he would be absolutely happy, and real *knowledge* about all things would gradually take the place of slow *thinking* and speculation. Unhappiness and pain are not natural. Real life has the natural *thrill of joy* all through it. It is the thrill also of *growth*, for natural life is also growth. Because of selfishness and the passions, therefore, the mind, which ought to *know*, does *not* know; it is a slave, not free. Theosophy teaches us to connect the ideas *freedom, joy, life, growth, divine*. Make *one* idea out of all of these, and we know what to strive for. Each one of these ideas is a link from the mind to the soul, and all together make up a picture of the state of the soul. We get nearer to the soul by thinking out these things, and enable the soul to help us more.

Theosophy teaches Reincarnation. Reincarnation means this: After a man's death, he is, as a thinking being, a mind, gathered up into his soul and enters the greatness of its life, a state hardly conceivable to us who are in the tumult of the bodily passions. After a while comes re-birth on earth. This is gradual. Little by little the mind lets go of the soul and begins to work again in the child-brain with all a child's intensities of joys and griefs. These are not small, as we commonly think; they are keener than the adult's; it is only the *reasons which the child has for them* that strike us as insignificant. As the years go on, it comes about at last that the whole mind has taken up residence in the brain. The man has become again subject to his passions, and he is only linked to the soul by the small links of his real knowledge. For example, the sense of duty is the real knowledge that the divine order of the world demands that this or that act should be done. It may not seem important, but the wisdom of the soul is a better

Theosophy Simply Put

Read at one of the Aryan Theosophical meetings in San Diego

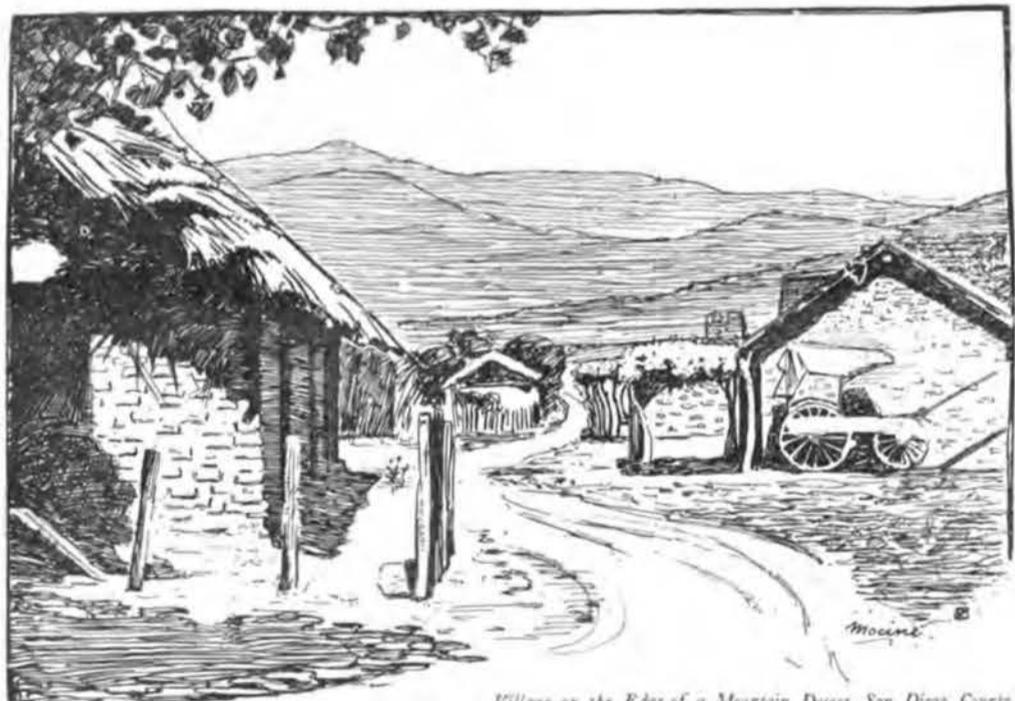
judge of that than our minds, which are so clouded. But every time that a duty is done *for the simple reason that the soul presses to have it done*, the mind clears a little. This

pressure of the soul, in this particular case, we call conscience. Other pressures are the inspiration of the poet, artist, musician; the heroism of the hero; the compassion of the lover of humanity; and so on. All noble powers and impulses are the result of the pressing of the soul into the mind. For the time, the mind is being worked from above instead of from below. The natural result is pleasure, sometimes intense joy, like that of the inspired musician when he is creating. It is *that* sort of Joy which is Life. The purpose of Reincarnation is to free the mind from selfish and sensual passions and hand it over to the soul. The man becomes the soul; the soul, the man. In most people each birth on earth does *something* in this direction, but there is much yet to do. When this end has been attained, real life for each of us will *begin*. What that life is like, hardly any of us can make any sort of conception, so glorious must be its power, joy, and freedom.

It follows from this that there has never been a time when each of the human family now living, was not on earth. Our former births are, of course, not rememberable by us because we have each time a new brain, which is the chief organ of memory. But as the soul was present in all these births, *it* remembers; and when we are perfectly united with it, we shall get back all the memories it holds. At present, the present life is as much as we can deal with. All this follows from the theory of Reincarnation; which Theosophy regards as not a theory merely, but a fact known by real knowledge.

The next piece of real knowledge offered us by Theosophy is called Karma, the name of a Law. This Law lies amid our lives, our births, and our deaths. It is hid, in its compassionate wisdom, in what seem to our ignorance to be chances and accidents. It is a regulator, and it so regulates the conditions in which we are born, and in which we live, and which happen to us, that we get, all along, a training. Wealth, poverty, disease, health, good-fortune, calamity, pain, pleasures, bereavements—all these things make up our lives. They are the doings of the Law of Karma, and they answer to something in our natures, calling out that which is good, burning out that which is weak or rotten. "What a man sows, that he reaps"—that is part of it; it is retribution, punishment, reward—that describes a part. But it is much more. It gives continual *opportunity*. If pain befalls a man, it is his opportunity to learn to bear it heroically. If pleasures and wealth, it is his opportunity to share with others and help the world. If bereavement, it is his opportunity to consider the deeper things of life, and perhaps learn some great truth from his own soul. He may never have considered these

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 14



Village on the Edge of a Mountain Desert, San Diego County

White Indians Found in South America

known Belgian traveler, when he with a colony of such Indians as he was making his way through the heart of Peru during his recent exploration of that country and Brazil. He conversed with them for some time, and took photographs of two of their chiefs, which on his return to Europe he intended to put in a book that he was about to publish. Unfortunately he died before the book was ready, and his widow has now presented the photographs to the Royal Geographical Society of Anvers. This tribe, according to Montanaeken, is known as that of the Lorenzo Indians, and its home is in what is known as the Amazon country, part of which lies in Peru and part in Brazil. Unlike almost all others of their race, these Indians have a clear white skin, and furthermore, the strange but common custom of tattooing and painting their bodies does not prevail among them. Strikingly handsome, too, many of them are, with frank and pleasing countenances that are by no means of the ordinary Indian type. A nomadic life they live, wandering in small bands, over the vast solitary plains and apparently making no effort to better their condition. To this lack of energy, as well as to the numerous wars which have been waged against them by adjacent tribes, must be ascribed the fact that they are not today nearly as numerous as they were a quarter of a century ago, and, if their number continues to decrease at the present rate, the outlook is that the tribe will soon become extinct.

These picturesque Indians do not encumber themselves with clothing. The women wear merely a strip of cotton or other material around their loins, and the men consider themselves in gala costume when they have hung over their shoulders two narrow bands of network, one of which remains as a sort of belt over their arms while the other falls down from the left shoulder and terminates at the right hip.—*N. Y. Herald*

THE butter tree was first discovered by European travelers in the central part of Africa. From the kernel of the fruit of this tree an excellent quality of butter is produced, "which," says Livingston, "will keep for more than a year in the cooler districts and retain its flavor perfectly."

A WHITE Indian is indeed a *rara avis*, and great therefore was the surprise of M. van Montanaeken, the well-known Belgian traveler, when he suddenly found himself face to face with a colony of such Indians as he was making his way through the heart of Peru during his recent exploration of that country and Brazil.

A SPECIAL dispatch to the *Los Angeles Herald* from Denver, Col., dated February 26, says: A 3-year old baby, the daughter of Adam Gunther, a wealthy ranchman, wandered away from her home, northwest of the town of Henderson, yesterday afternoon, and was found at 1:30 o'clock this morning in the mud of a "draw" up to her knees and surrounded by coyotes. She was awake, unharmed and not even crying.

Lost Baby Found by the Aid of a Dream

The strangest part of the story is that a woman's dream directed the searchers to the child. John McClary and Henry Dierks, two ranchmen, found her. Fully a hundred men were out with the searching party. As the night wore on the tireless search became more desperate. Every inch of ground to the eastward had been scoured for a mile, the party spreading out fan-wise as it moved. Far in the van were John Stockton and John McClary, and in the middle of the night, at 12:45 o'clock, they came to the ranch of L. J. Brantner, a mile and a quarter east of Gunther's. They knocked and shouted to the people, half-awakened within, asking possible news of the missing baby. The Brantners tumbled out just as everybody else had done, to join the hunt. Mrs. Brantner heard the talk and came to the door, her eyes astare at a coincidence she could hardly believe.

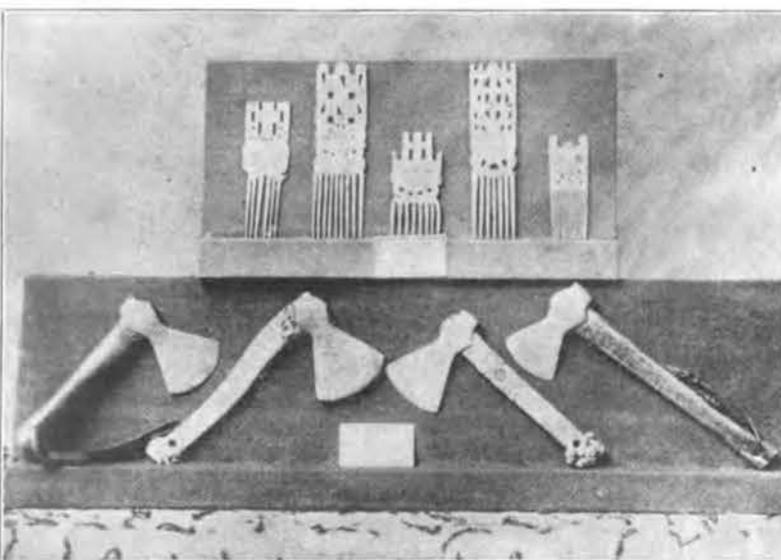
"Why—why—I was just dreaming about that lost baby," she said. "I saw her perfectly well, and if you will follow down the lane fence to the foot of that second draw, and then go up the draw, I believe you will find her."

The searchers did not have much faith in the dream, but when they reached the spot she had described they heard a chorus of howls and then a tiny cough. As they rushed down into the arroyo a scampering bunch of coyotes disappeared over the bank. There stood the baby, knee-deep, and stuck in the mud, bare headed, blue with cold, her little brown coat dragging in the water. Apparently it was not even frightened.

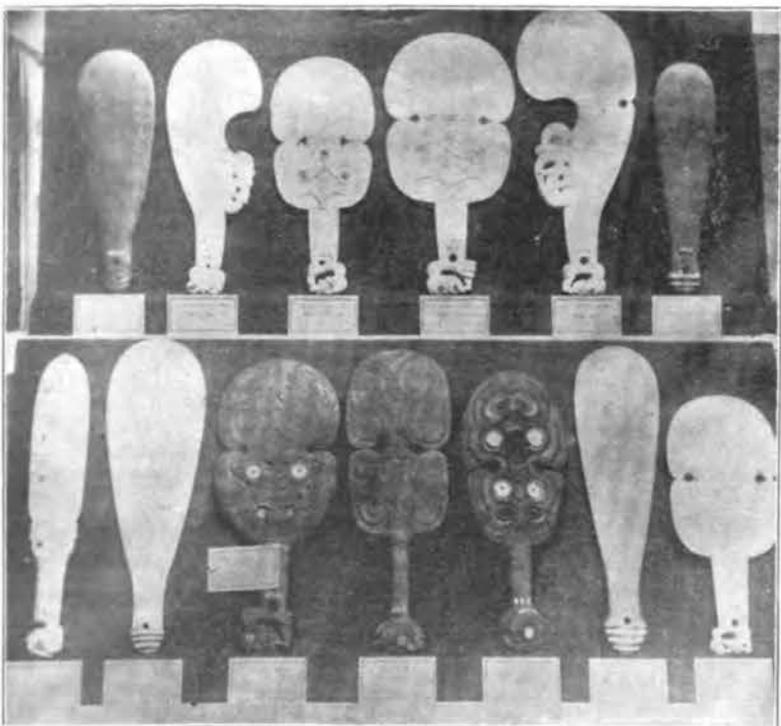
SCIENTIFIC men and certain savages are aware that insects may serve as palatable food. M. Degan, the French entomologist, has tried several hundred species, both raw and cooked in various ways. He has found that Cockroaches make most delicious soup and that caterpillars are light and easily digested. Spiders, which he has eaten, he does not recommend.



IPU (on left), CARVED BOX FOR SERVING UP PRESERVED BIRDS TO MAORI CHIEF. KUMETE (in center and on right); CARVED MAORI BOWLS FOR HOLDING PRESERVED BIRDS



TOMAHAWKS, WITH MAORI CARVED WHALEBONE HANDLES, AND CARVED WHALEBONE COMBS



WOODEN, WHALEBONE, AND GREENSTONE MERES, MAORI FIGHTING CLUBS

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office at POINT LOMA, CAL.

Point Loma News

THE appearances of Clark Thurston, the pioneer worker of our cause, are like the visits of the angels—few and far between. He comes inconspicuously, feasts his sight with the added milestones of progress, and goes away again, leaving everyone with an added glow of pride in the work which can produce such men as he. The history of the Movement is the history of Clark Thurston. No adverse wind has ever blown upon our ship and found him off the deck. In fair weather and in foul he has steadfastly remained a great propelling power, strong in himself and the cause of strength in others.

¶ One of these visits has just come to a close. Three or four days ago he suddenly appeared, taking up his place among us as though he had never been away. That was how he felt. Today he goes back again into the far East, and in order that everyone might have the delight of hearing something from him a meeting was hastily convened in the Homestead, one of those genuine meetings wherein there is no order of proceedings and no ceremonies, wherein everyone drops his work at the moment of summons and comes right along as though on a sudden errand. Here are men from almost every part of the world, but not one who has not his own personal knowledge of Clark Thurston. He is cosmopolitan in the highest sense of the word. In Europe he is known almost as well as in America, and there is no European present whom he has not helped or encouraged and strengthened, sometimes at a crisis point.

¶ Would that it were possible to give a verbatim report of what he said at that meeting, in order that all comrades might participate to the full. He seemed to speak in the names of all and his tone was one of exultation, mingled perhaps with a little surprise that the human quarry in which H. P. B. labored so painfully should yet have produced stones so true and square. We can see some of H. P. B.'s work in the pile of useless rubbish which now lies dissolving upon one side. All this she had to dig away in order that the true stones might be uncovered. At that time we were given the philosophy, not as an end in itself, but as the means to an end. It

was a sword which she placed within our hands, not a dress sword for drill and for parade, but a weapon that was to be used, and he, for one, had been anxious when the time came for theory to be turned into practice, but his anxiety was now transformed into exultation when he saw how, in the long ranks, there were practically no stragglers and how the line of battle justified all the hopes of the past. In that past he had looked forward in imagination to the future, he had seen the trials which were to be, the trials which always lay upon such a road as this, and now it was his lot to see the long swing of our advance with heads so high that dangers and perils were of no account and the thread of a pure vision led us on to the goal in front. We were learning the secret of all beauty in fighting for the Cause and not for self, the secret that some, long ago, had failed to learn, some who had lingered by the way to search for place and prominence. None knew better than he how this had been seen and known by the Leader almost before they themselves had realized that the marching ranks were well-nigh out of sight, and how their names had even been removed from the list long before they had announced that they could no longer sanction her methods by their approval. Such observations as had fallen to his lot were a lesson in human nature, sometimes a sad and pitiful lesson, but one that it was well to learn and to know.

¶ And then as an object lesson he begged us to glance at those helot associa-

tions, the factions which had been cast out or which had broken away and whose early and false activity was but the escaping steam which they had carried away with them. Where are they now? Some of them, such as the little group at Adyar, were putting forward pretentious reports and spending their resources in printing their own self laudations. He gave it as his opinion, based upon a very considerable and positive knowledge, that wherever an examination was made, these advertised activities would be found to exist largely upon paper alone, and in this his opinion was energetically shared by other members present, who also were in a position to be well informed. He believed that none of our comrades were likely to be deceived in this way, but if such were the case anywhere throughout the world, he would like them to examine for themselves and see what was being done in their own towns and ascertain the manner of men who were at the head of such activities and the kind of people whom they attracted. Let them look too at their methods and note for themselves that wherever a special effort was being made it consisted merely of an imitation of our work, as though those people realized, as indeed they do, that it was only in this way, that it was only by creeping into our shadow that the public ear could be gained, and the public is now learning to ring every coin upon the mental counter, however plainly its superscription may boast the word Theosophy. Note how our music and our sentiments were borrowed without acknowledgment, the way in which our Organization's name was pressed into the service and the skill with which their agents and their lecturers allowed their own identity to appear to be merged in ours. These things naturally excite our contempt, but they are a tribute to our success and they will prove unceasingly unavailing to deceive even the most unsuspecting of our members, and to sow discord and distrust among our Lodges. We now know something of the vigilance and the wisdom of our Leadership, sufficient at any rate to require her imprimatus in support of even the most specious of these pretenses. Knowing this, we know that we are protected, that no enemy can penetrate our ranks, that nothing from outside can disturb our success so long as that confidence and that loyalty remains unbroken. He had received a message from the Leader, a message which he was to convey to all members and Lodges with whom he came in contact. It was a renewal of that message which had been already sent, that wherever there were comrades who had taken a stand in courage and devotion, at a time when the clouds were heavy in the sky, that act alone had made of them pioneers and



M. NYSTROM AND FAMILY, STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN
Mr. Nystrom is at the Head of the International Brotherhood Work in His City

would carry them forward and upward into their true place, and they would be sustained in this and all other work by the unity and devotion which they had shown. The continuance of that devotion must necessarily follow. The times which had come after, right up to the present day, had brought with them ever fresh causes for the confidence which had been given, and they had now learned how great a wisdom lay in faithful attention to every suggestion and to every advice, which so often had a meaning and an intention behind them which, though out of sight, would bear a rich harvest, and of which the neglect might entail disaster.

¶ And so the speech finished. It was one that came direct from the heart, of which every word was hall-marked with the sincerity of the speaker, a sincerity which never fails to give an added weight and a very beautiful dignity to every utterance of Clark Thurston.

OBSERVER

SOWING SEEDS OF HUMAN HAPPINESS

No better method of sowing seeds of human happiness and hopefulness could at present be devised, we believe, than that of gaining new subscribers to THE NEW CENTURY, and to facilitate this there will be found with each copy a subscription blank. Tear it off at the perforation, fill in the name and address of a subscriber to send with remittance to THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

Students



Path

Liberty

by PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

THE fery mountains answer each other,
 Their thunders are echoed from zone to zone;
 The tempestuous oceans awake one another,
 And the ice-rocks are shaken round Winter's throne,
 When the clarion of the Typhoon is blown.

From a single cloud the lightning flashes,
 Whilst a thousand isles are illumined around;
 Earthquake is trampling one city to ashes,
 An hundred are shuddering and tottering,—the sound
 Is bellowing underground.

But keener thy gaze than the lightning's glare,
 And swifter thy step than the earthquake's tramp;
 Thou deafenest the rage of the ocean; thy stare
 Makes blind the volcanoes; the sun's bright lamp
 To thine is a fen-fire damp.

From billow and mountain and exhalation
 The sunlight is darted through vapor and blast;
 From spirit to spirit, from nation to nation,
 From city to hamlet, thy dawning is cast,—
 And tyrants and slaves are like shadows of night
 In the van of the morning light.

The Philosophy of the Sublime

THE contemplation of an abstract quality is reached when the mind throws out of its field the concrete memory of the things that have that quality, yet does not fall back from the state of feeling they induced. Thereafter, the mere word is a key. The word "sublime" denotes an abstraction of abstractions. We shall inquire into the elements that combine to yield it.

Many things have the quality of sublimity; in contemplating this quality, feeling rises higher and higher. It is only when consciousness entirely disengages itself from the transient and personal, and from all pictures and memories, and turns inward to its still center, that it finds itself facing and in communion with that form of being, that power whose presence in sublime things is their sublimity. It vibrates to the undertone of being. And at the last, it may merge into and become that form, and is itself what it sought.

The quest is a path of growth, soon dissipating the personal cloudlets of daily life. When the conceptions of all sublime things have lost their outlines, have melted into one state, and the faculty of conception holds nothing, yet is not blank but utterly tense and full, THAT which is felt in that state is the Sublime. This conception of the Sublime is the fusion and abstract of the conceptions—power, duration, changelessness, will, sustainment, unity. The Sublime is the equilibrium of all primal forces, the place of their emergence, the place whither they return, absolutely positive quiescence.

It is on quitting this state, at the point of the resumption of conceptions, that men fashioned the idea of God. Yet they had *been*; not seen.

It must be possible, at the inner pole of consciousness, to hold on to the eternal Mystery of the Sublime, to the balance-point of force; and at the other, to be engaged in countless actions. Such actions—duties, and acts of compassion—will be steps in the march of all things toward the Eternal; the passing of earth's dissonances into harmonies.

The Eternal, the Sublime, cannot be reached by inaction, for it is the living bed of the roots of action. Its quietude is balance, not stagnation. The Eternal breaks into action as the sea-marge into spray; but the silent sea is beyond, and the spray returns to the deeps. Silence, the held breath of creative will, is the womb of tone; and the tone with

its overtones returns to the silence. It is the alpha and omega of the ages, of cycles, of time.

* * * *

Take in thought some vast mountain-pile—at night, when its outlines seem in some way an emergence from the measureless indigo deeps. There is something that is to all men sublime. It is magnitude of balance power, endurance almost to eternity.

Stand on some rocky shore on a wild, black night, when the storm-whirled waves, dark and crested, crash and shatter against the unmoving cliff and retreat, swaying and boiling into the darkness. Here again is the sublime; power, let loose; and against it the enduring cliff.

Now and then among mankind may be heard the undertone of the sublime. Not alone where extravagant power is manifesting, as with an Alexander or a Napoleon; but also where the single will of some great historic figure holds and sustains some feeble cause till the hour of its final triumph or destruction; and where love lasts unto fulfillment.

These too are sublime, and that which appeals in them to us as the sublime is the blend of enduring and upholding power and will. Will is the liberation of power along a determined line to a determined end. Love is will going out to the sustainment and redemption of another. It seems to lose itself in that which is loved; but it is there as the power that lifts and holds and endures. Its final resolution is only into the eternal.

Let the men, the deeds, the scenes, fade from the mind; the state remains. The mind has reached some conception of *That* which is enduring power and will. Deeper yet, the conception vanishes, for there is no more distinction. We may be mistaken in the deed and the man; the scenery may be the stuff of dreams or the painter's canvas. The nomenclature is that something in the man to which his mind at that moment looks up. There is something beyond, within a root of power; the perception of this greater something wakes in him the feeling of the sublime.

C

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

DEAR COMRADES: In the rush and terrible strain and stress of the present time it is almost impossible not to become at times overcome by a feeling of worry and hurry. We feel that so much ought to be done, that we individually and collectively are responsible for so much of the evil of the world; we are so anxious to undo this evil and to build up again on a better foundation that we get excited and try to hurry too much. Then things get twisted and go wrong.

Of course it is well to be diligent and to get through with whatever we may be about as speedily as possible; but we certainly should avoid that anxious, hurried feeling with which some people always seem to work. If we will observe carefully we shall soon see that this class of people are not those who accomplish the most or achieve the best results.

Nothing can be done so well by one anxiously hurrying to accomplish his task. We all know this is true on the outer plane; then how much more so on the inner. Little of real will power or thought force can be brought to bear upon any subject by one who is in an anxious, perturbed state; so if we really wish to do any effective work we *must* keep ourselves free from this nervous, excited condition.

All space is swarming with elemental life corresponding to the thoughts and conditions of humanity. Then it must follow that whatever state of thought or feeling in which we indulge will draw to us the same kind of elemental force. Through us this force is attached to the work we do and to the persons this work contacts. Truly our responsibility is great; and it certainly behooves us to cultivate calmness and quietness. We shall soon find that by so doing we can work far more rapidly and effectively, besides keeping ourselves in a condition to receive and profit by the teachings which come from Higher sources.

CAAN EMIR

NOTICE TO U. B. MEMBERS

Members are cautioned against various attempts which are being made to obtain names and list of our membership by so-called "Theosophical Societies," etc., using our name or similar designation. All such should be scanned closely, then destroyed unanswered, or sent to me, if deemed important, remembering that the simplest communication addressed to you, unapproved by the Official Head, is not to be recognized.

F. M. PIERCE, *Secretary-General*

BEATRICE AND HER PET KITTEN, MOW

you think Mow would touch their food? No, he stood by and looked



A LOTUS BLOSSOM is very anxious that you and the Buds and Blossoms all over the world should know what she has learned from her pet kitten, whom she calls "Mow." Mow's mother was a stray cat which for a few days before Mow came into this big world, was feeling around for a home that might welcome her baby. At last she settled down under the play-house where Beatrice played with her dolls and toys almost every day.

One day this little girl began to think and wonder why this old cat should come to her house instead of going to another place where there were no children, because she had been told that cats and dogs do not like children to handle their young.

Well, after a few "moments of silence" the riddle was solved and Beatrice said she knew that cats could think too, and that Mow's mother knew she was a Brotherhood girl and would never harm her kitten. So Mow kept on growing, but being the only child he was helped by his mother and others to develop a very selfish nature. When choice bits of meat or milk were prepared for both, Mow's mother would stand aside eating slowly and allowing Mow the greater portion. It was the same with petting until Mow actually pushed his mother away and began to scold and whip her. Was this not ungrateful for all the unselfish love and devotion shown him? Now Beatrice had to think again and this time she was much worried, for to teach a cat to be unselfish and brotherly was to her a most difficult task.

Finally Beatrice wondered if talking to Mow and telling him to be a good kind kitten instead of a naughty greedy little fellow would not help him. So now she treats Mow like a little companion. She dresses him up in doll's clothes and, Blossoms, you would all laugh to see him sitting up with a doll's bonnet tied under his chin. He looks for all the world like a monkey and appears contented, for he never makes an effort to pull his clothes or bonnet off.

Mow will play all day on Saturdays with Beatrice, who talks to him as if he were a child. Many times she calls him "dear" and says, "I love you, Mow." He will sit and watch the soap bubbles go up in the air and sometimes try to catch them.



A SWEET PROMISE FROM SWEDEN

When Mow was a little over two months old his mother presented him with some sisters and brothers, five in all. Of course this was a surprise party to all as well as Mow, so trouble arose in the human family as to what must be done with the kittens.

At last one member said, "O, the Ash-man must take all away but one." Now what do you think happened? The mother took all of her babies and carried them next door and when Mr. Ash-man had gone, back she trotted all her babies. That settled it, no Mr. Ash-man would ever take those kittens, and so it was decided to keep the whole family. But, Blossoms, this seeming kind, unselfish mother, after only ten days, deserted her five babies! The poor little things cried so pitifully, it would have made your hearts ache to hear them. Dear little Mow's heart was moved, too. Do

at them. I know he felt sorry for them, for every night as long as they lived he slept with them and kept them warm, and every morning and during the day he washed their little faces just as if he were their mother. We called him then the "nurse-maid."

All the human family at Beatrice's home know Mow's tender care for these five little orphans.

Aren't you glad to know that cats can feel sorry and can do things to make people happy? Mow is four months old and understands and obeys whatever is told him.

Beatrice now forgets Mow's past selfish acts and thinks only of his unselfish nature as she says this helps him to develop his higher nature.

Blossoms, do you think so?

What a nice world this would be if we, like little Beatrice, could forget the selfish, greedy acts and think only of love and pity.

A Golden Boat filled with Golden Thoughts to the Lotus Mother and

the Lotus Buds and Blossoms throughout the world from the San Francisco Lotus Group. HARRIET H. SOMERS, *Sup't Lotus Group*



GROUP OF RAJA YOGA BOYS, POINT LOMA, CAL.

A Children's Song by S. G. P. C.

W E are wise because we know	Gladness bursts the tiny grain.
Gladness makes the great worlds go	Gladness ripples in the rain.
On their duties gladly done	
By their swing around the Sun.	Wisdom's children will we be
	Brave and strong and fair to see.
We are wise because we see	Flowers of pure, glad love shall grow
Gladness moves the shining sea.	Where our footsteps come and go!

A Brotherhood Club Boy on Music

DEAR CHILDREN: Music! There is music everywhere I go. When, in the morning, I go for a walk, I hear the meadow-larks singing, perched on the telegraph wires which extend over the hills of Loma-land. On my way to breakfast I hear the Lotus Buds singing, and often, when I happen to approach the Lotus Buds' homes, I can hear them singing "Happy Sunbeams," and other songs. As I stop and listen I find myself singing with them, and O how my heart repeats those words, and I feel so happy I am almost afraid some one would see me and call me away. I often think I would like to join them and sing with them, but duty calls me, so I leave them and go away singing to myself, "Happy Little Sunbeams." It is a beautiful song, and it is making many hearts happy throughout the world.

Music! When going by the Temple I am sure to hear some music, and I stop and listen. It goes right to my heart, and long after I leave the Temple I can hear the sound, even until I reach the Bungalows across the way. There I meet "Boofer," the cat, who sings me a song telling me that he is hungry and that I must not harm him. He used to be afraid of me, but is getting so now that we can both sing together without being afraid of each other.

Music is the greatest joy in Loma-land. I love to hear good music, such as we have in Loma-land, and surely this is the place in which to learn. We have the teachers who are musicians, and we students are Brotherhood singers and musicians, making music for all humanity.

H. BARON

In one of his yielding moments the stern essayist and biographer, Thomas Carlyle wrote: "Music is well said to be the speech of angels."



past, reborn? Will they not take gloriously to right action, and again clear their eyes by that to the glittering Light in every point of space? Will they not again take great draughts of the rich life of earth and sea and air and sky, hold out hands of noble comradeship to each other; and so, returning from the dismal by-way of dark ages, take up the glad and royal march, leading the long and splendid procession of living things up from height to height, the prospect widening, the Light increasing, immortal guardians of the wells of Wisdom now known as Theosophy? For its sweet breath is even now the warmth of all hearts.

In no long time men will through right action know their immortality. Right action is immortal action, for it speeds the harmony of the universe and can never be annulled. And it is the law that no man's life is shorter than the endless ripple of his acts. Today there are some, a growing band, who have learned this, who feel in every fiber that they are of an immortal essence whose pulse is joy. This they have learned through right action. For them death is but an act of change leading to rest in new fields of action, conferring strength for the resumption of the not less glorious work here on earth when the bell shall sound. As they have attained this knowledge in no other way than through right action,

matters at all before. So Karma is three things (1) it is opportunity, (2) it is opportunity that helps man's attention to facts in life and in his own nature; as where a man's attention is called to the subject of death and immortality; or to his own cowardice in face of pain, (3) the opportunities are not casual, but fit that particular man at that particular time.

So Karma is that law that is so blended with our whole lives that life becomes a school, a training-school for developing all that is noble, for freeing us, and for showing us the path to joy. It is often painful in action. What sort of parent would it be who never did anything that the child counted disagreeable? And Karma includes the third great fact of real knowledge, namely, that there is a divine presence in nature co-

THE MAGIC OF RIGHT ACTION

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 3

what they have done we can do, we WILL do. They know that love makes a tie as endless as life; they know that death of comrades and loved ones is powerless to dissolve the links that have been forged in the secret places between heart and heart. Let us make an end of the picture of death as a ghastly phantom with a scythe. The sacred and voiceless communion of soul with soul is made more easy, more constant by death, not broken. Rather, death is a benediction poured upon it, a consecration, a sacrament of closer union than what we now call life permits.

It is the charge of Theosophy to all who have been bereaved that they shall search their souls and find that the lives of the living are enriched by a steadier, sweeter, current setting from the lives of the "dead;" that true and unselfish love brings back the quicker to earth and to the side of those who have loved them, for a yet closer union here than before, the souls that have gone for a while to the fields of rest. Unselfish love is one of the divine forces that bring back souls to earth. Let our love and our lives and our acts and our thoughts be unselfish and we shall indeed find that veil after veil is lifted as the years and even the months go by. Does not this light up a glorious hope for humanity? C.

THEOSOPHY SIMPLY PUT

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 7

operating with our own souls, prescribing a divine order, and moving to a divine end. The world exists for the souls that inhabit it. All moves upward, and man most quickly—if he would but follow his intuitions that tell him to follow the paths of duty and compassion. It is these that free the mind, and no act of duty or of compassion is ever done that does not let a little more light from the soul into the mind.

It is evident that the main principles of Theosophy are not difficult to understand; nor to put into clear English; and that they are common-sense and inspiring. Even if they had no truth in them, is it not clear that were all men to accept and live them out, the world would be an infinitely cleaner, sweeter, and happier place to live in?

I HAVE never united myself to any church because I have found difficulty in giving my assent without mental reservation, to the long, complicated statements of Christian doctrine which characterize their Articles of Belief and Confession of Faith. Whenever any church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership, the Savior's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself," that church will I join with all my heart and all my soul.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

CAUTION

From a rich past experience with the enemy of our work, members should have learned to be "eternally vigilant" and on guard against whatever and whoever attempts to incite disturbance, discord or criticism among Lodges or with individual members, even should the effort be made by persons known to be members or claiming to hail fresh from the Center of the Universal Brotherhood Organization and Theosophical Society. The past proves that "a man's enemies are the men of his own house." The crown of right judgment does not adorn every head, nor does the jewel of truth grace every tongue.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Leader and Official Head*

Largest and Best Stock of Jewelry

in
SAN DIEGO
Will be Found at

C. W. ERNSTING'S

Repair Work of all Kinds
Manufacturer of Jewelry
Large Stock of Souvenir
Spoons

915 FIFTH STREET SAN DIEGO, CAL.

FINE APPLES FROM THE MOUNTAINS, BELLFLOWERS, PIPPINS ETC.

Good Tea at Sixty Cents, India,
Ceylon, Gunpowder,
Hyson, Oolong
Breakfast and
Japan

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF FANCY GROCERIES

HAMILTON BROS.

933 FIFTH STREET SAN DIEGO, CAL.

The Primacy of the Anglo-Saxon

In the time of Charles I there were about 5,000,000 people in the world speaking the language of Shakespeare; at the time of our first national census there were about 12,000,000, one-third of them in the United States. Today there are more than 120,000,000, three-fifths of them in the United States, and there are children now going to school who will live to see this vast number trebled. The task of organizing society politically so that such immense communities might grow up peacefully, preserving their liberties and affording ample opportunity for the varied exercise of the human faculties, is a task which baffled the splendid talents of ancient Greece, and in which the success of the Romans was but partial and short lived. We believe that the men who used the mingled speech of Alfred and of William the Norman have solved the great political problem better than others have solved it. If we except the provinces of the Netherlands, the Swiss cantons, and such tiny city states as Monaco and San Marino, which retain their ancient institutions, there is not a nation on earth making any pretense to freedom and civilization which has not a constitution in great measure copied, within the present century, either from England or from the United States. Thus, whether willingly or not, does the civilized world confess to the primacy of the English race in matters political.—John Fiske

Isis
Conservatory of Music

of the
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD
Point Loma, Cal.

San Diego Branch, 1940 B Street

Personal applications and inquiries received every Saturday by the Secretary at 1940 B Street, San Diego. . . .
Hours 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Full particulars sent by mail on application

Address

J. H. FUSSELL, *Secretary and Treasurer* Isis Conservatory of Music, POINT LOMA, CAL.

The
LEADING REAL ESTATE BROKER in SAN DIEGO IS

E. J. Carter

964 Sixth Street, San Diego

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE LOCATING IN SAN DIEGO CITY OR COUNTY, CALL ON OR WRITE TO HIM

Rudder's

NEW RESTAURANT
AND GRILL

Newly Furnished Finest in City
Corner 4th and Plaza, San Diego

Strahlmann-Mayer Drug Co.
PHARMACY GRADUATES
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, etc.
Physicians Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully prepared

CORNER FOURTH & D STREETS
Telephone Main 424
CORNER FIFTH & C STREETS
Telephone Black 856

THE
Lion Clothing Co.
CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"
STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

D. L. HOOVER
G R O C E R

SIXTH & H STREETS
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Telephone Black 11

Electric Laundry

NELSON SNYDER, Proprietor

16TH & I STREETS

OUT OF TOWN AGENCIES—National City, Otay, Chula Vista, Coronado, Lemon Grove, Fallbrook Escondido, La Mesa, La Jolla, Oceanside.

TELEPHONE BLACK 731

The CHADBOURNE FURNITURE Co.

W. L. FREVERT, Manager

We aim to carry an entirely up-to-date stock of house furnishings, and, for style and variety of goods, cannot be out-done in Southern California. We are glad to show visitors through our extensive store-rooms at all times.

Store-rooms

SIXTH & D STREETS
San Diego, Cal.

HOTEL BREWSTER



The only Modern Hotel in the City

Terms:
European \$1.00 up
American \$2.50 up

C. B. Daggett
Manager
SAN DIEGO California

KELLY'S LIVERY

POINT LOMA COACH LINE

Dealer in first class horses
Special coaches for select parties arranged by telephone

THIRD & F STS., PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be one season or another. Paint will set tougher during the winter, and of course that gives durability. One point favoring winter. There are others favoring summer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so often as houses painted with any other paint, because it has more body to withstand action of the elements. There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per gallon.

We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.
WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS
7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, President
G. B. GROW, Cashier
W. R. ROGERS, Assistant Cashier

Every facility and security offered to our patrons and the public generally. Collections and exchanges on all points.

AT
Bowen's

DRY GOODS STORE

Will be found a full assortment of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Tea Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Wrappers, Silks and Dress Goods . .

W. O. BOWEN 1043 FIFTH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SAN DIEGO CORNER FIFTH AND E STS.

CAPITAL PAID UP \$150,000
SURPLUS & UNDIVIDED PROFIT \$40,000

J. GRUENDIKE - - PRESIDENT
D. F. GARRETTSON - - VICE PRES.
G. W. FISHBURN - - CASHIER

DIRECTORS—J. Gruendike, Geo. Hannahs, J. E. Fishburn, G. W. Fishburn and D. F. Garrettson

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO FIT YOUR EYES TO SUIT YOU. WE HAVE A SPECIAL PLACE SET APART FOR OPTICAL WORK, CONTAINING ALL THE MODERN INSTRUMENTS USED IN SIGHT TESTING IF YOU NEED GLASSES, HAVE a PRESCRIPTION to FILL, or FRAME to REPAIR

we give you the best work obtainable in San Diego

JENKS

826-828 5th street Graduate Optician

The New Century

by KATHERINE TINGLEY
WEEKLY

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Two Dollars; other countries in the Postal Union, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; payable in advance
Single copy, Five Cents

Communications for the Editor, manuscripts, reports, books and periodicals for review should be addressed, "Katherine Tingley, Editor *The New Century*, Point Loma."

The editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

Articles will not be considered by the editor unless signed by the author and marked with the number of words contained. In no case is manuscript returned.

Address all Business communications, including subscriptions, and make all remittances (in bank drafts or money orders, payable to The New Century Corporation) to "Clark Thurston, Point Loma, Cal."

To comply with recent postal regulations, all Post-Office money order remittances should be made payable at San Diego. The remittances, as well as all other mail, should be made to Point Loma, as usual.

Entered at the Post-Office at Point Loma, Cal., as second-class matter Nov. 30th, 1901
Copyright, 1901, by Katherine Tingley

Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

The Value of Ideals

MAKE your ideal and then try to live it out; that is a way of serving humanity. First let us look at our lives as they are. Will they wholly bear the light? Are there concessions to the lower nature, places we intend to preserve in the darkness? While there are these, there can be no making of ideals. But however many the dark places, however deeply rooted may seem ambition, vanity, self-satisfaction, there need be no hesitancy or fear in letting in the ideals if the whole field is yielded to the struggle.

The Saviors of the race in the coming years will be those who, in the light of the needs of humanity, make ideals of their individual lives and try to live them out, undiscourageable by any number of failures.

Then there are civic ideals, pictures made by the true citizen of what he thinks the ideal city life and polity should become. To these he will give an ultimately unconquerable life if, himself free from ambition, and

The National Ideals of True Patriots

content to be entirely in the background, he constantly endeavors to see them carried into reality. There are national ideals born in the imaginations of true patriots, and these, too, have a redeeming force. Where would America be if Paine, and the patriots of the Revolution had not possessed and used the power of the creation of national ideals; and, having created them, kept them constantly as their star of action?

And lastly, there are ideals of the life of humanity. Looking forwards, and seeing what humanity *may* be, the life it *may* lead, the creators of these great ideals take what they see glowing ahead as their model of what should be *now*; and work and think and teach accordingly. They know that humanity is but where it is because of the failure of men in the past to make and live out the great ideals.

All Ideals Have Power to Help Humanity

So *all* ideals, so long as they are unselfish and free from personal ambition, whether individual, civic, national or broadly human, have a power to help humanity which is in proportion to the attempt to live them out. It is the *soul* which is the true maker and supporter and inspirer of ideals, and more or less clearly they press in upon the minds of nearly all men not stupified by vice or utter selfishness.

Most of us hold back. We promise ourselves that *later* we will attend to that matter, nearer the end of life, or maybe next life. It is a direct slight to the soul, a direct refusal to help mankind; for there is a living power proceeding from everyone who is trying to work out the humblest unselfish ideal.

But apart from that attempt, an ideal is but a picture, an empty channel. It may even be an hypocrisy. Even from some pulpits you may hear descriptions of high ideals which the speaker is making less

The Transmutation of "Lead" into "Gold"

effort to carry out than any one of his rapt auditors. And the vast majority of the latter are usually content to whisper: "How beautiful!"—and straightway return to their empty and effortless lives. Every effort, however small, to live out an ideal, transmutes something of "lead" in the lower nature, and makes of it a speck of "gold." This is the spiritual interpretation of much of that writing called alchemical which marked the middle ages. Unable to speak openly, unable to teach the spiritual magic of an ideal life, these real teachers availed themselves of the current alchemical jargon to unveil spiritual possibilities to those who could understand.

And since men are bound together by the fact of one essentiality, it follows and is true that no man wins the least of these "golden" victories for himself alone. It is felt as an atom of relief throughout the whole living field; and the ideal according to which the effort was made has gone out as an inspiring and suggestive picture to the minds of men.

When there are enough who have learned to welcome the coming of ideals from our own souls and to try in every way to carry them out, daring to fix the gaze at no lower than the highest; and when the hour comes for humanity to look around for help in the storm, it will be to these workers for ideals that it will turn. Woe *then* to them if every act and almost thought of their lives will not bear the intense light that will beat upon them.

For that hour let all who are strong enough, courageous enough, selfless enough, prepare.

H. CORYN

Federation of Women's Clubs

CALIFORNIA will extend a warm welcome to the Delegates of the General Federation of Women's Clubs which will be held during the first week in May. These Clubs represent a distinct and an important factor in the forward social movement of the day and their influence will be beneficial to the community to the extent of their ability to select the best elements of their constitution. A movement such as this will of course meet with the inevitable difficulties and dangers which are inseparable from a period when self-interest and self-advertisement are so well to the fore and eager to use every method for their gratification. Although by its control and government the Universal Brotherhood Organization is now practically out of the reach of these evils, it has suffered from them in the past and there are few of its members who have not had practical demonstration of the extent to which such mischief can go, and the constant vigilance which is necessary to prevent the stultification of what would otherwise be good and useful work. We congratulate the Federation upon its choice of California as a meeting place, and we believe that the delegates will carry back with them to their homes such sunny memories that other visits in renewal will quickly follow.

The Isthmian Canal Again

NOW another difficulty in the Canal matter. The two Republics that respectively own the strips of country through which the Panama and Nicaraguan canal routes would pass have receded from their former eagerness to sell, and declare their intention not to permit the cutting of any waterway.

The change of attitude is very curious. Some attribute it to the scheming of the transcontinental railway lines. But what have these lines to offer the Republics that they have not already used for its full value? Nothing. There is another cause at work, an enemy existing within and without America's borders. America may one day have to fight another European power—or more than one—and she will then discover her *real* enemy.

C

A Notable Street Scene in Stockholm

THE illustration on the cover page of this number of THE NEW CENTURY is reproduced from a photograph of one of the most noted street scenes in Stockholm, Sweden. The large, square building to the extreme left is King Oscar's Castle; in the center is shown the new opera house, while to the right is a view of the oldest church in Stockholm. This picture is the first of a series of notable views in Sweden to be reproduced from photographs in the private collection of Mrs. Tingley.

G

There Is a Royal Road to Happiness

WHEN we look out over the world today we feel that we are witnessing a strange spectacle, a great drama in which there is hopeless confusion because each actor appears to be playing his part with no particular reference to any other. Here and there are a few who think not so much about themselves as they think about others. These endeavor to bring order and unity into the actions of their fellows, pleading often with them to forget their petty, personal aims and think how beautiful, how sublime they could make the whole vast world-drama if all would work together. Yet only the few listen to them, only the very few actually try to follow their suggestions. And the result is, confusion still holds sway over this world-drama of ours, which might otherwise be so well ordered and so beautiful.

Now, the strange part of it is, that the few who plead with the many to bring order and harmony and peace out of this confusion, are far happier than their fellows. And they long to bring happiness to the others. They say to them, "Know you not there is a royal road to happiness? But you are not traveling upon it. You are traveling the avenues of selfishness. You are walking the paths

Happiness Lies Not in Health Alone, Nor Wealth Nor Fame

of pain. And the goal which you see before you is not happiness, but misery."

Why do the many not listen? Why do they shrug their shoulders and toss their heads and continue on the same, miserable path, the path of disappointment? It is a strange paradox, because they really have no desire to be unhappy. In fact, they would go to almost any lengths to escape unhappiness and to avoid pain. If you should ask them, Why this eagerness to gain money, or fame, or social position? their answers will betray to you that they esteem happiness far beyond any other boon. "I will never be happy until this or that is obtained," say some; "Ah, when I have gained a vast fortune, or become world-famous, then I will be happy," say others.

It certainly seems that these people are not very observing. What is the testimony that we may read on every hand, written in the lives of men? It is that wealth, fame, or any of these things for which the majority of men are so madly searching, not only cannot be relied upon to bring happiness, but positively *never bring it of themselves alone*. If wealth were the "open sesame" to happiness, then the millionaire would be happy. Is he? Very rarely. Often and often one

It Is Not True Happiness That Leaves a Heartache

of his day laborers is far happier than he. If health insured happiness, then how do you account for the *able-bodied* tramp, or the healthy, vigorous people in so many walks of life who yet are discontented? And how do you account for the sweet happiness of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, a life-long invalid, who wrote nearly all of her beautiful poems while lying upon her couch in a half-darkened room? If fame and knowledge brings happiness, then why do we find an eminent scientist saying when an old, old man, "Life is, after all, a disappointment?"

These people are searching for something which they name "happiness." When at last it is obtained they find that it is something else. That is not happiness which bequeathes to us a headache the following day or a heartache ten years hence. That is not happiness which leaves our step just as heavy as before and our eyes still on the ground. That is not happiness which leaves us heart-hungry. For happiness is the soul's prerogative. It is the soul's inalienable right. *We are entitled to happiness*, as much entitled to it as to the air we breathe. Evidently there is some great secret in life that we have forfeited or forgotten; some closed doors in the depths of our own natures that we have not yet opened. Evidently there is one mystery, at least, that has not yet been revealed.

The Long, Hard, Foolish Road to Happiness

We hear a great deal said nowadays about the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity. Now, one of these mysteries is the royal road to happiness. Men were happy in the Golden Age. Then there was no pain, no sorrow, no heartache, no selfishness, no deceit. Men dwelt in a great Brotherhood. There was no senseless struggling to "get on in the world." There was no notion that it was necessary or desirable to rise, if that could only be accomplished by pulling another down. And yet men fancy that that can be done with impunity today! So they do it and then ask, "Why does life hold so many disappointments? Now, the Golden Age possessed this secret of happiness and it was this—*unselfishness*. They knew in those days that, as one of the moderns has written, "To work for self is to work for disappointment."

But there came a time when the Golden Age passed away. Men became selfish. They forgot that they were divine. Pain came into the world and joy went out. It is the old, old story of the Prodigal Son, written in the lives of every nation and every race all over the world today, in letters large. The Prodigal Son, also, started on a search for happiness, thinking, as so many think today—that he would find this happiness out in the world, in rioting or in sense-pleasure of some kind. And finally he found himself so cheated of all happiness, so starved, that he even tried to satisfy his soul with the husks of material life,

which, if we only knew it, *are fit only for swine*. At last he found happiness to be sure when he returned unto his father, but not by the royal road. He took the long, hard way, the way which the selfish and the sensual always take. And that is just the pitiful road that humanity is traveling today. Yet, is it necessary? Must we all go the long, hard way? By no means. *There is a royal road to happiness and those who will may travel upon it.*

Yet to enter this royal road we must know the pass-words and we must possess the key that will open the gateway leading thereto. The pass-words are "love," "brotherhood;" the key is *knowledge*.

This knowledge Theosophy gives one, not what the world ordinarily calls knowledge, but the deeper, inner knowledge which has to do with *our real selves*, that deep, rich part of our natures which is to the mere personality what the sunshine is to the earth. Once in possession of this knowledge, the soul will not be starved, forgotten, and finally driven out. Instead, it will fill our lives with its light, it will permeate every atom of our being, soul life will be the real life, and joy will be synonymous with life itself.

Theosophy Points the Royal Way to True Happiness

Theosophy, in giving us a knowledge of the great law of cause and effect, takes away half our pain. We see that simple justice is the most merciful thing in the world. We see that if we suffer today it is because past-sown seeds of selfishness are today bearing their fruit. We see that we suffer only from ourselves, and that good seeds sown today will ripen into a harvest of perfect happiness in the future. We thus have our destinies in our own hands. We are masters of fate. Such knowledge as that would bring hope to the most despairing, and happiness to the most unhappy. Then, too, where will you find greater inspiration than in this simple truth of Reincarnation? Grant that we have made mistakes today, in this life. Grant that one reaches the end of his life with his work undone, with great plans yet to be carried out and great hopes yet unrealized. Why then, we have another chance, and another life and chance for a rest in the meantime. Is any hope more glorious than this?

Then the simple truth of brotherhood gives us a basis upon which to build. We know that every unselfish deed of good is not merely added to the sum total of those of other people, but is *reinforced* by their deeds, and goes out into the

Every Unselfish Deed a Step on the Road to Happiness

current of human life freighted with a something which we alone could never have given it. Plainly, then, there is no happiness unless we work together, and hope together, and live and love together. It was to show men how to find this royal road to happiness that Buddha taught them, "Do not unto others what ye would not wish others to do unto you. Hatred ceaseth not by hatred. Hatred ceaseth by love. That is the Higher Law." It was to show men how to find this royal road to happiness that Jesus taught to men the same eternal truths. It was for the same reason that Socrates enjoined, "*Know thyself*," for, as we are aware today, a knowledge of self is the key to this mystery of happiness.

It was to lead men to happiness that Hypatia taught again the same truths in her lecture hall in Alexandria; it was to lead men into freedom and happiness that Joan of Arc took her place as a Queen-Warrior at the head of the armies of France.

It is to help men to find the royal road to happiness that Katherine Tingley, our Leader, has come today. She is teaching us the same truths, and it is because she has found response in the hearts of so many that she is able to prove today that "Life is Joy."

Who Finds the Royal Road Lives to Help Humanity

If you will read carefully, thoughtfully, the great books of the world, the books that have been written for the express purpose of helping humanity to find the sunshine of life, you will see that the writers of them all hold that life is joy, that the true life is the happy life and the life which is not happy is only a caricature and a sham.

Best of all, those who have found this royal road to happiness become able to help others to find it. And that is, of all things, what they most long to do, to carry to the unfortunate, the sick, the selfish, this heart-light and this joy-message; to show those in the world that one need not be a slave to circumstances and to pain, but may be and should be absolutely the master of circumstances and conditions. For the royal road to happiness is an unselfish helping of others.

Members are cautioned against various attempts which are being made to obtain names and list of our membership by so-called "Theosophical Societies," etc., using our name or similar designation. All such should be scanned closely, then destroyed unanswered, or sent to me, if deemed important, remembering that the simplest communication addressed to you, unapproved by the Official Head, is not to be recognized.

F. M. PIERCE, *Secretary-General*

of men are those who know how to think for themselves, who can plan, and who can dare to act, men whose only direction is the Pillar of Fire by night, the white light which flashes its guidance and which sufficeth, men who count all things as loss save that alone which they seek. These are the men that the world needs and must have.

God give us men. A time like this demands
 Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands.
 Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
 Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
 Men who possess opinions and a will;
 Men who have honor; men who will not lie.

Such is the New Order of Men. Through them shall come, it may be in great stress and travail, the New Order of Things.

**To Be
 Born
 Hypnotized**

A MAN'S mind is the interpreter to himself of the guiding voice of his soul, and the only interpreter. In its highest use it is the intellectualized voice of the soul, and in its turn the brain is its instrument.

Man is a compound of animal powers, senses, and instincts, harmonized and regulated by the mind; and over all, the light of the soul. The dominance of the mental over the brutal depends upon the tie of soul and mind. To the extent that the mind breaks from the soul, or puts its will in subjection to outside influences, does it become the prey to the insubordinate animal impulses which it should rule. It is going *down* the hill *up* which nature has for ages struggled to carry it.

To subject itself to hypnotism is the greatest affront it can offer the soul. It has taken itself out of the path of evolution, and is in the power

of the forces of destruction that close in on either side. The soul focuses for the man the moral law and the force of evolution. If the mind permits itself to be delivered over to another voice and another influence than the soul, the man is divorced both from the moral law and the power of advance along the normal path. He is in the hands of the forces of disorder and decay; though it may be long ere either he or even others see it.

And this is exactly what hypnotism does. Our remarks are prompted by a recent case fully reported in the daily papers. A young man permitted himself to be hypnotized deeply enough to be buried alive (with only a slender air-shaft to prevent asphyxia) for nearly three days. At the end of that time he was exhumed and awaked, apparently unharmed.

**Gave
 His Mind to
 the Keeping
 of Another**

Does anyone believe that a mind placed in complete abeyance by the will of another man for fifty-six hours, is ever again the same, or can ever again retrieve its proper relation to the soul, insulted, silenced, and repelled?

In one of the States of the Union, an official body of physicians are watching the case of a woman who is being steadily hypnotized by an experimental operator. While she is in this state, it is "suggested" to her that her forthcoming child shall be a great musician.

Unhappy child! *Born hypnotized!* Born will-less; born sealed with the seal of the mental-vivisection laboratory stamped on its nascent nature by a conscienceless experimenter; fashioned and shapen in the folly and ambition of its mother!

What good wish can we send out to it?

And when will humanity wake to the greatest of the dangers that overhang it?
 C.

Loma-Land, the Artist's Home

WITH regard to the characteristics of the people living at Loma Homestead it has been remarked that they are not of the kind usually expected or found in institutions where people band themselves together for united work in a common philanthropic cause. In such communities the members are wont to conform more or less to a single type and to leave outside the walls those distinctions that would lend them variety. In short, they consist of one-idea-ed men, pursuing a common method, and acting rather in unison than in harmony. At Point Loma, however, are found a variety of types, and members have preserved their special bent of talent and field of activity, without shedding at the doors those qualifications which, in other communities might be considered superfluous and perhaps worldly. They are people of many ideas and work, not in unison, but in harmony. The question then naturally arises: What is it that brings all these types from their manifold spheres of interest and enterprise to root their home in this favored spot and join their diverse efforts in a common cause? What is the mysterious influence that can draw together painters, musicians, craftsmen, teachers, writers, husbandmen?



Scene from the Presentation of a Greek Symposium by the Universal Brotherhood Lodge at Helsingborg, Sweden

For answer to this question, those who consider arts and crafts as worldly vanities may say: Perhaps Loma-land makes a concession to the vanities and exacts a less rigorous compromise with the flesh than do other institutions.

For question to this answer we ask: Are these things vanities and fleshly snares, after all? And again answer our own question with a No.

Surely there are many impersonal and beneficent ambitions besides those few ordinarily ascribed to the philanthropist. Surely a man who, sick of self, would merge his interests in the interests of humanity and dedicate heart, head and hands to the cause of human weal, need not bury his God-given talents and crawl within the narrow and somber cassock of the charitable recluse. Why need we endlessly repeat the old Puri-

o'-the wisps of cranky cults and schools; discouraged by crass inappreciation; corrupted by the inordinate tribute of what the world calls "success." In Loma-land he discovers an atmosphere he can breathe, wherein he can escape—that gives him vigor.

The simple and more united mode of living will free him from anxious personal or family cares. Secluded from academics and critics, his originality may now blossom unchecked and his taste remain unimpaired by the hypnotic influence of the world's motley thought. Appreciation and disapprobation are not in question; where men find joy in creating and achieving, praise and blame are neither looked for nor noticed. These are great gains; yet, even these are minor and incidental advantages compared with the great secret that makes all life and doing so fruitful and rich in Loma-land. It is not to be expected that a secret so important and deep-seated can be fully revealed in words, even if conceived in thought.

That which can be conceived and expressed is never the deepest and best. But the meaning can be foreshadowed. It begins to dawn

upon our artist—be he painter, musician, craftsman or what not—what the real purport and meaning of art and work really is. They are not amusements, not means of livelihood, not paths to ambition's goal. There is in their pursuit a joy, a life, a zest that cannot be assigned to any of these causes and that eludes analysis. Such a joy in art for art's sake is known in the world at large, but here it passes from an exception to the rule, and from an intermittent flicker to a steady glow. It is not unknown to the world, but various and uncertain have been the attempts to explain it and adequately to assign its origin. At Point Loma, however, this problem too finds its solution in the master-key which a broadened view of human life affords.

To regard man as immortal and all-powerful, instead of a mere intellectual animal living but a few years; to seek the true life in a common consciousness, of which one's so-called "normal" consciousness is only a stunted form; to recognize that man has fallen from a high estate which he must regain: these ideals give an inspiration to life at Point Lo-

ma that it lacks elsewhere, and answers the question asked at the outset.

The great Master-key to human life is the doctrine of Impersonality. Personal, individual, selfish, exclusive aims destroy all happiness and success in whatever undertaking they enter into, and poison every sentiment that includes them. It is the great lesson that Humanity has to learn. Its neglect has caused the failure of modern civilization, and ever hurls the successful man and the genius from the heights of hope to the depths of disappointment.

As a thief is never intrusted with goods, nor a babler with secrets, so a selfish man gathers no store from life's cornucopia. By grabbing and scraping we may secure a few straws, but the harvest goes to the barn for the common use.

To conclude then, the secret of the attraction in Loma-land is, that it affords the opportunity for workers of all classes to work on the true lines of impersonality, and thus insures them joy and success.

H. T. EDGE

I
HOW charming art thou seeming,
 How soulful and how coy.
 Thy sun-kissed colors streaming,
 As if from out thy joy.

II
 On Druid stones reclining,
 Amid the juniper bush,
 With saffron sun-dews shining,
 Thou sitt'st in stately hush.

III
 Reflecting this liquescence,
 The spangles of thy lace,
 Like golden lunar crescents,
 Are shining on my face.

IV
 Diana, to my wondering eye,
 In rustic garb attired,
 A painting on heaven's canopy,
 By wizard's art inspired.

To a Shepherd Girl
 Sitting upon a Druidic Stone near Pomaac by the Sea
 by JULIUS SLOVATSKY: translated by V. A. H

V
 Of the angelic beauty,
 A child of realms above;
 Inspirer of my duty,
 My sadness, and my love.

VI
 Thy golden luminous tresses,
 On ocean breezes borne,
 Waved with the soft caresses
 Of wind, like ripening corn.

VII
 Thy hair is full of splendor,
 Studded with sparkles red
 Of poppies warm and tender,
 A sun-love on thy head.

VIII
 As if a heaven-dweller
 Had showered his brightest thought,
 As if an interstellar
 A crown to thee had brought.

IX
 Behind thee the blue ocean
 Thy figure cuts in two,
 Above thee a commotion
 Of clouds and rosy hue.

X
 Around thee bushes gleaming
 With diamonds and gold,
 Thou sittest all a-beaming
 Upon the monuments old.

XI
 A watcher of an ancient race,
 Their genius and their guard,
 With innocence upon thy face,
 With rapture of a bard.

ALICE had returned home from a visit in a neighboring city only the night before, and was reveling in the luxury of a swinging chair under an immense mulberry tree in the orchard, with her little sister sitting on the grass at her feet making clothes for her doll. Presently the child looked up at her. "Alice, what is Karma?"

"Karma!" said her sister with an exclamation of surprise. "Where did you hear about Karma, little one?"

"I heard mother telling Mrs. Jones about Uncle Edward's sudden death and how bad off Aunt Miriam and Myrtle were now, and Mrs. Jones said it was 'hard Karma.' I do not think mother knew what she meant either; isn't it a funny word?"

"All words sound queer when you do not understand what they mean," Alice replied slowly as she put a book-mark in her book and finally closed it, thinking to herself, "how shall I explain it to the child?"

"It is the result that follows any act," she began, then seeing Marjory's puzzled face she paused. "Did you not plant some sweet pea seeds in your garden this morning?"

"Yes," answered the child.

"What flowers do you expect will come up, roses?"

"No, sweet peas, of course."

"Why of course?" asked Alice.

"Oh, Allie, you know I planted sweet pea seed, how could anything else come up, and mother read us from the Bible only this morning, 'Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?' and we know for ourselves they do not," and the earnest eyes of the child gazed pleadingly up into her sister's face. "No, darling, it is true we cannot, because ex-

A Conversation

Men love not darkness more than Light,
 When once their eyes have seen the light of life.

actly what we sow we must reap, and just as with the flowers so with us, what we plant we must also gather, and that is our Karma; whatever you do causes something to follow. Karma is God's great Law of Order and Harmony

that is always working; when we do good and think good it always brings us joy, and when we are naughty and think unkindly it brings us unhappiness, and that is what we call our Karma."

Marjory sat silent for a minute or two. "But Alice," she said at last slowly, "Aunt Miriam is a good woman and Myrtle is a darling. Why did uncle die and make them so miserable, and have to leave their big house and go and live in a tiny cottage, when they are good? I cannot understand. Aunt Jessie says it was 'God's will,' and you say it was auntie's fault. It does not seem kind of God to take him when they were all so happy; but how could it be auntie's fault, she did not want him to die?"

"Did you want your finger to burn when you insisted on dipping it in the hot jam pan this morning to taste the jam?" returned Alice with a smile. "You see, wanting did not help you to escape the burn, never will help us to escape our just dues, but if we are wise the painful experience will prevent our repeating the mistake. I did not say that uncle's death was auntie's fault, for we must not forget that it was because he would go out into the cold, when the doctor told him he was not well enough to leave his room, that caused it, so that it can only be called 'God's will' that he died, because he broke Nature's laws—which are God's laws—and we are always breaking them and that is why we suffer." "What in the world are you two girls talking about in that earnest manner?" cried a cheery young voice at the back of them,

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

Archæological Investigations in Central America

THE Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology, connected with Harvard College, has contributed much to the history of archæological research during recent years, but perhaps its most important work is that recently carried on by the explorer Teobert Maler, among the prehistoric buildings of the Usumatsintla Valley in Central America. In spite of their ruined condition, the buildings and stonework which have been uncovered are another important link in the chain of evidence which will prove that, as Katherine Tingley said many years ago, although Egypt and India are ancient, America is more ancient than either.

This valley is near the boundary line between Mexico and Guatemala, a lonely, forsaken place. Not only did the explorer find it difficult to get guides and satisfactory help from the natives, but he had to run the gauntlet of the authorities who did not realize the importance of his errand. It is needless to say that his report is thrilling in its romantic interest, quite outside of its scientific aspect. At one time, while examining some rocks on which were curious paintings and traceries, an Indian approached him in great distress and begged him to depart at once, as the rocks were sacred. Mr. Maler, finding discretion to be the better part of valor, finally consented to go and made his way to the nearest Indian village over a waterfall, over streams bridged by trunks of fallen trees and rivers that the laboratory scientist would consider impassable. But Mr. Maler, with native German perseverance, succeeded without accident. A large part of his exploration was made in a wilderness through which runs the Chinikiha river. A dense undergrowth of timber, added to the debris of forest fires, made this almost impassable. And when at last Mr. Maler reached the ruins he discovered that woodcutters had been there before him and had sadly mutilated them. From a giant pyramid they had removed a section bearing inscriptions and, probably finding it too heavy, had left it behind, *after nearly obliterating the inscriptions by chipping off pieces as "specimens."* How much has humanity lost from just sheer vandalism!

At Piedras Negras, Mr. Maler found the ruins which are, in his opinion, the most important. The stone work is exquisite and the inscriptions well-preserved.

One place resembles a great Acropolis, leading to which is a huge stairway now in ruins. Near it is a great pyramid about which are fragments of immense monumental stones, among them an ancient sacrificial table. This, a slab of rock, was supported by three pillars, all inscribed and covered with symbolic carvings or traceries. Altogether this is one of the most important of recent archæological discoveries.

The Oldest Known Piece of Writing Brought to America

THE University of Pennsylvania museum, Philadelphia, has come into possession of what is said to be the oldest piece of writing in the world. It is not manuscript, but an inscription on a fragment of a vase which was smashed in a raid upon the ancient city of Nippur. The inscription on the vase dates back to the reign of a king who ruled 4,500 years before the Christian era.

The vase is so old and worn that the name of the king cannot be deciphered. The general outline of the characters can be distinguished and are seen to be not in cuneiform but in picture-writing. The inscriptions tell of wars, the crowning of ancient kings, festivals and other events in the civil and religious life of the time.

The construction of the vase proves it to have been hollowed out by a rude machine, probably a bronze drill. On the concave surface the parallel lines made by the drill are very distinct. The vase was discovered by Dr. Petrie of the Egyptian Exploration Fund connected with the museum.

One of the latest contributions from the University Babylonian expedition was received at the university recently. It consists of a clay table, on which there is an inscription made at the time of Moses. The inscription is a receipt for tithes of corn and the other commodities with which the dwellers of Nippur settled with the tax-gatherers for their local improvements.

More Light Thrown on Some Savage Races

UNDER the title of *Head Hunters, Black, White and Brown*, Dr. Alfred C. Haddon has produced a thoroughly readable book on the Papuans of New Guinea. The title is somewhat of a misnomer, inasmuch as the practice of head hunting has almost entirely disappeared.

The chief charm of the book is the sympathetic tone which pervades it. Dr. Haddon seems to regard the Papuans as human beings, and not merely as subjects for study. Many of his conclusions are interesting and founded upon a very painstaking observation. He believes that the sense acuteness of this and other "savage" races has been much exaggerated and that it is "by long attention to minute details . . . that they become able to recognize things in a manner that at first sight seems quite wonderful." Attention to detail is a form of intelligence that is not far removed from true wisdom and one that might be cultivated with some advantage by civilized races.

Not less interesting is the author in his study of the Papuan dances. Hobbes, in his *Leviathan*, says that dancing is a kind of worship, and Dr. Haddon interprets the Papuan dances in this way and regrets that these ceremonies and the Initiation rites are falling into desuetude through missionary activity. Probably the truth is that they are being concealed under a very thin veneer of civilization. But Dr. Haddon learned something about these rites, although with some difficulty. Thus he tells us of a curious instrument which is used at such times, and which consists of a leaf shaped piece of wood which is rapidly swung at the end of a cord, and which produces a weird humming noise supposed to have an effect upon unseen forces. The author identifies this instrument with the Greek rhombos which was devoted to a similar purpose, with the churinga of the Australian natives, and with the corresponding implements which have been used in all parts of the world and at all times.

We welcome this work as a distinct addition to our knowledge of an interesting people.

How the Continents Were Once Situated

DR. A. E. ORTMAN, curator of invertebrate paleontology in Princeton University, Princeton, N. J., has made a discovery as to the original locations and situations of the continents. The discovery adds to the evidence of the correctness of Voniberger and Medley's theory, which is that formerly there existed only two main continents known to scientists as Archhelenos and Archinotos. He did this by noting the geographical distribution of the freshwater crayfish. The continents on which the crayfish are found must originally have been connected, forming one main continent, and the places where the fish do not occur must have formed another continent. Archhelenos is the name given by scientists to the continent on which the crayfish did not occur, and consisted of what is now India, Africa and Tropical America. The other continent, called Archinotos, consisted of the southern part of South America, Australia, the Antarctic regions and the eastern parts of Asia.

Discovery of Very Ancient Drawings in France

IN a rock-cut cave near Combarelles, Dordogne, in France, archæologists have made recent interesting discoveries. Upon the walls of the cave are something like one hundred figures representing horses, bison, reindeer, the eland and wild deer as well as some animals that are now extinct. Some fourteen of the traceries represent the mammoth. There are a few rude drawings which appear to have been intended to picture the human face.

Messieurs Capitan and Breuil, the explorers, believe these drawings to be valuable records of the Stone Age, and place them near the close of the palæolithic period. Some of the drawings represent horses wearing a kind of halter, indicating that the animal was at that time domesticated.

IN Venezuela there is the cow tree which grows on otherwise barren rocks. Its leaves are leathery and crisp, but by making incisions in the trunk a peculiar greyish milk oozes out, which is pure and nutritious, and is used by the natives as a substitute for the genuine article.



A Glimpse of the Main Exhibit Room of the Chamber of Commerce of San Diego, California

This is one of the most attractive features in San Diego, and is daily thronged with visitors—tourists, prospective settlers, and others—who are interested in the wonderful richness of soil and the vast resources, mineral, agricultural and horticultural, of the mountains and valleys of San Diego County.

The Light of Liberty Shall Not Be Quenched! ❖

THE following extracts are from the *New York Tribune*:

By order of the Light-house Board the torch of the Statue of Liberty will cease to shed abroad its kindly light after March 1. It was learned at the local office of the Light-house Board on Staten Island that the light had been discontinued because the War Department desired absolute control of the island. Fort Wood is on the island and troops are stationed there.

(Dispatch from Washington)—Officers of the Light-house Board here say there is no special reason why the order turning over the jurisdiction of the statue of the Goddess of Liberty to the War Department on March 1, when Liberty's torch is to be put out, was issued at this particular time. Long ago it was decided that Liberty's torch was of no aid to navigation, and, therefore, of no use to mariners. When the official order was issued informing mariners that the Light-house Service would not maintain the light in the statue after March 1, it was merely the end of a long sequence of correspondence. The action of the Treasury Department was intended to simplify the matter of jurisdiction. For many years the Light-house Board has had charge of the light, the citizens' committee has had charge of the statue and the War Department has had control of Fort Wood, in which the statue is placed. Now it is suggested that if the sentiment of the people is still for maintaining the light, a bill might be introduced in Congress authorizing an appropriation to be expended by the Secretary of War for that purpose.

This is surely one example of the conditions of the present times which thus degrade patriotic sentiment into commercial utilitarianism.

The Statue of the Goddess of Liberty lighting the world is certainly an emblem that must be dear to the hearts of all true Lovers of Liberty, all true patriots among all nations. Yet it must be specially dear to the

Patriots of the North American Republic as a gift from their Sister Republic of the East—France. That France, who at the birth of the Nation freely mingled its blood with that of the American Patriots to cement the foundation of a country dedicated as a refuge for the lovers of Liberty from all the races of the World; and that France, who again, at the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of this great American Nation, presented it with this gift, this symbol of the destinies of the American people—to illumine the World by the Light of Liberty.

The American people, the patriots of the Republic who have ever held up Liberty as their Principle will not permit their Standard to thus sink into oblivion through neglect and apathy. They will not allow such an affront to be thrown into the face of their Sister Republic. No, a thousand times No!

They will see to it that whoever has charge of Bedloe Island, Fort Wood and the Statue of the Goddess of Liberty lighting the World—whether the Treasury Department or the Navy Department or the War Department, it shall be the duty of that custodian to see to it, that this sacred symbol is ever kept bright, ever shining, ever radiating this Great Light which is only an expression of the beams issuing from the Great Heart of Liberty beating in the heart of every noble and true man, in this as well as in every other country.

Champions of Truth, Brothers of Light, Warriors for the Freedom of Humanity, let us give out our heart's force. The Light of Liberty will never be quenched!



The Hand of Nature in Loma-Land

A Picturesque Gorge on the Shore

TOWARDS the southern end of Point Loma there is a gorge so deep and so wildly beautiful as to be well worth a visit. It is nearly, if not quite, three hundred feet deep, having been worn by the occasional rush of water from the winter rains during the countless centuries since Point Loma was a flat-topped butte. For about half its depth it is cut from the firm red gravel so common here, and the banks slope steeply down under a wealth of chapparal, buckthorn and purple cedar shrubs, with an undergrowth of clematis, wild cucumber and many other beautiful flowering plants. Near the bottom of the slope is a jutting rock with a cave under it where a panther once lived. The well-beaten trail he used in his goings to and fro is still plainly visible, winding up and down from the cave to the top and bottom of the gorge. But it is long now since it was used, although he still lives in the imagination of some timid inhabitants and adventure-loving boys.

But from the cave downward there is but little slope—it is cut from solid sand rock which has been carved and fluted into strange, fantastic shapes by wind and water. Long, wandering roots from the bushes above extend far over its sides, waving idly in the wind, or else returning by a parabolic curve to enter some crevice in the rock. Long streamers of the crimson mesembryanthemum hang down and swing to and fro so constantly in the breezes that in some places they have worn marks on the very stone itself. Near the head of the gorge the stream has cut a waterfall where it must leap more than a hundred feet, almost without a break, and there the stone seems to have been the sport of gnomes, so strange are some of its queer shapes. At the bottom the stream-bed is of fine sand and is thickly overhung with trees and flowering shrubs which are favorite resorts of the bees and humming-birds, as well as larger birds which build there. During the dry summer everything is still as night itself, so that the place seems under a spell like an enchanted wood; but when the spell is broken by rain all the little Nature-spirits begin work and make it so beautiful that every one of you would be delighted with it.

NATURE LOVER

How the Day Was Born

MOTHER NATURE in Loma-land is full of surprises. No two days are alike, no two hours, even. The sunrise of today may be beautiful, the sunrise of tomorrow will be more beautiful, or so, at least, it seems to those of us who have come here from the smoke-laden atmosphere of one of our great cities. How our hearts long to speak to the shut-in unfortunates of the great city, those who, though they may be worth millions, never see a sunrise nor a sunset, so shut in is the horizon by tall buildings, so veiled is all the beauty of the sky by the city's smoke.

Never was there such a marvelously glorious sunrise as that of a recent Sunday. It was the day of the Temple Ceremony held by the students and the Leader in honor of the fifth anniversary of the founding of the Universal Brotherhood Organization. More than half an hour before the "disc of golden light" appeared above the horizon, the entire sky was radiant, glowing, as if it were molten gold. To the very horizon of the west, this marvelous color tinted the clouds, here and there shading into exquisite pink and lavender. Cirrus clouds hung high, the semblance of a glowing, shimmering tapestry of silken threads and gold. One could feel the whole firmament pulsate, throb, as if it garmented a great warm heart.

And far beyond the waving kelp-line that skirts Loma-land on its western side, Nature's rose-color and gold was reflected in the surface of the placid Pacific. For the Pacific is usually very quiet save where, at its shore line, the breakers roll in and beat upon the cliffs. The reflection of all this living color upon the earth produced a color-panorama marvel-

ous in effect. The distant mountains were nearly lost in a violet haze: The green of the newly-planted fields, even the dark shade of the cypress rows, became curiously silvery in tone. The ground itself, had an artist undertaken to portray it, must have been painted in shades of violet. It was a rare picture. Little by little the gold and the magic glory of it faded, first receding

from the cloud-flecked western horizon. But as the sky above became less brilliant, the color seemed to focus itself in a great pulsating, golden glow, beyond the most distant Sierras, and I knew that the sun, though not yet visible, was rising. But a moment more and the disc of the Sun God peeped over the hills, the golden light faded from the skies above my head, the purpled landscape became transformed to its usual colors—and it was day!

Nature is more than beneficent in Loma-land. She is confiding, tender. She comes very close to us, or mayhap, we students, having divested ourselves of some of our gruesome mental wrappings, are permitted to come very close to Her. Certain it is that nowhere else does Mother Nature so lovingly take us into her confidence. STUDENT

The Legend of the Purple Aster

NEARLY all over America, the home of the great Sixth race, the fields and roadways are, in Autumn, purpled with asters. And the old Greek tale of the birth of the purple aster comes into one's mind with especial force at just this cyclic time.



Overlooking the Hills and Fields of Loma-land from the Homestead, Showing Students' Group House No. 1

The Greeks tell us that, in ancient days, the earth was a Land of Light, but darkness came upon it because of the wickedness of men. And at last the gods, who dwelt with men as teachers, returned to heaven, all but one, Astraea. She remained, like a compassionate mother, hoping against hope that her children would listen and that she might lead them back again to the Paradise they had lost. But humanity would not listen, and at last Astraea, too, went away.

After many years a great deluge came over the face of the earth and destroyed the wicked because of their sins. Only the mount of Parnassus rose above the surface of the waters, and Astraea, because of the love she bore for the children of men, descended from heaven and on Parnassus planted a seed. As it grew and blossomed she painted its petals purple and its heart gold, that it might serve to remind men of herself and her message and the Golden Age which she was destined one day to bring to them. And she christened the purple blossom Astraea, or Aster.

Zephyrus, the west wind, yearned to tell of this to all the world. So he carried the seeds of the little plant from one end of the earth to the other. And today, scarcely any flower is to be found blooming in so many climes as the common, wayside purple aster.

One is reminded, in reading this, of the legend of Point Loma, of the Queen-Mother who was driven away from the earth because of the disloyalty of her disciples but who has at last returned, now that her warrior-disciples have learned their lesson through the suffering of ages. Both legends have a peculiar significance in connection with the Universal Brotherhood movement and its present Leader. For the purple and gold is again coming back into life, the Golden Age is dawning, the Teacher has come again unto Her own. G. G.

THE day is Thine, the night also is Thine: Thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: Thou hast made summer and winter.—DAVID

Students



Path

Nature's Large Plans

IT is often observed that the methods of work adopted in the Universal Brotherhood Organization under the direction of its Leader are not those that would readily suggest or recommend themselves to most organizers. The Universal Brotherhood may also claim for its efforts a success and progress that has not attended the endeavors of other undertakings. Taking these two circumstances together, we may relate them as cause and effect and attribute the unwonted success to the unusual methods.

Let us, therefore, inquire what is the peculiarity of these methods that distinguishes them from ordinary modes of procedure. The answer to this question is found by some people in the word "Growth" as opposed to "Plan," or in the word "Natural" as opposed to "Artificial." We follow methods that copy natural growth, instead of working out a formulated scheme. True, there is an antithesis between the rounded and gradual unfolding of Nature's fruits and the ready-made, cut-and-dried operations of man; and this antithesis can be for special purposes expressed by the antithesis between "growth" and "plan." Nature grows, one may say; but man plans. Nevertheless, since *all* growth and construction must be preceded by plan, it is truer to say that Nature uses larger and more perfect plans than man does; in other words, Nature and man both use plans, but man limits his designs.

An ordinary architect will elaborate a design upon his study table and then proceed to the site and at once put up the entire building in accordance with the plan; with the result that, while the parts may be mutually harmonious, they are out of harmony with the surrounding scene. A speaker may prepare an address in his arm-chair before an imaginary audience; with the result that, however complete and coherent it may be in itself, it is quite a chance whether it will fit the real time and occasion of its delivery.

Or again, let us without prejudice compare a city that has grown through centuries by gradual accretion as successive requirements prompted, with a city that is planned with a sheet of paper, a rule and a square, and then photo-reproduced in brick and steel upon the earth. The one forms part of the scenery and seems to have been generated from the atmosphere of the country.

An untaught painter, if asked to paint a picture, might begin by drawing some detail in full elaboration, and then the other details one by one. But an artist would broadly outline the whole scene first and leave the details till the end. The neophyte would produce, not a picture, but a group of figures disconnected and mutually disproportionate; the artist would produce a single whole. Is it not probable that most individuals would, if they undertook to organize a scheme or institution, copy the procedure of our untaught dauber? Would they not get their little minds entirely filled with some detail of the plan and elaborate that to the pitch of finical exactitude, regardless of the demands of adaptation to surrounding parts? Would they not, if let alone, eventually produce a model having a beautiful head, beautiful limbs, beautiful trunk, but not a man—an inharmonious mass of finished fragments?

In the work at Point Loma, as directed by its Leader, we discern the touch of the real artist, whose plan is so broad, so free, that men say, "there is no plan." A touch here, a beginning there, now a suggestion, then an outline; but the details—they will come in due season; stay me not now, I must lay *all* the corner stones and make the foundations *quite* safe. Oh, it takes a master-hand and a far-reaching eye to plan and execute a great and lasting work; how strong is the drift towards littleness and specialization in these days. And the principle applies to character-building too; we need to "round out" our characters. So prone are we to develop some detail of our anatomy, physical, mental, or what not, to monstrous proportions, and ignore proportion! What a race of intel-

lectual deformities and moral hobgoblins! Let us shape our means to larger ends, and be content to sow and irrigate and outline and initiate. When we fail to secure the lusted finish and exactitude, let us take it as a hint that we are overstepping the bounds of harmonious growth in that direction and creating a monstrosity; and let us leave that part alone for a while and begin another. Mutual adaptation all around; for everything an equal chance; no over-culture of one part at the expense of the rest. Work at each in turn, and let each give way a little to the others; so shall all fit together. Nature's plans are vast and elastic; let ours be like them.

H. T. E.

LITTLE minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above it.—WASHINGTON IRVING

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

DEAR COMRADES: The center of the Theosophic Movement at Point Loma, Cal., is an ever deepening object of lofty contemplation to the members of the Universal Brotherhood throughout the world. It has become a Mecca, an aim and an end to all devotees of a divine life. Your pulse must quicken when you ponder on the stability of Humanity's cause, so masterfully centralized and so firmly established on a practical basis. Thousands of visitors throng the place, the majority perceiving at a glance the ideal but real foundation for the much-needed uplifting work. These in their truthful accounts are correcting the reports of evil-doers. As an old member of The Theosophical Society and closely associated with the three Leaders, I have watched the progress and changes of the Movement with keen interest. There was a time when we depended almost entirely on books; even then good work was done to brush away the devastating wave of materialistic thought. There were centers of study, much interest, lectures and much talk. All this was a preparation for the true Brotherhood work to which H. P. B. was pushing us onward. But, in the eagerness of gaining some knowledge of divine truths, there was little ambition in the early days to lead the real life and practice the principles which were so loudly proclaimed. Personal ambition traveled side by side with the professors of Theosophy. At no time was the work so centralized that a lasting spiritual and moral influence would result from contact by the public with individuals and Lodges.

How things have changed. Apace with the spiritual, moral and practical, visible development of the center at Point Loma has also come over the Lodges a greater purity, a more spiritual life and a more practical effort to bring down the behests of the sublime philosophy to every day life. The result is that Theosophy is regarded much more reverently than it used to be. The public demands more than theory. They will not be convinced otherwise than by practical, faithful example. The thousands of visitors who come to this center regard this community of students and Theosophy and its Leader with absolute veneration; they seek our literature and imbibe the teachings through the varying forms of presentation. Who would have thought that music, art and the drama would become such powerful vehicles of teaching Theosophy?

In the old days Lodges were organized with difficulty, whereas there are coming in proofs from many quarters that the conditions are ripe to start ten lodges where formerly but one could be organized. The methods will ever change with the needs of the times, and it is a thousand-fold easier for the Leader to direct them effectively since the establishment of the center. Fortunately, too, the power to injure the movement from within the ranks has passed. The members have become wiser; personal adoration has ceased, needless correspondence has been dispensed with and professed teachers discredited. All this used to detract from effective work, but since there is a growing and growing disposition to forsake personal considerations for the purpose of unifying energy and strengthening the center there is no friction, no waste.

Another promise is being fulfilled which will delight the members whose turn it will be to contact it. Mr. Joseph H. Fussell, who has been such a devoted worker, who stood so long and so nobly by William Q. Judge, has started to visit many Lodges, covering a large territory of the United States. What a pleasure it will be to clasp hands with the comrade from the center, who has devotedly gotten into a position where he can be such a help to the Leader and to the members, and how much he will bring back to us from the faithful! Sincerely,

E. A. NERESHEIMER

Mr. Reed. When it was decided about a year ago to hold Theosophical meetings regularly in the city, Mrs. Tingley selected this place as being particularly well adapted to the work she had in view. It is the largest building in the city, and in many respects the finest theater in California. It is high class in every particular, and the best class of people in San Diego as well as all tourists, look to it for all that is best in the line of musical and dramatic entertainments. The acoustics are well nigh perfect. The interior is comfortable, homelike and handsomely decorated. Yet the blend of colors is exquisite and the garishness sometimes seen, even in the best theaters, is entirely absent. This makes it possible for the students to present a picture that is simple and yet perfectly harmonious in the flower and smilax-trimmed stage. I heard the Leader remark in this connection only the other day, "Theosophists must not forget the influence that a beautiful environment has upon the public. While we would find it quite possible to hold our meetings in an unattractive place, and still feel them to be harmonious; while we feel sometimes that we could preach anywhere, and that the greatness of our philosophy would make up for any deficiency in external things, we must not forget that the public must be reached in a somewhat different way. People are more sensitive to harmony and beauty, more influenced by decoration and environment than we imagine, and may be actually driven away from the help we so long to extend to them, by our lack of attention to details such as these."

The next number of the Universal Brotherhood *Path* magazine will contain an article by S. G. P. Coryn which, as a retrospect of past events in their immediate bearing upon the present situation, every member ought to read. The article will be entitled "The Glorious Growth of the Theosophical Society and Universal Broth-

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office at POINT LOMA, CAL.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 10

- Lodge Presidents and Lodge Members, good, bad and indifferent.
- A Mighty Responsibility.
- Theosophic Infants and Theosophic Men.
- A New Way to Resign.
- Lessons from the Leader.
- Our Visitors and How We Measure Them.
- The Destructive Force of Ambition.
- Spiritual Thieves and Tramps.
- Difficulties and Limitations of H. P. B. and W. Q. J.
- Lessons from Past Dangers.
- Theosophy the Gospel of Living.

OBSERVER

CAUTION

From a rich past experience with the enemy of our work, members should have learned to be "eternally vigilant" and on guard against whatever and whoever attempts to incite disturbance, discord or criticism among Lodges or with individual members, even should the effort be made by persons known to be members or claiming to hail fresh from the Center of the Universal Brotherhood Organization and Theosophical Society. The past proves that "a man's enemies are the men of his own house." The crown of right judgment does not adorn every head, nor does the jewel of truth grace every tongue.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Leader and Official Head*

Unwarranted Rumors of Radical Changes Denied by Mrs. Tingley

THE following interesting article concerning the unwarranted rumors of radical changes in the auditorium of the Opera House at San Diego, supposed to ensue as a result of its purchase by Katherine Tingley, is reprinted from the *San Diego Union* of March 11:

There were all sorts of rumors floated yesterday concerning what would become of the Fisher Opera House after it had passed into the ownership and con-

trol of Mrs. Katherine Tingley, the Head of the Universal Brotherhood. One of the reports was that the entire building was to be remodeled and that the handsome auditorium would be destroyed to make room for a Conservatory of Music, etc., that an elevator would be put in on the Fourth street side of the play-house, and that the auditorium might be cut off at the balcony by a floor in order to give more room in the upper stories.

There were other rumors of new opera houses to be built for the accommodation of such plays as it was rumored would not be given dates at the Fisher under the new management. These rumors were of changes at the Masonic temple, which were denied by W. W. Stewart, and of a new building at Sixth and H streets, which was denied by George W. Hazzard, the owner of the property.

It was a day for denials for the reports of radical changes at the Opera House were denied by Mrs. Tingley, who, when asked regarding the same, said:

"The statements made in regard to my plans to change the Fisher Opera House in a radical manner, either as to construction and arrangement of the building, or as to the general character of entertainments given at the play-house, are quite unfounded. Indeed, I consider that they originated from an unfriendly source. They are evidently concocted for the purpose of misleading the public.

"At the Fisher Opera House next Sunday evening I shall definitely explain my plan in connection with my future work at the theater. My statements will in almost every particular be flat contradictions to the rumors which seem to be industriously circulated in San Diego.

"I have no intention of depriving the San Diego people of their favorite theater. I propose to hold it intact. There is ample room for the Musical Conservatory I am to establish, without disturbing the beautiful auditorium, which I so much admire.

"If another opera house is built in San Diego it will not discourage me in my determined purpose of preserving this theater and adding to its lustre by the presentation of the world's best artists. I consider the promulgators of these false rumors as the enemies to San Diego and her best interests."

In response to questions regarding the management of the opera house, Mrs. Tingley said that there would not be very marked changes in regard to the attractions booked at the play-house. The general run of entertainments will find accommodations there. It might be that in the course of a year's time there would be one or two which would be booked by other managers and owners of play houses of the state, which could not find room in the opera house under her management, but there would not be such a notable change that there need be much comment on the subject. The

Investors, Speculators, & Real Estate Dealers

"Where Rail and Tide Meet, There Cast Anchor"

GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR AT *SAN DIEGO* early

San Diego is the Open Door to the Orient & Investors now will be capitalists later

- 2700 miles saved in encircling the globe via this port
- Three Transcontinental Railroads heading for this Harbor
- The Commerce of the Southwest and of the Pacific is being concentrated at the Bay of San Diego
- Look out for Big Developments; the Market is active now

If you want to Buy or Sell there, address

D. C. Reed

Ex-Mayor of San Diego

FINE APPLES FROM THE MOUNTAINS, BELLFLOWERS, PIPPINS ETC.

Good Tea at Sixty Cents, India, Ceylon, Gunpowder, Hyson, Oolong Breakfast and Japan

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF FANCY GROCERIES

at **HAMILTON BROS.**

933 FIFTH STREET SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Largest and Best Stock of Jewelry in *SAN DIEGO* at

C. W. ERNSTING'S

Repair Work of all Kinds
Manufacturer of Jewelry
Large Stock of Souvenir
Spoons

915 FIFTH STREET SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Isis Conservatory of Music

of the

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD
Point Loma, Cal.

San Diego Branch, 1940 B Street

Personal applications and inquiries received every Saturday by the Secretary at 1940 B Street, San Diego. . . .
Hours 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Full particulars sent by mail on application

Address

J. H. FUSSELL, *Secretary and Treasurer Isis Conservatory of Music, POINT LOMA, CAL.*

SEARCHLIGHT

NO. 6

Special number issued to
the public

CONTAINING A FULL REPORT OF THE

Great Debate on Theosophy & Christianity

HELD AT FISHER OPERA HOUSE, SAN DIEGO, CAL.,
ON SEPTEMBER 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, AND
OCTOBER 6 AND 13, 1901

SEVENTY-TWO PAGES

Notwithstanding the increase in the cost of publishing, owing to
the largely increased number of pages, the price
remains the same as heretofore

FIFTEEN CENTS

The
Theosophical Publishing Co.
Point Loma, Cal.

ENTERTAINMENT

by Children of the

Raja Yoga School

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON

in the

Aryan Temple, Point Loma

Tickets 50 cents

PUBLIC MEETINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGES

- STOCKTON, Cal., 523 Yosemite Building**
Lodge No. 3. Public meetings: Sunday 8 p. m., and Wednesday 7:30 p. m. Lotus Group for children, Sunday 10:30 a. m.
- BOSTON, Mass., 24 Mount Vernon St.**
Lodge No. 28. Public meetings every Sunday at 8 p. m. Lotus Group, Sunday at 11 a. m. Members' Union meeting, Thursday at 8 p. m. Boys' Brotherhood Club, Friday at 7:30 p. m. Girls' Club, Saturday at 3 p. m.
- CHICAGO, Ill., 511 Masonic Temple**
Lodges No. 70 and 45. Monthly public meeting, first Sunday of the month, 8:15 p. m.; Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesdays 8 p. m.; Lodge meetings, members only, Lodge 45, Thursdays, 8 p. m., and Lodge 70, Fridays, 8:15 p. m.
- LOUISVILLE, Ky., Y. M. H. A. Building**
Lodge No. 119. Public meeting, Sunday 8 p. m. Lodge meeting, members only, Thursday 8 p. m. Boys' Brotherhood Club, Friday 8 p. m.
- MACON, Ga., Triangular Block**
Lodge No. 13. Public meeting about the middle of month. Lotus Group, Sunday 10 a. m. Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesday 7:30 p. m. Members' meeting, Friday 8 p. m.
- PROVIDENCE, R. I., 206 Weybosset Street**
Lodge No. 31. Monthly meetings, last Sunday in each month, 7:30 p. m.; Lodge meetings, members only, Wednesdays, 7:45 p. m. Lotus Group, Sundays, 10:45 a. m. Boys' Brotherhood Club, Thursdays, 8 p. m.
- SOUTHPORT, England, 138 Poulton Road**
Lodge No. 24 (Eng.) Lotus Group, Monday, 7 p. m. Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesday, 8 p. m. Lodge meeting, Friday, 8 p. m. Public meetings, 1st Sunday each month, 7 p. m.
- MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., 207 Sykes Block**
Lodge No. 81. Public meeting first Sunday each month, 8 p. m.

change would, she expected, be for the better and for the upbuilding and education of San Diego.

In the main, she said, that it would be her purpose to give to the people of San Diego as many low-priced, but high-classed entertainments as possible. She would want the entertainments to come within the reach of the mass of the people, and she had no intention of forcing on the people as their only entertainments something which was entirely beyond them. There were attractions being played now at the theaters which she would not herself care to see or listen to, but there were people who did, and it could not be expected that all the people could be educated in their desires as to plays in any short time.

In closing the conversation Mrs. Tingley asked that the people be disabused of the idea that there were to be a lot of very radical changes in the opera house.

Killing a Wildcat

Samuel S. Hall of La Canyada, came into Pasadena recently with the body of a twenty-five pound wildcat which his dogs killed after a fierce encounter. Mr. Hall was hunting wildcats with eight dogs. Four of them were old hunters and the others were new at it. The dogs got on the scent of a cat and treed him in the upper portion of a canyon. Mr. Hall followed and found a large Tom securely lodged in the upper branches. Leaving the dogs to watch he went to a farm house, and borrowing a gun, took a shot at the cat, inflicting a wound in the right fore foot, which caused the loosening of its hold on the limbs and a consequent tumble among the dogs.

"Then there was a fight," Mr. Hall said. "The animal fought the dogs, well, like a wildcat. Two of the old dogs were badly scarred and cut by the claws of the furious beast, but as Old Lucky, the bloodhound which the sheriff has often used in tracking runaway criminals, got at him and killed him. Old Lucky had the fight of his life, however, and is a pretty well scarified dog."—*Los Angeles Herald*

The Vanity of Cats

You have heard (says a writer in the *Animal's Friend*) the story of the mare who was being ridden along Birdcage Walk, and nearly threw her rider by stopping to see the reflection of her features in a puddle of water. The late Dr. Romanes tells an interesting story of cats, who used to regard themselves or their reflections in looking-glasses, and at last convinced themselves that the reflection was an illusion. Now, we know cats like to be taken great notice of, and the more attention you pay them the more effusively patronizing they become, until there is scarcely a part of your anatomy that they do not crawl upon. A writer in *Science Gossip* says he is satisfied that an intelligent cat of his on looking in the mirror satisfied himself "that it was in some way his own image. Even if my deduction be wrong, the first part of his proceedings was so singularly like those in Dr. Romanes's accounts that it seems as though it was a uniform law of cat nature to act in this way, and so far it may be altogether uninteresting. I put the cat on a table, in front of a small toilet mirror. After looking at his reflection for a short while, he went behind the glass; then he returned to his seat in front, and again watched it attentively. After a few moments he rapidly dashed behind it. He again returned to his seat in front of the glass, and while retaining his seat, and keeping his eyes fixed on the image, he struck about behind the glass with his paw in different directions. His next act was, I fancy, suggested by seeing the image apparently strike with his paw also. Keeping his seat and retaining his eyes fixed on the image, he proceeded to (if I may use the word) posture in front of the glass. He raised his paws alternately, licked them, touched the glass, moved his head, etc."

Hardware & Stoves

HIGH GRADE SHELF HARDWARE
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS
FINE CUTLERY TOOLS
BUILDERS' HARDWARE

San Diego Hardware Co.
658 FIFTH STREET

EDWARD M. BURBECK

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Copper Plate Engraving & Printing
Steel Dies, Crests, and Monograms
Largest & most varied stock of Books
and General Literature in the City

1051-59 FIFTH STREET, SAN DIEGO

"Burbeck's Big Bookstore"

Toys Games Souvenirs Office Supplies City and County Maps

See Glaser's window!

FULL of ART TREASURES
for the HOME or the STUDIO
Many of them NOVELTIES, All
of them NEW & INTERESTING

The Leading San Diego House for Artists' Materials, Pictures
and Picture Frames Always Up-to-Date

1040 Fifth Street

Bank of Commerce

841 FIFTH ST., bet E & F Sts., SAN DIEGO

Capital, \$100,000
Reserve & Undivided Profits, \$46,837.23

R. M. POWERS, President F. W. JACKSON, Cashier
GRAHAM E. BABCOCK, C. L. WILLIAMS,
Vice-President Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—R. M. Powers, Graham E. Babcock, J. F. Sinks,
A. H. Frost, Chas. T. Hinde, U. S. Grant, & F. W. Jackson

General banking business transacted. Exchange drawn direct on all
principal cities of United States and Europe. Prompt attention given to
collections.

Souvenir Postal Cards of Loma-land

PRIVATE MAILING CARDS, PRINTED ON
FINEST IVORY-FINISH CARDBOARD
13 different half-tone glimpses of Loma-land on which to
send your Brotherhood Thoughts all over the world. A
stream of them should be kept in circulation by every member.

- 1 Aryan Temple from the Canyon
- 2 Children's Group Houses, International Lotus Home
- 3
- 4 Young Warriors of the Raja Yoga School
- 5 Loma Homestead and Aryan Temple from the Northwest
- 6 North View of Loma Homestead and Aryan Temple
- 7 Lotus Buds and Blossoms of the Raja Yoga School Sending
Thought Messages to all the World at Aryan Temple
- 8 Children's Play-ground, International Lotus Home
- 9 Lotus Buds with their Cuban Godmother, Raja Yoga School
- 10 Egyptian Gate to School of Antiquity Grounds
- 11 Lotus Buds at Play, International Lotus Home
- 12 Lotus Blossoms, Raja Yoga School
- 13 East Entrance of Loma Homestead

2 for 5 cents (postage 1c extra) . \$0.06
50, postpaid, for 1.00
100, " " 1.50

Sent assorted unless ordered with specifications. Order from
THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Today

University
APR

The New Century



Year \$2

Point Loma, San Diego, California.

Copy 58



The New Century

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Two Dollars; other countries in the Postal Union, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; payable in advance
Single copy, Five Cents

Communications for the Editor, manuscripts, reports, books and periodicals for review should be addressed, "Katherine Tingley, Editor *The New Century*, Point Loma."

The editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

Articles will not be considered by the editor unless signed by the author and marked with the number of words contained. In no case is manuscript returned.

Address all Business communications, including subscriptions, and make all remittances (in bank drafts or money orders, payable to The New Century Corporation) to "Clark Thurston, Point Loma, Cal."

To comply with recent postal regulations, all Post-Office money order remittances should be made payable at San Diego. The remittances, as well as all other mail, should be made to Point Loma, as usual.

Entered at the Post-Office at Point Loma, Cal., as second-class matter Nov. 30th, 1901
Copyright, 1901, by Katherine Tingley

Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

The Key to the Temple

WHAT are you thinking of? How many people could answer that question satisfactorily or with credit?

In what state are you as you sit thinking?

The two questions are not identical, and both need attention. For thought is the key to the Temple of the Soul, a bridge of life that may be made to span the gulf of death.

Say that as you are doing something casual, a thought worth having comes into your mind, an idea about life capable of being put into practice. One also came yesterday, and the day before; but you have forgotten what they were. In the interval between today and yesterday you have lived as if you had not had that thought; it is lost.

But if the thought of yesterday had been seized and kept, and a few acts done in accordance with it—and especially if it had been recalled at bed-time—then it would be found that today another thought of value would have added itself to yesterday, and the sum of the two is much more worth than twice either one when it stands alone.

Visits of the Soul to the Mind

A good way is to keep a book, and to write there the thought of each day in the simplest and clearest words that fully express it. Then, on future days, these words must be used to bring back not only the thought they express, but also the general state of mind out of which that thought was born. The result is that the book then becomes a sort of *diary of the visits of the soul to the mind*, a storehouse of all the thoughts received. Through a rift in the mental clouds, a ray from the soul breaks in; and the book is a granary of the whole growing sheaf rays.

This is clearly not an ordinary diary of events, nor a conserve-jar of youthful sentimental plums.

The Thread of Permanent Existence

The result is that life becomes more and more purposeful, sustained and connected; *the thread of permanent spiritual existence is seized*. We learn to recognize the constant presence and help of the Soul, the divine Spectator, the individual Christ, the true self.

Variability of mood is surmounted; the will grows; the value of the faithful doing of "small" daily duties is learned; and they are done with a confidence, a strength, a peace, and a joy, that is a help to all about. At last it is seen that this way of doing duties is *the* method for clearing away the unperceived clouds between mind and soul.

That the thread of permanent spiritual existence *may be seized* in a few years, months, or even days, is a truth so great that few have even dared to think of its possibility. Yet this supreme joy is within reach. Then sleep and death are bridged.

It seems to be good to review the past, and, on proper occasion, not to reject the casual glimpses of memory. Our past contains many

How to Live in the Present

lessons, many experiences of failure and success. But the *state* in which it is reviewed is important. The shadow of *fear*, regret, or longing, are apt to come up. We ought not to tolerate any of these for a moment. They all darken the mind. *The use of the past is to teach us how to live the present*. There is no use in going into the lumber-room and weeping over the stains and rents in the garments that we wore ten years ago, however unsightly those stains may look. Many a man has been driven to insanity or suicide because he let some serpent creep out of the past and fasten its fangs of fear or remorse on his heart and brain.

FORWARD and THE LIGHT are our watchwords.

ENAVA

English Ritualists and Their Opponents

THE anti-Ritualist agitators in England certainly make up in energy what they as certainly lack in discretion. A Memorial service at St. Matthews church, Westminster, which was officially described as a "requiem for the repose of the soul of our sovereign lady, Queen Victoria," was violently disturbed by a party of these would-be reformers, who interrupted the service with loud exclamations, and seemed determined to make the proceedings impossible by physical force and shouting. Methods such as these are ill-judged and much to be deplored. If the Church of England is to be weaned from the influence of its evil advisers it will be done by the power of devotion and by the force of a pure and cleansing thought, and not by noisy denunciation nor by violence. Of this the whole history of religion furnishes countless proofs. Those who have the interests of the church intelligently at heart, and who are therefore competent to undertake its defence against Ritualistic and all other abuses, are gravely hampered in their efforts by those whom we may call the physical force reformers, who may noisily appeal, and with an apparent and momentary success, to a certain section of unthinking prejudice, but who as surely estrange the sympathies and tie the hands of those who would support a sane and therefore an effective protest.

American Masons at Jerusalem

A REPORT from Jerusalem contains an account of a most interesting ceremony of which that ancient city has just been the scene. Eight hundred American tourists having arrived by the White Star steamer "Celtic," a special Masonic meeting was convened under the auspices of the Royal Solomon Mother Lodge of Jerusalem. The assembly was at King Solomon's Quarries, and every Grand Lodge in North America was represented.

An occasion so unique and so glorious will certainly live long in Masonic annals. It must surely have served as a vivid reminder to those present of the ancient descent and high aims of their Order, and of the bond of Fraternity which, through it, encircles the world. May it result in a strengthening and a tightening of that bond in the coming years, and give to American Masons a clearer concept of their duty and of their mission, and an added determination to accomplish them. C.

A Happy and Prosperous Cuba

OUR dream of a happy and prosperous Cuba is advancing step by step toward its realization. Its long and arduous struggle for freedom, now so happily achieved, has earned for it the hearty congratulations of its well-wishers in its attainment to the position which we predicted, and which is but a preliminary to further and greater progress.

As an outward and visible sign of what Cuba has already done, its people are now energetically at work preparing for an exposition which will do honor to their country, and in which the Universal Brotherhood Organization will participate by the contribution of various articles of children's work in the different Art Departments.

All hearty good wishes to Cuba for the success of its exposition and for the prosperity of its beautiful country.

One of the Old Swedish Castles

The illustration on the cover page this week represents Gripsholms Slott (castle) on the south shore of the Malar Lake, about fifty miles from Stockholm, Sweden. The castle is now used as an historical museum, and is one of the more important points of interest for all visitors to Sweden.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Heart Pumps the Blood

SOME interesting results on the only partially understood problem of blood formation have been reached by Professor Gaule of Zurich. Examining his own blood and that of his wife before making a balloon ascent, and after an altitude of more than 15,000 feet had been reached, he found that in this short space of time an increase of 40 per cent in the number of blood cells had been attained.

The interesting fact is therefore proved that the number of oxygen-carrying cells in the blood is by no means a fixed or necessarily a slowly varying quantity, but that under suitable conditions a very large increase can be gained in very short time.

The treatment of anæmia in some of its varieties, of course, gains a good deal of light from the experiment. Within limits, a high altitude should be a great aid to other methods employed.

There is much more work to do on this and related lines. The question of personal temperament enters into the problem. Some happily constituted persons can hardly be made anæmic, and recover with great rapidity from serious hemorrhages. Others, of a more lymphatic and lethargic type, seem incapable of being anything but anæmic.

Live Your Life Cheerfully

But the deeper question arises—need a person sit down under his temperament as if it were an unalterable decree of fate? Assuredly not. It is an affair of will. The “lymphatic” or lethargic person who recognizes himself to be so, can undertake his own cure. That is, he can cure his *mental constitution*, and his physical encasement is likely to follow suit. The hopeless, sluggish temperament need not remain so. There is no inherent necessity for habitually looking on the difficulties of things, on the clouds of life. The habit of mental confidence, of expecting success, of dismissing memory of failures, of cultivating hope, is not difficult to acquire.

Professor Gaule's researches are greatly to be welcomed. That depressed mental conditions can quickly result in anæmia—even in a few hours—is known. That opposite conditions can cure it *in equally short time* is not known.

But Professor Gaule's experiment suggests the possibility, and is a link toward the establishment of the fact. M. R. C. S.

Science Has Grown Sordid

IN these pages we are accustomed to regard modern civilization as the result of a long and gradual decadence from a far past state of simple grandeur, and to forecast with longing hope man's sure return to a future state of grand simplicity made yet grander by the added results of experience. Now one of the signs of decadence is disintegration—the separating of wholes into parts. As a living body at death breaks up into a swarm of lesser lives which soon disrupt the organism, and as a commonwealth splits into factions, so does every simple whole breed a host of elements. This is an age of Analysis, an age of Division of Labor, a Departmental age.

This preamble might well introduce volumes of dissertation on the conditions of modern life and thought, but at present it serves to introduce some remarks on the separation between government and science in the United States. Professor Simon Newcomb, the astronomer, in the *North American Review* (February), bewails the status of American Science, which he attributes to the fact that the National Academy (which does really exist) is neglected by the Government. It is indeed well to have a body of men who will work gratuitously for the love of science and the good of country, but a little reciprocity on the part of that country, as represented by its Government, would encourage still further zeal and devotion. In other countries the academy is housed, financed, consulted, and patronized by the Government; but here it has nowhere to lay its head, must subscribe its own funds, and is not consulted by ministers desirous of introducing scientific improvements into administration. The result is that science has become professional, hence commercial, hence sordid and trammled by pelf. Thus it cannot maintain among nations the prestige to which its abilities justly entitle it.

National Academy Neglected

All this we conceive to be a result, or at least a specimen, of that lust for dividing things into departments spoken of above. “Government” has become an abstraction, abstracted from everything that constitutes true government. Space, however, compels us most reluctantly to leave this subject for the present; but, like the American Academy, we hope to secure from the powers that be adequate accommodation for a fuller discussion in the near future. H. T. E.

More Red Rain in Europe

METEOROLOGICAL reports from England show that there has been an extensive recurrence of the curious red dust showers which provoked so much research and even consternation three years ago. On each occasion the dust fell during fine, windless weather, and was of such a nature as to produce red stains on woodwork and to necessitate the rewashing of linen which had been exposed to dry.

On the appearance of this phenomenon three years ago it was ascertained that the arrival of similar showers of red dust has been recorded in previous centuries, not only in England but in other European countries, and that popular superstition had always associated them with the outbreak of war. A great many explanatory theories were advanced upon the last occasion, the most generally accepted being that the dust was carried by winds from the Sahara Desert. Its present recurrence will doubtless lead to further examination which will, we hope, result in the elucidation of an interesting scientific problem. In this case the shower appears to have been confined to the southwestern portion of the island, but in the previous case the shower was very wide spread, deeply coloring the reservoir water in many widely apart localities.

The Situation in Spain

NUMEROUS and authentic statements are current as to the deliberations which are now taking place in Madrid with regard to the possible necessity of prolonging the regency, in order that the young king's health may be more strongly established and that he may complete his education by a course of foreign travel. Various suggestions are in the air for meeting the difficulty, an alternative to the prolongation of the regency being the formation of a sort of king's council consisting of the Queen Regent, the President of the Cortes, the Archbishop of Toledo and the former President of the Council of Ministers.

Whatever may be the outcome of the present difficulties, we feel assured that any expedient or plan which is based on an implied appeal to the devotion and the loyalty of the Spanish people, will not be in vain. The lot of a national ruler is never a light nor an easy one. It requires physical health as well as mental sagacity and experience, and any additional time which is spent in acquiring these advantages for the young king will certainly be wisely and judiciously expended. An enlightened patriotism is a necessary basis for the solution of every national problem, and with this virtue of patriotism the Spanish people have always been richly endowed. STUDENT

Lessons in the Cost of War

THE little South American Republics may be ridiculous enough in their perpetual quarrels, but they are an excellent object lesson. After all, size is a relative affair. These little Republics don't quarrel more often or scheme to outwit each other (N. B. “Diplomacy” is the proper word when the *big fellows* do the scheming) more constantly than the “great” Powers.”

But the lesson lies in this: That you have here exhibited in an acute form the poverty, misery, depression of trade, and degradation of national life that must ensue whenever nations attempt to out-rival each other in the size of their armies and navies. This is not so clear in the case of wealthier nations—as yet. These little Republics *are now* where the great European Powers *will be*.

For instance, the debt of the Republic of Uruguay is \$124,000,000, or \$148 for every man, woman, and child. In Argentina it is \$129. The interest and redemption charges on this makes an average for every inhabitant of about \$7 annually. And this does not include some provincial and municipal debts, nor the circulating paper money.

The result is a continual attempt on the part of the people to own and produce nothing that is taxable; met of course by a continually increasing taxation list. And so it goes on. The further result is bankruptcy, a fate now hanging over Argentina and Chile.

And the remedy? Surely Federalization, a "South American Uncle Sam," one army and navy, honesty in administration, an honest ballot-box not tampered with by the government, and the abolition of political clericalism.
STUDENT

Music the Language of Emotion ❀

FEELINGS do not reside in the mind; they are the property of the soul. The mind is the instrument by means of which feelings are translated into intellectual perception. But there is another perception which is entirely independent; far deeper and not susceptible to such violent fluctuations. By means of the deeper perception man discerns a new world within himself as well as the relations which connect him with the world of sense. Music is the fascinating agent that can transport the sluggish imagination beyond the gross and commonplace.

Every man has his own peculiar state of development which determines for him how he shall receive impressions. No two individuals are alike, consequently their emotions differ though their attention may be directed to the same object.

Music is the only medium that evokes emotions that are quite nearly alike in some persons. This is not alone due to the idea or the melody which is conveyed by the music, but to the rhythm combined with melody. For instance, a march will evoke a certain unequivocal feeling, so will a waltz or a hymn. In more elaborate pieces of music in the performance of which the idea of the composer and that of the inspired performer are joined, the listener is also drawn more or less in the harmonious circle. There may be much divergence, but a certain unity remains, being compelled, first, by the idea contained in the melody, and second, by the additional color which is given to it by the conscientious performer, and thirdly, it must be remembered that music impinges on the auditory organ by simple physical vibration, thus causing the attention to be arrested by compulsion. This factor is absent in the other fine arts.

There are then three distinct things that enter into the consideration of a musical concept: The melody of the composer, the artist who renders the composition and the listener who takes it in.

The composer has an idea which he wishes to express. In all well conceived music it can be taken for granted that the most refined emotions underlie such a conception, however imperfectly it may have been brought down to the plane of pen and ink. The performing artist, under whose touch the cold transcript evolves into living sound no doubt supplies from his own refined nature the missing link between the ideal concept of the composer and the material transcription of the same; and by virtue of interpretation perhaps adding a quota of truth which had remained unwritten. The attentive listener supplies out of his own wealth of emotion all the rest, perhaps more, of what was left unexpressed or was possible to bring down to the plane of actual hearing. As he drinks in the magnificent strains of sound and melody a whole host of indescribable emotions is called up before the soul, speaking a language entirely its own to the exclusion of everything else. The performing artist gets most of his inspiration from the audience. If there is no sympathetic response from them the musical intuition of the artist is chilled out.

While the artist musician is considered the real interpreter of a composition and supposed to be away in advance of his audience in feeling and musical knowledge, the listeners have a great deal to do with furnishing the substratum or musical atmosphere which calls out the inspiration of the artist. It is an error to assume that the musician has really superior feelings. The faculty for exquisite execution does not necessarily make loftier emotions. It is quite possible for a cultivated listener to get more out of the music than the artist himself.

Music suggests more than it conveys; it rides on the crest of emotions which it awakes; and since the quality of emotion arises from experiences out of man's far remote and distant past, it is not in the least surprising to find a very deep appreciation of the beauties of music among many so-called unmusical people. The fact is that music is a form of language touching the very heart-strings of the inner life and all the higher emotions which are stored up in every human being. It is utter folly to think and say, "I have no ear for music;" every one has a substratum

of feeling which music will interpret. On the other hand, such a condition of mind can easily be cultivated by persistent denial to himself of this divine faculty, that he will actually refuse to entertain receptivity for congenial music; in that case his soul is a blank to its language. There are grades and shades of perception, but there is no soul that is actually and entirely deaf to music, because the life of the soul is music itself. Each one has his own sweet melodies in his heart. The growth of a flower is a symphony of harmonious pulsations, displaying in its unfoldment the pure undefiled emotions of its antecedent stages and its very



A WINTER SCENE IN THE HARBOR AT STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN

existence is a song of joy. And man, the eternal pilgrim and experienced recorder of all past evolution; has not he stored up within him the wisdom of the ages? What pictures of vast and inexpressible delight are not hidden in him? and now, that his God has joined him as his guide and companion on his onward journey towards perfection — what supernal ecstasies are waiting for his recognition.
STUDENT

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;
Our Joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.—POPE

If I had to live my life again, I would have made it a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week, for perhaps the part of my brain now atrophied would then have kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature.—DARWIN

Nature's Lace Work in Green



Birds of Loma-land

AS I was strolling round the Homestead the other evening just before sunset, I saw what seemed to be a thin, black line of smoke drifting northward over San Diego Bay. It might have been the smoke from a passing steamer, and I was about to leave it when it suddenly took on a serpentine movement very different to the passive motion of a column of smoke. The long black line made a decided bend in our direction and headed directly for the coast, and now a perfect tempest of sounds was borne to our ears. The shrill trumpeting of geese, a confused babel of cackling, and dominant over all the sonorous "honk, honk" of the ganders, made the whole air resonant with sound. There was some confusion as they executed their maneuver, and they showed now dark, and now light in the rays of the setting sun.

Later in the evening, after darkness had set in, another flock of geese passed up the coast and again the air resounded with the shrill cackling and the loud "honk, honk." A physician in England was visiting a patient late one night and as he left the house he was surprised to find the ground covered, as it appeared, with snow, though the weather was by no means cold. He stooped to examine this snow and found the streets and sidewalks literally paved with sleeping geese. A large flock must have been overcome with fatigue and descended without taking ordinary precautions for their safety. The physician picked his way between the slumbering forms, and when he looked out of the window early the next morning there was no sign of a goose to be seen. There is something startling in the sudden apparition of a great company of noisy birds in the silent solitude of the upper air, it is unexpected and unlooked for, but the surprise dies away for we know that birds do migrate from one place to another, and we have just happened to witness one of their journeys. Sometimes a great event or a great series of events appears of a sudden in an uneventful life. We are astounded, and if the occurrence is a painful one we complain and wonder why these afflictions should descend upon us.

As the unexpected geese were hatched and reared in their distant marshes and have all along been preparing for their appearance in the sky overhead, so the apparently "causeless curses" which appear in our lives have also their origin, it may be, in lives far back, but under all-embracing Law which knows no lapse of memory, they bide their time and "the chickens come home to roost" at the appointed hour.

STUDENT

A Botanical Note

IT has long been known that certain among the orders of insects—*e.g.*, ants—keep servants. That plants do the same is a more recent discovery; but men, animals, and plants are now known to stand in line in this respect also.

Many plants and trees receive the aid of fungi in their growth and nutrition. The fungi grow about the roots, sometimes completely encasing them. The threads of the dense fungus feltwork extend from the root out into the soil, and take the place of the root-hairs which ordinarily discharge the function of conveying nourishment from the soil to the roots. At the other end the fungus-fibers insert themselves between the cells of the root.

These fungi are not parasites. They may receive a certain amount of wages in the form of plant juices or magnetism; but mainly they are purveyors from soil to plant, and they make what they take from the soil easy of assimilation by the plant. It seems probable that this

process, now known to obtain here and there—*e.g.*,

in pine, oak, birch, and heath families—is really universal in vegetable nature, though the intermediary fungus is not yet recognized.

Further research among the cells that cap the ends of the root-hairs will probably bring it to light.

At this rate, fungi serve as the nutrition link between the inorganic molecule and the highly specialized organic cell of the plant. But there

may, of course, be other intermediary layers of living matter doing for the fungus what that does for the plant, handing up from one

to another the inorganic molecule with many transformations till at last it is fit for plant assimilation. It would be interesting if it should

turn out that the plant *does*, after all, consume the minute *fruit* of the fungus—its spores, and in

that form obtain the nutriment in the most vitalized condition to which the fungus could raise the inorganic material. Vegetarians might work this out. At all events

the matter is interesting and quite suggestive to the thoughtful student of nature—whether in the plant, the animal, or the human. BOTANIST



Night-blooming Cereus

THE works of Nature and the works of revelation display religion to mankind in characters so large and visible that those who are not quite blind may in them see and read the first principles and most necessary parts of it, and from thence penetrate into those infinite depths filled with the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.—LOCKE

NATURE is the chart of God, mapping out all His attributes; art is the shadow of His wisdom, and copieth His resources.

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

The Promise of Archaeology

THE strides made by scientists in the field of archaeological research during recent years have been incredibly great. More has been accomplished in the last seven years than in the preceding twenty-five or fifty. In fact, very little attention has been paid to this branch of science. Until recently men, with few exceptions, have been content with reading *about* this or that, and have contented themselves with conjectures and hypotheses with regard to facts which were not set down in books. But about twenty-five years ago the seeds of a new impulse were planted in thinking minds the world over, and our scientists began to bestir themselves. They turned from the "philoso-



Stones of Slidderly Cromlech, Newcastle, Eng., Exhumed by Dr. Petrie, Resembling the Trilithons of Stonehenge

phy of accepting the opinions of others" to what might be called the "philosophy of finding out for themselves." The easy chair became less fascinating than the spade and shovel. Desiring to look below the surface and discover the truth for themselves, they set to work to dig. The result is that remarkable discoveries have been made. In Egypt Dr. Petrie and others have, by their investigations, made it necessary that the histories of Egypt, which we studied in our school days, be revised. The archaeological explorations made in Chaldea, in Syria, in the ruins of the ancient city of Nippur, and many other places in the Orient, have played havoc with current Biblical chronology, and have proven that the historic races which inhabited those lands have a far greater antiquity than has been believed to be the case. The archaeologists have even discovered in modern Europe monuments, inscriptions and tracteries on stone which are making necessary a radical revision of anthropology, ethnology and kindred sciences.

Probably no archaeologist is better known than Dr. Petrie. Others have made discoveries, in some respects as great, particularly in Central America. But Dr. Petrie began his labors when archaeology as a science did not command the recognition it does at present, and when the greatest sacrifices on his part were necessary to provide the funds. There was lack of the general enthusiasm on this subject which exists today. Recently he has turned his attention away from Egypt to England, and in excavating Stonehenge has added to the debt we owe him. For humanity is perpetually the debtor to those who really bring back into human life some of the knowledge which once was ours, but which we have forsaken or forgotten.

In discovering, by his painstaking excavations, that Stonehenge was an ancient Sun Temple, used by peoples anterior to the Bronze Age, who possessed a high degree of civilization and who were undoubtedly sun-worshippers, Dr. Petrie has proven that some of our old English legends have a deeper stratum of truth underneath than many "historical facts." It is possible that archaeology will yet discover the real meaning of the stones of Slidderly Cromlech, Newcastle, (see illustration) which bear a curious resemblance to the huge trilithons of Stonehenge.

But the discoveries made by our archaeologists in the Americas, North, South, and Central, during the last ten or fifteen years, are even more fertile of important facts. While much has been learned of the ancient races that once inhabited this land from the explorations made in the "Cliff-Dwellings," more is to be revealed in the near future. The

mummy-pits of Peru have unfolded many a tale and are only one of the numerous links which strangely connect this land with ancient Egypt. The same may be true when the Serpent Mound of Ohio is thoroughly explored and its secrets understood. Mexico, Yucatan, California, and many parts of Central America are waiting for the archaeologist who shall carry with him, besides his pick and shovel, a knowledge of a true philosophy of life, and such historical knowledge as will enable him to formulate and place the information he may gain, or the discoveries he may make. Thus will he form new links with our mighty prehistoric past. It is not a mere accident that a coin closely resembling those of ancient Egypt should be picked up during the progress of excavations in Alaska. It is not a mere accident that the stone cut face upon a ruin in Uxmal, Yucatan, should be almost exactly like the portraits carved upon the obelisks of ancient Egypt. It is not a mere accident that many of the vases, jars, and ornaments being found in the ruins of Mexico and Central America should so closely resemble those of ancient Egyptian tombs. These are but straws showing the direction of the wind. They are merely signs that the Leader of the Theosophical movement was not making an idle statement when she said "America is the ancient Land of Light. It is the oldest continent in the world, older than Egypt, older than India, and from it both of these countries derived all that was best in their civilization."

Time was when the archaeologist received slender help from the public purse and scanty recognition from the public itself. The modern archaeological explorer has reason to congratulate himself that all this is changed. Today well organized bureaus exist for the purpose of aiding archaeological research, and in this enterprise America takes the lead. There are already American schools at Rome, Jerusalem, and Athens. The American Archaeological Institute will, it is hoped, make special effort to facilitate explorations throughout America. So far the results gained have far exceeded expectations and the next twenty-five, or even ten years will, unless all signs fail, bring to light even more conclusive proofs of the



Pottery Found in Ancient Ruins in Mexico

enormous antiquity of the American continent, and of the fact that mighty races once dwelt here, far transcending in civilization those of our own day. It is unnecessary to say that close students in all departments of research watch these developments with peculiar interest. STUDENT

The Historians of Nature, by Hugh Miller

Nature will be reported; all things are engaged in writing its history. The planet, the pebble, goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain, the river its channels in the soil, the animal its bones in the stratum, the fern and leaf their modest epitaph in the coal. The fallen drop makes its sculpture in the sand or stone; not a foot-step in the snow, or along the ground, but prints in characters more or less lasting a map of its march; every act of man inscribes itself in the memories of his fellows, and in his own face. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens, the ground of memoranda and signatures; and every object is covered over with hints, which speak to the intelligent.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

IN studying the best interests of human life, one is sent hither and thither in an endeavor to solve some of the very hardest problems, and in my experience with unfortunates in the prisons, unfortunates in the streets, unfortunates in the insane asylums, unfortunates in homes of poverty, even unfortunates in the homes of the wealthy, I have found that wherever the human heart could be touched, even at a time when the mind was indifferent to all that was bright and beautiful; that when the tender feelings of human nature could be aroused, when hope could be ingrained, then the soul stepped out to sing its song of gladness to the world and to show that music has a potent power which is not yet understood even by the greatest musicians of the age.

They study and study, and work and work, feeling in their souls all the time that they are but upon the very fringe of music, that they are but touching the very first step of this great ladder of soul development. I believe, indeed I know, that many will agree with me that we, as a human race, do not make the proper atmosphere for genius and for all the powers of the soul to manifest. We are brotherly by birth, we are brotherly by nature, but we are so separate in our interests that we too often lose sight of the glorious and golden opportunities that are just at hand. We pass them by and leave them for another century to recognize and improve.

I hold that humanity, in its great heart cry for the more simple, the more beautiful, the more inspiring, the more godlike in life, is demanding of us something better to live for, something better to die for, and that something is right at our very doors. In the recesses of our hearts, in the secret chambers of our souls, are harmonies and harmonies—if we would but let them out; if we would but admit as a people that we are only standing on the margin of real life; if we would but admit that there is so much yet to learn; if we would but confess that our mental powers, our mental forces, our intellectual life is dead and useless unless we have behind the living power of the soul, unless we can sing all day and all night, and all through life and down the ages, the divinity of the law in every thought and in every act.

Now, how can we best get together as a people, not simply as the people of a town, nor the people of America, but as the people of the world, as the world's children; how can we get together to simplify these problems of life, and to apply the method to every day's doings, so that we may manifest these divine laws in our lives?

To me, as I said before, music, the power of music and the drama, is here close at hand for us to utilize as best we can. We know that in ancient times, when human lives were more simple, drama and music were raised to a very high standard.

We know that there was expressed in all the dramatic presentations, mighty pictures of pathos and of humor. We know that all these forces playing upon the human mind with a high motive, had a power to revivify human life and to start it out in a new way upon its long journey.

Ages and ages have passed since that time, and we have been moving away from each other because we did not know our heritage, because we did not believe in the divine qualities of our nature, and so today we have music and we have drama; but how much there is presented in the name of drama and of music that is pernicious.

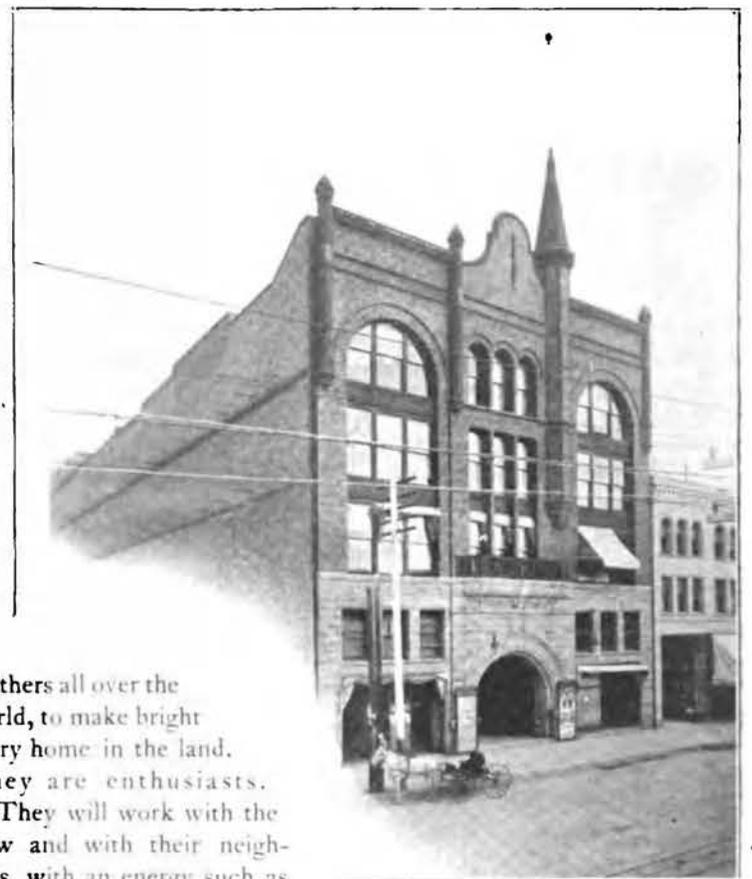
And so when the opportunity came to me to purchase this beautiful opera house I more deeply felt that in San Diego and all over the world there was a yearning for the higher expression of drama and of music. I seized the opportunity, and I propose to make that opportunity a golden one, not only for this part of the country but for the whole of America, and possibly for the whole world. My proposition is to have music in every household, to open the doors of this theater to the working people, for the poor and for the rich alike to come in and partake freely of the education which we propose to offer to the public.

I propose also to have presented here some of the classic dramas. I propose to work with all my might, assisted by my students and by the good people of San Diego, to place Shakespearean characters

**Address of Katherine Tingley in
the Opera House at San Diego,
Sunday Evening, March 16, 1902**

upon this stage, in such a way as will do honor to the memory of that great creator of drama and also do honor to this city. More than that, I mean also to present such plays and dramas as will be enjoyable to those who have not the time to study the deeper problems of the classics.

Take the working men. We know that the working men are the bone and sinew of our nation. We owe something to the working men, and it is for them that plays will be brought out here in such a way that they can have all the humor and the wit that they can desire, free from all that is degrading and pernicious. We owe something to the working men's children as well, and it is for them that we shall have plays here on an educative and an entertaining line, such as cannot be given in any other part of the world. One may ask, How can this be done? I will tell you. At Point Loma there is a large number of people, people of talent, students of human nature, men and women intensely in earnest to uplift their



Front View of Opera House at San Diego, Cal., Recently Purchased by Katherine Tingley

brothers all over the world, to make bright every home in the land. They are enthusiasts.

They will work with the Law and with their neighbors, with an energy such as you have never seen. I know it, for I have witnessed it myself. Now in bringing

these propositions to you we must not forget those who have entered into the theatrical work, the professional men and women who depend upon their vocation for bread and butter for their little children, and so it would not be brotherly of me, nor of you, to carry on this work of the Isis League of Music and Drama so exclusively that these people should be shut out from the opportunity of earning a livelihood and working for true art. My hope is to ennoble the arts of music and the drama, and thus to enrich human life. My hope is to make this work here in this theater so forceful that it will penetrate every nook and corner of this City and *in time* it will not be necessary to have special police for protection. We shall not have to make any special effort on ordinary lines to undo the evils of our city. I do hope that when I come to this theater to work I shall see even those who are considered the worst in the town, in the State, sitting here and receiving the influences of this brotherly love of the San Diego people, united with the efforts of the members on the Hill.

Let us commence at once. Let us question ourselves and ask, are we doubters or believers in the Divine Law? Let us question ourselves

and ask, are we willing to take up this cross of human endeavor, for poor orphaned humanity? Do we really wish to do it? If we do, in the twinkling of an eye the way will be made clear. I am not talking on visionary lines. I am talking from experience. Mine have been strange and remarkable ones. I have learned to study human nature in all its phases, and I have learned to study myself, and in so doing I have gained an insight of the Law governing human life, and I believe it is possible for you, and for me, to clear away all the debris of doubt and criticism, and everything that comes in the path of a true worker, and to find opportunities and opportunities all along the road, and to grasp them, to utilize them, to apply them to the needs of human kind.

Now in this work we shall certainly find that there must necessarily be a larger interpretation of music, a larger interpretation of the drama and a larger application of both. We shall find that we shall broaden out wisely and widely and compassionately, and as we do so, the light will come.

Think of it. In this glorious land, God's land. Truly, it is God's land. It seems to have been selected for some mighty work, and I cannot believe that real prosperity will come to the state until all the people realize its beneficence. I hold too that San Diego has a special mission. I have declared, and I still declare, that it is to be a great seat of learning, and if you could but have one hundredth part of the faith which I have in it, one hundredth part of my enthusiasm, we would

gods. I know you do, and I also believe that if you do but work thoughtfully and spiritually, and understandingly, and hopefully, that all that you think evil in this city will disappear, and that some of this class may yet become your best citizens.

Now you must acknowledge that certain teachings that we are born to live about a hundred years and then to go to a point in space is not a hopeful one. But however that may be, we must all begin to work quickly, for here we have the children growing up about us. The age, the time, the very atmosphere of the Twentieth Century is opening their minds to new questionings. Theirs is a broader comprehension of life. They are more intuitive than the children of twenty years ago. There is a larger demand made by them on the mothers and the fathers. I heard one of our boys on the Hill about ten years of age talking about citizenship and asking me to point out some of the best examples in San Diego. I suppose little children are asking similar questions all over the world. So if we cannot go out into the broad field and work for our neighbors and for our brothers and sisters all over the world, we will surely do something more for our children. If we are to have better examples of public and private life, we must have a higher standard for these children, else we shall meet pictures and we shall have experiences that will not be pleasant to think of some day. Truly the children are calling for something new. They are calling for higher examples, truer expressions of a simpler life. They are calling for the heart doctrine, and it is not until we can begin to live the heart doctrine, until we can begin to apply it, that we can work truly and Christ like.

One would not dare step outside the ordinary experiences of life—there is so much to meet with that is appalling and discouraging—if there were not all these hopes and all these opportunities, and if we had not within ourselves this great remedial power.

I do not suppose that I love your city any more than you do. I do not suppose that I love humanity any more than you do, but I can assure you that in the morning as the Sun rises up over the Hills of Loma-land, as I look over on this city, I wish for the power of the gods that I might touch your hearts and make you move instantly into the consciousness of your power and of your possibilities for your City and for humanity. Were you to do this, all that is discouraging in your lives would entirely pass away, and we should verily have a godlike city, and we should verily be a godlike people.

There is one thing that has bound me to San Diego. I have always felt a sympathy for it, for it has had almost as many hard rubs and knocks as I have, and this is one of the reasons, if I had no other, that would make me quite sure that it would some time be a great city, because it was worth hitting, because like myself, it seems to be in the way of a certain class of people.

I am picturing the day when the railroads now growing are connected with this city. I am picturing the day when our lines of steamers will be coming and going to the Orient. I am picturing the day when all the nations will pay tribute to your city. Well I remember the first time I saw it. I remember my first impressions of it, and I have a way sometimes of looking just a little ahead. I had time that day to look ahead ten years, only ten years. Four have passed. I saw it a transfigured city. I saw buildings, architecturally beautiful, crowning the hills. I saw wonderful institutions of learning. I saw a new people. You too were transformed. You had all found your places. You had found your strength. You had found your Divinity.

THE most remarkable tree yet discovered is in the island of Pierro, one of the largest of the Canary group. This island is so dry that not even a rivulet is to be found, yet there is a species of tree, the leaves of which are narrow and long, and continue green throughout the year. There is a constant cloud surrounding the tree, which is condensed, and, falling in drops, keeps the cisterns placed under them constantly full. In this manner the natives of Pierro obtain water, and as the supply is limited, the population must of necessity be limited also.

SORROW is a kind of rust of the soul, which every new idea contributes in its passage to scour away. It is the putrefaction of stagnant life, and is remedied by exercise and motion.—JOHNSON

NARROW minds think nothing right that is above their own capacity.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD



Rear View of Opera House, Showing Stage Entrance and Store Fronts on Fifth Street

make it verily a second Athens. Now the question is, how is it to be done? If we were to lift our eyes away from this city and were to gaze into the blue sky at the picture of promise painted by the gods, of the Athens of this land, there would, I admit, be a large gap

between the two. I think if we were to look too long at that picture we should lose faith in the possibility of its accomplishment, but we need not look at all. All we have to do is to decide to unite in the thought, that this city shall be a city of learning, that this city shall be a musical city, that this city shall send forth out through the world, artists of the highest standing, and as soon as you can attune yourselves to that idea, then stop your criticisms, and let your mentality take a vacation, for it is argument and discussion, discussion and argument that are killing out the life of humanity. Let us have less of it. Let us have more work and less talk. Let us begin to create higher ideals for our people. Let us declare that this shall be a model city on all lines, and if you will agree with me and hold to it and work for it, it shall be so.

I fancy I hear some good old souls who have plodded along all their lives trying to turn the universe to their views, say, What shall we do with all the selfish men and women, and all the liquor dealers and all the criminals? Begin on this new plan and the power of your efforts will call out the best in their natures. I believe you possess the powers of the



DEDICATION OF THE CHILDREN'S MUSICAL TEMPLE OF RAJA YOGA SCHOOL, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Like Noble Knights of Old

"WHEN I grow up," observed Frank, "I shall be a soldier."

"Oh," said his chum, Bert, looking up from his book with interest. "Yes," continued Frank, "my father was one; you should hear the stories he tells sometimes."

"Well," said Bert, "so should I, but I think I should like to grow into one."

"Grow," repeated Frank, "grow into a soldier, why, you become one, like everybody else, and if you do your duty like a man some day you will be a general."

"Well, I suppose that is so, but the soldiers I like best are knights who become knights through overcoming difficulties in themselves, and defending people who are in need of help. Oh, yes, Frank," and Bert threw back his head and his eyes shone, "I do think we can grow into knights, holding great shining shields and a sword! A shield that nothing can pierce and a sword that will defend us as if by magic! I shall be a knight. It is greater, greater far than simply using a sword that is given you; anyone can do that, but to use the magic shield and sword you must first have the strength and nobility of a knight. You know it's all very well to long for things that look splendid, that make you feel brave and all the rest of it, but can't you see——"

"No, I don't," interrupted Frank, "I don't understand you at all. I suppose you must have a magical mind as well."

"Yes," answered Bert, not in any way put out. "People go to war to decide some quarrel or other, and to settle the point they kill a lot of innocent people, but if we thought more about justice, and with human feeling not to give pain, then things would be different."

"But you would still want swords and you would have to fight?"

"Yes, but can't you see things might be different," said Bert, rubbing his head vehemently. "Swords are used now because we have lost the power to use the magic ones. We can win that power back again. Suppose everyone took a little more interest in that which the war was about and tried more to see the right and wrong of it, and then take their stand more inside. That's the point," continued Bert, growing excited. "Take your stand inside, and your armor will be a dauntless spirit to fight for the right, and I believe if you are really taking a stand for justice, for the right; the love of justice and truth will shine in your heart and so appear like a shield to those who can see deeper into your nature, and the will to defend will flash over you, clothing you in armor, and in your hand will be a sword—a sword that will shine, shine among men, a light for the love of truth."

"Yes," said Frank, his eyes flashing, "there is a greater glory in that. It is class time. We had better go. These knights must be fine fellows."



Play-time at Loma-land

STUDENT

NO one knows just how old he is, because George Washington Simms is one of those little boys who have no parents and for whom no one seems to care very much. And so a few days ago he was caught by the police and brought to the Justice Court and accused of ever so many dreadful things, but the very worst charge of all was that he was dressed in rags, and had no shoes nor stockings, and probably not nearly enough to eat. If the police could only catch all the little boys who have no parents, nor shoes, nor food, what a busy time they would have.

George Washington Simms was a pretty little boy with curling black hair and a heart as full of fun and mischief as it could be. And the Judge wanted to hear all about him; and so it seems that when George's mother died his father sent him to school, and then very soon his father was killed in an accident and so there was no one to take care of him. After that nobody seems to know quite what became of him until a complaint was made that he was being cruelly beaten by some people with whom he was living, and so he was taken from them and put into the Orphan Asylum and although no one knows quite how old he was then, his age was certainly not more than five years, so that he was still quite a baby and yet old enough to be beaten and to be quite alone and friendless.

With such a beginning in life he must surely feel very young and very old too, all at the same time. But in spite of this he was full of fun, which makes me think that perhaps one day he will be a hero, for heroes are always looking at the bright things in the future, and away from the dark things. He was so full of fun that even when he was put into prison before being brought to the Court he met another little boy there and he snatched his cap off and threw it out of the window, which of course was a dreadful (!) thing to do and a thing which no little boy has ever been known to do before. And so the Judge had to say what was to be done with this dreadful little ragged criminal, and he decided that he must be sent to the Reformatory in order to be taught how wrong it is to

have no parents, and to snatch away the caps of other little boys. Now just as the Judge was about to order him to be sent away to the Reformatory, which is certainly not a very nice place, he hesitated for a moment, and then he suddenly changed his mind. No one knows quite why he changed his mind, but I think there must have been something in George's face which taught the Judge a lesson, a lesson which only good men can learn. I think he must have seen that George had something very fine and brave and strong underneath all the mischief, and perhaps he saw that there are two ways to train a child; one way makes all the good come out on to the top and the other way makes all the bad show itself and be the master. And so, as I say, the Judge suddenly changed his mind. He said that George should not go to the Re-

Full of Fun True of Heart

formatory, but that he himself would do something for him, and so he arranged to have him sent to a good school where they know how to treat boys and how to be kind to them so that they may be strong and

brave men. I think one day we may hear some more about George Washington Simms and if he only keeps his brave little heart it will surely be something good.

STUDENT

able to leave the country. At one time he was obliged to disguise himself as a courier, and to prevent detection avoided the inn at one village and slept on straw in the stable! And this member of the French nobility with wealth, honor and position at his command, yet preferred to suffer privation in the ranks of a patriot army, to starve and freeze on the shores of Lake Champlain and dare Cornwallis at Brandywine! And for what? For the privilege of being called "a dreamer." In his willingness to fight for and die, if need be, for that in which he believed, Lafayette was a true Theosophist. Have we, as Americans, ever paid the debt we owe to France?

Although enlisting as a volunteer, Lafayette was granted by Congress the rank of "Major-General in the United States." He was most impersonal. When Washington remarked to him on the occasion of a review of the troops, "We feel embarrassed to exhibit ourselves before an officer who has just quitted French troops," he replied, "It is to learn and not to teach that I come hither!" In many crises Washington found Lafayette's services invaluable, particularly so with the treaties finally made with the Seneca and Mohawk Indians. He was one of the board who tried and con-

MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE & THEOSOPHIST

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 9

demned poor Andre, Benedict Arnold's tool. And it was largely due doubtless to the prestige given to the patriot cause in France by Lafayette's connection with it, that the French alliance was finally formed. The English, seeing that he was little more than a youth, underestimated his importance. "The boy cannot escape me," wrote Cornwallis, boastfully. But at Yorktown Lafayette commanded one of the detachments which hemmed in Cornwallis and ended the Revolutionary War. And this battle, too, was not won by powder and bullets merely. It, too, was but another evidence of the mercy of the great Law. It was but another proof that those *who will not surrender when they are in the right*, cannot be defeated. The final victory will be theirs.

When Lafayette went back to his beloved France, a great hope was burning in his heart. In his mind was a picture, a prophetic picture of republican France. He carried back with him the inspiration of America's independence. He gave to France its first badge of freedom, the tri-color. The people, as a sign of their disloyalty to the royal family, had adopted the colors of the old capital, the blue and red. To these Lafayette, with fascinating diplomacy, added the royal white. "And I prophesy," said he as he placed the cockade in his cap, "that this badge will go round the world!" He brought to the court and to the people republican ideals and emblems. In his study Lafayette hung a large framed *carton*, one-half of which contained the American Declaration of Independence, the other half being left blank. "It awaits," said he, "the Declaration of Independence of France." In Lafayette's nature there was a deep love of the poetic and the symbolic, which often led him to formulate his hopes as if they were prophecies.

Still fighting for this ideal of freedom and brotherhood, he was a member of the Assembly of Notables. When the Bastille fell and a strong hand was needed to maintain civil order, Lafayette was chosen to command the National Guard of Paris. He voted in the Assembly to abolish all titles of nobility and never, thereafter, bore the title of Marquis. Yet he, like Paine, was opposed to the execution of the king, and his position was difficult. The people suspected him of aiding the royal family. The royal family hated him and looked with suspicion on his attempt to save their lives, because of his republican ideals and his sympathy for the people. Like Paine, Lafayette was hostile to the Jacobins, and when he finally exposed their intrigues in the National Assembly the latter body, itself traitorous to the ideals which it claimed to hold, denounced him. Knowing what that meant, and having no desire to see his life ended by the guillotine, Lafayette left his beloved France. Heart-broken over the massacre, for the people were taking sad liberties with his faith in them, Lafayette crossed the frontier to the enemy's outposts at Rochefort. Even that was better than remaining in France, though it cost him five years of imprisonment in the miserable prisons of Wesel, Madgeburg and finally Olmutz in Moravia.

One of the sweetest pictures in all history is that of Lafayette's devotion to his girl-wife and of her unselfish devotion to him. He was but a mere youth when he married, she was little more than a child. He left her, with her baby daughter, on the estate in France when he came to America. He was then only nineteen. Those who have read some of the secrets of the human

heart well know that, in giving all that she loved best to the service of humanity, she was a true warrior, capable of the warrior's trust and sacrifice. She was devoted to her husband, yet never once did this devotion selfishly claim him. When he felt that duty urged him to give up the comforts of private life for the sake of humanity, Madame de Lafayette smiled through her tears and said, "Go—I wish it." And when her husband was imprisoned in the Austrian dungeons she sought the Emperor Francis II and begged for his release. Alas! the name of Lafayette was too formidable. The emperor refused her petitions, but graciously permitted Madame de Lafayette and her daughter to share his imprisonment on condition that, once having entered the dungeon walls, *they were never to leave them*. Gladly she acquiesced. And, when her health failed under the privations of existence in those miserable prisons, she was not allowed to leave for even a few weeks. She was quietly reminded by her jailers of the conditions under which she entered! Madame de Lafayette never recovered from her experience in these prisons, and ten years later died.

Lafayette, like Paine and Washington, preferred war

"Where Rail and Tide Meet, There Cast Anchor"

Investors, Speculators, & Real Estate Dealers

GET IN ON THE
GROUND FLOOR
AT SAN DIEGO
EARLY

San Diego is the Open Door to the Orient & Investors now will be Capitalists later

CAN'T YOU SEE THE HAND OF DESTINY?

- 2700 miles saved in encircling the globe via this port
- Three Transcontinental Railroads heading for this Harbor
- The Commerce of the Southwest and of the Pacific is being concentrated at the Bay of San Diego
- Look out for Big Developments; the Market is active now

If you want to Buy or Sell there, address

D. C. Reed

Established 1870

Ex-Mayor of San Diego

Patronize Home Industry, build up This City, increase the value of Your Own Property

Pleasance & Son

PRACTICAL

UPHOLSTERERS

Parlor Furniture, Couches, Lounges, Mattresses, Spring Beds, etc.

REPAIRED OR RECOVERED

Our specialties are First-Class Workmanship & Low Prices

CARPETS & FINE RUGS CLEANED BY THE CELEBRATED HELLER PROCESS

BON TON UPHOLSTERY HOUSE

1154 Fifth Street, San Diego

Telephone Red 1926

Griswold Block

Largest and Best Stock of Jewelry
in SAN DIEGO

C. W. ERNSTING'S

Repair Work of all Kinds
Manufacturer of Jewelry
Large Stock of Souvenir
Spoons

915 FIFTH STREET SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Isis

Conservatory of Music

of the

Universal Brotherhood Point Loma, Cal.

San Diego Branch, 1940 B Street

Personal applications and inquiries received every Saturday by the Secretary at 1940 B Street, San Diego. . . .
Hours 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Full particulars sent by mail on application . . . Address

J. H. FUSSELL, Secretary and Treasurer Isis Conservatory of Music, POINT LOMA, CAL.

FINE APPLES FROM THE MOUNTAINS, BELLFLOWERS, PIPPINS ETC.

Good Tea at Sixty Cents, India, Ceylon, Gunpowder, Hyson, Oolong Breakfast and Japan

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF FANCY GROCERIES

HAMILTON BROS.

933 FIFTH STREET SAN DIEGO, CAL.

The

LEADING REAL ESTATE BROKER in SAN DIEGO IS

E. J. Carter

964 Sixth Street, San Diego

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE LOCATING IN SAN DIEGO
CITY OR COUNTY, CALL ON OR
WRITE TO HIM**Rudder's**NEW RESTAURANT
AND GRILL

Newly Furnished Finest in City

Corner 4th and Plaza, San Diego

Strahlmann-Mayer Drug Co.PHARMACY GRADUATES
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIAChemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Arti-
cles, Perfumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, etc.
*Physicians Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully prepared*CORNER FOURTH & D STREETS
Telephone Main 424
CORNER FIFTH & C STREETS
Telephone Black 856

THE

Lion Clothing Co.

CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"
STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

D. L. HOOVER

G R O C E RSIXTH & H STREETS
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Telephone Black 111

Electric Laundry

NELSON SNYDER, Proprietor

16TH & I STREETS

TELEPHONE BLACK 731

No Saw Edges on Collars and Cuffs

**The
CHADBOURNE FURNITURE Co.**

W. L. FREVERT, Manager

We aim to carry an en-
tirely up-to-date stock of
house furnishings, and, for
style and variety of goods,
cannot be out-done in South-
ern California. We are
glad to show visitors through
our extensive store-rooms at
all times.

Store-rooms

SIXTH & D STREETS

San Diego, Cal.

AT

Bowen's

DRY GOODS STORE

Will be found a full assortment
of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Tea
Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Wrap-
pers, Silks and Dress Goods . .W. O. BOWEN 1043 FIFTH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA**KELLY'S LIVERY**

Point Loma Coach Line

*Special Coaches for Select Parties
arranged by telephone*

DEALER IN FIRST-CLASS HORSES

THIRD & F STS., PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA**The Best Time to Paint**is when your house is in need of paint whether it be
one season or another. Paint will set tougher during
the winter, and of course that gives durability. One
point favoring winter. There are others favoring sum-
mer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our
"PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so of-
ten as houses painted with any other paint, because it
has more body to withstand action of the elements.
There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is
finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per
gallon.We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be
the best that can be made.**W. P. FULLER & CO.**

WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS

7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, President
G. B. GROW, Cashier
W. R. ROGERS, Assistant CashierEvery facility and security offered to our pa-
trons and the public generally. Collections and
exchanges on all points.If you are difficult to satisfy, I ask
you to inspect our before hir-
or carriage not perfect-
come in &
LIVERY
ing a team
that does
ly suit youFRED FANNING
PROPRIETOR**Fifth Avenue Stables**

Tel. Red 351 SAN DIEGO Cor. 5th & B Sts.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SAN DIEGO CORNER FIFTH AND E STS.

CAPITAL PAID UP \$150,000
SURPLUS & UNDIVIDED PROFIT \$40,000J. GRUENDIKE - PRESIDENT
D. F. GARRETTSON - VICE PRES.
G. W. FISHBURN - CASHIERDIRECTORS—J. Gruendike, Geo. Hannahs, J. E. Fishburn,
G. W. Fishburn and D. F. Garrettson

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO
FIT YOUR EYES TO SUIT
YOU. WE HAVE A SPEC-
IAL PLACE SET APART
FOR OPTICAL WORK,
CONTAINING ALL THE
MODERN INSTRUMENTS
USED IN SIGHT TESTING
IF YOU NEED GLASSES,
HAVE a PRESCRIPTION to
FILL, or FRAME to REPAIR

we give you the best work obtainable in San Diego

JENKS

826-828 5th street

Graduate Optician

Through the Veil of Futurity

IT is doubtful if anyone can grasp the full significance of the Mar-

coni patents for enabling messages to be sent without wire. The whole vast apparatus of labor and machinery connected with the manufacture, laying (or erecting), and preservation of cables, suddenly loses function, and the cables become an anachronism.

The trifle of human energy involved in the *setting free* of the electric force used in telegraphy, at one end of the line, and its *reception* at the other, remains as before. But the immense amount of energy (indicated by the cost) involved in the *transmission* of this force is suddenly set free.

May it not be that the Marconi invention, as a keynote in civilization, means that in no long time all that measureless quantity of human energy involved in conveying power from the place where it arises to the place where it is used, will be set free?

For example, in the steamship the power *arises* at the fires; it is *used* at the screw. Between lies a mass of machinery needing to be made, worked and preserved. Two new Cunarders are being constructed with shafts carrying a strain of 24,000 horse-power. Go inward another step. The coal is itself a means of transmitting power. It transmits to the machinery the stored power of the sun. Suppose the labor involved in mining coal, carrying it, loading it and feeding it to the furnaces were also saved, some automatic method of artificially storing solar energy being discovered—a step doubtless in the near future. What a saving of life as well as of energy would be effected!

Natural energy from the water-falls is already being used, and the utilization of the earth's magnetic currents cannot be far away.

In respect of mechanical force, human energy is employed in producing it, in transmitting it in various ways to the places where it is needed, in using it.

If *much* of that used for producing it, and nearly *all* of that used for transmitting it be saved, then the vast balance is set free for the using of it. Imagination staggers in the attempt to picture what civilization will be—on its mechanical side only—at the end of another one hundred years.

The Marconi invention *suddenly* threw the cables out of account. The invention of guns almost *suddenly* threw armor out of account, and

made the muscular strength of individual men of comparatively small account in

war; one man became about as good as another. Suppose an invention in naval warfare, as radical as that of Marconi or as the invention of guns, doubtless along electrical lines, to occur—as is doubtless shortly to be the case.

The great iron-clads and their guns immediately become empty anachronisms, and for awhile, on the sea, one nation is as strong as any other. The armor of ships, like the armor of men, goes for nothing; the guns of ships, like the arrows and swords and axes of men, goes for nothing. Let the imagination run ahead a little on another line. Telegraphy takes the place of writing; every part of the world is in instant and throbbing electric union with every other part. Receiving and transmitting instruments are carried readily everywhere, and the explorer on the remotest confines of civilization is as closely in touch with all men and nations as if he had never left his own city.

How long will war last when photographs are electrically transmitted without wires hourly from the actual field of battle, in their natural colors; that is, when men see for themselves what is being done in their name, the blood flowing, the limbs shot away—for *them*: or will they look on, as Spain looks on at her bull-fights? And the electric transmission of pictures is not far away.

The whole seething world of men in instant pictorial and verbal contact—that is but a few years away. With this, an immense liberation of human energy to new ends. When, at the end of this century we look back to the beginning of it, we shall say, not unnaturally, that real civilized life began then. But a prehistoric past, compelled by then to give up many and many of its buried secrets, may make us ask whether after all we are but treading a pathway trodden by our own humanity ages ago, a pathway from which they fell because of the very things that now bid fair to wreck our own civilization. The annihilation of distance does not of itself bring about the brotherhood of men; the liberation of human energy from old tasks does not of itself ensure that the new ones will be any the worthier. If men do not call the soul into their lives and live their lives as souls, this civilization can but follow the past ones into utter decay. C.

I HAVE sometimes wondered what might be revealed

If Thought Were Photographed

if some malignant magician who knew the secret of thought-photography were to hold a sensitive plate over the heads of that august body of the wise known as the Senate.

What is called a composite photograph is obtained when a series of photographs of individuals of the same order (usually *Homo*) are combined or superimposed. The result thus obtained is the elimination of varying details and the preservation of that which the individuals have in common.

Suppose, then, that the Senate is considering the canal question, and a Mephistopheles, duly be-cameraed, exposes his malignly truthful plate to the streams of wisdom distilling from the senatorial brain-pans through the heat of their desire for their country's welfare.

You will expect to see "canal" shining forth in the center of the plate, and in every direction, like a rosette, thought streaming out from it and returning to it.

But instead, "canal" was out at the edge of the plate, and very faint at that. *The center was occupied by the composite picture of the Senators themselves.*

"Hello!" I said; "I thought they were considering the canal; yet it would seem that each Senator is the center of his own thoughts. And I perceive that the plate is dotted over with millions of other centers, each with little streams of thought about it. Can it be that the Senators only occasionally thought of the canal, and filled in the time thinking of any quantity of other matters?"

Mephisto smiled and said: "I have another plate."

It was a photograph of a prayer-meeting. And while the senatorial photograph was of an ochreous red, this one was of a slate-blue-green; for *this* photographer could work in colors.

And the prayer-meeting photograph looked no better than the other;

indeed, there was not *any* main topic, however faint. The composite center was *very* distinct and decidedly greenish, and the subsidiary centers were even more numerous than in the other.

So I said: "Do men *never* concentrate their thoughts?"

Again Mephisto smiled his mocking smile, and said: "Yes; look at this one." It was a certain place on Wall Street. The color changed and consisted of flashes of fiery red and green on a black background.

The center was as before, a composite of the men present, and all around was this single mark—\$—\$—\$—in myriads of places.

Mephistopheles said: "I don't know whether or not to allow men to discover the secret of thought-photography. If I let them they may be so ashamed as to reform, concentrate the vast—but at present wasted—power of their thought on some matters of import that I want them to remain ignorant of, and which they would then understand, and, understanding, achieve salvation; or, in utter shame, they might fall to universal hopelessness and come straight to me."

I left him with his dilemma, but I certainly *would* advise you all to look back at your thoughts for the last ten minutes that you have been "doing nothing" in, and see whether (a) they were about anything in particular; (b) they were any good to you or anyone else; (c) they were little arrows of unkind, gossipy criticism aimed at your friends. Remember, these *bit*, and the sum of them make up nine-tenths of the cloud of ill-feeling and gloom in the world. (d) They were kindly, energized by the feeling of human unity and the desire to make your work tell for the general peace and happiness and progress.

I think I heard Mephistopheles once mention that if the last were the case in one person in a hundred, he should himself reform, for the other ninety-nine would catch the infection. STUDENT

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Case against Vivisection

THERE is a stir among the vivisectioning doves of science. It is actually proposed to limit by law their benignant, mercy-based activities! "Can this outrage be seriously contemplated?" they ask with sorrowful wet eyes. They can take heart. There is much doubt whether the proposed measure will become law: there is more doubt whether, if it did become law, it would do anything further than limit open exhibitions of vivisection to students, or the inclusion of vivisection among the recognized courses of instruction to students.

What is the real case against vivisection? Not that vivisection does not advance the cause of science. If that contention were now true, it does not follow that it would be true tomorrow. Not that it has not afforded us any weapon against disease. If that were true, it might not be true tomorrow.

Who vivisection? The compassionate lovers of humanity and of living things, men whose love is their only motive? Probably not one of them is hypocrite enough to make such a claim for himself. They make it for each other!

What is the real motive? There are two motives. One is abstract love of knowledge, absorbing and obliterating all sympathy for suffering. The other is ambition. "I will be known and famed as the discoverer." These two exist in varying proportions, but the latter is the main factor.

Science
Will
Be Placed
on a
Higher Basis

And the remedy? By all means let legislation do what it can. But the important thing is the cultivation by himself in each man of the spirit of humanity, of love of all that lives, of sympathy with suffering. Then an atmosphere will be created in which vivisection cannot live; it will be hounded down as an outrage to

humanity. Love of humanity and of all that has life is the key-stone of evolution, the crown, the last product. The vivisectioner is turning back from his humanity, turning his face from the goal. Treat him in that way.

If vivisection ceases, must the problems it deals with remain unsolved? In no case. They will be solved with a completeness vivisection can never reach. New faculties are awaking in mankind which will place science on a new and higher basis, a platform from which the results obtained by vivisection, and obtainable, will be seen as but a corner in the new and vaster field suddenly in view.

And if that idea seem chimerical, if you cannot feel that a new light is coming into men's minds, illuminating all problems, still, you can recognize that the outrage offered by the vivisectioner to his own nature, and the atmosphere of inhumanity generated about him and diffused everywhere, make a combination against which no results are worthy to be weighed. True knowledge about life, knowledge that is an eternal possession which death cannot touch, is in the soul, and slowly dawns in the mind as we recognize the soul.

C.

To Crown the Martyr

A WORK of extraordinary interest and importance is about to be published. This consists of an English translation from the Latin of the verbatim evidence which was taken at the trial of Joan of Arc, and it includes in its scope the whole of her life record from her birth until her death.

We believe that this work will have an attraction for many, very far in excess of that which is always exercised by historical research. It will be the picture of a character which the world needs more today than ever before, the picture of a strong creative genius which knew how to accomplish its ends in the face of a pressure of opposition which seemed to make those ends impossible. We wonder when the world will grow weary of writing such records as this, of crowning the heads of those whom it has first martyred. So far the centuries have but brought a change in the manner of the martyrdom. The poison bowl gives place to the Cross, and the Cross makes way for the stake, and that again for the social scorn and ostracism which is the most painful of all. Everywhere the smoke of persecution still lingers around the statues in our Temples of Fame, the Pantheons of our history.

An Experiment in Ireland

AN important experiment has just been tried in Ireland. The "Congested Districts Board" has bought the estate of Lord Dillon in County Mayo for about a million and a quarter of dollars. Upon this estate there were 4000 small rent-payers. They were chronically in abject poverty and discontent. Instead of rent to Lord Dillon, they now pay a terminable annuity to the state. "Landlord, agent, bailiff, have all disappeared. The rent office is closed." Contentment reigns.

Tenants on adjoining estates and elsewhere in Ireland are anxious for the extension of this experiment to them.

The Chicago Skyscrapers

SOME alarming reports are in circulation as to the stability of the colossal buildings in Chicago which are known as "skyscrapers." General William Sooy Smith has made the sensational statement that "the steel frame-work in many of the big buildings in the business district of Chicago is corroding, making them very dangerous. It is only a question of a few years when these buildings will fall to the ground."

From the æsthetic point of view the disappearance of these structures can be viewed with equanimity, but the danger to the community which results from their present condition should be obviated without a day's delay. It seems that the corrosion of one-fifth part of the steel framework would render the building unable to bear its own weight, and that while the portion which is embedded in the concrete is practically indestructible, the remainder which is exposed to the air undergoes very rapid deterioration.

The Legal Status of Women

DR. GEORGE LAINES BAYLES has performed a useful and notable work by his book on the legal status of women in the various states of the Union. It is probably not fully recognized to how great an extent a woman's geographical position enters into her legal position and how widely her circumstances may vary according to the state in which she happens to live.

Our space will not permit us at the moment to examine this book in the manner which it deserves. The need for greater knowledge of this question is amply indicated by a single quotation from the learned author. Dr. Bayles says that at the common law "the wife is regarded as having no will of her own, but as being under the power and control of her husband." The greater and the more widespread the knowledge of such anomalies as this, the more effective will be the reform when it comes, and to this reform Dr. Bayles has given substantial assistance.

STUDENT

Foods as Electric Charges

ACCORDING to Professor Loeb, of Chicago University—and also according to common sense—our ideas about the values of foods and about the physiology of the assimilation of foods, need much overhauling.

In modern chemistry, the chemistry of last week, so to speak, a *molecule*, of sugar for example, is the smallest particle of sugar which can exist as sugar. Any further subdivision breaks the *molecule* up into the constituent *atoms* of carbon, hydrogen, etc., which go to make up the molecule of sugar.

An *ion* is an *atom* regarded as a force-holder, the force being electric, and manifesting as cohesion, energy of chemical combination, etc.

An *electron* is one of these charges of force, each atom possessing one or more electrons, the electrons and the atom making up the ion.

In this view, the value of any given food depends—not on its quantity—but on the number of available electrons contained in the molecule. It is its electricity which counts, and the less its bulk, consistently with this, the better. The old division into flesh-formers and heat-makers will be no longer insisted on.

We do not know what will be the fate of the electron theory; it may follow the fate of the phlogiston theory and the doctrine of im-



The Hand of Nature in Loma-Land

After the Rains of Spring

"AFTER the storm comes the calm." After the night of wild wind and dashing rain, mingled with the loud booming of the breakers, comes a morning of dazzling sunlight. How glorious is the face of Mother Earth! How everything has sprung up and grown during the few rainy days! The hills are clothed in green of a score of tender tints and shades. Even the distant mountains look soft and fresh and new. Thin mists still slightly veil them and great banks of clouds roll along their summits.

The air is as clear and pure as if the world had just been created and had not yet been polluted by the breath of sin, passion and crime. The leaves and blossoms washed clean, and still glistening with drops of rain, remind one of the purity and innocence of little children, and it seems as if they must share in the joy of their little lovers, the bees and the humming birds.

And the other birds are quite as happy. A lark sits on a fence-post and is keeping up a duet with its mate whose faint, far-off note we can just hear. Mingled with these sweet strains is the murmur of the breeze among the tree-tops and the unceasing voice of the waves.

Nature's voices! how sweetly they blend into one harmonious whole; listening closely with the heart, comes ever this one refrain, "Life is Joy! Life is Joy!"

RABA

The Way of Owls and Hawks

THOSE who are out in the night time catch an occasional glimpse of the burrowing owl as he goes his nightly rounds intent on his business. As an animated mouse-trap he is beloved by all who suffer from vermin, and many a kangaroo-rat and field-mouse is snatched away from his career of mischief by the sharp talons of the night-flying owl. The other evening one of these birds was sitting on the ridge back of the barn quietly watching for rats, but slid away into the moonlight on my approach. The flight of the owl is absolutely soundless, and un-



GATHERING ORANGES AT POINT LOMA

less you see him, you are not aware of his presence, for your ears give no notice of his flight.

A field-mouse, it is said, once visited an owl and asked him how it was that he had acquired his great reputation for wisdom. "Because," said the owl, as he seized the mouse gently, but firmly, by the middle, "I know a good thing when I see it." And this I think is the owl's main claim to his reputation. He quietly attends to his own business and grasps his opportunities as they occur to him. Priceless opportuni-

ties occur at every moment of our lives almost, but we are thinking about something else, busy with conjectures about some matters that do not concern us at all, and we let the opportunities go. The owl dealt not so with the field-mouse. There is a graceful little hawk which haunts the Homestead grounds, very similar to the kestrel of the British Isles. Like the owl he attends strictly to business and though he may often be seen sitting on

the ridge-pole of my tent, he keeps up a vigilant watch for small birds all the time. While wandering over the fields you may frequently observe a little tuft of downy feathers, sole relics of a wayside luncheon of this little ruffian of the sky. We need not waste much sympathy over these tragedies, I think, although to some sensitive natures they are very



LOMA SHORE

distressing. It must be remembered that the victim lives a happy, care-less life, unclouded by painful anticipation, and free from the dread of harm for the most part.

One day he is startled by the apparition of a hawk, poised above him. He makes a mad dash for escape, his whole being vibrates with the intense effort. He has no time to brood sorrowfully upon his impending fate, he has no leisure to anticipate the details of the attack. His one thought is *to flee*, and he concentrates on that alone.

Suddenly he is struck by the fell swoop, and stunned and dazed he leaves the body almost before his captor has fully realized his success. Far better, surely, to die thus, than to endure the gradual coming on of old age, and the slow decay of all the faculties.

STUDENT

Nature Touches of Loma-Land

TO those who have never seen the wonderful panorama of Nature from Loma-land, it would seem impossible that her force could wear so many differing aspects. Sky and ocean, bay and mountains are ever varying in their moods, yet in every change it is beautiful.

There is one phase of sunrise which, although frequently seen, brings an ever recurring feeling of glad surprise and wonder. It appears as if a pillar of living fire stretched across the bay from Point Loma to the sun; and we feel as if a glowing symbol of the invisible, spiritual Sun was thus set visibly before our eyes.

Another phase of ideal beauty is realized when the fog comes rolling in around the southern point of the promontory. It may come at any hour while the sun is brightly shining. Slowly it advances, moving over the bright blue waters, a shining, shimmering whiteness. By moonlight a touch of the weird and unearthly is added to its surpassing beauty.

Then there are times when great banks of clouds lie, snow-white, against the deep blue sky; while a soft hazy veil floats over bay and ocean, toning down and smoothing away all the ruggedness of the nearer mountains. On such days one is tempted to forego all else just to stand and gaze until the entire being is filled, saturated with the very spirit of Beauty which breathes around, above, below.

C. E.

The Golf Links at Loma Homestead

THE game of golf will presumably have a less checkered existence in America than it had in Scotland, which is believed to be the land of its birth and infancy. The fascinations of the game are somewhat unaccountable to the uninitiated, but there is said to be hardly a case on record where a beginning has failed to result in an abiding devotion.

The Scotch have not the reputation of being a game-loving people, nor is Sabbath-breaking smiled upon in their country, and yet, so early as 1457, we find it decreed by the Scotch Parliament that the Lords Spiritual and Temporal do hold a great fair four times in the year; that "fute ball and golf be utterly cryit down and nocht usit," but that instead the people be encouraged to practice archery "at ilk parochie kirk ilk Sunday."

The decree was evidently inefficacious to wean the people from golf, as we find a royal proclamation forty years later to the effect that "it is statud and ordainit that in na place of the realme there be usit futeball, golfe or ither sik unprofitable sportis."

A century later comes another edict that golf must not be played on Sunday, but this is at once modified to "sermontime."

Other historical references are very numerous, notably a proclamation by James VI of Scotland, drawing attention to the waste of money in buying golf balls from Holland, which ought to be made at home. Golf

been a question of making the best of existing features, but rather one of selecting the most perfect features from an almost endless choice. Here we have stretches of gorse and barren rocks, ground which is perfectly level, and hillsides so steep that miniature ditches have been dug to stop the otherwise unchecked descent of the ball. Here we have canyons, small and big, where a lack of skill must certainly be paid for by an increase of agility and, finally, along the whole length of the course is the sea, which foams at the foot of unscaled cliffs.

It is a course which will worthily test the highest developed skill of the day, and in this respect it is admitted to be unique. No pains have been spared to make these links, in their appointments, as perfect as any in the world. The teeing grounds are of hardened sand, absolutely

level and averaging ninety feet in diameter. Accurate indicators of distances and elevations have been erected and nothing has been left undone to facilitate the playing of the game in its most worthy manner.

The climate of California will insure that for at least nine months in the year the course will be firm and unaffected by changes in the weather, which are elsewhere so prejudicial.

The Loma links are probably the only ones existing which include the presence of canyons among their hazards, and canyons of just the right dimensions to im-



DISTANCES IN THE POINT LOMA GOLF LINKS

The distances between the teeing grounds of the Point Loma golf links are as follows:

From No. 1 to No. 2, 573½ feet; No. 2 to No. 2½, 341 feet; No. 2½ to No. 3, 734½ feet; No. 3 to No. 4, 665 feet; No. 4 to No. 5, 807½ feet; No. 5 to No. 6, 1143½ feet; No. 6 to No. 7, 901 feet; No. 7 to No. 8, 483 feet; No. 8 to No. 9, 320 feet.



had evidently taken a firm hold in Scotland, as it has today in America. It would indeed be strange were golf to fail in finding a home where all natural conditions exist to such perfection as they do here. Golf is pre-eminently a pliable game. It can be played wherever there is a sufficient extent of country. If the country is comparatively smooth and unbroken, an easy course is provided. If, on the other hand, the land is full of natural obstacles, such as ditches, mounds and canyons, the game is thereby improved, inasmuch as a great increase in skill as well as in agility is demanded. Baseball, football and cricket require their own conditions, but golf adapts itself to the conditions which it finds, and is improved the more arduous they become. Unlike most other games, golf can be played at any desired speed, and therefore admirably adapts itself to age and health and sex. It is pre-eminently a game of skill, in which the palm must always go to nerve, steadiness and judgment. The conditions at Point Loma are ideal in every way. In designing and preparing these links it has not



measurably increase the interest of the game without in any way proving themselves to be insurmountable. To the skill of the practiced player they are virtually non-existent; while to the beginner they provide a lesson in the real possibilities of the game for which he might look in vain elsewhere. The teeing grounds are nine in number and of the courses between the holes there are no two alike. A round on these links includes every kind of ground and hazard that is likely to be encountered elsewhere, and the player who can successfully make their circuit need have no apprehension that he will have to face untried difficulties elsewhere.

There can be but little doubt that as the game of golf advances in favor and as these altogether unique links become better known, they will be more and more sought after by those who wish to enjoy a fascinating game, together with the unvarying and health-giving climate of Southern California, than which there is no other part of the world that can offer so many inducements.

STUDENT

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

Some Primitive Spoons

MANY of the implements and utensils unearthed by our archæologists bear a striking resemblance to those used by some of the existing primitive tribes. In the illustration this is well shown by the various styles of spoons used by the savage tribes of Africa. Most of these are rudely carved out of wood, others are made from gourds, the long stem being utilized to form the handle, some are of bone, still others of woven twigs. The sketches were made from a collection of spoons gathered by one of our ethnologists during his visit among certain savage tribes in an almost inaccessible part of Africa.

Further Data on the Discovery of America

OUR increasing knowledge of the Chinese, of their antiquity, and of their records may sometimes reach us through channels which are morally devious, but it is on that account none the less important and interesting. The recent Chinese imbroglio and the consequent presence in China of so many foreigners have materially added to our acquaintance with the Celestial Empire, and have greatly stimulated our zest for information of the world's most ancient empire. Here we find what is possibly the oldest literature extant, and here we find intelligently compiled records of periods which have heretofore been as sealed books to the rest of the world. We may reasonably hope that an examination of these records will solve many a problem of antiquity and that by their aid many a vexed question will be laid to rest.

The Chinese records leave nothing to be desired in the way of careful and methodical system. Nor are they based upon current popular tradition or superstition. For the most part they were compiled by the order of successive emperors, who were thus preserving the history of events which transpired under their own eyes and within their own knowledge. Thus, under the date of 499, A. D., or fourteen hundred years ago, we find a fascinating story which was told by one Hwui Shan, a Buddhist missionary, and which the Chinese Government thought to be so important that the Imperial Historian of that day was ordered to carefully transcribe it into the Imperial archives. The story which Hwui Shan had to tell was briefly this: He, and five other missionaries, searching for fresh fields to conquer, had set sail from China, and had journeyed constantly eastward until they reached Alaska. From there they continued their voyage, and while the description of their navigation is vague, as might be expected from those whose chief interests were supermundane, there can be little doubt that they eventually landed either in Southern California or in Mexico.

Hwui Shan describes at some length the people whom he encountered, and who lived, he tells us, in adobe houses, who had no iron but who used copper for many purposes and who attached no value to gold, so plentiful was it. He relates that after remaining for awhile in the land of his discovery he returned to China, leaving his companions behind to continue the work which had been begun.

Of the ultimate fate of these five companions we have no trace whatever. But we do know that on the arrival of the Spaniards, a thousand years later, they found the country occupied by a civilization rivaling their own, a civilization marked by beautiful cities, and by arts and crafts in some cases superior to those now in possession of humanity.

The perennial inquiries into the first discoverer of America will never be finally answered. If we may venture upon a paradox we would say



Curious Spoons
Used by the
Savage Tribes of Africa

that America has never been discovered, although it has been frequently re-discovered. We have but to go back sufficiently far to reach the period when it was from America itself that the explorers set forth to discover the "new worlds" of Africa and of India, and to give to them the seeds of science and of philosophy, which were to have such glorious harvests when the records of the sowers themselves were to be hidden away and forgotten. Nations and civilizations have, like individuals, their birth, their culmination, their death, and their rebirth, but they do not die until they have handed on their knowledge and their wisdom; and when they come again they enter into their rightful place and heritage, they reap the harvest which they have sown and they enjoy the increase thereof.

The Origin of the North American Indians

THE origin of the North American Indians is a problem of fascinating interest, and we welcome all attempts at its solution, while wishing that those attempts were much

more numerous than they are. An effort in this direction has just been made by Mr. Charles Hallock in "The American-Antiquarian," and if we can accept his somewhat positive assurances, he has succeeded in reading a somewhat obscure riddle. According to the theory which he advances, the North American tribes originated in Mexico and originally sprang from Korean immigrants who fled from their own country through the pressure of Chinese persecution, carrying with them their sciences and arts, and establishing in their new homes the great civilizations of which the still existing ruins are the silently eloquent witness. According to Mr. Hallock these civilizations were destroyed by earthquakes, inundations and upheavals, and their discouraged peoples wandered forth to find other homes among less hostile natural conditions. As far as Alaska they wandered, leaving everywhere the traces of their passage. They spread themselves through Arizona and New Mexico, constantly flying from the convulsions of nature and from the raids of the Spaniards, seeking to protect themselves from the latter in the cliff dwellings of which the well-preserved remains are still so numerous. Gradually they lost the civilization which they had possessed. The pressure of adverse circumstances largely deprived them of the use of metals which they had no longer the opportunity to mine nor to work. The clothing of their prosperous days gave place to the rough and ready makeshifts of a nomad life, and under the pressure of effort for even the bare preservation of existence they rapidly deteriorated into a condition of savagery. Finally came the great hostile division between the forest Indians and the tribes of the plain, the Chippewas and the Sioux, between whom the last great battle was fought in 1857. The innumerable mounds of Western America Mr. Hallock believes to be the comparatively modern remains of these great nations, some of them being burying places for the vast hosts of those slain in battle, while others were constructed for military purposes and still others for sacrificial, religious and ornamental uses.

Mr. Hallock's theories are thoughtful and interesting and, as we have said, we welcome every attempt to excavate the vast mines of American archæology, of which the real wealth is entirely unsuspected. We have however a suspicion that Mr. Hallock may perhaps have elaborated a theory somewhat wider than his facts will entirely warrant. Of the Korean contribution to American aboriginal population there can proba-

bly be little doubt, but of this it is very easy to exaggerate the importance. Tradition is even more enduring than written records, and we should expect to find among the Indians of today a very clear tradition of their origin and migration. We believe it however to be a fact that the Indians themselves are totally unable to throw any real light upon their own problems.

Mr. Hallock believes that there was never a distinct race of "mound-builders," but that those erections were the work of the immediate ancestors of our present Indians. But here again we are confronted by the fact that the Indians of today have no knowledge whatever of the men who built the mounds. They are without recollection or tradition concerning them and are as much puzzled by them as we are ourselves.

We hope that the time is now near when both energy and funds will be available for the proper examination of these mounds. In the absence of this, the value of all speculation is very largely discounted.

A PARTY of rebel Maya Indians, forced by an extremity of hunger and destitution, has just surrendered at Bacalar to a Mexican force under Colonel Flores. Anticipating severe punishment, if not death, they were yet received by Colonel Flores with every practical expression of brotherhood, their physical needs were promptly met, and plots of ground were given to them in order that they might have the means of proving their good intentions in the future.

Our congratulations to Colonel Flores and to the government which has the advantages of his services, inasmuch as he has evidently solved the problem of the way in which to treat native races. We learn that the gratitude of the Indians was unbounded, and the soil which can produce the flower of gratitude has also all other capabilities and capacities. As a single swallow may be the presage of the spring, so occurrences such as this are the promise of the New Era of appreciation and of progress which is dawning for the so-called savage races of humanity.

THE ART OF DRESS--ITS INFLUENCE UPON ART

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 5

art be produced. For an artist is a kind of sensitive-plate, after all, and is doubtless more affected, as are we all, by the abominableness of modern dress than he would be willing to admit.

At Loma-land the art of living is being taught. Life is an art, and should in its every avenue and department express the soul. The simple white student's costume is a great step forward in the carrying out of Katherine Tingley's ideas with regard to dress.

"We dress unscientifically," she has said. We clothe ourselves too warmly, as a general thing, and we distribute our clothing most unwisely. It is as ruinous to health to go about over-heated in furs as it is to run the risk of pulmonary disease by going to the opposite extreme. Proper dressing would do more than we realize to restore the women of this nation to health."

There is quite a reaction, among thinking women everywhere, against the modern temptation to spend one's life oscillating perpetually between the dress-maker and the milliner. As a result, some have gone to the opposite extreme, and, by lack of interest in their dress, have invited hideousness, or at least, an unpleasant severity.

Katherine Tingley is not one of these. The beauty touch permeates all that she does, and the idea that true beauty in outer things may or even can exist apart from the beauty of the inner, is an impossible idea to her. Women are souls, and it is an absolute duty that the garments they wear should aid the soul to express itself. A garment which does this is a work of art, while a garment which does not has, from a Theosophical standpoint, absolutely no *raison d'être*. That the fashioner of the ideal garment must needs be an artist is a self-evident truth to those who understand the first principles of our Karmic obligations to the human body. The mere technician with scissors and needle, no matter how skillful, can no more make an ideal garment than the photographer can translate to us the beauty of the sunset. The "dress-maker" of the future will be an artist.

Much has yet to be learned by moderns in the use of textiles. Silk should be, and will be, the material used most largely in the future in woman's dress. "But the silks will not be such as are used now," says Mrs. Tingley, "for in textile fabrics too a lost art waits to be revived. They will be rarely beautiful, plainly made, with long straight lines, those lines of uprightness and exquisite proportions that the Greeks loved. And the garments of Loma-land will not need senseless 'trim-

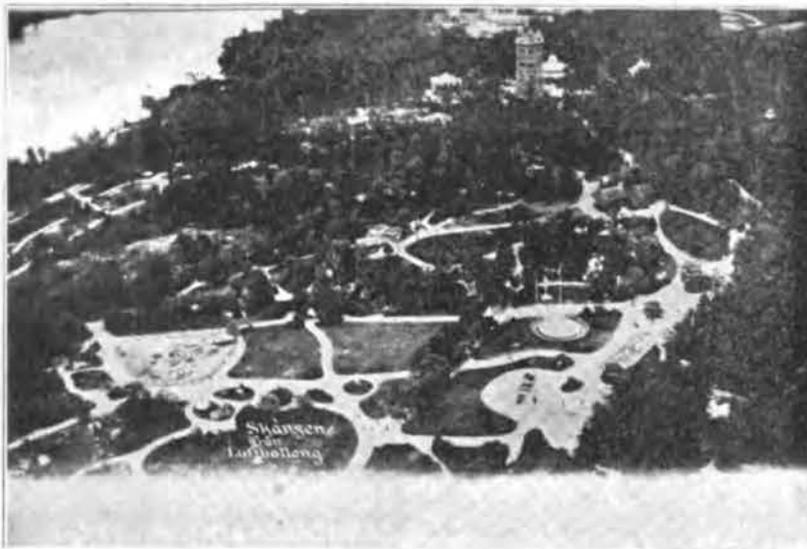
ming.' They will really express more than the Temple robes even of old Egypt and ancient Greece. Something greater than ever existed in the old days is coming back into life. It will seek many expressions, and one of these will be along the line of more healthful and more beautiful dress."

Those who know something of the silk industry in Loma-land and of the exquisite handiwork being done at the Woman's Exchange and Mart, well know that the prophetess of a new order of dress for woman will find the material and the means at hand and the way prepared.

In establishing her Temple Homes, Mrs. Tingley is establishing a higher order of social and family life than the world has ever seen. The

beauty and dignity of the ancients will be expressed in the decorations and the furnishings. The rooms of these homes will not be mere collections of bric-a-brac, but will be an actual exponent and expression of those who dwell in them. And, best of all, visitors to these homes will not be shocked by the sight of a hostess in modern conventional dress. Nothing could be more incongruous in such a home and it goes without saying that incongruity has no abiding place in Loma-land. The very garments of those who dwell in these Temple Homes will, of themselves, express the proportion, the simplicity, the simple healthfulness of the dignified life. The dress itself will be a teacher of truth, expressive

in its very silence. And the Teacher who shall discover for us this secret, who shall restore to us this lost art, shall make possible, even if nothing on other lines were accomplished, a higher art, a simpler, truer life, and a deeper appreciation of "the Good, the True, and the Beautiful" than mankind has ever before known. E. M.



A VIEW OF SKANSEN (SWEDEN) FROM A BALLOON

SHAKESPEARE—The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils:
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted.

VICTOR HUGO—Music is the vapor of art. It is to poetry what reverie is to thought, what fluid is to liquid, what the ocean of clouds is to the ocean of waves.

LONGFELLOW—Music is the language spoken by angels.

Students



Path

Aspirations After the Infinite

by MARK AKENSIDE

WHO that, from Alpine Heights, his laboring eye
 Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
 Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
 Thro' mountains, plains, thro' empires black with shade,
 And continents of sand, will turn his gaze
 To mark the windings of a scanty rill
 That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
 Disdained to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
 Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth
 And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
 Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
 Rides on the volleyed lightning through the heavens;
 Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
 Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
 The blue profound, and, hovering round the sun,
 Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
 Of light; beholds his sardenting sway
 Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
 The fated rounds of Time. Thence, far effused,
 She darts her swiftness up the long career
 Of devious comets; through its burning signs
 Exulting measures the perennial wheel
 Of Nature, and looks back on all the stars,
 Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
 Invests the orient. Now, amazed she views
 The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold
 Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;
 And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
 Has traveled the profound six thousand years,
 Nor yet arrived in sight of mortal things.
 Even on the barriers of the world, untired
 She meditates the eternal depth below;
 Till half-recoiling, down the headlong steep
 She plunges; soon o'erwhelmed and swallowed up
 In that immense of being. There her hopes
 Rest at the goal. For from the birth
 Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
 That not in humble nor in brief delight,
 Nor in the fading echoes of Renown,
 Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery lap,
 The soul should find enjoyment: but from these
 Turning disdainful to an equal good,
 Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
 Till every bound at length should disappear.
 And infinite perfection close the scene.

—Selected

"Yours Till Death and After, H. P. B."

Extract from the Memorial Number of *Lucifer*, 1891

SUCH has been the manner in which our beloved Teacher and friend always concluded her letters to me. And now, though we are all of us committing to paper some account of that departed friend and Teacher, I feel ever near and ever potent the magic of that resistless power, as of a mighty rushing river, which those who wholly trusted her ways came to understand. Fortunate indeed is that Karma which, for all the years since I first met her, in 1875, has kept me faithful to the friend who, masquerading under the outer mortal garment known as H. P. Blavatsky, was ever faithful to me, ever kind, ever the Teacher and the guide.

In 1874, in the City of New York, I first met H. P. B. in this life. She was surrounded by the anxious, the intellectual, the bohemian, the rich and the poor. It was her eye that attracted me, the eye of one whom I must have known in lives long passed away. She looked at me in recognition at that first hour, and never since has that look changed. Not as a questioner of philosophies did I come before her, not as one groping in the dark for lights that schools and fanciful theories had obscured, but as one who, wandering many periods through the corridors of life, was seeking the friends who could show where the designs for the work had been hidden. And true to the call she responded, revealing the plans once again, and speaking no words to explain, simply pointed them out and went on with the task. It was as if but the evening before we

had parted, leaving yet to be done some detail of a task taken up with one common end; it was teacher and pupil, elder brother and younger, both bent on the one single end, but she with the power and the knowledge that belong but to lions and sages. So, friends from the first, I felt safe. Others I know have looked with suspicion on an appearance they could not fathom, and though it is true they adduce many proofs which, hugged to the breast, would damn sages and gods, yet it is only through blindness they failed to see the lion's glance, the diamond heart of H. P. B.

Amid all the turmoil of her life, above the din produced by those who charged her with deceit and fraud and others who defended, while month after month, and year after year, witnessed men and women entering the Theosophical movement only to leave it soon with malignant phrases for H. P. B., there stands a fact we all might imitate—devotion absolute.

In 1888 she wrote to me privately:

Well, my *only* friend, you ought to know better. Look into my life and try to realize it—in its outer course at least, as the rest is hidden. I am under the curse of ever writing, as the wandering Jew was under that of being ever on the move, never stopping one moment to rest. Three ordinary healthy persons could hardly do what *I have* to do. I live an artificial life; I am an automaton running full steam until the power of generating steam stops, and then—good-bye!

Night before last I was shown a bird's-eye view of the Theosophical Societies. I saw a few earnest, reliable Theosophists in a death struggle with the world in general, with other—nominal but ambitious—Theosophists. The former are greater in numbers than you may think, and *they prevailed*, as you in *America will prevail*, if you only remain staunch to the Master's program and true to yourselves. And last night I saw * * and now I feel strong—such as I am in my body—and ready to fight for Theosophy and the few *true* ones to my last breath. The defending forces have to be judiciously—so scanty they are—distributed over the globe, wherever Theosophy is struggling against the powers of darkness.

Such she ever was; devoted to Theosophy and the Society organized to carry out a program embracing the world in its scope. Willing in the service of the cause to offer up hope, money, reputation, life itself, provided the Society might be saved from every hurt, whether small or great. And thus bound body, heart and soul to this entity called the Theosophical Society, bound to protect it at all hazards, in face of every loss, she often incurred the resentment of many who became her friends but would not always care for the infant organization as she had sworn to do. *And when they acted as if opposed to the Society, her instant opposition seemed to them to nullify professions of friendship.* Thus she had but few friends, for it required a keen insight, untinged with personal feeling, to see even a small part of the real H. P. Blavatsky.

But was her object merely to form a Society whose strength should lie in numbers? Not so. She worked under directors who, operating from *behind the scene*, knew that the Theosophical Society was, and was to be, the nucleus from which help might spread to all the people of the day, without thanks and without acknowledgment. Once, in London, I asked her what the chance of drawing the people into the Society in view of the enormous disproportion between the number of members and the millions of Europe and America who neither knew of nor cared for it. Leaning back in her chair, in which she was sitting before her writing-desk, she said:

When you consider and remember those days in 1875 and after, in which you could not find any people interested in your thoughts, and now look at the wide-spreading influence of Theosophical ideas—however labeled—it is not so bad. We are not working merely that people may call themselves *Theosophists*, but that *the doctrines we cherish may affect and lighten the whole mind of this century.* This alone can be accomplished by a small, earnest band of workers, who work for no human reward, no earthly recognition, but who, supported and sustained by a belief in Universal Brotherhood, work steadily, faithfully, in understanding and putting forth for consideration the doctrines of life and duty that have come down to us from immemorial time. Falter not so long as a few devoted ones will work to keep the nucleus existing. *You were not directed to found and realize a Universal Brotherhood, but to form the nucleus for one; for it is only when the nucleus is formed that the accumulations can begin that will end in future years, however far, in the formation of that body which we have in view.*

H. P. B. had a lion heart, and on the work traced out for her she had the lion's grasp; let us, her friends, companions and disciples, sustain ourselves in carrying out the designs laid down on the trestle-board, by the memory of her devotion and the consciousness that behind her task there stood, and still remain, those Elder Brothers who, above the clatter and the din of our battle, ever see the end and direct the forces distributed in array for the salvation of "that great orphan—Humanity."

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, F. T. S.

Some Secrets of the Cave Man on Loma Shore

MADLINE was planting sweet peas in her garden in Loma-land. "Will they really grow?" she said to herself. "Such little, brown, hard seeds! They look just like wee pebbles, and yet, I wonder if there is a fairy, way, way inside, that teaches them how to grow!"

"O, Madeline! See! The first spring flowers, the first yerba santa, are they not beautiful?" said Esther, running into the garden from her walk over the hill.

"O, how beautiful! And I wonder how it all comes about. Come, Esther, let us take some of these flowers to the Cave Man and ask him, 'What makes them grow?'"

Now, the Cave Man, as you all know, lives in Loma-land and his home is in Loma Cave. He has always lived there. He remembers

when a great continent stretched to the westward instead of an ocean. He saw its temples and its people. He saw the people doing what was easy instead of what was right. And he saw the land go down beneath the waters of a great sea. But Loma-land, where some of the Great Ones lived, stood high above the waters always and always.

Now, the children of Loma loved the Cave Man, and often came to him with questions. He was very, very old, yet when he smiled, every child on Point Loma would have told you that he was young. He could see clear across the great ocean and into the homes of little children in foreign lands. He could look deep, deep down into their hearts and see all their thoughts. And no one knew so quickly as the Cave Man when their thoughts were going wrong. So it came to pass that good children loved to visit him and naughty children always stayed away.

Then, too, he knew the language of the birds and flowers. That was why he was so wise. The kelpie whispered to him all the ocean's secrets. The birds told him the secrets of the air. The gopher and the rattlesnake, and the wee lizard who lived near by, whispered to him the secrets of the earth; and the sunbeams told him all about light and life, and the Sun God and the fire palace in which the Sun God dwelt. The sunbeams told him of the home they were trying to build for themselves in the hearts of all the little children of the world, and of how the Sun God would come back and dwell in their hearts again when that was builded.

And the Cave Man could hear at such a distance! He could hear the laugh of children as much as a thousand miles away. He could hear the music in children's hearts, like love notes. Above his head hung the wonderful screen of time. On it was the story of all the past, a picture story. He told the children about it when they came to see him. Once in a while some little child would get glimpses of it, and then the Cave Man would smile and say, "Ah, you too will live in fairy land, some day."

"What is fairy land?" they would ask him. "Ah," he would reply, "it is the Golden Land where everything is real."

Madeline and Esther had often visited the Cave Man. When Madeline said, "Let us go again; let us ask him what makes the seeds grow," both gladly hastened down the long, winding path which leads to the water's edge. There stood the Cave Man looking out over the great ocean. "I have been waiting for you," he said, "for I knew that you were coming." "We've come to bring you these," said Madeline, as she gave him the purple blossoms. "Yes," he replied, with a smile, "and to ask me what it is that makes them grow, did you not?" The children settled themselves contentedly near the doorway of the cave while the Cave Man placed the flowers in a little kelpie-lined rock-pool. "Ah, if you could look within, deep within the flower's



CLAM OF LOTUS BUDS, CARDIFF, WALES

more useful." "Then we should not eat just because the food tastes pleasant?" said Esther.

"Well, dear," and the Cave Man smiled again, "the flowers never do, and surely they have found the right way to grow or they would not be so beautiful."

"O, will you not tell us all about it," Madeline pleaded, "Is there a fairy in our own hearts, too, like the fairy in the heart of the seeds?"

The Cave Man was very quiet for a long time. At last he said: "Little girls, shall I tell you a secret? The sunbeams whispered it to me ever so long ago and now the yerba santa is telling me the very same, so I know that it must be true. Deep, deep within the heart of everything that lives is a tiny spark of Life. Perhaps it is a color, perhaps it is like a flame, or a sunbeam, perhaps it is like a beautiful bell-note; perhaps it is all these blended together. It is within your hearts, little girls, within the flower, the fleecy clouds, the crystal, the great ocean, the river, the pebbles, the kelpie, and the blue, blue sky. We cannot see it, yet we know that it is there by the brightness it makes and because things expand and grow. We cannot see the sunbeam either, yet we know the sunbeams are here by the brightness they cast.

"So you see, Madeline, it is just as the flowers have told me, we do not need to see this spark of life, this heart light, to know that it really does exist. For on every hand we can see the garments that it wears, here a crystal, there a flower, or again a little child holds this precious Life-beam deep within its heart. And we can see these garments, our own bodies, and the bodies of the mineral, the trees and the animals, growing in beauty just in proportion as this Life light at the center shines through. Is it not a beautiful secret?"

"O, Cave Man, tell us more!" said they, "tell us where this heart light comes from!"

"Ask the sunbeams dear, and they will tell you. Every happy little sunbeam comes from the great sun. The sun is the father and mother and the great fire palace where the Sun God dwells is its home. And in just the same way the tiny life light within our hearts is a part of the Great Light. Sometimes we call this Great Light God, other people call it Zeus or Brahma. But the sunbeams tell me it is the real Sun, not the sun which we see, but the Spiritual Sun. And, within its fire palace, which we cannot see with these eyes, my dears, dwells the real Sun God, and the sunbeams tell me that his name is Love. "For that is what the heart light really

is, is it not? Love, and when we let this heart light shine through, then we put love into everything we do." "O, I see, I see," said Madeline.

"That is what makes us grow, this heart light shining through us! And the sunlight is what makes the flowers grow! O, Cave Man, now we know the real secret. Every thing has the same Life light deep within its heart. The very, very same, the kelpie, the yerba santa and the great ocean, and you, O, Cave



Man, and everybody! And that must be why there is brotherhood! Come Esther, let us go home and tell mother!"

The little maiden said: "Good bye, Cave Man, thank you, thank you." And he replied: "Good bye, little girls, come often. Next time I will tell you the kelpie's secret."
AUNT ESTHER

THE greatest rainfall in the world occurs upon the southern sides of the Khasi Hills, in Assam. No wonder their slopes are fertile. The rains begin in June and last through August and September. At Cherra Punji 523 inches of rain fall annually. The yearly rainfall in London is about two feet.

America's Pacific Coast

VERY remarkable lecture has been delivered by Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews on the "Vital Problems of America." Dr. Andrews is the Chancellor of Nebraska State University and his lecture was delivered to the teachers of Kansas City.

The main point of the lecturer's remarks is the unprotected condition of the West Coast of the United States. The coast line of the Pacific shore is of greater extent than that of all European countries put together, and to guard it properly requires a naval force very much in excess of that which now exists. The constantly increasing speed of modern ships practically brings America constantly nearer and nearer to other countries, and her extending commerce, with its attendant rivalries and jealousies, certainly dictates the necessity of avoiding a conflict by removing the temptation which is always aroused by weakness or unpreparedness. More ships are needed, more naval stations, and a better system of land defense, and this is the case far more on the Pacific than it is on the Atlantic. Dr. Andrews is probably right in supposing that if, and when, danger arises, it will be in the West, and not in the East, and so rapidly do events move in the international world of politics that on the first appearance of danger it will be too late to undertake defenses that should

be ready to the last nail even while the political sky is blue and the sea is smooth.

Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of self, that trembling passed in music out of sight.

CAUTION

From a rich past experience with the enemy of our work, members should have learned to be "eternally vigilant" and on guard against whatever and whoever attempts to incite disturbance, discord or criticism among Lodges or with individual members, even should the effort be made by persons known to be members or claiming to hail fresh from the Center of the Universal Brotherhood Organization and Theosophical Society. The past proves that "a man's enemies are the men of his own house." The crown of right judgment does not adorn every head, nor does the jewel of truth grace every tongue.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Leader and Official Head*

Members are cautioned against various attempts which are being made to obtain names and list of our membership by so-called "Theosophical Societies," etc., using our name or similar designation. All such should be scanned closely, then destroyed unanswered, or sent to me, if deemed important, remembering that the simplest communication addressed to you, unapproved by the Official Head, is not to be recognized.
F. M. PIERCE, *Secretary-General*

"Where Rail and Tide Meet, There Cast Anchor"

Investors, Speculators, & Real Estate Dealers

GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR AT SAN DIEGO EARLY

San Diego is the Open Door to the Orient & Investors now will be Capitalists later

- CAN'T YOU SEE THE HAND OF DESTINY?
—2700 miles saved in encircling the globe via this port
—Three Transcontinental Railroads heading for this Harbor
—The Commerce of the Southwest and of the Pacific is being concentrated at the Bay of San Diego
—Look out for Big Developments; the Market is active now

If you want to Buy or Sell there, address **D. C. Reed**
Established 1870 Ex-Mayor of San Diego

Patronize Home Industry, build up This City, increase the value of Your Own Property

Pleasance & Son
PRACTICAL UPHOLSTERERS

Parlor Furniture, Couches, Lounges, Mattresses, Spring Beds, etc. REPAIRED OR RECOVERED

Our specialties are First-Class Workmanship & Low Prices

CARPETS & FINE RUGS CLEANED BY THE CELEBRATED HELLER PROCESS

BON TON UPHOLSTERY HOUSE
1154 Fifth Street, San Diego
Telephone Red 1926 Griswold Block

A Letter From a Leading Filipino

Secretary Root has received a characteristic letter from Felipe Buencamino, who was one of the leaders in the original Philippine government under Aguinaldo, and is now a member of the Philippine civil service commission and a friend of the American government.

"Permit me," says he, "to offer you my congratulations for your policy over my people in the Philippines. In my people's name I request that you send promptly here Governor Taft."

The officials are highly gratified at this unsolicited evidence of the appreciation by the friendly Filipinos of the efforts of Governor Taft to ameliorate their condition and give them a good government.

The Use of Anaesthetics Known to the Ancients

A Chinese manuscript lately unearthed in the Paris Library verifies the claim that anaesthetics were in use in China 1,700 years ago. The one mentioned is India hemp, a decoction of which was given by doctors before performing an operation. The ancient Greeks also used preparations of plants to produce unconsciousness. It was not however till about 1845 that ether and chloroform were discovered to science, and from that time dates the history of modern anaesthetics.

Restoration of Adobe House in Santa Barbara

A move that will interest all of Southern California was made recently by the Santa Barbara Natural History Society in the purchase of one of the finest adobe buildings in the city, the building to be restored to the condition it was in when it was built, and to be kept always as a type of the early Spanish house and as a place for the collection and storing of relics and curios of the life it is to represent. The building is located in the heart of the Spanish quarter, at the corner of Carrillo and Anacapa streets.

Revolution in Albania

According to the Rome correspondent of the London *Daily Mail*, the Italian consul at Yanina, Southern Albania, has sent in news of a serious revolution in Albania. The governor's palace at Yanina has been attacked and several gendarmes killed. The revolutionists are masters of the town.

Largest and Best Stock of Jewelry in SAN DIEGO at

C. W. ERNSTING'S

Repair Work of all Kinds
Manufacturer of Jewelry
Large Stock of Souvenir Spoons

915 FIFTH STREET SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Isis

Conservatory of Music

of the

Universal Brotherhood Point Loma, Cal.

San Diego Branch, 1940 B Street

Personal applications and inquiries received every Saturday by the Secretary at 1940 B Street, San Diego.
Hours 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Full particulars sent by mail on application . . . Address

J. H. FUSSELL, *Secretary and Treasurer* Isis Conservatory of Music, POINT LOMA, CAL.

FINE APPLES FROM THE MOUNTAINS, BELLFLOWERS, PIPPINS ETC.

Good Tea at Sixty Cents, India, Ceylon, Gunpowder, Hyson, Oolong Breakfast and Japan

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF FANCY GROCERIES

HAMILTON BROS.

933 FIFTH STREET SAN DIEGO, CAL.

The
LEADING REAL ESTATE BROKER in SAN DIEGO IS

E. J. Carter

964 Sixth Street, San Diego

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE LOCATING IN SAN DIEGO
CITY OR COUNTY, CALL ON OR
WRITE TO HIM

Rudder's

NEW RESTAURANT
AND GRILL

Newly Furnished Finest in City

Corner 4th and Plaza, San Diego

Strahlmann-Mayer Drug Co.

PHARMACY GRADUATES
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Arti-
cles, Perfumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, etc.
Physicians Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully prepared

CORNER FOURTH & D STREETS
Telephone Main 424
CORNER FIFTH & C STREETS
Telephone Black 856

THE

Lion Clothing Co.

CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"
STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

D. L. HOOVER

G R O C E R

SIXTH & H STREETS
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Telephone Black 11

Electric Laundry

NELSON SNYDER, Proprietor

16TH & I STREETS

TELEPHONE BLACK 731

No Saw Edges on Collars and Cuffs

The CHADBOURNE FURNITURE Co.

W. L. FREVERT, Manager

We aim to carry an en-
tirely up-to-date stock of
house furnishings, and, for
style and variety of goods,
cannot be out-done in South-
ern California. We are
glad to show visitors through
our extensive store-rooms at
all times.

Store-rooms

SIXTH & D STREETS
San Diego, Cal.

AT

Bowen's

DRY GOODS STORE

Will be found a full assortment
of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Tea
Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Wrap-
pers, Silks and Dress Goods . .

W. O. BOWEN 1043 FIFTH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

KELLY'S LIVERY

Point Loma Coach Line

Special Coaches for Select Parties
arranged by telephone

DEALER IN FIRST-CLASS HORSES

THIRD & F STS., PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be
one season or another. Paint will set tougher during
the winter, and of course that gives durability. One
point favoring winter. There are others favoring sum-
mer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our
"PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so of-
ten as houses painted with any other paint, because it
has more body to withstand action of the elements.
There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is
finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per
gallon.

We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be
the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.

WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS

7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, President
G. B. GROW, Cashier
W. R. ROGERS, Assistant Cashier

Every facility and security offered to our pa-
trons and the public generally. Collections and
exchanges on all points.

If you are difficult to satisfy, I ask
you to inspect our before hir-
or carriage not perfect-
come in &
LIVERY
ing a team
that does
ly suit you



FRED FANNING
PROPRIETOR

Fifth Avenue Stables

Tel. Red 351 SAN DIEGO Cor. 5th & B Sts.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SAN DIEGO CORNER FIFTH AND E STS.

CAPITAL PAID UP \$150,000
SURPLUS & UNDIVIDED PROFIT \$40,000

J. GRUENDIKE - - PRESIDENT
D. F. GARRETTSON - - VICE PRES.
G. W. FISHBURN - - CASHIER

DIRECTORS— J. Gruendike, Geo. Hannahs, J. E. Fishburn,
G. W. Fishburn and D. F. Garrettson

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO
FIT YOUR EYES TO SUIT
YOU. WE HAVE A SPEC-
IAL PLACE SET APART
FOR OPTICAL WORK,
CONTAINING ALL THE
MODERN INSTRUMENTS
USED IN SIGHT TESTING
IF YOU NEED GLASSES,
HAVE a PRESCRIPTION to
FILL, or FRAME to REPAIR

we give you the best work obtainable in San Diego

J E N K S

826-828 5th street

Graduate Optician

The New Century

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Two Dollars; other countries in the Postal Union, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; payable in advance
Single copy, Five Cents

Communications for the Editor, manuscripts, reports, books and periodicals for review should be addressed, "Katherine Tingley, Editor *The New Century*, Point Loma."

The editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

Articles will not be considered by the editor unless signed by the author and marked with the number of words contained. In no case is manuscript returned.

Address all Business communications, including subscriptions, and make all remittances (in bank drafts or money orders, payable to The New Century Corporation) to "Clark Thurston, Point Loma, Cal."

To comply with recent postal regulations, all Post-Office money order remittances should be made payable at San Diego. The remittances, as well as all other mail, should be made to Point Loma, as usual.

Entered at the Post-Office at Point Loma, Cal., as second-class matter Nov. 30th, 1901
Copyright, 1901, by Katherine Tingley

Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

The Return to Simplicity

THE complication and artificiality of our times occasionally arouse in some noble breast a strong feeling of disgust and protest which finds vent in a book or a poem or a new school of thought making for simplicity. Thus we have Thoreau in America and Edward Carpenter in England, who have voiced eloquently the passionate yearning for an escape from shams and machinery back to the true and simple conditions of earlier ages.

But let us not make the mistake of seeking in the past what should be looked for in the future, and of striving to fall back to past resting-places rather than push boldly on to loftier stages. The age needs simplicity, true; it is buried under shams indeed; but surely to abandon the fruit of our wanderings and return whence we came is a backward step; and we should seriously misunderstand and misapply the doctrine if we took it to mean a return to barbarism.

Character Greater Than Environment

Simplicity and truth are to be sought in our minds, in our hearts, in our characters; outward circumstances are quite a secondary consideration, and will always adapt themselves pliantly to the needs of a strong mind.

Those in whom the soaring power of the imagination and the faculties of hope and faith are lacking must search memory's vaults for patterns of bygone simplicity, and strive to imitate the Georgics of Virgil or the manners and customs of the Iliad. But the world does not retrograde or return to identical phases; it progresses ever upward, returning to similar but not the same phases. After complexity and sham will come in due season simplicity and genuineness, but on a grander scale and a higher level. The greater the lapse, the more glorious the recovery.

We have learned the multiplicity contained in unity; we have now to discern the unity in multiplicity; to preserve an archaic simplicity of heart and mind amid the variegated duties and surroundings of a complex civilization.

Tranquillity of Mind the Real Aim

When we find our peace and equanimity upset by the turmoil of life, to abandon that life and flee to the woods were a shirking of appointed destiny; the wheel of Law could only bring us back once more, sooner or later, to our lesson. It is our minds and emotions that need simplifying and tranquillizing, and circumstances must bow down to us, not we to them.

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

The artificial and complicated details of civilized life, which make our philosophers so sore and weary, are the outcome of our restless minds. It were a nobler victory to be *in* them but not *of* them, and to refuse to acknowledge their power to disturb, than to flee into the wilderness. It may be difficult, and therefore praiseworthy, to do *without* things; but

Evolution Leads Through Complexity

we must not lose the power to do *with* them, or where is our gain? It is healthful to live in the open air, but a man who can live in stuffy rooms or in the open air at will is a greater adept. We should imagine that a pastoral recluse, shunning the jars and responsibilities of business and proprietorship, would become more cranky and sensitive the longer he lived. And he would not be helping the less lucky individual who has to put up with town life.

Economists complain that population migrates from the field to the street; and they fail to make it go back either, despite colonization and small-holding schemes. The reason is plain: humanity does not want to go back; it wants to go on. If it returns to the fields, it will return to them with the added wisdom of a pilgrimage and the garnered stores of a city education; it cannot again become the raw, unsophisticated hind.

There is all the difference in the world between an uneducated peasant living in the wilds, and a highly-evolved scholar and student who has returned to them from choice; the peasant is the slave of nature; he sleeps and drudges unthinkingly, living in the simple bodily functions of life. But the Theosophist comes equipped with a force and an intelligence that can dominate and enrich the nature that surrounds him.

The Pastoral Age of the Future

Let us, then, who yearn for simplicity and purity, push boldly on towards it, seeking for the pastoral age of the future, not trying to reproduce that of the past. Let us discern the one among the many, the simple among the complex. Think not that selfish seclusion can spare you from duty's call. You have to learn to adapt yourself to your race and its conditions.

H. T. E.

What Is a Myth?

WE see that minds religious and scholastic are just now much exercised by the admission of Prof. Cheyne, of Oxford University, that the Old Testament characters are "purely legendary, and were evoked from astral myths."

Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, then, are lunar heroes. . . . And how comes Sarah to be at once Abraham's sister and his wife? Because Sarah, being the counterpart of Istar, has a double role. She is the daughter of the Moon-god, and therefore Abraham's sister; she is the wife of Tammuz, and therefore Abraham's wife.

Joseph is cast into a pit and rises out of it again, thus typifying the sun in his course. The twelve sons of Jacob are the signs of the Zodiac. Samson and his labors, like Hercules, is the sun in his passage through the Zodiactal house, and so on.

We fear that such a weighty endorsement of the myth theory as this will needlessly flutter the dove-cots of the devout; but we look with hope upon the intelligence of those whose faith is not tied to a literal understanding of mere words. The function of a sacred book is to teach and enlighten; and we leave it to common intelligence to decide whether a symbolic presentation of eternal and sacred truths concerning the origin, nature and destiny of the universe and the human race is not more important and instructive than a few stories about tribes and families.

If the author of the Bible had designed to teach us by moral narratives, he might have chosen better ones than the questionable episodes we often find in that book. But, if these stories conceal, as Jesus and Paul say they do, sacred teachings of the Soul and its destinies, our recognition of this fact at once restores to the divine author his lost credit as a teacher. In short, the Bible becomes a better book than before, and is placed beyond the scoffs of the shallow secularist.

No truth need fear examination, nor can true religion suffer from reverent and intelligent scholarship. Tribal Gods and national creeds may melt away in the sunlight of a brightening era, and with them will go prejudice and bigotry and much that enslaves men's minds. But true religion will gain and be glorified. We shall come to recognize God as the God of the nations and the ages; and man as his immortal representative on earth.

H. T. E.

Swedish National Dance

THE illustration on the cover page of THE NEW CENTURY this week represents a party of Swedish dancers gliding through the graceful evolutions of their national dance. The picture is reproduced from a photograph taken in a Free Air Museum and Garden at Skansen, Stockholm.

EASTER is the time when all that is rarest in Nature and all that is best in man are born into a new life.

It is the resurrection time. It is peculiarly significant that the Easter festival should come in the Spring just at the time when everything in Nature is awakening from the winter's sleep. It marks the beginning of a new cycle and closes Nature's gateway, as it were, upon the cycle that is past. There is an old saying that "the sun always shines on Easter day." And this is true just in proportion as men open their hearts to the spiritual light, for the saying is an old one, and to interpret it literally is to interpret it not aright.

While in beautiful Southern California, and particularly in Loma-land, Nature revels in one perpetual spring, still the birds are never quite so joyous, the fields are never quite so abundantly green, the flowers are never quite so fragrant as at Easter time. There seems to be all through Nature an out-reaching and an up-springing, a resurrection, as it were, into a new life. To Theosophists Easter time is one of the joyous festivals of the year, because all Nature is so symbolic of that great mystery which Jesus tried to explain unto humanity's children by means of his own resurrection. And humanity did not understand.

And while we keep the Easter festival year after year in memory of the resurrection, I think that even if we did not, our thoughts would still go back, as each new cycle is ushered in with the springtime, to this Master in Old Judea, and to his teachings on the immortality of the soul. We see in Judea a community in which men fostered the idea of separateness. The Pharisees kept themselves aloof from the very ones who needed their help, the outcast, the unfortunate, the wretched and the poor. Men had forgotten that they were souls. They had not learned the first narrow letter of that magic word—immortality.

And we see the Great Teacher walking among them, openly rebuking the Pharisees and the Scribes, openly disregarding the ceremonials of the orthodox religions of his day, openly associating with the poor, the humble, the sinning man and the sinning woman, that he might teach them the mysteries of the Higher Law and of the resurrection.

Like all World Teachers, Christ's central message was *immortality*, the doctrine that men were divine souls, deathless, eternal. How should he teach it? Not as others had taught, for he came at a different age, to a different people, under different conditions. He had to adapt his methods to the peculiar needs and conditions of that time. Abstract philosophy the multitude could not comprehend. "Unto you," he said to his disciples, "it is given to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven." To the multitude he spoke only in parables. His only hope lay in presenting the doctrine of immortality to their minds in such a way that they could comprehend it. The Scribes and Pharisees were so atrophied, spiritually, by dogmatic intellectualism that they comprehended nothing. The common people had been so neglected by those who should have cared for them that they could not understand the spiritual meaning of the resurrection unless it were given to them in symbolic form. And Christ's resurrection on the third day and his appearance to Mary and to some of his disciples was to them a symbol and a proof. They needed that before the mystery of eternal life, the real meaning of the resurrection, could be understood by them.

Those who realize in any degree the real greatness of the Teacher who agonized in Gethsemane, and conquered on Calvary, must often wonder if he really did die, in the sense in which we use the term. I

Easter Breath

Address delivered by Dr. GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT at the Opera House in San Diego, Sunday morning, March 30, 1902

think he did not, for it is impossible to think that a soul of such power could die. That he passed through death we know, but not as we would pass through it, and his coming forth from the tomb had a deeply symbolic meaning. It gave the people, in a manner which they could understand, the doctrine of immortality which he came to teach. If he were to come again, if he were to come today, as some believe, he would again bring to men the same doctrine, the doctrine that men are immortal, divine, and that after every death there comes the resurrection. But he would not teach it in the same way, for conditions have changed, humanity has grown in its ideals, in its demands, its needs, and, alas! in its vices as well! He would adapt his teachings to the needs of the times. He would speak again the gospel of the resurrection, but not again would he try to reach the hearts of men in the old way. Is it not time that we who believe in the doctrines of which Jesus was the Teacher, should rescue them from the rubbish heap of creeds and ceremonials that the centuries have piled upon them, and should bring once more to the hearts of men this glorious message of the resurrection?

It is the lesson beautiful. Why have men wandered through the ages in sorrow and learned it not? This was not the fault of the Teacher. It has been the fault of men themselves. They have lost sight of the spiritual interpretation, forgetting that it is the spirit which giveth life. The letter killeth, and it is the *literal* interpretation of the teachings of Christ, perhaps the greatest of which was this anguished drama of his death and his resurrection, that has closed men's hearts and shut them out from the truth.

The true meaning of the resurrection has been obscured. The spirit of Christ has been buried for centuries under the intellectualisms of men. The Christos has too long been sealed in the tomb of our own making; the clouds of denial and unbelief have shut away from men's hearts the light of the true Sun; the gospel of the resurrection has been to men as something empty, meaningless, and dead. Is it not time the Christos came forth from this sepulcher of intellectualism? Is it not time for this doctrine of the resurrection to be understood in a new sense?

Once this divine truth is grasped, then immortality will no longer be an empty abstraction, but a living fact in Nature. Men will realize, not that they have souls, but that *they are souls*. Ah, what magic is wrought by that swift, joyous up-springing into a consciousness of our absolute Divinity!

All the world will become transformed by it. Nature will speak to us a mystery language and we will understand and will answer. We will see in every flower a symbol of the eternal resurrection. Every act of our lives will take on a new and a deeper meaning. Daily will we crucify the selfish motive, the vice, the evil habit. And this very crucifixion will be, believe me, not a pain but an ever-increasing joy. Every vice conquered, every evil thing in our natures that we overcome, liberates something within us that is divine. It is the resurrection of the Christos. And when we read this deeper meaning in the beautiful lesson of Christ's death and resurrection, every day will be to our souls an Eastertide. And it is this message which the students of Loma-land yearn to carry to all the world. It is the promise of peace, this divine message of the resurrection. If humanity would but receive it it would bring the joy-life to all the world. The Golden Days would come to earth again when men lived as brothers and as souls, when they walked and talked with Gods.

Ancient Skeleton Unearthed

MANY hundred years ago a leper hospital stood upon a certain site in London where, later, St. James' Palace was erected. Recently excavations have been made within the quadrangle or court of the palace and human bones have been found. But the most interesting discovery was a leaden casket which contained a well-preserved skeleton. It will be taken to the British Museum and archaeologists who have examined it, consider it an important discovery. It is probably from six to eight hundred years old and is that of a man about six feet in height. The leaden casement was molded into the shape of the skeleton itself by the weight of the earth above it. L. F.

The Skull of Mozart

PROFESSOR Hyrtl's death has made it possible for the skull of Mozart, which he kept always in his house, to be removed to a permanent abiding place in the Museum of Salzburg. At one time it was stolen and another substituted, but upon discovery of the theft, the thief evidently became alarmed, for very soon it was restored intact as mysteriously as it had disappeared.

Its consignment to the Museum was the occasion of some little ceremony. Nothing beyond this remains of the physical casement of that great genius, even the place of his grave being unknown.

STUDENT

the inability to create noble ideals of national life, the inability to attract great souls into incarnation among that people—unless from compassion, and that the nation may be saved from utter decay.

But the nation that produced Lamartine and Lafayette will bestir itself, awake, purify its national life, its literature and its drama, and sound its note pure and clear in that vast chord of the nations which will resolve from the dissonance.

**Mosquitoes
and
Color**

IN view of the demonstrated responsibility of the mosquito for the conveyance of disease germs, some experiments which are reported in a French scientific paper become of special interest and importance.

These experiments were carried out by Mr. George Nuttall and were designed to show the special attraction exercised on these insects by certain colors. The result is the arrangement of the colors in the following order: Sea blue, dark red, brown, red, black, gray, dark green, violet, light blue, pearl gray, pale green, white, orange and yellow. From this it appears that sea blue exercises the greatest attraction for the mosquito, and yellow the least, and this knowledge should be of the utmost value in warding off the persistent attentions which are now shown to be so dangerous. The use of khaki in hot climates needs no further defense.

**Reincarnation
Answers the
Question**

TO the members of the Congress of Psychology, held some time ago in Paris, Professor Richet introduced an interesting "psychological phenomenon"—Pepito Rodriguez Ariola, a little boy not four years old who played the most difficult compositions on the piano. He has never had instruction in harmony or composition, yet his improvisations upon any air given him are said to be absolutely marvelous. His mother, a young woman of much refinement, is very gifted musically.

It was she who first discovered the child's musical genius. One day she was amazed at hearing some one performing a difficult piece of classical music upon the piano in an adjoining room. She herself had been playing the same piece not half an hour before. On investigating, she discovered the performer to be little Pepito. Though even now his baby hand cannot stretch beyond five notes, he plays with exquisite feeling and great accuracy.

He is healthy, happy, with a clear mind and apparently a well balanced emotional nature. How the members of this congress classified him, otherwise than as an exception to all known rules, we do not know. But, for a working hypothesis, reincarnation appears to be the only one which throws much light on the matter of such genius as this.

STUDENT

GRAPHOLOGISTS say that a man's character is revealed in his hand-writing; phrenologists, in the shape of his head; palmists, in the lines on his palm, and so on. What about the most striking characteristic of all, his voice?

THE VOICE AND THE MAN

It is scarcely studied in this light. Yet it is more directly the key to his nature than anything else about him. Possibly some day a method will be invented by which a picture can be obtained of the minutest shadings and harmonies of the voice, and that picture will be an exacter delineation of character than any "horoscope" ever drawn. To the one who can read it, it will show the possibilities of the man's future, and it will record the moods of his past. It will display each struggle and each failure and success.

The voice is the most potent intermediary between the mood of mind and the body. The whole body has to participate in its production and every cell has to throb to its tones and utmost overtones. We know from recent experiment how the tones of a sea-sunken bell are propagated through water, and after all, the body is mainly a half-coagulated fluid. Some of the parts of it called solid are nine-tenths water. We know from Mrs. Watts-Hughes' sand experiments the effect of sound on the evolution of forms, and from other scientific works the effect of sound on flame. And we know that the note naturally yielded on friction by a glass tumbler may be so increased as to shatter it. Sound is a builder and destroyer of forms.

It is not easy for a person to estimate the effect of his own voice on his body, and few are physiologically candid enough or observant enough to find the sound of their own voices pleasant or unpleasant. But as the voice not

only affects the body of its owner, but the bodies of those within hearing, it is possible to make an estimate of the effects on their own bodies of the voices of other people and so learn to make a home inference. The voices of some people are unpleasant to, and even exhausting to, a part of the brain rather back of and above the center, and few voices will bear listening to for a long period.

Children are often sung to sleep. The peace-giving mood of the mother is conveyed to them through her voice. And she partakes of her own medicine, for many a mother thus sings away her own irritability. Audiences are often roused to the highest point of enthusiasm, not so much by what an orator says as by the ring of his voice.

A recent book on singing speaks of the voice as the man himself. Well, it is at any rate the mood itself, the mood made undisguisably audible. If the hypocrite for the purposes of an occasion does actually change and harmonize his voice, it can only be that he has for that moment changed his mood in the manner of an actor, and speaks from a temporarily assumed position.

A training of the voice is a training of the owner. To some extent his whole body has been made more interstitially flexible, and he has been given at any rate some control of his moods. It might show him the way to alter and raise the keynote of his whole nature.

Mercury was the god of speech, of eloquence, of sound. And he was also the messenger of the gods. So the voice may be made the messenger of the soul to the body, the recorder on the body of the harmonies of the soul. A properly used voice is an element in the physical elixir of life. To teach a child to sing may be a high service rendered to its soul.

STUDENT



THEY WERE TRANSLATORS ON

ART circles are stirred by the recent deaths of two well-known artists. Neither of them were great men, according to the highest standard in art, yet both have international fame, John Appleton Brown of America and Thomas Sidney Cooper of the Royal Academy.

Few exhibitions have been hung during recent years which did not contain one or more of J. Appleton Brown's landscapes. He was born in New England (at West Newbury), and his paintings have immortalized the orchards of the New England farm. No one has ever painted the apple tree so sympathetically, and it has long deserved the artist who should do it justice, for not even our forest trees are more picturesque or beautiful. Like most of our American students of art, Mr. Brown studied for some years in Paris, exhibiting in the Salon, and some of his

CANVAS OF NATURE'S MOODS

studies of land and sea, painted in Europe, attracted much attention. Among these were "An Old Road near Paris" and "A Storm at the Isle of Shoals."

Mr. Cooper was perhaps the oldest living artist for, at the time of his death, he was nearly one hundred years of age. I have been told that for sixty-seven consecutive years he exhibited at the Royal Academy. His work bears some resemblance to the early landscapes of George Inness. But, unlike Inness who has been called "our greatest American landscapist," Mr. Cooper fell no victim to the fascinations of the "plein-air" school. Up to his death he retained much the same coloring and methods of earlier days, and because of this his pictures, although in great demand with the general public, have not always been commended by artists. He is best known for his landscapes.

STUDENT

THE Germans have a pretty word, "morgenlaendischer," which I use to translate according to Grimm.

Since coming to Loma-land I find in it a new meaning, much simpler yet truer, for it peculiarly describes this place. Loma-land is, verily, the "morning-land" home. That life here takes on a new meaning all students know. Is it so strange, then, that the terms by which we describe life, even the bare words, should themselves take on a new meaning? I think not. It is an open secret that humanity no longer lives the natural life. How can they, who have cut themselves off from Mother Nature? Here the simple life is again being lived, as close as may be to the heart of things. Nature whispers many of her secrets to those who are up betimes. For this is a "morning-land" in every sense of the word. The morning is the sacred time, the early morning, beginning with the hour before sunrise.

It is like witnessing the birth of a fairy planet to stand on the Hill before sunrise and watch the dawn slowly merge into daylight. Unlike many places, the sky is aglow long before the sun's disc rolls into view beyond the distant Sierra Madres. And in this magic reflected light, which bathes the whole landscape in rose color and violet, the world is truly a fairy picture. San Diego, across the quiet bay, seems like a city of glass and pearl, iridescent in color, almost mirage-like in the haziness of its outlines. The ocean, far to the west, yet reflects the pink and gold of the sky. The City Beautiful is transformed. But we, in the "morning-land" home, seem even closer to Nature when we walk into the gardens or over the hills at this early hour. All is quiet, save the murmuring of the sea and the voices of the birds. The birds translate to us many secrets which we, of ourselves, are not yet able to read from Nature's book. And the sweetest of these are the wee humming birds which flit from flower to flower. There is some thing almost unreal in their airiness and beauty. All the colors of sea and sky flash from their shining plumage, deepened in tone, yet no less beautiful. They are Nature's interpreters. We need them, for our eyes are heavy and our senses dull. The sight of these fairy-like creatures stirs something in the depths of our natures. We feel an added warmth in our hearts, and an added insight. The ancients pictured the soul as the "Great Bird," the "Bird of Life." It is a faithful symbol for it is the finer, higher part of the nature that thrills in response to the little winged brothers of this "morning-land," depend upon it.

It is not observation, merely, on our part, but recognition. And as the birds are the interpreters to us of nature's secrets, so the students on Point Loma, those who have found their divinity, who know that the soul is a winged creature, and who no longer creep but rise above sordid un-realities on the soul's own wings—these must be to humanity the interpreters of Nature's unwritten laws. It is these who have it in their power to lead men back to Nature and to transform all the world into a "morning-land." And that shall come to pass. STUDENT

NATURE never deceives us; the rocks, the mountains, the streams, always speak the same language; a shower of snow may hide the verdant woods in spring, a thunder-storm may render the blue, limpid streams foul and turbulent; but these effects are rare and transient; in a few hours, or at most in a few days, all the sources of beauty are renovated.—SIR HUMPHREY DAVY



The Hand of Nature in Loma-Land

WHAN that Aprille with his showres swoote,
The droght of Marche hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour
Of which vertue engendered is the flour:
Whan Zephyrus cek with his swete breeth
Enspirid hath in every holte and heeth
The tendre croppes and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe covrs ironne.
And smale fowles maken melodie
That slegen al the night with open yhe,
So priketh hem nature in her corages:
Thanne longen folk to gon on pilgrimages.

—CHAVCER

in the Western Hemisphere.

Yet those who climb the heights of this hill and make the acquaintance of its winding pathways and its magnificent slopes and canyons, need not the testimony of the geologist.

There is a "feel" of things ancient in every pebble, in the very color of the sand and shrubbery.

Those who have visited the Holy Land, or have seen Tissot's paintings of the scenery about Jerusalem and Palestine, say that Point Loma bears a striking resemblance to that land in topography. The atmospheric conditions must be quite similar, for

in color one landscape might easily be mistaken for the other.

Then, too, the slopes present the same general lines, the same kinds of trees are found growing here, and were the olives gnarled and old instead of young, one might easily fancy oneself in the Holy Land of Biblical history and tradition.

But the canyons, a feature of landscape which is distinctive of Loma-land, are more suggestive of Greece. None save a poet-philosopher could do the canyons justice, so magnificent are they in their sweep, so illusive and subtle in their outline, that one can almost feel in them the pulsation of some great heart. They are exquisite in

color. Not crude, primary color, but those tones which suggest much, though of themselves they might be described as silent. A carapaced disciple of the "plein air" school and a Munich man of thirty years ago would be equally at a loss to interpret them in painting.

Some of the Japanese artists might understand, not those who paint for the markets but those who paint from love, and whose work is but rarely seen. But

Loma-land, in its Raja Yoga school, is rearing a generation of artists and philosophers. They will picture this magic Hill unto the world as the artists of today picture Greece and Palestine. STUDENT



Cluster of Wild Cucumbers

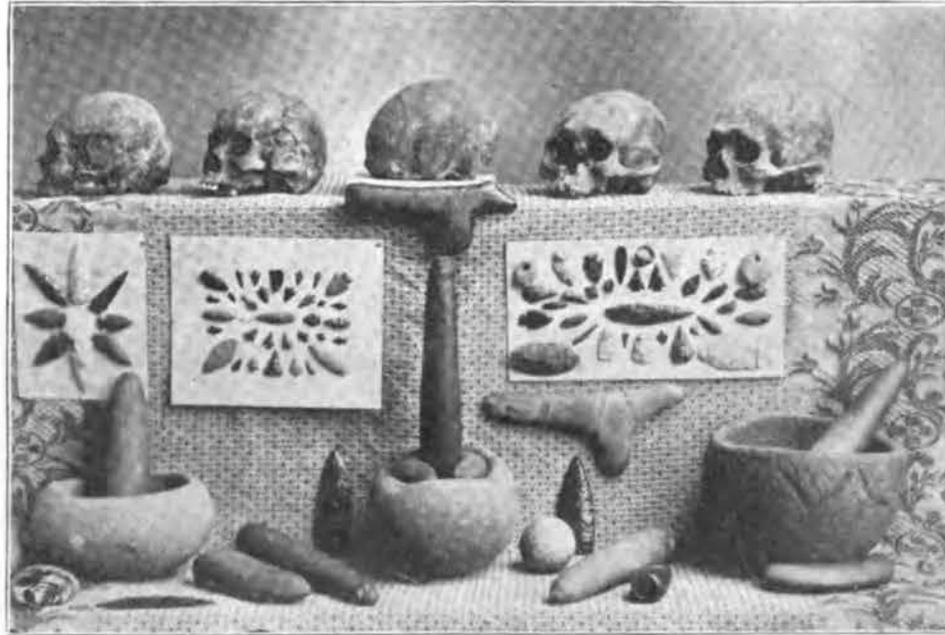
IT struck me much, as I sat by the Kuhbach one silent noontide and watched it flowing, gurgling, to think how this same streamlet had flowed and gurgled through all changes of weather and of fortune, from beyond the earliest date of history. Yes, probably on the morning when Joshua forded Jordan; even as at the mid-day when Cæsar, doubtless with difficulty, swam the Nile, yet kept his Commentaries dry—this little Kuhbach, assiduous as Tiber, Eurotas or Siloa, was murmuring on across the wilderness, as yet unnamed, unseen: here, too, as in the Euphrates and the Ganges, is a vein of the grand world-circulation of waters, which, with its atmospheric arteries, has lasted, and lasts, simply with the world. Thou fool! Nature alone is antique, and the oldest art a mushroom; that idle crag thou sittest on is six thousand years of age.—CARLYLE

NATURE affords no continued trains of misfortunes and miseries, such as depend upon the constitution of humanity; no hopes forever blighted in the bud; no beings, full of life, beauty and promise, taken from us in the prime of youth. Her fruits are all balmy and sweet; she affords none of those blighted ones, so common in the life of man, and so like the fabled apples of the Dead Sea, fresh and beautiful to the sight, but when tasted, full of bitterness and ashes.—SIR HUMPHREY DAVY

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

Prehistoric Man in Oregon

THE picture presented herewith shows a part of the results of recent explorations in some of the mounds of the Willamette valley in Linn county, Oregon. The specimens are a portion of a large collection made by Mr. J. G. Crawford of Albany, and are in an excellent state of preservation. Mr. Crawford is of the opinion that two and possibly three ancient races or tribes are represented in these remains and that the mounds are either burial, sacrificial or ceremonial in character, according to their contents.



In the burial mounds many skeletons have been uncovered which are generally normal as compared with present types. All of the bodies were buried lying flat, in an attitude of repose, with the hands palm to palm under the head. In the sacrificial mounds are small altars of clay surrounded by "partial burials" which are considered as evidences of cannibalism. One body was found which had been encased in clay and burned to a cinder. P.

To Preserve the Language of the Yuki Indians

THE University of California is to make an effort to preserve the language and the traditions of the Yuki Indians who, in their fierceness, were once a terror to the country. A young chief of the tribe is now on his way from Mendocino county to assist in this work, and while he is fully representative of his people, he speaks and writes English with great ease and accuracy. The phonograph will be used to preserve a record of his speech, and it is to be hoped that this instrument will be largely utilized in the future to rescue disappearing languages from oblivion.

Our debt to the Indians is not, however, wiped away by learned researches into their records and languages. A very casual knowledge of their history is enough to show how great a reparation is due to them for the unnecessary and sometimes unscrupulous injuries which a swiftly advancing civilization has inflicted upon them. We welcome, however, the now abundant evidences of an awakening interest with the hope that such interest will eventually lead to a substantial measure of justice. S. G. P. C.

The Cradle of the Human Race

IT is gratifying to all students of the History of the Human race that one of the many good results obtained by the Pan-American Conference, which recently met at the City of Mexico, is the advisability of establishing an International Archæological Commission for the scientific and systematic study of prehistoric remains. From what has been discovered on these lines it is evident that America has been the home of numberless nations, many perhaps of civilizations which endured for ages. It is possible, in fact quite probable, that future discoveries will establish beyond a doubt that America, or at least a portion of the present continent, has been the cradle of the human race. The American nations of the present day represented at the Pan-American Conference, realizing the vastness of the field and the value of the investigation, will surely unite in this work, which means much to the world. The conference as a whole has been the greatest step yet made by the American sister Republics toward the establishment of Peace, Health and Happiness in their midst by the recognition of the fact that in union there is strength, and that, to a greater or less degree, whatever may be of concern to one nation is also to the others. STUDENT

Recent Discoveries in Egypt

DURING the past winter, which Professor Flinders-Petrie spent in Egypt in exploring some of the royal tombs, he has made some discoveries of unusual interest. These tombs belonged to the earlier dynasties, and in his report he says: "We have found beautifully wrought jewelry and gold work, minutely engraved ivories of Menes and his successor, fashioned more than 6500 years ago. . . . There are about thirty inscriptions in stone and ivory, and from these we learn the names of the three Kings, Harmar, Ka, and a name

written with a fish sign. . . . The strangest object is a strip of massive gold unknown to us with the name 'Menes Aha' upon it.

"Of Zer, the successor of Menes, it is astonishing to find the forearm of his Queen still in its wrappings with four splendid bracelets intact. One is a series of figures of the royal hawk perched on the tomb. There are thirteen figures in chased gold alternating with fourteen in carved turquoise. The second bracelet is composed of spiral beads of gold and lazuli, in three groups. The third bracelet has four groups in the shape of an hour-glass with beads of amethyst between gold with connections of gold and turquoise. The fourth has a centerpiece of gold copied from the rosette seed with amethyst and turquoise beads and bands and braided gold wire.

"This brilliant and exquisitely finished group of jewelry shows the high level that had been attained at the beginning of the first dynasty. It is 2000 years older than the jewelry of Dahshur, the oldest yet known, and has the great advantage of being carefully examined as it was found and restrung in exact arrangement. The arm of the Queen had been broken off by the first plunderers and laid in a hole in the wall of the tomb, and there remained neglected by four parties in ancient and modern times, who successively cleared the tomb.

"There are forty inscribed pieces of ivory and stone and two lions carved in ivory of the same kind. There was also discovered a great royal tombstone, which was found in pieces and rejoined. Sixty private tombstones give the names in use in the royal household. Many were formed from the goddess Neith, and not one from Isis, or King Ben V of the first dynasty. A dozen inscribed ivories were found, including the handle of the royal land-measuring cord and also an impress of the beautiful royal seal, showing the King wrestling with a hippopotamus and spearing a crocodile.

"Coming to the second dynasty, the tomb of Perabsen yielded a large tombstone of the King carved in syenite, also the names of his three predecessors carved in stone bowls. These are Hotepohai, Raneb and Neteven. From these we see Perabsen was probably the fourth King of the dynasty and his successor was apparently Khase Khemai, whose tomb has the royal sceptre, formed by cylinders of sard held together by a copper rod in axis and with gold bands at intervals. There remain twenty-eight inches of this, but the lower end has been lost. There are also seven stone vases with gold covers, fastened with twisted gold wire, two gold bracelets, twenty copper dishes, dozens of copper models, tools, copper axes, fruit knives and a perfect dish of diorite." X

No nation, no matter how glorious its history, can exist unless it practices—practices, mind you, not merely preaches—civic honesty, civic decency, civic righteousness. No nation can permanently prosper unless the Decalogue and the Golden Rule are its guides.—ROOSEVELT

Another Autograph of Shakespeare

DURING recent years many facts, many things, many events, have been strangely linked together. It is unusual for any recent discovery to stand by itself. Almost immediately it is seen to be a link belonging to some incomplete chain, and the tendency of modern thought, for this is a synthetic age, is to forge all these links together. One of such links is the copy of Plutarch recently discovered which contains the simple inscription, pronounced by experts to be genuine—"Wilm Shakspeare, hundred and twenty poundes." The Bacon-Shakespeare controversy died a natural death some years ago. Yet it is interesting to recall that the principal argument used by those who declared that Shakespeare did not write "Shakespeare" but that some one else did, was the fact that not a line of any of his own manuscripts has ever been found. The authentic specimens of his writing have been sifted down to about five in number, merely his name, and these written when he was an old man. Yet here is his name, written by himself, in a copy of "Plutarch's Lives," from which it is well known he must have taken the plots of "Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," and "Antony and Cleopatra." It is the North edition, a large book bound in dark skin, a lesson to the modern publisher, for its letters are still crisp and bright, and its leaves still strong and pliable. The quaint title page reads: "THE LIVES OF THE NOBLE GRECIANS AND ROMAINES, compared together by that grave, learned philosopher and historiographer, Plutarch of Cheronea."

The book was printed in 1603 in London, and doubtless it is not merely a coincidence that the very edition of Plutarch which the writer of Shakespeare's plays is known to have used, the North edition, should contain an autograph which is undeniably authentic. The name was written on one of the little folds or strips of paper used in the binding, which were placed in between the lining sheet, or fly-leaf of the cover. The book was sold to the Boston Public Library in 1880 by an Englishman who was quite unaware of its value. The signature belongs to an earlier period than those heretofore discovered, and it is quite possible that Shakespeare owned and used this very book when he was writing some of his historical dramas. The conjecture is a fascinating one, to say the least, and it must somewhat confuse those who have of late years called into question the authorship of these immortal writings.

GREAT minds erect their never-falling trophies: On the firm base of mercy.
—SHAKESPEARE



GRAVE OF PALEOLOGUS, ST. JOHNS, BARBADOS, WEST INDIES
He is said to have been the last member of the Imperial House of the Byzantine Empire

"Spion Kop"

---and all Other Battles

by MRS. FLEMING

YOUNG Never-Grow-Old, with your heart of gold
And the boy's dear face upon you;
It's hard to tell, though we know it well,
That the grass is growing upon you.
Flowers and grass, and the graveyard mould,
Over the eyes of you, Never-Grow-Old,
Over the heart of you, over each part of you,
All your dear body, our Never-Grow-Old.

Never grow old, your curly head
Will never streak with grey;
Young Always-Young, your springing tread
Will never pass away,
The morning glory of your eyes
Will light you now and ever;
You keep your boyhood in the skies,
The other side the River;
River that flows by the City of Gold,
River of Healing, dear Never-Grow-Old.

—Longman's Magazine



CHINESE BAMBOO IN PUBLIC GARDENS, TRINIDAD, WEST INDIES

you can always do something to put it right again. It seems to me that if we could only let this idea run through our minds we should not have to be bothering so much about what is going to happen. If we went on quietly doing our best the Soul would be able to speak loud enough to keep us away from all danger. One day everyone will have presence of mind and then men will be wise enough to prevent wars and things of that kind.

To Do the Right Thing at the Right Time

WE often hear people talk about *Presence of Mind*, and I have been wondering what it all means. Some people seem to know in a moment what is the right thing to do, while other people are stopping to wonder about it. It is not only clever people and good people who seem to have presence of mind, because the other day I heard a story of how a man rushed into a burning house and saved a child when everyone else was too frightened to do anything, and that man had always led a brutal, degraded life, and after he had saved the child he actually

went away and hid himself as though he had done something wrong.

And I heard another story which was told by a friend of my father, and it made me think there must be something in us which is trying to protect us and to tell us the right thing to do when we could not possibly find it out for ourselves. There was a man on board a ship who wanted to move a plank backward towards the side. It was a dark night and he thought he was further from the edge of the ship than he really was, but suddenly, as he was walking backwards, he felt as though his leg was held tight, and when he looked round he saw that in one more step he would have fallen into the sea. Now what was it that made him stop, and what was it that told the other man to rush into the burning house when nobody else knew what was the right thing to do? It looks to me as if there is a part of ourselves, and it must be the Soul, that is on guard all the time, trying to make us hear it and to tell us the right thing to do and to keep us out of danger. All that we have to do is to try to listen to it and not be always wondering and wondering what will happen next.

In our school we are reminded the first thing every morning that this is really a part of ourselves and so we get into the way of thinking about it and expecting that it will always tell us the right thing to do, and this is why it is not necessary to have punishments, because if we keep on trying we are certain to come out right in the end. Of course there are lots of mistakes made, but the great thing is to know in a moment when you have made a mistake and then

C.

pected from the experiments that will be made. It has already been discovered that trees, shrubs and flowers from all localities and climates will thrive in Loma-land. In all probability many of the kinds experimented with will produce better types than we know at present. It is not too much to expect that new types will also be produced, and the days not far distant when Loma-land will be recognized as a distributing center for things horticultural as well as for things philosophic.

"One of our dreams," said the Captain to me recently, "is a small lotus pond. I can already see it in imagination in the end of the plot near the Temple entrance, and in the waters the reflection of the Temple itself. Would that not be beautiful?" There is already a lotus pond at the Colony, in the midst of their triangular garden.

OBSERVER

THE goal of yesterday will be the starting-point of tomorrow.—GOETHE

ACCOUNTS are to hand of the lecture on the Stratifications of Hydrogen which Sir William Crookes, the discoverer

Electrons of Professor Crookes

of Radiant Matter, recently delivered before the English Royal Society. Speaking of his great discovery, the lecturer referred to Radiant Matter, or Electrons, as being the borderland where matter and force appear to pass into one another, and as bringing us within reach of the knowledge and control of the indivisible particles which constitute the physical basis of the universe.

When science awakes to the fact that its advance has been forestalled by Theosophy, it may also realize that it is still a very long way from

the meeting point of force and matter, and still further from the control of the indivisible particles of matter which have been called atoms. Professor Crookes holds that the electrons are the units or atoms of electricity and that electricity itself "is as atomic as matter," and that these electrons are themselves matter in its ultimate condition, and force or energy.

He described the phenomena which take place when hydrogen is submitted to electrical action which, he suggests, are due to the atoms acting as gases which render the gas molecules visible when they are met by the electric atoms.



Universal Light

UNERRING Nature! still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test, of art.
Art from that fad each just supply provides,
Works without show and without pomp presides
In some fair body thus th' informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigor fills, the whole:
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains,
Itself unseen, but in th' effect remains.

—POPE



Along the Coast of Loma-land



To Copy Nature

TO build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
In all, let nature never be forgot;
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare:
Let not each beauty everywhere be spied,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.

—POPE

IF the extent of our mental and moral civilization were to be gauged by our fear of death it must be conceded that we have gone backward since those ancient days when our departure was symbolized in art by a figure which is hardly to be distinguished from that of the God of Love. A somewhat more pensive attitude is indeed the only difference. With folded wings he leans upon his torch and on his face is stamped a deep repose. Sometimes he holds behind him the large ring of the revolving seasons. Time has seemed to cease. The years roll on no more.

The Fear of Death

At other times there is other symbolism, but always that of a peaceful, and sometimes of a triumphant, joy. A constantly repeated figure is that of a horse which looks in through a window upon life's turmoil, and speaks thus silently of a journey and of departure. A beautifully executed Etruscan Vase displays the body laid out upon the funeral bier upon the shore while the horse carries away the soul over the rippling waves of a joyous sea. A beautiful variation of the same idea is that of the winged foot, which is no longer confined to earth, but has attained to flight above and beyond. The ancient emblem of the liberated Soul itself is everywhere the bird, which takes its glad flight through the open door of a cage or, in its freedom, hovers over the heart of the dead man before departing unto its place.

Sometimes the meaning of Death is even exaggerated by the ancients in their desire that it shall be truly known for what it is. Thus the Thracians lamented at a birth and rejoiced at a death, and Pliny tells us that the beneficence of Nature has placed a short span upon human life, and Macrobius, the Platonist, calls birth "spiritual death," and death "spiritual birth." While deprecating all exaggeration of philosophic truth, it seems better to err with the Thracians and with Macrobius rather than with our modern thought, which throws dark robes upon the liberated wings of light.

An inquiry into the origin of the present fear of death is not now our mission nor our duty. It is both our mission and our duty to remove it, as being an artificial, an unnatural and a retrogressive sentiment founded

neither upon knowledge nor upon reason, and alike opposed to human progress and to human freedom. That which is the man does not die, nor does it change, except by its experience, and what we call death is the desire of the Soul to change its habitation, the focussing of its forces for its onward march.

The terrors of death are our fears of the unknown. These and all other evils are but the fruit of ignorance, and with it will pass away. We are living all too exclusively in that aspect of ourselves which is enslaved and blinded by material interests and by the vanishing things of a day, but we have that within us, a mountain peak of consciousness, from which we can look down upon the rolling, darkly changing mists below and from there we may know that there is no power that can shake the Soul, and that there are no laws and no forces which are not subject unto it. There is not any one of us who does not know of that mountain height of consciousness. This is no dream of philosophy nor of religion, but a reality of which the glimpse comes now and then to every man on earth. That which is below may come and pass again, as clouds gather to be routed by the Sun and to form again elsewhere, but the man himself, the eternal, unshaken Soul of him passes lightly over the portals which we call death, onward to unchangeful purpose.

The River of Life flows not always in the earthly sunshine. Here, too, is the shade which speaks of rest from toil. And in the shaded waters come and go the reflections of our inner, secret selves, those selves which we have stamped and impressed by every deed and thought. We shall rest awhile within the shadows of that rippling river running to the Sea, and we shall look within its waters on the pictures which they bear. We shall see the pictures which we made for ourselves long ago, when the soul of the child spoke aloud of the home from which it came, and of the Earthly Paradise which shall be. That was before fear came to us with the only death which we can ever know. Will there be the pictures of lost ideals which were driven forth and outcast by ambition and by greed, or shall we see that in spite of failures, in spite of losses, we too have fought a good fight and have kept the faith? STUDENT

Students



Path

My Creed

by ALICE STEAD BINNEY

I think that many a soul has God within,
 Yet knows no church nor creed, no word of prayer,
 No law of life save that which seems most fair
 And true and just, and helpful to its kin
 And kind; and holds that act alone as sin
 That lays upon another soul its share
 Of human pain, of sorrow, or of care,
 Or plants a doubt where faith has ever been.
 The heart that seeks with zealous joy the best
 In every other heart it meets, the way
 Has found to make its own condition blessed.
 To love God is to strive through life's short day
 To comfort grief, to give the weary rest.
 To hope and love—that, surely, is to pray.

—Selected

Theosophy and the Family Life

IN Matthew x, 34-39, we read the following:

Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace but a sword.

For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law.

And a man's foes shall be they of his own household.

He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me.

He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.

As all students are aware, among the persecutors of Katherine Tingley are a few professed Christians. Many of those in the church understand her work, in some degree at least, and are tolerant. Some there are who give out, by the yard, to their congregations, this philosophy, of which she is the Teacher, translating it into their own terms. But there are those, few in number, it must be confessed, and *not* to be found among the more liberal members of their class, who deliberately persecute her by every means they can devise, and who are doing their utmost to ruin and bring public dis-esteem upon the heaven-sent educational and philanthropic work of which Katherine Tingley is at the head.

Their attitude is most paradoxical. While these persecutors tell curious tales of the "families that have been broken up by Theosophy," this Teacher quietly points to the Temple Homes and the ideal family life being established in Loma-land. Her students know how sacred she holds true family life and could give many instances in which her advice has been the means of uniting, on the highest lines, members of families who, before this, lived in more or less discord.

And strange paradox! the very ones who make these charges are professed followers of the Master who plainly stated that he came to break up families, "to set the daughter against the mother and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law." This betrays one of three things: perhaps sheer ignorance of Theosophy and of its practical results; possibly hypocrisy; certainly a lack of knowledge concerning Christ's simplest teachings.

There will always be certain people who propose either to rule or ruin. Those who are bound to such as these by domestic ties are certain to suffer. Their sufferings will be intensified if they do not submit to being entirely effaced, as it were, by the domestic tyrant, husband, wife, parent or child as the case may be. And it goes without saying that the lives of such tyrants will never bear inspection. No one realizes this more fully than themselves. No one is more eager than themselves to find some cloak that will cover the real demon of hypocrisy that looks

out through the eyes of such a tyrant. And if, by any chance, the persecuted one is able to secure a single free breath through a true philosophy of life, what wonder that the persecutor should throw the blame on that philosophy? It is the same old story. This has been the program in all ages. The history of early Christian persecution contains many instances of outrageous ill-treatment of those who professed that faith, then despised. And when the persecuted one did not utterly succumb, but found strength sufficient in Christ's teachings of a true philosophy of life to bear the persecution and rise out of it into victory, then came the cry that "this despised religion is breaking up my home!" This was the case, often repeated, among followers of Paul as well as Jesus.

What would the tyrants and hypocrites of today say if Katherine Tingley should dare affront them with the simple words of the Christ they profess to believe—the words above quoted? I venture to say that she would actually lose her life.

The Theosophical Movement at present is passing through a period which might be described as "the period of suits in court." Katherine Tingley, as well as some of her students, has entered our Courts of Law and an unveiling process has already begun. Those who are interested in this mooted question as to whether or not Theosophy "breaks up families," will do well to watch the proceedings in these Courts. The facts brought out will show, in every case now pending, that it is the tyranny, the vices and the hypocrisy of the aggrieved reiterators of this old cry, that has broken up the family life, and Theosophy is simply used by them as a weapon with which to keep hidden their own infidelities. STUDENT

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

DEAR COMRADES: Those of us who are trying to learn something of the greatness of little things are seeking to understand the meaning and the uses of the beautiful invocation to the Soul which has been given to us, and which begins, "O, My Divinity." The older students know well the marvelous potency which may lie hidden in combinations of words when they are voiced in the right way and vitalized by sincere aspiration. This is a matter for individual experience rather than for verbal description, and it will be enough now to say that these words appear to be of such a nature, and that their full power is called forth by aspiration and by an imagination which anticipates and compels success, an imagination which is as an anchor thrown forward to the place of victory.

But viewed in a more general sense, the sentences in question constitute an assertion of our own divinity and an invocation to that divinity to manifest itself. There is a mental boundary which we are all too slow to cross, the frontier line between assertion and realization. Timidity, and what we falsely call modesty are the restraining forces which keep us upon the wrong side of that line. From the entirely and weakly human standpoint we make the assertion of our divinity as though it were merely a pious opinion, and as though we were unaware that the only real assertion is a conscious stepping forward into that divinity, and a momentary backward glance at the states of consciousness which we have been accustomed to call ourselves and which are now merely galvanized shells through which we once thought and acted.

When success comes—and we are not left in doubt of that success—we begin to live in a new heaven and a new earth. It may be in the night time and in the open that we shall first touch the light. There are thousands of galaxies of lights behind, and these too will be reached, but even the first ray is a revolution of our whole being. May it not be that some barrier will be broken between our own physical nature and the material universe, and that over that broken barrier the waves of a greater physical life will come sweeping through us, burning away disease and scorching up the fetters which age and inaction have thrown around our limbs. And as we look up at the star-lit sky, will it not for us be a new sky, pulsating now with vibrant life and force, and will not every star hold out white, shining arms to us as though to welcome us into all secret places and to all secret things?

The dark veil which now lies before our vision must be pierced from within. None can do it for us from without. From without may come, does come, the voice of the Helper, bringing to us Hope and Courage, the messages of unflinching will and aspiration. -

It was such a message that was given to us in the Soul invocation which begins, "O, My Divinity." STUDENT

love flowers! Sometimes my mistress gives me one and I lie down by it and smell it for ever so long. Gypsey bites them. But she is very young. She don't know its wrong to tear things up. But I am teaching it to her every day.

Well, after awhile all those children got dressed. Then I sat in a chair, just as quiet, and watched them march and sing. Once I almost barked. It was just beautiful. When little Frances came on I nearly tumbled off my chair, I was so happy. She had on a garland; I had watched her mamma make it. How I did wish I could make a garland for Gypsey; she has such pretty brown eyes; I like brown eyes, don't you?

But I started to tell you about the Fest-i-val. That is such a big word. There were some grown-ups. They didn't look as pretty as the children; I don't know what they did, either; I was watching the Raja Yoga children all the time. But I heard Frances say that her mamma was going to write all your papas and mammas about what the grown-ups did at this Festival. So you can ask them.

There was lots of music; it was just like Sunday morning in the Aryan Temple. And some people talked about Easter and things, and then after awhile it was all over. They said a big word near the end that I always like. It was Di-vi-ni-ty—can you say it?

Well, children, I just was on duty all the time, and I never, never was so happy. Then we went to the big home in the city where they give music lessons. That belongs to the brotherhood, too. We were out on the grass a long time. It was great fun. After we sung our songs at the evening festival, we all climbed into the big tally-ho and went back home. Oh, children, it did seem so good to get home. Gypsey was waiting for me and how glad she was. Her big, brown eyes were just beautiful when she looked at me. Then we had our suppers.

Now, children, you must hurry up and do your duty every day and hurry to Loma-land.

Affectionately, yours for brotherhood, SPOTS

CAUTION

From a rich past experience with the enemy of our work, members should have learned to be "eternally vigilant" and on guard against whatever and whoever attempts to incite disturbance, discord or criticism among Lodges or with individual members, even should the effort be made by persons known to be members or claiming to hail fresh from the Center of the Universal Brotherhood Organization and Theosophical Society. The past proves that "a man's enemies are the men of his own house." The crown of right judgment does not adorn every head, nor does the jewel of truth grace every tongue.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Leader and Official Head*

TO U. B. MEMBERS

Members are cautioned against various attempts which are being made to obtain names and list of our membership by so-called "Theosophical Societies," etc., using our name or similar designation. All such should be scanned closely, then destroyed unanswered, or sent to me, if deemed important, remembering that the simplest communication addressed to you, unapproved by the Official Head, is not to be recognized.

F. M. PIERCE, *Secretary-General*

WISDOM is the olive that springeth from the heart, bloometh on the tongue, and beareth fruit in the actions.—E. GRYMSTONE

"Where Rail and Tide Meet, There Cast Anchor"

Investors, Speculators, & Real Estate Dealers

GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR AT SAN DIEGO EARLY

San Diego is the Open Door to the Orient & Investors now will be Capitalists later

CAN'T YOU SEE THE HAND OF DESTINY?
 —2700 miles saved in encircling the globe via this port
 —Three Transcontinental Railroads heading for this Harbor
 —The Commerce of the Southwest and of the Pacific is being concentrated at the Bay of San Diego
 —Look out for Big Developments; the Market is active now

If you want to Buy or Sell there, address **D. C. Reed**
 Established 1870 Ex-Mayor of San Diego

Patronize Home Industry, build up This City, increase the value of Your Own Property

Pleasance & Son
 PRACTICAL UPHOLSTERERS

Parlor Furniture, Couches, Lounges, Mattresses, Spring Beds, etc. REPAIRED OR RECOVERED

Our specialties are First-Class Workmanship & Low Prices

CARPETS & FINE RUGS CLEANED BY THE CELEBRATED HELLER PROCESS

BON TON UPHOLSTERY HOUSE
 1154 Fifth Street, San Diego
 Telephone Red 1926 Griswold Block

Constantly regard the universe as one living being, having one substance and one soul; and observe how all things have reference to one perception, the perception of this one living being; and how all things are the co-operating causes of all things which exist; observe too the continuous spinning of the thread and the contexture of the web.—MARCUS AURELIUS

• Know, that not easily shall a conviction arise in a man unless he every day speak the same things and hear the same things, and at the same time apply them unto life.

Remember that anything that shall befall thee to turn to thyself and seek what faculty thou hast for making use of it. If thou see a beautiful person thou wilt find a faculty for that—namely, self-mastery. If toil is laid upon thee, thou wilt find the faculty of perseverance. If thou art reviled, thou wilt find patience. And making this thy wont, thou shalt not be carried away by the appearances.

It is not things, but the opinions about the things, that trouble mankind.—EPICETUS



YOU and your friends are cordially invited to visit our **Museum of Curiosities**

Every attention will be shown to make your visit pleasant

BURNELL'S CURIOSITY STORE

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Northeast Corner Fifth and D Streets

Mexican, Indian, Californian Relics & Souvenirs
 We manufacture Hand-Carved Leather

Largest and Best Stock of Jewelry in SAN DIEGO at

C. W. ERNSTING'S

Repair Work of all Kinds
 Manufacturer of Jewelry
 Large Stock of Souvenir
 Spoons

915 FIFTH STREET SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Isis
Conservatory of Music

of the Universal Brotherhood Point Loma, Cal.

San Diego Branch, 1940 B Street

Personal applications and inquiries received every Saturday by the Secretary at 1940 B Street, San Diego.
 Hours 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Full particulars sent by mail on application Address

J. H. FUSSELL, *Secretary and Treasurer* Isis Conservatory of Music, POINT LOMA, CAL.

FINE APPLES FROM THE MOUNTAINS, BELLFLOWERS, PIPPINS ETC.

Good Tea at Sixty Cents, India, Ceylon, Gunpowder, Hyson, Oolong
 Breakfast and Japan

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF FANCY GROCERIES

at **HAMILTON BROS.**

933 FIFTH STREET SAN DIEGO, CAL.

SEARCHLIGHT

NO. 6

Special number issued to
the public

CONTAINING A FULL REPORT OF THE

Great Debate on Theosophy & Christianity

HELD AT FISHER OPERA HOUSE, SAN DIEGO, CAL.,
ON SEPTEMBER 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, AND
OCTOBER 6 AND 13, 1901

SEVENTY-TWO PAGES

Notwithstanding the increase in the cost of publishing, owing to
the largely increased number of pages, the price
remains the same as heretofore

FIFTEEN CENTS

The
Theosophical Publishing Co.
Point Loma, Cal.

ENTERTAINMENT

by Children of the

Raja Yoga School

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON

in the

Aryan Temple, Point Loma

Tickets 50 cents

PUBLIC MEETINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGES

STOCKTON, Cal., 523 Yosemite Building
Lodge No. 3. Public meetings: Sunday 8 p. m., and Wednesday
7:30 p. m. Lotus Group for children, Sunday 10:30 a. m.

BOSTON, Mass., 24 Mount Vernon St.
Lodge No. 28. Public meetings every Sunday at 8 p. m.
Lotus Group, Sunday at 11 a. m.
Members' Union meeting, Thursday at 8 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Friday at 7:30 p. m.
Girls' Club, Saturday at 3 p. m.

CHICAGO, Ill., 511 Masonic Temple
Lodges No. 70 and 45. Monthly public meeting, first Sunday of the
month, 8:15 p. m.; Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesdays 8 p. m.;
Lodge meetings, members only, Lodge 45, Thursdays, 8 p. m., and
Lodge 70, Fridays, 8:15 p. m.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Y. M. H. A. Building
Lodge No. 119. Public meeting, Sunday 8 p. m.
Lodge meeting, members only, Thursday 8 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Friday 8 p. m.

MACON, Ga., Triangular Block
Lodge No. 13. Public meeting about the middle of month.
Lotus Group, Sunday 10 a. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesday 7:30 p. m.
Members' meeting, Friday 8 p. m.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., 206 Weybosset Street
Lodge No. 33. Monthly meetings, last Sunday in each month, 7:30
p. m.; Lodge meetings, members only, Wednesdays, 7:45 p. m.
Lotus Group, Sundays, 10:45 a. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Thursdays, 8 p. m.

SOUTHPORT, England, 138 Poulton Road
Lodge No. 24 (Eng.) Lotus Group, Monday, 7 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesday, 8 p. m.
Lodge meeting, Friday, 8 p. m.
Public meetings, 1st Sunday each month, 7 p. m.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., 207 Sykes Block
Lodge No. 81. Public meeting first Sunday each month, 8 p. m.

Some Calamities

Several Churches Wrecked by a Wind Storm — Many Fatalities

Extracts from Associated Press Despatch to the *San Diego
Union*, March 31, 1902

PITTSBURG, March 30—One of the fiercest wind-
storms ever known in this section struck the city today
just before noon.

The most serious accident was the unroofing of the
Presbyterian Church in Knoxville, occupied by about
600 persons. While the minister was in the midst of
his sermon, the wind blew over the large chimney and
lifted a portion of the roof. Bricks from the chimney
crashed through the roof and carried a huge piece of
the hardwood ceiling down upon the worshippers. A
panic ensued, and a frantic rush was made for the
doors and windows. At least forty persons were
caught by the wreckage, and more or less hurt. Of
this number, five may not recover.

As Rev. J. W. English, pastor of the Robinson
Presbyterian Church, near McDonald, was raising his
arms to pronounce the benediction, lightning struck
the church spire, and it toppled upon the roof, crush-
ing it and injuring a number of worshippers, two of
whom will die.

At Jamestown, a tornado tore out an end of the
United Presbyterian Church while Rev. J. M. Jamison
was preaching. He was buried under a mass of brick
and timbers, and fatally injured. The congregation
escaped unhurt.

The Noblestown Presbyterian Church was also un-
roofed.

At Greensburg, Pa., the great cupola of the First
Presbyterian Church was toppled into the street.

At Washington, Pa., the Roman Catholic and
Third United Presbyterian Churches were considerably
damaged.

A Wellsburg, W. Va., report received tonight says:
The storm which visited the Ohio Valley today,
amounted to a calamity here. The historic Franklin
M. E. Church, four miles east of this place, is in ruins,
its venerable pastor is seriously injured, two mem-
bers of its congregation are dead, and several are
wounded. Rev. Mr. Allshouse had reached the per-
oration in his sermon on the resurrection, when sud-
denly the gable end of the church was blown in. The
falling timbers and debris struck him and fell about
him. The congregation was panic-stricken. Many
had reached the outside and others were yet in the
church, when the gale lifted the roof off, and it fell
among the people.

We all dread a bodily paralysis, and would make
use of every contrivance to avoid it, but none of us
are troubled about a paralysis of the soul.—EPICTETUS

Great men stand like solitary towers in the city of
God, and secret passages running deep beneath exter-
nal nature give their thoughts intercourse with higher
intelligences, which strengthens and consoles them,
and of which the laborers on the surface do not even
dream.—LONGFELLOW

O believe as thou livest, that every sound that is
spoken over the round world, which thou oughtest to
hear, will vibrate on thine ear. Every proverb,
every book, every by-word that belongs to thee for
aid or comfort shall surely come home through open
or winding passages. Every friend whom not thy
fantastic will, but the great and tender heart in thee
craveth, shall lock thee in his embrace. And this,
because the heart in thee is the heart of all.—EMER-
SON

Hardware & Stoves

HIGH GRADE SHELF HARDWARE
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS
FINE CUTLERY TOOLS
BUILDERS' HARDWARE

San Diego Hardware Co.

658 FIFTH STREET

EDWARD M. BURBECK

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Copper Plate Engraving & Printing
Steel Dies, Crests, and Monograms
Largest & most varied stock of Books
and General Literature in the City

1051-59 FIFTH STREET, SAN DIEGO

“Burbeck's Big Bookstore”

Toys Games Souvenirs Office Supplies City and County Maps

See Glaser's window!

FULL of ART TREASURES
for the HOME or the STUDIO
Many of them NOVELTIES, All
of them NEW & INTERESTING

The Leading San Diego House for Artists' Materials, Pictures
and Picture Frames Always Up-to-Date

1040 Fifth Street

Bank of Commerce

841 FIFTH ST., bet E & F Sts., SAN DIEGO

Capital, \$100,000

Reserve & Undivided Profits, \$46,837.23

R. M. POWERS, President F. W. JACKSON, Cashier
GRAHAM E. BABCOCK, C. L. WILLIAMS,
Vice-President Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—R. M. Powers, Graham E. Babcock, J. F. Sinks,
A. H. Froet, Chas. T. Hinde, U. S. Grant, & F. W. Jackson

General banking business transacted. Exchange drawn direct on all
principal cities of United States and Europe. Prompt attention given to
collections.

Souvenir Postal Cards of Loma-land

PRIVATE MAILING CARDS, PRINTED ON
FINEST IVORY-FINISH CARDBOARD

13 different half-tone glimpses of Loma-land on which to
send your Brotherhood Thoughts all over the world. A
stream of them should be kept in circulation by every member.

- 1 Aryan Temple from the Canyon
- 2 Children's Group Houses, International Lotus Home
- 3
- 4 Young Warriors of the Raja Yoga School
- 5 Loma Homestead and Aryan Temple from the Northwest
- 6 North View of Loma Homestead and Aryan Temple
- 7 Lotus Buds and Blossoms of the Raja Yoga School Sending
Thought Messages to all the World at Aryan Temple
- 8 Children's Play-ground, International Lotus Home
- 9 Lotus Buds with their Cuban Godmother, Raja Yoga School
- 10 Egyptian Gate to School of Antiquity Grounds
- 11 Lotus Buds at Play, International Lotus Home
- 12 Lotus Blossoms, Raja Yoga School
- 13 East Entrance of Loma Homestead

2 for 5 cents (postage 1c extra) . \$0.06
50, postpaid, for 1.00
100, “ “ 1.50

Sent assorted unless ordered with specifications. Order from

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The New Century



Year \$2

Point Loma, San Diego, California.

Copy 5¢



Vol. V

APRIL 13, 1902

No

The New Century



Year \$2

Point Loma, San Diego, California.

Copy 5¢



Vol. V

APRIL 13, 1902

No

The New Century

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Two Dollars; other countries in the Postal Union, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; payable in advance
Single copy, Five Cents

Communications for the Editor, manuscripts, reports, books and periodicals for review should be addressed, "Katherine Tingley, Editor *The New Century*, Point Loma."

The editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

Articles will not be considered by the editor unless signed by the author and marked with the number of words contained. In no case is manuscript returned.

Address all Business communications, including subscriptions, and make all remittances (in bank drafts or money orders, payable to The New Century Corporation) to "Clark Thurston, Point Loma, Cal."

To comply with recent postal regulations, all Post-Office money order remittances should be made payable at San Diego. The remittances, as well as all other mail, should be made to Point Loma, as usual.

Entered at the Post-Office at Point Loma, Cal., as second-class matter Nov. 30th, 1901
Copyright, 1901, by Katherine Tingley

Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

On the Destruction of Untruth

THERE are two ways of destroying falsehood: one is frontal attack; the other is to set up the truth. Properly presented truth is a very aggressive antiseptic. It is usually a waste of time to refute falsehood or error. Spend that much energy in developing the truth, and leave the result to that Law called "the tendency of things." Some of the opponents of materialism are very eager in their laborious belaboring of it. Most of this labor is wasted; it may even strengthen the arm of the enemy. The destruction of materialism comes about by the growth of the spiritual consciousness, and when that is achieved it will itself control and feed the intellect.

Attacks upon persons sometimes take the false guise of attack on the principles those persons represent. Animus may render the ruse transparent enough, and here also no refutation is necessary. The underlying egotism and ambition are too manifest to mislead any one, and a reply would not only gratify the egotist by affording him the precise advertisement he craves, would not only call to him a public attention which he could never command unaided, but would be an attack upon that which, by its own nature, is doomed to destruction.

The Egotist & the Ambitious

The egotist and the ambitious live painful lives. They are gnawed and consumed by the craving for notoriety. It never comes in the measure of the craving, and they are driven on from step to step. The last step is an overstep into ruin, exposure, and contempt; or such notoriety as they have achieved dies away and leaves the supreme bitterness of final disappointment. How many a wrecked life has closed in that lonely darkness!

But even to the attacks of such men, reply is sometimes necessary. When the attack is directed upon a man's honor, and especially where his honor involves the good name of some Cause he represents, it may be in the highest degree ill-judged that he stay silent.

Silence Is Not Always Wisdom

And again; it may be necessary to take action where the personal animus that prompts an attack is veiled; or where the public, who do not know the underlying springs, are being misled by plausible presentations.

The instinct that would take a certain class of people to see an execution or a bull-fight, the instinct to gloat in safety over the vicarious bloodshed of a prize-fight, is the same instinct as that on which the baser sort of self-advertising egotism counts in the engineering of its crudely brutal attacks. These men know their public, and as they descend lower and lower in their attempt to feed their craving for publicity, they appeal to an ever lower and lower stratum of readers or hearers. It is not always well to leave even these to themselves. And it is usually easy to deal with them; for whilst they progressively lose even the low intelligence of cunning, *fear* they do not lose. It is a curious psycho-physio-

logical fact that when one of these libelers seems to have temporarily lost cunning, caution, and fear, *the use of a narcotic* or so-called stimulant usually underlies the exhibition.

JUSTICE

Modern Labor Disputes

WE are living in an atmosphere of labor troubles, and no sooner has one dispute been arranged than another looms threateningly upon the horizon. Mediation boards and conciliation committees are attempting a good work, and in many cases are doing it well, but their efforts are necessarily confined to individual cases as they occur, and leave untouched the growing and menacing hostility between the two branches of national production and national wealth, which is the real cause of this deplorable unrest.

Without in any way usurping the position of arbitrator or judge, we cannot but see that one lamentable result of these disturbances—and it may be also a cause—is a loss of pride in work for its own sake. This applies as much to the capitalist as to the workman. There is that in work which cannot be bought or sold, the something which is added by a pride in its accomplishment, by the perception of the glory which man can stamp upon nature. If work be only a commodity, grudgingly sold and grudgingly paid for, all that is over and above the market fret and fever must be lost.

Gazing so fixedly, so continuously, at money alone, we are acquiring the moral stoop which prevents us from seeing what is above and beyond that sordid plane. In the ancient guilds, the best workman occupied a position into which money did not enter at all. The products of his skill could indeed be bought, but his devotion was for the emulation of his comrades, and was a thing apart. It joined him to the true aristocracy of labor, in which there was no money test and no money reward.

So long as either capital or labor knows only the money standard for work, so long must work more and more dwarf itself to that requirement, and so long must the means of production be split into hostile camps.

STUDENT

The Gambling Spirit

IN the London *Daily News* of March 19th, is a strong article on the betting evil in England, from which the following is quoted:

No more terrible indictment of a national vice was ever uttered than that delivered by a Newcastle artisan before the Betting Committee.

Mr. Knight tells from his own personal observation of the enormous growth of betting among the artisans of the North. He shows how the evil has developed with giant strides year by year, how it has seized on men, bringing thousands to misery and ruin, how women and even children have been caught in its fatal toils, how it has killed the University Extension movement in the mining districts, and is rapidly destroying all the intellectual aspirations of the working classes.

Gambling would be impossible in a brotherly community, because it makes for the general detriment, and no community (with a fully-developed and conscious mind of its own) would injure itself any more than a man will wilfully throw his money into the sea. But where there is no fellow-feeling, and merely a crowd of individuals, these will try to rob each other, and the net result will be the loss due to waste. Members of a family would not thus compete unless it was a very disunited family.

There is however another element in the gambling spirit besides mere love of gain, and that is love of excitement. This is capable of causing people to indulge even when they realize fully that they must lose. In this respect gambling is like drinking or drug taking—a means of whipping up the stagnant circulation of a life from which the sun-fires have departed.

Dissipation is ever the partner of somber, dreary monotony, and it is no wonder if the hordes of those who eat, drink, toil, and sleep, should seek a mockery of recreation in destruction and illegitimate channels. In many cases the evil is too rampant and deep-seated to be doctored up, and the remedy will have to come through the regeneration that follows dissolution. The old order will toll its own knell, and we must make straight the way for the new.

H. T. E.

A Street Scene in Stockholm

ANOTHER of those interesting and characteristic photographs of scenes in Sweden is reproduced on the cover page of *THE NEW CENTURY* this week. This one is entitled "Stureplan," showing a gore corner and square in the newer district of Stockholm.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Unrest of the Age

THE restful Oriental in a Chinese treaty port watches with wondering pity the Europeans and Americans as they pace to and fro on the Sunday church-parade, and infers that people who rush about aimlessly and needlessly must have some serious ailment which makes it painful to be still. And he is right; the Westerner cannot endure to be still. So soon as he is awake he must eat; so soon as he has eaten he must rush to business. Then comes violent "exercise," or hurried car-journeys to get somewhere else. Always there must be motion, noise, distraction. To be without these is to fall into intolerable melancholia, which is too often relieved by the baneful drug.

In short, the Westerner is sick and needs to keep jumping like one bitten by a tarantula. The rest of creation furnishes abundant and convincing proof of the joy and content that accompanies restfulness, and it is only civilized man and his works and traces that form an eyesore on nature's peaceful landscapes and frighten the birds.

When the body and mind are thus perturbed there can be no acquisition of wisdom, for the mind is like the surface of a lake, which can only give a clear reflection when it is still. The perturbed mind of man reflects broken images. It sees things in their wrong proportion and takes hasty and extreme views. In its nervousness it is over-careful of trifles and forgets what is important.

When we are tranquil how easily we do things. How many unnecessary actions are saved, and what economy of force there is! But this is nothing to the stupendous mental and moral energy we should have if we could quell the stormy and fitful gusts of emotion that continually lash and ruffle the waters of our soul. The age might then cease churning and seething in a troubled whirlpool and gain vigor and sap for wonderful achievements and new enterprises.

The unregulated activity of present-day man is caused by lack of power in the center, loss of balance, weakness at the root. Man is top-heavy and invertebrate. He has no strength in his inner being, and too much in his outer functions. So the various functions of his nature all work on their own account and run away with him like unbridled horses. He is in a consumptive fever and has moral and mental locomotor ataxia.

Very many people find constant distraction necessary in order to escape from the horror of their own thoughts. They have no faith, no real, inner joy and certainty. They are doubters. Religious platitudes cannot serve them when they find themselves alone in the dark with no companion but their own empty selves. They can hear the voice of no Soul; no song of the world-soul thrills in their torpid ears. The silence is unbearable, and they banish it with noise or sleep.

But to men of faith and knowledge there is the quiet Soul-life that comes most fully when all else is still. They have a strong and full heart-beat that needs no stimulant; they can feel that they are alive without having to pinch themselves; they do not die when they leave off moving.

And the reading and learning and studying! Is not this the fever and debauchery of the brain? Our minds can live only in rapid motion and constant change, for with them to rest is to collapse. But for the soulful man there is also a quiet, restful state of the mind wherein it gleams wisdom and true knowledge. If we could only leave off reading we might think; if we could leave off studying we might learn, and if we could leave off learning we might know.

The proverb about the rolling stone and the moss applies to the intellect among other things, and implies also that a stone which does not roll will gather moss.

H. T. E.

NO NATION, no matter how glorious its history, can exist unless it practices—practices, mind you, not merely preaches—civic honesty, civic decency, civic righteousness. No nation can permanently prosper unless the Decalogue and the Golden Rule are its guides in public as in private life.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT

BEARS, savage to others, are yet at peace among themselves.—JUVENAL

Increase of Suicide

THERE can be no more absolute contradiction of our boasted advance than the increase of suicide, especially the demonstrated fact that the increase is mainly among women. This form of crime has advanced two hundred per cent. during the last fifty years, and must now be counted as one of the most formidable problems which we have to face.

Up to date, we have done nothing more than recognize the existence of the evil and admit how utterly we are defeated and dismayed by its advance. In front of suicide, all the canons of criminology hopelessly break down, inasmuch as the criminal has placed himself beyond all human punishment and all human aid. It is true that where the attempt has been unsuccessful it remains within our power to imprison the victim and thereby intensify the misery which is a prime cause of the disease, and this we continue to do with that strange fatuity which justifies the proverb that before stupidity even the very gods are helpless.

The remedy which occurs to us divides itself into two departments and is based upon the fact that the suicide supposes that the *post-mortem* condition, whatever he may believe it to be, is superior to his present lot. The first department of our remedy is the obvious necessity of relieving the misery which suggests death as the lesser of two evils, and the second is an increase of knowledge of *post-mortem* states. The latter would at once paint suicide in its true colors and would show it to be, of all means of escaping pain, the most futile and the most hopeless.

The statistics which are now available should aid greatly in the comprehension of this problem. Thus we find that, in mountain districts and wherever nature is most in evidence, suicide is practically unknown and that it increases in frequency as natural influences are excluded. The forces of heredity show themselves here as markedly as elsewhere, whole families for many generations being marked by this taint. STUDENT

Vicarious Punishment & Reward

IF life is just and ruled by law when rightly viewed, then, viewed wrongly, it will of course seem unjust. We are reminded of this proposition by a sentence met with in a history book: "That mysterious allotment of Providence by which the consequences of the follies and crimes of a long line of ancestors fall upon an innocent descendant." . . . If man is regarded as separate individuals, it is obviously unjust to punish one for the other. But, if man is a whole, where is the injustice in punishing man for what man has done? It is not unjust to flog a man upon the back for stealing with his hands. This is because the back and the hands are but parts of one whole, and therefore participators in both crime and punishment.

In a properly united society surely the same principle ought to hold good. We believe we are right in saying that in certain races of indigenes it is customary, if a member of one tribe kills a member of another, to allow the second tribe to retaliate upon *any* member of the aggressive tribe. This is just, they say: "You kill one of us; we kill one of you." What would be thought of such a doctrine in this age of individualism? It has been ingeniously shown by Edward Bellamy in his novel, *Dr. Heidenhoff's Process*, that in strict logic the culprit is never the same person as the criminal, since a man's personality continually changes. Hence that all punishment is vicarious. But he ignores the connecting thread of identity that unites these shifting personalities. In a golden age the sense of solidarity would be so strong that no individual could do deed or feel pain that the society as a whole would not consciously participate in and feel the responsibility of. Thus we cannot criticise Providence for ways which to our admittedly distorted vision appear unjust.

To those disposed nevertheless to carp at such a law, let us say, Do you never reap vicarious rewards? Your fathers fought and bled and died; you till your peaceful plot and sit by your safe hearth. If you must have individual justice, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, then have courage of your opinions and yield up your unearned benefits.

Brotherhood is not merely a moral precept; it is the key to mysteries. To be brotherly is to see things as a whole, in their beautiful completeness; the self-centered eye sees only halves and disunited ends. H. T. E.

The New Century

S U P P L E M E N T

Volume V

Point Loma, San Diego, California, April 13, 1902

Number 22

A Tribute to WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE

On the anniversary of his birth, which occurred on April the 13th, 1851

"Keep the link unbroken"

He Safeguarded the Movement

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE was, from the inception of the Theosophical Movement, the link between the past and the present.

When our comrades consider the vast and heroic work which was necessary in the early days to introduce Theosophy to the world; and when we reflect, say, even from our own experience, what a herculean task it is to make it practical and a living power in the life of Humanity, then we have a view of what it was to hold it inviolate and pure in the transition period that linked it from the past to the present.

I say, we can never revere and esteem too much the Leaders who bore the burden of this world message. We should herald abroad at all times with sound of joy the glory of these Great Souls. Humanity would certainly perish if it were not for them. If man were left alone to work out his evolution without help or guidance, the lower propensities would lead him to destruction.

How few have an ideal of their own accord, such as the essential Brotherhood of Humanity, or the possibility of its perfection. Is it not pitiable to see the magnificent energies wasted in the whirl of sensation in spite of all the religions, doctrines and precepts.

Much have we to thank these Teachers for. They have given to Humanity a new incentive to life and also a knowledge of the certainty of eternal happiness in accordance with rigid and inflexible justice.

Let us ever deem it our sacred duty to the Theosophical Movement to honor the names of H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, Katherine Tingley; let us announce and declare our love and gratitude to them, that their teachings may become known far and wide and restore peace to the lives of the weary, the unhappy and the despairing.

William Q. Judge's birthday, April 13th, 1851, will be commemorated with laudations of song and joy for his noble work, his great wisdom and his exalted life. As the thousands of little Lotus Buds and students of Theosophy pay tribute to that pure soul, let each and all of us stand with a new resolve in our hearts that this great Heart-work shall live and grow and make glad the great human family.

One of the last acts of William Q. Judge was to safeguard the Theosophical Movement for all time by passing the sacred trust of Leader, Guide and Teacher into the hands of Katherine Tingley who, he said, "*is as true as steel, as clear as a diamond, as lasting as time.*"

E. A. NERESHEIMER

Only the Few Comprehended Him

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE was a peer amongst men. His ability in the management of affairs has a lasting monument in the results; but only those who were nearest to him, who loved him and revered him in proportion to the nearness, comprehend the grander qualities of his nature—his tenderness, his patience, his uncomplaining fortitude, his endurance of misrepresentation, misconception and persecution, his loyalty to principle, his faithful adherence to ideals and to duty. We rejoice at this time to give him the full measure of appreciation which is his due, and in paying homage to him on the anniversary day of his entering into incarnation, do honor to our noble work.

H. T. PATTERSON

His Limitless Trust in the Higher Law

IN the world of business the man who persistently and unceasingly adheres to a clearly defined purpose wins the admiration of his fellows by his courage and usual success. In the ethical world such endeavor wins the respect and following of intelligence, while in the moral and broadly spiritual field of human effort, demanding the utmost persistence and the most superb courage, the true aspirant sometimes receives the jeers of the multitude. Such an heroic soul, battling against human units to arouse them to higher action, finds here and there amongst the hostile hosts a few responsive souls who, in honest admiration, respect and gratitude, arise and gird on their rusted armor and follow such Teacher of truth with reverent love.

Such an example Teacher was William Q. Judge; and as such do we love him. But he was far more than this! He, like all spiritual Teachers of all time, utilized the working tools at hand, and even through them obtained superb results for the principles to which he had devoted his life. Multi-

tudinous "theories" of right action claiming a spiritual basis had been disastrously exploited for centuries, until mankind had instinctively lost faith in spirituality as a practically usable factor in the affairs of its every-day life. As the natural result, men had relegated spirituality or Truth to the fog banks of metaphysics to be dealt with, if at all, as an intellectual concept without power or living force. Mind dominated by egotism had crucified the Soul, when William Q. Judge, joined with H. P. Blavatsky, burst into their mental horizon. Utilizing intellectualism and mysticism, they attracted the world's attention by their brilliancy and marvelous attainments and thus opened the way to the soul as a practical factor in human life. To the adaptable, steadfast persistency and limitless trust in the Higher Law displayed by William Q. Judge, we Theosophists and all humanity owe the saving of Theosophy—man's last hope—from wreck among the barren rocks of mere intellectualism.

All honor to our beloved Friend, Brother, and Chief.

F. M. PIERCE

A Visible Result of His Life

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE loved the children; and I think that the children of the Raja Yoga School of Point Loma are so strong in the spirit of Brotherhood that they can make their love and their joy reach his soul wherever it may now be. What better tribute can be offered to his memory than the actual presence of this Raja Yoga School at Point Loma. It is the vindication of his character and the proof of his true heart; for it is the fruit of his work.

Anyone who has seen these children at their work and at their play and who can realize what has been done for them and by them, and in how short a time, must realize that he who worked for this, and longed for it, and taught the philosophy that would lead to it, was a man with a pure heart and great wisdom. This school is one of the visible results of his teachings and of his life, the *living picture* of Theosophy applied to daily life.

When I see these children and think of William Q. Judge I am certain that out in the vast life of eternity his immortal heart must feel the pulsation of the joyous life of the children at Point Loma.

How sacredly they revere the memory of their benefactor.

R. MACHELL

(Who sometimes guards the Raja Yoga Children)

He Carried the Torch into the Night

WE always think of our beloved Chief, William Q. Judge, for we are every day and hour and minute reaping the fruit of his labors, but he comes into the foreground of our thought more especially as the cycle rolls around which brings us the anniversary of the day on which his soul entered upon this special labor of love for us which we know and love to remember.

He carried the torch into the night for us, when the dawn seemed far distant, and for long time he carried it alone. He worked patiently and unremittently in the midst of dis-

couragements that would have crushed out any enthusiasm less deep than his, or deceived any eye which could not see into the heart of things.

It must at times have seemed to him that he was trying to light that which was lifeless, so asleep was the world as to its real needs. But he was undaunted, and instead of weakening, he strengthened under discouragements.

Today the seeds which he planted are coming forth. The conditions he struggled with have been reformed by his struggling, and the whole world is a different place as a result of the self-sacrificing life of this one strong soul.

Yet he worked without regard to results. He taught this as a secret of success not only with his lips constantly but by his heroic example. His whole life was an expression of *Courage*.

It seems as if he had filled the air with this word, so that every pilgrim following him, who listens, may hear, as he stumbles—"Courage," borne on the currents of sympathy from him to us.

Surely our love and gratitude will lead us to strengthen that sound, through the silent eloquence of living it.

G. W. VAN PELT

His Constant Ideal Was Absolute Self-Sacrifice

YEAR by year, with unfading clearness, comes back to us the memory of the personality of William Q. Judge. He stands to us as another and constantly present ideal of absolute self-sacrifice; nay more, of such devotion to the task he had taken up, to his Teacher and Teachers, that the thought of sacrifice disappears.

Others might and did desert their posts, and the work went on; for his strength covered the failings and failures of many.

Till the time came, few knew how great was his strength, his rare judgment and foresightedness, or how much it meant for humanity that he should be at the Center. There were indeed many who knew little of him till the attack unveiled the real case. Yet there were many who, not suspecting the real greatness of his task, knew him as their individual counsellor, friend and helper.

In outward manner, he had the real leader's power of seeming to bear the burdens lightly; and so he constantly heartened those who had less strength to meet the difficulties.

When the attack came, it brought with it many lessons which we should have been much slower to learn in any other way. It marked apart this man from all the rest, opening our eyes fully to the real principle of Leadership and to the utter impossibility of government by conventions, councils, committees, and similar machinery.

We believe that he had worked before for humanity in many lives, and that he will never cease his work. Henceforth Point Loma is the permanent rallying center. No longer will it be necessary that the Leaders should spend so much energy in forcing the creation of a new center, century after century, in the world. From now, they will add

purifying themselves to make them worthy representatives of so great a cause and said, that if there were any in The Universal Brotherhood Organization who were not working to attain to a high moral and spiritual standard, they were better non-existent and that the Leader would rather have such of them die than to have them stand as representatives of Theosophy and the organization. I said also that the status of the Lodges relative to the movement had changed and would keep changing all the time, inasmuch as the direction of the whole work was now centralized at Point Loma, the World-center of the Theosophic Movement. The individual character of the Lodges was no longer that of a sole representative in any locality. Their policy and conduct, if they fulfilled their mission, would be in harmony with the center. No sane person could question the value of a true Theosophical worker or the worth of a trusted Lodge, in fact, the interests of the faithful workers are always identical with the center and *vice versa*. In this connection I will state what I further said in the way of reproof in defense of the work, to the effect that the brother referred to had in his writings and books failed utterly to acknowledge his Teachers, who were the only sources from whom he had taken all the information on Theosophy, leaving the readers to infer that he had worked up the doctrines from his own brain.

I said that he had barely mentioned the names of the Teachers of Theosophy, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, Katherine Tingley:

These were the only Teachers who brought all and every item of Theosophy to the Western World from the highest metaphysical doctrine, to the knowledge of their actual, practical, living application in daily life.

I said it was wrong, negligent, ungrateful, presumptuous, not to acknowledge that source, and it was misleading to those who were seeking the light. I made the statement from a sense of duty and realized immediately that it irritated the brother to have his own authority called into question.

One other object of the conversation was the brother's desire for information as to his plan of becoming a permanent resident of Point Loma Homestead. His proposition was not encouraged. The Leader and the management had reasons for reluctance to identify him with the work at the center.

It appears now that not until he was restrained from the authority in his Lodge by the wise foresight of the Leader, did he declare himself against the Leader's methods; and it may be possible that under such conditions of mind he found it easy to misquote me.

I have been slow to believe that this brother could feel resentment to the Leader and to some of the officers of the Cabinet on account of the reticence on their part to his propositions of residency at Point Loma Homestead. I had also

hoped, that as the loyal member that he professed to be, he would take the hint from the Leader with regard to the interest of the San Francisco Lodge, but instead he mistook that wise action to be a personal affront, fearing that it would eventually terminate in his suspension from the office of president of the Lodge. Had he been really loyal and devoted he would not have cared for anything but the welfare of the Lodge and the movement. There are many duties that one can fill, as all true workers know, that are suitable and congenial to one's ability, but personal ambition always destroys a man's usefulness.

I had long known that Dr. Anderson was not in a condition to properly conduct the U. B. Lodge of which he was president. It became apparent to me at the time of my last visit in 1899 when I returned from the Point Loma Congress. I know that others have shared these views with me. The Leader was extremely patient with him and compassionate. It was her desire to have the Lodge learn its lesson, which it has since done. From reports received of many members, from Brothers J. H. Fussell, Allan Griffiths and others, it is evident that the Lodge is all the better and the wiser for this change; it declares itself stronger than it has been for many years; it is now quite free from friction. This defecting brother has my good-will. If it were my son or relative in the same condition, I would advise him to go to a sanatorium and avoid excitement. (Time will explain this remark).

In looking back at the history of the movement we can see that we have had exceptional chances of learning the inner workings of human nature. Some of the lessons have helped us to stand unaffected and meet the many varieties of enemies of the work dispassionately. The old story of blaming the Leader when one of these defectants departs from his duty, has lost its hold in affecting those who remain on duty. Never yet has one failed or broken his pledge but has blamed the Leader for everything imaginable.

In the prosperous condition of our organization and amidst the enormous amount of work which is to be done from day to day, we cannot spend our valuable time refuting in detail vile and malicious statements. If it had not been that my official position was used as authority, the whole matter would have remained unnoticed, and I should gladly have remained silent.

We know the value of our work and have no disposition to waste our energy on unworthy subjects or to promote the controversy that our failing brothers generally endeavor to excite in order to add to their notoriety.

Our work is most urgent in meeting the serious demand of thousands and thousands of hungry souls for the Truths of Theosophy. Every atom of strength that is wasted deprives some worthy ones of that bit of love and hope that we can give them and it would be a crime to allow the glorious work which is being done by the Leader, to be touched. Sincerely,

E. A. NERESHEIMER

Art and Religion

It is interesting to note that the ancient Jewish legislator, Moses, as well as the founder of Mohammedanism, found it advisable to limit the functions of the artists of their day by forbidding the representation in works of art of the forms of living things or of the Deity. This is generally accepted as a protection against what we call idolatry, but I think it had a wider purpose.

There is no doubt that before the period of modern materialism set in the people generally believed in and practised all kind of magic. These ceremonies consisted largely in invoking the presence of the Nature Spirits by means of images or representations of the forms of living things in which those nature spirits were supposed to live and function on the earth. In those days the people believed universally in the reality of spiritual life and spiritual beings and their active presence in the world of things material. The science of the relation between the unseen and the seen was religion, the power to communicate with the unseen was claimed by the priest and the various means by which this was accomplished constituted the arts. The artist was the one who studied the use of color, form, sound and number, and the power to make such combinations of these as would call into activity particular spiritual beings, gods, nature-spirits, elementals, and so forth.

When we see specimens of ancient or archaic art we are bound to feel that the makers of these things had a purpose and a conviction that is altogether beyond the mere desire to please. And also when we find the art showing signs of grace and beauty as we today understand it, there also we find the people in a state of civilization (as we today un-

derstand it) that is, a state in which material ease and luxury had taken the place of spiritual belief and aspiration. All great religious reformers have tried to make the people realize the presence of the Divine Spirit in themselves and sought to lead them to seek the God *within* by the practice of the higher magic of Right Action, the Raja Yoga of all times. This *heart doctrine* has been the foundation of the teaching of all true Teachers, and all have in some way denounced the practice of some prevailing and degraded form of Art Magic, either music or dancing, or the plastic arts, or alchemy. Each of these has been the instrument by which the lower elemental spirits have been invoked and the lower nature of the people developed.

In Egypt the priesthood originally tried to keep their sacred arts pure by keeping all such knowledge within the Temples; but when the priesthood became corrupt, the fall of the arts followed, and Moses who was an initiated Egyptian priest, saw the evils and forbade the practice of the arts that had become associated with this degradation.

So too, some Greek philosophers denounced music, and in later times the Puritans denounced all the arts, but *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* They too established a religion devoid of beauty and full of evil passions, against which the New Era rises in revolt to re-establish pure Arts and pure Science, made possible by the advance in the general enlightenment of the people in lands where Freedom reigns and education is universal. So we look for the dawn of a Glorious Era of restored Art and Science and a true Religion, protected from degradation by the awakening of the Heart Life of Humanity.

STUDENT

How about American Women?

Some plain talk to Paris women by EMILE ZOLA

EMILE ZOLA'S debut as a lecturer is the sensation of the hour in Paris. He was invited to deliver a series of three lectures before an exceedingly aristocratic woman's literary and political club. At the very beginning he told his hearers that they knew nothing about literature or politics, but were simply possessed of that surface knowledge which society women find useful in daily chit-chat to create an impression of intellectual culture. Then he proceeded to demonstrate that real understanding of literature or politics required hard work, of which such an audience as he saw before him manifestly was incapable.

"You pretend to be interested in these questions," Zola said, "but really you are not. Your days are solely devoted to foolish amusement and useless actions, interminable toilet-making seances with dressmakers, luncheons, dinners, pink teas, so-called literary lectures, receptions, balls, and theaters. You spend your time in gossip which is stupid when it is not wicked.

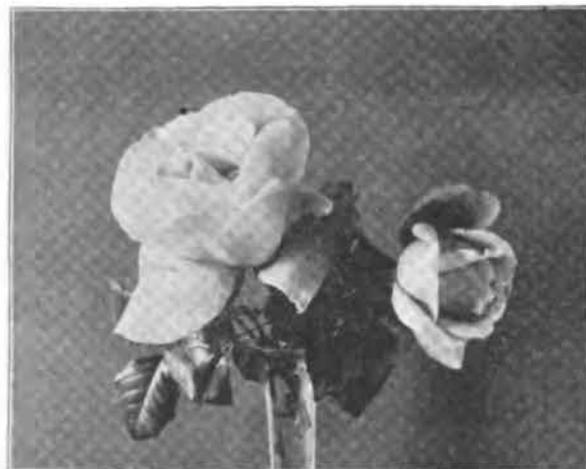
"You shirk motherhood, and when you have children they are mostly intrusted to mercenary hands. You grovel with astonishing alacrity to gain admittance into social circles above your own, and cannot conceal your asinine contempt for people supposedly below yourselves. You reduce your reluctant duty of charity to paltry offerings for a few famous institutions. This is the sort of life a society woman leads. What right have you to meddle in philosophy, literature and politics?

"It is a mere accident of birth that you are not factory girls or drygoods saleswomen. And, were you such, can you feel certain that you would have the courage to prefer honest, laborious misery to blameworthy ease?"

The audience was stupefied. Some moved to cancel the remaining lectures, but it was decided that such a sincere man as Zola should be heard to the end.—*Chicago Inter Ocean*



YERBA SANTA AND ROSES FROM LOMA-LAND



Save the World from Despair!

Extracts from the writings of H. P. BLAVATSKY

PROTESTANTISM and Ultramontanism are opposed to Theosophy, just as they are opposed to everything else not emanating from themselves; as Calvinism opposed the replacing of its two fetiches, the Jewish Bible and the Sabbath by the Gospel and the Christian Sunday; as Rome opposed secular education and Freemasonry. Dead-letter and theocracy have, however, had their day. The world must move and advance, under penalty of stagnation and death. Mental evolution progresses *pari passu* with physical evolution, and both advance towards the ONE TRUTH, which is the heart of the system of humanity, as evolution is the blood. Let the circulation stop for one moment, and the heart stops at the same time, and it is all up with the human machine! And it is the servants of Christ who wish to kill or, at least paralyze, the Truth by the blows of a club which is called "the letter that kills!" But the end is nigh. That which Coleridge said of political despotism applies also to religious.

The church, unless she withdraws her heavy hand, which weighs like a nightmare on the oppressed bosoms of millions of believers whether they resist it or not, and whose reason remains paralyzed in the clutch of superstition, the ritualistic church is sentenced to give up the place to religion and—to die. Soon it will have but a choice. For, once the people become enlightened about the Truth which it hides with so much care, one of two things must happen, the church will either perish *by* the people, or else, if the masses are left in ignorance and in slavery to the dead letter, it will perish *with* the people.

Will the servants of eternal Truth—out of which Truth they have made a squirrel that runs round an ecclesiastical wheel—will they show themselves sufficiently *altruistic* to choose the first of these al-

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 11

With the Brotherhood Crusaders in Cuba

DURING recent years the attention of nearly all the nations of the world has been drawn to the Cuban people, because of their determined struggle for freedom. And, although the war was ended by the assistance of the United States, great suffering and privation have continued to exist, and not until the recent election of Senor Palma, have these people fully realized their freedom. Senor Palma is a Cuban patriot, yet, having been educated in this country, it is said that he is specially fitted to lead his people along the lines of true freedom without fostering in them any antagonism to the people of America.

Fever and famine followed in the trail of the war in Cuba, and while Katherine Tingley holds that the suffering of all nations needs the assistance of those who believe in human brotherhood, still she perceived that the Cubans have needed this most of all. Accordingly leaving New York shortly after peace was declared, she visited Santiago, with seven students, on the first Cuban Crusade. They carried immense quantities of food, clothing and medicines. Thousands in and about Santiago were fed, nursed, and assisted in many ways from their headquarters in the Plaza de Dolores, one of the largest buildings in the city and which had been used, during the war, by the Spanish officers.

Senor Bacardi, then, as now, Mayor, gave cordial assistance and later established Children's Liberty Day, which Mrs. Tingley inaugurated by a great celebration, as a national holiday for all time. A number of

bles the ebbing away of a life. It is Nature's daily challenge to the faith that is within us.

"This is too quiet," I remarked, as we passed the jetties, "I wish we might have some wind and rain!" We got it. Within a few hours we were in the midst of "the roughest sea in eight months," to quote the words of the Captain. But after a few hours of storm and discomfort, all was as again serene. The second day we sighted the Dry Tortugas and then Cuba, with Morro Castle in the foreground.

We sailed into Havana harbor just at sunset. The city appeared to be a city of palaces, the low white and blue buildings shining with the reflected rays of the sun, beyond it forest-covered hills, and before it the bay, in which portions of the wrecked "Maine" were still to be seen. Morro Castle itself is built at the very edge of the Gulf. Near it is the Cabanas, a heavy structure, nearly a mile in length. Within it thousands of brave hearts have perished. Why is it perpetuated? It is in *Cuba Libre* an anachronism, and I fancy that the time will come when nations will be no more willing to perpetuate the monuments of ancient mistakes than we would be willing to walk about with the label of some old vice or conquered weakness written upon our foreheads.

We held no meetings in Havana, going thence by rail to Matanzas and Cienfuegos, "City of a Hundred Fires," as the name implies. Cuba is beautiful, most beautiful. The mountains picture an absolute contrast



SURRENDER TREE, SAN JUAN HILL



HEADQUARTERS OF INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE IN 1899



MORRO CASTLE, FROM THE HARBOR

Cuban children were at that time brought to America, and later placed in the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma.

August 3rd, 1901, marked the beginning of the Second Cuban Crusade. The Crusaders were three in number, three students, Dr. Gertrude Van Pelt, Superintendent of the International Lotus Home; Miss Ethel Wood, of the Raja Yoga School for children at Point Loma; and J. F. Knoche. With us went a Cuban lad who had entered the Raja Yoga School about a year before.

Contrary to the prophecies of some of our friends our trip through the desert, *en route* to New Orleans, was delightful. A rain had laid the dust and lowered the temperature and the desert fascinated us in its serenity and charm of color. It seemed like some ancient sleeping thing over which the immense, monumental cacti stood, like sentinels, "on guard."

We spent four days in New Orleans, giving one public meeting, of which both the *Picayune* and the *Times-Democrat* gave most favorable reports. Our old comrade, Lopez, President of a Theosophical Lodge, had made every arrangement for us in advance and the evening of August 10th found us on board the *Excelsior* steaming down the river. The large, drooping willow trees, the villages and plantations on either side of the river, for we did not pass the jetties till nearly midnight, made a picture of magic beauty in the half lights and lengthened shadows of the setting sun. There is something in the passing of the sun that resem-



ENTRANCE TO THE BOATING CLUB, SANTIAGO

to our bare Rockies. On all sides lay old plantations which had been devastated by the war, the mills idle, and vast tracts of uncultivated lands. Fields of sugar-cane and tobacco indicated most fertile soil, where cultivated. And a certain luxuriousness was given the landscape by magnificent Royal Palms, fifty and sixty feet in height, which grow all over the Island. The picture was fascinating—bamboo, banana, fan palms, cocoanut palms, the *lignum vitae*, the mango, and the royal palm towering high in the air. In climate, Cuba

and Southern California are very similar, saving that here it is more equable and invigorating.

We left Cienfuegos on the *Reina de Los Angeles* for Santiago. Cienfuegos harbor appeared to me to be large enough to accommodate a dozen navies, although it is almost as completely landlocked as that of Santiago. Cuba has three of the finest harbors in the world, those of Havana, Cienfuegos and Santiago. Before we had time to leave the boat after reaching Santiago, we were met by the beloved Cuban patriot, Senor Bacardi, with his wife and a large body of friends, including Senor Lopez, whose two sons are in the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma. We were at once driven to Senor Bacardi's home, which was the headquarters of our work during our stay in the city. Nearly the entire lower part of his house was given up to the exhibition of photographs of Point Loma and of the work of the various departments of The Universal Brotherhood. His house was opened to the citizens of

driven to the mountains by the Spanish soldiers. After wandering about for some time the mother dropped dead from exhaustion, and when she was found by our American soldiers, one of her little girls said: "Hush, don't wake mamma, she's asleep." In her arms was the youngest, a baby. The four children were brought into Santiago by the soldiers and claimed by the old grandmother, who had given them up as lost. Since that time she had cared for them on a mere pittance and, with tears, she begged us to take them. "I feel that I may not live much longer and I cannot die in peace unless I feel that the children go to 'Catalina Tingley,' the friend to Cuba." When we told her that we could take her children she lifted her hands in thankfulness to "Dios" and said: "Now I can die in peace." Since then she has died.

While we were in Cuba many courtesies and valuable aid were extended to us by the American officials, and some of the most influential among the Cubans. They not only assisted us in the matter of passports but gave us the use of the government conveyance on the morning of our departure. The picture of the procession of Cuban children, as they, with many of their friends, went down to the boat, is one I shall never forget. They, too, were Crusaders and I think, in a sense they realized it—brave young hearts going away from their home for a time only to come back again, later, as trained helpers of their own people. We were sorry to leave Santiago. The city is very attractive and far cleaner than most of our American cities. I would not have had the temerity to throw even a scrap of paper upon the streets. Since the Americans began their practical work in Cuba along sanitary lines, wonders have been accomplished. Yellow fever is now practically unknown. At the time of our visit there were but five cases upon the entire Island. The way in which the Cubans co-operate with the Americans shows plainly that the filthy conditions of past years must be laid directly at the door of their oppressors.

From Santiago we went by boat to Havana and at last, after some delay owing to quarantine regulations, we boarded the steamer *Excelsior*,

counted our children once more, and settled ourselves for the home trip.

As the law requires five days to elapse between embarking at Havana and landing at New Orleans (that being the period of incubation for the yellow fever germ), we spent three days anchored at the mouth of the Mississippi. But we were not unoccupied, between the care of the children and the packing and unpacking incident to fumigation.

From New Orleans to San Diego we had a private car. This arrangement had many advantages, not the least of which was that it saved the children from being annoyed by the merely curious.

The Cuban children who came with us have now been in the Raja Yoga School about six months.

They have improved, even those who had much to contend with in their natures, much more rapidly than was dreamed of in the beginning. Mrs. Tingley, in speaking of them not long ago, said: "My hope for these children is unbounded. While they have much to learn and some weaknesses in their natures, they have one characteristic which will serve as a foundation for all the virtues. It is what I would call the higher patriotism, a most spiritual quality, which is inborn and inbred." And it is this higher patriotism which is brought out in all the teaching of the Raja Yoga School. While the Cuban children love America, and are learning to regard



ON A COUNTRY ROAD IN CUBA

Americans as their comrades and helpers, and in some ways, their teachers, the Cuban flag waves in the school, and they love Cuba best of all. Their one hope is to see Cuba free, and their one ideal is to go back to the land of their birth when their education is finished, and help their people to a higher freedom.

Those who have studied this great educational work for Cuba, now being carried on at Point Loma, acknowledge it to be a great unifying factor. And the one who, at this center, has done the most for the Cubans, protests against the old cry that they are ungrateful. "Reach their hearts; bring out the best of their natures and you will find the deepest gratitude will be their response to every effort made to help them." CRUSADER

The Geology of California

DR. STEPHEN BOWERS recently lectured upon the geology of California. In his opinion the geology of this State is a complicated science because of the great similarity between rocks of different periods, the absence of fossils, and the chemical changes that appear to have taken place since the rocks were laid. He said in substance:

In few States have such great changes taken place, topographically and geologically, as in California. Where once stood mountains and mountain ranges are now valleys and great depressions. Erosion and denudation have leveled mountains or caused deep canyons, and have filled creeks and river beds, greatly changing the face of the country from what it was in olden times, millenniums before man appeared. A gigantic axis begins several miles above San Francisco and runs south-eastwardly through Santa Cruz, Santa Lucia and San Jose ranges and seems to extend to San Emidio, San Gabriel and San Bernardino mountains, ending possibly with the San Jacinto range. This uplift is believed to be older than the Sierra Nevada mountains and may represent the oldest land in California. At that time there must have existed a chain of islands 300 or 400 miles long, east of the coast ranges, and a vast inland sea, stretching toward the Rocky mountains, dotted with numerous islands.

Gold and silver deposits were found at the close of the Jurassic period, just antedating the Cretaceous, hot water filling fissures through which chlorine and fluorine gases passed, depositing the precious metals. The mineral deposits of value in this State, including the hydrocarbons, are found where there has been much geological disturbance. Quicksilver is the latest of the mineral deposits. It is still being deposited with some gold in two or three hot springs in this State. X.

The Other Man's Tarantula

EVERY one admits that I have a remarkably clear eye for faults and the way to remedy them—in the other fellow. I am ready with advice at any moment.

I had one of those silly dreams the other night that do so irritate one by their pretentious meaninglessness.

I found myself in a friend's room in his absence, and suddenly saw what appeared to be a large tarantula running across the floor.

Hastily picking up a folded monthly journal, the *Magazine of Ethics*, I chased the creature to the corner with a view to killing it. But it escaped into a crack, and I remember noticing as it disappeared that it was much smaller than it had looked at first.

As I got up from my hands and knees a voice seemed to say: *You cannot kill another man's tarantula.*

I know I shall see the creature again, and I shall then feel it my duty either to try to kill it again, or point it out clearly to my friend.

CINCINNATUS

A California Orange

THERE is a farm near Alhambra, Southern California, which is said to have the largest rose-bush in the world. Recently it has produced what is probably the largest orange ever seen, even in this state. It weighed when picked, three pounds and was eighteen inches in circumference. It so attracted the attention of an eastern man that he purchased it and sent it to his home city for exhibition. W.

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland

SOME years ago Messrs. Neal and Johnson, two gentlemen well known in archæological circles, obtained special permission from the South African Chartered Company to explore and excavate the ruins which were known to exist plentifully within the company's newly acquired territories. Since that date South Africa has been swept by war, and other causes have delayed the work, but a report has at last been issued which, though preliminary only, is as fascinating a story of the long past as has ever been given to the world.

Five hundred groups of ruins have been counted of which one hundred and thirty have been explored. These ruins largely consist of gold workings, and the evidences show something of the vast quantities of gold which must have been extracted. The ancient diggings extend for hundreds of miles and so enormous must have been the output that gold bangles, ornaments of every description, and household utensils of pure gold are scattered everywhere with reckless prodigality. The mines appear to have been hurriedly abandoned, for the tools are found just where they dropped from the workman's hand, and along the river bank lie the rudely improvised crushing stones, as though but yesterday they were grinding out the precious metal.

The report in question is, as we have said, preliminary. The real work of excavation has hardly been begun. The main cemeteries, which must exist somewhere, have not yet been found, but in the isolated tombs which have been discovered, the skeletons bear gold ornaments of an average weight of seventeen ounces.

That the architecture of these cities must have been of a high order is shown by the ruins of the elliptical temple at Zimbabwe, and the carved zodiacs which have come to light speak something of the scientific knowledge of the people who once inhabited these vast territories which, so far back as human memory goes, have been in the possession of naked savages without knowledge and practically without even tradition of their civilized predecessors.

By such discoveries as this the history of the world is being deciphered, chapter by chapter. There could surely be no more effective remedy for human self-conceit and even for human ambition and greed than these silent records which are yet so eloquent of the human races which had climbed the ladder of civilization before our races were born. When these records have been not only duly read, but pieced together in order and sequence, they will be found to be a marvelous confirmation of the teachings of Theosophy. They will display a picture of humanity like the advancing waves and tides upon the shore, which are yet parts of one vast ocean of life.

STUDENT

Showing the Common Origin of Architecture

AS our knowledge of Archæology becomes more extensive and more profound, it is little less than startling to discover certain phenomena of archaic architecture, which seem common to all ages and to all peoples. We refer to the symbols which are found engraved upon some of the stones which, in their similarity of design and apparent similarity of meaning, form a connecting link between the builders and architects of ages the most remote from one another, and of localities as far apart as the very boundaries of the world.

In point of antiquity, Stonehenge may probably claim precedence over all similar erections. A builder's mark, or what may be more correctly termed a mason's mark, is found engraved upon the giant monolith which has fallen across the altar stone. It may be roughly described as a double semi-circle, combined with marks which were apparently intended for letters, and is strongly suggestive of similar marks which are found upon masons' work of very much later date.

Almost identical symbols are to be found on the stones at Newton Grange, Drogheda Cave, Routh Linn, Old Berwick and Long Meg, and we learn from Mr. Sherwing's researches that marks of this nature and of regular formation have been discovered on the mighty stones of the Buddhist Temples at Sarnath and on the ruined buildings of the same faith at Benares.

But perhaps the most strikingly prevalent architectural symbol is that which has been called the Hammer of Thor, the Swastika, the Fylfot.

Indeed, as many names can be found for it as there were languages of antiquity. It is discovered everywhere throughout India, it has been deciphered on Greek coins and pottery, and it is deeply traced on the Newton Stone at Aberdeen.

Into the meaning of these marks it is not now our province to inquire, much as we might readily find to say on a subject which is as mentally illuminating today as at any period in the world's history. That their purport was religious no one can dispute who is aware of the depth to which the religious sentiment of antiquity permeated every department of life. Let it be sufficient for the moment to point out that in these rock-hewn symbols we find the elements of a great world faith, and that they were equally intelligible to all the peoples who used them because they were founded upon a scientific religion, of which the unchangeable truths readily lent themselves to exact and geometric expression. Such language was above and beyond the ever-varying speech of the lips and those who were unable to communicate to each other the simplest ideas of the everyday life were able, in the language of geometric symbols, to share and to communicate the divine truths which were, and still are, the common property of the human race.

S. G. P. C.

Tomb Treasures Reveal Ancient Secrets

BY Tomb Treasures we do not refer to the gold and silver ornaments which have been found in such abundance wherever the burial places of antiquity have been examined. We refer rather to the wealth of knowledge which they afford of the religious beliefs and customs of the peoples to which they belonged. It is here that we should naturally expect to find their best expression, and with a more fitting appreciation of the tomb storehouses of information which are at our disposal, will come not only a deeper investigation, but an arrangement and codification of the facts already in our possession.

Such a study will show a unity of belief and of religious aspiration among the peoples of antiquity which we are now very far from suspecting.

Our knowledge of the faith of ancient Egypt is derived almost entirely from funerary inscription. Nearly every tomb has added its quota, and from mummy wrappings and burial clothes one of the great religious literatures of the world has been deciphered. A similar success might be attained in almost every part of the world.

There has been no nation so rude, so unlettered, as to be unable to express in their burial rites some aspect of the faith that was in them, some little of the hope that inspired them. There is a funeral language other than that of inscription, prolific as these are. The external form of the tomb, the symbolism which it indicates, the position of the bones, the articles which were buried with them, will all speak eloquently if we will listen. Never was greater opportunity than that which is now offered in America. In every quarter of the country are these silent witnesses of the past, but silent only because they have not been questioned.

It is lamentably true that they are disappearing, one by one, before the exigencies of civilization, and disappearing unrecorded. Who can doubt that a more intelligent posterity will view their destroyers as those who have inflicted an irreparable injury upon their country, as those who have deprived their country of some of the ancient glory to which she is justly entitled?

STUDENT

Explorations in Chinese Turkestan

THE sand-covered towns of Chinese-Turkestan are at last being explored. Many wooden tablets have been found, containing inscriptions which, having been preserved by the sand, are easily read. They are written in a dialect still known in parts of India, and scholars believe that the translation of them will disclose valuable records of the people who at one time lived on this desert.

X.

Aladdin's Cave Found in Utah

IN the Abbey gold mine, Utah, a wonderful cave has been discovered. It lies in the midst of an immense body of the ore. Those who have seen it say that the main body of the cave is a veritable Aladdin's chambers. The roof is covered with sparkling stalactites, the walls are covered with masses of crystallized lime. Hundreds of tons of valuable ore lie about on the floor of the cave.

B.

with thought, titles, honors or degrees can ne'er the lurker find. He dwells within one's self; his soundless voice dark shadows casts.

Virtue alone is eternal and divine. Love, Charity and Patience sweet bring joy and peace, and these attained must be in time. Man is divine; and so we dare to climb, for evolution is the Law. The adage "Know Thyself" is old, yet glibly falls from lips of old and young.

How shall we reach the goal? Did not Christ himself in simple words point out the way? The words too humble are. And yet, what a refrain doth greet his song of "Love One Another"—sorrow and woe and pain.

Love is the only way. If thou dost not believe, the price thou too must pay, for not a thought, or act or word is lost or overlooked by that great law of Love, the Law of Justice, Retribution sweet.

We grow with time, and effort must be firm and unrelaxed. Our friends, our enemies, are but an extension of ourselves. Yea, all these our teachers are. The vices of the world are as germs within ourselves, but sterile grow beneath the steady heat of virtue's glow.

Eternal vigilance must be, lest lurking foes throw their dread shadows on the pure soul's white shrine. The personality, the perishable man, must be unmasked.

That, comrades dear, should not cost so much pain. Then courage have. The deepest pain that I can know, would be to yield to shadows and thus cast sorrow on your soul and mine, and thus hold back the Peace and Joy that should be gladly given to all the world.

For hark! the soul of man is one. Man is immortal, yea, divine. And so through life, the heart should sing its song of love and joy to all that is, and the Great Law Divine will mete to you and me, with each new song, a greater wealth of life. So Peace be unto Strife.

STUDENT

TO U. B. MEMBERS

Members are cautioned against various attempts which are being made to obtain names and list of our membership by so-called "Theosophical Societies," etc., using our name or similar designation. All such should be scanned closely, then destroyed unanswered, or sent to me, if deemed important, remembering that the simplest communication addressed to you, unapproved by the Official Head, is not to be recognized.

F. M. PIERCE, *Secretary-General*

San Diego Union, March 31, 1902

THEOSOPHISTS OBSERVE EASTER

Beautiful Service in the Opera House Yesterday Morning and Last Evening by Ladies and Children

Drilling and Singing, Scripural Quotations, Instrumental Music and Addresses Compose the Programme

KATHERINE TINGLEY'S Theosophical students from Point Loma rendered a very pleasing programme yesterday morning in observance of Easter Sunday. There were some very fine instrumental musical selections and an address by Dr. Gertrude W. Van Pelt. The carrying out of the closing exercises and figures was a feature in which each member of the large audience was interested. The Ladies of the Aryan Theosophical Society entered in Grecian costume, each bearing a large candle. Each in turn repeated one of the sayings of Christ in his sermon on the mount, and in the intervals there was given a refrain from behind the scenes.

The Raja Yoga children to the number of nearly a hundred were gathered in the foyer, and under the leadership of E. A. Neresheimer sang "Ye Meet Again." This finished, a group proceeded up either aisle and filed on the stage in regular order, while a sacred verse was being intoned. They deposited on the sacrificial altar a flower, and the sweet incense was lighted by one of the ladies. The children sang "Truth, Light and Liberation," and with the ladies broke forth on the chorus of "Life is Joy," while a well-regulated drill was being executed on the stage, children and ladies weaving in and out.

Ladies and children were then massed on the back of the stage, singing "For-

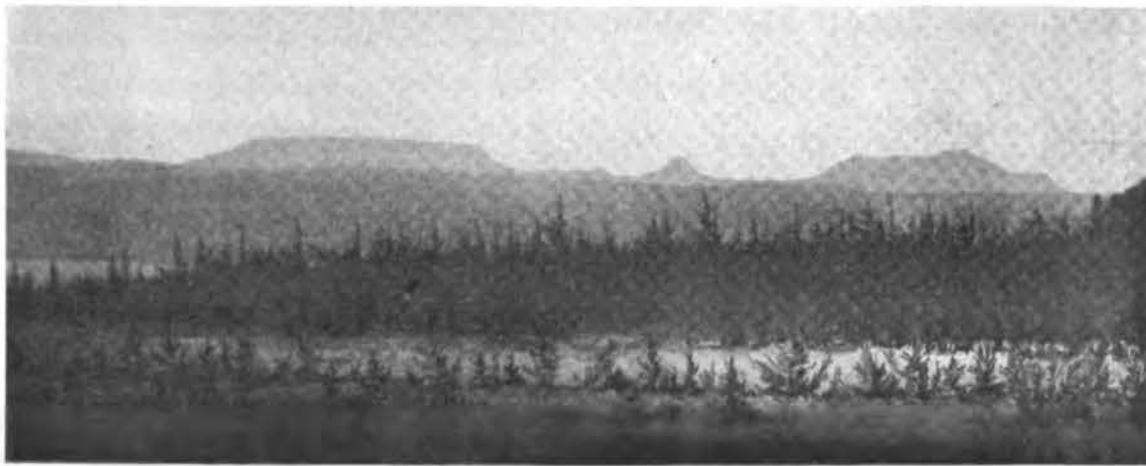


TABLE MOUNTAIN AND PEAKS OF THE DESCANSO RANGE OF THE SIERRA MADRES IN MEXICO, AS SEEN FROM POINT LOMA, A DISTANCE OF 45 MILES

est Fair," the programme closing with the impressive intonation, "O, My Divinity." All were costumed and the service was one of the prettiest imaginable.

The stage had been dressed with foliage and flowers betokening the Eastertide. The principal piece was a large arch of evergreen surmounted by the star of Bethlehem. So much interest was taken in the programme that by general request

it was repeated in the evening before an audience which completely filled the auditorium and balcony. Dr. Herbert Coryn gave a very excellent address on "Christ, the Friend of Humanity," and Mr. J. Frank Knoche spoke on "Eastertide." The respect of the Theosophists for the Christian customs was emphasized. Several of the Raja Yoga boys made brief addresses.

San Francisco Examiner, March 31, 1902

THE BIRTHPLACE OF A NEW CIVILIZATION

J. H. FUSSELL, a member of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, delivered a lecture last evening at the headquarters of the local society, 310 O'Farrell street. The speaker's subject was "California, the Center of the World's New Civilization." The lecturer spoke in glowing terms of California, dilating upon its commercial advantages, its educational institutions, and the high type of people residing here. The new civilization, he predicted, would be born through the efforts of The Universal Brotherhood Society, which has headquarters at Point Loma, in San Diego county. A tribute was paid to Katherine Tingley, who is the head of the organization.

SAVE THE WORLD FROM DESPAIR!

Extracts from the writings of H. P. BLAVATSKY
CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 5

ternative necessities? Who knows! I say it again; it is only Theosophy, well understood, that can save the world from despair, by reproducing social and religious reform—a task once before accomplished in history, by Gautama, the Buddha: a peaceful reform, without one drop of blood spilt, each one remaining in the faith of his fathers if he so chooses. To do this he will only have to reject the parasitic plants of human fabrication, which at the present moment are choking all religions and churches in the world. Let him accept but the essence, which is the same in all: that is to say, the spirit which gives life to man in whom it resides, and renders him immortal. Let every man inclined to go on find his ideal—a star before him to guide him. Let him follow it without ever deviating from his path; and he is almost certain to reach the Beacon-light of life—the TRUTH: no matter whether he seeks for and finds it at the bottom of a cradle or of a well.

CAUTION

From a rich past experience with the enemy of our work, members should have learned to be "eternally vigilant" and on guard against whatever and whoever attempts to incite disturbance, discord or criticism among Lodges or with individual members, even should the effort be made by persons known to be members or claiming to hail fresh from the Center of the Universal Brotherhood Organization and Theosophical Society. The past proves that "a man's enemies are the men of his own house." The crown of right judgment does not adorn every head, nor does the jewel of truth grace every tongue.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Leader and Official Head*

For a well-devised plan is very often filched away, if the place for speaking be not chosen with care and caution: for if the enemy learn your plans, they can tie your tongue and bind your hands with your own counsel, and do the same to you that you intended to do to them.—PLAUTUS

HE never attempted to swim against the current, nor was he a citizen who dared speak with bold freedom and sacrifice his life for truth.—JUVENAL

WHAT will this boaster produce worthy of such mouthing? The mountain is in labor; lo, a ridiculous mouse will spring forth.—HORATIUS

CERTAIN signs precede certain events.—CICERO

The Joy of Flower Day in Loma-Land

DEAR CHILDREN: We always call Eastertime "Flower Day" in Loma-land. You see it is almost like a resurrection time for them, because they are at their loveliest and brightest after the winter's rains. And the Raja Yoga children think it the greatest treat to visit the flowers every year on Easter Day.

But this year they did not visit them on account of the great Easter Festival that was given down in the city at the big Opera House. They knew that there were so many little children in the city who loved flowers that they thought it would be selfish not to have a great floral festival and invite some other little children to share it with them. Spots wrote you all about it last week. But how I wish all the Buds and Blossoms in the whole world might have been there! The stage was like a great bower of blossoms, roses, lilies and beautiful palms and vines. The roses were so fair and fragrant and the tall lilies nodded their heads so daintily that I know they felt that they, too, were sharers in the joy of the Brotherhood children.

The next Sunday after Easter was our "Flower Day." All the Raja Yoga children were up early, and soon the tasks were all finished and the duties were all done for the day. And if you could have peeped over the hills that morning you would have seen a long procession of happy-hearted boys and girls tripping down the winding path that leads to the cliffs above Loma Cave. And you would have seen something more beautiful even than happy children, something that would have made your heart sing "Life is Joy," I know. What do you think it was, Blossoms? I will tell you: acres and acres of flowers. There were flowers everywhere, just *everywhere*. Why, the children could hardly walk for treading on them. Down over the cleared ground near the golf links the whole earth seemed to be covered with a vast carpet of purple and gold; the rich, bright, wild heliotrope and purple belladonna, and the glorious California poppy, so bright and golden that it seemed as if the flowers were really little cups of flame. Then there was the delicate Indian pink, "tidy tips," and a bright-faced tip-tilted little daisy which the children called "bread and butter," its petals white and yellow. Then, under our feet there was the ice plant, oh, so good-natured and plump and shining, now that the rains had come and filled its little thick leaves with dew-drops. Then over the rocks clambered the delicate wild clematis, which changes its little flowers into such curious cottony bunches after the rains go and resting-time comes. And then, most beautiful of all was the *yerba santa*. How I wish you could have stood with me, at the head of that great canyon, on the west of Point Loma, and seen those flowers—covered hillocks and ravines, as brilliant as a sunset sky in purple and gold. That is the strangest thing about the flowers in Loma-land, that they are nearly all purple and gold. I looked and looked for

flowers of another color that day, and I found only a few that were white and a very few that were a delicate pink, the kind of pink that isn't pink after all, it is so nearly lavender.

How the children enjoyed the day and the flowers! After a ramble over the hills with their teachers, they sat down, picnic fashion and ate lunch. Then came another stroll, and they gathered quantities of the bright blossoms to take back to the City Beautiful. Why, children, it would have taken many florists to make such a display of flowers as these

children had. And they were so careful of them. Not once did I see a child carelessly tossing a flower away, or heedlessly whipping their little blossoms off with a stick, as I have seen children out in the world do. "Let us make the Lotus Mother a wreath," said one of the little Cubans. "Oh, let's!" shouted a dozen voices. So they found a long, wiry vine, and twisted it into circular shape and upon it fastened the brightest California poppies and wild heliotrope.

Children, I am sure the birds knew it was Flower Day. I have often heard the birds sing before, but I never knew them to sing so sweetly as they did this time. They sang and chirruped and chirruped and sang. And the great ocean murmured at our feet, the white-capped waves rolling steadily in and breaking upon the base of Loma cliffs, where the Cave Man has his home. And when we looked up from the great flower-carpet all about us and far below, for we were at the head of one of the canyons, way, way in the distance rose the far ranges of the Sierra Madres, their summits covered with snow. And high overhead hung fleecy clouds, for we don't have clouds all the year in Loma-land, you know, and when they sail across the sky like great white birds, as they did on Flower Day, the children think them very beautiful. By and by the teacher said, "Come, children, it is time to go back to the City Beautiful. Tell the flowers 'good bye,' and it may be, if you are very, very

quiet for just a moment, you will hear them whisper, 'come again.'" So the children, their arms loaded with blossoms and clematis vines, said "good-bye," and slowly climbed up the long winding path that leads up the hill and over to their Group Homes by the eucalyptus grove.

I did not go back with the children because, you know, I am a grown-up. So I stayed behind and sat down beside a great velvet-leaved, blossomy shrub of the *yerba santa*. Some of its blossoms bent so low that they touched my cheek. I was sure they were whispering something to me, for as you know, children, the flowers everywhere are always trying to tell us such wonderful secrets, and we won't listen, and we don't understand. And I sometimes think the flowers must often be very, very sad. So I sat quiet, so quiet. I wanted to hear the *yerba santa's* secret, you know. And in a moment, children, the strangest thing happened. It seemed as though all the flowers were talking together. I forgot all about



GROUPS OF CUBAN CHILDREN IN THEIR INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE DRESS, READY TO START FOR THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL IN THE UNITED STATES [See pp 6, 7, 8]



seeing things. I was just listening. The flowers seemed to be holding a floral convention, a real Easter meeting and festival time. They were talking about the grown-ups out in the big world, and how they longed to go out and teach them Brotherhood. "Oh, if they only would listen to us," said the California poppy. "They think we are made just to be beautiful and fragrant, and to nod to the sun and stars."

"Where Rall and Tide Meet, There Cast Anchor"

Investors, Speculators, & Real Estate Dealers

GET IN ON THE
GROUND FLOOR
AT SAN DIEGO
EARLY

San Diego is the Open Door to the Orient & Investors now will be Capitalists later

CAN'T YOU SEE THE HAND OF DESTINY?

- 2700 miles saved in encircling the globe via this port
- Three Transcontinental Railroads heading for this Harbor
- The Commerce of the Southwest and of the Pacific is being concentrated at the Bay of San Diego
- Look out for Big Developments; the Market is active now

If you want to
Buy or Sell
there, address

D. C. Reed

Established 1870

Ex-Mayor of San Diego

Patronize Home Industry, build up This City, increase the value of Your Own Property

Pleasance & Son

PRACTICAL

UPHOLSTERERS

Parlor Furniture, Couches, Lounges,
Mattresses, Spring Beds, etc.
REPAIRED OR RECOVERED

Our specialties are First-Class Workmanship & Low Prices

CARPETS & FINE RUGS CLEANED BY THE CELEBRATED
HELLER PROCESS

BON TON UPHOLSTERY HOUSE

1154 Fifth Street, San Diego

Telephone Red 1026

Griswold Block

You will need a copy for yourself and several copies to send to your friends. The edition is limited.

An Address

by Katherine Tingley

in the Opera House
at San Diego, Sunday
evening, March 16th

1902

Neatly printed and bound, containing half-tone illustrations of the Opera House, Loma Homestead and the Aryan Temple.

This is the first public address of Katherine Tingley after her purchase of the Opera House, and in it is outlined broadly her plans for the beautiful theatre and its occupation by the Isis Conservatory of Music. Sent post paid for TEN CENTS.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

They do not know that we have longings and joys and a language. And they do not know why we are purple and gold."

"Ah," said the wild heliotrope, which lay clustered in great masses at my feet, "if they only knew! Flowers in other lands are red and blue and many colors. Here they are gold and purple—gold, the heart flame; and purple, the royal queen of harmony."

And the ice-plant, which is usually so quiet and exclusive, said, "Why, if they would only listen we could tell them it is because this is the Purple Land, and the heart of it is gold."

"And it is because we love the grown-ups that we make a great carpet of purple and gold all over Loma-land at every Easter time," said the clematis, whose little white blossoms nodded as if to say, "It wouldn't look well to have nothing but purple and gold, and so Mother Nature has left my blossoms white."

"Oh, yerba santa," said the little Indian pink near by. "What is Easter? I only came this spring, you know, and this is my first festival—and won't you tell me what it is all about and why the flowers got up so early this morning and put on their very brightest dresses, beginning just today?"

And the yerba santa bent its branches lower and lower and I am sure in the heart of every velvety little purple blossom there was a smile. The yerba santa is old, you know, very, very old. It has been here ever since the hills were young and so it knows a great many things that even grown-ups do not know, and it remembers a great deal that even the canyons have forgotten.

"Why, Easter, little one," said yerba santa, in the tenderest whisper, "Easter day has been our festival time for ages and ages, almost since the hills were born. Hundreds and hundreds of years before Christ came all this was a Land of Light and a little Queen of Light dwelt here and men called her Astraea. And in those days all mankind understood the flower language and so they could learn many lessons that now we cannot learn. And every spring we always held, the humans and the flowers together, a great festival in honor of this fairy flower time, and we called the festival Easter. You see the light comes out of the East, and we called this the Eastern land then, when it was the Land of Light. And this festival always came at just the time when all the flower-world was waking from its winter's sleep. It was like a resurrection time, you know. And many years afterward, when men wanted to have a beautiful festival in their churches, in honor of Christ, they took up this pretty way of ours, of bringing flowers into their religion and still called it Easter. But now that men do not come to see us in our flower world as they used to do, and now that they do not think we know so much, how I wish that we had wings. Then we would fly to them like beautiful birds with our messages about the Easter-time and love and joy and heart-light. We would go to all the lonely corners of the earth, into the poor little homes where children live, and to the shut-ins in the great prisons, who wouldn't be shut-ins now, so we think, if they had had the chance the Raja Yoga boys and girls are having."

And yerba santa bent lower and lower and said, "We cannot go to them, Aunt Esther, but you can go for us, and tell them of our Easter message and our flower world, and of all the loving messages that are in our hearts waiting for the little children of the world to come and read them."

And so, Blossoms, I bring you the yerba santa's message, and some day I shall visit these



YOU and your friends are cordially invited to visit our
MUSEUM
of Curiosities

Every attention will be shown to make your visit pleasant

BURNELL'S CURIOSITY STORE

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Northeast Corner Fifth and D Streets

Mexican, Indian, Californian Relics & Souvenirs
We manufacture Hand-Carved Leather

Largest and Best Stock of Jewelry
in SAN DIEGO at

C. W. ERNSTING'S

Repair Work of all Kinds
Manufacturer of Jewelry
Large Stock of Souvenir
Spoons

915 FIFTH STREET SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Isis

Conservatory of Music

of the

Universal Brotherhood Point-Loma, Cal.

San Diego Branch, 1940 B Street

Personal applications and inquiries received every Saturday by the Secretary at 1940 B Street, San Diego.
Hours 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Full particulars sent by mail on application . . . Address

J. H. FUSSELL, Secretary and Treasurer Isis Conservatory of Music, POINT LOMA, CAL.

FINE APPLES FROM THE MOUNTAINS, BELLFLOWERS, PIPPINS ETC.

Good Tea at Sixty Cents, India,
Ceylon, Gunpowder,
Hyson, Oolong
Breakfast and
Japan

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF FANCY GROCERIES

HAMILTON BROS.

933 FIFTH STREET SAN DIEGO, CAL.

The
LEADING REAL ESTATE BROKER in SAN DIEGO IS

E. J. Carter

964 Sixth Street, San Diego

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE LOCATING IN SAN DIEGO CITY OR COUNTY, CALL ON OR WRITE TO HIM

RUDDER'S NEW RESTAURANT & GRILL

NEWLY FURNISHED FINEST IN THE CITY

CORNER FOURTH & PLAZA
SAN DIEGO - - - CAL.

Strahlmann-Mayer Drug Co.

PHARMACY GRADUATES
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, etc.
Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully prepared

CORNER FOURTH & D STREETS
Telephone Main 424
CORNER FIFTH & C STREETS
Telephone Black 856

THE Lion Clothing Co. CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"
STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

D. L. HOOVER G R O C E R

SIXTH & H STREETS
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Telephone Black 11

Electric Laundry

NELSON SNYDER, Proprietor

16TH & I STREETS

TELEPHONE BLACK 731

No Saw Edges on Collars and Cuffs

The Chadbourne Furniture Co.

W. L. FREVERT, Manager

We aim to carry an entirely up-to-date stock of house furnishings, and, for style and variety of goods, cannot be outdone in Southern California. We are glad to show visitors through our extensive store-rooms.

STORE-ROOMS

SIXTH & D STREETS
San Diego, Cal.

AT Bowen's DRY GOODS STORE

Will be found a full assortment of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Tea Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Wrappers, Silks and Dress Goods . . .

W. O. BOWEN 1043 FIFTH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

KELLY'S LIVERY POINT LOMA COACH LINE

*Special Coaches for Select Parties
arranged by telephone*

DEALER IN FIRST-CLASS HORSES

THIRD & F STS., PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be one season or another. Paint will set tougher during the winter, and of course that gives durability. One point favoring winter. There are others favoring summer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so often as houses painted with any other paint, because it has more body to withstand action of the elements. There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per gallon.

We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.
WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS
7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, President
G. B. GROW, Cashier
W. R. ROGERS, Assistant Cashier

Every facility and security offered to our patrons and the public generally. Collections and exchanges on all points.

If you are difficult to satisfy, I ask you to inspect our before hire or carriage not perfect-



come in & LIVERY ing a team that does ly suit you

FRED FANNING
PROPRIETOR
Fifth Avenue Stables
Tel. Red 351 SAN DIEGO Cor. 5th & B Sts.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SAN DIEGO CORNER FIFTH AND E STS.

CAPITAL PAID UP \$150,000
SURPLUS & UNDIVIDED PROFIT \$40,000

J. GRUENDIKE - - - PRESIDENT
D. F. GARRETTSON - - VICE PRES.
G. W. FISHBURN - - - CASHIER

DIRECTORS—J. Gruendike, Geo. Hannahs, J. E. Fishburn, G. W. Fishburn and D. F. Garrettson

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO FIT YOUR EYES TO SUIT YOU. WE HAVE A SPECIAL PLACE SET APART FOR OPTICAL WORK, CONTAINING ALL THE MODERN INSTRUMENTS USED IN SIGHT TESTING IF YOU NEED GLASSES, HAVE a PRESCRIPTION to FILL, or FRAME to REPAIR

we give you the best work obtainable in San Diego

JENKS
826-828 5th street Graduate Optician

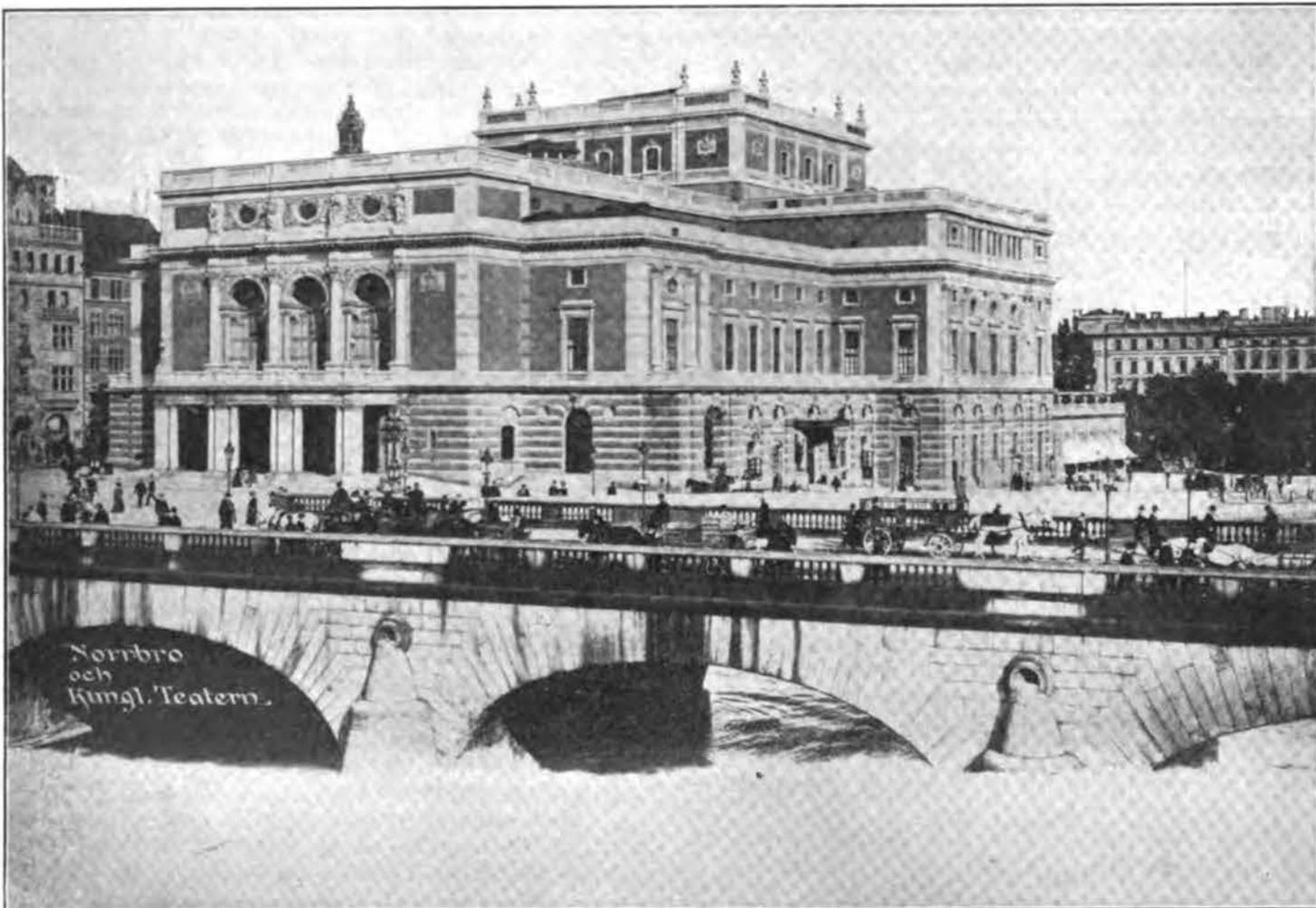
The New Century



Year \$2

Point Loma, San Diego, California.

Copy 5¢



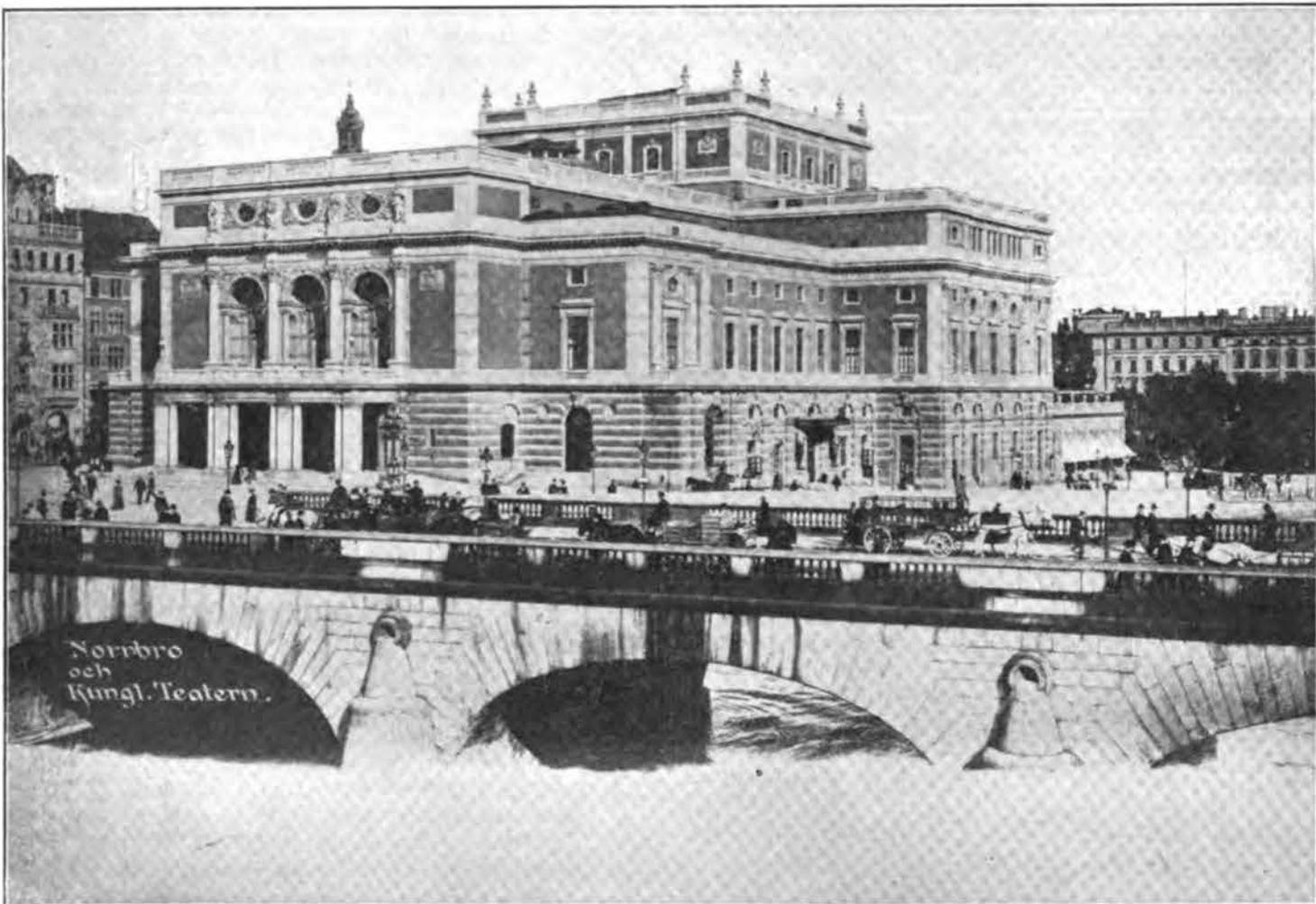
The New Century



Year \$2

Point Loma, San Diego, California.

Copy 5¢



The New Century

by KATHERINE TINGLEY
WEEKLY

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Two Dollars; other countries in the Postal Union, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; payable in advance
Single copy, Five Cents

Communications for the Editor, manuscripts, reports, books and periodicals for review should be addressed, "Katherine Tingley, Editor The New Century, Point Loma."

The editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

Articles will not be considered by the editor unless signed by the author and marked with the number of words contained. In no case is manuscript returned.

Address all Business communications, including subscriptions, and make all remittances (in bank drafts or money orders, payable to The New Century Corporation) to "Clark Thurston, Point Loma, Cal."

To comply with recent postal regulations, all Post-Office money order remittances should be made payable at San Diego. The remittances, as well as all other mail, should be made to Point Loma, as usual.

Entered at the Post-Office at Point Loma, Cal., as second-class matter Nov. 30th, 1901
Copyright, 1902, by Katherine Tingley

Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

The Young Men of America

THE United States Census Bureau has presented us with some curious information as to the conditions and habits of the American young men between the ages of sixteen and thirty-five, that is to say, of that part of the community whose hands will eventually direct the commerce, the politics and the religion of their country. We are especially attracted by the statement that twenty-two per cent of the young men of America are members of fraternal orders or associations, and we might draw from this the happiest augury for the future of the country, if we were but sure that the orders in question were truly fraternal in the wider sense of the term. We are, however, confronted by the uneasy feeling that many of these associations are but combinations of persons whose selfish interests happen to coincide, and who perceive that unity of effort is an important element of success. Such fraternity as this is merely selfishness on an extended scale, and is responsible for a

Fraternity and United Self Interest

good deal of the class hostility which is so great a disfigurement to civilization.

Let us try to conceive what would be the immediate result upon the community if twenty-two per cent—or even half that number—of our young men were to awake to the truth that fraternity is the law of life, not in particular circles, or coteries, but throughout the whole human family, and were to determine to conform themselves thereto. They would naturally begin in their own personal environment, and they would rapidly extend the process to the commercial, the political and the religious world. Fraternity would become the standard by which they would gauge all the work of their lives, and they would set up a force so mighty that the conditions of life, from the smallest to the greatest, would be remodeled. If the word fraternity has already so great a power as the fact in question would indicate, however much its meaning may be limited and even distorted, it becomes no longer visionary or impractical to seek to broaden the idea and to focus the

Children Are the Hope of Humanity

force. The hope of humanity lies with the young men and the young women of today, for unless they make smooth the road how shall the feet of the little children hurry to their goal? Do we realize that there is a new order of childhood in the world, a childhood which will be a fitting preparation for the new order of manhood and of womanhood, and that those who are a little in advance must make easy their road and hasten their triumph.

There are today thousands of young Americans—and exactly the same is true of other countries—who are leaving colleges and schools, girdled with the intellectual forces of our age. Their faces are bravely set towards the wide road of life on which the sunlight of hope is shining bright and clear. One step forward will show them how that road

To Serve Self or to Gain the Holy Grail

divides: on the one hand is the quest for self, and already that broad path is worn smooth by the footsteps of greed, of disappointment and of death; and on the other hand is the narrower path of service to humanity, and at its end is the power of the Soul and the wisdom of the Gods. Unto young America come today the voices of the Great Ones who led the nation in the past, and behind them is the unvoiced hunger of humanity appealing to the young and to the brave. Here is a battle worthy of them. Here is a victory which only the brave can win, and here is a crown which only the brave can wear. It is the crown of an abiding knowledge and it will never pass away.

Young manhood is the time for ideals. Here then is an ideal worth fighting for, a Holy Grail worth finding, a Philosopher's Stone which will make our heavy and leaden lives flash once more with gold.

S. G. P. C.

Another History of Joan of Arc

THE world continues its homage to the memory of Joan of Arc, and we can only hope that from the conflict of historians the truth will eventually emerge unscathed. M. Anatole France is the latest contributor to our knowledge of this fascinating page of human history but, as is usually the case with recorders, there is a good deal more of M. Anatole France than there is of Joan of Arc. When will historians learn that their functions end with their narrative, and that it is no part of their duty to supply their readers with colored spectacles through which the narrative is to be examined. In this instance, our author devotes much wasted energy to an attempted proof that his heroine possessed none of the prevision usually ascribed to her, and that the incidents of this nature, with which every school child is now familiar, were invented and circulated long after her death. Being interpreted, this simply means that M. Anatole France cannot believe in the existence of faculties and powers which he cannot understand. Mr. Andrew Lang, who is a far more minute researcher than M. France, rightly considers that the evidences of Joan's prevision are conclusive, and that they largely explain the success which attended upon her genius. Mr. Lang makes his theories follow his facts, while M. France reverses the process.

We are, however, indebted to M. France for a very remarkable suggestion to the effect that Joan's original plan was to unite the hostile forces of England and France in a great crusade to the Holy Land. Certain it is that in her first letter to the English generals she actually broached such a scheme, but how far this was meant as a conciliatory measure only, must be left to conjecture. The proposal never reached its destination, being suppressed en route by a knight of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

STUDENT

The Blue Sky Spot of Europe

IT is gratifying to note that much of the friction between Sweden and Norway—probably all of it—will now disappear. The two peoples remain of course under King Oscar, but by the wise and conciliatory policy of that ruler the wish of Norway to have her own flag and consular service has been gratified. The trouble of eighty-eight years' standing may now disappear, and we doubt not that beneath the superficial badges of separation these two noble peoples will achieve a deeper unity.

The Royal Theater at Stockholm

THE illustration on the cover page of this issue shows the Royal Theater at Stockholm, Sweden, which is one of the finest and most commodious buildings of its kind in Europe. More immediately in the foreground is the Bridge of Norrbro. This is the sixth and last of the series of views in Sweden. They have proved very interesting to THE NEW CENTURY readers and have played their silent part in forging another link in the mighty chain of the kinship of nations and of races.

The cover illustration for next week will be a notable view in San Diego county, California.

GOOD, effective brotherhood work can be done by making use of the little green subscription blanks.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Lapses from Genius

AMONG the "personal recollections" of a great writer who has delighted the world with his dramatic presentations of men and things, we read the statement that he sought relaxation and amusement in the perusal of fourth-rate and sensational works of fiction, of which the supply is now unfortunately so enormous. This is related by his biographer as though it were but natural that mental ascent should be counterbalanced by corresponding descent, and that lofty literary labor should receive a new impetus from an occasional lapse into folly.

That in cases of genius, literary and otherwise, there is often a reverse side of the shield, we are well aware, but we protest against the idea that genius is thereby stimulated, sustained, or aught else but marred. The reaction from folly, the rebound from what is unworthy, can never leave us exactly where we should have been but for that lapse. However beautiful the work of the writer in question, it must perforce have been still more beautiful had he consistently maintained himself at his highest level, had he never deviated from the pursuit of his ideal. Something too he must bring back with him from that lower level, something of unworthy sentiment, something of unreal emotion, which, however much he may mold it with his magic, and make it glitter with his genius, must eternally remain unreal and unworthy.

Our normal mental and moral stature must necessarily vary with the opportunities which our evolution has brought to us, but there is a standard of effort which is perhaps the same for us all—the effort to reach, and to remain at, the mark of our highest tide. It is the old parable of the talents in a new dress. There is only one way in which to overcome the inertia of the lower nature, only one way to permanent advance, and that is by constancy of effort, by holding on to the highest within our reach. S. C.

Man & the Machine

RABBI HIRSCH of Chicago, speaking on behalf of the Jewish Manual Training School, predicted the disappearance of the factory system of today. "Into every house power will be brought, which will drive each wheel for the artisan in his own little workshop," and thus from artisan he will become artist, with a love for the work whose results he will see emerging under his hands.

Part of this ideal will certainly realize itself. It is not in the scheme of things that men should be automata.

With indefinitely evolved machinery, human automaton-labor will well-nigh disappear.

With ever cheapening machinery, and with ever easier transference of electric power, it will be possible for the artisan to work singly, to love his work, to brood and think over it, to put his individuality into it, and to become, as long ago, a *craftsman*.

This will come about *because* of machinery. And machinery too bulky, complex and expensive for private ownership will be held by co-operative numbers, collectively, yet for individual use.

Yet there must always remain much work which men and women can only do together; and the monotony of this will be destroyed by the nobler and deeper companionship of the future.

All things delay till the ideal of that companionship is born. Under its light, men's minds will clear of the shadows and cobwebs, and invention proceed with ten-fold pace. C.

Anaesthesia by Electricity

THE chains of knowledge which bind electricity to the service of man are slowly tightening. M. d'Arsonval has discovered that local anaesthesia may be induced by covering the part with a mold coated with tinfoil or other conducting material and the application of a current of sufficiently high frequency. Damp asbestos being used to absorb the heat, it was found that a current of 150 to 200 milliamperes was sufficient for the entirely painless extraction of a tooth. The only sensation was a slight warmth in the part covered by the electrode. The chief advantage of this method of anaesthesia for minor operations lies in its entire freedom from danger, a claim which cannot be entirely substantiated by any other known method. STUDENT

The Belief in Hell

ALARM is being expressed in some quarters at the waning belief in the existence of hell, and at the diminishing extent to which this doctrine is being preached and accepted. This, and many another old dogma, has been quiescent for some time, but only the most cheery optimism could suppose these bad old beliefs to be really dead, or likely to die without a final and lingering appeal to the ignorance which is always the ablest ally of cruelty.

It is to the credit of the churches that an alarm such as this is but the back wash of their advance. Every year sees an increasing number of Christians who find that "God is Love" provides a creed so full and satisfying that it submerges all minor doctrines and provides a master key to all theological doors. The advance that has been made already illuminates the road in front, the road which leads to liberation. The religion which is based upon fear has no human value, whether it be a fear of hell or of anything else. True religion and fear are natural antitheses and mutual contradictions. Religion is the natural expansion of the soul towards that freedom of which fear is the vigilant enemy; the triumph of religion comes only through the conquest of fear.

Much as the churches have done they have yet more to do. Countless thousands of young men and women are growing up within their influence, and the avoidance of cruel doctrine is not enough without its open denial. May there not be a religious heredity even more forceful than the physical, and so an inherited theology of fear assert itself to narrow and to cramp what should be eternally open and free? No church can prosper either upon fear or upon self-interest, even though it may seem for a time to do so. These things are opposed to the sweeping march of the unseen forces which lead humanity upward, and which will presently destroy the chains which fetter the soul. STUDENT

The Age of the Faddist

SOME people remind one of a dog with a bone; if you offer him a cracker, he drops the bone, and if you give him the bone he drops the cracker. So, some people can only hold one idea in their mouth at a time, and whenever they seize a new virtue they have to spit out the one they had before. There was once a man who had heard that meat was injurious to the human body. He was a Theosophist, but now he left off being a Theosophist and became a Vegetarian. He and his friends were vegetarians, and the other people were meat-eaters. For him everything was divided into two sorts—vegetarian and non-vegetarian. He abstained from meat from dawn to dark, in fact all the time. His mind and soul were glutted with abstinence from meat.

There was another man who was told that everything *but* meat was injurious; so he lived entirely on beefsteak and drank gallons of hot water. He was very holy and had nearly reached absorption into the "Wasness," when somebody told him that hot water was of no use, and what he needed was a raw onion at bed-time. So he made another change.

One might go on indefinitely poking fun at the cranks and faddists of the extreme sort; but let us not forget that we all have the fad virus in us in greater or less degree. A sense of proportion and symmetry is not one of the qualifications of this age, either in art or in conduct or in ideas. Our narrow minds can hold but one notion at a time, and that notion we run for all it is worth. Everything becomes colored by it and all questions are viewed in its light. If we only had more intimate converse with other men, we might begin to see that our fad was only an atom in a sea of fads, all equally infallible and preposterous.

What is the cure for faddism? Surely it is to have in constant view a definite end. Then all means and methods would become subservient to this end, and could be adopted and set aside in turn as each might serve. Thus if my aim is to try to realize in my life the truths of Theosophy and the spirit of Brotherhood, I shall do whatever best subserves that aim at any given moment. I will eat vegetables in my studious retreat, and on my journeys among men I will eat the best that convenience and necessity may afford; I will not be ruled by any fad. When a new virtue is shown me, I will not immediately forget all others. I will not ruminate on that virtue until it ferments and becomes a vice. I will not be ranked with the Faddists and Cranks. H. T. E.

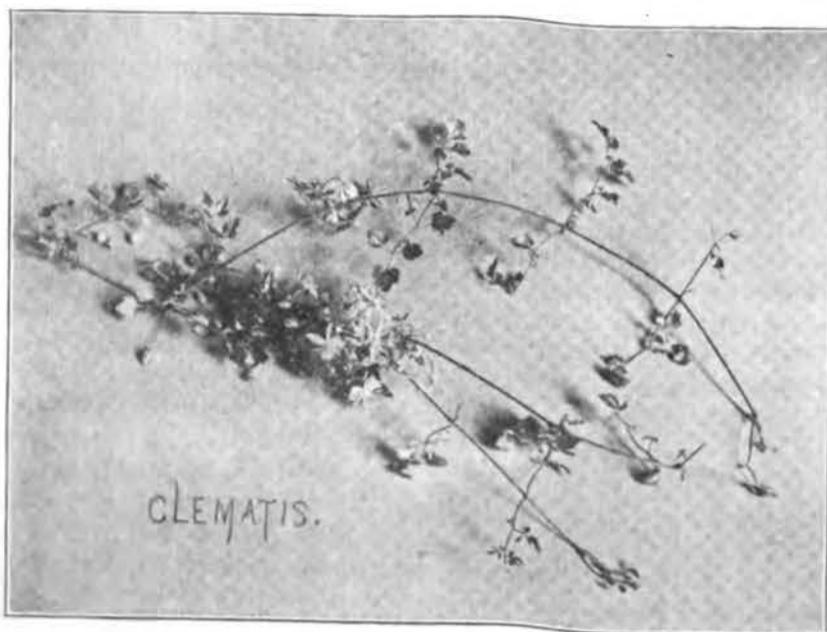
The Theosophical Idea of Farming

WHAT is it to "run a farm," in the ordinary sense of the term? To compel certain selected plants, such as potatoes, oats or apples, to grow as perfectly as possible in a "field" set apart for them, while the margins of the field, along the fences which private "ownership" renders necessary, are dense growths of worse than useless plants which no animal, scarce even an insect, will eat.

From a Theosophical standpoint this rigid and isolated style of farming seems very blind and purposeless. For to what does it lead? What is there to show for the labor if it be discontinued for a half dozen years? The fields regrown to weeds, with here and there a straggling "volunteer" farm-plant.

Now the Theosophical way is to farm, not only isolated spots, but the whole country by replacing the weeds with plants of purposeful use and beauty, so that even if the region were abandoned there would remain an eloquent testimony, in the nature of the wild growth, that the place had once been farmed right, and even the tiniest plant in the most obscure nook of rock or ravine would be of a useful and beautiful nature. Replace thistles with clover, nettles with berry vines, and poisonous vines by grapevines. Then the nature of the wild animals and insects must change also, man and Nature will be working together and the curse pronounced on Adam be removed.

Here, at Point Loma, this process has already begun; tomato vines are crowding out the wild cucumbers and thistles; even more delicate things have entered the battle and the ice-plant is giving way to mignonette and candy-tuft. Left to themselves they might succumb before the evil hosts of weeds, but each passer by gives some encouragement by pulling a weed, or in some other way, until they are strong enough to make way for themselves.



ONE OF THE CLIMBING PLANTS IN BLOOM AT LOMA-LAND



TOMATOES GROWING IN A SAN DIEGO GARDEN

A LABORER

need not despair of rising to a better and a brighter life. By gradual development in harmony with Nature's plan, we will outgrow the tadpole stage, and begin to acquire new faculties as we breathe the new atmosphere of Soul life. Victor Hugo triumphantly declared, "*I know that I am the tadpole of an Archangel.*"

STUDENT

The Philosophy of Frog & Tadpole

BETWEEN the Homestead and the rising sun there lies a pool of rain water. To the casual observer it offers neither interest nor beauty except at night time when its placid surface is spangled with the reflections of the stars above. One evening a deep, guttural croak gave notice that a frog was taking his bath, and next day as I approached the margin, a murky vortex of agitated mud revealed the presence of the pool's new tenant.

As I passed by a few days later I discovered a cluster of little globes of the clearest jelly floating on the water, and in the center of each globe there was a speck of black, the germ of a future frog. A few-days exposure to the sunlight, and the tiny specks had grown and lengthened out and were now distinctly to be seen wriggling.

In less than a week the tadpoles had eaten their way to freedom, and now they feed upon the floating scum with their little, beak-like mouths, opening and shutting as fishes do. And in fact they really are fishes at this stage of their existence.

In a few weeks, however, a great change will take place. Limbs will sprout from their shapeless trunks, the tail will be absorbed, the gills will disappear and be replaced by lungs, and the dull black of the skin will be changed for the bright and glistening coloring of the perfect frog. Let us learn the parable of the frog pond.

Because we live in the gloomy world of passion and desire, shut out from the sunshine of the soul by gross and cloudy thoughts, we

obscurity. The best way to break a man's power was to "hoe him under" into oblivion. That was because it was dark weather. The light of the Sun of Wisdom had been obscured for a time by the clouds of doubt and superstition. But now all this is changed. A new and brighter age has dawned; the evil-doer no longer boasts of his wickedness but, on the contrary, seeks darkness and seclusion. The time has come to "hoe up" the weeds, to expose them to the light of Justice—now returned—and the heat of righteous condemnation.

And in this we find proof that the New Age has begun, that the "Dark Ages" are past, that from the reawakened moral nature is proceeding a light, in the warm glow of which the happy Golden Age shall return.

At Point Loma a space has been so cleared that men and women are developing the symmetrical minds and bodies which will enable them to help clear the rest of the earth-field, leaving the way open for Humanity to enter the Age of Joy.

A LABORER

THE world has often been compared to a field of grain wherein the various sorts of undesirable people have been

likened to different kinds of weeds, which, to save the harvest, must be cleared away. Farmers have a rule for dealing with the weeds in their fields, and this rule applies very well to the great earth-field of men.

The farmer's rule is, "In wet weather hoe under; in bright weather hoe up." Which means that in wet weather the weeds cut by the hoe are less liable to get root again if they are covered with the wet, cold dirt; while in bright, hot weather, when the dirt is dry and warm, it would only shade and protect them until they got fresh rootage.

Now it is a curiously significant sign of the present time that all the human weeds are being "hoed up" into the heat and light. Not so very far back in history the opposite was the case. In the old days evil men boasted of their cruelty, their lawlessness and their gluttony, and rose to power merely by these qualities. What they feared then was

A Lesson from Nature

The Work and Ways of the Honey Bees of California

WE have many domestic animals attached to our homes, for the use and service of man, and while we use them for various purposes, who can doubt, that by their association with us, their progress on the path of evolution is promoted? Possibly, however, the honey bee is the only insect which man deliberately plans to domesticate.

The less advanced races of mankind and those whose home life brought them directly in contact with nature, have usually depended very largely upon honey as an article of food. Sir Harry Johnson, Governor of Uganda (the discoverer of the

of chitine. Scientists tell us that bees are not a part of the regularly evolved life of this planet, but that they were specially introduced upon the earth long ages ago, by the wise ones who have gone before. In trying to understand what may have been the reason for this, we may find a very probable suggestion in a most interesting article in the current number of *Harper's Magazine* (April 1902) entitled "The Relations of Animals and Plants," by N. S. Shaler, Dean of the Lawrence Scientific School, Harvard University. The Professor says:

"First let us note the effects of insects upon the flowers of the higher plants. In the more primitive states of these structures, before they became related to insects, there were, and are still, in very many groups, inconspicuous contrivances to accomplish the important end of fertilizing the seed. How little beautiful primitive flowers were, save in and for themselves, may be judged by looking at a blossom of wheat. All such blossoms are commonly so hidden that they are seen only by botanists. But most plants discovered ages ago, what gardeners and botanists have recently learned, that there is a vast advantage to be gained by having an exchange of pollen from blossom to blossom, so that the seed of one individual may be made fertile by the dust from another. Sometimes, but awkwardly, this may be accomplished, as in the various kinds of corn, by casting the precious dust in the air with the chance that it may fall where it is most needed. But this method is exceedingly wasteful, and at best efficient only when the plants grow in close-set order, as do the grains and grasses. Many geological periods ago, when certain groups of insects to which our honey-bee belongs appeared and began to feed on pollen, which is highly nutritious, a way was opened whereby plants could better effect cross-fertilization, and in that way they appear to have quickly entered.

"If we watch a honey-bee, or, better, a bumble-bee, in his every day round, we may note that he discerns the sought-for flower afar off; his actions indicate this from a hundred feet or more away. He knows the kind he seeks by its gay corolla, which serves him as well as a tavern sign that looks up and down the traveled way, serves other wayfarers. When the bee comes to the place of business he finds convenient footing provided by the petals, so that he can easily plunge the forepart of his body into the center of the cup. Then he has an immediate reward in a sip of nectar, and, it may be, further pay in the store of pollen that can be gathered,



PART OF THE LOMA-LAND APIARY

new mammal, the Okapi) says that most of the tribes in Central Africa live exclusively by hunting wild animals, and upon honey. Since men have lived more and more in cities and have become increasingly ignorant of the sources of their food supply, comparatively few people know the value of honey, and how largely it entered into the dietary of earlier and simpler peoples. Honey has become a luxury.

In the Hebrew Scriptures the promised land was said to be "flowing with milk and honey." After a prolonged march without food, David who seems to have been out foraging, brought some honey to Jonathan whereby "his eyes were enlightened." And the prophet who went out into the wilderness lived upon locust (beans) and wild honey.

The ancient Greeks kept their bees in long, round earthen crocks laid on one side. Each end was filled with a piece of wood and, a hole being made at one end for the bees to enter, the honey was taken out from the other end at stated intervals. The bees of Mount Hymettus were noted as supplying the finest honey. From frequent reference to bees in the writings of the classic poets, it is evident that in ancient days honey was a staple article of food.

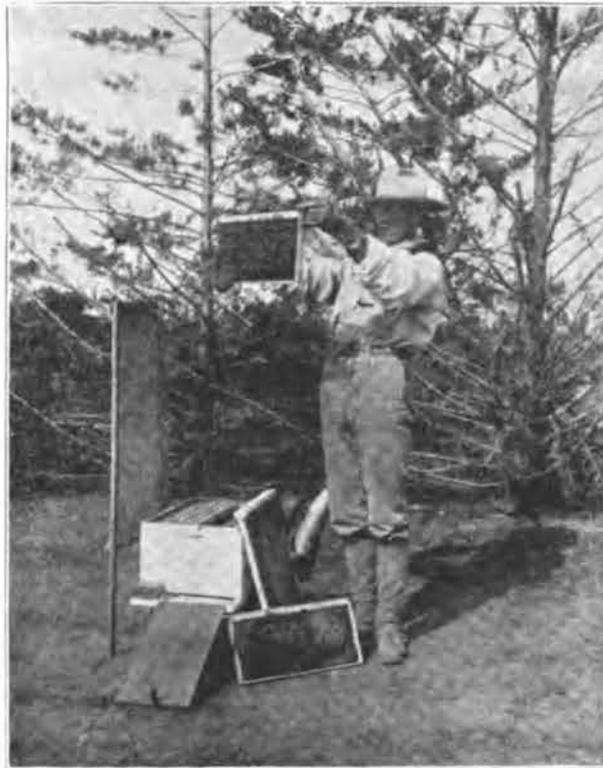
In these later days and since the re-discovery of the bar-frame hive by the veteran Langstroth in the early seventies, bees have been again more carefully studied. They can now be manipulated in a much more satisfactory way than formerly. We speak of this as a re-discovery, because (as usual) it is now found that similar contrivances were in use in the very earliest times.

It is perfectly easy, and safe, with a little care, to take a hive of bees to pieces lift out all the combs one by one, find the queen bee, observe the condition of the brood of hatching bees, change the order of the combs, take away some of the bees so as to make an artificial swarm, and, in short, to do almost whatever you please with the colony. In fact, the science of bee culture is quite an art. Needless to say it is deeply interesting and instructive.

The bee has five eyes. Two of them are placed one on each side of the head. They are for use out of doors. Each of these larger eyes has about 6,300 facets, enabling the flying bee to see in all directions at once. The other three eyes are on the top of the head, and are for use in the dark inside the hive. Thus a bee that puts its head into a cell to carry food to a young bee grub can see what it is about.

Bees have a very acute sense of hearing. It is probable that they not only hear, but also smell and hold conversation through the antennae. If you accidentally squeeze a bee in opening a hive, or moving a comb, it will give a little squeak, which will arouse the other bees to anger. If one is not very careful, this note of anger will quickly arouse the whole hive to a fighting attitude.

Bees, like other insects, have their skeleton all on the outside. This skeleton is a horny substance called *chitine*. It is capable of being molded into almost every conceivable shape and appearance. The hard back of the cockroach, the beautiful scalelike feathers of the butterfly, and the lace like wings of the gnat are all made



EXAMINING A HIVE AT LOMA-LAND APIARY

balled upon his thighs, and taken to the hive.

"As he tumbles about in the flower, the bee soon becomes covered with pollen, which adheres to the short hairs on his body, with the result that some of it is conveyed to the next blossom that is visited, and serves to bring about the profitable cross-fertilization.

"As the bees in their rounds are in the habit of spending the work of any one day on the same kind of plants—though in the course of the season they resort to a variety of species—the pollen they carry about, though still much of it is wasted, is vastly more effective than if it were trusted to the chance of the wind. It is evident that flowers have become beautiful by endeavors made during ages



ONE OF THE LOMA-LAND BEE HIVES

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 11

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

Prosperity at the Golden Gate

SAN FRANCISCO, April 6, 1902

HAVING worked for many years at the Center will perhaps give me the privilege of expressing my opinion in regard to this Lodge, where I have been visiting for a short time. To say that a Lodge ever gets to a position where it has no more progress to make would be very erroneous; every Lodge has greater and greater work to do and has the greater possibility of doing this as it gains in solidarity, in unity, and as it gains in experience and comes closer to the Center. This is the position of the San Francisco Lodge—its unity and solidarity, the harmonious feeling among the members, and their realization that their greatest strength lies in their close connection with the Center have opened up for the Lodge a broader phase of life. It is most agreeably surprising to find the old members, such as Mrs. Bush, a dear old lady of nearly 80, one of the charter members, understanding so fully without the necessity of any explanation. But is it not so with all good workers? If innately right and true, if they have no coteries to form, no axes to grind, if in their very natures is ingrained the spirit of Trust, this carries them right along and they neither hesitate nor hold back.

And yet, in seeing all this and the great possibilities of the Lodge, how much greater might these have been if all members had been like these and worked unselfishly, following the example of William Q. Judge and of our present Leader? Many were willing to appear devoted when there were no trials nor difficulties to face, and were willing to talk when it best served their interests, but to work unselfishly was another matter; but a Lodge and the whole Society is like a tree, and we must know that pruning is needed and must expect the dead leaves and twigs to fall if we are to have real growth.

The San Francisco Lodge is most fortunate in having such spacious headquarters. The fine lecture hall has a large platform admirably fitted for the public meetings and Symposia. Besides this there is a large Lodge room and two other good-sized offices. What a pleasure it is to find these opportunities for work when compared with the cramped-up places which had to serve in the old days.

During my stay I lectured on several occasions before the public and it is very gratifying to note the good reports given by the newspapers. The Lodge meetings have been most enthusiastic and harmonious and at the second meeting which I attended the Lodge had the pleasure of welcoming several new members.

It was a great pleasure to meet the old comrades who have helped in the growth of the Lodge from its early days. Dr. Allen Griffiths, H. H. Somers, E. Williams, J. H. Cutter—but one would have to mention them all. The recent changes that the Lodge has undergone have resulted in accession of new life and energy, and good work is being done on new as well as old lines.

A. D. Robinson, a member of the Pacific Coast Committee, is now at Point Loma on a short visit. Although only three years in the Society, he is a comrade tried and true, and possesses the same splendid qualities that were necessary to hold the work in the old days of W. Q. Judge.

On April 5th Dr. Gertrude W. Van Pelt, Superintendent of the International Lotus Home and Raja Yoga School at Point Loma, came to San Francisco on a short visit. On Sunday, the 6th, she lectured on "Theosophy, Theoretical and Practical." The hall was beautifully decorated. Dr. Van Pelt will stay for several days so as to attend the Lodge meetings and meet the members.

During my stay in San Francisco I visited an advertised meeting of another society called Theosophical. Besides our party of four there were eight present. It was a pathetic picture to see those claiming to have the philosophy of life and using H. P. Blavatsky's name and Theosophy, dividing man's nature by hard and fast lines into separate compartments, reducing the problems of human life to a diagram, complacently feeding the soul on metaphysics and words, words, words. I could not help but feel an intense sympathy for any strangers who, looking for Theosophy—Divine Wisdom—might be led into this place. Can we wonder that we sometimes find prejudice among those who only know of Theosophy through such channels?

In coming in contact with the public, and from the questions asked, it is most forcibly borne in upon me that Theosophy, to be understood, must appeal to and find expression in our own lives. The day is past for any one in a Lodge to stand up as a special light and interpreter of Theosophy. And even the public are beginning to understand this and to judge not by professions but by the life.

J. H. FUSSELL

TO U. B. MEMBERS

Members are cautioned against various attempts which are being made to obtain names and list of our membership by so-called "Theosophical Societies," etc., using our name or similar designation. All such should be scanned closely, then destroyed unanswered, or sent to me, if deemed important, remembering that the simplest communication addressed to you, unapproved by the Official Head, is not to be recognized.

F. M. PIERCE, *Secretary-General*

[From *Public Economy* for March 1902]

THE NEW CENTURY, BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

It Teaches That There Is a Royal Road to Happiness Open to All

WE are indebted to an old friend at San Diego for sending us No. 18 of volume V of *The New Century*, a weekly journal issued by "The New Century Corporation" at Point Loma, near San Diego, California, and edited by Mrs. Katherine Tingley. Its motto is: "Truth, light and liberation for discouraged humanity." The journal is splendidly illustrated, faultlessly written and printed, and breathes an atmosphere of purity and unselfishness in all its soulful aspirations and utterances.

[Here follows almost the entire text of a lengthy article from that issue of *THE NEW CENTURY*, duly credited, and at its conclusion, the Editor of *Public Economy*, Mr. A. B. Hotchkiss, makes the following comment]:

The sum and substance, the very essence of Christian philosophy is embodied in the sublime teachings here, which point the world to the "royal road to happiness," by way of the practice of the "Golden Rule" of Buddha and of Christ.

The New Century is also the organ of a "Universal Brotherhood Organization," which has its center at Point Loma, with branches throughout the world, working under the lead of Mrs. Tingley, the Leader of the great movement in behalf of discouraged humanity. This movement is opportune, it means a peaceful, bloodless revolution of industrial society. It carries with it a settlement of all labor troubles on a basis of justice.

I was struck with the singular beauty of an article giving a conversation between a little girl and her elder sister. The little one looked up and said, "Alice, what is 'Karma'?" (I regret I have not the space to give the whole dialogue, it is so pure and delightful). "'Karma,'" said the sister, "is God's great law of order and harmony that is always working; when we do good and think good it always brings us joy, and when we are naughty and think unkindly it brings us unhappiness, and that is what we call our 'Karma.'"

The "Aryan" meetings in the Temple at "Loma-land" on Sunday mornings are described and regarded as a rare privilege to the students; these "Aryans" were the cultivated races of Hindustan and Persia, and were familiar with the philosophy of Buddha, much of it the same as that of Christ, centuries before his birth, and were doubtless the people spoken of in the New Testament, who sent "wise men from the East to Jerusalem," saying, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the East and are come to worship him."

The Temple is pervaded by a sweetness, a silence, and peace which only those who have stepped into Loma-land out of the noisiness and discord of the outer world can fully appreciate. The flower-strewn altar, the smilax-trimmed platform, the two garlanded and empty chairs, on either side of the platform—all details serve to bind together, as tones of music are blended into a single rich chord, the heroism of the past, the warrior-spirit of the present, with pure devotion as the keynote. Mrs. Tingley gave a short address upon "Spiritual Knowledge," reminding her students again of the old, old truth that the doing of the simple, humble daily duty, is the only path leading thereto. "Those who are perfected in devotion find spiritual knowledge springing up within themselves in the progress of time," are the words of an ancient Teacher of the Law, and Katherine Tingley's students daily learn that they are true.

It teaches this pure and beautiful faith of reincarnation, which holds out so much encouragement to all to believe in the immortality of the soul, and stimulates and encourages humanity to lead pure and unselfish lives of brotherly kindness and devotion. As Sir Edwin Arnold, the great English poet and Oriental scholar, says, it teaches:

Those eight rules whereby who will walk—
Monarch or slave—upon the perfect path,
Shall soon or late break from the wheels of life,
Attaining blest Nirvana.

European Cablegrams in Honor of William Q. Judge

Received by KATHERINE TINGLEY at Point Loma, Cal., April 13th, 1902

THE Anniversary of William Q. Judge's birthday (April 13th) was celebrated with most impressive ceremony at Loma-land and at the Opera House in San Diego, while telegrams and cablegrams from all parts of the world—all bearing their message of allegiance to the dead Chief and to the present Leader—were received by Katherine Tingley.

Reports of the celebration by the students at Loma-land, at the Children's Lotus Home, and at the Opera House in San Diego are necessarily deferred until the next issue. Likewise the telegrams from American Lodges cannot be printed in this issue, time and space permitting only the insertion of the following cablegrams from European centers, all bearing date of April 13th:

From NURNBERG, GERMANY: Faith, loyalty to Teacher and teachings.
 NURNBERG

From DRESDEN, GERMANY: Faithful greetings. DRESDEN LODGE

From KARLSKRONA, SWEDEN: Heartily. HAGENS

From DJURSHOLM, SWEDEN: Truth, Light and Liberation.
 TORSTEN HEDLUND

From STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN: United loyalty.

From THREE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL LODGES, LONDON, ENGLAND: We keep the link unbroken.

From DUBLIN, IRELAND: Alert, steadfast, joyful, guarding the fires, Judge's birthplace. Our hearts are with you.
 DUBLIN LODGE

From TROLLHAEGEN, SWEDEN: This day Swedish hearts are with you.
 TROLLHAEGEN LODGE

From LONDON, ENGLAND: British members in London, North, East, South, and West, and thirty British cities all centered, H. P. B.'s old Headquarters, send

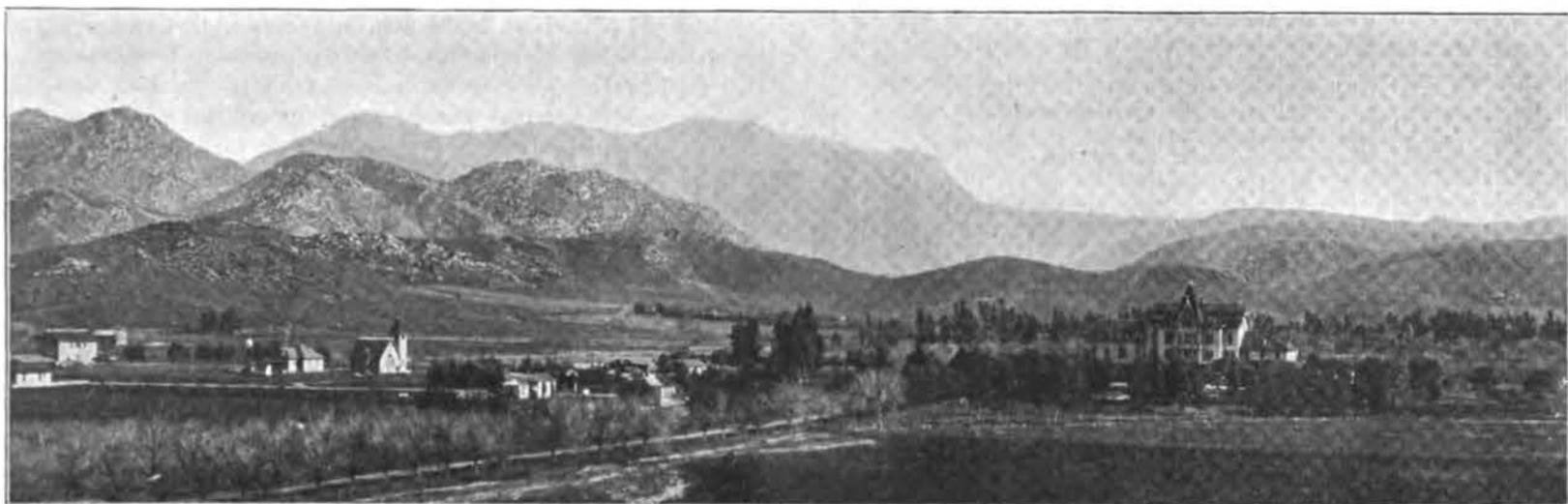
one united stream of loyalty and devotion, determined to overcome all obstacles, trusting your wisdom and loving help for humanity; supporting you to utmost with unfailing service.

C A U T I O N

From a rich past experience with the enemy of our work, members should have learned to be "eternally vigilant" and on guard against whatever and whoever attempts to incite disturbance, discord or criticism among Lodges or with individual members, even should the effort be made by persons known to be members or claiming to hail fresh from the Center of the Universal Brotherhood Organization and Theosophical Society. The past proves that "a man's enemies are the men of his own house." The crown of right judgment does not adorn every head, nor does the jewel of truth grace every tongue.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Leader and Official Head*

DON'T overlook the little green subscription blank; make every one tell. The returns are coming in rapidly, but there is always need for greater effort.



A PANORAMIC VIEW OF LAKESIDE, SAN DIEGO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

The Work and Ways of the Honey Bees of California 

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 9

since the coal period to attract the visits of bees, butterflies and moths, and that these creatures have shaped their bodies, their modes of life, and their instincts upon their profitable relations with the flowers. Nowhere else in the realm of life can we so, at a glance, perceive how profound is the interaction between all living beings, however diverse they may be, when the needs of life bring them in contact as in these exchanges of insects and plants. The groups are in two very widely parted realms, yet out of their necessities there has come an intercourse which has led to a vast enhancement in the quality of each of them; the lower life has won beauty from the relations, and the higher, intelligence. To this interaction is mainly due development of the vast array of insect species, perhaps two million in number, and in hardly less measure the variety among plants."

Curiously enough, the new promised land of California is already famed as producing most abundantly the finest honey in the world. It has been called "The Eldorado of Bee Culture."

In San Diego County, and especially at Point Loma, the honey is of incomparable quality, being collected from plants which are all strongly aromatic with a special and peculiar flavor of their own.

We have no recent statistics, but we learn that in 1881, the honey crop of the State of California was estimated at about 4,340,000 pounds, the Pacific Coast

Steamship Company of San Diego alone shipping in that year 1,191,800 pounds. In the same year one hundred tons of honey were shipped from Los Angeles to Europe on the French bark Papillon.

The Apiary at Loma Homestead is placed so that the hives face the rising sun, and thus the bees have an early invitation to go about their business. Every hive is distinguished by a sun and wind shade of a different color, so as to help the bees find their homes without mistake on their return flight.

Many lessons may be derived from the wonderful community life of the beehive. Truly these little creatures are fine examples of law and order, of respect for authority, of selfless working for the good of the body politic. Every idler and robber is treated with the punishment he deserves. There is only one leader at a time, the mother of the hive, who is treated with constant respect and without any quarrel as to her "methods."

In case of one of the community receiving injury, every one of the comrades is instantly ready to stand by and help and, if necessary, sacrifice his life without hesitation for the good of all.

No bee has any claim to any particular post, but each finds what work lies nearest to hand and performs it as an act of duty. Should those who are doing a certain necessary work be called away, the duty is at once undertaken by others.
Verb. sap. sat. J. B.

IN political affairs in Mexico a regime of security and stability has been gradually established by the group of able men who are controlling the

A New Era in Mexico

Government, writes Professor Paul S. Reinsch, in *The Forum*. Under the leadership of the veteran President they form a powerful party, within which personal ambitions are loyally subordinated to public ends, and the eventual successor to President Diaz is already practically determined upon, so that the fear sometimes expressed lest, upon the death of that great ruler, the country should be in danger of a revolution has no reasonable foundation in fact. With respect to the security of titles and the protection of life and property, Mexico at present leaves little to be desired. Moreover, conservative business methods are being adopted, and men of the soundest financial standing are beginning to interest themselves extensively in

Mexican industry. Enough experience has been gathered so that the investor may avoid costly mistakes, while the avenues to great success in the exploitation of the natural wealth of Mexico have not yet been closed, and the most tempting opportunities remain.

It is, therefore, reasonable to expect that the next decade will witness unusual progress in Mexican industrial life. In mining, systematic methods of prospecting and surveying are being employed; water power is being investigated and developed, and the railway system of the country is receiving important additions, opening up promising regions that were hitherto almost inaccessible, and thus giving an impetus to the development of the rich, wonderfully productive agricultural and mineral districts of Western and Southern Mexico.

How a Languid & Selfish Girl Became Wiser

to her trip to the mountains and to the seashore.

"A long ride, but at my journey's end I shall swing my hammock and rest and dream as only a tired girl knows how to do."

In the stage were three passengers, one of them an old lady whose face brightened when Lenore stepped in and took the seat beside her. "I have been so lonely," she said, "and now I know that we shall have a pleasant chat." Lenore looked up with a bright smile. Her face had the frank, open look of a child, in spite of the fact that a subtle selfishness was creeping in, so subtle that she did not recognize it herself. "Am I not a creature to be envied? For three whole weeks I shall busy myself with doing nothing at all. I shall crowd in a century of rest, I know." "Ah," said the dear old lady, "Life is too short and time too precious for you to waste it in merely doing nothing! Are you alone, my dear?" "No," replied Lenore, "little Don is with me," and as she lifted the lid of a small basket out jumped a fluffy little white dog. He celebrated his liberation by a series of sharp barks and a flying leap upon the lap of his mistress. "Down, down!" said Lenore, and then, as she turned, to the old lady, she continued: "Don is like an over-indulged child, you see." And true to her description Don flew recklessly about the stage among the passengers. He first came to grief when Lenore refused to let him make a plaything of her friend's feather boa, and was next reprimanded when she discovered him under the seat eating some dainty that he had stolen from the lunch basket. At last the stage reached its destination and Lenore gave a sigh of relief. "Now for three weeks of rest!" And so the days passed, quietly, happily, yet when they were over and Lenore had started on the journey back to the city, she had an indefinable feeling of disappointment. She was still the girl of moods and whims, thinking more about herself than of others. But, through an accident on the home-bound stage, one of the passengers was badly injured. The languid, selfish girl disappeared and in her place was a brave, true-hearted woman. She aided the surgeon in his treatment of the wound and continued the nursing after the journey's end, for the patient was friendless. Though he was but a fretful, uncultured youth, Lenore bestowed upon him every care. All her moods were forgotten, and she realized at last that nothing save unselfish service could bring real joy to the heart.

Just before going back to the city to her office work, she took a walk in the forest with little Don as her only companion. Sitting quietly in the shadow of a huge tree she was startled at seeing a fawn slowly making its way to the edge of the stream near by. A moment passed and the mother deer followed. As Lenore watched them she said to herself, "After all, I have learned some lessons during this vacation time that I did not dream would come before me. I have found a new life and a new happiness. And the lessons I have learned I see again before me now. The fawn in its every movement teaches me perfect trust and confidence. The gentle deer who watches so tenderly over it, tells me as plainly as if she uttered the words, the only happiness worth having is that which springs from unselfish service." STUDENT (Adapted)

"AT last I am through with petty trials for three whole weeks!" sighed Lenore, tired and just a little discontented. Lenore had lost her father and mother when but a child. Since the age of twelve she had battled with the world, and having been taken to a distant country she often gave way to homesickness and longing when she thought of herself as "a stranger in a strange land." One could not wonder that she looked forward with anticipation

How the Children of Loma-land Honored Judge

DEAR BUDS AND BLOSSOMS: As you all know, yesterday was the birthday of William Q. Judge, that noble man who so loved little children. How well all Brotherhood workers know that if he had not been true and pure and strong, we would not today have a City Beautiful in Loma-land. Night and day he worked that others might be happy. If he had not done so, children couldn't be singing "Life is Joy" today in the beautiful Temple dedicated to his memory and to that of the first Teacher, H. P. Blavatsky.

That is why yesterday was a Festival day in Loma-land. And at the same time, all the Lotus Buds and Blossoms throughout the world were also making this a day of rejoicing. Those in Sweden, in England, in good old Ireland, in Germany, in Holland, in Greece, in British Columbia and all over America, in far away India and in Australasia.

The children here are taught to keep in mind, at such times, all other little-Brotherhood workers, and I know they were thinking of us, for ever so many cablegrams of love and loyalty came in to the Lotus Mother during the day. In the morning there was a ceremony in the Aryan Temple, all flowers and music and joy. This was mostly for the grown-ups, although the children were in it, too. But some one else will tell you about that. After the Temple festival all the Raja Yoga children went for a walk. Down over the hills they went, by the long winding path that leads to the flowers. In fact it was very much like "Flower Day" over again.

They gathered the blossoms and had a real rejoicing time. You see, in Loma-land the birthdays of those whom we love are always joy days. And we are truly thankful that such a great soul as this should have lived, helping and sharing, and teaching all who wished to learn what Brotherhood means. In the evening, the children had their own little festival in the big Raja Yoga group house.

Just about sunset you might have seen the little group house ablaze with light. In the windows were hung pretty Chinese lanterns. And as I sat in my window looking out at the City Beautiful and the sunset sky and the purple sea beyond, who should come to me but one of the little Cuban girls, saying: "Come, Aunt Esther, you are invited to our Raja Yoga festival this evening. We are going to celebrate the birthday of William Q. Judge." How glad I was to go with her! Grown-ups were there, and the big center room of the group house was filled with happy-hearted children.

There were some new pupils also, who were just entering the Raja Yoga School on probation and this was their first Lotus celebration. After the grown-ups were seated some of the Cuban and English boys played together on their guitars and mandolins. Among other things they played the Cuban national air, at which all the little Cubans clapped their hands, out of sheer delight. For you know the true kind of patriotism is taught to the children here, and while these children love America very much, still they love Cuba too, because it needs their help and love the most. Then two of the boys played on their violins, and a number played upon the piano. Such little tots played—even tiny little Frances, who cannot speak plain yet. Was that not wonderful? But it all comes about because the children here are learning music in an entirely new way, which is taught by the Lotus Mother, and so they do easily a great many things which children elsewhere find to be very hard.

"O, let us have some Cuban games!" said one of the little American girls. And so they formed a big circle and marched and sang, the Cubans and Americans together. The pretty words I could not understand, but I did understand the music and it told me how happy these little girls



Group of Lotus Buds and Blossoms of the Universal Brotherhood Lodge, Sioux City, Ia.

The
LEADING REAL ESTATE BROKER in SAN DIEGO IS

E. J. Carter

964 Sixth Street, San Diego

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE LOCATING IN SAN DIEGO CITY OR COUNTY, CALL ON OR WRITE TO HIM

RUDDER'S NEW RESTAURANT & GRILL

NEWLY FURNISHED FINEST IN THE CITY

CORNER FOURTH & PLAZA
SAN DIEGO - - - CAL.

Strahlmann-Mayer Drug Co.
PHARMACY GRADUATES
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, etc.
Physicians Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully prepared

CORNER FOURTH & D STREETS
Telephone Main 424
CORNER FIFTH & C STREETS
Telephone Black 856

THE

Lion Clothing Co.
CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"
STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

D. L. HOOVER

G R O C E R

SIXTH & H STREETS
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Telephone Black 11

Electric Laundry

NELSON SNYDER, Proprietor

16TH & I STREETS

TELEPHONE BLACK 731

No Saw Edges on Collars and Cuffs

The Chadbourne Furniture Co.

W. L. FREVERT, Manager

We aim to carry an entirely up-to-date stock of house furnishings, and, for style and variety of goods, cannot be outdone in Southern California. We are glad to show visitors through our extensive store-rooms.

STORE-ROOMS

SIXTH & D STREETS
San Diego, Cal.

AT

Bowen's DRY GOODS STORE

Will be found a full assortment of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Tea Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Wrappers, Silks and Dress Goods . .

W. O. BOWEN 1043 FIFTH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

KELLY'S LIVERY

POINT LOMA
COACH LINE

Special Coaches for Select Parties
arranged by telephone

DEALER IN FIRST-CLASS HORSES

THIRD & F STS., PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be one season or another. Paint will set tougher during the winter, and of course that gives durability. One point favoring winter. There are others favoring summer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so often as houses painted with any other paint, because it has more body to withstand action of the elements. There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per gallon.

We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.

WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS

7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, President
G. B. GROW, Cashier
W. R. ROGERS, Assistant Cashier

Every facility and security offered to our patrons and the public generally. Collections and exchanges on all points.

If you are difficult to satisfy, I ask you to inspect our before hire or carriage not perfect-



come in & LIVERY ing a team that does ly suit you



FRED FANNING
PROPRIETOR

Fifth Avenue Stables

Tel. Red 351 SAN DIEGO Cor. 5th & B Sts.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SAN DIEGO CORNER FIFTH AND E STS.

CAPITAL PAID UP \$150,000
SURPLUS & UNDIVIDED PROFIT \$40,000

J. GRUENDIKE - - - PRESIDENT
D. F. GARRETTSON - - VICE PRES.
G. W. FISHBURN - - - CASHIER

DIRECTORS— J. Gruendike, Geo. Hannahs, J. E. Fishburn, G. W. Fishburn and D. F. Garrettson

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO FIT YOUR EYES TO SUIT YOU. WE HAVE A SPECIAL PLACE SET APART FOR OPTICAL WORK, CONTAINING ALL THE MODERN INSTRUMENTS USED IN SIGHT TESTING IF YOU NEED GLASSES, HAVE a PRESCRIPTION to FILL, or FRAME to REPAIR

we give you the best work obtainable in San Diego

J E N K S

826-828 5th street

Graduate Optician

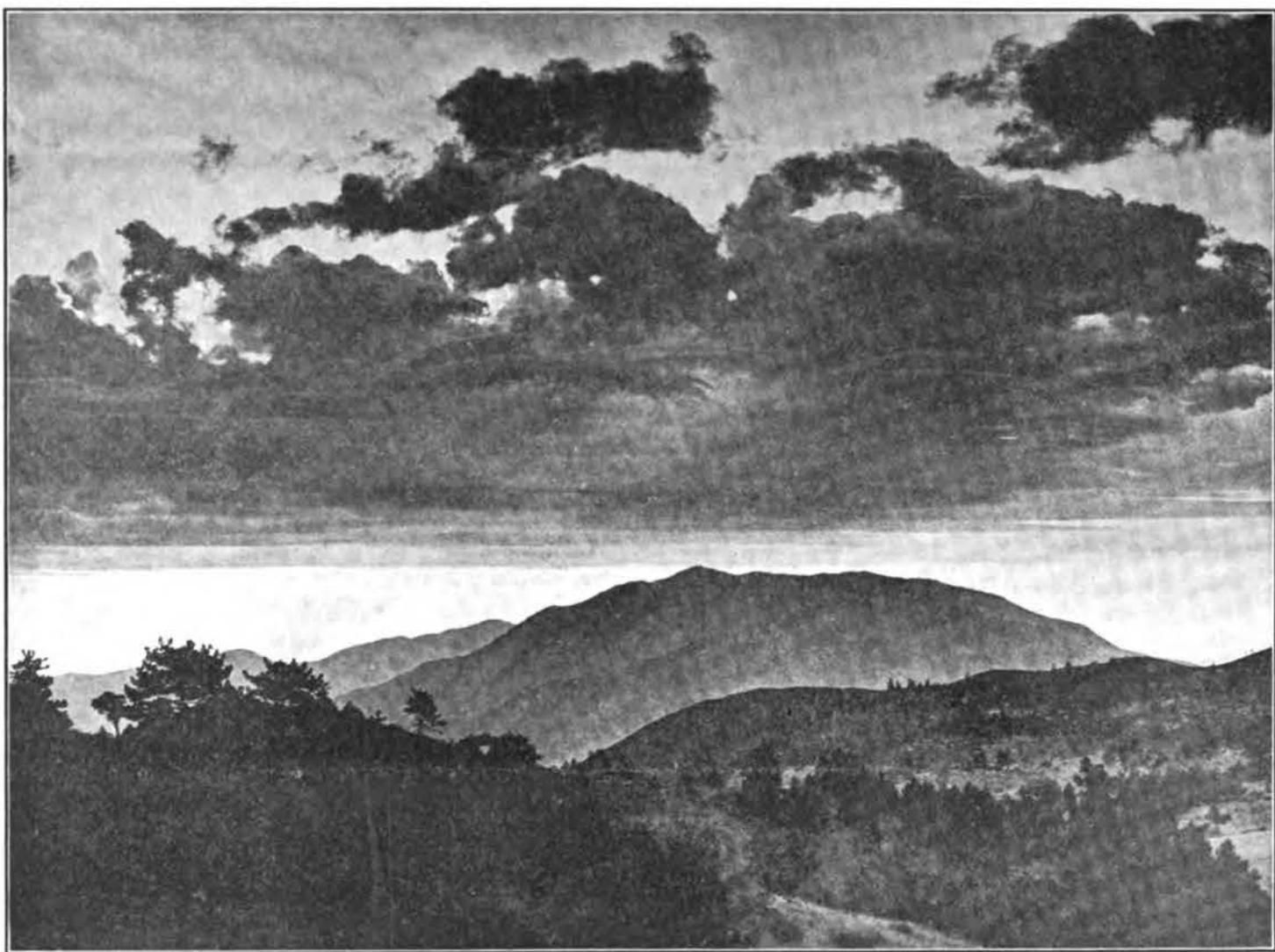
The New Century



Year \$2

Point Loma, San Diego, California.

Copy 5¢



WHAT is the world's great need? It is not that there should be more

The World's Great Need

ease and comfort for the physical man; it is not that gold and silver, and wealth should be in abundance; it is not that science and knowledge should advance until more of Nature's secrets should become as an open book to all men, leaving nothing on material lines unfathomed, nothing further to be developed. While comfort, wealth and material knowledge are not to be despised, they certainly are not the end and aim. The grandest, the noblest, the highest need is that Humanity should learn to live the life of altruism, of unselfishness; should learn that all life has one common origin; that all belong to one vast brotherhood, sent out by the great universal Spirit of all good, to learn lessons by experience and evolve from lowest forms to the highest consciousness of the Divine, until within each soul the Christ may appear in the full stature of the perfected life. It is a great victory over self when one can accept, within the depths of his heart of hearts, the truth that there is no separateness, that all forms of life are manifestations of the one life; that there is a unity of experiences, of purposes, in the fulfillment of divine law; that this great fulfillment must be realized in the life of each individual. As the cycles come and go, however lowly or obscure the form of the imprisoned monad may be in the beginning, be it in mineral, plant or animal, it is surely advancing to higher and more perfect states of consciousness.

There is no real separateness in life, there is unity on every plane of existence—hence the truth that Brotherhood exists as a fact in nature. This truth, brought clearly to every man, would surely hasten the day when unselfishness would be the rule of action, when man would see in himself divine possibilities and, recognizing this within himself, would see it in all others. No man is so poor, so lowly, so affected by the sordidness of the world that he may not find the Kingdom of Heaven within himself, if he will but seek for it. He may see the Christ, the Christos, who is crying out in the hearts of all, trying to show man that there is liberation, freedom; freedom from the sins that beset; freedom from being dominated by the lower nature. The recognition of the great fact of Brotherhood would result in the more speedy awakening of divine power within. Then would come a reach-

ing out for more and more light; a breaking up of old limitations, a reaching of higher levels. There would be born a greater understanding of that which is our true life. We would realize the Divinity of life; we would listen to the voice of the mighty counselor, the Prince of Peace, aye, the voice of the Elder Brother. Then would come love and compassion for all creatures and the living of the pure white life of selflessness. Let us open our eyes and behold the path of the true life. Let us overcome all degrees of selfishness. Within our own hearts let us pledge our life to our Higher Self that we may be quickened with love and power to help in the redemption of the world. Let us live right ourselves, then will our light shine, for it will be clearly burning. Those who have caught but a single ray of inner knowledge and light would not exchange it for earth's rarest gifts on lower planes, for it holds a prophecy grand and wonderful beyond compare. In the light of that prophecy, above and beyond the heartaches of all humanity, from the most humble to the most exalted, all may learn of that perfect harmony that shall one day encompass the whole earth and by that song of divine melody will be revealed the richness of the abundant heritage for all Humanity. The gods are waiting now with goodly things for all peoples. None are *compelled*, but all may partake who choose. We must learn that we are souls, that the visible man is not the real man. We have been so engrossed with the thought of this outer man that we have not listened to the guidance of the inner and real self. The divine, inner man who has been concealed and hidden for ages—concealed by erroneous teachings, by dogmas—has at last been brought forth. A consciousness of the divinity of man is being awakened in the hearts of the people everywhere. Oh, that it may speedily become a universal consciousness that shall encompass the whole world! That which was lost so long, covered up by error, is now reappearing. It is the true Christos, and will glorify and purify the life of man until it shall be proven that the perfect, pure and true life of love and compassion for all living creatures is the ultimate thought of God; that through this will be the uniting of the seen with the unseen, the visible with the invisible, and there will be brought into view the radiant and eternal world of the things which are real. L. H. H.

The Ancient Stadium in Athens Rebuilt

THE eyes of half the civilized world were upon Athens at the occasion of the revival of the Olympian games in 1896. But the Greeks themselves were destined to be disappointed at the outcome, for every contest, save one only, was won by a stranger. Members of the American College at Athens carried off most of the prizes. That of throwing the *discus* was won by a student of our own Princeton University, a remarkable feat considering the fact that he had never seen a *discus* before he reached Athens, while the game has been played by the Greeks for many centuries. One of the finest and best preserved of the ancient Greek sculptures is that of the *Discobolos*, or discus-thrower, as both artists and archæologists are aware. The only game won by a native Greek was the long-distance race of twenty-five miles, between the Stadium in Athens and the monument upon the battlefield of Marathon. This young Greek was a shepherd, by name Spiridon Loues, and in rewarding him, the government gave him, in addition to the prize, the monopoly of the sale of drinking water from a certain spring in the mountains of Pentelikon. Every day the water is brought into Athens for sale in sheepskins and large earthen jars.

These contests proved that the modern Greeks, as a class, are deficient in physical development. And to promote an interest in that direction, one of the Greek merchants, George Averoff, is now having the ancient Stadium rebuilt. It will be, when restored, a magnificent structure in pure white marble, sixty tiers of seats rising one above the other, and affording room for nearly 30,000 spectators. The amphitheater itself is something like one hundred by six hundred feet in size, an ideal place for athletic games. Its restoration on this magnificent scale is only possible because of its close proximity to the quarries of the Pentelikon, whose marble blocks cost no more than the labor of cutting and the transportation. This Stadium was built by Lycurgus, one of the wisest rulers of old Greece, about three hundred years B. C. STUDENT

Practical Work of San Diego Women's Clubs

MOST commendable efforts along practical lines are being undertaken by the members of the various Women's Clubs in San Diego County. On April 11, the County Federation of Women's Clubs met in San Diego. Their objects are indicated by the following extracts from the report of the Civic Committee:

Less than a year ago a little knot of women met in an artist's studio, to consider the best methods of improving and beautifying the city of San Diego; how to meet a long felt want. . . . They recognized San Diego's need for active, concerted effort put forth in the work of cleaning her streets and turning waste corners into attractive resting and breathing places for dweller and visitor. . . . This has been a year of hard work, of persistent, earnest effort on the part of the Civic Improvement Committee towards one end, clean streets and more parks for the city of San Diego. . . . But they are handicapped by the indifference of the city council in the matter. . . . The ethical value of clean streets and beautiful parks cannot be too highly estimated. A city that is characterized by dirty, disorderly streets, unclean alleys and crowded blocks that shut out the pure air of heaven, cannot be otherwise than demoralizing in its influence, especially over the young.

For about thirteen years a number of public-spirited men of San Diego have been agitating this question of new public parks. One year ago the Women's Clubs took up the matter, entirely unaided even by the city fathers. A large sum of money has been raised, a tract at 13th and K streets has been secured by them for one park, and arrangements are under way by which other tracts shall be converted into parks, among them that at 22d and K streets, and that near 19th and J streets.

It is what might have been expected, for when women undertake humanitarian work, results are certain. They do not dissipate their energies in "agitation," but set about the actual doing. Women have always been good housekeepers. Is it not time they were invited to undertake civic housekeeping as well? A cleaner and more beautiful city will be the inevitable result. STUDENT

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Too Much Machinery

IN looking into the probable future of education at the beginning of a new century we may confidently expect a reaction. For reaction ensues whenever any tendency has run to excess; and in modern education, especially in this country, can be traced a tendency that is surely excessive. Our education is growing *too* systematic, too well-organized, too mechanical, and is fast verging on the fiddle-faddling and the machine-made.

The reading of a review article on the trend of modern education brings this fact forcibly to mind; for it describes the wonderfully elaborate and well-organized library and laboratory institutions and anticipates for the future an even greater elaboration and development thereof. But the reviewer makes in his preface a remark which may serve as text for a different sermon from what he preaches. He says: "We may not forget that, with enlargement and prosperity, there must come at times reaction, at other times readjustment."

May it not well be that this reaction will be towards less mechanical and more natural, less superficial and more essential, less catalogued and more all-round methods?

The disease which can be diagnosed in education is by no means peculiar to that particular institution; it is but the disease of civilization in one of its symptoms. It is materialism—the tendency to dwell excessively upon things external and adventitious, to the neglect of essentials, and to forget fundamental aims in a host of details and accessories. The descent from spirituality to materialism is marked by an equal lapse from simplicity to complexity. This is, therefore, a complex age, and the multiplicity of its needs and devices has afforded a theme for many pens. Whether it is medicine, which, instead of health, studies a thousand diseases; or religion, which, in place of faith, has a host of creeds; or science, which, instead of knowledge, has schools and subjects and isms; the principle is the same. In education we have forgotten the original purpose, which is to train the man, and our whole attention is occupied with the means. In short, knowledge has become replaced by instruction.

Man Has All Knowledge

What an inevitable proclivity there is in this age to lose sight of our end in our anxiety about the means! There was a time, for instance, when athletics were used for the benefit of the body; now they have become no longer means, but an end in themselves, and are cultivated for their own sake, often to the extreme detriment of the body.

It is often remarked that a man's valuable and useful knowledge was acquired by him out of school hours by desultory study. We almost fear to mention it here, however, for fear somebody will invent a special "desultory study" class and schedule it on the curriculum. But surely there is something wrong with an education that stands in the way of the acquiring of knowledge instead of helping it.

Now at the root of the whole evil is a fundamental error as to the nature of the human mind and as to the relation of education to knowledge. The Platonic idea is that all knowledge exists in the mind and can be called out as required. Education is the process of calling it out. But modern notions regard the mind as a blank into which information must be packed.

The present writer, a student of The Universal Brotherhood, holds to the Platonic idea in its fullest sense. He thinks a properly educated person should be able to grapple successfully and at the shortest notice with any subject or problem set before him. This does not mean that he would have his mind packed with a compendium of learning like a walking encyclopedia; he would have no learning in the scholastic sense; the knowledge would be *latent*, but available at need.

This idea can be made clear by contrasting two types which we find everywhere in the intellectual world; one is the man of colossal memory who can cite endless book-opinions on every subject, but has deduced no conclusions of his own; and the other is the man who has read little but has a sound judgment, based on his power of rapidly digesting and weighing all that he hears and experiences. The contrast is, in short, between the scholar and the intelligent man, between learning

The Ocean of Thought

and wisdom. We need then, an education that shall produce the man of intelligence and wisdom, not the learned scholar. A student of The Universal Brotherhood would set no limits to the extent to which such a process can be carried. He would not be surprised to see a man able to cope successfully with every possible demand that might be made upon his intellect, and to discuss adequately matters which he had never studied. This may sound absurd, and so it is from the modern idea of education; but from the standpoint of the Platonic idea of education it is a logical inference.

It is admitted that minds can be made adaptable; and who shall venture to say *how* adaptable they can be made? There seems no real reason why the mind of a man should not be able to tap the ocean of thought without recourse to the round-about and cumbrous process of reading what others have written. What is memory, anyhow? Wherein does it inhere? If I can train my mind to fetch up ideas from the depths of my own mental store-house, why should not a further training place at my disposal the general ocean of human thought?

Another point, on which we predict a future different from that usually anticipated, is the question of multiplicity of subjects. The tendency to multiplicity and subdivision is a degenerate and disintegrative tendency; we look to see knowledge unified. Every subject loses by its dissociation from kindred subjects. The prime instance of this is of course the separation of knowledge into the two branches called ethics and science, leading to superstition and materialism. Neither half can solve the problems of life. The world has suffered largely from the development of a purely theoretical and academic learning having no grip on actual life, and of a race of scholars and thinkers who live in a sheltered and secluded atmosphere where the waves do not buffet them. The views that emanate from such a source are of no use to people who come into rude contact with life. To learn how to live is, after all, the end of true education, and it must be learnt out of school hours, if not otherwise.

H. T. E.

A Basis for Science & Religion

WE hear a great deal, nowadays, about courage in war, etc., and, from a study of current events, it would seem that there are as many brave people in the world as ever. The heroic firemen who face death and mutilation in burning houses, the devoted nurses who suffer every hardship and even danger in war, and the patient people who uncomplainingly endure the evils of sickness or poverty, all show the true warrior spirit.

But in the expression of honest opinion, in daring to stand out before the world of conventional shams to confess to unpopular views, the age has not made much progress. One of the problems of the Twentieth Century is the reconciliation of religion and science, and it cannot be shirked, when we see, on one side, distinguished scientific men announcing calmly that science has "proved that there is no consciousness without a basis of material cells," and that science has disproved the existence of a God, and, on the other, the theologians proclaiming aloud their unshaken faith in the literal accuracy of the Bible, while privately they know that the ground is slipping from under them.

At present the scientists have the greater courage of their convictions, while the people who look to the clergy for light are beginning to suspect that their spiritual guides are not so secure in their professed opinions as they would like to be thought. Thus the danger that threatens the religious life of man is pressing, and while some of the clergy refuse "to face the music" manfully and try to compel their followers to believe in dogmas which they themselves have discarded, or are discarding, materialism, luxury and Mammon-worship increase.

Sir Boyle Roche, the father of "bulls," asserted, with a great deal of truth, that "the best way to avoid danger is to meet it plump."

Theosophy is the only hope for truth-seekers; Theosophy, with its demonstration of the existence and powers of the Soul, gives the only secure foundation upon which the Religion of the future can be built, a religion in which Art, Science, and the deeper spiritual life will form one harmonious whole.

C. J. R.

The Isis Theater San Diego

FOR some unexplained reason there are one or two persons in San Diego who seem to be bent on obscuring Katherine Tingley's plans with regard to the future management of the Opera House, recently named by her The Isis Theater, which was purchased by Mrs. Tingley on March 6th, last. Absurd rumors were circulated at the time, the nature of which is indicated by the following paragraphs, clipped from the San Diego *Union* of March 11th:

"It was a day for denials, for the reports of radical changes at the Opera House were denied by Mrs. Tingley, who, when asked regarding the same, said:

"The statements made in regard to my plans to change the Fisher Opera House in a radical manner, either as to construction or arrangement of the building, or as to the general character of entertainments given at the play-house, are quite unfounded. Indeed, I consider that they originated from an unfriendly source. They are evidently concocted for the purpose

of misleading the public. At the Fisher

Opera House next Sunday evening I

shall definitely explain my plan in con-

nection with my future work at the

theater. My statements will in al-

most every particular be flat contra-

dictions to the rumors which seem

to be industriously circulated in San

Diego. I have no intention of depriving

the San Diego people of their favorite

theater. I propose to hold it intact.

There is ample room for the Musical Conserva-

tory I am to establish, without distur-

bing the beautiful auditorium, which I

so much admire. If another Opera

House is built in San Diego it will not

discourage me in my determined pur-

pose of preserving this theater and adding

to its luster by the presentation of the

world's best artists. I consider the

promulgators of these false rumors

as the enemies to San Diego and her

best interests.' In response to questions re-

garding the management of the Opera

House, Mrs. Tingley said that there would

not be very marked changes in regard to the attractions

booked at the play-house. The general run

of entertainments will find accom-

modation there. It might be that in the

course of a year's time there would

be one or two which would be booked

by other managers and owners of play-

houses of the State, which could not

find room in the Opera House under

her management, but there would not

be such a notable change that there

need be much comment on the subject.

The change would, she expected, be

for the better and for the upbuilding

and education of San Diego.

"In the main, she said that it would

be her purpose to give to the people of

San Diego as many low-priced, but high-

classed entertainments as possible. She

would want the entertainments to come

within the reach of the mass of the

people, and she had no intention of

forcing on the people as their only

entertainments something which was

entirely beyond them. There were

attractions being played now at the

theaters which she would not herself

care to see or listen to, but there

were people who did, and it could not

be expected that all the people could

be educated in their desires as to

plays in any short time.

"In closing the conversation Mrs.

Tingley asked that the people be

disabused of the idea that there were

to be a lot of very radical changes

in the Opera House."

Her students and the members of

The Universal Brotherhood know by

experience what a marvelous faculty

the Leader has displayed of vivifying

all the departments of life with a new

spirit, and making every human activity

she touches bear its part in the elevation

of mankind to a higher state of

brotherhood. Here is a golden opportunity

for us to show by practical work that

we truly realize our responsibility as

our brothers' keepers, for without doubt

there will before long be a tax laid

on the Organization for qualified

members to assist here in the great

developments in music and drama,

which are now so close at hand and

which will be most potent means of

helping humanity to realize that noble

living is indeed joy. The Leader says,

if we do our full duty to our neighbors,

San Diego will be in a few years the

Mecca for thinkers and leaders of

mankind from all parts, seeking

light on the perplexing problems of

the age.

The following statement, issued from

Point Loma, has been published in the

newspapers:

"It is Mrs. Tingley's intention to

make the Opera House a center for

Theo-

sophical work. The name will of course be changed, and other changes will ensue, to the end that it may be made an art and music center, which will be of immense benefit to the city of San Diego, and ultimately to the entire coast.

"Mrs. Tingley, as is well known, believes that music and the drama are most important means of higher education, and it is needless to say that hereafter none but dramas of the highest order will be encouraged or allowed to be given in the theater. Besides this, it will be used for the presentation of her own musical entertainments and dramas, given by her students and by the children of the Raja Yoga School, under her supervision. Those who know of the character of the dramatic representations given by her students well understand Mrs. Tingley's aims.

"A Conservatory of Music will at once be established and under the plan already outlined by Mrs. Tingley, it may be possible for even the poorest child in San Diego to have a musical education of the highest order. The following statement was made by Mr. E. A. Neresheimer, in answer to queries:

"Part of Katherine Tingley's

plans with regard to making the

city of San Diego a world-center

of art and music, has been fore-

shadowed in her publications, *THE*

NEW CENTURY and *Universal Bro-*

therhood Path. Music being the

greatest moral and spiritual agent,

she insists that it is a necessity

in the home. Her intention there-

fore is to establish free classes of

choral singing, in unison and part-

songs, so that music can be per-

formed and applied in the home

without any musical instrument

other than the natural human

voice. It is the experience of the

teachers under her direction that

the natural voices of children

born here in San Diego have a

wonderful sonorous quality and

brilliancy, which no doubt is owing

to the favorable conditions of the

climate. This favorable sign, com-

combined with the unique and

simple methods of training which

she has introduced, will so arouse

the enthusiasm of participants

after they have reached some little

development, that the art will

propagate speedily and universally

among the community and surround-

ings. Once that a fair start is made,

showing the great success that can

be attained, it will naturally lead

to a desire for greater and greater

perfection, and it is in the home-

life where it will find the most

widespread application.

"Music culture is a sine qua non among the students at Point Loma, who are so delighted with the methods of their teacher that a time limit has to be set so as to keep the budding enthusiasm within bounds and wholesome limits. At Point Loma, while singing is the predominating branch of music culture, there is also other work done which is indispensable in a thorough musical education. The fundamental rules of counterpoint and harmony and the mastery of all modern orchestral instruments are incumbent upon the students as a body. The result is that the higher class of chamber music and full orchestra work are among the accomplishments there.

"Some of the students had never thought of such a thing as cultivating music in their lives, some of them have been content, like so many people, to neglect the art while saying that they have no talent for music.

"According to Katherine Tingley, that is an unwarrantable assertion and equal to barring oneself out from the enjoyment and realization of the sublimest vehicles of aesthetic culture.

"The Isis Conservatory of Music, which was established last year on B street, with a full corps of high class teachers who adhere strictly to Katherine Tingley's method, will be extended for the more artistic development of the young and old, those who wish to realize the beauties of life which spring from the accomplishment of music as a high art."

It is refreshing to discover that there are those among the business men of San Diego who appreciate the absurdity of such rumors, from a purely practical, business standpoint. The following is quoted from the San Diego *Sun*, April 15, 1902:

"A wealthy tourist, who also owns some San Diego property, and will possibly own more, was speaking:

"Sometimes," he said, "an outsider can see things which do not wander at all within the range of the native's vision. So it occurs to me that this proposi-



A POINT LOMA SUNSET

of participants after they have reached some little development, that the art will propagate speedily and universally among the community and surroundings. Once that a fair start is made, showing the great success that can be attained, it will naturally lead to a desire for greater and greater perfection, and it is in the home-life where it will find the most widespread application.

"Music culture is a sine qua non among the students at Point Loma, who are so delighted with the methods of their teacher that a time limit has to be set so as to keep the budding enthusiasm within bounds and wholesome limits. At Point Loma, while singing is the predominating branch of music culture, there is also other work done which is indispensable in a thorough musical education. The fundamental rules of counterpoint and harmony and the mastery of all modern orchestral instruments are incumbent upon the students as a body. The result is that the higher class of chamber music and full orchestra work are among the accomplishments there.

"Some of the students had never thought of such a thing as cultivating music in their lives, some of them have been content, like so many people, to neglect the art while saying that they have no talent for music.

"According to Katherine Tingley, that is an unwarrantable assertion and equal to barring oneself out from the enjoyment and realization of the sublimest vehicles of aesthetic culture.

"The Isis Conservatory of Music, which was established last year on B street, with a full corps of high class teachers who adhere strictly to Katherine Tingley's method, will be extended for the more artistic development of the young and old, those who wish to realize the beauties of life which spring from the accomplishment of music as a high art."

It is refreshing to discover that there are those among the business men of San Diego who appreciate the absurdity of such rumors, from a purely practical, business standpoint. The following is quoted from the San Diego *Sun*, April 15, 1902:

"A wealthy tourist, who also owns some San Diego property, and will possibly own more, was speaking:

"Sometimes," he said, "an outsider can see things which do not wander at all within the range of the native's vision. So it occurs to me that this proposi-

tion to build a new Opera House which I see mentioned with more or less seriousness, is about the acme of asininity and imbecility so far attained in this latitude. What in the name of Shakespeare this town needs another Opera House for is more than I can make out. Opera houses are proverbially bad business investments. It is nothing against the city of San Diego or its people that the Fisher Opera House has lost money for everybody who ever had anything to do with it financially, and that Mrs. Tingley finally bought it for a little less than half what the property with the lot really cost ten years ago.

“You remember the Tabor Grand Opera House in Denver, built by the late Senator Tabor at a cost of about \$700,000. Well, that property was elegantly located and built for returns from a business standpoint, which the Fisher was by the way, but after eight or ten years the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance company of Milwaukee had to take it in at something less than half a million and it has been a white elephant on their hands ever since. The house never paid taxes and insurance and I don't think anybody ever thought it would. Take Los Angeles, for instance, a city which is growing faster than any other in the United States, with one exception. Look at her principal theater, the Los Angeles Theater—a perfect barn, miserably furnished and poorly equipped. Yet it is packed nearly every night with good paying business. Then why doesn't Los Angeles have a fine new theater? Simply because business men are afraid such an enterprise wouldn't pay. They can get plenty of money to build 12-story brick blocks and palatial hotels, and long rows of apartment houses, but for an opera house? Not on your life. Business men and capitalists know too well that opera houses don't pay.

“There are just three reasons why men or women build opera houses nowadays. The first is, when they have gotten a theatrical bee in their bonnet and want to boom some ‘friend,’ who has histrionic aspirations. Such an individual, needless to say, it is a man, is usually denominated an ‘angel.’ The second cause occurs when for any reason a man wishes to perpetuate his name or his memory upon a community and knows of no better way than to build or at least, head an enterprise to build a theater. Such was the case of Senator Tabor in Denver, ‘Lucky’ Baldwin in San Francisco, Mr. Burbank in Los Angeles and John C. Fisher in San Diego. Do you think Mr. Fisher would have put his time and splendid energies into the building of a theater to be called ‘San Diego Opera House?’ Not on your life. He watched the engraving of those letters in the granite over the foyer with keener interest than he did any other part of that enterprise. He knew well enough that he couldn't keep the opera house as his own property. He knew that none of the original investors could do so. But he knew that through his scheming and efforts San Diego had finally succeeded in securing an opera house which was the superior of any similar building on the coast, both externally and in equipment, and he knew that unless destroyed by fire, it would remain a monument to his indomitable will, for he had seen to it that Fisher Opera House could never be changed into anything but a theater, no matter what might happen to San Diego. It was loaded onto the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance company and every dollar invested by the original investors, with the exception of

this company, has long since been hypothecated, just as he knew they would be—but the monumental fact remains that San Diego has an opera house, which, after eleven years, still remains the finest in every particular on this coast—an opera house which has done more than almost any other thing to advertise this city and region to the world. So the work of Mr. Fisher and those who were associated with him has not been in vain, but on the contrary, gloriously successful, and for his part of the reward Mr. Fisher's name still appears above the foyer carved in solid granite and I for one should be sorry to see that name removed. Conscience knows he got nothing but glory out of the Opera House and he should be entitled to all of that which can be given him without extra expense.

“Now, as to the business foolishness involved in the building of another opera house in San Diego, enough, it seems to me, has already been said. If neither Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle or any other city of the Pacific Coast can build an opera house to equal the one we already have, it seems to me that no man or group of men, even in San Diego, will be idiotic enough to build a second one here.

But, some one says, ‘Mrs. Tingley is going to throw out all attractions save her peculiar Greek dramas.’

“Who said so? Not Mrs. Tingley. She distinctly stated otherwise in your paper the day after she had purchased the opera house. Neither Secretary General Pierce nor Treasurer Neresheimer or any of the others ever said that the theater under the management of The Universal Brotherhood would ever be closed to regular attractions. Those Point Loma people may have some peculiar ideas about music and the drama, but they have a blamed sight more business sagacity than some folks on this side of the bay. They're not going to run up against the theatrical syndicate. Don't worry. Moreover, it's my private opinion publicly expressed, that when a great attraction

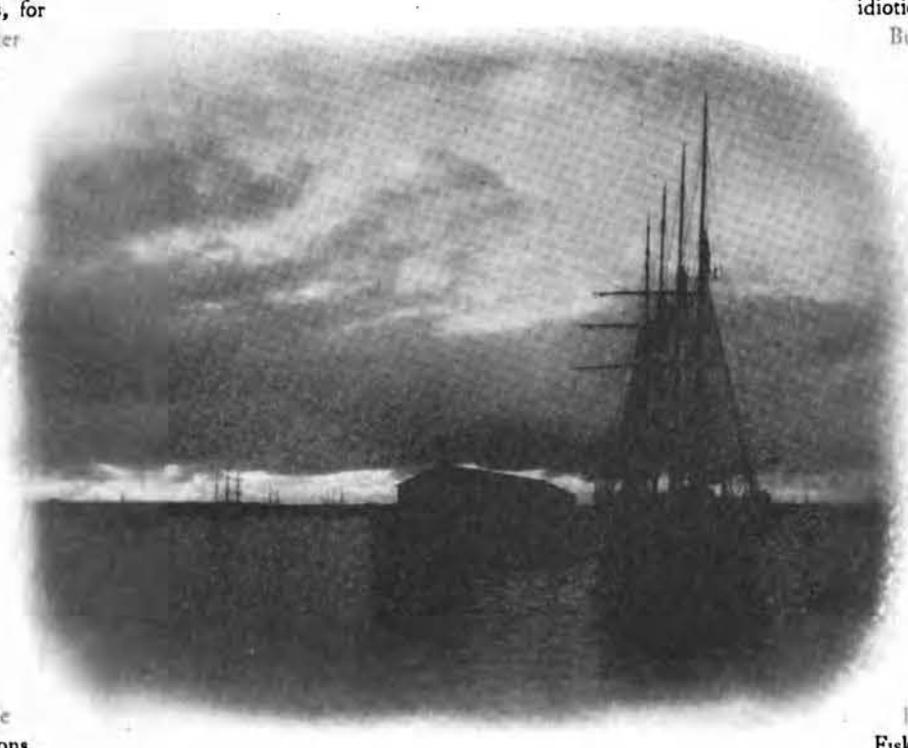
like Viola Allen or Minnie Maddern Fiske comes to Los Angeles, we will stand a good deal better show of getting them in San Diego under Mrs. Tingley's management than under the old regime, for they openly declare

over on the Point that one of their chief ambitions is to raise the standard of the drama.

“Anyhow, wouldn't it be the part of common sense to wait a few days until Mrs. Tingley takes possession of the Opera House and find out what her specific plans are for booking for the coming season before going off on this new tangent which cannot possibly do any good?

“Now, in conclusion, if \$50,000 can be raised in this town for a second opera house, there ought to be no trouble in raising twice that much for legitimate business enterprises, a canning factory for instance, or a lot of fine cottages to rent to tourists at from \$20 to \$30 per month, or a first-class hotel. There is an enterprise worth talking about, and if ever a town needed a big, high-toned hotel, this is the town.

“Or a park? What a mighty work could be accomplished with a few thousand dollars spent in purchasing and improving a block of land somewhere down town as a small park. O, there are so many things we need so very much worse than another opera house.’”



SAN DIEGO HARBOR AT SUNSET

The Calf-Path

by S. W. Foss—Selected

ONE day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home as good calves should;
But made a trail all beat askew,
A crooked trail, as all calves do.
Since then three hundred years have fled,
And I infer the calf is dead.
But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs my moral tale.
The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way;
And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him too,
As good bell-wethers always do.

And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made.
And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path;
But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf.
And through this winding wood-way stalked
Because he wobbled when he walked.
This forest-path became a lane,
That bent and turned and turned again;
This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse with his load
Traveled the same two miles in one.
The years passed on with swiftness fleet,
The road became a village street;

And this, before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare.
And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis;
And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.
Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed this zigzag calf about,
And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.
A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead.
They followed still his crooked way,
And lost one hundred years a day;
For thus such reverence is lent
To well-established precedent.

A moral lesson this might teach
Were I ordained and called to preach;
For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf-paths of the mind
And work away from sun to sun
To do what other men have done.
They follow in the beaten track,
And out and in and forth and back,
And still their devious course pursue,
To keep the path that others do.
They keep the path a sacred groove,
Along which all their lives they move;
But how the wise old wood-gods laugh
Who saw the first primeval calf.
Ah, many things this tale might teach—
But I am not ordained to preach.

The Raja Yoga School & Its Work for the Future

FACTS must be faced. Nobody but a futile dreamer wastes time in speculating on the ways of Providence or deploring the lot of man. Whatever strange and ingenious theories of life we may frame, be they optimistic or pessimistic, spiritual or material, the bare facts of our life confront us still and call with imperative voice to be duly faced.

And there is no fact more momentous or undeniable than that happiness and sanity go hand in hand with a healthy life. The truth that the mind rules the body and that health will follow right-mindedness, true as it is, may be over-applied and misdirected; for the conditions of life may be so adverse as to render the application of the principle all but impossible for any ordinary mind. No efforts will enable a climber to ascend if his feet are slipping back as fast as he advances them; and the slimy clay of civilized life is indeed a treacherous foothold from which to gain purchase for a leap. Thus a worthy philosopher may toil long in the sweat of his brow to argue and hope himself into a semblance of contentment, while all the time he may be needing some apparently trivial reform in his regimen or surroundings. The philosophy of an Epictetus is useful for a man who, like Epictetus, is a maltreated slave; but there is no need to call up one's philosophical forlorn-hope prematurely. "What can't be cured must be endured," is very true; but let us not forget that "What can be cured need not be endured." In our civilized life the conditions are notoriously and obviously such as to render health (worthy the name) well-nigh impossible. The ignorance and uncertainty of everybody as to the laws of life and the nature and needs of man, the wrong habits and customs growing out of such a careless and irresponsible attitude of mind, and the exigencies due to an ill-organized social life, all contribute to render the health of a human being a history of gradual but sure decline from the cradle upwards. Now and again some casual association brings back to us older folk a fleeting reminiscence of how we felt in childhood, and we realize for the moment what we ordinarily forget—that childhood is gladdened by a spirit of joy dependent, not on ideas or circumstances, but on health. There came a time when we lost that charm, and so stealthily did that time creep on that we marked not its encroachment; only an occasional backward glance reveals to us now the abyss that sunders us from that Eden. Disease grows ever more rampant, more multiform, more universal among us; and even those who consider themselves well, are they not devoured by a chronic nervous fever that will not let them be still? Picture some tranquil and stately denizen of an Eastern clime sitting bright-eyed and serene in the thankful enjoyment of existence, with mind at rest for the drinking-in of wisdom from the fount of Nature. Then introduce a typical white man upon the scene. He will pace nervously to and fro, cough and spit, mop his brow, sit down, lie down, sprawl, and get up again, and finally call for a dozen newspapers, a cigar and a brandy-and-soda. He cannot be still; he is sick and must drown his pain by distraction after distraction.

Thus, from the time when we used to awake singing in the morning and rush out into the sun, unconscious that we had a body, till the time when our life is a reluctant compromise between our wishes and the necessities imposed on us by the demon of infirmity, the journey is one of decline and loss. Our stagnant blood and jaded nerves were whipped up with heating foods. We were rushed to school and kept there all day in an atmosphere of soulless coarseness, where the conversation was seldom, if ever, fit to be written down. Under the constant assault of



MOORE'S FALLS, NEAR KENTVILLE, NOVA SCOTIA
Close to "Evangeline's Land"

such influences, now brutal, now enervating, our natures grew uncouth and warped; until the conditions of health, joy and sane thinking were no longer present. And now we have the added grief of witnessing in our children the same terrible process taking place. Soon there will be no children at all; instead, monstrosities like that infant depicted by W. S. Gilbert in the *Bab Ballads*, who

Turned out a terribly fast little cad,
And was born
With his hat all awry,
And an octagon tie,
And a miniature, miniature glass in his eye;
And who
Died an enfeebled old dotard at five.

Would not all lovers of children, and all who value and would perpetuate the joyous health of youth, be thankful and exultant if they could see a large number of children actually being brought up in a way to realize their most cherished ideals and with a wisdom far beyond the most daring hopes? And especially so, were they privileged to witness the success and note the undeniable and speedy results of such a process—results surpassing the accepted limits of possibility?

Yet this is what is actually the case at the Raja Yoga School of The Universal Brotherhood at Point Loma. There is no need to expatiate on these results, since the school and its fortunate members are in public view where anyone may satisfy himself. The children are growing up under conditions which

will surely extirpate that fatal germ of decay which civilization implants and fosters in the blood, and will preserve, unsullied and unimpaired unto mature life, the joyous freshness and purity of childhood.

This production of a healthy nucleus of future humanity is indeed a thing to be thankful for. But let us not forget that, important as it is, it is only a *means*, the *end* being to secure moral health, to found a race of people who shall have perfect control over those subject forces of human nature which in humanity have broken loose. The children of the Raja Yoga School are enabled by their healthy rearing and wise education to dominate their own natures, so as to tame in youth those passions and infirmities which older people, trained like the crooked sapling, so often fight in vain.

The casual critic might here think that such a system would produce the "prig," that odious and hair-oiled butt of Mark Twain's satirical bludgeon. But not so: for self-consciousness, spiritual pride, and the general odor of sanctity and of what we must beg to call "cussedness," is itself one of those minor demons that have to be tamed. The visitor will find at Point Loma children who do not loaf, over-eat, give way to temper and self-will, or grumble and cry; but he will find manliness, not priggism. He will find children who can acquire and retain more sound ability than any board-school product; but he will not find the "prodigy." These remarks about the Raja Yoga School represent in tabloid form what has been said in fuller compass by others under separate headings. They give the reason why I consider that in this school the world has a tangible asset which no cynical and destructive criticism can audit away; why the great Doer of Deeds who, in founding it, did what others only dreamed, is entitled to the homage of our best collaboration. In these children one sees at once the realization of the futile ideals of one's own past, and the more than hope of an assured future. To watch them is to be, as it were, reincarnated, and to repair, by a sympathetic sharing of their life, the mistakes of one's own. Anyone supporting, even by thought, such an undertaking, is bestowing where there can be no waste and enrolling himself in a glorious cause.

KADMON

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

The Birthday of William Q. Judge

THE birthday celebration of William Q. Judge was held in four places. There was the beautiful Temple ceremony in Loma-land, the celebration at the Lotus Group in San Diego in the afternoon, the children's festival at sunset, and the meeting held in his honor, in the evening, in the Opera House in San Diego, by members of the Aryan Theosophical Society, which Mr. Judge himself founded.

The day before was a day of preparation. Even the Homestead teams were pressed into service and brought in loads of pepper-branches, greenery and flowers. Many of the students gathered wild flowers, at this time so beautiful and so profuse; and immense quantities of roses, lilies, exquisite violets, marguerite, heliotrope and other flowers were gathered from the Homestead gardens. And one who might have looked into the Temple the next morning at sunrise would have seen a vision of beauty. The sun's first rays, streaming through the delicate purple glass of the dome, cast an almost magic light upon the altar—strewn with flowers, as was the custom in ancient days. The air was fragrant with the indescribable sweetness that comes when flowers from the garden clasp hands in service with those from the fields, which grow out of Nature's very heart, and seem so close to things eternal. The flower and smilax-trimmed platform was banked with yerba santa, a plant sacred indeed by all its velvety texture, by its color of purple, in all tints, and by the delicate silver-gray tone of its leaves.

Early in the morning all the Loma-land students formed in front of the Homestead in double column. In triumphal march they wended their way over the Homestead Hill, southward, past the City Beautiful, over the Sacred Way, and towards the Temple Hill. The sun had risen, and beautiful San Diego Bay glistened as if it were some vast, shimmering lagoon, reflecting the sun's light and heaven's colors of azure and of gold. San Diego itself, half veiled by mist, looked like a city of glass, a place of palaces. Over Point Loma itself, towards the sea, a gentle mist was rising. Acres of flowered plain, a mile and a half below, stretched out and out like a great quiet sea of purple and gold. The ocean beyond murmured and surged placidly, as its waves, incessant, rolled in and broke at the foot of Loma Cliffs. And the birds—ah! the wild birds of Loma-land always sing. Every morning they welcome the sun. But this morning it seemed to us that there was a note of triumph in their song, a blend of joyousness in their little orchestra of bird-notes. Mayhap they sang no more sweetly, after all, but that we ourselves were more attuned and more responsive to that Eternal harmony which wells out from the inner, ever and ever. Ordinarily we do not hear it, for our ears are deaf and our hearts are shut and unquickened. But this morning, I doubt not, many closed doors were opened, both in our own hearts and in that universal heart of humanity to which birds and flowers speak—and grieve, I fancy, that it so seldom responds. And, as the wood bird led the Warrior Siegfried, so the little songsters flew around the Amphitheater, finally alighting on the very cornerstone of the Temple that is to be.

It was a triumphal march, in very truth; and I thought of that pageant of brave knights which Godfrey of Bouillon led forth to a Holy war; for over our heads waved the flags of all nations—earnest of those greater Crusades which have been and are yet to be, from which no nation in the world may be shut out.

The procession of students entered the canyon amphitheater, and, seated, looked out to the westward upon the great nature curtain of sea and sky, a picture in blue and gold, for the sun's rays were still aslant and the heavens had not lost their sunrise colors. It seemed as if everything in nature blended into a supreme harmony, as if in dedication to the memory of a kingly man, William Q. Judge. I remembered the time when I first saw him. I remembered those days when he stood alone, alone, years ago, in a teeming city, in that little room that opened upon a narrow street, solitary and unknown. But his heart was filled with love and trust so deep, so sublime, that who can doubt that it encompassed the whole earth and that the cable tow of Brotherhood which today links the nations of all the world was even in that day flung out from shore to shore, on the planes of thought and feeling, by William Q. Judge. So deep was his love for humanity that he had the power, which is a divine thing, to translate even persecution into opportunity. Friends, so-called, might fail him, those whom he trusted might stab him in the dark, those who owed to him all that they did not owe to H. P. B. might give him a death-blow—yet never did he lose his faith in humanity and his love for humanity's children.

I have often heard Mr. Neresheimer speak of William Q. Judge, his Teacher and his Chief, his Comrade and Brother. But never have I heard him speak as he did on that morning in the amphitheater. His words seemed to bring closer and closer to us a realization of what we owed to William Q. Judge. He gave us not mere statements but a word-picture, and in our hearts, we blessed the day when humanity found that Friend who became the Leader of the Theosophical Move-

ment and upon whom alone, out of all the great souls of two hemispheres, H. P. Blavatsky laid the sacred charge to "Keep the link unbroken." He kept the link unbroken, for he welded it in the fire of a divine and pure devotion to principle; he bathed it in his heart's blood, and in humanity's service he gave up his life.

When the glad song of the children burst forth over the hills we felt that they were singing peace to all the world. Such music from such glad, pure hearts, must pass out and out, and out, farther than the outer ear may discern. It must reach the hearts of humanity's children and bring something of hope into their lives. It must do something to bring nearer that day when they, too, shall be as glad as we are in Loma-land.

The students marched to the Temple in silence. In their faces was expressed high purpose and deepened resolve, more expressive than words, richer than song itself.

The Infinite always is silent,
It is only the finite speaks
For words are the idle wave-caps
On a sea that never breaks.

The silence added, with infinite richness—for silence is rich always when words would be but poor—to the harmony of the occasion. And, after the procession marched into the Temple, another beautiful and impressive ceremony took place. It was a great rejoicing time for all the students, particularly for the old Aryans who had stood, like faithful guardsmen, in the face of the assaults and the attacks for many years, holding up the hands of William Q. Judge and helping him to sustain and protect the Theosophical Movement at the old Center. There was music. I cannot describe it in detail, for music is so much a part of life at Loma-land that one cannot analyze, one only knows that it exists, an integral part of the whole. Glowing addresses were made by the older members, among them H. T. Patterson, Mrs. Spalding, and Mr. Fussell. Although the Leader was ill, and had to be carried into the Temple, she made a short speech, also.

Upon the flower-strewn altar the students placed, in loving tribute, simple wreaths made of wild flowers, gathered from the hillsides. And then the Raja Yoga children, girls and boys, garlanded and wearing their simple Greek garments, marched round and round the altar within the center of the room, placing upon it their own wreaths, loving memorials to the greatness of "The Chief," whom they know only by his works.

The reception of some of the young Raja Yoga students into membership in the Aryan Society was perhaps the most touching ceremony of the entire day. We call them "our young Aryans." Their reception into this old Warrior body at this time is significant, and means far more than appears on the surface.

One of the prettiest features of the whole ceremony was when the Raja Yoga children marched up, two by two, to receive a beautiful little souvenir on which were painted the American and The Universal Brotherhood Flags above the words "There is no Religion Higher than Truth." This was fastened by the Leader upon the dress of each child who first read the words aloud, even the little tots not yet three years old.

Cablegrams and greetings to Katherine Tingley from all parts of the world were read; tributes from loyal members everywhere, from Presidents of Lodges and from teachers and children of various Lotus Groups in both Europe and America. Each stood as a new link, or a strengthening of the old, and words could not express the deep responsiveness that these awakened in the hearts of the students in the Temple. And from their hearts, consciously and unconsciously, went out the loving, strong thought that unites, on all planes, Comrades, wherever they may be.

It is probable that this year those who loved William Q. Judge, those who worked with him, those who stood longest and most bravely upheld him in his selfless work for humanity, realized more deeply than ever before the greatness of his work, the pure manliness of his Warrior life, and the fullness of his sacrifice. Often have I heard Katherine Tingley say: "You marvel at the great work being done now at Point Loma, and in Lodges all over the world; you would marvel more were I to tell you all that lies ahead, all that the future, even the near future, holds for faithful members; yet I tell you that all this would not be yours today had not 'The Chief' served so faithfully. We owe him more than we realize. And today, the least that we can do in gratitude for his unfaltering service is to recognize and emulate the nobility and the steadfastness of his life."

The whole day was a day of quiet rejoicing. In the afternoon many of the comrades wandered down to the sea over the nature-carpet of wild flowers that spread its purple-golden richness to the very edge of the cliffs. The children had their quiet playtime near the Eucalyptus grove, and at sunset time, held their own festival in honor of "The Friend of All Creatures," as we love to call him. It was held in the large central Group House and a pretty picture met the eyes of the few grown-ups who were invited to join the children in their quiet rejoicing.

As students are aware, one great feature of the Raja Yoga system is the marvelous training given to the children in music—to every one—even the tiniest, and

Students



Path

Silence

by A. P. REX in *Saturday Evening Post*

OUR best thoughts are in words we never say;
The well is deep, but naught have you and I
With which to draw for thirsting ones today,
And so uncomforted they pass us by.

If we could put love's fire in words! but then
Our best thoughts are in words we never say;
The golden moment may not come again
And yet its presence takes our speech away.

How often when we would a jest repay
The fitting phrase occurs when just too late;
Our best thoughts are in words we never say;
Fame, love, applause withheld by speechless fate.

And then how much of what we say, we rue,
Saying what we regret for many a day!
Strive as we may we know that it is true
Our best thoughts are in words we never say.

Return to Simplicity and Unity

DISINTEGRATION is the process of separating a whole into parts, a unity into a multiplicity. This process is the recognized symptom of decay and degeneration; but, by the eternal economy of nature, unity is again reached by the opposite process of re-integration or regeneration.

Present-day humanity is spoken of as having reached the limit of disintegration and wandered furthest from the primal unity; and as being on the threshold of a re-ascent to unity. The truth of this saying can be easily proved by a survey of the activities and methods of modern humanity, and we propose to do this briefly.

The immediate occasion for the present remarks is a notice, in a recent issue, of the American Academy of Science's grievance in not being duly supported and recognized by the Government. This lack of cooperation between two such important functions is an instance of the segregation of interests that characterizes this age.

Unity and wholeness are the watchwords of health, happiness, and power; and disease and decay are marked by separation and disintegration. Whether it is an empire that splits into rival kingdoms, or religion that separates into sects, or a living body that at death breeds a swarm of lesser lives, the principle is the same. In our society, social disintegration has gone so far that separate families live in exclusive spheres, and often even the individual members of one family move in isolated orbits.

In industry the same process produces "division of labor," and in professions "specializations." In education, general teaching subdivides itself into a complicated curriculum of "subjects;" and in philosophy and art we have schools and cults without number. And every year the process extends: the departments multiply and ramify, and every new branch puts forth manifold twigs, until the complexity and multiplicity stagger the mind. Verily this is an age of detail and complication—the very ultimate polar Inferno from that Paradise of simplicity we have lost and long to regain. Oh those magazines and magazines, those book-lists, those advertisements of a thousand different kinds of soap, and apparatus for assisting every slightest action of our laborious lives! The age is monotonous in its variety and uniform in its multiplicity.

With regard to Government, let us consider the effect of this disintegrating process upon it. The ideal form of government we take to be an absolute monarchy under a King-Initiate—that is, one whose wisdom and capacity place him head and shoulders above his fellows and mark him out as the fit and trustworthy fulfiller of such an office. We have an example of, or at least an approximation to, such a type in Solomon; but in our day where is such a King to be found? Monarchy is an ideal form of government, founded on Nature's plan, and secures uniformity,

efficiency, and order through the centralization of control in one hand. The only objection to absolute monarchy is the want of a proper monarch; and in this default the place has to be filled by some one whose qualifications are inferior, consisting of prowess in arms or of hereditary title.

Government therefore, being unable to exist satisfactorily under its inadequate monarchs, breaks up into departments, and the royal functions are delegated. We have a temporal head and a religious head, which emulate each other. The functions of government may thus become still further subdivided and delegated until the monarch is so divested of his powers as to become a mere figure-head. Finally the monarch may disappear altogether and be replaced by an abstraction under the name of "republic" or some such designation.

And has not our American Government become largely an abstraction? We find ourselves speaking of it as a thing separate from religion, separate from science, separate from philosophy; all of which departments are external to it and have to be called upon for assistance. Instead of having in the Senate men who are shining lights in science and religion and geography and agriculture and commerce, we have men who are simply "politicians," and, when anything is to be enacted or carried out in science, commerce, etc., the aid of commissions and learned societies and specialists has to be invoked.

And in the United States, we learn, politics has neglected science so much that science has been obliged for support to turn to commerce and industry. Hence there are training colleges for technical instruction, where there should be endowed academies for the investigation of useful fields of research; and the government, having neglected to keep itself provided with an efficient advisory staff, is obliged to rely on its own resources, or call in some isolated specialist, when it contemplates a reform in agriculture or industry. Such a being as a politician who is scientific, or a scientist interested in government, is not common. We have men who have no talent whatever except that mysterious one known as political, and plenty of scientists who have no wider human interest. All-round men are far to seek, but, when found, they will be found at the head of successful enterprises where necessity has placed them.

Separateness and disintegration in ideals implies a departure from the simplicity of Truth. It marks the progressive decline from Wisdom to Knowledge, from Knowledge to Learning, and from Learning to Accomplishments. It ushers in the reign of sciences and schools and "isms." This is an age of *analysis*, and we have lost the power of viewing things as a whole, at the expense of an abnormal propensity to scrutinize the details. It is not the method that we blame, but the excess to which it has been carried, which calls for a reaction towards a less analytic and more comprehensive way of viewing things. The process of examining things in detail is useful and instructive so long as their mutual relation as parts of one whole is kept in mind; but, when that is lost sight of, the result is delusion and error. To illustrate this by a concrete example: if scientists, breaking up into groups, pursue their respective specialities in mutual disregard, a group of stunted sciences will spring up, which will contradict each other. We shall have chemists and physicists and biologists and geologists, all carrying on independent researches; and the labors of each, not being checked and enriched by the results of the others, will fall short and be impaired in corresponding ratio. There will be chemical atoms and physical atoms, chemical force and vital force, mineral structure and organic structure, and the like arbitrary and fallacious distinctions.

What errors and fallacies arise in economics and the study of social questions from paying too much attention to man in his individual capacity, and forgetting his collective capacity. The counting of noses in voting systems, whereby all that distinguishes a man is ignored and only that which he has in common with *all* men, namely his head, trunk, and limbs, is taken into account, is an instance of this fallacy. In our representative systems humanity is considered as a plurality of units and its value estimated by the numerical amount of this plurality.

Again the religious ideal, where individual salvation is the great object, and the welfare and destiny of humanity, as a whole, is not considered.

Truly, this subject of the whole and its parts is full of suggestiveness, and a whole philosophy and crusade of progress and reform might be instituted under the name of a return from complexity to simplicity. For the Truth is One.

H. T. E.

The Gift of the Seventh Fairy

UNDER a shady tree sat a group of children; upon the ground lay an open story book. "I wish," said Eva, with a sigh, "that the fairies would come again. I wonder why they only came in the days of long ago."

"Perhaps they do come, only we don't see them," remarked Muriel, "Old Meg says they do, and she knows a whole lot about everything. She told me that seven fairies come and bring gifts to every little baby."

"Tell us all about it," pleaded Susie.

"Yes, yes," they all cried.

"Well," began Muriel, "she told me what happened to one baby
l, six of
were so
r hand

And as Effie, that was the baby's name, grew, all the fairies' gifts came into its nature, so she was a bright, beautiful little girl, full of fun, and witty and clever; but she was not always happy, because the grown people used to become worried and cross with her for asking so many questions. You see, she always wanted to know all about everything. And all this time the first four fairies were trying to make her like their gifts best; but she didn't, and as she grew older, she began thinking for herself, and sometimes she would lie awake at night and wonder and wonder. She began to think the earth was a very wicked place and longed to go away to another planet, where everybody would be true and beautiful; because she thought 'people are not always beautiful, when they look beautiful,

and the things they love make them wicked. They don't care a bit what they do, so long as they just get what they want; and they are so stupid, they only love what they cannot keep, and when it is taken from them, or when they have to leave it, they suffer so.' And she longed to tell them about the things they could keep always, that would make them grow more and more beautiful all the time. Then, a strange thing happened! Far away in the distance sounded the tinkle of a silver bell, and a wonderful peace came over her. And she became more and more thoughtful, and began to tell people that it would be wiser to make their own natures beautiful, because that was the only beauty that could ever be their own, that nothing

could take away. And as she went on telling these things, the light in her heart grew brighter, and the tones of the silver bells sounded nearer and nearer, and she became so joyous, yet so peaceful, that when sad, tired people came near her, their weariness left them. They too felt peace—they did not know why. But it was because they were touched by the light from her heart, where sounded the chimes of the silver bells! That's all old Meg told me about that baby." A. P. D.

The New Century Point Loma San Diego, California

Date

Enclosed find

Dollars for years

subscription to *The New Century*, beginning with No.

of current Vol. To be sent to

Name

Address



GIRLS' CLUB OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGE AT PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND

Wordsworth's Lines on the Seashore

I HAVE seen a child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell
To which in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intently; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for from within were heard
Murmurings whereby the monitor expressed

Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the Universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-enduring power;
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation.

anxious, because it depended on her gift, whether the baby would like and accept theirs. At last she came, the most beautiful of all. On her brow was a crown of different colored flames, and over her head they blended into a golden radiance and fell round her in shining veils of light. The six fairies stood still and listened eagerly to hear what the gift of the seventh would be. And the seventh fairy

bent over the baby and touched its heart, and there sounded a wondrous chime of bells, and, still bending, she murmured, 'Joy, peace, that cometh from the silvery tones.'

"The first four fairies were not pleased. They knew all about those bells; and when this gift was given the baby did not care about their gifts, because it knew theirs could only give pleasure for a little while, so that it was foolish to care very much about them. But the

DEAR LITTLE BUDS AND BLOSSOMS: I have just been reading in THE NEW CENTURY

"A True Horse Story," I thought you would like to hear another that happened here last week.

It has been a very dry season, no rain for ever, ever so long and the grass is all eaten and withered, and all the water dried up and people have to let their horses wander down to the river bed, where there are some holes that are not quite dry because there are little springs finding their way up, and many people use this water, too. Well, the old horse I am going to tell you about is named "Warrior," and he has beautiful clear water drawn for him from a well in his own yard, but if he is not going to be driven anywhere he is very often turned out into the road to find his way to the Common to pick up what he can, because his own home paddock is very bare and dry, and also there is another horse and

An Australian Horse Story

a pony in it. The pony often goes out, too, and so both he and Warrior know all about the water holes and springs.

One day last week when Warrior was let out he did not go straight to the Common, but up the road a little way and opened a gate and walked in, then another gate, both fastened with a clasp which he lifts with his nose.

Three horses are kept in the inner yard, belonging to a store-keeper, and he saw Warrior do this. Warrior let all the horses out, took them down to the river, and brought them all back into the yard, leading the way. I think he is a real Brotherhood horse. He is very clever and knowing. When we are going for a drive he always looks round before we start to see who is going to drive him.

If Warrior could speak he would send his love to the Donkey and to Spots. Your Burrowa comrade, E. H.

So faith is strong Only when we are
strong;
Shrinks when we shrink.
It comes when music stirs us, and the chords
Moving on some grand climax shake our
souls
With influx new that makes new energies.
It comes in swellings of the heart and tears
That rise at noble and at gentle
deeds. —ELIOT

"Where Rail and Tide Meet, There Cast Anchor"

Investors, Speculators, & Real Estate Dealers

GET IN ON THE
GROUND FLOOR
AT SAN DIEGO
EARLY

San Diego is the Open Door to the Orient & In-
vestors now will be Capitalists later

CAN'T YOU SEE THE HAND OF DESTINY?

- 2700 miles saved in encircling the globe via this port
- Three Transcontinental Railroads heading for this Harbor
- The Commerce of the Southwest and of the Pacific is be-
ing concentrated at the Bay of San Diego
- Look out for Big Developments; the Market is active now

If you want to
Buy or Sell
there, address

D. C. Reed

Established 1870

Ex-Mayor of San Diego

Patrolize Home Industry, build up This City, increase the value of
Your Own Property

Pleasance & Son

PRACTICAL

UPHOLSTERERS

Parlor Furniture, Couches, Lounges,
Mattresses, Spring Beds, etc.
REPAIRED OR RECOVERED

Our specialties are First-Class Workmanship & Low Prices

CARPETS & FINE RUGS CLEANED BY THE CELEBRATED
HELLER PROCESS

BON TON UPHOLSTERY HOUSE

1154 Fifth Street, San Diego

Telephone Red 1926

Griswold Block

You will need a copy for yourself and several copies to send to
your friends. The edition is limited.

An Address
by Katherine Tingley
in the Opera House
at San Diego, Sunday
evening, March 16th

1902

Neatly printed and bound, containing half-tone illustrations of
the Opera House, Loma Homestead and the Aryan Temple.

This is the first public address of Katherine Tingley after her
purchase of the Opera House, and in it is outlined broadly her plans
for the beautiful theatre and its occupation by the Isis Conservatory
of Music. Sent post paid for TEN CENTS.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

EUROPEAN HEADQUARTERS

19 Avenue Road, London, N. W.

U. B. Lodge No. 1, Ireland; 117 Stephen's
Green, Dublin. Public meetings are held on the
first Sunday evening of each month, and the attend-
ance has been steadily improving of late. On the
13th instant there was a Lantern Lecture on "Loma-
land and the practical work of the U. B. O.," when
the rooms were filled, and the program presented was
followed with keen interest and pleasure by the audi-
ence. We had about 30 slides illustrating the recent
work accomplished at Loma-land and vicinity princi-
pally; but with a few scenes at Santiago, Cuba (Lib-
erty Day), Montauk Camp, Buffalo Wayfare, etc.,
added so as to trace the connection and progress of
the work. Some recent photographs of the Home-
stead, etc., sent by Mrs. Dick, produced exquisite
lantern slides; and especially those where the children
of Loma-land were seen at work and play. The
subject of the evening was dealt with by four of the
members who sketched in turn the history of the
movement, the I. B. L. work, the Art and Dramatic
work, and the work among the children. Musical
selections for piano and strings were heard (not seen!)
at intervals, the while some scene from the magic land,
or perchance one of Brother Machell's creations, re-
mained on the screen. Some of our Lotus Buds
were delighted spectator-listeners.—*International The-
osophist.*

FINE BUILDINGS GOING UP AT POINT LOMA

A Residence for D. C. Reed and Others of the Broth-
erhood—How They Are Planned

Although there is not a great deal of activity in build-
ing circles in this city just at present, there is plenty of
it over on Point Loma, within the precincts of The
Universal Brotherhood grounds. Among the new resi-
dences which are now in course of construction is that
of ex-Mayor D. C. Reed, who has recently affiliated
himself and his interests with the Brotherhood. Mr.
Reed's home is located about 100 yards from the
Aryan Temple, towards the ocean. The view is, of
course, sublime. The residence will have eight rooms,
the largest being directly under the big central dome,
while the drawing-room will be entirely encased in
glass.

Just northwest of A. G. Spalding's residence is the
new house of E. A. Neresheimer, now in process of
construction. This home will be one of the hand-
somest villas on the Point. It is being designed, as
are all the others, by Mrs. Tingley.

Plans are also being drawn for a large handsome resi-
dence for W. T. Hanson, and construction will begin
in a few weeks. Counting Cuban children and all
other students, there are about 400 people on the
Point, and more are coming as fast as homes can be
built for them.—*San Diegoan-Sun*, April 9

HARRIMAN IN SAN FRANCISCO

Wishes to Aid in the Development of California

A San Francisco press dispatch says that E. H.
Harriman, president of the Southern Pacific Railroad
company, in company of D. O. Mills and W. F.
Herrin, arrived in that city from Del Monte April 17.
For nearly two hours the railroad president was clos-
eted with several of the Southern Pacific officials.

Mr. Harriman will remain in the city for two or
three weeks.

"I am looking over the property of the road," he
said, "and am carefully considering all plans for im-
provements of the Southern Pacific and the Union Pa-
cific systems. We have now many improvements un-
der way, the greatest of which is the shortening and
straightening of the lines of the Union Pacific along its
eastern end. When that work is completed it will
mean a great improvement in our transcontinental ser-

What gave great Villiers to the assassin's
knife.
And fixed disease on Harley's closing life?
What murdered Wentworth and what
exiled Hyde,
By Kings protected and to kings allied?
What but the wish indulged in courts to
shine,
And power too great to keep or to
resign. —JOHNSON



YOU and your friends are cor-
dially invited to visit our
Museum
of Curiosities

Every attention will be shown
to make your visit pleasant

BURNELL'S
CURIOSITY STORE

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Northeast Corner Fifth and D Streets

Mexican, Indian, Californian Relics & Souvenirs

We manufacture Hand-Carved Leather

Largest and Best Stock of Jewelry
in SAN DIEGO at

C. W. ERNSTING'S

Repair Work of all Kinds
Manufacturer of Jewelry
Large Stock of Souvenir
Spoons

915 FIFTH STREET SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Isis

Conservatory of Music

of the

Universal Brotherhood Point Loma, Cal.

San Diego Branch, 1940 B Street

Personal applications and in-
quiries received every Satur-
day by the Secretary at 1940
B Street, San Diego.
Hours 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Full
particulars sent by mail on
application . . . Address

J. H. FUSSELL, Secretary and Treasurer Isis Conservatory
of Music, POINT LOMA, CAL.

FINE APPLES FROM THE MOUNTAINS, BELLFLOWERS, PIPPINS ETC.

Good Tea at Sixty Cents, India,
Ceylon, Gunpowder,
Hyson, Oolong
Breakfast and
Japan

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF FANCY GROCERIES

at
HAMILTON BROS.

933 FIFTH STREET SAN DIEGO, CAL.

The
LEADING REAL ESTATE BROKER in SAN DIEGO IS

E. J. Carter

964 Sixth Street, San Diego

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE LOCATING IN SAN DIEGO CITY OR COUNTY, CALL ON OR WRITE TO HIM

RUDDER'S NEW RESTAURANT

& GRILL

NEWLY FURNISHED FINEST IN THE CITY

CORNER FOURTH & PLAZA
SAN DIEGO - - - CAL.

Strahlmann-Mayer Drug Co.

PHARMACY GRADUATES
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, etc.
Physicians Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully prepared

CORNER FOURTH & D STREETS
Telephone Main 424
CORNER FIFTH & C STREETS
Telephone Black 856

THE

Lion Clothing Co.

CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"
STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

D. L. HOOVER

G R O C E R

SIXTH & H STREETS
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Telephone Black 111

Electric Laundry

NELSON SNYDER, Proprietor

16TH & I STREETS

TELEPHONE BLACK 731

No Saw Edges on Collars and Cuffs

The Chadbourne Furniture Co.

W. L. PREVERT, Manager

We aim to carry an entirely up-to-date stock of house furnishings, and, for style and variety of goods, cannot be outdone in Southern California. We are glad to show visitors through our extensive store-rooms.

STORE-ROOMS

SIXTH & D STREETS

San Diego, Cal.

AT

Bowen's DRY GOODS STORE

Will be found a full assortment of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Tea Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Wrappers, Silks and Dress Goods . .

W. O. BOWEN 1043 FIFTH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

KELLY'S LIVERY

POINT LOMA
COACH LINE

*Special Coaches for Select Parties
arranged by telephone*

DEALER IN FIRST-CLASS HORSES

THIRD & F STS., PHONE RED. 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be one season or another. Paint will set tougher during the winter, and of course that gives durability. One point favoring winter. There are others favoring summer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so often as houses painted with any other paint, because it has more body to withstand action of the elements. There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per gallon.

We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.

WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS

7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, President
G. B. GROW, Cashier
W. R. ROGERS, Assistant Cashier

Every facility and security offered to our patrons and the public generally. Collections and exchanges on all points.

If you are difficult to satisfy, I ask you to inspect our before hiring or carriage not perfect-



come in & LIVERY ing a team that does ly suit you

FRED FANNING

PROPRIETOR

Fifth Avenue Stables

Tel. Red 351 SAN DIEGO Cor. 5th & B Sts.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SAN DIEGO CORNER FIFTH AND E STS.

CAPITAL PAID UP \$150,000
SURPLUS & UNDIVIDED PROFIT \$40,000

J. GRUENDIKE - - - PRESIDENT
D. F. GARRETTSON - - VICE PRES.
G. W. FISHBURN - - - CASHIER

DIRECTORS— J. Gruendike, Geo. Hannahs, J. E. Fishburn, G. W. Fishburn and D. F. Garrettson

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO FIT YOUR EYES TO SUIT YOU. WE HAVE A SPECIAL PLACE SET APART FOR OPTICAL WORK, CONTAINING ALL THE MODERN INSTRUMENTS USED IN SIGHT TESTING IF YOU NEED GLASSES, HAVE a PRESCRIPTION to FILL, or FRAME to REPAIR

we give you the best work obtainable in San Diego

J E N K S

826-828 5th street

Graduate Optician

The New Century

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Two Dollars; other countries in the Postal Union,

Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; payable in advance

Single copy, Five Cents

Communications for the Editor, manuscripts, reports, books and periodicals for review should be addressed, "Katherine Tingley, Editor *The New Century*, Point Loma."

The editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

Articles will not be considered by the editor unless signed by the author and marked with the number of words contained. In no case is manuscript returned.

Address all Business communications, including subscriptions, and make all remittances (in bank drafts or money orders, payable to The New Century Corporation) to "Clark Thurston, Point Loma, Cal."

To comply with recent postal regulations, all Post-Office money order remittances should be made payable at San Diego. The remittances, as well as all other mail, should be made to Point Loma, as usual.

Entered at the Post-Office at Point Loma, Cal., as second-class matter Nov. 30th, 1921
Copyright, 1922, by Katherine Tingley

Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

A Step Forward

IT has been repeatedly stated in our publications that there are thousands of people in the churches seeking light which they cannot find in the churches themselves. Time and time again, in our Theosophical public meetings, and in the publications of our Universal Brotherhood Organization, we have said that the spirit of Theosophy was reaching even the darkest corners of the earth; that there were thousands and thousands of good people in the churches, shut in an atmosphere of creeds and dogmas, who are calling for help and longing to step out into an atmosphere of pure liberty, and a larger life.

Almost every day is recorded a step of this kind among the clergy. Theosophy does not include the doctrine of a brimstone hell or eternal punishment. It utterly repudiates creeds and dogmas. The position taken by Rev. H. W. Knickerbocker, formerly pastor of Trinity Methodist Church, Los Angeles, must necessarily lead others to follow him.

His Light Will Shine Before Men

This clergyman boldly declares that he has outgrown creeds and dogmas. It is our opinion that he would have been as good and great a man as he is if he had never entered a church nor studied for the ministry. The following from the Los Angeles *Herald*

clearly defines his position:

From Methodism to Unitarianism is rather a long step.

Rev. H. W. Knickerbocker, formerly pastor of Trinity Methodist Church South, Los Angeles, created much enthusiasm at the Pacific coast conference of Unitarian churches, held in San Francisco, by telling how and why he took the step.

He is now preaching Unitarianism at Pomona. Rev. Mr. Knickerbocker's address is of interest to Methodists of Los Angeles, as well as to Unitarians, as he was tried for heresy by the former before giving up his pastorate.

"I came to the Unitarian church," said he, "because I had nowhere else to go. I was somewhat like the soldier who was discharged because he couldn't keep step. He was asked why he was going home. 'Well,' he responded, 'that blamed regiment couldn't keep step with me.' My views had been in process of change for seven or eight years, and I was accused of heresy by my brethren in the Methodist church. However, I do not want

He Lost Faith in the Old Creeds

to pose as a martyr, for they treated me courteously and I have nothing but the kindest feelings for them. They accused me of not believing in the infallibility of the Bible, a personal devil or an eternal hell. I plead guilty of these charges, and last June, when I found I was in discord with Methodism, I surrendered my credentials. I did it, not because I wanted to, for I had to break the associations of a lifetime, but because it became morally imperative that I should. I did it at the dictates of my conscience.

"There was with me both an intellectual and a moral revolt against the old religion. After years of careful study I have come to the conclusion that there is absolutely no necessary causal relation between a man's creed and his life; that creed is not the foundation of character; that a man may change his theological opinion and

Fear the Church is in Jeopardy

still hold to the divine life. If we can get people to realize this the battle of liberalism is won. The reason that we have the antagonism of orthodoxy, the reason why they combat our statements, the reason why they ostracize Unitarian ministers, is that they fear that the spiritual life of their churches is in jeopardy on account of our so-called destructive opinions.

"Our church is not only a haven for those who flee from Methodism and other orthodox churches, but we also have a gospel for the unchurched—for the degraded and the low.

"We have no burning hell from which to raise men, no eternal damnation from which to snatch them, but for this reason shall we lapse into moral indifference? Is not the development of the divine in humanity a sufficient incentive to moral earnestness?"

The Triumphal Return of Palma

TWENTY-FIVE years ago at Holguin, Cuba, which is, by the way, the birth-place of General Calixto Garcia, General Palma was imprisoned by the Spaniards. After suffering imprisonment for a number of years he was finally allowed to depart from his native land as an exile. For eighteen years he has lived in America. During the current month he left his home in New York State for Cuba, called back by his own beloved people to take the office of President in the land for whose freedom he suffered all but death. On May 20th, he will be proclaimed President of "Cuba Libre." Few episodes in history have been more romantic, not even the return of Garibaldi to Italy.

The steamer bearing him back landed him at Gibrara harbor and his first trip was to Bayamo to find, if possible, the neglected and forgotten grave of his mother who, about twenty-five years ago, was driven into the jungle by the Spanish soldiers and died there of exposure.

One who has stood so firmly for principle and has suffered so much is well calculated to do a great work for the country for whose freedom he has borne both imprisonment and exile. The fact that he has been for so many years a resident of the United States is more significant than it appears. General Palma, knowing our institutions and our people, has it in his power to discourage the agitators whose one aim is to create discord between Cubans and Americans. He is wisely fitted to encourage all who have the best interests of the Cuban people at heart, as well as those who would make stronger the bond of brotherhood that already exists between Cuba and America.

STUDENT

San Diego Harbor Appropriation

THE passage by the Senate of the River and Harbor Bill, in which there is a generous allowance for the improvement of San Diego Harbor, is one more step on the path of the city's prosperity, and a matter for warm congratulation by all those who have the city's well-being at heart. Nature has done so much for San Diego that but little remains for skill to accomplish to make the port all that is needed for the ocean traffic which will very soon be attracted. Before many years we shall see the city performing the functions of a toll-gate at one end of a great trans-Pacific ferry, a link in a commercial chain between east and west.

The Trend of Seismic Activity

ANOTHER earthquake shock is reported in Southern Mexico and Guatemala, very much more severe than the one recorded a few weeks ago. Damage to the extent of a million dollars is reported from one city alone. So far as the Pacific Coast is concerned, the indications show that seismic activity is diminishing in the North and increasing in the South, the territories north of Central Mexico being practically unaffected.

Along the Coast of Loma-Land

THE cover page illustration this week shows one of the many picturesque bits of shore line along the coast of Loma-land. At this point the cliffs rise abruptly, opposing with rugged barrenness the onward march of the sea. At low tide there is a little beach at the base of these cliffs, where rare shells and other curios and beautiful sea treasures are often found.

THOUSANDS of people have made use of the subscription blanks inclosed in each issue of THE NEW CENTURY. What are you doing with yours?

Lieutenant-Governor Coates of Colorado and the Ministers' Alliance

DAVID C. COATES, the Lieutenant Governor of Colorado, was invited to attend the Ministers' Alliance at Denver and to give an address on the Workingman and the Churches. He paid his hosts the highest compliment in his power by assuming that they wished to hear his real opinions on one of the vital questions of the day, however unpalatable those opinions might be. The reports show that on this point he was quickly undeceived by the interruptions and the turmoil which his words aroused. So violent at one point was the opposition that the speaker was compelled to resume his seat with the remark, "I find that among preachers the truth hurts. I cannot talk unless I can say what I believe, and I see that I am not wanted to make that kind of a speech." Fortunately there were some one or two clergymen who upheld the credit of the assembly and who begged the Lieutenant-Governor to fearlessly resume his speech, and asked for the courtesy which was due to a guest who was complying with an invitation in the only way open to honest conviction. We regret that we are unable to give a verbatim report of a remarkable utterance, but the extracts which we are able to furnish will be a sufficient indication of its strength and support.

Why is the relationship of the workingman to the church so strained? Why doesn't he come to church? The intelligent workingman has not left the church because he is not a godly man, not because he thinks less of the teachings of Christ, but he has gone forward in research along these lines, and he has found that in all the great struggles of labor for right that the church has not raised its voice in the betterment of conditions, for liberty, justice and the pursuit of happiness.

When has the church tried to get away from the industrial conditions that have been damning civilization? The workingman has searched in vain for that aid and help. The church has been talking too much of saving men from the hell to come, when it ought to have been helping to save them from the hell on earth. The workingman wants the aid of the church in helping him here, and to better things.

The very foundation stone of labor unions is that of the brotherhood of humanity and love and justice. They have had to carry on the work the church should have done, and even in this century you will find the church holding aloof. I wonder sometimes that the church stands as well as it does.

Good in the church? Yes. No one but a fool would say it was not doing something, but it is not doing what it should. The pillars of the church are those who are robbing the workingman. What do they do in the meantime to the la-

boring man? They make paupers of him and populate the houses of prostitution. These are the men that support the church and who supply its money to pursue its work. And do you think the laboring man will go hand in hand with such an institution?

Where is the church? It is telling the people how to die. We want to show them how to live, and if they know how to live they will know how to die. This is what the church will have to do if it is to get the working people.

Where is the voice of the church again? It doesn't touch these great commercial transactions, because she gets her support from those men who make their money from these institutions. You will find that the modern church takes the same position everywhere. It is not an institution to preach the brotherhood of man.

There are very few who dare to speak the truth if it hurts the man who pays his salary. We do not quarrel with the individual. The workingman realizes that the minister is a wage-earner like himself, and will be fired if he does not preach what he is paid to preach. They have thus become so intimidated that they have lost the high ideal which Christ has set for the world to follow.

It was at this point that the interruptions began and the speaker's voice became inaudible under the shouts and hisses which rang through the room. When order was finally restored the honorable gentleman was persuaded to resume:

What we want is the industrial conditions changed to what Christ lived and taught. I often think of the phrase of that great London divine, Joseph Parker: "Oh, for some great preacher to preach to the preachers and reform Christianity."

An animated discussion followed the conclusion of the speech, many of those present vehemently protesting against the unexpected tone which Mr. Coates had adopted, a tone different from that which they had expected and to which they were accustomed. Mr. Coates found, however, a supporter in the person of the Rev. C. J. Hall, who admitted with regret that ministers were "generally criminally ignorant of industrial conditions."

Mr. Coates has certainly done a bold thing in venturing, from the position he occupies, to remind the churches of their responsibilities and of their opportunities. That he had their best welfare at heart in so doing there can be neither question nor doubt.

A FEW extracts from a recent composition of Count Tolstoy's, which

Lyof Tolstoy on the Sacrament

was promptly suppressed by the Russian Government, reads as follows:

It is also said that I repudiate the sacraments. This is quite true. I regard all sacraments as a base and coarse sorcery which does not correspond to the idea of God and of the Christian teaching, and, moreover, as an infringement of the most direct injunctions of the Gospel. . . . In the periodical remission of sins at confession, I see a pernicious deceit, which only encourages immorality and destroys the fear of committing sin. In anointing with oil, in the worship of icons and relics, and in all those ceremonies, prayers, and enchantments with which the Prayer Book is filled, I see the methods of coarse sorcery.

In the communion I see the deification of the flesh and the distortion of the Christian teaching.

Finally, it is said, as the last and highest degree of my culpability, that I reviled the most "sacred objects of belief, and did not shudder at submitting to mockery the most sacred of all sacraments, the Eucharist." That I did not shudder at describing simply and objectively that which the priest does when preparing this so-called sacrament is quite correct. But that this so-called sacrament is something sacred, and that to describe it simply as it takes place is blasphemy, this is quite incorrect. Blasphemy consists not in calling a screen a screen instead of iconostasis, and a cup a cup instead of chalice, &c. But the most dreadful, incessant, revolting

blasphemy consists in people profiting by all possible means of deceit and hypnotization to assure children and

simple-minded people that if one cuts up little bits of bread in a certain way, pronouncing certain words, and puts them into wine, that into these pieces God enters, that he in whose name a piece will be taken out will recover, or if he be dead, his position in the next world will be bettered, and that into him who will eat such a piece God Himself will enter.

Why, this is dreadful!

However one may understand the personality of Christ, that teaching of His which destroys the evil of the world, is so simple, so easy, so undoubtedly gives welfare to men if only it is not distorted by them—this teaching is completely concealed, completely altered into the coarse sorcery of bathing, rubbing with oil, bodily gestures, enchantments, the swallowing of bits of bread, and so forth; so that of the teaching nothing has been left, and if one ever attempts to remind people that the teachings of Christ consist not in these sorceries, Te Deums, masses, candles, icons, but in men loving one another, not returning evil for evil, not judging, not killing each other—then the wrath of those to whom this deceit is advantageous is excited, and these men publicly, with inconceivable arrogance, declare in churches, publish in books, newspapers, catechisms, that Christ never forbade oaths, never forbade murder (executions, wars), that the teaching of non-resistance to evil has been with Satanic slyness invented by the enemies of Christ.

Pestilence and War in the Philippines

REPORTS from Manila state that cholera is ravaging the Island. Up to a recent date in Manila alone there have been 433 cases and 366 deaths. Famine and pestilence have always followed in the trail of war and always will. When will this war cease? A recent press dispatch from Bremen says: A quarantine has been ordered against all vessels arriving here from the Philippines as a result of the outbreak of cholera in those islands. W.

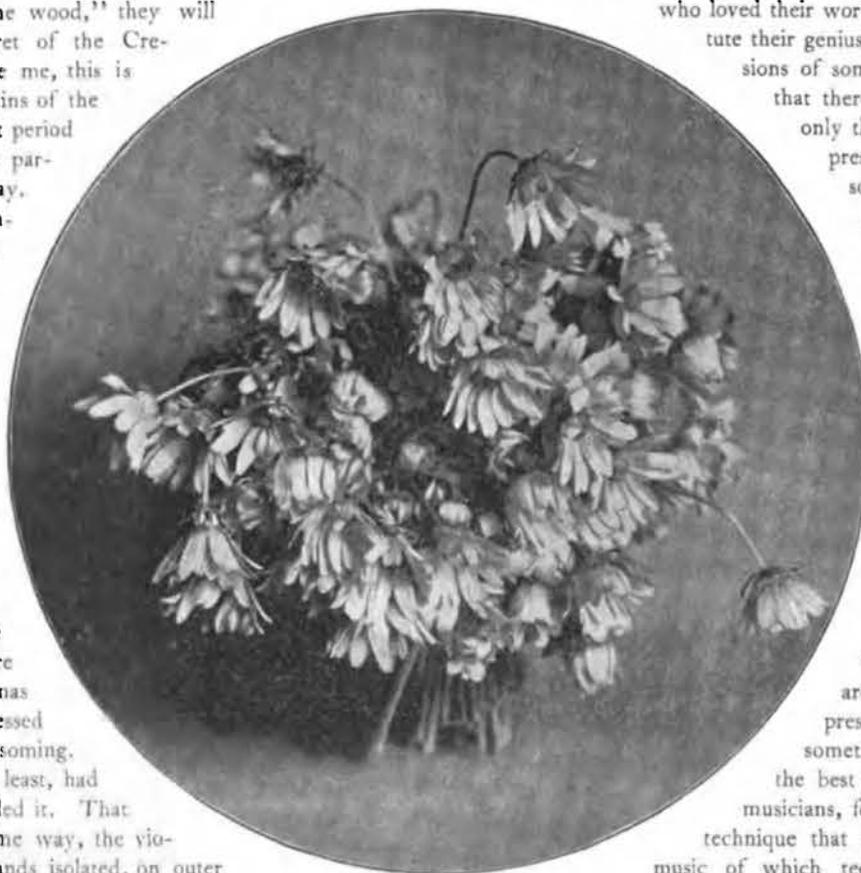
More Volcanic Eruptions

REMARKABLE volcanic activity is reported from Alaska as well as from other parts of the world. Reports from Kenai furnish details of the eruption of Mount Redoubt on the West Coast of Cook Island. This volcano has been discharging steam and smoke for fifteen years but this is the first actual eruption which has been recorded. On this occasion, however, large white-hot rocks have been ejected with such force as to carry them for many miles around.

Violins and Their Makers

THE modern piano is the legitimate descendant of the old instruments of the Sixteenth, Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries. It is a properly accredited evolutionary product, and has been developed quite according to rule. Not so with the violin. The modern instrument, with very few exceptions, bears no closer relationship to the violins of old Cremona than any other imitation bears to the real thing. However good, an imitation is desolate enough from its very nature, and the modern imitators of the Amatis and Stradivari find themselves and their patrons disappointed, at the last analysis, in spite of their mechanical or scientific knowledge of how a violin should be made. "It is the fault of the wood," they will tell you; or "it is because the secret of the Cremona varnish has been lost." Believe me, this is not the difficulty. The really great violins of the world were produced within a very short period of time, in a little Italian city of no particular importance, otherwise, in its day. So superior were they to the stringed instruments that immediately preceded them, they could hardly be said to have evolved from them. They stood apart, in a sense. They were like a sudden blossoming of something which had been waiting for the outer mechanical form which should be worthy to ensoul it. One period in Greek life presents a similar phenomenon. During that brief thirty years when Pericles drew the culture and inspiration of all Greece to Athens, the Parthenon was builded, the Acropolis became a templed city, Phidias carved the Athena, the greatest orators of all Greece spoke, the great ancient mystery-dramas were written. A single generation witnessed a sudden bursting forth, a quick blossoming. Nothing before that time, outwardly at least, had prophesied this; nothing afterwards equaled it. That narrow period stands apart. In the same way, the violin-producing period in old Cremona stands isolated, on outer lines a violation of every known rule, but on inner lines a demonstration of cyclic law of which "rules" are but as the fringe upon a garment. One cannot speak of a violin as one would speak of any other musical instrument. It is not a mere patchwork of maple and pine and strings. It cannot be understood when regarded merely from the technical standpoint. It is a thing created, not built. It is a thing ensouled, or it is nothing. It is a connecting link with the soul of harmony.

The old Cremonese makers were artists. They achieved results because they were artists, not because they were able to secure "just the right kind of wood," and had "just the proper recipe for varnish." By no means. It is not likely that they fully knew what they were doing. They could not have demonstrated, on any strictly scientific or mechanical basis, how they got certain results. Their



CALIFORNIA COMPASS PLANT

ly, according to physical laws which were, in their day, undemonstrated. By that short cut to truth, that royal road which is traveled only by the genius, the artist, they arrived at an intuitive knowledge of these laws and worked according to their plan. That is why these old violins can no more be understood by the mechanical, or the purely scientific, mind than the mere technician can play that Nocturne in E flat or the simple "Legende" of Wieniawski as these ought to be played. It is because these old violins were created by masters

who loved their work beyond all else, who would not prostitute their genius for money or fame, that they are expressions of something that is actually divine. I hold that there is something in the best of violins which only the god in man can actually master and express—that is, bring forth. I believe that something of the god in man is actually ensouled in the violin that is a violin, and that it refuses to respond to the touch of any performer who will not meet its divinity with his own. As far as our needs are concerned, these old violins meet them. They answer every demand. They are practically perfect, adequate. In four hundred years no improvement has been made. In fact, it is exceedingly doubtful if the standard attained by the Cremonese has ever been reached by the modern maker. Yet, if there is anything in evolution there must be room for improvement, and unless all signs fail the violin of the future will surpass them. Yet are we ready for the future violin? Is the present generation of musicians waiting for something better? I think not. I believe that the best violins in the world are waiting for better musicians, for artists who are not so infatuated with technique that they are dead to all that divine soul of music of which technique is merely the garment, the instrument. Said a friend recently, "The study of the violin has made great progress within the last fifty years. Today the average student can play with ease compositions, such as the

David, the Rode, the Kreutzer Concertos, which, when written, were considered difficult by all save the exceptional performer." Yet does progress consist in mere technical proficiency, mere intellectual mastery of the mechanical difficulties in violin playing? The majority of teachers and the majority of students think so. Yet such is not the case. Katherine Tingley has said, "Any farther advance on merely intellectual lines is to forge another link on the lines of retrogression." Soon there will be a new interpretation and from the masses will come the soul-interpreters of the divine harmonies. Then technique will sink into its proper place, as the servant, merely, of the divine.

STUDENT

A PAINTING which has just been accepted for exhibition at the International Exposition at Turin, Italy, is "The Might of Ages," by Walter Russell. The artist is an American, and it is interesting to know that his picture was rejected by the American Academy of Design. That Mr. Russell has traveled rough-shod over art traditions, as well as academic rules, goes without saying. The motif of his picture is not new, but few artists have had the courage to work it out. Mr. Russell himself is but little more than thirty years of age, an unspoiled genius as yet, the account of whose early struggles to gain artistic training is pathetic.

The picture represents an imaginary pageant passing in review before a scene in modern New York. It is composed of various famous historical personages, such as Socrates, Julius Cæsar, Shakespeare, Napoleon, Cicero, Phidias, Antony, George Washington, an American Indian Chief, Henry VIII of England, Milton, Plato, Lincoln, several of the famous Queens; brave, beautiful Joan of Arc, and many others. The pageant is represented as passing down the steps, and away from, a marble palace and approaching a broad opening between massive columns, through which is revealed a typical scene in East River. There are the waters, floating great steel ships; spanning the river is the mighty bridge, covered with a hurrying multitude. And in the distance rise the steel-framed structures of the city itself, in most curious contrast to the palace and the people pouring out of it, whose garments

"The Might of Ages"

are of Egyptian fashion and Greek. One writer says of it: "All in all, the subject is powerful and inspiring and brings home to the observer the feeling that his own life, be his achievements great or little, forms some part of the Master's plan."

But no critic, as yet, seems to have caught the full significance of the picture, which is revealed in the central figure, that of a little child. It may be intended to represent the boy Jesus, with Joseph beside him. Be that as it may, it certainly represents the spirit and the prophecy of the new time, which might be expressed in the words "And a little child shall lead them." It is significant that this child should be dressed exactly after the costume worn by the Raja Yoga children at Point Loma. The very attitude of the body, eyes on high, head erect, hands uplifted, as if half in wonder, half in command—it might have been painted from one of our own little boys here in Loma-land. Immediately preceding the child is Joan of Arc.

What Mr. Russell has portrayed upon the canvas, Katherine Tingley is picturing to us by means of that divine and glorious drama called human life. For the Raja Yoga boys and girls of Loma-land are pioneers of a better humanity than that which we see about us, and before them pointing the way is the woman, the higher womanhood, symbolized in Mr. Russell's picture by that selfless Queen-Warrior, Joan of Arc.

STUDENT

The Responsibility of Women in the Home Life

A paper read by Miss LESTER at the regular Sunday Evening Meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society in the Isis Theater at San Diego

NO one can look out upon the world without realizing that it is full of unhappiness. The air we breathe is heavy with mistakes. And those who are familiar with present conditions, particularly in our great cities, see that a radical change must be made. Something must be done to touch the foundations of human life. There is hope for the grown man who is hardened in sin. But everything can be done for the child, because the child is plastic and still free from the chains of evil habits which, fastened upon the man, make him no better than a slave.

A sociologist was once asked: "What is the remedy for the social evil in our great cities?" and he replied: "I believe the cause to be largely a home life that is based on wrong ideals." And he was right. If the homes were all that they should be we should have a strong, pure type of men and women, and the social evil would solve itself by disappearing.

The home has long been called "The corner-stone of the Republic." Even our statesmen realize that anything which menaces the home will, in time, corrupt and destroy the nation itself. Rome was all-powerful until its home life became corrupt. Then the Empire fell into fragments. And the fact that we are beginning to realize this, as a nation, is one sign that we will avoid the mistakes which shattered Rome and ruined Greece and betrayed Egypt.

Twenty-five years ago the world needed nothing so much as a new ideal—or an ancient ideal revised, as you will—and H. P. Blavatsky brought it when she came to America with the Heart Doctrine and gave us the ideal of a Universal Brotherhood. She taught men, or reminded them, rather—that they were souls, truly sons of God, children of the Most High. Katherine Tingley has made this ideal actually an accomplished fact. Today there exists in the world something that has not existed before in five thousand years, a Universal Brotherhood, a body of people whose lives are strong and true, whose hearts are tender, whose heads are clear, and who are actually doing their utmost to make Theosophy a living power in the lives of men.

But what has this to do with the home ideal? It has everything to do with it. The ideal home life cannot exist unless the principles of Universal Brotherhood are actually carried out in the daily lives of the people who dwell within the home. On the other hand, men and women who are capable of living—actually *living*—the doctrine of the heart, cannot come save with rare exceptions, from such homes as those we see on every side; homes which are unhappy, or homes in which the thought atmosphere is not pure. The men and women who shall form the Universal Brotherhood of the future will come from homes that are whole and pure.

Katherine Tingley teaches, what the true philosophers of all ages have taught—that growth is from within outwards. First of all, the heart must be right. To rear a perfect structure the foundation must be as a rock, strong, proportioned and fitting. The home is the basis of society, and society will never become what it ought to be until the foundation upon which it is built—the home—is impregnable. A true home life is the key that will unlock to humanity many of the treasures of the higher life, treasures which we have deliberately shut out of our lives by the selfishness and the sensuality of ages.

Who is, really, the center of home life, whether that home life be a failure or a success? The wife and mother. Who alone have it in their power to make home life what it should be? Women. Katherine Tingley holds that nothing occurs by accident. According to her philosophy every event, every process in humanity's life, is guided by some law. There is a divine law which carries forward evolution, else would we see nothing but chaos. Yet discord exists and this fact shows us how much difficulty we can make for ourselves by working contrary to the Law. And I, as one of Katherine Tingley's students, do not believe that it is a mere accident that this is called the "Woman's Century." It is not a mere accident that women should have stepped out into human affairs in the last twenty-

five years as they have not done since thousands of years ago. It is not a mere accident that the world is full of movements for the betterment of home life, movements to secure to women many advantages that should have been theirs long ago, movements whose aim is to teach women the higher duties of wifehood and motherhood. I believe it was intended by the Great Law that a higher ideal of home life should be brought to the world at just this time and I believe that it was intended that women should be the ones to make it practical in the home. It was not an accident that a woman, Helena P. Blavatsky, should have been chosen to bring to humanity the Heart Doctrine, the only philosophy which contains the true ideal of home. It is not an accident that it should fall to a woman, Katherine Tingley, to make the ideal practical. It is a part of the Higher Law that it should be so.

As you well know, one great object of Katherine Tingley is the establishment of an ideal family life in the world. Already in Loma-land is she establishing ideal Temple homes among her students. The world has long needed such examples, for humanity sets small store by ideals which are not practical. In Loma-land this ideal of a true home life is actually realized, and the day is not far distant when the world will awaken to this fact.

The secret of the ideal family lies in the fact that all the members of these families live in the true, strong, pure, unselfish life. I am sure you did not think the secret was so simple. And I am sure that every woman, who once reads this secret, must ask herself, Is my home ideal? If not, how can I make it so?

You cannot make your home ideal at once. But you can try, little by little, hour by hour, day by day. First of all, you can, and should, look into your own life and see if that will stand the test. Perhaps you will find that you are thinking too much about your children's bodies and too little about their souls. You may find, if you examine your own life, that your devotion to home and children is not a wise devotion, that instead of making your children self-reliant you are leading them to depend upon you to their detriment. They do not love you more because they hang to your skirts and whine, when they ought to be standing up like warriors and helping you. *They love you less.* See to it, if you really want an ideal home, that you discriminate between the love which is mere sentimentality and the love which is born of strength. In too many homes—ah, we well know it—women are psychologized by a false idea of duty. They become unable to discriminate between what is their duty and what is not. It is not their duty to cater to demands which are made by other members of the family out of sheer selfishness. That condition does not exist in all homes, to be sure, but if it existed in even *one* home in America, to point it out to you would be the least that I could do.

For women have a mighty power. They do not realize it. They have no idea of their own possibilities. They have but a vague notion of what they might accomplish if they would set about it.

In a spirit of true comradeship, true helpfulness, the women of Loma-land would say to the women of the world: "You are mighty souls, mightier than you realize, with power greater than you comprehend. Look into the past. Once you were Priestesses and Queens, the Comrades, nay, the Teachers, of those who walked beside you. And the power you once possessed lies deep within your hearts. It would be yours today if you would stand as souls, walk in the light, and acknowledge your own divinity. You are the mothers of the race. The key of all the future is in your hands. You can make it what you will. Find the resourceful part of your natures. *Find your own divinity.*" Oh, if the women of the world knew the message that Katherine Tingley is yearning to bring them, they would feel in their lives a new inspiration, they would feel in their hearts a new hope, they would gain the power to transform every obstacle into a stepping-stone, they would read in every disappointment a victory, they would step out as Warriors and as Souls and open the gateway into the golden life, and the race would enter in.

Fancies

by INA D. COOLBRITH—(Selected)

I THINK I would not be
A stately tree
Broad-boughed, with haughty crest that seeks the sky!
Too many sorrows lie
In years, too much of bitter for the sweet:
Frost-bite and blast and heat,
Blind drouth, cold rains, must all grow wearisome,
Ere one could put away
Their leafy garb for aye,
And let death come.

Rather this wayside flower!
To live its happy hour
Of balmy air, of sunshine, and of blue.
A sinless face held upward to the dew;

A bird-song sung to it,
A butterfly to fit
On dazzling wings above it, hither, thither—
A sweet surprise of Life—and then exhale
A little fragrant soul on the soft gale,
To float—ah! whither?

WHO puts back into place a fallen bar,
Or flings a rock out of the traveled road,
His feet are moving toward the central star,
His name is whispered in the gods' abode.

—MARKHAM

RICH, celestial music thrilled the air
From hosts on hosts of shining ones who thronged
Eastward and westward, making bright the night.

—ARNOLD

To a California Poppy

by INA D. COOLBRITH—(Selected)

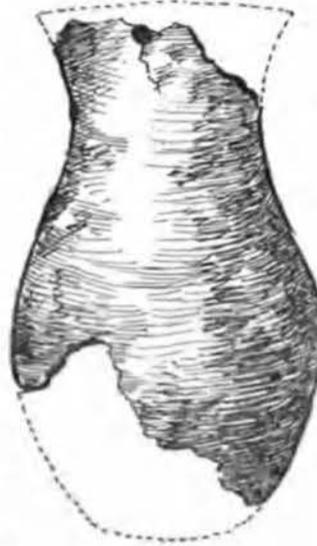
THY satin vestare richer is than looms
Of Orient weave for raiment of her Kings!
Not dyes of olden Tyre, nor precious things
Regathered from the long-forgotten tombs
Of buried empires, not the iris plumes
That wave upon the tropic's myriad wings,
Not all proud Sheba's quecnly offerings
Could match the golden marvel of thy blooms.

For thou art nurtured from the treasure-veins
Of this fair land; thy golden rootlets sap
Her sands of gold—of gold thy petals spun.
Her golden glory, thou! On hills and plains,
Lifting, exultant, every Kingly cup
Brimmed with the golden vintage of the sun.

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

An Ancient American Burial Urn

THIS illustration represents a portion of a funeral vase now on view in the American Museum of Natural History. It was discovered in Michigan and was first brought to light by a ploughshare. Its circumference is thirty-six inches and its height over twelve inches, and it contained the skeleton of a human head. The spot where it was found was subsequently shown to be a portion of an ancient burial mound which had been partly destroyed. We wonder how many such articles are annually unearthed and ignorantly thrown away without notice or examination.



Cairns, Dolmens, Barrows, and Cromlechs

SOME remarkable and very suggestive facts are brought to light by an examination of the funeral erections which are found in such abundance throughout the world. Many of these facts are of such a nature as to upset pre-conceived theories as to the origin, history and development of the human race, and hence we find an unwillingness on the part of archæologists to courageously face the results of their discoveries and to remodel their basic conceptions of the line and the manner of human advance.

The Oldest Egyptian Manuscript Yet Found

THE energetic authorities of the British Museum have lately added very considerably to their collection of Egyptian antiquities, already probably the largest in the world. The galleries have been completely re-decorated and re-arranged, and now present a very attractive appearance. The most remarkable of the recent additions consist of a number of coffins discovered close to El Bersheh, near the well known tombs of Beni Hassan. It must be remembered that an Egyptian coffin is not merely an enclosure for a body, as is the case today, but is practically an extensive manuscript, and in nearly every case proves to be an addition to our knowledge of Egyptian chronology and literature. In this respect the present find is of peculiar importance, as it makes good a missing link in the literature, belonging as it does to the twelfth dynasty, B. C. 2500. The coffins represent the burial of officials during the reigns of Userbescus and Amenemhats of the town of Khemennu. Two of the larger coffins are finely illustrated with figures painted in yellow or blue, and on the insides are inscribed several hundred lines from the Book of the Dead.

These hieroglyphics are illustrated with scenes, and their peculiar and special value may be realized from the fact that they provide us with a text eight hundred years older than any manuscript which has been yet discovered. On the outside of the coffins are inscribed prayers to Osiris and Anubis, the invocation to the former reading, "May Osiris, the Lord of Tattu, the Ruler of Amenti, the Great God, the Lord of Abydos, grant a royal oblation, and give to him all good and pure things." The prayer to Anubis is that the God may grant to the deceased "a happy funeral."

Also among these new acquisitions is the coffin of a woman named Sa-apa who is described as "a lady of the house." This is the oldest coffin of a woman which has yet been found.

It is now possible to examine at the British Museum a complete series of examples of Nile Valley burials. The oldest of these examples is the perfect reproduction of a grave 7000 years old. The figure is nude and in a crouching position, and around it lie the articles which it will need in the post mortem state. Here also are examples of the dismembered burials, and very many other varieties up to and beyond the Christian era.

STUDENT

Buried City Found at Base of Volcano

A PRESS dispatch from Reddington, Cal., says that the ruins of an ancient city have been found buried in lava at the base of an extinct volcano, forty miles east of that city, by a corps of timber surveyors. The place is south of the defile called Note's Pass. In the very shadow of the ancient cone the surveyors found sea shells of extraordinary color and shape.

The men began to dig in a ravine. Within four feet of the surface human bones, half petrified, were discovered, in various postures, as though death had come suddenly upon the dwellers in the ancient city.

Next the searchers came upon rude spoons and bowls. They were apparently of stone, but they bore no resemblance to the Indian relics which the traveler sees often in that region. Implements which, perhaps, were used as hammers and chisels were found. They, too, were totally unlike the known implements of the Indians. Some of the stone articles were of such design that they could not be classified at all.

The first, although not the most important of these facts, is the similarity of the burial mounds wherever they may be found, pointing not so much to a common, natural and primitive ideal, as to a universal model upon which such architecture was based. That this similarity of form and intention should prevail throughout the countries of Europe may be explained on the ground of actual intercourse between the peoples dwelling upon that continent, but that the mounds which are now being discovered in such numbers throughout America should be constructed on almost precisely the same principles is perplexing, and indeed unaccountable, without a very considerable revision of our theories.

Another point, to which sufficient weight has not been given for the reason already suggested, is the indication which they afford of a superior civilization to that with which we are made familiar by our earliest historical records. The beginning of such American records introduces us to the Red Indian who was even then living among the mound records of a race far more civilized than himself and of which he had absolutely no tradition. The fact of this absence of explanatory tradition among the then and now existing Indian tribes places the construction of these mounds at a period infinitely more remote than science appears willing to concede. On this point there can hardly be higher authority than the latest edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and there we find it stated with regard to the American barrows that

The pottery accompanying the remains is often elaborately ornamented, and the mound builders were evidently possessed of a higher development of taste and skill than is evinced by any of the modern aboriginal races, by whom the mounds and their contents are regarded as utterly mysterious.

An illustration of the high point to which some pre-historic races had risen is afforded by a tomb which was recently described by Demidoff as having been discovered in Siberia. In this tomb the skeleton was stretched upon a sheet of pure gold and was wrapped in a cloak richly ornamented with gold and precious stones. It was covered by another sheet of gold similar to that upon which it lay. A female skeleton was found in the same tomb and this also lay upon and was covered by sheets of gold, her neck and arms being loaded with gold ornaments of fine design and workmanship.

Theosophy alone can explain this ebb and flow of human civilization and it is to Theosophy that our research must ultimately appeal when it becomes weary of confronting problems which nothing else can solve.

STUDENT

A Curious Discovery in Mexico

IT would seem as though nature, impatient at our neglect of archæological treasures lying so richly beneath the soil, were adopting her own measures to make known these riches to us. The idea suggests itself by a sale which has just taken place in Mexico of objects which were disclosed by a flood in Jalisco. These objects consist of a large number of petrified bones and also some wonderful specimens of fruit in a perfect state of preservation through petrification, including a particularly beautiful example of what seems to be a cross between a pear and an apple. This find was made some little time ago and we hope that the publicity now given to it will result in an extended examination of the locality.

STUDENT

WE condemn treachery when it is discovered.—CLAUDIAN

An Early Morning in Loma-Land

EARLY one morning, just after sunrise, the bay of San Diego, viewed from Loma-land, presented a fine picture which, however, was of short duration. Looking from the heights of Point Loma across the bay to the distant mountains, the scene was one of delicate loveliness; the waters of the bay were hidden beneath a white mist, a mist so light and delicate that it answered to the gentle morning breeze, assuming new and more beautiful forms moment by moment. Now billowy, like the waves of the ocean near by; now mountainous, like the hills beyond, or again taking the form of noble citadels or imposing temples.

Color, too, was present in the thinner parts of the mist, making veils to but hide in part the eastern landscape with a subtle beauty. Soon, however, all this was to pass. Up, up rose the sun, and as his beams touched the earth, warming it in their glad embrace, the mist, with true nature dignity, took its departure and the bay put on its more usual aspect; the eye rested once again on a stretch of peaceful blue.—STUDENT

The Point Loma Light-House

FORMERLY the Point Loma light-house was located on the backbone of the ridge, hundreds of feet above the sea-level. Thus located, it cast its radiance miles and miles further over the water than at present and could be seen at a greater distance, it is said, than any other light in the world. But this fact in no wise increased its usefulness to the navigators of the California coast. Its light was so high above them that the rays from it were often hidden by the low-lying clouds that hover about the extreme ocean end of Point Loma.

If you want the light that is in you to be a guide to men's footsteps, don't soar too high in the skies. The rocks are at sea-level, not above the clouds.

The United States Treasury Department realized this fact before long, and about a dozen years ago orders came to vacate the high tower on the ridge, to put out the light and to go down in the new light-house, built near the rocks at the water's edge, and there to take up the task of warning passing ships of danger and of pointing the ocean pathway to safety. At night the Point Loma light is known to mariners by its peculiar character. At first there is a strong, red light, followed by darkness, and then a white glow. It is an intermittent, revolving light of an improved design, and the well-posted navigator, discerning it suddenly, though for the first time in his life, would know exactly his latitude and longitude.

The illustration shown herewith is that of the lower light-house which is now in constant service. Further back on the ridge there is another kind of light house, the lights from which radiate in all directions, as high as the highest heaven, to those who can see that far; but chiefly its earth



rays are seen and felt lighting the pathway of men to a "Higher Manhood, a Happier Earth and Universal Brotherhood." Though the spires of its domes point ever upward to infinity, the rays of its strongest light are focused upon the earth—the scene of man's present struggles to find the still waters of a higher and nobler life. Only a little thought discloses the remarkable symbology of the entire length and breadth of this wonderful peninsula, Point Loma. G.

Night Studies in Out-Door Nature

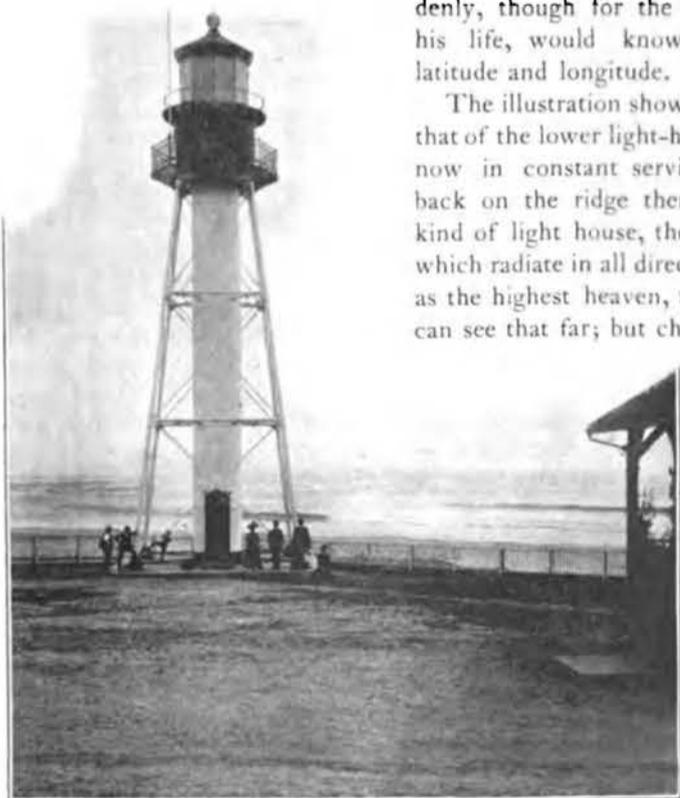
THEY are truly fortunate whose duties call them sometimes into the open air at night time. They are transported into a new world, or rather the scenes with which they are familiar by day are lifted on to another plane. There, indeed, is San Diego bay with its eternally placid waters, the waters which seem never to wake from sleep by day or by night, but now the bay is in its night robe, and the moon, mounting slowly into the sky, seems to walk also upon the water on a path of silver glory. Eternal fame awaits the artist who can put that picture upon canvas. The lights of the town are on the left, and here and there upon the water the red and white shipping lights flicker unsteadily as though they can hardly keep their eyes open. Only the moon herself is wide awake and in motion, reserving all her tranquil beauties for a world asleep.

The first idea of such a scene is one of absolute silence, perhaps because all consciousness is concentrated upon sight. Then suddenly from behind comes the reminder that the bay is no true representative of the world of water, and that if it choose to perpetually shimmer and slumber, there is the ocean which, upon the coast line, does neither the one nor the other. The surges are thundering upon Ocean Beach, talking with the rocks which are unyielding, obdurate, and the play of sound runs up and down the scale, as the waves roar upon the resisting reefs, clamoring into the caves, and then murmuring and whispering about the secrets known only to themselves. On some nights the sound from the sea is so low as to make little more than a frontier to the silence, but it never fades quite away.

And then the land sounds intrude one by one. Just as consciousness seems to be merging itself into the ever speaking stillness, comes the call from an owl far away upon the hills, and then there is a flutter in the bushes as some little bird wakes from a bad dream about disaster to the little household, and then suddenly all the undercurrent of sound comes up with a rush, and we find that the swelling life of nature has never gone to sleep at all, and that we are still within a world of motion. STUDENT

The California Compass Plant

ONE of the most gorgeous of the wild flowers which literally cover acres upon acres of Loma-land, is the California Compass Plant, a fine illustration of which appears on page 5 of this issue. It is abundant upon the hillsides and its large, golden-hearted flowers are alive with brilliant color. The plant grows from eight to ten inches in height and a cluster of its gorgeous yellow flowers, when rains have been abundant, is a beautiful sight. There is a saying among the natives that the tall leaves always stand with their edges pointing toward north and south—whence its name, the Compass Plant. It is one of the *Compositæ*, first cousin, apparently, to the field daisy. Its root and leaves are valued for medicinal purposes. STUDENT



but his never-failing colleague saw to it that no failure could come to him who had fought so well. Amid the greatest enthusiasm the measures were carried in the Convention, by a rising vote with cheers and bursts of enthusiasm.

The study of this incident in the history of the Society is like so many others which have given us conclusive proof of the help and protection which this Movement has at the hands of the great Helpers of Humanity. We can take from it encouraging assurance that we can safely repose our trust in the law of righteousness and equity, and in the Teachers who guide this Movement. The conservation of energy of our present Leader in carrying out her plans, her economy of power, utilizing even the smallest means and seemingly almost the useless, and making it useful, and her keen discrimination, have resulted in the magnificent seed-sowing now going on all over the world.

We, the students of the revered Teacher now among us, who has valiantly obtained the victories for our ideals, we, who are assembled at this magnificent celebration, commemorating that weighty event which was so instrumental to the progress of the Movement, do vow our allegiance anew to the Teacher, affirm again our trust in the Higher Law, and look with joy and confidence into the momentous future.

F. M. PIERCE—What more fitting celebration of this anniversary of that great event in human history—the formation of the Theosophical Society in America, which, under Divine guidance, has become the one Hope of the World! What more fitting than this stately, moving ceremony, the grace of soulful manhood and womanhood; the budding freshness and exquisite beauty of childhood, the childhood of the new God-like race—all moved and inspired by soft music and the Divine Soul of Harmony.

How otherwise can man find adequate expression for his heart's deepest feelings and his reverence for the true, for his deep and joyous thankfulness that Truth has again and finally found a proper channel for expression in wise Leadership, to raise humanity and rain its blessing upon human life and flood it with its beneficence and glory.

Soon man shall be lifted by this great work, above the clangor of impotent words, to cease these notes of his discordant mind and, calling his majestic Soul into the arena of life to still its turmoil and strife, he will find in the beauty and grandeur of Nature, and within himself, the supreme benediction which expresses his Divinity in the wordless harmony of form, color, perfect motion, melody, and soul Light. Tonight, we voice through these, our thankful joy. To tell the story of the man whose patient work and suffering, whose steadfastness to his soul's prompting rescued Theosophy from obloquy and oblivion, and climaxed the history of the Nineteenth Century; thus preserving and making possible our work, we celebrate this anniversary.

We speak that our heart tones shall speed on wings of love to tell all our fellow men that there is comfort and hope, that an eternally founded rock has risen out of the depths of human love upon which faith and trust can rest secure and with content; that here with strength renewed and vitalized, the hopeless rise as giants, to go forth, true Souls, armored warriors, fearless and glad—to conquest all the world for Truth.

Standing with feet expectant, on this urging Height as lofty stepping stone to greater things, we celebrate this time, our Cause and present work, as mighty harbingers, and certain promise of the superb Conquest for Truth.

C. THURSTON—"Unthanked and unperceived by men; wedged as a stone with countless other stones which form the 'Guardian Wall,' such is thy future if the seventh gate thou passest. Built by the hands of many Masters of Compassion, raised by their tortures, by their blood cemented, it shields mankind, since man is man, protecting it from further and far greater misery and sorrow."

The ever widening magic circle formed by these departmental desks is an eloquent testimony to the surprising skill of our Master Builder, who has broadened the slender foundations that were laid seven years ago today in the historic city of Boston, when we accentuated and recorded our great love for William Q. Judge and our profound respect for his unselfish devotion to the ideals handed on to his keeping by our Great Friend and Valiant Helper, H. P. Blavatsky. The little desk at which he toiled and toiled, that we might reap the fruitage of his effort, stands today in our Aryan Temple, a cherished memento of the time when the Heart and Soul of the man was the only active department in our work.

We may not at our bidding win him back to a bodily presence among us, but

we do know that his soul pervades our work and has never left us. He has endowed us with his strength of purpose and we will not and can not fail him.

Well must he have known the worthiness and commanding power of his successor to lead us on, for he too had leaned upon that strong arm, and, seeing into the future, knew that all was well if we continued faithful.

So, standing within this magic circle of activities, we will never again allow the martyr's crown to be placed upon the brow of our Leader; for we know our duty, and we have seen the Light, the Love, and the Mastery of her unselfish work for humanity, and the people of the earth through our service shall also receive the benediction of Joy.

H. T. PATTERSON—One of our comrades, recently arrived from New York, said that this place and that, in one respect, reminded him the one of the other in their intense activity, but that, whereas, New York seemed to be the center of selfish activity, this seemed to be the center of unselfish activity.

With the work of the Universal Brotherhood, victories and anniversaries follow each other, today, with bewildering frequency.

In living organisms the various functions are carried on through specialized points or centers. Low types have such centers vaguely defined. The higher the type the more perfect the centers and the more closely related are those centers to all the parts. The various centers are in their turn, sub-centers to one synthesizing center; through which a harmonious correlation of functions and activities is maintained. When the present phase of the Theosophic work began there was a semblance of a center at New York; later in India; then in London; then, again, in New York. When in April, 1895, W. Q. Judge became Life-President of the Theosophical Society in America, the evolution of the center was carried well ahead. Today, seven years after, another stride is taken. When Katherine Tingley came to Loma-land, the Theosophical work all around the world was lifted up by the establishment of a permanent center. Today through the installation of heads of departments in the rotunda of the Homestead, under its great dome each head at its own desk, a still higher aggregation has been brought about. To this point the eyes of men begin to turn. Through it will the great call, from without, pass inward, and the great wave of help from within, pass outward. May we have the steady purpose to keep ourselves as integral parts of this center, pure, strong, and courageous; doing our work with fidelity and carrying onward the work of our great Leader.

W. T. HANSON—The action taken by the Boston Convention April, 1895, was made possible at the cost of Mr. Judge's life. So great a price did he pay to bring the forces of genuine discrimination into the work for Universal Brotherhood. What has transpired in the seven years since then establishes the wisdom of his judgment. Loma-land—the Raja Yoga School—vindicates the source and channel of his inspiration.

I believe if he were here tonight, seeing what has already come to pass on this Hill and what is now taking place, he would rejoice at the success of his martyrdom and gather new energies for the farther confounding of his enemies—the foes of the race.

GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT—How little we who had a part in forming the momentous decision of April 28, 1895, realized that what we see here tonight would be a sequence—a natural line of life from that step! More than that! could we have dreamed of the vistas upon vistas of the yet unborn future, which have been revealed to us, since we entered upon that natural line!

It is a step which many took then out of simple loyalty to principle and duty. But is it too much to say that it was one which has enormously changed the whole history of the human race?

How little we in our blindness realize what mighty levers we may sometimes touch when we simply move in obedience to principle. As a result of that immortal day, April 28, 1895, the Aryan race will in no long time have for their use bodies free from the taint of disease and sin—clean instruments with which they can work untrammelled. Had the few souls to whom this wonderful choice was given on that day, failed in their simple duty, one shudders to think of the results.

It was a crisis! and through the guiding hands of our Teachers this glorious work was saved. And now, step by step, before our eyes, is being formed the cradle of the New Race. Can we ever truly express our gratitude to our Teachers who have led us to this point?

THE most interesting publication that has come to the Editor's table in some time, is a little monthly paper issued by a few loyal comrades of Lodge No. 3, at the center in Nurnberg, Germany. The first number was issued on March 13, 1902—*Leaves of Universal Brotherhood* is the modest title, and the title page bears a design of delicate tracery surrounding the seven-pointed star and the many-rayed sun. Above it is the motto of The Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood—written, of course, in German, *Es gibt keine bobere Religion als die Wahrheit*, and below it the battle-cry which was sounded when Katherine Tingley became the Leader of the Organization, *Wahrheit, Licht und Befreiung*—Truth, Light and Liberation. The first issue contains the objects of The Universal Brotherhood, and articles from THE NEW CENTURY on "The Study of

New Theosophical Publication in Germany

Theosophy" and "The Hand of Nature." The translations of these articles are scholarly and discriminative. No. 2, published on April 13, the birthday of William Q. Judge, is, of course, a memorial number. It contains Mr. Judge's article, "Every Member a Center," and several short translations from his works, among them "One Life Not Sufficient." There is a memorial article upon William Q. Judge; a page of nature notes, and comments upon the constitution and objects of the Society.

The paper promises much. The devotion which will produce such results under enormous difficulties—as the fact that most of the articles are translations and also that the paper itself is not printed but mimeographed from an exquisitely written "copy" proves—is capable of making the center in Germany one of the truest and strongest in the world.

Students



Path

A Royal Soul

After Julius Slovatsky, 1847—Translated from the Polish by V. A. H.

MY King, my Lord! No earthly prince is he
To awe men with his triply crowned pomp.
But a Soul Supreme that rules with kindly sway
The empire of our hearts, tender and chaste.
I know not if as man thou liv'st on earth;
Or in thine own more glorious sphere above;
I only know thou art—and thee I love.
Whene'er my heart shall touch thy burning fire,
And hear thy calling, or from East or West,
Whether thou comest robed in humble garb,
Or look'st through infant eyes in some mean cot;
Whene'er thy all-compelling light I see,
Before thy majesty I bend my knee.

Do Plants Possess Minds?

WE have often commented on the philosophy which makes half of the universe unconscious and endeavors to invent substitutes for mind and will by coining such words as "force," "affinity," and "instinct." It is as impossible on the one hand to conceive of order and activity without mind, as it is absurd on the other hand to make distinctions between what is alleged to be alive and what dead.

In a *Literary Digest* review we have some extracts from Francis Darwin's article on the above subject in the *Revue Scientifique*. He points out that the usual explanation of the phenomena of plant-life as "automatic" and "reflex" is only a mode of expression, a formula, after all; an explanation that can be, and is sometimes, also applied to the phenomena of human life, by those who would reduce man himself to a mere helpless mechanism. The hypothesis of a conscious and intelligent basis for the phenomena of plant-life affords a much easier explanation. To quote Mr. Darwin:

The properties of which I have spoken have been compared to instinct, and although I prefer to call them reflex actions, it is because the term "instinct" is generally applied to actions that have an indubitable mental basis. I do not wish to be understood as saying that in plants we find nothing that can be interpreted as a germ of consciousness—nothing psychical, to use a convenient term; but it is our duty to explain the facts, if possible, without supposing a physiological resemblance between plants and human beings, for fear of falling into anthropomorphism or sentimentality, and in obedience to the law of parsimony, which forbids us to look to higher causes to explain an action when those of inferior order will suffice. . . .

At present there is nothing unscientific in classing plants and animals together from a psychological standpoint. In this I rely on the opinion of a well-known psychologist, Mr. James Ward, who reaches the conclusion that mind "is always implied in life." The same author remarks that "it would scarcely be going too far to say that Aristotle's conception of a plant-soul . . . is tenable even today.

It is better for me to regard plants as vegetable automata, just as certain philosophers look upon man as an automaton; but this does not satisfy me, and I hope that other biologists will also find insufficient a point of view from which consciousness is an accessory product, an automatic action; and that in time they will reach a definite conception of the nature of consciousness in the economy of living organisms.

In *The Secret Doctrine*, there are graduated orders of consciousness and intelligence spoken of, appropriate to the various natural kingdoms; and there is a special plant "monad" and a special animal "monad;" but nowhere is the mechanical theory of the universe more derided and the omnipresence of mind more insisted on than in *The Secret Doctrine*.

To conclude, let us say once more, why will thinkers try to make all creation conform to some narrow theory and to bring everything under one class, when nature is so bounteous and infinite? Is there not too much mania for generalization and pigeon-holing? H. T. E.

In war important events are produced by trivial causes.—CÆSAR

Wonderful Scientific Predictions

A CONTEMPORARY journal draws attention to some very remarkable scientific predictions which, probably from their inexplicable nature, have never received the attention which they deserve. Many of them bear such close resemblance to modern discoveries and inventions that the theory of mere coincidence must at once be ruled out of court.

In a work by Strada, published in Rome in 1624, we find the narration of how two friends communicated with each other at a distance "by the help of a certain lodestone which had such virtue in it that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, tho' at never so great a distance, moved at the same time and in the same manner."

The author goes on to describe an alphabetical dial plate which these early telegraphists manufactured to correspond with the movements of their needles.

When they were hundreds of miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his dial plate. If he had a mind to write anything to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words that he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend, in the meanwhile, saw his sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to each other in an instant, over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.

But a still more remarkable prediction is to be found in *Gulliver's Travels*. Discoursing of the wisdom of the Laputan philosophers, Swift represents them as being aware of the existence of the satellites of Mars. He says:

They have likewise discovered two lesser stars or satellites, which revolve about Mars, whereof the innermost is distant from the center of the primary planet exactly three of his diameters, and the outermost five; the former revolves in the space of ten hours, and the latter in twenty-one and a half.

Let it be remembered that, when this was written, Western astronomy was hardly out of its cradle, and no theory could have been devised more seemingly improbable than this one. Not until 1877 were these satellites actually discovered by means of the great Washington Equatorial. Their distance from Mars was found to be one and a half, and three and a half diameters, with periods of seven and a half, and thirty hours respectively.

As we have said, the theory of imaginative coincidence is out of the question, and the explanation of such remarkable phenomena must be left until we have a better understanding of the laws which make such predictions possible. STUDENT

The White Man's Fever

WE recollect reading in an old number of *Chambers' Journal*, a paper in which were collected many instances of "white man's fever," a complaint like influenza, which spreads among the natives of uncivilized isles upon the landing on his shores of the white man. The testimony adduced was amply sufficient to establish the reality of this phenomenon and, in some cases, it was said to be so marked that natives of the interior were apprised of the landing of the white man by the appearance of this complaint in their midst, and would forthwith repair to the coast for trading purposes.

This shows that not only the habits but the very atmosphere of civilization is noxious to the aboriginal, and we may leave it to our readers to judge whether it is because that atmosphere is too pure or too impure for him. At all events the aboriginal is not rickety, scrofulous, toothless, pickled in alcohol. H. T. E.

The Telephone in Abyssinia

TELEPHONE lines are being erected between the capital of Abyssinia and the Italian settlement Erythrea. It is said that, by an agreement made, Italy furnishes the wire and the Negus Menelik of Abyssinia is erecting the poles. T.

It does not become any living man to say, "This will not happen to me."—MENANDER

Out of His System

Bishop Williams of Connecticut used to tell the following story of the late Dr. Ducachet: "One Sunday morning Dr. Ducachet arose feeling wretched. After a futile attempt to eat breakfast he called an old and favorite colored servant to him and said: 'Sam, go around and tell Simmons (the sexton) to post a notice on the church door saying I am too ill to

"Where Rail and Tide Meet, There Cast Anchor"

Investors, Speculators, & Real Estate Dealers

GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR AT SAN DIEGO EARLY

San Diego is the Open Door to the Orient & Investors now will be Capitalists later

CAN'T YOU SEE THE HAND OF DESTINY?

- 2700 miles saved in encircling the globe via this port
- Three Transcontinental Railroads heading for this Harbor
- The Commerce of the Southwest and of the Pacific is being concentrated at the Bay of San Diego
- Look out for Big Developments; the Market is active now

If you want to Buy or Sell there, address

D. C. Reed

Established 1870

Ex-Mayor of San Diego

Patronize Home Industry, build up This City, increase the value of Your Own Property

Pleasance & Son

PRACTICAL

UPHOLSTERERS

Parlor Furniture, Couches, Lounges, Mattresses, Spring Beds, etc. REPAIRED OR RECOVERED

Our specialties are First-Class Workmanship & Low Prices

CARPETS & FINE RUGS CLEANED BY THE CELEBRATED HELLER PROCESS

BON TON UPHOLSTERY HOUSE

1154 Fifth Street, San Diego

Telephone Red 1026

Griswold Block

You will need a copy for yourself and several copies to send to your friends. The edition is limited.

An Address

by Katherine Tingley

in the Opera House at San Diego, Sunday evening, March 16th

1902

Neatly printed and bound, containing half-tone illustrations of the Opera House, Loma Homestead and the Aryan Temple.

This is the first public address of Katherine Tingley after her purchase of the Opera House, and in it is outlined broadly her plans for the beautiful theatre and its occupation by the Isis Conservatory of Music. Sent post paid for TEN CENTS.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO. POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

preach today.' 'Now, massa,' said Sam, 'don't you gib up dat way. Just gib him a trial; you git 'long all right.' The argument went on, and resulted in the minister starting off. Service over, he returned to his house looking much brighter. 'How do you feel, massa?' said Sam, as he opened the door. 'Better, much better, Sam. I am glad I took your advice.' 'I knew it; I knew it,' said the darky, grinning until every tooth was in evidence. 'I knew you'd feel better when you git dat sermon out o' your system.' —*New Orleans Times-Democrat*

A Chicago Judge Wept

"Please, mister man, let my mamma and papa go and dey'll be dood; oh, so awfully dood."

This assurance, lisped between sobs by the 6-year-old boy of D. W. White and his wife, brought tears to the eyes of Justice Hall for the first time in his experience as a Justice of the Peace and secured the release of the lad's parents, who had been arraigned for shop-lifting in State street stores.

The voice of the child in the court room checked the usually noisy rapping of Bailiff John Griffin's hammer, and Clerks Landgraf and Clinton looked up to see the magistrate in tears, clasping the lad closely in his arms. The justice entered an order of dismissal upon the court sheet.

The court's disposition of the case was a surprise to many, but it was not questioned. The child's hand reposed upon the broad shoulder of Justice Hall, while the two laughed and cried together for several minutes until the court put the little fellow down and emptied his purse into the hands of the man and the woman.

The tale which the woman told the court was that her husband had been a telegraph operator in Pittsburg until illness compelled him to give up the confining work and forced her to toil to keep the family of three alive. They decided to come to Chicago last week.

Despondent over the husband's inability to secure employment, the couple went into the Boston Store and Schlesinger and Mayer's and took jewelry valued at \$34. This they intended to sell, but they were caught with the booty in the woman's possession.

"I don't remember when I have cried so hard," said Justice Hall. "That little fellow just captured me completely."

Some one suggested that the child had been trained.

"If he has been," said the justice, "it was the best acting I have ever seen, and in my career as a dramatic critic I have seen plenty of good art." —*Chicago Evening Post*

"Fisherman's Luck"

Fishermen at Santa Catalina Island have met with some exciting experiences lately. As one of the tourists from New York was trolling near the shore not far from the Church Rocks, a giant "bald-head" eagle swooped down and seized the smelt upon the trolling-line. As it sailed aloft the line was reeled off with a speed that it was impossible to check until it was exhausted. At that point the eagle, then nearly a thousand feet above the astonished fisherman, found that the upward flight was abruptly stopped. After a little struggle with the taut line, the eagle dropped the fish and sailed off.

On the following day another tourist was trolling across a little inlet in the same vicinity when a pelican bore down, seized his bait and promptly deposited it in his pouch. The fisherman finally brought the pelican within reach by a dexterous handling of the line, extracted the bait and set at liberty the bird, which was presumably grateful. W. H.

MORE than a million people need to see THE NEW CENTURY every week. Are you doing your share toward supplying that need?

To Replace the Army Canteen

A recent press dispatch from Washington says that the sub-committee of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs has agreed to recommend the incorporation in the army appropriation bill of an amendment appropriating \$500,000 with which to supply army posts with libraries, schools, gymnasiums, etc., to take the place of the army canteen.



YOU and your friends are cordially invited to visit our **Museum of Curiosities**

Every attention will be shown to make your visit pleasant

BURNELL'S CURIOSITY STORE

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Northeast Corner Fifth and D Streets

Mexican, Indian, Californian Relics & Souvenirs

We manufacture Hand-Carved Leather

Largest and Best Stock of Jewelry in SAN DIEGO at

C. W. ERNSTING'S

Repair Work of all Kinds
Manufacturer of Jewelry
Large Stock of Souvenir
Spoons

915 FIFTH STREET SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Isis

Conservatory of Music

of the

Universal Brotherhood Point Loma, Cal.

San Diego Branch, 1940 B Street

Personal applications and inquiries received every Saturday by the Secretary at 1940 B Street, San Diego. . . .
Hours 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Full particulars sent by mail on application . . . Address

J. H. FUSSELL, Secretary and Treasurer Isis Conservatory of Music, POINT LOMA, CAL.

FINE APPLES FROM THE MOUNTAINS, BELLFLOWERS, PIPPINS ETC.

Good Tea at Sixty Cents, India, Ceylon, Gunpowder, Hyson, Oolong Breakfast and Japan

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF FANCY GROCERIES

HAMILTON BROS.

933 FIFTH STREET SAN DIEGO, CAL.

SEARCHLIGHT

NO. 6

Special number issued to
the public

CONTAINING A FULL REPORT OF THE

Great Debate on Theosophy & Christianity

HELD AT FISHER OPERA HOUSE, SAN DIEGO, CAL.,
ON SEPTEMBER 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, AND
OCTOBER 6 AND 13, 1901

SEVENTY-TWO PAGES

Notwithstanding the increase in the cost of publishing, owing to
the largely increased number of pages, the price
remains the same as heretofore

FIFTEEN CENTS

The
Theosophical Publishing Co.
Point Loma, Cal.

ENTERTAINMENT

by Children of the

Raja Yoga School

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON

in the

Aryan Temple, Point Loma

Tickets 50 cents

PUBLIC MEETINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGES

STOCKTON, Cal., 523 Yosemite Building

Lodge No. 3. Public meetings: Sunday 8 p. m., and Wednesday
7:30 p. m. Lotus Group for children, Sunday 10:30 a. m.

BOSTON, Mass., 24 Mount Vernon St.

Lodge No. 28. Public meetings every Sunday at 8 p. m.
Lotus Group, Sunday at 11 a. m.
Members' Union meeting, Thursday at 8 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Friday at 7:30 p. m.
Girls' Club, Saturday at 3 p. m.

CHICAGO, Ill., 511 Masonic Temple

Lodges No. 70 and 45. Monthly public meeting, first Sunday of the
month, 8:15 p. m.; Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesdays 8 p. m.;
Lodge meetings, members only, Wednesdays, 7:45 p. m., and
Lodge 70, Fridays, 8:15 p. m.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Y. M. H. A. Building

Lodge No. 119. Public meeting, Sunday 8 p. m.
Lodge meeting, members only, Thursday 8 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Friday 8 p. m.

MACON, Ga., Triangular Block

Lodge No. 13. Public meeting about the middle of month.
Lotus Group, Sunday 10 a. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesday 7:30 p. m.
Members' meeting, Friday 8 p. m.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., 206 Weybosset Street

Lodge No. 37. Monthly meetings, last Sunday in each month, 7:30
p. m.; Lodge meetings, members only, Wednesdays, 7:45 p. m.
Lotus Group, Sundays, 10:45 a. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Thursdays, 8 p. m.

SOUTHPORT, England, 138 Poulton Road

Lodge No. 24 (Eng.) Lotus Group, Monday, 7 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesday, 8 p. m.
Lodge meeting, Friday, 8 p. m.
Public meetings, 1st Sunday each month, 7 p. m.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., 207 Sykes Block

Lodge No. 81. Public meeting first Sunday each month, 8 p. m.

Hadn't Seen It in the Papers

One of our correspondents, who is at present upon an English cruiser in the waters off Venezuela, relates the following curious incident, which occurred the day before Good Friday. The Venezuelans half-masted their flag in the afternoon out of respect for the day, and the English fleet, as well as the American, did the same, their officers believing that some one of note was dead. One of the English officers sent a boat out to learn in whose honor the flag was half-masted. Upon their return the English flag was re-hoisted, although the American flag remained as it was until evening. A Venezuelan said, "The English found that our flag was lowered only in honor of the death of our Lord, a person in whom they take no interest," and one of the English officers replied, "Why should we? We have seen no account of his death in the papers!"
E. W.

Pacific Coast Warships

The naval appropriation bill, as agreed upon by the house committee, provides that one of each class of the proposed war vessels may be built on the Pacific Coast. Four of the vessels authorized will be of the highest type and largest size, and will probably average a cost of \$5,000,000. There will be two battleships of 16,000 tons and two armored cruisers of 14,500 tons.

It is manifestly important that the Pacific Coast should be a base for both naval operation and construction. If the United States should have the misfortune to be embroiled in war with a naval power this coast would be likely to be a theater of action. This section is far from the present base of naval supply, and timely action should be taken to provide for contingencies.

The practical suspension of government ship work for many months at San Francisco, while the strike in the ship-building trade was pending, should be an admonition to establish a government naval construction plant on this coast. The naval appropriation bill as it now stands provides that the Secretary of the Navy may exercise his own judgment in directing "at what navy yards the vessels herein authorized may be built." If they should all be built by the government there would be a saving of the big profits that go to contractors, with the assurance of no impediment to work caused by a prolonged wrangle between shipyard owners and their employes.—*Los Angeles Herald*

The Love of a Dog

The *Chester Observer* tells a pathetic little story of a dog. It is one of those stories which teaches us to remember that all life is closely kin and that

Nothing walks with aimless feet,
And not one life shall be destroyed
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made His pile complete.

The writer says: Among the mourners at the funeral there was one quaint but pathetic figure. He had received no invitation, and in fact, they had tried to keep him away, but the procession had not moved far away when he stole out unnoticed and walked sadly by the hearse throughout its journey to the churchyard.

This was the dead man's dog, one of those nondescript varieties, half-Scotch and half-Skye. He paid no attention to anyone, but trotted solemnly beside his dead master.

In the church he passed quietly through the weeping congregation and as quietly took up a position by the coffin until the close of the service.

At the graveside he stood with downcast head, looking with mournful eyes into the grave, and seeming to realize, as perhaps he did, what it all meant.

What thoughts were passing through the little doggie brain? He made as if to enter the grave, but someone drew him aside, and a little later he was put in a cab and borne away.

"Poor little dog," said everybody.—*Golden Age*

Hardware & Stoves

HIGH GRADE SHELF HARDWARE
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS
FINE CUTLERY TOOLS
BUILDERS' HARDWARE

San Diego Hardware Co.
658 FIFTH STREET

EDWARD M. BURBECK

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Copper Plate Engraving & Printing
Steel Dies, Crests, and Monograms
Largest & most varied stock of Books
and General Literature in the City

1051-59 FIFTH STREET, SAN DIEGO

"Burbeck's Big Bookstore"

Toys Games Souvenirs Office Supplies City and County Maps

See Glaser's window!

FULL of ART TREASURES
for the HOME or the STUDIO
Many of them NOVELTIES, All
of them NEW & INTERESTING

The Leading San Diego House for Artists' Materials, Pictures
and Picture Frames Always Up-to-Date

1040 Fifth Street

Bank of Commerce

841 FIFTH ST., bet E & F Sts., SAN DIEGO

Capital, \$100,000

Reserve & Undivided Profits, \$46,837.23

R. M. POWERS, President F. W. JACKSON, Cashier
GRAHAM E. BABCOCK, C. L. WILLIAMS,
Vice-President Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—R. M. Powers, Graham E. Babcock, J. F. Sinks,
A. H. Frost, Chas. T. Hinde, U. S. Grant, & F. W. Jackson

General banking business transacted. Exchange drawn direct on all
principal cities of United States and Europe. Prompt attention given to
collections.

Souvenir Postal Cards of Loma-land

PRIVATE MAILING CARDS, PRINTED ON
FINEST IVORY-FINISH CARDBOARD

13 different half-tone glimpses of Loma-land on which to
send your Brotherhood Thoughts all over the world. A
stream of them should be kept in circulation by every member.

- 1 Aryan Temple from the Canyon
- 2 Children's Group Houses, International Lotus Home
- 3
- 4 Young Warriors of the Raja Yoga School
- 5 Loma Homestead and Aryan Temple from the Northwest
- 6 North View of Loma Homestead and Aryan Temple
- 7 Lotus Buds and Blossoms of the Raja Yoga School Sending
Thought Messages to all the World at Aryan Temple
- 8 Children's Play-ground, International Lotus Home
- 9 Lotus Buds with their Cuban Godmother, Raja Yoga School
- 10 Egyptian Gate to School of Antiquity Grounds
- 11 Lotus Buds at Play, International Lotus Home
- 12 Lotus Blossoms, Raja Yoga School
- 13 East Entrance of Loma Homestead

2 for 5 cents (postage 1c extra) . \$0.06
50, postpaid, for 1.00
100, " " 1.50

Sent assorted unless ordered with specifications. Order from

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

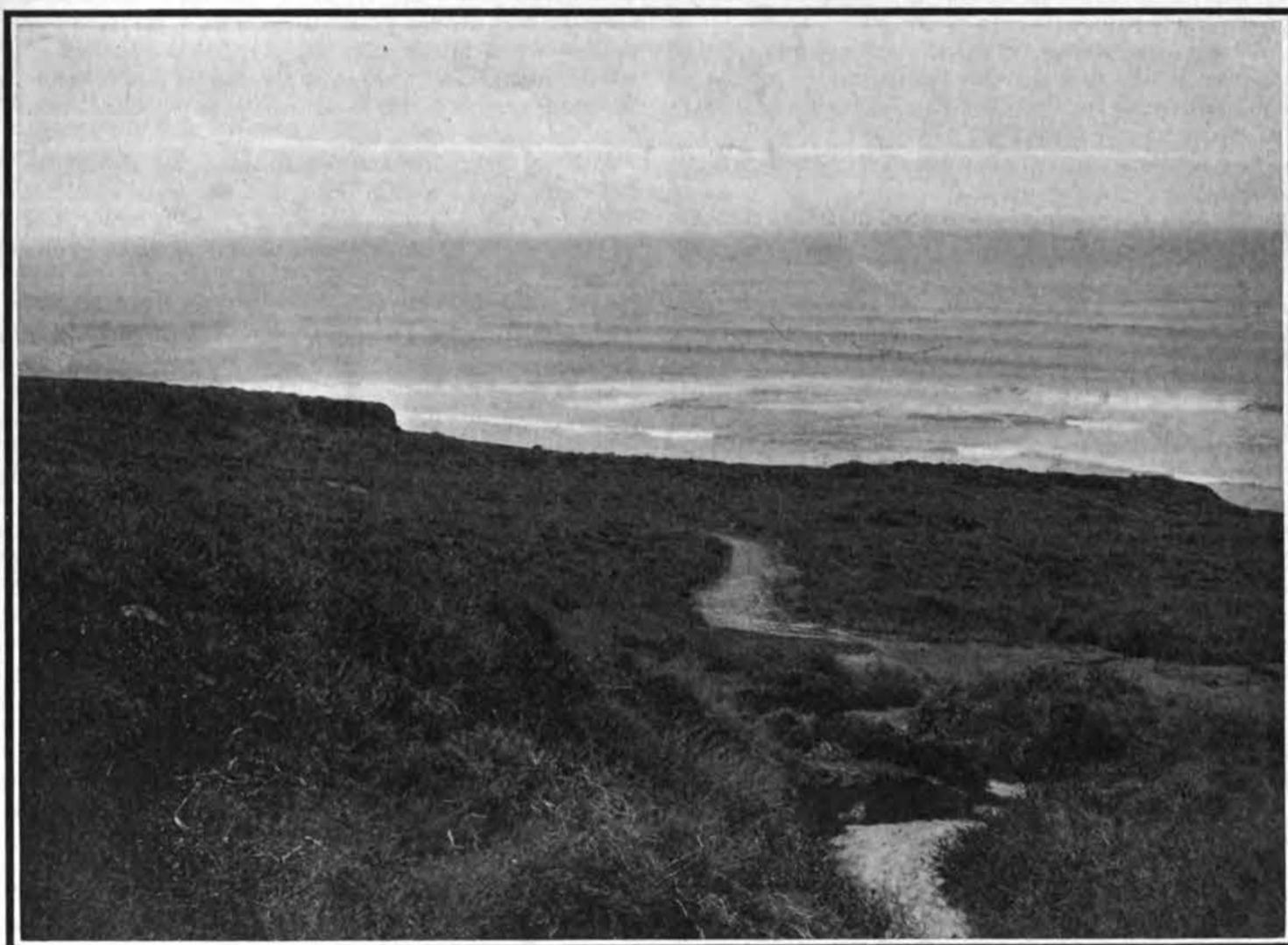
The New Century



Year \$2

Point Loma, San Diego, California.

Copy 5¢



Vol. V

MAY 11, 1902

No.

How We Are Flattered by Imitation

IF imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, our Organization, its Leader, its teachings, and even its current phraseology ought to be so lubricated with compliments that their advance should be but a question of momentum. Hitherto we have not considered ourselves as likely to be spoiled by the adulation of the world, but we are beginning to revise our ideas as we recognize the flattery which, to be courteous, we will call imitation, but which, if the actors were but reversed, would certainly be indignantly called plagiarism.

* * *

To traverse the whole ground would occupy more space than an indulgent Editor would sanction, but some few examples may perhaps be selected for our own encouragement, and in order to gently notify our imitators that we are not inappreciative of their enterprise, even though the source of their inspiration be unacknowledged, and even studiously concealed. Thus, it can be nothing but a gratification to us to learn from a friend who casually visited a little group of our enemies in Boston, that they were reading to their children from a page of *THE NEW CENTURY* containing a contribution from the Leader herself. It is true that they were very careful to suppress its identity and its distinguishing marks, but so long as the children get some of the benefit which was intended by the author for *all* children, she is doubtless as well content as, it is certain, were the children themselves. And so no one is any the worse, except maybe, those who took what wasn't theirs, and in order that we may make easy their hypersensitive consciences they have hereby our permission to read and even to study whatever may hereafter appear in the printed pages of *THE NEW CENTURY*. They may even openly state the source of their borrowed wisdom.

* * *

In a review of this nature, however casual, we would not willingly be guilty of the discourtesy of assigning to some of the Churches any other than the prominent position to which they are so well accustomed. In this case it rightfully belongs to them, for they have persistently burned to us the incense of this particular kind of flattery. Their own thunders have become a little uncertain in their sound, and are no longer open to the reproach that they rob the hard worked city man of his lawful Sabbath slumber, and so they have borrowed our thunder, and we are credibly informed that our Theosophic ideas, in our Theosophic dress, are already earning more than one reputation for original thought and profound erudition in the pulpit. Once more we have no complaint whatever to make. In a commercial age, the Minister, like everyone else, must deliver the goods which are ordered, for which he is paid. The said goods must at any rate bear the correct label. We can only look forward to the day when the Minister will be free to preach Theosophy under its own label, and to teach, not only its high morality, but also the Science of the Soul which it alone possesses.

* * *

We write the foregoing paragraphs with a very keen realization that there is a minority among our ecclesiastical friends who do not need to borrow from us, because they are able to think Theosophy for themselves. Now and then some examples of this real spiritual royalty visit us upon the Hill, and we are able to recognize our friends even though they come from another camp. Their kindly and unshrinking commendations, both private and public, show that they, too, recognize us and our ideals, which are also theirs. When the great Law imposes upon all men its supreme test of altruistic work, there will be one camp only, and one hope and one aspiration.

* * *

Speaking of our visitors reminds us of the children, because it is the children's work that so many come to see. Now there are some who, like their Biblical prototype, come to curse and remain to pray. Their prayer, however, takes the now familiar form of imitation. Notebooks are furtively produced and the hieroglyphics therein are the guarantee that Loma-land methods are about to be imported, of course without acknowledgment, into some educational center, it may be, far away in another State. One such case comes vividly to our minds. She had School Teacher written upon every line of her face, struggling ineffectually against the scorn which she felt for those who were teaching children without imprimatur of training college or school. She was watching

a children's play, and we knew as we looked that the note book was there somewhere and would have to come out. And come out it did, to receive its full cargo of hints and new ideas. A kindly chance gave to us the information that the lady hailed from a far away school, and we were able to congratulate ourselves that one more group of children had surely come under the influence of Point Loma and of the Leader. All this bread will one day come home over the waters of humanity. Seed-time and harvest shall not fail.

* * *

And so in this way our ideas travel round the world and there are many who claim their parentage. When the Leader was in Europe she introduced for the children the exercise of the Golden Cord, and the little ones became the Warriors of the Golden Cord. Now she finds that those who are the most prominent in reviling her are also the most prominent in imitating her. The Golden Cord merely becomes the Golden Chain, and the whole idea is bodily "lifted," as the Scotch bordermen did the English cattle. Even the steps and the count are annexed or shall we say "conveyed," as a substitute for a harsher word, and then the whole thing is loudly acclaimed in the papers as the invention of those whose enterprise was, after all, simply of the predatory order. And so the world moves, but so long as it does move we at any rate shall lodge no claim upon the Karmic treasury.

* * *

Speaking of Karma, who can deny that we have by this word enriched the English language? Even those journals which rightly consider themselves as models of literary purity, use the word Karma as though it were to be found in the spelling books of infancy, and with every assurance that it will convey the editorial meaning to the reader. Who shall say that Theosophy has made no mark upon the public mind when it has admittedly added a new word to the public language?

* * *

To the dramatic world Theosophy has contributed as much as to the scholastic, the theologic and the literary. The Leader's presentation of the Greek drama has been hailed as something uniquely perfect, and the only point which our admirers have not copied is the anonymity of the actors. The exquisite smilax curtain which she originated, has been greeted with delighted acclamation in cities far away and as the innovation of others, and so no doubt it will continue to be all along the line until it becomes a matter of public notoriety that Theosophy leads and the world follows, and then concealment will be impossible, and to slander with one breath and to imitate with another will be no longer easy nor profitable.

* * *

As we have said before, it is a commercial age, and the commercial spirit has broken out from the market and has invaded the pulpit and the school. Theosophic ideas are "paying" ideas, and the community will have them even though dexterous hands remove the label and substitute for it their own trade marks and brand them with the names of systems and of creeds to which they bring new vitality. And we are content, so long as we see that the New Order of the Ages is coming ever nearer.

STUDENT

Practical Evolution

THE relations of master and disciple, teacher and pupil, patron and apprentice, master and servant have been, in all ages, among all nations, regarded as most sacred. Intuitively and instinctively the scheme of universal evolution, the eternal becoming ever involving, the advancing of the lower by the help of the higher, was felt and observed in the lower kingdoms and sensed as manifesting in a higher degree in the ties established among men by the relations mentioned. As the duty of the master is to devotedly and faithfully impart to the pupil the knowledge in his possession to be handed down for the benefit of mankind, so the duty of the pupil is to qualify himself to receive it, by *deserving it*, to eagerly assimilate the teachings and to give them power by putting them into practical use and thus to transmit them with their living inner meaning. The latter has ever been safeguarded through the continuance of parties instituted to preserve it. It is not found unless sought for. It is written, "Seek and you shall find," "Live the life and you will know the doctrine." Does not the tendril between the rocks ever seek the light of the sun?

STUDENT

Originality and Genius in Music

THE literature of music is now so large and varied, covering every imaginable

form, that it seems almost superfluous to have more added to it. Moreover, it is not likely that much originality will be forthcoming from the intellectual treadmill which dominates the while over the more noble and enduring qualities of man's heart-life. Originality depends on whether a new musical composition is the true record of some phase of man's inner life or not. Music is the expression of the life of the inexhaustible soul. Every man, woman and child has a thousand original moods every day of their lives, and each of these moods is capable of being expressed in music, whether by composition or performance. The field is really without beginning and without end. We cannot say that we know the emotions and feelings of others, we only surmise them in broad outline. All branches of art are agents of interpretation of some of their phases. Music, of course, is chief among them as the medium for calling up to consciousness one's own soul-experiences through the more elastic instrumentality of sound-combinations. It is clear then at the outset that, in music especially, there is just as much originality before us as there is behind. In fact, a limitless realm of originality is constantly being prepared by new experiences of all sorts and by assimilation of the old ones. They are pictured to the soul as new feelings and arise on the horizon of consciousness by association of ideas from multitudinous sounds whether they be called musical or not.

Every piece of music in its cold notations has a distinctive character of its own, representing some idea of the composer. It cannot be said that any rendering of it would more than approximately convey the original conception. Even the composer himself, were he to render his own composition three times in one day, would, under the different conditions of mood to which he is subject, produce a different impression each time. Likewise, every musician will render a different interpretation of the same piece of music according to his disposition and moral make-up.

From a technical point of view these different renderings may all be correct, though they produce a varied effect.

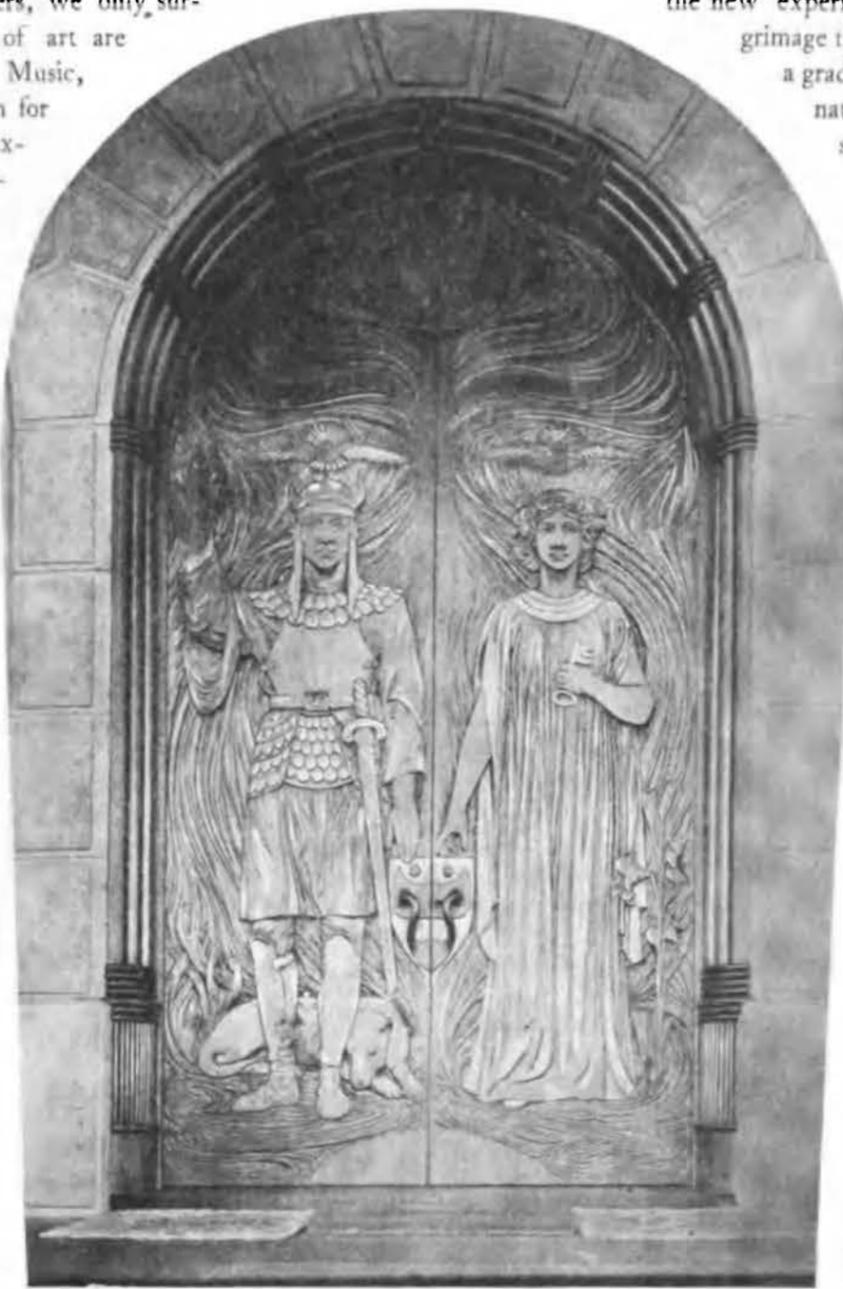
Now if there is such a wide range of impressions produced from one single piece of music, what must be the possibility of noting down impressions from the vast repository of human feelings. Yet, what is original music? "Originality is unconscious." If any part of genuine

—that is original music. Every single experience of the soul, perfectly translated into the emotions which it produces, is entitled to the rank of originality. It is possible to conceive every human being capable of producing original music, if not for others, certainly to himself. Not one is exempt from emotions that are as original, fresh, pure, primary and peculiar as anything that has ever been produced in musical notation. Barring the difficulties of the mechanical part, the limitations of the personality, the same could find expression by being translated into harmonies of sound.

There will never be a lack of original music, because there is no end to the new experiences of the soul which grow out of its pilgrimage through the ages and rise to perception by means of a gradually perfecting vehicle. It gathers fresh combinations of feelings from every trial and test, and, surely, if they were musically recorded as some of them have been, they would be as divinely original as the most noted musical productions.

Feelings are concealed within every breast and find vent in speech, gesture, pose, and the ever-changing manifestation of appearance of the body. It is futile to try to reason out the problem of originality, genius, character, without a knowledge of the continuity of existence; that is to say, a recognition of the knowledge which inheres in the soul, and which is brought over from one life to another. Without it there is no satisfactory explanation of the sudden rising of genius at early youth, such souls as are now coming into incarnation in great numbers. But in the light of the ancient doctrine of rebirth and the long delayed application of the inflexible law of cause and effect, we no longer wonder that a man, who has worked with never-ceasing labor during one long lifetime, aspiring to the ideals of art, poetry, music, without bringing to actual fruition one thousandth part of his accumulating wisdom, should — after the close of such a life — be reborn with his moral possessions as a natural heritage, blossoming forth in earliest youth as a refreshing prodigy.

Genius, or the power to produce original music, does not grow on trees, nor from accidental hereditary combination; it is the effect of causes, the fruitage of one's own sowing to which no power could add one iota nor detract anything whatsoever; it is the inevitable result of a life or lives of aspiration on the line of the moral evolution of the soul. STUDENT



CARVED DOORS OF ARYAN TEMPLE AT LOMA-LAND

Tardy Recognition of Genius

IN 1899 Max Bruch, the German composer who represented Germany, as Saint-Saens and Tschaiikowsky represented France and Russia, was given the honorary degree of Mus. Doc., by the University of Cambridge. Bruch, whose violin Concerto in G minor is a masterpiece, was born in Germany, in 1838. It is interesting to know that his mother was an accomplished musician, at one time a soloist at the Rhine festivals, and it was from her that he received his first instruction in music. When only nine years of age he made his first attempts at composition and at fourteen a Symphony of his own composing was presented by the Cologne Philharmonic Society. In that year he won the *Mozart Stiftung Stipendium* at Frankfort, one of the Judges being Spohr himself. This made it possible for him to continue his musical studies, and before long he had composed the music for an opera based on the *Lorelei* legend. Some years later, he wrote the famous *Fritzhof Scenen*, for male chorus, solo, and orchestra. While still under thirty he was appointed *Court Capellmeister* to Prince Schwarzberg-Sondershausen, a position which gave him great opportunities to perfect himself in choral writing. It was during this time that he composed his marvelous Concerto in G minor, which he dedicated to Joachim, and of which a fellow musician wrote, "Grave and earnest from beginning to end, yet rising into pas-

sionate outbursts of almost tragic intensity, this work from the outset acquired a place of its own among violin Concertos. Its melodies have a character deeper, nobler and more genuinely expressive than any former work of the composer's and its solo part is written with consummate knowledge of violin effect."

In 1873 Bruch composed the splendid "Odysseus," a massive work for soli, orchestra and choir, and among the most recent of his compositions are several violin concertos of marvelous depth and brilliancy, among them an *Adagio Appassionato* for violin and orchestra, the arrangement of a number of Swedish melodies for violin and piano, and "In Memoriam," an *adagio* for violin and orchestra. During recent years, since his return from a visit to America, Bruch has gone back to old Greece once again for inspiration, as so many in all departments of art are doing today, and the result has been his recently published work the "Achilleus."

Among its striking scenes are the parting between Hector and Andromache; the battle between Hector and Achilles ending in a triumphal song of victory; the funeral ceremonies in honor of the dead Patroclus; the lamentations of the bereaved Andromache and, leading to the epilogue, the scene in which the aged Priam begs for the restoration of the body of his slain son.

A Return to the Golden Age Through the Children

Paper read by Miss Ethel Wood at the Opera House, San Diego, April 27, 1902

THERE was a time when all the world was young. It was the Golden Age, when the races of men walked and talked with the gods who dwelt among them. In those days life was joy, for pain had not yet entered in. Peace was in every home for the mind had not yet begun its clamor and discord had not laid its hand upon the race. To this day the legends, the traditions of all peoples without exception, take us back to this blessed time. For it did exist even though written history does not record it, that time when all people lived the joyous life because death and fear had not yet come to be. It was a Golden Age, truly, and those philosophers do not err who speak of it as the "world's childhood."

But those days passed. The light failed. Darkness came over the souls of men, hand in hand with its twin companion, fear, and although the minds of men came to be turned away from the light, becoming occupied with speculation and mere head-learning, the memory of the Golden Realm never left their hearts. Ever since written history began, and even long before, something in men's hearts has urged them to look beyond the mere speculations of the mind and the mere desires of the body. All the ages have witnessed this unvoiced heart-cry for "more light."

And the cry has been answered. For there is a great brooding mother-heart which yearns to help humanity's children and ever watches and waits. And thus it comes about that age after age Bringers of the True Light have come into the world. They have come as Teachers, Comrades. We know them as philosophers, as the Great Souls of all ages. There have been many such; Confucius and Lao-tze in China, Menes in Egypt, Zoroaster in Persia, Socrates in Greece, Hypatia in Alexandria, Jesus in Palestine, Quexalcoatl in Mexico; and there have been others also. Always have they brought the same doctrine, the same truths, and it is by this sign that we know them. It is because Helena P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley have brought to men the same Heart Doctrine, that we know them to be also Bringers of Light, World Teachers and Great Souls.

Yet, while the philosophy brought by the Teachers is eternally the same, the methods of its presentation always differ and always will, because nations and races never afford the same opportunities, because different methods must be employed at different times. But in one respect the methods of the present Teachers and Leaders, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, differ from those of past Teachers and it is this. The philosophers of ancient days spoke unto the adult, unto the man and the woman. The philosophers of today speak unto the little child. Is not that a step forward? Do we realize how stupendous will be the results, now that this step has been taken?

I fancy that the historian of the future will view the past with some astonishment and will ask himself, "Were there any children in those days? Was there such a state as childhood in the world?" Looking backward, it appears that men have certainly been oblivious to childhood for centuries. The child has never seemed to be taken into account, save as a something which was to be petted and spoiled, or else neglected; and then sent out into the world wholly unfitted to cope with its difficulties. Therefore, is it so strange that the old philosophers, in trying to reach humanity with the great truths of the soul, left the child quite out of the question? I think they did not wish to do so. I think they must have known, as you and I know today, that if the true philosophy could become a living power in the lives of little children the whole battle would be won, the misery of ages would in time be transformed into joy, and humanity would be saved.

But they could not make humanity understand. And so it came about that these teachers framed their philosophy for the adult mind and the children of the world were not reached. Indeed, saving for the teachings of Socrates, as mirrored to us in *Plato's Republic* and in some of the Greek statutes and municipal laws, the children of the world were in most cases left very much out of the question.

But Jesus came and set a little child in their midst, rebuking his disciples for the notion that his philosophy was only for the grown up man and woman. It was the Christ who tried to bring humanity into sympathy with the child state and to teach men that only the one who was at heart a child could hope to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Again humanity did not understand. And through the devices of those who shut the light away from humanity's children because only so could they rule them, the Dark Ages came on. Ten, twelve, nearly fifteen centuries passed, and again the attention of men was drawn to childhood, this time by the artist, the

painter, Cimabue, Botticelli, Ghirlandajo and, at last, Raphael, painted their wonderful pictures of the Christ child. Thus the child became the eternal symbol of that regenerate state into which the struggling soul enters when at last it has found the "Kingdom of Heaven" which, as Jesus said, "is within you." And again humanity passed the lesson by, not realizing that its real hope lay in the children, and that all evolution depended upon whether or not childhood should come to be understood.

Twenty-five years ago H. P. Blavatsky came to humanity, a Bringer of Light, messenger of the same true philosophy of life. And she longed to make this a living power in the lives of children, for she realized that the child learns easily what the adult learns very, very hard. She realized that the one who gains a knowledge of his own nature in childhood, and a mastery over it, becomes a giant of helpfulness among men, a true and compassionate comrade of those who are living in sin or facing despair. Many years ago she wrote in the *Key to Theosophy*: "If we had money we would found schools, which would turn out something else than reading and writing candidates for starvation. Children should above all be taught self-reliance, love for all men, altruism, mutual charity, and more than anything else, to think and reason for themselves. . . . We would endeavor to deal with each child as a unit, and to educate it so as to produce the most harmonious and equal unfoldment of its powers, in order that its special aptitudes should find their full, natural development. We should aim at creating free men and women, free intellectually, free morally, unprejudiced in all respects, and above all, unselfish."

Nearest to the heart of William Q. Judge was the work for the children but because, unfortunately, some of his students did not understand the importance of this and did not help him, he was not able to do the work for children that he desired and thought might be done.

But what has his successor accomplished, the present Leader, Katherine Tingley? It is she who has taken the great step forward, a step which humanity might have taken ages and ages ago had men only recognized the Great Teacher, and been true and loyal to sustain him. We failed then but we have learned much during the past centuries which have been so full of pain. Today we are glad of the chance that lies before us to help this friend of humanity to make Theosophy a living power in the lives of little children. Think of it! Think of what it means to the world and to the future! Is it not the secret of bringing the great souls of past ages again to earth? Is it not the pledge, the assurance, of a Golden Age?

The work for little children is really, today, the heart and center of the Theosophical movement. The Raja Yoga School is today humanity's greatest hope. Is this an extravagant statement? If you think so, examine the schools of the world, and where will you find one that gives the child a knowledge of his own nature? They may give him a knowledge of Greek and Latin, but you will find in every insane asylum, in every alms-house, in every penitentiary in the land, men who know Latin and Greek. Plainly, such knowledge is not a saving knowledge, and you and I know that more important is a knowledge of oneself, of one's own nature. And this the schools of the world do not give and they frankly confess it. This knowledge the Raja Yoga School for children on Point Loma does give. In that school, which follows a system originated in its present practical application by Katherine Tingley, the child gains a knowledge of himself as a dual being, possessing a higher and a lower nature. He gains the mastery over his lower impulses, pressing them into the service of the higher. He gains the key which unlocks to him all the resources of his divine life. He stands forth at last a being kingly, divine, his life a perfect union of the threefold forces, physical, mental, and spiritual. Katherine Tingley has succeeded in doing what former Great Teachers did not do. She has touched with the magic of a true philosophy the heart of the child—and the child has understood. Is not this a mighty step forward? And in conclusion I would say, shame, shame upon the man or woman who would put a straw in the way of this friend of little children. You have such in your city and they are eating out the heart-life of its prosperity. If all lovers of right and justice, if all who love little children in the highest way, would protest as I am protesting, in a short time such as these would realize their mistakes. They would either be silenced into right action or they would flee from the society of good men and women, leaving those who are giving their lives to serve humanity's children free and unhampered in the doing of their work.

AND do you count as nothing God, who fights for us? God, who protects the innocence of the orphan and makes his power be felt in weakness; God, who hates tyrants?—RACINE



It was a shrewd saying, whoever said it, that "The man who first brought ruin on the Roman people was he who pampered them by largesses and amusements."—PLUTARCH

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

An Archaeological Find and Its Moral

ARCHÆOLOGICAL finds continue to be reported from various parts of the world. A peculiarly interesting discovery of this nature is reported from the French Pyrenees. Some workmen engaged in quarrying stone discovered the perfectly preserved body of one of the ancient cave dwellers, and lying beside him were his implements and eating utensils, together with the remains of a fire and the bones of animals. The scientific authorities, who were quickly on the spot, believe that a period of about ten thousand years has elapsed since that stone tomb was hewn and closed again.

We believe that we are justified in pointing a moral from the fact that immediately upon the receipt of this news the French government hastened to appropriate \$40,000 for the purpose of an extended examination of the neighborhood, and that the French Academy of Science supplemented this grant by a further donation of \$20,000 for the same purpose.

Now the soil of America—and America is the wealthiest country in the world—is covered with archæological remains as important and as interesting as anything to be found in Europe, but we are placidly contented to allow these marvelous records to be ruthlessly destroyed by anyone who needs the stones of which they are made, the ground upon which they stand, or who imagines that buried treasure may be the reward of a vandalistic and ignorant excavation. The national treasury remains hermetically closed to all appeals for the systematic restoration of the country's history, while the money resources of France are available, almost unsolicited, for a similar work of what the French very properly consider to be the higher patriotism.

The national archives of a few hundred years are jealously guarded at Washington, but the infinitely more precious archives of past ages—and they were glorious ages—are absolutely at the mercy of the farmer, the builder and the tomb thief. In a few years it will be too late and the real history of America will be not only forgotten, but forever lost.

Destruction of Montezuma's Castle by Vandals

IN a few years' time Montezuma's Castle will have entirely disappeared, not by the ordinary processes of nature, but as a result of the mania for relic hunting and of the still more reprehensible search for supposed buried gold. Ordinary tools not being sufficiently efficacious in this work of destruction, dynamite has been employed to lay bare the burial vaults and to disclose whatever of interest they may contain.

Montezuma's Castle, or what is left of it, stands on the cliffs of Beaver Creek in Arizona. It is fifty-two feet in height and consists of five stories constructed of solid masonry, the walls being four feet thick. There are thirty-one rooms, and the whole edifice is perhaps the most remarkable record in existence of the prehistoric people who had disappeared from sight and from tradition ages before America was "discovered." It was visited many years ago by the English archæologist, Mr. Samuel Wren, who pronounced it to be the greatest archæological treasure of its kind which has ever been found, and of priceless value for purposes of study and of careful and reverential research. Estimates of its age are of course largely conjectural, but the lowest computation places it at four thousand years, which brings us to about the period at which our forefathers supposed the world itself to have been created. As a result of the ruthless excavations which have been carried out, one of the great walls has fallen within the past year and the day cannot be far distant when Montezuma's Castle will be little more than a memory and one of the irreplaceable treasures of America will have disappeared forever.

STUDENT

Long Lost Art of Tempering Copper

THE present age is compelled to admit, although very grudgingly, that antiquity possessed many natural secrets which we have lost. So long as this was merely a matter of recorded claim, it was denounced as superstition by a civilization which supposed itself to be the high water-mark of human advance. Today the research of archæolo-

gists has made good the claim of record and tradition, and in ancient Egypt and many other parts of the world, we are face to face with the products of pre-historic scientific achievement very far in advance of our own. To admit the lost arts of antiquity is a preliminary step to their recovery, and that the process of recovery has actually begun is evidenced from many sides.

We now hear that the long vanished secret of tempering copper has been again found. This success seems to be due to William Timmis of East Pittsburg, who has produced copper which is so hard as to practically defy the best tools. He made this discovery some twelve years ago, but allowed himself to be discouraged by the strange apathy of some of the persons to whom he showed his work. We now learn that the value of his discovery is about to be recognized, and that tempered copper will soon be upon the market.

The lost arts of antiquity will again come into the light of day, one by one. This will be due in no way to chance, but to the fixed cyclic laws by which the genius of a nation or of a people is reincarnated at its appointed time.

S. G. P. C.

The Wanton Destruction of Precious Relics

DR. JAMES M. WELLER of Chicago University has been expressing himself with commendable force on the wanton destruction of national archæological relics. He has recently made a trip of inspection to the cliff dwellings in Utah, and he was horrified to see the progress of demolition within the short space of eleven years, since his previous visit. In his opinion, these marvelous remains have already been irreparably destroyed for all purposes of scientific examination. Many tons of material were violently detached for exhibition at the World's Fair and, this purpose accomplished, they have been dispersed through the medium of curio shops and well nigh all trace of them has of course been hopelessly lost. Dynamite has been used to force open the tombs, and great volumes of masonry with their priceless contents have been blown into fragments by the same means, in the greedy search for relics, which will do no more than arouse a momentary and languid interest in those for whose benefit this shocking work has been done. It must be regretfully admitted that America is the only country in the world where such atrocities would be tolerated. When the apathy of the Government authorities is eventually overcome, it will be too late to save any substantial portion of these national records or to read the history which they commemorate.

An Ancient Axe of Tempered Copper

IT has been recently stated that the lost art of tempering copper has been re-discovered. That this process was actually understood at a very remote antiquity has just received additional confirmation from the discovery upon the shore of Lake Gogebic of an axe of tempered copper, which must have belonged to the pre-historic dwellers upon the lake front. The metal part of the axe is nearly two feet long and half an inch thick, and the temper is so fine that steel tools make no impression whatever upon it. It was evidently bound by thongs to a wooden handle which has of course entirely disappeared. Copper knife blades, similarly tempered, have been previously found in the same locality.

The Whale and the Elephant in Arizona

THE museum at Tucson, Arizona, has just been enriched by the skeleton of a whale which was discovered in the desert south of Yuma. In the same museum, and from the same locality, are also displayed the tusks and the lower jawbone of an elephant which, when alive, must have been of unusual size.

What vast periods of time are legibly recorded by these discoveries! In them we read of the deserts of Arizona alternately covered by the deep sea, the home of the whale, and by the primeval forests, the home of the elephant. To speak of America as the "new world" becomes every day more and more of a misnomer.

THE NEW CENTURY should carry joy and hope to a million families.

A Thousand Acres of Gems & Precious Stones

A WASHINGTON dispatch to the *Los Angeles Herald*, dated April 20th, says: The passage in the lower house of Congress a few days ago of a bill setting aside as a National Park the great petrified forest of Northern Arizona, came just in time to save from destruction a wonderful natural curiosity, which has but one equal on this Continent, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

In the Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming, in California and Northern Mexico, as well as in other portions of Arizona, have been found petrified trees, but none of them are to be compared to the immense fossilized forest which lies close to Holbrook, where the government protectorate is to be established.

The forest is in the midst of the great desert of Apache. Fifty miles to the northeast is the Navajo Indian Reservation, some eighty-five miles to the northwest is the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and intervening are several ancient Moki pueblos, perched on their tablelands or mesas of stone.

Scientists state that the Arizona forest belongs far back in the mesozoic time, probably to the triassic formation, while the smaller forests found elsewhere are of the tertiary age. The difference in their antiquity is, therefore, probably many million years. The forest proper covers some two square miles, but petrified trees are to be seen in an area of fifty square miles. It is a remarkable sight. Charles Dudley Warner states that it is a spot where the most blasé globe trotter stands in mute wonder. With the exception of a single cottonwood trunk, the trees are of an extinct coniferous species. They lie prone upon the ground. The section or ends of the logs show brilliant

reds and yellows and dull blues. The bark is not brilliant, but dull, and wonderfully well preserved. Some of the trees show even the knots to perfection. Some of the petrified logs are four feet in diameter and from ten to twelve feet long. They have no branches, but the hundreds of small pieces, varying from a couple of inches to one foot in diameter, are probably the remains of branches.

Here and there are heaps of chips from the petrified trees, and the beauty of color is bewildering. There are literally thousands of bushels of chips that are red moss agate and may be beautifully polished. There are many times more chips of amethyst, gray topaz and vari-hued agates, showing the grain of the trees as they grew millions of years ago. One may obtain cross sections of logs showing in completest detail the annual ring-marks and separation of the bark from the trees. The stone is of the hardest and takes an incomparable polish.

Thousands of pounds of pieces from these trees, turned to agate, have been sent all over America and Europe, to be polished and sold for ornaments. Indeed, so rapid has grown the work of despoiling the forest that in many places scores of trees have been entirely removed.

The Zuni Indians told the United States surveyors about the spot where their polished agates came from, and Colonel John W. Stedman was probably the first white man who ever looked upon the petrified forest. That was in 1851, and two years later he told of his discovery in a New York newspaper. In July, 1852, Jules Marceau, another United States civil engineer, made a collection of specimens and extensive mention is made of it in the government reports. The tourist and vandal did not get at it until near 1880, when the Santa Fe railroad was built.

The stone was polished and manufactured at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, until a recent government order stopped the removal of the stone from the forest. The cost of cutting and polishing the petrification approaches that of treating diamonds, as it is calculated to be seven-tenths the hardness of a diamond.

The aboriginal Indians of Arizona and New Mexico found the petrified forest a mine of wealth to them, ages before the white man saw America. Jewelry charms, idols, arrow points, pestles and various weapons,

made of the beautiful chips from the stone trees, may still be found, centuries old, among the tribes as far north as Wyoming, and as far south as Zacatecas, Mexico. The Navajos and Zunis of New Mexico used to make annual trips across the desert of sand to the trees of agate, and the articles made from the polished, attractive stone were eagerly traded for by other tribes of the southwest.

The action of heat and cold has broken most of the fossils into sections from two to twenty feet long, and some of them must have been immense trees. Measuring the exposed parts of several they must have been from 150 to 200 feet in length, and from two to four and one-half feet in diameter.

"Agate Bridge" is the most notable feature in this land of wonders. The portion of the forest where the finest specimens are found is in Apache county, from seventeen to twenty miles from Holbrook. The "bridge" is a tree-trunk, transformed into the finest agate, which spans a chasm sixty feet wide. This precious gem is 110 feet long and five feet and three inches in diameter at the base, tapering to three feet at the apex, and it contains enough material to give labor to all of the lapidaries in the world for the next generation. This log is one of thousands, many of them broken into huge fragments. It is impossible to conceive of the marvelous beauty of this region, for the ground is covered with amethysts, red and yellow jasper, topaz, onyx, carnelian and gigantic specimens of every variety—gems as big as flour barrels and steam boilers. Sections of some of the trees in the petrified forest, several feet in diameter and large enough for the tops of tables, have been cut and polished. Not even the im-



LOMA CLIFFS—Where the Irresistible Force meets the Immovable Body

perial works at Elcatorinbourg, in Russia, with their wealth of kalkansto jasper, massive malachite and other superb ornamental stone, can rival the beauty of the agatized wood of Arizona.

From Holbrook station over three hundred tons of agate and jasper from the petrified forests were shipped to stone polishers during the year 1896, and the amount has increased during some years since. A hotel in Denver has a counter made of polished slabs from two of the finest stone trees in the forest. Some commercial vandals have blown to pieces with dynamite magnificent specimens of trees to get a pocketful of chips and crystals from the heart of the tree.

A scientific theory concerning the petrification is to the effect that, after the forest of pines and cedars was established, the basin or valley became a lake. This valley has an area approximately of 100 by 80 miles, and is surrounded by extinct volcanoes. These volcanoes emptied themselves into the lake, and the trees became soaked with silicious water. Silica took the place of every fiber and atom of wood. The colors of red, brown, purple, yellow and blue, came from the iron and manganese in solution in the water. All this took place before the existence of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. When nature formed that big ditch the lake was drained and the water in its rush to the northwest leveled the stone trees, breaking them off as smoothly as if they had been sawed. This sustains the theory that the trees were petrified where they grew. Every year reports of finds of new trees

come from Arizona and New Mexico. The most important discovery in years was that made by James M. Pulver, Territorial Geologist, and party, two years ago, in the foothills about twelve miles east of Winslow, and probably forty-five miles from "Agate Bridge." He was hunting lost horses when he came upon sandstone cliffs, notable because of their perpendicularity. These cliffs have worn away, leaving exposed huge trees, which may be observed quite a distance from the valley, standing out in bold relief, like pillars of an ancient temple. A closer view shows these trees to be from four to six feet in diameter and often twenty to thirty feet high, with their great roots shooting off into solid rock. The only living trees found in the vicinity of the fossil forests are pines and spruces and two kinds of cottonwood.



San Diego's First Jail, the Builder Being Its First Prisoner

aid. The manly sincerity of our two comrades will elicit a response wherever they are known and heard.

Last of all, and as a fitting close, came the speech of the Leader, of which we are so fortunate as to possess a verbatim report for the benefit of our readers throughout the world. Struggling with accumulated physical disabilities, she was so far able to triumph over them as to be with us throughout the whole meeting and to send us away to our homes with a long and happy backward glance at the road over which we have come, and with the conviction in our minds that the path is broad and fair in front of us, and that a continuance of devotion is alone needed to ward off all attacks in the future as in the past. We know that the art of the printer is not the only vehicle through which the Leader's words will pass straight into the hearts of our comrades, and that throughout the world will sound the living message of the form, and the color, and the sound, from the New Adyar upon the hills of Loma-land.

Report of Speeches—Continued

The speakers of the evening were Katherine Tingley, E. A. Neresheimer, Clark Thurston, F. M. Pierce, H. T. Patterson, Mrs. Elizabeth Churchill Spalding, Dr. Gertrude W. Van Pelt, Miss E. Wood, W. T. Hanson, J. H. Fussell, Rev. S. J. Neill, R. Crosbie, I. L. Harris, Dr. H. Coryn, Dr. Rose Winkler, Dr. L. Wood, A. G. Spalding and D. C. Reed. Some of these have already been reported in last issue and the report is continued below:

Mrs. ELIZABETH CHURCHILL SPALDING—Silent but eloquent, with pictured thoughts symbolical of a mighty future, these desks seem to embody in concrete form all the struggles and conquests of the past life of the Theosophical Society. They represent every phase of life that is of an active, progressive nature, and each desk here forms the center, as it were, that will feed its vein of life the whole world over. Seven years ago today was started not only the new life of the Theosophical Society, but the real beginning of the Leadership of Katherine Tingley. Although William Q. Judge was elected President of the Society for life, his day of work was practically ended then, for after he returned to New York after the close of the convention he never attended another Aryan meeting nor continued his office work at the Headquarters, owing to his precarious state of health. His paper bidding good-bye to the Aryan members previous to his departure for the summer months was his last written word to them.

Our Leader, unknown to members generally, accompanied Mr. Judge to Boston. It was she who planned, guided and led all the moves of that convention jointly with him. No one who was present that day will ever forget the great cheer that went up from that body of members when Judge was declared President of the Society for life. It was not like the sound of human voice, it seemed the great, victorious tone from a body of souls who had met and conquered with their heart's blood the demons of darkness which had overpowered truth for ages.

Boston was a strong center, counting amongst its members many true, brave hearts who have since

gathered around our Leader at Loma-land, among whom is Robert Crosbie, who at the time of this great convention was President of the Boston Lodge. The work which began so nobly, so wonderfully, that day in Boston seven years ago has left a fire burning there which will last for all time.

Well do I remember our Leader and her appearance that day. But as I now recall those years many things which Mr. Judge said to me then of the present Leader's future work, are becoming each day more manifest. Great was the joy when the Theosophical Society incarnated seven years ago today in a new body.

S. ETHELIND WOOD—What more fitting tribute and reverence could we render on this day, the seventh anniversary of our recognition of the true position in the Theosophical Society, of our beloved Chief, William Q. Judge, than this offering of our heart's devotion—the sunshine of the flowers, and the purity of childhood!

Do not our hearts respond with a freer and more noble feeling each time we renew and strengthen our determination to uphold the lives of those who have been crucified by the world's selfishness?

How often the picture of William Q. Judge, sitting alone and proclaiming in divinest words to his audience of empty chairs the philosophy of a pure life, stands as a living picture of inspiration. And now, behold, a few of his words have taken life already, the Temple, the Isis Conservatory of Music and Drama, our Homestead of peace, and a home and school where the children, the future helpers of humanity, are being taught the wonderful and helpful secrets of their own lives.

Long may this Flower Day dwell in the minds of all, and may our devotion to the principles of right, for which William Q. Judge fought and died, reflect a life of honor and purity.

REV. S. J. NEILL—Today we recall a time of great struggle, and an hour of

great victory. In the hearty, the enthusiastic manner in which W. Q. Judge was elected President for life at the Boston Convention the Chief must have felt some degree of satisfaction that his struggle had already borne so much fruit. It was not only the united voice of so many Theosophists declaring that they resented the persecution to which W. Q. Judge had been subjected, and were determined to make some amends for the suffering which others had caused him and which they had allowed to continue through their lack of knowledge of the real issue; it had a much more important position in the Theosophical Movement than that. It marked a new departure, it indicated a change of center, it prophesied that henceforth this country, America, was to be the center of the Theosophical Movement—and not of it only, but of many other things as well.

We in the far distant Southern Pacific could catch a faint glimpse of the man, worn by sickness and worry who sat at the table at that Convention, and who acknowledged in silence, the decision of the meeting. His life today, as when he was with us, is an inspiration to ever continue unselfishly his work for Humanity.

CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE

No one sees his own faults, but is lynx-eyed to those of his neighbor.—DEMOSTHENES

A CORNER OF LOMA HOMESTEAD ROTUNDA ON APRIL 28TH



Students



Path

Tears

by LIZZETTE WOODWORTH REESE, in Scribner's

WHEN I consider Life and its few years,
 A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;
 A call to battle, and the battle done
 Ere the last echo dies within our ears;
 A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;
 The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat;
 The burst of music down an unlistening street—
 I wonder at the idleness of tears.
 Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
 Chieftains, and bards, and keepers of the sheep,
 By every cup of sorrow that you had,
 Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
 How each hath back what once he stayed to weep;
 Homer his sight, David his little lad!

What the World Might Become

if Neurotic Lunatics Had the Making of It

WHEN a writer of sensational pseudo-scientific storyettes, bred in the artificial atmosphere of modern civilized life, sits down to scribble his "ideas" as to the "future" of "humanity," he produces something utterly unrelated to history, to prosaic facts, and to the character and possibilities of real men; and none the less so because, in his madness, he may fancy that he is the only really practical and undeluded prophet that ever lived.

We laugh at the satires of *Gulliver's Travels*, and think them overdrawn, but nowhere in satirical writing do we find anything half so preposterous as in some serious productions of our day. In Laputa, professors wrote books by turning the crank of a word machine and copying down the sentences thus formed. They had method in their madness, but nowadays some people have madness in their method, for so-called methodical reasoning has surely outrun the limits of sanity.

Mr. H. G. Wells, in his *Anticipations*, indulges in one of those ingeniously grotesque predictions which triumphantly ignore all the lessons of history, take no account of the nature of man, and are deduced solely from a few "tendencies" which the author thinks he discerns in humanity through the smoky windows of his study.

Because American towns have grown within the last few years, they are to grow proportionately in the next few; and New York is to have 40,000,000 population, and the whole country from Washington to Albany is to be practically a single metropolis. Because the last few years have witnessed great mechanical development, the next few are to witness still greater, and people are to do their shopping by telephone and mail chute.

The people will be divided into—(1) Idle rich, doing no work and enjoying everything; (2) helpless poor, no longer needed, since machines do all the work; (3) a middle class of "capable" people; (4) a class of "individuals," "living in and by the social confusion."

In short, every tendency which Mr. Wells discerns now will continue indefinitely in the same direction.

The critics of this production seem to have been hypnotized by the author's plausible and quasi-scientific style, and certainly we must credit Mr. Wells, in all his writings, with the faculty of *vraisemblance*. But the best corrective would be to read other prophecies deduced by the same method from other data, and leading consequently to other absurd extremes. Take for instance the medical one, where it is inferred that present conditions of physical degeneration will be continued until the race becomes toothless and hairless, walks on its hands, and feeds in a bath of peptonized broth. Or Bellamy's, where humanity is regarded purely as an economic animal, and temporary economic evils fill the

author's whole horizon. Then we have M. Bloch predicting the future of war, and astronomers and geologists predicting the future of the globe, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

For ourselves—what do we predict for humanity? In the first place, we take a wholesomely large survey of human history, and do not confine ourselves to a minute scrutiny of a small and decadent section thereof. We do not project any straight line infinitely far into the future and carry it at a tangent into the realms of mathematical speculation. To us, progress moves in curved lines, and humanity changes each moment the direction of its tendencies. People like Mr. Wells cannot seem to imagine how a tendency once started can ever become deflected, because they do not recognize any *deus ex machina* that can bring an outside influence to bear. And truly, were man the automatic machine he is represented to be, he would doubtless continue to revolve round the same narrow circle till friction wore him out.

But what of that mighty divine spirit that continually hurls itself like the lightning into human history, shattering the fixed growths, melting together all the solid shapes, and stirring to the bottom every stagnant pool? Did the Roman empire go on growing and growing until it covered the whole earth, and the emperors get more and more luxurious, and the mob more and more degraded; or did a new and more vigorous race sweep down and blot the whole thing out? Have there never been great reformers and religious founders bursting upon decadent ages with a new life that has warmed the veins of humanity for centuries?

We see in humanity tendencies that pass over Mr. Wells' bowed head of a student; a tendency to put out its foot and kick his mechanical prison into the sea, and come out into sunny California and shout. Will humanity be content to fall into four classes and locomote and telephone? No more than it would be content to Bellamize or to fulfill the program of any other mushroom prophet. Humanity, thanks to its God-breathed life, has a healthy way of kicking off the bed clothes and getting up and stretching, and we think it is getting ready to do that now.

H. T. E.

Be like the bird that, halting in her flight
 Awhile on bough too slight,
 Feels it give way beneath her and yet sings,
 Knowing that she hath wings. —VICTOR HUGO

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

DEAR COMRADES: The Raja Yoga School is usually associated in our minds only with the children. Of course, in one sense, that is true. But I believe that the School embraces in its curriculum training for the babe from the time it takes its first breath until the veteran warrior throws off his mortal coil to again rehabilitate himself with a new fleshly garment. Therefore I believe that the grown-ups or elders are also enrolled in a Raja Yoga School.

Here in Loma-land or elsewhere, if we follow the advice and suggestions of the Teacher, we can discipline ourselves by every thought and act from sunrise to sunset. The goal reached today may be the beginning for tomorrow's endeavor. In truth, we are students of a Raja Yoga School and its system holds good for young or old.

All are engaged in various departments of work. To me the mystery of its system is that we are not made to feel we are instructed or at school, but encouraged to unconsciously unfold our talents and character. So I believe we are serving an apprenticeship, differing from that in the world, serving the higher nature in ourselves and all humanity.

The motive and the spirit which prompts the performance of our duties bring us face to face with ourselves. If we are sincere we can live our lives in accord with our philosophy and realize its value with every step we take.

We are beginning to realize that the soul of man may dwell with Deity while tilling the soil as well as when picturing the sunset's glow upon canvas. And so, dear comrades, we are going through a preparatory course of training which is laying the foundation, not only for future years of service, but for all eternity. And in time as the system of the Raja Yoga School has set a new pace for us, more natural, and more forceful, it will become the only desirable system for all the institutions of the world.

A FRIEND

The Golden Light of the Seventh Fairy

"JOE! that branch is not strong enough to bear you! I think we have enough," said Muriel, and she knelt on the grass and began picking up the nuts.

"I say," she continued, raising her voice, "we have as many as we can carry; and if you don't leave off at once, you can't have a story."

Immediately there was a swinging of leafy boughs in the surrounding hazel trees, and one by one, little Susie, Eva, Joe, and several others came scrambling and dropping to the ground.

"Look at my dress!" said Eva in dismay, holding up a great rent to view. "What will mother say? She said yesterday she would make me a dress of leather; and I promised to be more careful. Well, I can't help it. I don't see why dress stuffs can't be made so they won't tear, when a twig looks at them." "It's because you climb like a boy," remarked Susie.

"Let's have the story, before we fill the baskets,"

said Joe. "O, yes, the story first!" they shouted;

and soon they were grouped round Muriel, some sitting, some lying. "Old Meg," Muriel began, "told me about a baby this time, and one night when it lay in its cot, and all was still, the six fairies, all shiny and beautiful, came in and stood round it; and just as the first fairy was going to give her gift, the fifth and sixth fairies held up their hands. That meant that they must wait for the seventh fairy. After a time she came, and she just knew they had waited. Then the first fairy said: 'I give him happiness.' The second, 'I give him love of freedom.' And, as she was saying this, the seventh fairy made a sign.

And the fifth and sixth fairies joined hands across the cot, and the seventh fairy bent forward, and a golden light hovered over the baby. Then the third said: 'He will love the gay.' And the fourth, 'He will love books.' Then the first four fairies went away, greatly pleased, because they knew if the baby liked their gifts he would not think much about the light, which was shining over him.

"The other fairies stood for some time, just looking at the baby, and the golden light still shone over it; then they went away, and when little Frank, the baby, grew, he was such a romp, and loved to have his own way, and made a great noise when he didn't get it; and he just hated to go out with his nurse; he liked best to go by himself; and once when there was a procession, he did go. He wanted to be free, so that he could walk close to the band or where he could look at the flags and banners and be just where he wanted to be; and he went with it all through the city, and didn't get home till after dark. His mother intended to punish him, but she was so glad to see him safe that she didn't, she just cried and held him tight. Frank was a little bit ashamed, but not much, because he was still thinking of the band, and the banners, and the flags.

"And when he grew older, he just had a good time, but, sometimes, he would slip out into the garden, on nights when the sky was bright with stars, and he used to long to rise, right up, into the deep, deep blue—it seemed so open, so free; but somehow it made him sad, too, because there was a feeling in his heart he couldn't understand. And he would think—'The stars have something to tell—if only I could know.' Then he got tired of story books and began to read books to find out about the stars. And he became great, and gave lectures, and wrote books himself, all about the heavenly bodies—and he forgot that the stars themselves had something to tell.

"But one night he was restless and thought his books stupid, and he went out, and a strange feeling came over him—he thought the stars looked reproachfully at him, so he walked quickly up and down, thinking he mustn't be well; but it wasn't so, it was because a golden light was hovering near him, reminding him of something he had forgotten. After this, when he looked at the stars, the feeling he had when he was a little boy came back, and the golden light shone brighter and brighter. And in his lectures now he never said, 'it must be so,' because he knew that he didn't know what the stars had to tell him. And he lived to be old, and the world called him great, but he was beginning to grow wise, and he knew he wasn't great. And when he was by himself he would think, 'I have sought in the wrong way; it was from a feeling in my heart that the longing to know arose.

In my heart I knew the stars had something to tell. If only I had looked within, as well as without, perhaps"—just then the golden light shone so bright, and he looked up and smiled, and thought, 'some day I will know.'" Muriel paused. "And did he?" inquired Joe. "I wanted to know that, too," replied Muriel, and Meg said he would. Then, she told me to look at the oak tree, and asked me whether I thought the leaves came from the tree or the tree from the leaves. So I said, 'the leaves from the tree.'

"Then she told me all the little babies are just like the leaves, and that that within them—which tries to make them think of things that won't die and brings them near to the pure and beautiful in their hearts so that they can accept the gift of the seventh fairy—is like the tree.

"And then she said, 'of course you know that the tree puts out new leaves every year, but the tree doesn't die, although the leaves do.' Then she said, 'just think over that, dear, and perhaps the fifth fairy will help you to understand.'"

"Does the fifth fairy help us to know things?" asked Susie.

"Yes, but only when we try to think for ourselves, because she can only help us from within." A. P. D.



A RAJA YOGA BOY WITH HUGE CAULIFLOWER FROM THE HOMESTEAD GARDEN

DEAR Buds and Blossoms: On Thursday, the 8th day of May, we celebrated White

White Lotus Day in Loma-land

Lotus Day in Loma-land. It is the anniversary of the day when Madame Blavatsky, the first Leader, whom we love so much, went away. But on that day we are never sad because, to Raja Yoga boys and girls, the change was really a birthday into a still more beautiful life. And so the 8th of May is every year a joy day all over the world.

In Loma-land the day opened with music. There was a service of the Aryan members in the Temple, and we children held a meeting of our own in our large Group House, at the same time. Then we all marched to the Amphitheater and there sung our songs and paid loving tribute in beautiful flowers. Even the little birdies were silent as if to listen. The wee babies were in the center near the altar, and about them were the Raja Yoga Warriors, each with his shield and lance. Beyond them were the grown-ups, and over their heads waved the flags of all

nations. And all that was said and done, all the songs that came right out of our hearts, all the happiness

of that morning I never could tell you even by writing a whole book.

Do the Buds and Blossoms all over the world realize that some of the beauty and love and joy that has come into our lives could never have been had not Madame Blavatsky come and fought so nobly for us? When she came so many people were afraid; afraid to die, and afraid to do right because it was sometimes hard; and oftentimes afraid of each other. And even little children who tried to live the joy life and be happy—because that is the natural way you know—could not do so because their fathers and mothers did not know how to help them. It is all changed today in Loma-land, and some day, we children know, all the world will be changed, and sunlight and joy will be everywhere, not just because of the words she said to us, but because she set something a-growing in our hearts.

BROTHER FRED

UNLESS the foundations of a family be properly prepared and laid, those who are sprung from it must necessarily be unfortunate.—PLUTARCH

A FALSE ACCUSER is a monster, a dangerous monster, ever and in every way malignant and ready to seek cause of complaint.—DEMOSTHENES

"Where Rail and Tide Meet, There Cast Anchor"

Investors, Speculators, & Real Estate Dealers

GET IN ON THE
GROUND FLOOR
AT SAN DIEGO
EARLY

San Diego is the Open Door to the Orient & Investors now will be Capitalists later

CAN'T YOU SEE THE HAND OF DESTINY?

- 2700 miles saved in encircling the globe via this port
- Three Transcontinental Railroads heading for this Harbor
- The Commerce of the Southwest and of the Pacific is being concentrated at the Bay of San Diego
- Look out for Big Developments; the Market is active now

If you want to
Buy or Sell
there, address

D. C. Reed

Established 1870

Ex-Mayor of San Diego

Patrolize Home Industry, build up This City, increase the value of Your Own Property

Pleasant & Son

PRACTICAL

UPHOLSTERERS

Parlor Furniture, Couches, Lounges,
Mattresses, Spring Beds, etc.
REPAIRED OR RECOVERED

Our specialties are First-Class Workmanship & Low Prices

CARPETS & FINE RUGS CLEANED BY THE CELEBRATED
HELLER PROCESS

BON TON UPHOLSTERY HOUSE

1154 Fifth Street, San Diego

Telephone Red 1926

Griswold Block

You will need a copy for yourself and several copies to send to your friends. The edition is limited.

An Address

by Katherine Tingley

in the Opera House
at San Diego, Sunday
evening, March 16th

1902

Neatly printed and bound, containing half-tone illustrations of the Opera House, Loma Homestead and the Aryan Temple.

This is the first public address of Katherine Tingley after her purchase of the Opera House, and in it is outlined broadly her plans for the beautiful theatre and its occupation by the Isis Conservatory of Music. Sent post paid for TEN CENTS.

THE THEOLOGICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

No Half-Way Ground

The issue between the higher critics and those who believe in the literalness of the Bible was put in excellent form by President Patton, of Princeton, of the Jubilee Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association convention. As he says, there are only two positions. We must believe or we must disbelieve. It is impossible to accept one-half of Christianity. The Gospel must be accepted or rejected. He puts it thus:

"There are but two positions. We are at the point where the roads fork. It is not a question of more creed or less creed; it is not a question of revising this or revising that. Let us not be deceived by raising a false issue. The sharp antithesis is before us. Christianity is either a piece of information supernaturally given with respect to a way of salvation, or else it is simply a phase of a great cosmic process, explicable in terms of a mere naturalistic evolution. That is your issue. If you take the latter view, then there is nothing supernatural—no virgin birth, no resurrection, no atonement, no sin, no need of atonement, no hope for the future—nothing distinctly in your Christianity worth keeping. If you take the former view, then the evangelical Christianity of Jesus Christ and Him crucified stands in all its power, and we may say today with as much assurance as the Apostle said it, 'I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation.'"—*The Toronto Sentinel*

The Barrister's Trick

A man entered an action against a railway company for injury to his arm in a railway accident. At the time of his trial he was questioned thus by the barrister: "I understand you have lost the use of your arm entirely through the railroad accident?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"How high can you lift your hand now?"

The plaintiff, with seeming great difficulty raised it about an inch. The barrister now asked:

"How far could you lift it before the accident?"

The plaintiff, taken by surprise, immediately answered: "Right up there" (shooting it right up above his head).

It is needless to add that the plaintiff failed to recover any damages.—*Selected*

A good moral lesson. If people would take as much pains to catch a slanderer as they do a thief, there would be less vicious work done in the world.

Thirteen Rules in Coins

"I have never been able to comprehend," said a veteran numismatist, "why so many Americans should believe that a vast amount of ill luck centers around the number 13."

"The commonest of all our silver coins is the 25 cent piece. In the words 'quarter dollar' are 13 letters.

"Thirteen letters compose E Pluribus Unum. In the tail of the eagle are 13 feathers, and in the shield are 13 lines. There are thirteen stars and 13 arrowheads, while if you will examine the bird through a microscope you will find 13 feathers in his wing."—*Exchange*

Increase in Immigration

This season promises to overtop all others in the number of immigrants to the United States. In two days alone last week there arrived at New York 13,000—the greatest number on record. This question of immigration is one of increasing importance. It is not the welfare only of those who come here and the opportunities which this country offers them, but rather the welfare of America and of Americans that is the burning question. How far is this invasion an aid to our moral as well as our commercial progress, and how far is it a hindrance?

ANNIVERSARY ceremonies in honor of the death of Verdi were held throughout Italy, recently, particularly in Rome and Milan, where the services were quite elaborate.

THERE is no one, however high-spirited he may be, that does not quail when he thinks of the evil deeds of his parents.—PLUTARCH



YOU and your friends are cordially invited to visit our
Museum
of Curiosities

Every attention will be shown to make your visit pleasant

BURNELL'S
CURIOSITY STORE

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Northeast Corner Fifth and D Streets

Mexican, Indian, Californian Relics & Souvenirs
We manufacture Hand-Carved Leather

Largest and Best Stock of Jewelry
in SAN DIEGO at

C. W. ERNSTING'S

Repair Work of all Kinds
Manufacturer of Jewelry
Large Stock of Souvenir
Spoons

915 FIFTH STREET SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Isis

Conservatory of Music

of the

Universal Brotherhood Point Loma, Cal.

San Diego Branch, 1940 B Street

Personal applications and inquiries received every Saturday by the Secretary at 1940 B Street, San Diego.
Hours 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Full particulars sent by mail on application . . . Address

J. H. FUSSELL, Secretary and Treasurer Isis Conservatory of Music, POINT LOMA, CAL.

FINE APPLES FROM THE MOUNTAINS, BELLFLOWERS, PIPPINGS ETC.

Good Tea at Sixty Cents, India,
Ceylon, Gunpowder,
Hyson, Oolong
Breakfast and
Japan

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF FANCY GROCERIES

HAMILTON BROS.

933 FIFTH STREET SAN DIEGO, CAL.

SEARCHLIGHT

NO. 6

Special number issued to
the public

CONTAINING A FULL REPORT OF THE

Great Debate
on Theosophy
& ChristianityHELD AT FISHER OPERA HOUSE, SAN DIEGO, CAL.,
ON SEPTEMBER 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, AND
OCTOBER 6 AND 13, 1901

SEVENTY-TWO PAGES

Notwithstanding the increase in the cost of publishing, owing to
the largely increased number of pages, the price
remains the same as heretofore

FIFTEEN CENTS

The

Theosophical Publishing Co.
Point Loma, Cal.

ENTERTAINMENT

by Children of the

Raja Yoga School

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON
in the

Aryan Temple, Point Loma

Tickets 50 cents

PUBLIC MEETINGS
OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGES

STOCKTON, Cal., 523 Yosemite Building

Lodge No. 3. Public meetings, Sunday 8 p. m., and Wednesday
7:30 p. m. Lotus Group for children, Sunday 10:30 a. m.

BOSTON, Mass., 24 Mount Vernon St.

Lodge No. 28. Public meetings every Sunday at 8 p. m.
Lotus Group, Sunday at 11 a. m.
Members' Union meeting, Thursday at 8 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Friday at 7:30 p. m.
Girls' Club, Saturday at 3 p. m.

CHICAGO, Ill., 511 Masonic Temple

Lodges No. 70 and 45. Monthly public meeting, first Sunday of the
month, 8:15 p. m.; Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesdays 8 p. m.;
Lodge meetings, members only, Lodge 45, Thursdays, 8 p. m., and
Lodge 70, Fridays, 8:15 p. m.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Y. M. H. A. Building

Lodge No. 119. Public meeting, Sunday 8 p. m.
Lodge meeting, members only, Thursday 8 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Friday 8 p. m.

MACON, Ga., Triangular Block

Lodge No. 13. Public meeting about the middle of month.
Lotus Group, Sunday 10 a. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesday 7:30 p. m.
Members' meeting, Friday 8 p. m.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., 206 Weybosset Street

Lodge No. 31. Monthly meetings, last Sunday in each month, 7:30
p. m.; Lodge meetings, members only, Wednesdays, 7:45 p. m.
Lotus Group, Sundays, 10:45 a. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Thursdays, 8 p. m.

SOUTHPORT, England, 138 Poulton Road

Lodge No. 24 (Eng.) Lotus Group, Monday, 7 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesday, 8 p. m.
Lodge meeting, Friday, 8 p. m.
Public meetings, 1st Sunday each month, 7 p. m.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., 207 Sykes Block

Lodge No. 81. Public meeting first Sunday each month, 8 p. m.

The Fundamental Unity of Worlds

We are, therefore, presented with what seems to be the most extraordinary spectacle that the universe can offer, a ring of stars spanning it, and including within its limits by far the great majority of the stars within our system, writes Simon Newcomb of Washington in *The International Monthly* for April. We have in this spectacle another example of the unity which seems to pervade the system. We might imagine the latter so arranged as to show diversity to any extent. We might have agglomerations of stars like those of the Milky Way situated in some corner of the system, or at its center, or scattered through it here and there in every direction. But such is not the case. There are, indeed, a few star-clusters scattered here and there through the system; but they are essentially different from the clusters of the Milky Way, and cannot be regarded as forming an important part of the general plan. In the case of the galaxy we have no such scattering, but find the stars built, as it were, into this enormous ring, having similar characteristics throughout nearly its whole extent, and having within it a nearly uniform scattering of stars, with here and there some collected into clusters. Such, to our limited vision, now appears the universe as a whole.

The Planting of Trees

Trees were considered the personal as well as helpful friends of humanity from time indefinite. The ancient Aztecs are said to have planted a tree every time a child was born, giving it the child's name. The old Mexican Indians plant trees on certain days of the year, when the moon is full, naming them for their children. The German farmers have each member of their family plant a tree at Whitsuntide, 40 days after Easter. The first to call attention in this country in an impressive way to the value and need of trees was George P. Marsh, for many years our representative to Turkey and Italy, who saw the harm, caused by lack of moisture, in the rapid depletion of our forests. . .

"Plant them by stream and way,

Plant where the children play

And toilers rest:

In every verdant vale,

On every sunny swale—

Whether to grow or fail,

God knoweth best."—*Exchange*

Her Husband Gave Liquor to the Children

Alice Stearns Baker's testimony in the Superior Court, in the divorce case against Henry Jefferson Baker yesterday, was a recital of the woes of a woman who makes the mistake of trying to reform a drinking man by marrying him. She testified also that he gave liquor to his own children to drink.

"Once," said Mrs. Baker, "I found him under a tree, with the children at his side, and he was teaching them how to drink beer and wine and telling them it would make men and women of them. I took some of the liquor left in a bottle one day, and struck a match to it to show the children that it would burn and that it would affect their stomachs the same way. My husband often invited me to drink, always telling me I ought to be a good fellow."—*Los Angeles Herald*

THE *Art Review* is a well edited monthly journal, published in the interests of the Art Dealer, that important personage who stands as a connecting link between the artist and the picture-loving public. The April number is copiously illustrated and contains, among other articles, "Religious Pictures," "Pictures for High Schools," Special correspondence in the line of art news from New York, Chicago and London, News Notes, Book Reviews, and "The Art Store Beautiful" by *Observer*. Published monthly at 617 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo. \$1.00 per year.

Hardware & Stoves

HIGH GRADE SHELF HARDWARE
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS
FINE CUTLERY TOOLS
BUILDERS' HARDWARE

San Diego Hardware Co.

658 FIFTH STREET

EDWARD M. BURBECK

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Copper Plate Engraving & Printing
Steel Dies, Crests, and Monograms
Largest & most varied stock of Books
and General Literature in the City

1051-59 FIFTH STREET, SAN DIEGO

"Burbeck's Big Bookstore"

Toys Games Souvenirs Office Supplies City and County Maps

See Glaser's window!

FULL of ART TREASURES
for the HOME or the STUDIO
Many of them NOVELTIES, All
of them NEW & INTERESTINGThe Leading San Diego House for Artists' Materials, Pictures
and Picture Frames Always Up-to-Date

1040 Fifth Street

Bank of Commerce

841 FIFTH ST., bet E & F Sts., SAN DIEGO

Capital, \$100,000

Reserve & Undivided Profits, \$46,837.23

R. M. POWERS, President F. W. JACKSON, Cashier
GRAHAM E. BABCOCK, C. L. WILLIAMS,
Vice-President Assistant CashierDIRECTORS—R. M. Powers, Graham E. Babcock, J. F. Sinks,
A. H. Frost, Chas. T. Hinde, U. S. Grant, & F. W. JacksonGeneral banking business transacted. Exchange drawn direct on all
principal cities of United States and Europe. Prompt attention given to
collections.

Souvenir Postal Cards

of Loma-land

PRIVATE MAILING CARDS, PRINTED ON
FINEST IVORY-FINISH CARDBOARD
13 different half-tone glimpses of Loma-land on which to
send your Brotherhood Thoughts all over the world. A
stream of them should be kept in circulation by every member.

- 1 Aryan Temple from the Canyon
- 2 Children's Group Houses, International Lotus Home
- 3
- 4 Young Warriors of the Raja Yoga School
- 5 Loma Homestead and Aryan Temple from the Northwest
- 6 North View of Loma Homestead and Aryan Temple
- 7 Lotus Buds and Blossoms of the Raja Yoga School Sending
Thought Messages to all the World at Aryan Temple
- 8 Children's Play-ground, International Lotus Home
- 9 Lotus Buds with their Cuban Godmother, Raja Yoga School
- 10 Egyptian Gate to School of Antiquity Grounds
- 11 Lotus Buds at Play, International Lotus Home
- 12 Lotus Blossoms, Raja Yoga School
- 13 East Entrance of Loma Homestead

2 for 5 cents (postage 1c extra) . \$0.06

50, postpaid, for 1.00

100, " " 1.50

Sent assorted unless ordered with specifications. Order from

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The
LEADING REAL ESTATE BROKER in SAN DIEGO IS

E. J. Carter

964 Sixth Street, San Diego

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE LOCATING IN SAN DIEGO
CITY OR COUNTY, CALL ON OR
WRITE TO HIM

RUDDER'S NEW RESTAURANT & GRILL

NEWLY FURNISHED FINEST IN THE CITY

CORNER FOURTH & PLAZA
SAN DIEGO - - - CAL.

Strahlmann-Mayer Drug Co.

PHARMACY GRADUATES
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Arti-
cles, Perfumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, etc.
Physicians Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully prepared

CORNER FOURTH & D STREETS
Telephone Main 424
CORNER FIFTH & C STREETS
Telephone Black 856

THE Lion Clothing Co. CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"
STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

D. L. HOOVER

G R O C E R

SIXTH & H STREETS
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Telephone Black 111

Electric Laundry

NELSON SNYDER, Proprietor

16TH & I STREETS

TELEPHONE BLACK 731

No Saw Edges on Collars and Cuffs

The Chadbourne Furniture Co.

W. L. FREVERT, Manager

We aim to carry an entirely
up-to-date stock of house fur-
nishings, and, for style and va-
riety of goods, cannot be out-
done in Southern California. We
are glad to show visitors through
our extensive store-rooms.

STORE-ROOMS

SIXTH & D STREETS
San Diego, Cal.

AT Bowen's DRY GOODS STORE

Will be found a full assortment
of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Tea
Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Wrap-
pers, Silks and Dress Goods . .

W. O. BOWEN 1043 FIFTH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

KELLY'S LIVERY POINT LOMA COACH LINE

*Special Coaches for Select Parties
arranged by telephone*

DEALER IN FIRST-CLASS HORSES

THIRD & F STS., PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be
one season or another. Paint will set tougher during
the winter, and of course that gives durability. One
point favoring winter. There are others favoring sum-
mer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our
"PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so of-
ten as houses painted with any other paint, because it
has more body to withstand action of the elements.
There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is
finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per
gallon.

We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be
the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.
WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS
7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, President
G. B. GROW, Cashier
W. R. ROGERS, Assistant Cashier

Every facility and security offered to our pa-
trons and the public generally. Collections and
exchanges on all points.

If you are difficult to satisfy, I ask
you to inspect our before hir-
or carriage not perfect-



come in &
LIVERY
ing a team
that does
ly suit you

FRED FANNING

PROPRIETOR

Fifth Avenue Stables

Tel. Red 351 SAN DIEGO Cor. 5th & B Sts.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SAN DIEGO CORNER FIFTH AND E STS.

CAPITAL PAID UP \$150,000
SURPLUS & UNDIVIDED PROFIT \$40,000

J. GRUENDIKE - - PRESIDENT
D. F. GARRETTSON - VICE PRES.
G. W. FISHBURN - - CASHIER

DIRECTORS—J. Gruendike, Geo. Hannahs, J. E. Fishburn,
G. W. Fishburn and D. F. Garrettson

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO
FIT YOUR EYES TO SUIT
YOU. WE HAVE A SPEC-
IAL PLACE SET APART
FOR OPTICAL WORK,
CONTAINING ALL THE
MODERN INSTRUMENTS
USED IN SIGHT TESTING
IF YOU NEED GLASSES,
HAVE a PRESCRIPTION to
FILL, or FRAME to REPAIR

we give you the best work obtainable in San Diego

J E N K S

826-828 5th street

Graduate Optician

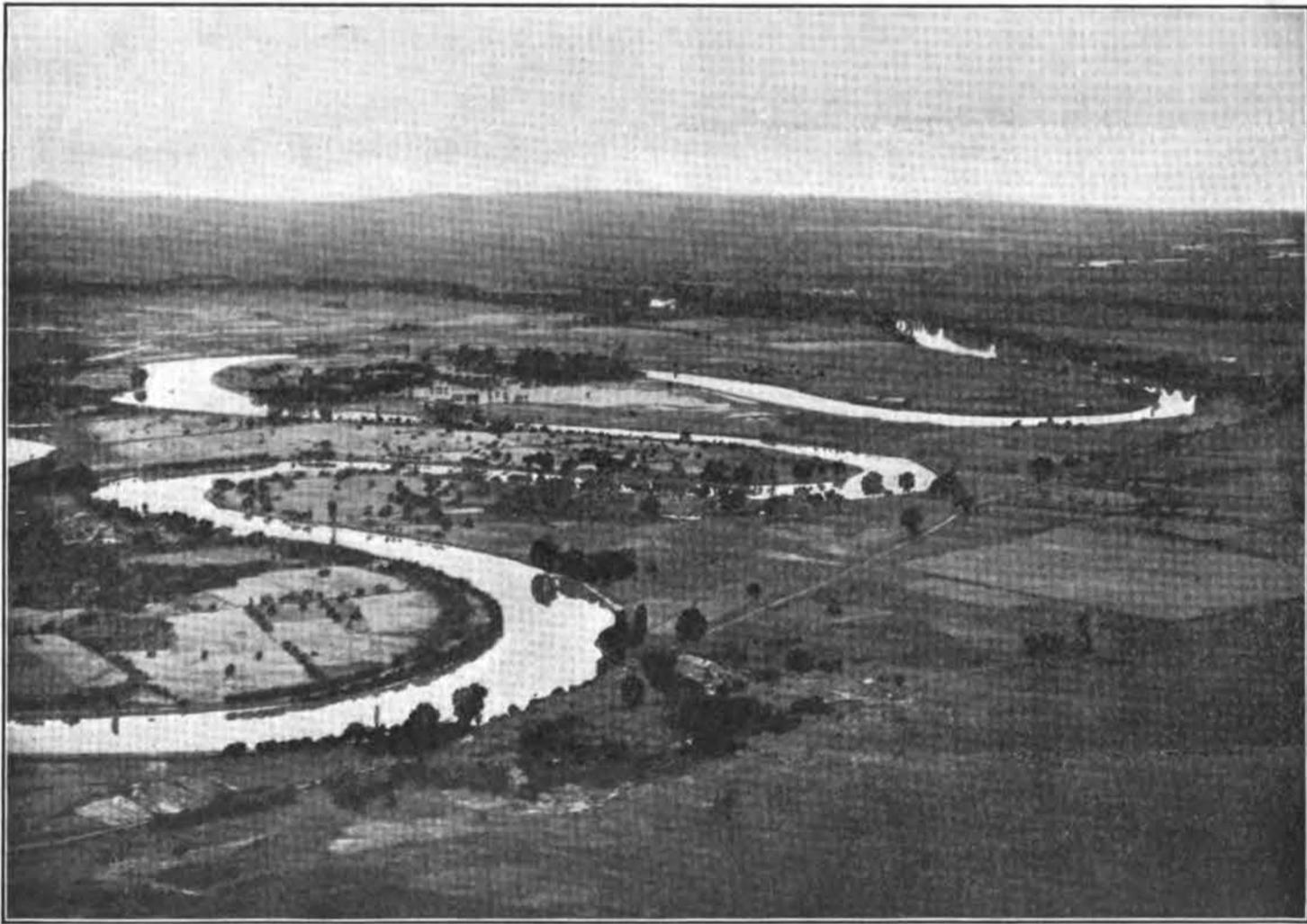
The New Century



Year \$2

Point Loma, San Diego, California.

Copy 58



Vol. V

MAY 18, 1902

No. 27

The Man of Science

AND the Man of Science was there, too; not sallow and stoop-shouldered as was ever his wont when I met him in the cities; but with the same bright eye, the same serene brow that had so charmed my heart on the faces of all his comrades. True, his workman's garb smacked of the fumes of the crucibles, and his honest hands bore the familiar stains; yet he blended with that illustrious circle like a color in the rainbow, nor did he bring from his laboratory any discordant tone of coarse and uncomely toil. Here, I thought, was no wrinkled alchemist, worn to parchment in his nightly labors after the gold; nor any soul-starved inventor and dabbler among the pots. This man has not stunned his brain with formulas and tables, nor lost his reason in the search for truth among the clouds of his imagination. Whatever he was looking for, he was evidently finding it; and I thought that perchance the search for perpetual youth might after all be no vain dream.

"Yes," he said, "never was toiler more assiduous than I. I would never give in, though the days grew into nights, and the nights into days ere I flung myself sleeping on the floor of my vault. And then came that blessed and awful night when I was sick to the very soul. 'How long,' I cried, 'am I to be seeking the ultimate basis of life when there is no child nor beast on this earth that knows less how to live than I? This tortured frame can no longer cleave together, this palsied brain runs in a mad riot that cannot be stopped, and my soul is a jangled discord that can never be resolved.' Yes, I pitched them all into the fire, retorts, crucible, every one; but what I found after that mighty melting of illusion, amid the ashes of my vain ambitions, was pure crystal indeed! Never before had I found a crystal vase that could contain the waters of life."

And he showed me how, in seeking for life, he had forgotten how to live; and how he had striven to know Truth by scrutinizing her outer self with a microscope. He had risen, he said, from that sick-bed and journeyed long and wide, till he came to the shores of a mighty ocean in a land where the sun made him sing. And he met with some strange people, not like the men he had known; but they were easy and cheerful, and they allowed him to dig all day and sleep on the ground at night, which was all he wanted.

"And now I have given up seeking the ultimate causes of things. I am the ultimate cause of things," he went on when he had finished laughing; "and I do not need to seek what I have not lost. And, as for Nature, since I have given up running at her with a kodak and a reporter's note-book, she has shown me her secrets. There is no stone nor herb on this hill that will not lend its potent aid to the healing work we do here for humanity."

Then they all sung another of their glorious songs, and I, too, inscribed my name.

H. T. E.

Stones from the Sky

AN English scientific journal reproduces a photograph of the remarkable meteoric stone which fell on May 15, 1900, at Felix, Alabama. A great number of meteors were observed on this occasion and frequent detonations were heard. A mass of meteoric iron was subsequently discovered buried in soft soil. The weight was seven pounds, and an analysis showed it to be composed chiefly of olivine, augite, trionite, nickel, iron, and graphite carbon. Its unusually dark color is attributed to the presence in considerable quantity of the graphite carbon.

Meteors are of course among the commonest of celestial phenomena, and may be seen on almost any clear night, but they are usually completely dispersed by the concussion with our atmosphere and the intense heat which is consequently generated. Occasionally, however, as in the case of the Alabama meteorite, a sufficient bulk remains intact to reach our earth, and many of our museums contain specimens of such falls.

Some of the nations of antiquity attributed supernatural powers to meteoric iron, and magical properties were supposed to endow the weapons fashioned from it. The science of today welcomes every chance to examine these "falling stones" as affording glimpses of other worlds than ours, and a knowledge of their composition and structure.

REMEMBER that the subscription blanks are for use—not ornament.

The New Race

THE tide of foreign immigration into this country ever increases, and more and more ingredients are poured into the melting pot of the coming race. Eastern and Southern Europe are now sending increased contingents. Italians, members of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Poles, Russians, Greeks, Syrians, and Armenians are included.

The Anglo-Saxon Race must surely become modified and its individuality be merged in the growing outline of the new resultant race. And this suggests thoughts as to the qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race. Always in the forefront of progress, both in the arts of war and conquest on the one hand, and those of peace and civilization on the other, there is one respect in which it is lacking as compared with other races. It is not musical. True, it is a great patron of music, and has thrown into musical study the same energy that it devotes to all its undertakings. But it has no natural ear and sense of rhythm. No true Anglo-Saxon can whistle one bar of a tune correctly.

And, to a believer in the correspondences of things, this musical deficiency must imply more than a mere inability to whistle a tune; it must indicate and be a part of a more general unmusicalness—a want of harmony and soulfulness, a lack of the instinctive sense of proportion. The race is forceful and rude; it goes to extremes; it mars symmetry and courts excess. The ancient Romans compared thus with their harmonious neighbors, the Greeks.

Will these dreamier, less severely practical races infuse into the stock the element hitherto lacking, and thus temper the harsh vigor of the pioneer race, making it mellow and harmonious? STUDENT

Hope for Criminals

JUSTICE MAYER says:

Since I became a Justice of the Special Sessions Court of the City of New York, I think I have had my attention called to more of the temptations of New York, and I know infinitely much more about human nature than ever before, and I am glad to say that it has not happened with me as one of my friends predicted.

"It is a pity," said he, "that you are going on the bench, for you will lose faith in human nature more and more every day."

Now this is far from being so, and I can indeed say that I love human nature more instead of less.

It is not in the criminal courts that we must seek the best examples of human depravity. In them are found the special forms which run counter to written constitutions and laws, and the forms which take an overt and dramatic shape. But more adroit sinners may reach the greatest depths without falling foul of the law or even of public opinion. It might well be that our Justice would meet a sincerer and less hypocritical type of humanity in the dock than in his club; and might find associated with the cruder forms of misdemeanor the more untarnished human virtues and endearing qualities. Often the criminal classes contain types too frank to wear the gloss of modern cant and hypocrisy, people whose natures are purer than those of many respectable citizens.

It is not by consorting with those who have sounded the depths of life and stumbled that one would lose faith in human nature; but rather in the crowded haunts of fashion and respectability.

Far be it from us to hinder the working of necessary social institutions for the preservation of law and order, or to advocate the criminal in any way that might savor of anarchism. But the duties of our administrator of justice are not inconsistent with our exercise of sympathy and a recognition of the saving graces of the defaulters. The successful dodger of justice is in a way less fortunate than the prisoner, for he merely lays up for himself an accumulated condemnation in the future; whereas the overt and less hypocritical sinner is pulled up short before he has time to mature in his course of wrong-doing.

One department of Universal Brotherhood activity is to help prisoners in prisons; and that, not by condoling with them on their lot, but by showing them their mistakes and teaching them how to turn retribution into a gain by learning the lesson it teaches. By convincing them of the eternal and noble nature of the real man, new hope is given; and the recklessness of despair, based on ignorance of anything beyond the carnal nature, is overcome. STUDENT

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Orbit of Brook's Comet

A NOTABLE discovery seems to have been made by Professor Armin O. Leuschner, the Head of the Students' Observatory at the University of California, who reports that Brook's Comet, which was first noticed less than a month ago, performs its revolution around the sun in one quarter of the period required by any other comet yet discovered. It is nearer to the sun than is the earth, and occupies 320 days in its circuit.

A comet was recorded in 1748 which remained visible for three days only, and it is believed by the Californian astronomer that it was identical with Brook's Comet. There is perhaps no more fascinating astronomical study than that of comets which, in their movements seem sometimes to be a contradiction of natural laws as generally understood. Professor Leuschner has added materially to our knowledge. STUDENT

Decadence of the Handcrafts

ONE who has been in contact with workmen of different crafts during the last thirty years cannot have failed to observe a certain degeneracy in the personal handicraft of the men. This condition has been, and continues to be, the outcome of the widening of the gulf between employer and employe. Few men indeed realize that, no matter what they do, they are working for themselves. The same law which causes any member of the body to become atrophied when not used acts on other planes as well. And man, from being interested in his work and putting all the faculties of his soul into it, soon relaxes into a mere automaton, performing work like a machine, without gaining the development which any act brings out as strength of character when he who acts feels that he is utilizing the divine powers and does whatever "his hand findeth to do with his might." Years ago the employer dealt directly with each workman, as man to man, and an agreement of some kind, formulated or at least implied, was made by both. In most cases merit or the ability to perform regulated the terms of the agreement. As no two men are alike even with the same training and in the same walk of life, the best qualified, the most industrious, the most sober, took the position he deserved and received the wages he earned.

Of late years the formation of unions of workmen based not on the merit or the ability of the individual in any particular branch, but solely for the purpose, by the accretion of numerical strength regardless of other factors, to regulate and to establish uniform wages, compelled the employers to divide men into groups and assign to each such work only as he would get adequate returns for in the ratio of wages paid. Such conditions are exceedingly injurious to the true progress of the individual workman who is deprived of opportunities of qualifying himself to perform all kinds of work in his line under all kinds of conditions and thus to become a competent all around

Men Become Specialists

workman. The truly well qualified being brought down on a level with the commonplace will, unless of a remarkable strength of character, soon relax to his surroundings and the common average will in no wise be stimulated to greater efforts, there being no incentive, the good, bad and indifferent all receiving like wages. As a result of all this, the trades are cut up into the narrow limit of small specialism, all tending to take away from each man the personal initiative.

Figs are not gathered from thistles. The harvest is the outcome of the seed. From the present conditions of unrest and disturbed relations between the employed and the employers it is evident that, so far, the so-called unions and federations of labor have not brought forth peace and understanding between all parties, on the contrary quite the reverse. There must be sought a common ground upon which both the employer and the employed can meet, a realization of the true relation of man and man. It is only by putting into practice the principle of helping and sharing, that the best conditions of growth for all concerned can be established and maintained. There must be in the hearts of all a true desire to do the best that can be done in order to accomplish the greatest amount of good to the greatest number. This requires of each man that self-discipline, joined to honest personal efforts, which ever gives us the ability to do the right thing at the right time. STUDENT

The Crime of Hypnotism

A DISPATCH from La Salle, Ill., says that Rudolph Bartag, his wife and five children were found in a comatose condition in their home today at Ticona. Leo Lenzer, an amateur hypnotist, confessed that he put the entire family to sleep four days ago, and that he had been trying to awaken them ever since. This evening he succeeded in arousing two of the children, but all the others are still asleep. A physician was summoned, and after a careful examination said that the victims of Lenzer's hypnotism still are in a normal state as far as heart action is concerned. They are simply asleep. The villagers at first threatened Lenzer with violence, but contented themselves with mounting guard over him and his victims and compelling him to continue his efforts to rouse the Bartag family. After finally succeeding in awakening two of the children, he collapsed under the nervous strain. He partly recovered later and says that he has been under so great a nervous strain for the last four days that he lost control of his will power. He is confident that as soon as he recovers his normal temperament he can restore them.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph*

The foregoing extract from one of the prominent dailies indicates one of the greatest dangers of the present age. The mania for power, which is an absolute disease and which numbers its victims by the thousands, is responsible for just such outrages as this. Where one is so flagrant as to be brought to public notice, it is safe to say that one hundred such, which are, as far as the motive of the hypnotizer is concerned, just as outrageous and just as criminal, occur and arouse no comment. What is the medical profession doing that the "professional hypnotist" is allowed to pursue his fiendish work of weakening the will and crucifying the souls of all who may fall into his clutches. Are our legislators asleep? Why have we not already on our statute books laws which will check the career of such dangerous and criminal persons as the professional hypnotist, and,

Still the Law Slumber

by doing so, warn others that in free America there is no pathway, ready strewn with roses, which invites the footsteps of him who would steal the will, debauch the character, and unbalance the mind of another. What are the churches doing that they have nothing to say against evils such as this? It is bad enough for the hypnotist to seek to gain control over an adult, one who presumably is able to defend himself in some degree, but to make little children the victims of senseless and cruel experiment is unpardonable. It is going quite too far.

It is time that people were awakened to the dangers of playing with laws of nature which they do not understand. We shun the plague, we flee from the man afflicted with leprosy, but the man who is afflicted with a moral disease that is more dangerous than leprosy we admit to our homes, our social clubs, we ask him to lecture to our sons in college and we allow him to perform his "experiments," careless of what the result of them may be upon the victims. The leper pours contagion merely upon the body. The professional hypnotist injures the mind, weakens the will and degrades the soul. Which is more to be dreaded? How long will it continue to be that one-half of humanity's children must be sacrificed before the other half will learn? STUDENT

Reform among Architects

WE are glad to see some signs of revolt in the world of architecture. It would indeed be deplorable if so lofty a science were to find no defenders against the debasing influence of a fashion which is merely another name for a whim, and were to allow itself to lose all sight of its actual origin and of its real meaning.

The revolting architects are some few who are trying to remind their confreres that their true mission is not to gratify the fancies of their clients, or to produce the grotesque and the bizarre, but rather to express by their work such mental ideas as seem to them worthy of architectural commemoration.

Architecture is becoming merely a ready facility for structure designing, instead of being one of the many ways—such as music, painting, etc., by which lofty ideas may be externally presented. True architecture is perhaps the most beautiful form of symbology, and the work which is not also a legible symbol is lacking its one reason and excuse for existence. True art is also true religion, and is often the only way in which many aspects of religion can be at all expressed. STUDENT

The Hand of Nature in Loma-Land

The Fount of Perennial Health

OUR own deep consciousness, the soul, is always calling to us to make more of Nature. She is the very root of our life, and contemplation of her would raise our life to its highest terms and fructify in our minds every silent, spiritual germ. But to gain communion with her, each must, for a little, stop chattering to himself, and we must stop chattering to each other. Nature is *feeling made visible*, and chatter is the death of deep feeling.

The town-dweller goes into the country once a year, ostensibly to get health in blood and nerve. But he chatters by day and by night; the health he gains is but skin-deep; it is not stored; it is not woven into the inner bodily fabric. In a few months it is gone again. He returns from his holiday the same *mental* man, save so far as the mind now answers to redder blood and restored nerve cells. For he has made no spiritual use of his holiday; he has found no key to *perennial* health. To gain that the *mind* must change.

He stands by the sea, and whether it lie spread out still and gleaming under the summer sun, or crash foaming against the jarred and torn cliff base, it is the feeling of its power that rises in his consciousness. For the function of the sea is to be one of Nature's vastest engines of destruction. Could he but dwell on that feeling of power, power would come to him as an eternal possession, available for his use forevermore. But in a moment his mind is chattering to him a thousand reminiscences, and the feeling is gone.

He looks upon a tree throwing a thousand green-veined hands upon the passing winds and toward the sun. The tree is *earth made living*, quiet earth-life welling upward to mingle with the wine of the sunlight. The very thought of this new birth of new life from the conjunction of earth and sun would give him life for himself if he but held to it. But to him the tree is merely an umbrella or a sunshade, and so he misses its sweet lesson. And the night, with its peace, star- and moon-lit—surely the soul would breathe its secret into the mind *then*, if it might. But the man is asleep, or dining, or chattering; the night is nothing to him. So we miss all of Nature's symbolism; all her meaning. We die as we have lived—empty, artificial, well-nigh soulless. ETIENNE

The Voice of the Hills of Loma-Land

THE voice of the hills—what is it saying? What is symbolized in the mighty picture painted by Nature's magic pencil? Whence the wonderful coloring? The hills show every tint and shade of yellow, from flaming orange to the faintest cream color; beds of white, like drifts of newly-fallen snow; great splashes of burning red in places, with every possible variety of blue and purple.

This we see at a distance; but when we come nearer we find that these vast expanses of beauty and brightness are made up of blossoms, some of them large and luxuriant; myriads of them tiny, frail and modest, nestling down among the stronger plants and grasses. But they are just as fragrant and appear just as smiling and happy; and indeed why should not they? Are not they where their mother has placed them? They are fulfilling her behest, adding their mite, giving their all of life and breath, beauty and perfume to make the voice, the picture, the splendor of the hillsides.

What that voice whispers each heart must interpret for itself. The meaning of that picture each soul must learn to understand. But is not *Unity* in every tone, in every line and in the tiniest blossom,

bud or leaf? Nothing on the hillsides lives for itself alone. Not for itself does any flower exhibit its exquisite form and coloring or exhale its delicate perfume; nor repine because it is so small and poor and unnoticed amid the throng. Small and unobtrusive as it is, it is its mother's child, lies close to her great, warm heart, and is needed there; so it could not be spared. She would miss it.

Then bloom on, sweet spring blossoms, sending out your messages of love and hope to a weary, despairing world, longing to find once more the heart of its Mother Nature. C. E.

The Foolishness of Men and Birds

AS I worked at my bench in the temporary workshop with the long, low windows, I was disturbed by a persistent tapping at the window, and at last left my work to see what was the matter. There I saw a mocking-bird perched outside and pecking at the glass and flying at it with a rash amount of energy and excitement. Thinking that he wanted to come in I opened the windows by sliding them over one another, but the bird did not come in and persisted in his occupation all day. This continued for some days without stopping, and I marveled at the endurance and regretted that so much energy should be spent in such foolishness. Then I investigated, and found that the wind-

ows were excellent mirrors while the sun shone on them all day, and I saw that the bird was attracted by his own reflection in the glass. It was foolish but so human that I felt a strange sympathy for the poor bird. How we spend our energy in pecking at the images of ourselves that we see about us, how we, too, dash ourselves against the mirror trying to peck out the eyes of a hated rival, or flap our wings in indignation at the picture of our own folly. And we, too, take these images to be our fellows and can no more distinguish between them than can this bird, who still continues his labors and no doubt hopes to teach that other fellow how to behave; he is no doubt a moral teacher, a guru, a beautiful and instructive example of *virtuous indignation*. A CONVERTED THEORIST

Monster Point Loma Sea Bass

SOUTHERN California is noted for the variety and quantity of fish to be found on its coast, fishing being one of the principal industries. The fish vary in size from the diminutive smelt and sardines to the gigantic Tunas so plentiful around Catalina Island. The latter place is world renowned for its Tuna fishing, having no equal for this "sport" (?) which is so devotedly followed by so many, who enjoy fighting these finny fighters of the deep. They are sometimes caught weighing 800 pounds or more, and have been rightly named "The Lion of the sea." The landing of such a monster on a line is a feat requiring great skill and practice, it often taking a full day's hard work to do so.

The above illustration is of a gigantic Sea Bass recently caught off the Point Loma beach. It weighed 504 pounds, measured 6 feet 4 inches in length, being one of the largest of this variety ever caught on the coast.

The fishermen who succeeded in landing this monster, are shown standing by the side of their trophy. It was caught in a seine net amongst a horde of smaller fry. The fishermen's surprise upon hauling in their net can be imagined; fish of such weight are rarely ever caught except on a line. They report that their small boat was almost capsized in landing it, but with skillful maneuvering they finally succeeded.

Southern California not only produces enormous fruits and vegetables, but the fish also attain a size which aptly correspond to the magnitude of the country. PISCES



How the White Man Treats His Dark-Skinned Brother

BANCROFT, one of the most unprejudiced of historians, makes frequent references, in his voluminous *History of the Pacific States*, to the Indians of California and their sufferings at the hands of those who should have been the first to aid them. He states plainly that drunkenness, thieving and zymotic diseases were unknown among them until they succumbed to what we call "civilization;" and in vol. iii, p. 52, he speaks of the Indians as being "the real victims, as they have always been in their contact with civilized peoples, and as they always will be until religion, philanthropy, common sense, justice, honesty, power, social science, and a variety of other ingredients more or less unknown, shall in some community have been blended in proportions and conditions hitherto unheard of and respecting which I have no recipe to offer." No one doubts that the pages which record our dealings, as a nation, with the American Indian are the most distressing in our entire history. The "Indian agent" is a term which will go down the centuries as a synonym for "inhumanity." For four hundred years we have dealt with the Indian in divers ways, and to our disgrace be it said, the instances in which any of our public men have dealt on the high-motivated principle of Brotherhood can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. Penn was just and true; Thomas Paine, by his wise dealings with the Senecas (over whom he had remarkable influence) gave Washington invaluable aid at a critical time; Miles Standish was honorable, and Roger Williams went among the Indians as a comrade and a brother. They sheltered him—a man of an alien nation and an alien religion—when his own people drove him out in the dead of winter to live or die, as he might, for what? Heresy, so they said. Have the Indians ever betrayed those who condescended to do them simple justice? In one of my old school histories it was stated that, although many of the treaties made between certain Indian tribes and so-called civilized people, were violated, not one was ever violated by the Indians first. Yet, in spite of the fact that we should have learned something by this time from four centuries full of mistakes made in our dealings with the Indians, we seem to have been very dull scholars. From one section we hear of tribes threatened with starvation because their white "brothers" have drained some river or stream upon which these tribes depended for irrigation. From another section we hear of discontent and tribes on the warpath, and now the members of a peaceable tribe in San Diego county are soon to be evicted from their traditional homes and sent further along toward starvation and neglect. The trouble is precipitated by the owner of a certain ranch who flatly declares he will not have the Indians on or near his premises. That settles the matter. The unfortunate Indians must go, and whether they starve, or, in their despair, commit acts which will open to them the doors of some penitentiary, does not concern this man in the least. The fact that he is his brother's keeper evidently does not occur to him. The additional fact that those who make others suffer will yet reap what they sow, is evidently unsuspected by him. The pitiful thing is that the Indians seem to be powerless to defend themselves. They decided to send one of their tribe, one Juan Pablo, who has a good English education, to Washington to learn what is the status of their case there and to intercede in behalf of his people. This may not be done, because—a significant fact—the Indians have been told by their religious adviser, who is at the head of a parish in San Diego, that such an attempt would be useless and unwise.

It appears that the supreme court has rendered a decision that these Indians have no right to possession or occupancy of the land, it being shown that they had never been recognized as "Mission" or "Christian" Indians by the Mexican government

and therefore have no claim under the original Mexican grant of the ranch. The number of Indians rendered homeless by this decision is 205, and the sheriff of San Diego county may receive at any time notice to evict them from their land of refuge upon which, for the past two hundred and fifty years, they have been able to satisfy the meagre needs of their lives.

What meaneth our boasted civilization? Is it not time that we began to realize the debt of compassion that we, who are fortunate, owe to those who are unfortunate? The sixth object of the International Brotherhood League is certainly an encouraging sign of the times; "To bring about a better understanding between so-called savage and civilized races, by promoting a closer and more sympathetic relationship between them."

In the *Literary Digest* (Vol. xxiv, No. 13) Dr. Charles Hallock writes as follows: "The Indians or Indigenes of both North and South America originated from a civilization of high degree which occupied the sub-equatorial belt some ten thousand years ago." The older students will remember that they gasped when Katherine Tingley made the statement several years ago, that though Egypt and India are very ancient, America is older than either one. She also said: "Archaeological dis-

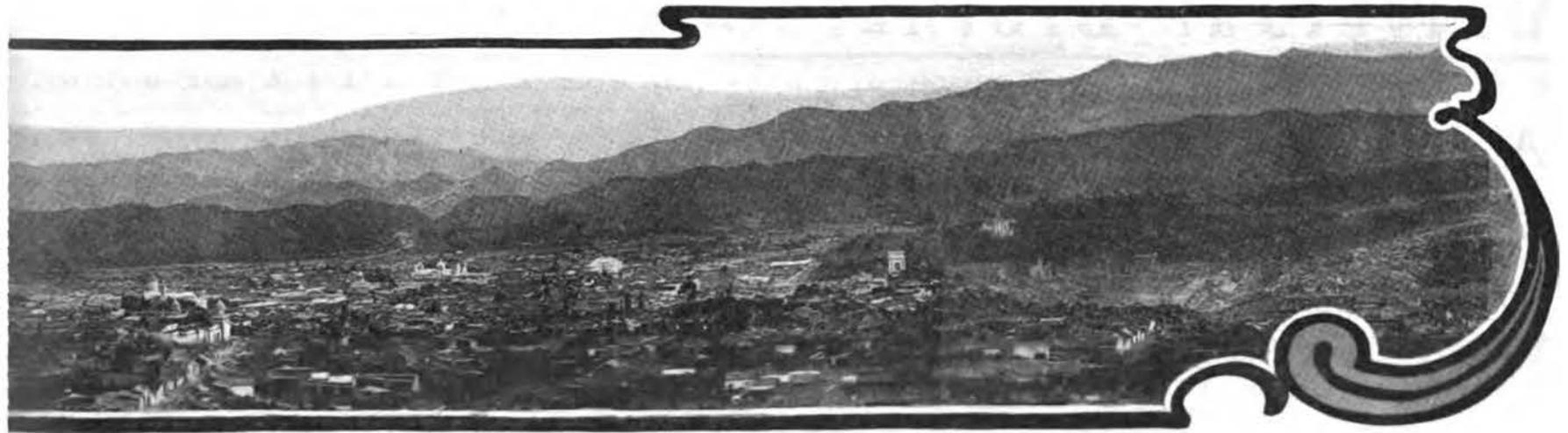


Some Groups of San Diego County Indians



coveries, which will be made at the right time and in America will prove the truth of what I say." Dr. Hallock is only one of an increasing number of scientists whose researches and explorations are bringing convincing proof that Katherine Tingley spoke this from knowledge, and that she was right in declaring that mighty races and a glorious civilization once existed on this continent. Of these our native Indians are the fading and degenerate remnants, and we are responsible for much of their degeneracy.

STUDENT



The Ideal Christian Defined

DR. HERMANN OESER, of Karlsruhe, a little known devotional writer, thus draws his ideal of a true Christian. No one could quarrel with a single article; but they equally represent the ideal embodied in many another of the world's great faiths, and they are pre-eminently Theosophical:

A Christian understands other people.

A Christian does not ask to be understood; he never feels misunderstood.

A Christian delights in the happiness of others.

A Christian does not claim his share of happiness.

Compare *Voice of the Silence*, by H. P. Blavatsky: "Step out from sunlight into shade, to make more room for others. (p. 32).

A Christian never thinks that unto himself anything has been left undone.

A Christian knows that unto others he daily leaves many things undone.

A Christian never pleads that his sins and faults are caused by circumstances.

A Christian sees with sorrow, compassion and forgivingness that circumstances do great harm to his fellow-men in developing their inborn evil inclinations.

A Christian does not complain that he has missed his chance in the world.

A Christian teaches other men to make the best of what they have got.

In a short dialogue Dr. Oeser deals with an enquirer who comes to him full of perplexity about certain dogmas:

A—Can you help me? I have such terrible doubts. There are so many things I do not understand. Rev. Mr. B. teaches one view and Rev. Professor Z. quite a different one. The doctrine of the Holy Trinity is to the one nothing; to the other all and everything.

B—Do you read in the New Testament also?

A—What a question! I study and search it daily, because the doubt and the mental distraction are too painful and distressing.

A—Now if you read in the New Testament as you say, you will have noticed what our Lord does *not* say.

B—What He does *not* say? Will that give me light and comfort?

A—Yes, comfort and joy and light! The Lord does not say: Whosoever will be saved; before all things it is necessary to worry his brain about My words of institution in the Eucharist; whosoever will be saved must have a definite opinion about the resurrection of the body; whosoever will be saved must compare twenty opinions and thirty books.

A—True, he says nothing of the kind.

B—Now, look how easy everything is made for a Christian! How much there is that he need not to know or to do! But the Lord tells you how you shall *live* in order to be saved.

A—How shall I live?

B—And, therefore, I counsel you, thus: Live as much as you can of the Lord's words and teaching. What you cannot live—you may leave that in meekness and hope for the time of knowledge which will come to you in the land where there are no enigmas.

A—And the dogmas! The dogmas!

B—Live of them also what can be lived, and leave the rest to those who understand them.

A—Many thanks, dear friend. I see how you have made your heart so confident, and shall try to do the same.—Quotations from Dr. Oeser's *Archemoros*, in the *London Christian World*

NO MAN, who will not make an effort for himself, need apply for aid to his friends, and much less to the gods.—DEMOSTHENES

O YE GODS! what thick, encircling darkness blinds the minds of men!—OVID

Easter Confessions in Russia

ACORRESPONDENT of the *London Christian World* contributes an interesting account of Easter in a Russian village.

Every peasant, it appears, comes to confession, and to bring his labors within reasonable compass of time, the *Batushka* or priest, was obliged to confess and absolve the whole crowd of villagers *en bloc*. He had announced that everyone must come at a certain hour, and the church was full:

Each peasant was in his sheepskin, worn "the leather side out and the furry side in," with the wool hanging in a deep fringe round the bottom, and the scent of these coats was not refreshing. The only other visible articles of attire were immense top-boots, replaced in the case of extra-wretched persons by long rags wound round the legs to a great thickness, while the feet were thrust into bark slippers. The crowd stood (there are no seats) with intent eyes fixed on the priest and he, standing with his back to the altar, accused them during a good quarter of an hour of such sins as he knew to be most general. They answered in a chorus, everyone acknowledging to everything, there being no one so fussy as to want to deny or specify.

You removed part of the bridge for fuel. Yes, yes, *Batushka*, replied the big voices.

You drank too much vodka. Yes, yes, *Batushka*.

You kicked some old and tiresome man. Yes, yes, *Batushka*.

You gave me short measure in my tithes. Yes, yes, *Batushka*.

You shifted your neighbor's landmark. Yes, yes, *Batushka*.

Scorning the claims of others you ate the whole pan of borsch yourself. Yes, yes, *Batushka*.

You felled a tree in the forest. Yes, yes, *Batushka*, etc.

Well, well, that will do. Now you're forgiven. You can go home, and he gabbled a benediction.

Meriam's Corner, Concord, Mass.

THE beginning of the Revolutionary War was marked by several skirmishes between New England villagers and the British troops. One of these took place at "Meriam's Corner," near Concord, and the event has been commemorated by an inscription upon an immense stone which forms part of the characteristic New England stone fence. The inscription reads as follows:

MERIAM'S CORNER

The British Troops
Retreating from the
Old North Bridge
Were here attacked in flank
By the Men of Concord
And neighboring towns
And Driven under a hot fire
To Charlestown



Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

AS the years pass the students of Loma-land find greater and still greater opportunities to better understand the meaning of H. P. Blavatsky's life and work. Year by year does the work which she established become more and more sacred to us. The beauty of dear Loma-land awakens, I doubt not, much in our hearts that would otherwise remain unawakened. That marvelous blend of sky and sea which is paralleled nowhere else in the world dictates a responsiveness on our part which we cannot choose but meet. The vastness of the rifted canyons, the generous stretches of hill and slope, appeal to that part of our natures which is large and generous and rich and pure and true. Our very faithfulness is appealed to by all the magic eloquence which outer things, in some favored spots upon earth, seem to possess.

And we felt, on White Lotus Day, that we, as students in the great movement established by H. P. Blavatsky, stood as the representatives of all students, the world over. The ties of comradeship which bind us to all who are sincerely working for humanity, were that day strengthened.

And all comrades, even those who are "in the uttermost corners of the earth," must have felt an inflow of new life, new strength and new hope from the great distributing center, Loma-land.

Some of the students of Camp Karnak, who came from England and Ireland, were given *carte blanche* by the Leader in the matter of arranging the day's program. Among those students are several who knew and loved H. P. Blavatsky, who worked with her in London, and who today, as members of the literary staff in Loma-land, are in heart fitted to aid in carrying on the great work which was established by her about a quarter of a century ago.

As the morning hours passed, it seemed to us that Nature was disposed to be particularly gracious. In fact the birds and flowers together held a real Nature-Congress. And we appreciate the birds, for while the most extensive building was going on, something over a year ago, the noise frightened them away from the immediate vicinity of the Homestead and they took refuge upon the hills. Now they are all back again and the mornings are made beautiful by their songs. To those who knew of H. P. Blavatsky's great love of Nature, particularly of these "little brothers of the air," the songs of the birds that morning seemed to pay tribute to her.

Very early, groups of students and of children could be seen going over the hills with their arms filled with flowers. The children took the greatest delight in gathering flowers from the gardens about their own Group Houses. And it seemed that the American flag, which is raised every morning over the Group Houses in the "City of Promise," had a new meaning.

It was to America that H. P. Blavatsky came as a stranger. It was in this land that she planted her standard. It was here that she had the daring to begin alone the stupendous work which she knew could not be so daringly begun nor so boldly carried out in any other country in the world. It was here that she planted the seeds of that tree, the leaves of which are already ripe for the healing of the nations. It was in America that she found William Q. Judge, and with his help founded the Society whose principal object was the formation of "the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood." It is easy now to recognize the nobility of her work, the courage, the absolute fearlessness of this Russian woman who brought to humanity's children this new-old message of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

As we looked out in thought to the various centers of Brotherhood now established all over the world, we knew that in each of these the students were gathering and we knew that their hearts spoke to ours, and their hands were clasped with ours, and that, in a deeper sense, we stood together, comrades in the same battle, fighting under the same old standard, guarding by deed and thought the sacred center, which is Loma-land.

There is in the architecture of the buildings upon this Hill a speech of form and of color, a pure language of design, that, on White Lotus Day, blended with the bird notes and the music of the children's voices and the fragrance of the flowers, making the place and event seem sacred. For the beautiful classic buildings are but another evidence that the philosophy which H. P. Blavatsky brought to the world is a true philosophy, that its doctrines are absolutely practical and are worthy of being carried out, as they are today by her successor, on common-sense, humanitarian lines.

I tried to make a picture of the future and I saw a magic City of Light where now live but a few hundred students. I saw a practical solution of the problems that make the life of all the cities of the world today so distressing. I looked out over the sea of human hearts, and I saw that where the light of this philosophy today touches thousands of hearts and homes, in the future it will touch millions. Where now there are but a few ideal homes, the future will discover thousands. Where now there are but a few hundred little children so fortunate as to receive the training of this Heart Doctrine, in the future there will be tens of thousands,

How White Lotus Day Was Celebrated at Loma-land

and thousands more, here and in many places, until the whole world may be searched and not a neglected, nor a misunderstood, nor a single homeless little child can be found. Is it a dream? I say to you, as Walt Whitman once said, "It is the lack of it which is the dream." Not long after sunrise the trumpet sounded

from the top of Aryan Temple and all the students quickly assembled. First in the double-columned ranks stood the old Aryans, headed by our Brother Neresheimer, that old Warrior who stood so close to William Q. Judge during his years of persecution and trial. Following them were the other students and invited guests. As we looked toward the south we saw the members of the Boys' Brotherhood Club just entering their place of meeting, and to the east not far from them the Raja Yoga boys and girls had assembled in their own Group House, for a quiet hour of speech and silence and song.

At the International Brotherhood League Colony, far over the hills, we saw a waving flag, and we knew that there, too, the faithful hearts were assembling to pay loving tribute to H. P. Blavatsky. Then, too, it was a significant thought that students in Centers all over the world were also gathering for their own simple meetings, in honor of the day.

It fell to my lot to go into the Temple with the students, and as I entered the arched doorway a picture met my eye that it is beyond the power of words to describe. Something within me was silenced, and life's clamor seemed for once very far away. And I knew that it was the same with those who stood beside me. Their very thoughts were lifted to that plane where thought itself is but a hand-maiden; that plane which is the real home of the resourceful part of our natures. And out of the silence of the Temple on that morning, the "higher silence," as it were, strains of music filtered and pressed through until the sound picture was that of an opaline, translucent, sunlit gem. And from the midst of rare palms and flowers, was the semblance of the face we love so well, that of our revered Blavatsky, and at her left sat our Leader.

No writer could translate that scene into words. The beauty and the peace of it, the sunlight filtering, purified, through the great transparent dome, the silent, assembled students, erect, confident, yet reverent as Warriors ought to be, was something that spoke only of the far past and the future. No artist could translate it into terms that could really tell the story. The scene was but the prophecy of that day, not so far distant, *if we will do our duty*, when all the world will be a garden of beauty and men and women will walk side by side, in a comradeship of purity and of peace.

Again the trumpet sounded and the students slowly filed out of the Temple and past the City Beautiful, through the arched gate that is not opened daily, as we know, and on to the Sacred Way. Preceded by the children they entered the great Amphitheater where the children took their places in the center.

A moment's silence and the air was filled with the songs of the children, songs that were born of courage and of joy and that came from the heart—songs that were taken up by the very birds and carried on and on to the sea. And there they blended with the rhythmic surging of the waves, and their message was not unsustained when the sound of these songs became merely silent to the physical ear.

Even the flags of all nations, waving high over our heads, appeared to flutter with a rhythmic motion and to respond to the heart tones of the songs—and something more was done to this old world. Something rich and full was added to human life.

When the exercises were completed all, children and students, again traversed the Sacred Way, and passed on to the Homestead. As we took our appointed places and again took up our various duties, we carried with us the atmosphere of that meeting place near the Temple Hill. Something had happened to us since the sun rose, and that something we were bound, by all the obligations born of unselfish love and compassion, to make henceforth a living power in the lives of men. We all agreed that, from the time of those meetings on White Lotus Day, we seemed to know H. P. Blavatsky better than ever before, and to know one another just a little better and to stand even closer to our Leader. We had loved her before. At last we were nearing that point at which our lives would become so transparent to the Divine that we could really understand her, and the real meaning of her sacrifice, the real power of her work would be revealed and known. Well we knew that in the great tomorrow we should move still closer to the inner life of her work, and we felt renewed determination to joyfully, calmly, unflinchingly continue on the Path that she had pointed out to us and made sacred to us by showing us how we too might clasp hands and share the burdens and the joys with the Great Souls who had trod the Path before. STUDENT

If you are helped by reading THE NEW CENTURY isn't it likely that it would help others? Are you doing your full duty in relation to the subscription blanks, now found in each number of this journal?

Students



Path

The Study of History

TO students of human progress along individual and general lines, and to workers in the great cause of humanity, history is one of the most important and valuable subjects for study. The reason for this, briefly speaking, is that the general events of the world's life, as represented by humanity in different races and nations, express the operation of the great one-purposed law back of all things. By studying the pulsation—the ebb and flow of, and events in, the life of humanity, under all conditions, we may obtain a better understanding of the workings of this law, first in a general way and then in greater detail.

It is by the comparison of one epoch or period with another, of one race or nation with others, that we may see the relation existing between them and the law governing conditions and events. It is, of course, necessary to go back as far as possible into the dawn of human life; it is necessary to get a general view of the past and link it with the present.

In that way we may form a better conception of the effect and power of the great events of the world—the actions of rulers and ruling bodies, not excluding the important military contests, even though it be unsafe to depend entirely upon modern historians for facts.

It is necessarily true that men are influenced by the character of the age in which they live and are prejudiced by the kind of education they have received, whether it be ecclesiastical or otherwise. This being so, a broad conception of the meaning of the races is not so impossible to obtain.

With our philosophy, especially the doctrine of reincarnation, we ought to be in a position to get much more than we do out of the pursuit of the study of history; for, as we grow in understanding, we more fully realize and appreciate the many points of agreement between modern races and those of earlier ages. Especially is this so when we bear in mind the wisdom and ability of our Teacher to direct us into right channels of research and thought.

J. F. K.

* * *

In studying history we should bear in mind that the Soul of Humanity is one, and that we are a part of that Soul; that in all the risings and fallings of civilizations that Soul has been, and is, the spectator, the vital power behind it all. So we should study history from the standpoint of the Soul, endeavoring to forget the limitations of what we call time, and trying to find our place right in, and among, the people whose history we are studying. Also we should remember that all our historians have been biased by personal opinion and ecclesiastical preferences regarding the peoples and times of which they write, so that there is much misconstruction, misrepresentation and error. A case in point is the ecclesiastical assertion that the world is only six thousand years old, against the fact that Egyptian hieroglyphics take us back seventy-five thousand years to a time when Egypt had a science of astronomy and consequently a high civilization. In fact, the farther back we go in Egyptian history the more glorious its civilization becomes, and yet we know nothing of its origin. So we should not narrow our horizon within the limits of a short space of six thousand years.

E. K.

* * *

The study of history is of value to us in proportion as it widens our intellectual horizon, and shows us the sources of our civilization and our true position as a race. A knowledge of history—*i. e.*, of general world history—applied to the problems of our own life, indicates the proper motive for its study.

The student must make history real to himself; he must live, as it were, in the time and among the people about whom he studies, and try to feel as they felt the effects of events and circumstances. We must observe their most prominent traits and their effects on the national progress.

This study, like all other branches, should be made a real search for truth. When the student has learned to trace, in all its forms and through all its agents, the Great Law that is behind all history-making events and circumstances, then is that student beginning to comprehend the true study of history.

K. E. R.

The Sacred Way

WHAT is the Sacred Way, unless it be that path which leads us to the infinite; that channel by which and through which all aspirations for higher things must pass, that Jacob's Ladder reaching from the earth to the highest heavens; that eternal bond which connects each to its eternal, infinite Parent Source, from the most infinitesimal atom to the highest and most perfect entity. Thoughts by the Sacred Way are those which, connecting us with the all, the sum total, the seen and the unseen, the past, the present and the future, furnish us with the means to know, to feel and to be that all. They lead us to realize that oneness with all, to find out the various interblending relations of the parts to the Whole, to sense the Eternal Law ever self-operative, to study it and to live it; to become its agent, to serve it and to receive its great reward. Eternal, implacable, absolute justice rules the whole Universe. As there is a sacred, holy, divine way, so also there is a way that is unholy, ungodlike, degrading.

By this way evil thoughts reach us and we reach them. By it we find access to all conditions, physical, mental and spiritual, which, separating us from the soul in its multiple aspects, close the sacred way and detach us from all that is good, just and true. We then forget that we are a part of that Infinite Whole, that Universal, Absolute Law which governs all. As we sow, so do we reap. As we reap so have we sown whether it be weal or woe, for absolute justice rules the universe. There is a Happy Land, not far away, *but right here*. There is a Heaven, not beyond the skies, but right here *within us*. The Sacred Way leads us thereto, for the Sacred Way is the way of the heart, from the heart to all hearts and to the one Heart; that Eternal pulse of compassion of which the Universe is verily the outcome. That constant throb of Love which unites every part of the Universe—all who will may have access to the Sacred Way, all who do the will of the Law are on the Sacred Way. Not even falls a hair of the head without the will of the Law. We are the agents of the Law, the very expression of the will of the Law. We can become a part of the Law itself by uniting ourselves with it. We can verily become the Sacred Way ourselves and help and share in this constant ever-becoming.

STUDENT

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

The Philosophy of Action

DEAR COMRADES: Let "do" consume "do not." For there are two types of moral injunction, which you may label the *do* and the *do not* groups. Fill the day with positive *doing*—according to duty, and the heart-light—and the germs of *wrong* doing will have no chance to ripen into the evil flower.

That is one path. It is that of the New Testament. Christ did not say: *Avoid* stirring up strife; *do not* hate your neighbor. He said: *Be* a peacemaker; *love* your neighbor. That is, he recommended the positive path of *right doing* instead of the negative path of *not wrong doing*. The Old Testament has much more of the *not* path. The *not* path, faithfully followed, leads to a *negative* goodness. A life so lived might be free from sin, and yet be utterly valueless to mankind, full of harmless emptiness. It might be free from the *unhappiness* of ill-conscience, but it could not have joy. It might be full of fear, of morbid self-questioning: "Have I done wrong; am I about to do wrong?"

But the other life becomes *full* of acts of which every one is done with the joy of the heart-light upon it, the joy of the approval and benediction of the soul. At last that joy becomes a constant state, and life flows straight out from the heart. The fire which prompts the doing of *right* things has consumed the germs of *wrong* doing, and the life is not only harmless, but actively beneficial.

To abstain from doing a wrong thing is good; to triumphantly do a right thing instead is better; to feel the golden heart-light glow warm whilst you do it, is best. That is the philosophy of life. AMICUS

My First Impressions of Loma-Land

IT happened to be my good fortune to go to Loma-land, the land of the beautiful, where no quarreling can exist, where everything is the symbol of peace and every one is happy.

No one realizes what he has missed until he comes to Loma-land. I never really lived before. I sort of existed or made believe live, so to speak. I learned things simply because I had to, not because I wanted to. When I used to practice music I wondered to myself, "Why am I practicing? What good will it do me? I might just as well stop, because I never want to play for any one." The truth was, I did not care for any one enough. But now, at Loma-land, how different! I cannot get enough time for practice. For I feel that my playing *may* be of some use to some one some time.

How differently one can work when there is a treasured goal to aim for. And one is happier when at work. For when at work the mind and body are in unison, thence things are harmonious, and we are happy.

I went away from Loma-land for one day, and oh, how glad I was to get back. I never appreciated Loma-land nearly so much until I went away from it. So people do not fully appreciate things until they have them taken from them.

One is always happy at Loma-land. When you wake up in the morning, you hear the birds singing, and all nature seems awake and ready to begin a new life:



A CLASS OF THE SAN DIEGO LOTUS GROUP

ground. There seems to be a predominance of the colors of yellow and purple, and these are the Brotherhood colors.

But the children! Yes, as every one admits, the children are the chief attraction at Loma-land. All the work and interest seem to center about the children, for will they not be the race which shall govern our nation and country?

If we would have the right kind of government and nation, we must educate the children.

And the children of Loma-land are of themselves an inspiration. Always eager to learn, loving, helping and sharing, these children make an example that any grown person need not be ashamed to follow.

May 9, 1902

VIDA REED

A New Music-Play Given by the San Diego Lotus Children

THE music-play given by the children of the San Diego Lotus Group on Saturday, May 3d, was quite the event of the week. It was another step forward and brought out the latent ability of the various children of San Diego,

who but a short time ago joined the Group. It both astonished and delighted their fathers and mothers, who are, by the way, not members of The Universal Brotherhood Organization.

While much is always expected of students, particularly young students of Raja Yoga, this little drama climaxed all expectations and, to judge by appearances, it awakened something in the hearts of those fortunate enough to witness it that had not been felt before.

The San Diego Lotus Group—an unsectarian Sunday School—was organized something like eight months ago, in a pretty little hall on Sixth street. From the date of opening the attendance has increased week by week and, so filled have the children become with the true spirit of joyful giving, they are constantly seeking for opportunities to carry to others some glimpse of the insight and the joy that has come to them. It was to express a

new ideal, and to give to others the new-old truth that sacrifice is pleasure, not pain; that it is a "making sacred," in the truest sense, as the word itself signifies, that the San Diego children presented this beautiful music-play.

The play itself was founded upon the mediæval myth of "Beauty and the Beast," which may be traced, however, in some form in the traditions of all the ancient races. It was selected because so well adapted for the symbolic presentation of the old, old truth that "He who saveth his life shall lose it, and he who loseth his life for my sake shall save it." In this beautiful form were expressed the new-old truths that life is joy; that sacrifice is but another word for opportunity; that there are no obstacles which unselfish Love may not surmount; no barriers that compassion may not break; that the strong soul who will not surrender, who dares all, risks all, for the sake of principle and in the service of humanity's children, will in the end be victorious and will help humanity to cast off its cloak of selfishness and step forth in the fullness and the stature of its own Divinity. Did these children thus philosophize? Not at all. Their brains



REPRESENTATIVES OF THE BOYS BROTHERHOOD CLUB, SAN DIEGO

were fortunately not in the way. Their hearts felt the joy of the message that had come to them and were aglow with the urge to give it forth to others, to tell it to all who would listen. How do I know? Just as I know the character of a tree—by seeing its fruit.

And, in choosing this new method of presenting these truths, the San Diego children, aided by their teachers and helpers, stood upon common ground with the great dramatist-philosophers of the past, with Sophocles, with Æschylus. For truth cannot be expressed by the literal word. Neither can it be grasped by the brain mind. But the children—it is they who teach living truth in a simple and beautiful way if their little hearts are rightly directed. They know how to present living truths so that all will understand.

The play was quite beyond what one ordinarily expects from children. More than twenty were required for the leading parts alone, and I could not tell you how many more for the fairies, and the splendid Warrior-drill of the Boys' Brotherhood Club of San Diego. And then the little play itself! What a lesson it was to

the grown-ups! Just a few simple words spoken by children, and yet I feel very sure that few sermons, as the world goes, could have taught me so many truths that are really worth knowing.

The music was unusually beautiful, and to those who know what the music of Loma-land is, that is saying a great deal. I have been wondering if it were perhaps, after all, the greatest of all the helps the children employed in presenting their little play. Certain it was that the hearts of the audience were touched. All the fathers and the mothers and the big brothers and the big sisters sat delighted the whole evening through.

And the children? Their sweet dignity was an example to the grown-ups. Although the green-room was separated from the audience by nothing more than a simple, smilax-covered screen, not a sound was heard. That, too, was quite a lesson, and was only another proof of what Raja Yoga training will do. I sometimes wonder if we fathers and mothers of San Diego really are awake to what is for our best good.

A MOTHER

WE have already drawn attention to the courageous stand which has been

taken by the Rev. Columbus Bradford in his exposition of Reincarnation and to the persecution which he has drawn upon himself from some other clergymen who are unable to see truth themselves—which is pardonable, or to tolerate its avowal by others—which is unpardonable. We see that Mr. Bradford has now made a statement to the press which is so rich in thought that we cannot refrain from quoting some small portions that we may give to it some of the publicity which it merits.

He says that Reincarnation "is based upon the plain teaching of Christ, that the Soul does not die when the body dies." From this he infers that the salvation of the race will be "by putting on immortality, not by putting off mortality—as spiritual bodies, not bodiless spirits. This also accords strictly with Paul's writings to the Corinthians and the Thessalonians." Mr. Bradford then continues:

I, therefore, assume, as a working hypothesis, that every human birth that now takes place is a re-appearance of some member of the human race who has previously died, and whose soul has seized upon this means of rebuilding its body. In

The Putting on of Immortality

the light of this hypothesis the Creator is seen to be improving the quality of the human race by means of birth

and death, while the orthodox view has been increasing the quantity by birth, and disposing of a vast amount of waste material by death.

According to my hypothesis, Jesus Christ came to this world to save the human race in this world, and to save it alive, not dead. He came to save a race already in existence, not one that was increasing so rapidly in numbers that millions upon millions would be lost before they ever had a chance to hear of him. He said: "If I be lifted up from the earth I will draw all men unto me." This he has not yet done, and never will, unless he does it in some other world, or unless "all men" have more than one chance to be drawn to him in this world.

We are satisfied that argument so clear and logical as is this must produce a profound impression wherever it is read with an honest desire to know the truth, and that there must be many ministers of religion who will warmly welcome a teaching which enables them to restore their faith to the position which it once occupied, as a logical and consistent scheme of human evolution. Their path will be made easier for them by the sacrifice and devotion of which the Rev. Columbus Bradford has given so signal an example.

STUDENT

"Where Rail and Tide Meet, There Cast Anchor"

Investors, Speculators, & Real Estate Dealers

GET IN ON THE
GROUND FLOOR
AT SAN DIEGO
EARLY

San Diego is the Open Door to the Orient & Investors now will be Capitalists later

CAN'T YOU SEE THE HAND OF DESTINY?

- 2700 miles saved in encircling the globe via this port
- Three Transcontinental Railroads heading for this Harbor
- The Commerce of the Southwest and of the Pacific is being concentrated at the Bay of San Diego
- Look out for Big Developments; the Market is active now

If you want to Buy or Sell there, address

D. C. Reed

Established 1870

Ex-Mayor of San Diego

Bank of Commerce

841 FIFTH ST., bet E & F Sts., SAN DIEGO

Capital, \$100,000

Reserve & Undivided Profits, \$46,837.23

R. M. POWERS, President F. W. JACKSON, Cashier
GRAHAM E. BABCOCK, C. L. WILLIAMS,
Vice-President Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—R. M. Powers, Graham E. Babcock, J. F. Sinks,
A. H. Frost, Chas. T. Hinde, U. S. Grant, & F. W. Jackson

General banking business transacted. Exchange drawn direct on all principal cities of United States and Europe. Prompt attention given to collections.



YOU and your friends are cordially invited to visit our
Museum
of Curiosities

Every attention will be shown to make your visit pleasant

BURNELL'S
CURIOSITY STORE

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Northeast Corner Fifth and D Streets

Mexican, Indian, Californian Relics & Souvenirs

We manufacture Hand-Carved Leather

Patronize Home Industry, build up This City, increase the value of Your Own Property

Pleasance & Son

PRACTICAL

UPHOLSTERERS

Parlor Furniture, Couches, Lounges,
Mattresses, Spring Beds, etc.
REPAIRED OR RECOVERED

Our specialties are First-Class Workmanship & Low Prices

CARPETS & FINE RUGS CLEANED BY THE CELEBRATED
HELLER PROCESS

BON TON UPHOLSTERY HOUSE

1154 Fifth Street, San Diego

Telephone Red 1926

Griswold Block

You will need a copy for yourself and several copies to send to your friends. The edition is limited.

An Address
by Katherine Tingley
in the Opera House
at San Diego, Sunday
evening, March 16th
1902

Neatly printed and bound, containing half-tone illustrations of the Opera House, Loma Homestead and the Aryan Temple. This is the first public address of Katherine Tingley after her purchase of the Opera House, and in it is outlined broadly her plans for the beautiful theatre and its occupation by the Isis Conservatory of Music. Sent post paid for TEN CENTS.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Isis
Conservatory of Music

of the

Universal Brotherhood Point Loma, Cal.

San Diego Branch, 1940 B Street

Personal applications and inquiries received every Saturday by the Secretary at 1940 B Street, San Diego. . . .
Hours 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Full particulars sent by mail on application . . . Address

J. H. FUSSELL, Secretary and Treasurer Isis Conservatory of Music, POINT LOMA, CAL.

The
LEADING REAL ESTATE BROKER in SAN DIEGO IS

E. J. Carter

964 Sixth Street, San Diego

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE LOCATING IN SAN DIEGO CITY OR COUNTY, CALL ON OR WRITE TO HIM

RUDDER'S NEW RESTAURANT & GRILL

NEWLY FURNISHED FINEST IN THE CITY

CORNER FOURTH & PLAZA
SAN DIEGO - - - CAL.

Strahlmann-Mayer Drug Co.

PHARMACY GRADUATES
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, etc.
Physicians Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully prepared

CORNER FOURTH & D STREETS
Telephone Main 424
CORNER FIFTH & C STREETS
Telephone Black 856

THE
Lion Clothing Co.
CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"
STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

D. L. HOOVER G R O C E R

SIXTH & H STREETS
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Telephone Black 11

Electric Laundry

NELSON SNYDER, Proprietor

16TH & I STREETS

TELEPHONE BLACK 731

No Saw Edges on Collars and Cuffs

The
Chadbourne Furniture Co.

W. L. FREVERT, Manager

We aim to carry an entirely up-to-date stock of house furnishings, and, for style and variety of goods, cannot be outdone in Southern California. We are glad to show visitors through our extensive store-rooms.

STORE-ROOMS

SIXTH & D STREETS
San Diego, Cal.

AT
**Bowen's
DRY GOODS STORE**

Will be found a full assortment of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Tea Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Wrappers, Silks and Dress Goods . .

W. O. BOWEN 1043 FIFTH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

KELLY'S LIVERY POINT LOMA COACH LINE

*Special Coaches for Select Parties
arranged by telephone*

DEALER IN FIRST-CLASS HORSES

THIRD & F STS., PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be one season or another. Paint will set tougher during the winter, and of course that gives durability. One point favoring winter. There are others favoring summer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so often as houses painted with any other paint, because it has more body to withstand action of the elements. There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per gallon.

We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.
WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS
7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, President
G. B. GROW, Cashier
W. R. ROGERS, Assistant Cashier

Every facility and security offered to our patrons and the public generally. Collections and exchanges on all points.

If you are difficult to satisfy, I ask you to inspect our before hiring or carriage not perfect-



come in & LIVERY ing a team that does ly suit you

FRED FANNING
PROPRIETOR
Fifth Avenue Stables
Tel. Red 351 SAN DIEGO Cor. 5th & B Sts.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SAN DIEGO

CAPITAL PAID UP \$150,000
SURPLUS & UNDIVIDED PROFIT \$45,000

J. GRUENDIKE - - - PRESIDENT
D. F. GARRETTSON - - VICE PRES.
G. W. FISHBURN - - - CASHIER

DIRECTORS—J. Gruendike, Geo. Hannahs, J. E. Fishburn, G. W. Fishburn and D. F. Garrettson

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO FIT YOUR EYES TO SUIT YOU. WE HAVE A SPECIAL PLACE SET APART FOR OPTICAL WORK, CONTAINING ALL THE MODERN INSTRUMENTS USED IN SIGHT TESTING IF YOU NEED GLASSES, HAVE a PRESCRIPTION to FILL, or FRAME to REPAIR

we give you the best work obtainable in San Diego

J E N K S
826-828 5th street Graduate Optician

The New Century



Year \$2

Point Loma, San Diego, California.

Copy 5¢



Vol. V

MAY 25, 1902

No. 28

The New Century

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Two Dollars; other countries in the Postal Union, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; payable in advance
Single copy, Five Cents

Communications for the Editor, manuscripts, reports, books and periodicals for review should be addressed, "Katherine Tingley, Editor *The New Century*, Point Loma."

The editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

Articles will not be considered by the editor unless signed by the author and marked with the number of words contained. In no case is manuscript returned.

Address all Business communications, including subscriptions, and make all remittances (in bank drafts or money orders, payable to The New Century Corporation) to "Clark Thurston, Point Loma, Cal."

To comply with recent postal regulations, all Post-Office money order remittances should be made payable at San Diego. The remittances, as well as all other mail, should be made to Point Loma, as usual.

Entered at the Post-Office at Point Loma, Cal., as second-class matter Nov. 30th, 1901
Copyright, 1902, by Katherine Tingley

Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

Truth Alone Is Real

EVIL in my belief has no *positive* existence. It is a want of vitality, a warped vigor, a stunted growth, and consequently an anti-*æsthetic* fact.—DANIEL G. BRINTON, in *The Basis of Social Relations*.

The vices are the opposites of their corresponding virtues; and, of the two, it is surely the virtues that should be considered positive and real, because they give life and immortality. Hence the vices, which destroy and disintegrate, are negative; they are a want of vitality, a warped vigor.

It is very helpful to keep in mind this point of view, because it enables us to realize the fictitious character of the evil forces and to estimate them at their true worth. Evil rules largely by a false show of strength; it bluffs and terrorizes us.

The supreme fount of strength in man, both as race and individual, is the divine Soul that is his real self; and evil may always be traced to a lack of trust in this. When man loses touch with the Light within him, he begins to rely on external props and becomes a striving, calculating animal. The process continues until materialism and artificiality have reached a climax and the race is threatened with dissolution. But the divine root of human nature is imperishable, and it impels mankind to save itself by a return to faith and trust. In that allegory, the *Bhagavad Gita*, this supreme spirit is made to say:

The Supreme Fount of Strength

I produce myself among creatures whenever there is a decline of virtue and an insurrection of vice and injustice in the world; and thus I incarnate from age to age for the preservation of the just, the destruction of the wicked, and the establishment of righteousness.

To put this in another way—when the external aids on which man has relied have proved their inefficiency, and the little tides of human energy have run their brief course; then the innate strength of human nature reasserts itself and there is a regeneration. For

Man Groping for the Permanent

vices are impermanent, and only the truth can endure through the ages. Looking abroad on the world, we see society standing appalled on the brink of dissolution through physical decay and intestinal discord and friction; and we see it instinctively groping for something fixed and permanent to cling to. When extreme individualism leads to ruinous competition, man resorts to combination and co-operation, for unity is strength. It is thus that the great truth of Brotherhood will make its power felt upon earth: it alone can bestow a continuance of life. The vast complications of modern luxury and invention prove their utter inability to produce one grain of happiness. No banquet can give so much satisfaction as the poor man's crust, nor can the most luxurious couch ever compare with Nature's sandy pillow beneath the starry canopy. These latter are the frail substitutes for God-given bounties; all enjoy-

Joy Comes Only from the Soul

ment and life comes out of man's own soul, and no appliance can add anything to it. The evil in us has no permanence and will run down, leaving the enduring truth. All the characteristics of evil are negative: doubt, fear, ignorance, despondency, anger (or loss of control). Desire, which is spoken of as the root of affliction, is an inability to stand firm and be at peace. A man who is the prey of desire is a moral invalid: he needs all kinds of appliances and props. The strong man needs no stimulants or medicines or comforts; he has all in his bountiful vitality. So the man strong in faith and hope and love needs to run after no imagined Elysium nor cultivate any "powers": he has them all in his Soul-life.

The salvation of the race, as of the individual, will come from within, in the shape of a recognition of its own boundless strength and resources.

H. T. E.

The Race-Soul

A NEW book, called *The Basis of Social Relations: a Study in Ethnic Psychology*, by Daniel G. Brinton, seems, according to the reviews of it, to contain some useful thoughts on the question of the relation of the individual to collective humanity. It shows a disposition to treat individualism as a disease—a pathological condition—and to regard the "ethnic mind," the soul of the race, as the primary and essential factor of the human life. In these days of individualism, in which the individual is put in the first place, and society spoken of as if it had no proper existence, but were merely a collection of individuals with conflicting interests requiring careful adjustment, it is refreshing to see the opposite view taken. Society is the real thing, and individuals are only parts thereof; the race-soul is the real being, and the so-called separate souls only divisions of it—in short, *abstractions*.

In the perspective of past history this is more clearly seen; and it is more clearly seen if, ignoring our own personality, we regard other personalities; it is not easy to set the personality of anyone else on a pinnacle.

One of the principles on which the author in question bases his arguments is that "there is no such thing as progress or culture in the isolated individual, but only in the group, in society, in the *ethnos*. Only by taking and giving, borrowing and lending, can life either improve or continue."

We know that no individual, however ambitious and clever, can outstrip his race; he has no separate life and society is necessary to him. He must abide with his race or cut himself off from humanity and from life.

STUDENT

Friendship and Altruism

A WELL-KNOWN writer is mourning over the decadence of friendship, and cites the instances of Achilles and Patroclus, Pylades and Orestes, David and Jonathan, as types which find no counterpart at the present day. The complaint is, we fear, well founded, and the problem is not solved, as the writer contends, by the assumption that human fraternity has so increased as to make such special bonds of affection no longer necessary. Nor can we assent to his suggestion that extended means of communication have enabled us to spread over a greater number of persons the love which was once given to an individual or to a few.

What is friendship? This appears to us to be one of those words which elude definition, while producing more or less confused concept in the mind. May we bracket it with the word compassion, explaining the former as a mutually reciprocated state of unselfishness between two or more individuals, and the latter as an unselfish regard for others which is not reciprocated or only to a lesser extent?

If this be accepted, we find that so beautiful a thing as friendship has, like all other beautiful things in human relationship, its basis in the one need of the world for altruism, and the decadence of friendship means the disappearance of altruism in those exquisite forms with which tradition has made us familiar. But in looking and hoping for its reappearance in the world we must not be limited by the standards of the past, nor must we be satisfied until the tide of compassion on the part of the relatively few has so risen in force and intensity that there shall be no hearts in the world unmelted into reciprocity. Then friendship will be rediscovered, not as a shining crown upon the heads of the few, but as the characteristic of a new-born race.

STUDENT

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

A Planet Beyond Neptune?

PROFESSOR FORBES of Edinburg says there is a planet beyond Neptune, and he has been at work for many years to determine its exact position. He bases his belief on the theory of Professor Newton of Yale, that if the parabolic orbits of comets have been changed to ellipses the changes can only be due to the influence of the planets, and the aphelion of the new orbit is in all probability the position that the comet occupied at the time of the change. Now Professor Forbes has shown that seven comets have an aphelion distance of about one hundred times the earth's distance from the sun. He identifies the comet of 1844 with that observed in 1856, and he seeks to show that its orbit has been disturbed by a planet considerably larger than Jupiter at about one hundred times the earth's distance, and he calculates that the longitude of this planet would be at present about 181 degrees. Should this planet be eventually discovered, it will probably be by comparing photographs taken at intervals, and a minute search is now being made to this end.

STUDENT

To Make the Cities Beautiful

THE problem of how best to beautify our cities is a difficult one, but it has for preliminary the still more difficult problem of how best to persuade our citizens that their cities need to be beautified. We have no quarrel at the moment with the utilitarian spirit which requires to be satisfied as to the usefulness of every change or addition before giving to it its sanction. Our task is rather to show that beauty does actually comply with the formulas of true utilitarianism and that it has not only its uses, but is itself an absolute necessity to all communities which are to expand and evolve in the many directions open to them.

A city is above all things the material expression of the people who live in it. It is an open book from which all can read the characters and the aspirations of the inhabitants. In an age when everything has to "pay," it is being discovered that it does not pay to advertise to the world our indifference to and our neglect of the higher mental faculties which demand the beautiful as an article of daily food, and which can be withered and starved as surely as can our bodies. A city should represent the high ideals of its people as well as the low ideals; their aspirations as well as their greeds. A slovenly back yard is an index to the character, not of its owner alone, but of all others who fail to protest against it by word and by example.

C.

Results of Religious Hysteria

THERE has been a series of revival meetings at Ramsey, New Jersey, and the inhabitants of that town are likely to remember the occasion. A newspaper report assures us that the town has never had anything of that kind before, and there is probably now a widespread hope that it will never have anything of that kind again. The immediate net results seem to be that the clergyman in whose church the revival meetings were held, has since died in a state of violent lunacy, and a young lady, the daughter of a prominent townsman, has been removed in a like condition to the local asylum. The reports naturally do not state how many other persons have been brought to the verge of insanity without actually overstepping the line.

The revivalist seems to have been of the old fashioned abusive and vulgar variety, whose methods are to induce terrified hysteria by means of violent personalities, and then to take credit for a certain number of "conversions." We sometimes wonder if the people who encourage this sort of delirium have ever read their Bibles, and if they remember that discourse which is called the Sermon on the Mount. They would find it a wholesome moral discipline to read and re-read those passages, and then to endeavor, so far as in them lies, to imitate their theology and their style.

The clergyman, whose lamentable end is thus recorded, was a model of gentle refinement, and his mental condition was first made apparent by his pitiable efforts to imitate in the pulpit the indecent antics of the revivalist, whom he had himself invited to his church. He preached one more sermon to his alarmed and pitying congregation, and then collapsed forever.

STUDENT

Books for the Children

FOUR little boys in an Illinois town have been brought before the Court on a charge of attempted highway robbery with violence. They had been reading a story about Jack Shepard, and were fired with ardor to emulate the deeds of that ruffian, which had been painted as though they were the achievements of a saint.

There are probably but few parents among our readers who would allow their little ones to imbibe such poison as this. It is lamentable that there should be anywhere a demand on behalf of children for a literature which can only be described as a preparatory school for crime. There is however room for a much greater discretion than is now used even by those parents who honestly seek to understand their responsibilities to their children. We do not advocate that children should be blinded to the facts of life, but there is a great difference between a wise and judicious realism, and a literature which can only be described as decorating the unrealities, the follies and falsities of life. There are today many literary wares upon the market which may cursorily appear to be pure and which yet hold up to admiration, or at least to toleration, very much that is neither admirable nor tolerable. A knowledge of the facts of human life, wisely bestowed, is harmless and beneficial, but a literature which tacitly commends or tolerates the impure motives from which so many of those facts have sprung is simply planting the seeds of similar facts in soil so fertile that no future efforts can quite neutralize its harvest of pain.

STUDENT

Like Snakes in Ireland

MR. SAMUEL T. CLOVER has been discussing the ethics of journalism before the University Ethical Club. We are tempted to remind our readers of the article on "Snakes in Ireland," which is said to have been prepared for a famous encyclopedia, and which consisted of the words, "There are no snakes in Ireland." In the same way Mr. Clover might have condensed his discourse on the ethics of much of modern journalism.

In discussing the ideal newspaper, which at the moment is hidden in a well deeper than truth, we are much in accord with what Mr. Clover says. He tells us that the ideal newspaper "will not tolerate abuse, violence, personalities or reckless impugning of motives." How far off from that ideal we yet are may be judged from the vast number of newspapers whose daily diet is exclusively composed of these very things. The lecturer goes on to tell us that "the first duty of a newspaper is to the people who look to it for light, facts and guidance." Whether there are actually people who look to the daily journals for these things we do not know, but we are persuaded that they look in vain, except in a very small minority of cases. The classes which are catered to by the modern press—with a few honorable exceptions—are the classes who love to believe a lie, the classes who constitute the Moloch of the Twentieth century, with its clamorous demand for murdered reputations. A well known scientist tells us that the paper on which our journals are printed is of so poor a quality that it will disappear within a few years. For the reputation of the century in the eyes of posterity we are glad to believe that this is indeed so.

There have been a few diffident and unassuming persons who have recognized their qualifications to edit a newspaper as Christ would have done it. Of these efforts we will not exalt ourselves into the position of critics, but we have our doubts. Personally, we should be content to see the revival of a journalism which, without advancing loud and inflated claims, should yet make good sense, good temper and good taste its dominant characteristics. These are ordinary, every-day terms, but taken together they spell fraternity, and this is perhaps the highest expression of human evolution. Then indeed the world will be provided with newspapers to which we can confidently look for "light, facts and guidance," and the mainsprings of evil will be nearly cut through.

Because we are incurably optimistic we believe that we shall see such a revival, and that it will be enthusiastically supported by the men of good will, who will be numerous enough, and determined enough, to make of it a triumphant success.

STUDENT

sending music. The older countries have had the custom of giving performances of music in most unfamiliar form, with titles that but few of the listeners could understand. America has made but little change in that time-worn manner.

What does such a title as *Allegro vivace* mean to the average listener? It is meaningless to the majority, and as to the meaning of the music to be performed, the masses are left entirely at sea. Not only have these customs been adopted, but our language has even been neglected in the performance of vocal music. The use of foreign languages alone is enough to dampen the ardor of a budding music lover. Fortunately, all that will change soon. New blood is pushing to the front with telling vigor. Old souls, too, are incarnating in new bodies to garner the fruits of their labors by manifesting a superior power of ripeness. The world is full of musical prodigies and exceptionally talented children. Never before have we heard of so many extraordinary geniuses in the musical line. Presently we shall see a wonderful harvest of practical workers. There is a much greater number of beautiful voices among the laity, and—as if the classics had anticipated the expansion—the modern voices seem to extend in range, to be better able to reach

the extreme limits and with greater ease than singers of past periods. Music is an essential moral factor in the future evolution of humanity. It opens the heartstrings to greater sympathy. The realization of the higher ideal of the unity of all nature is not possible without it. There is no family so united as that in which music is regularly cultivated in the home. A quartet, chorus or orchestra is a touchstone in which all participants forget for a time all attachment to personality, thereby coming nearer to that bond which must eventually unite all human beings. From these practices a grand vista of truth is opened which is not otherwise approachable.

A more elevating feeling cannot be imagined than the purity and brilliancy of assembled children's voices. Before the sanctity of an anthem sung by children the consciousness stands in awe and wonder, capable of being thrilled into unexpected prospect of the limitless beauty of the universe.

The harmonies of true music are all agencies by which the consciousness is at once transported to a higher plane wherein the soul is at home. No impure thought finds a place there. In very truth, all active progress receives its inception through harmony of sound.

E. A. N.

Some Methods of Modern Journalism

THE following clippings from the *Chicago Tribune* tell their own story of the devious methods of manipulating news columns to meet certain ends and convey certain impressions in the interests of influences so powerful and far reaching that scarcely any newspaper in the land escapes their devastating touch:

FRENCH LECTURER SAYS DREYFUS ADMITTED GUILT

Chicago Tribune, April 29th

Secrets of the Dreyfus case, unknown to many Frenchmen who followed closely the proceedings of the trial, were confided to University of Chicago students yesterday by M. Hugues Le Roux. The French lecturer declared that Captain Dreyfus admitted guilt at the time he was pardoned.

"Captain Dreyfus not only was guilty of conspiracy against the French government, but he confessed to a number of charges and asked for mercy when signing a petition for a pardon," was the statement with which the French lawyer and lecturer astonished his auditors.

"At the time my aid was sought," added M. Le Roux, "I told Captain Dreyfus' friends that I would take up the case if they could show me that the man was innocent of the charges against him. They were unable to do this.

"You may ask why it is not conclusively shown to the public that Dreyfus was guilty. It can be shown now, but it will not be, on account of the heated public sentiment, both in and out of France. It has been decided that in twenty-five years the whole affair will be made clear." The lecture in which the reference to the Dreyfus case was made dealt with the works of the French novelist, Zola.

CONFESSION DENIED

Chicago Tribune, May 4th

PARIS, May 3—By Cable to the *Chicago Tribune*—The highest possible source of authority denies the statement of M. Hugues Le Roux in Chicago that M. Zola had seen a paper signed by ex-Captain Dreyfus, in which the latter admitted all the charges made against him, and that M. Zola and Dreyfus are no longer friends.

M. Zola, it is stated, has never seen a document signed by Dreyfus in which he admits his guilt. The relations between the novelist and the ex-Captain never have been strained; on the contrary, they remain the warmest of friends.

The bluntness and abruptness of M. Zola on Wednesday, when a correspondent called on him and he refused to answer any questions, was due solely to his desire to be left alone in peace, as he was working hard.

The statement of M. Le Roux has caused the greatest surprise in the inner circles of Dreyfusards, because heretofore he has not been hostile to Dreyfus. Some officers believe the remarks of M. Le Roux have been misunderstood.

LE ROUX DENIES DREYFUS INTERVIEW

Chicago Tribune, May 7th

Hugues Le Roux, the French lecturer, denies that while in Chicago a few days since he stated that Captain Dreyfus had confessed his guilt. M. Le Roux says that he did not make any reference to Dreyfus in the lecture referred to, and that the interview widely published throughout the country was a pure invention.

LE ROUX'S TALK ON DREYFUS

Chicago Tribune, May 8th

The statement of Hugues Le Roux regarding the guilt of Dreyfus, made at the University of Chicago a few days ago, has been repudiated by the lecturer. M. Le Roux lectured in French and many of his auditors could not understand the language. In a conversation in English regarding the lecture, and just at its close, he said Captain Dreyfus admitted his guilt. M. Le Roux is quoted as denying now that anything on this line was said in the lecture itself.

This is but one of many instances which occur daily. Indeed, if the inspirers and writers and publishers of these specious news sensations

were to be punished by statute for their sins, the penal and reformatory institutions would be found totally inadequate to accommodate the horde. What is needed most in the matter, however, is a healthy public scorn of this kind of journalism, and an awakening of the American people to a knowledge of the danger to American institutions that lies hidden in the influences by which they are inspired.

STUDENT

The Coming American

From a Poem by S. W. Foss—(Selected)

BUT this is but prelude Fate's orchestra plays,
To the strains that shall come in the fullness of days;
For the age-lengthened rhythm beat out by the fates
In the building of cities, the founding of states,
In the earthquakes of war, in its thunder and groans,
In the battle of Kings and the crumbling of thrones,
Is but prelude that's written by destiny's pen
To herald an epoch of masterful men.
In that day we shall worship, by wisdom made whole,
Not greatness of bulk, but perfection of soul;
And the thought-millionaires with our full acclaim then
Will be wreathed and anointed the leaders of men.
And methinks our great fate, from the hills to the sea,
Has sent forth this call to the years yet to be:—

Bring me men to match my mountains;

Bring me men to match my plains—

Men with empires in their purpose

And new cras in their brains.

Bring me men to match my prairies,

Men to match my inland seas,

Men whose thought shall pave a highway

Up to ampler destinies;

Pioneers to clear thought's marshlands,

And to cleanse old error's fen;

Bring me men to match my mountains—

Bring me men.

Bring me men to match my forests,

Strong to fight the storm and blast,

Branching toward the skyey future,

Rooted in the fertile past.

Bring me men to match my valleys,

Tolerant of sun and snow;

Men within whose fruitful purpose

Time's consummate blooms shall grow.

Men to tame the tigerish instincts

Of the cave and lair and den,

Cleanse the dragon-slime of nature—

Bring me men.

Bring me men to match my rivers,

Contingent cleavers, flowing free,

Drawn by the eternal madness

To be mingled with the sea;

Men of oceanic impulse,

Men whose moral currents sweep

Toward the wide-unfolding ocean

Of an undiscovered deep;

Men who feel the strong pulsation

Of that central sea, and then

Time their currents to its earth-throb—

Bring me men.

The Ethics of the "Heathens"

BY a law among the Tartars, when animals are lost from a caravan, the persons occupying the nearest encampment are bound either to find them or to replace them. It seems, no doubt, very strange to European views, that because, without their consent or even knowledge, without being in the smallest degree known to them, you have chosen to pitch your tent near those of a Mongol party, you and your animals and your baggage are to be under their responsibility; but so it is.

If a thing disappears, the law supposes that your next neighbor is the thief, or at all events an accomplice. . . . We had no sooner explained our loss to the Mongol chief, than he said to us cheerfully; "Sirs, Lamas, do not permit sorrow to invade your hearts. Your animals cannot be lost; in these plains are neither robbers nor associates of robbers. I will send in quest of your horses. If we do not find them, you may select what others you please in their place, from our herd. We would have you leave this place as happy as you came to it."—*Huc's Travels*

Blossoming at the Top

MANY weeks ago a severe wind storm swept over Loma-land. Although it lasted but a few hours, great was the hurrying and scurrying among students who were out of doors during that time. Several of the garden things suffered, and one lone climbing rose vine was stripped entirely of its foliage. We thought it was killed when, after some time, no new leaves appeared to replace those which the wind had torn away so unceremoniously. But the little vine was neither dead nor discouraged. From its broken top new shoots came out and before long they had burst into glorious bud and blossom. Best of all, right at the top of the column against which the vine was climbing, a pair of song birds built their nest, upon a ledge, quite hidden by the leaves and roses. It is a pretty sight, and suggestive indeed of those things belonging to the eternal and the divine which, crushed and wounded below, still lose not heart but cheerily "blossom at the top."

The column, in its classic design, is an exquisite foil to the unconventional, swinging beauty of the rose vine, blossoming many feet above our heads. It is only one of forty or more similar columns which support the wide porches about the Homestead, and it is interesting to know that one of our enemies recently remarked that "the Homestead could be cut down with a pen-knife!" The picture speaks for itself, a characteristic refutation of the statements made by those who cannot forgive true Theosophists for living pure lives, *lives which are a standing reproach to their own.* The Homestead is a marvel of classic beauty, built as it is, in a style of architecture of which there are no examples in the world at the present time. The simple column is but a fragment, yet if it were a photographed bit from the San Marco in Venice or some old Cathedral in Florence or Pisa we would hang it upon our walls and studiously discourse to our friends of the day "when we first saw it."

On every hand rare beauty meets the discerning eye in Loma-land, and many are the parallels to this little instance of Nature's undismayed determination to blossom, even under difficulties, and of her loving care of the wee growing things in the song bird's nest.



BLOSSOMING AT THE TOP

human race. Yet this little creature argues not about the laws of mechanics or science, but he lives and works with nature and—nature works with him. And so nature works with man, wherever man seeks not to oppose her laws, but to find them and shape his course in harmony with them. Nature smiles beneficently upon her true children, and is stern and impeachable only to those who try to set themselves in opposition to her compassionate laws.

STUDENT

STUDENT

THIS illustrates the fact that our mind is often a blundering and pragmatic busy-body, like one of those persons who are fond of doing other folks' duty for them, and who take commands for which they are not fitted and so bungle the work. I say "mind," but that is a misnomer, because the thing that does this bungling is the lower mind, the doubting mind—not the enlightened, understanding Mind.

Its nature is fear and doubt; it cannot trust in the intelligence of the faculties to do their work, but wants to plan everything out beforehand.

We know the story of the man who couldn't see the forest on account of the trees; are there not people who cannot think on account of their thoughts, and who cannot see the end on account of the means, and centipedes who cannot walk on account of their legs?

Worrying over how a thing shall be done often prevents it from being done, and is it not true that our best work may often be accomplished on the inspiration of the moment?

The Doubting Mind

The Centipede was happy, quite,
Until the Toad, in fun,
Said, "Pray which leg goes after which?"
That worked her mind to such a pitch,
She lay distracted in a ditch,
Considering how to run.

microscope, measuring off everything accurately, hoarding up its little stores of rubbish like a mouse, and trying to climb into heaven by a stepladder.

But the real Mind is young and bright-eyed and confident, and sees things instead of having to grope for them.

Perhaps humanity is like that centipede in the rhyme; perhaps the time was when it could run, and then some toad came along and flung a slimy doubt into its mind, and now it cannot run but is lying in a ditch scheming how to do so.

H. T. E.

Nature at Point Loma

NATURE touch! What does it mean? What does it not mean? Surely there can be no spot in the world more favored than Loma-land, where the key-notes of nature resound at every turn, teaching ever and anon the lessons of life.

The mighty ocean with its ponderous billows ever suggests to the human mind the untiring energy of that Power which governs all things. It teaches many lessons—that of constancy, and of the great law of action; of the persistency in right action and of the necessity of a keen appreciation of "action in inaction and inaction in action."

The most glorious touch is the perfect peace and harmony which pervades the place. While the sonorous tones of the rolling waves echo over canyon and hill, the soft, sweet songs of the free-winged birds, flying hither and thither make a perfect symphony completed by the soft, tinted colors of the mountains and sea. The little owl in his nest complete, quietly sits, and by his serene and sagacious looks seems to tell the story of his life. How he lives his own life midst the hills and canyons, ever attentive to his own! The little lark, the humming-bird and bee, each in its own way, living its own life, touches the various strings from which vibrate the peaceful harmonies of nature. And each in his turn has a wonderful lesson to teach. Each seems almost conscious of man's mistakes and of the lost arts. And some of their notes sound full of lament, that man should have strayed so far from his touch with nature. Even the little trap-spider, perhaps wholly unconscious of his own genius, models and fashions for himself a house with hinged doors surpassing in ingenuity and device the most skilled mechanic of the

DURING the current month the annual *Fiesta de las Flores*

A Festival for San Diego

has been held in Los Angeles. The time chosen was most opportune, for the city was filled with tourists, called there by the triennial convention of the Supreme Grand Court of Foresters, as well as by the Sixth Biennial of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. The whole city took a holiday, and the Fiesta was the success that is only logical when people clasp hands with nature in this rare land of flowers, California.

Unfortunately, there were those who failed to see the beauty of the occasion, and found in it only an opportunity for rioting and scandalous behavior. It is the blot that, in our larger cities, seems always to disfigure what would otherwise be a beautiful picture. These festivals should be times when, for the nonce, sordid cares are forgotten and the beautiful reigns supreme. We smile in quiet disdain at the natives of sunny Italy with their three festival days a week, but do we, as Americans, realize the dangers of a tendency to the opposite extreme? The majority of us live at such tension, nervously, that we are scarcely familiar with the first letter of the word "relaxation." One must keep up a certain steady grind to be sure, for the sake of bread and butter. But is there not also a Bread of Heaven? And the first step to be taken by those who know that nothing else will satisfy the craving, the hunger of the heart, must be to learn the higher meaning of joy. Festival days, if celebrated in the true way, bring the healthy pleasure into many lives that is the first step, often, towards the realization of joy itself.

Let us look back at Greece and ancient Egypt. Their people lived a life less sordid, less selfish, than the life we live today. At best they could but approximate the ideal; yet they loved the beautiful and they knew that Law by which periods of labor and stress must be followed by periods of enjoyment and relaxation if life were not to become hideous and disproportioned. And so the ancients had their festival days, their processions, their stately ceremonials, when beauty and joy walked hand in hand, baptizing with new hope and quickened aspiration earth's children. Such were sacred, holy days to the Greeks. Were all other records lost the Parthenon sculptures alone would show to us that the sour sanctimoniousness that is sometimes associated with so-called "holiness" today was quite unknown among them. And the flower processions of those days brought the people a pleasure that was high-souled

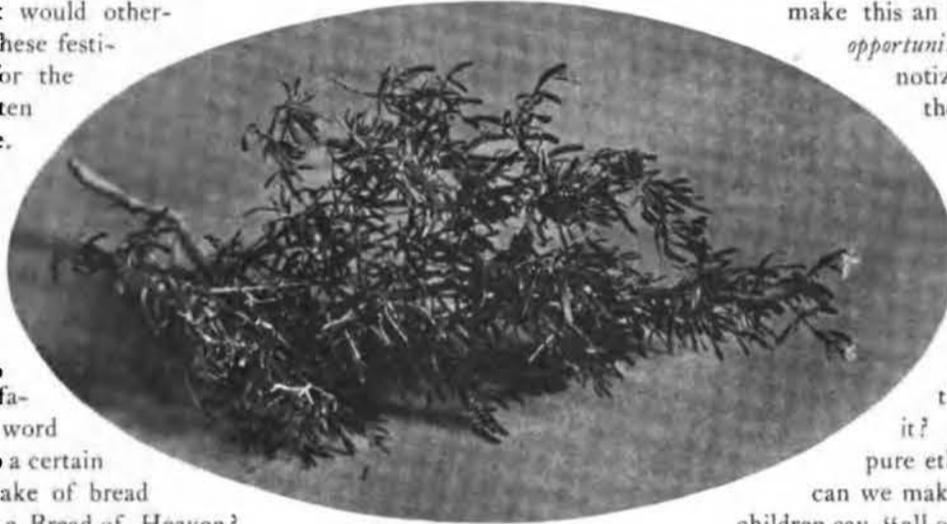
and pure, not soiled with the rioting or the accidents that so often mar these modern festivals. There are few ancient customs from which we may not learn valuable lessons. What may we learn from this? Here we live in this favored land of sunshine and flowers, California, a land that the Greeks themselves might have envied. Nowhere in the whole of that templed region by the blue Ægean was there a more beautiful spot than San Diego and Point Loma. The former has been well prophesied to be the future modern Athens. Already is templed Loma-land the greater Acropolis. Nowhere is a spot so favored as to climate, and scenery so advantaged, naturally and commercially. Do we, who are citizens of San

Diego, realize how very rich we are in all that will

make this an ideal city if we will but seize our opportunities? Surely we are not yet hypnotized into believing that the dollar is the most beautiful and most desirable object in the world. Surely we will not let this ogre of commercialism shut away from us all the beauty and the joy of life. Those of us who are worthy the name of citizen cannot afford to do so. Is our civic life already so beautiful that we are perfectly satisfied with it? Is it ideal from the standpoint of pure ethics and pure joy? If not, how can we make it so? Let us begin, as the children say, "all over again." Let us live as if we were really appreciative of all that nature has done for us in this favored place. Four hundred years

ago one of the old Spanish poets sang of a peaceful island called "California," which "lay very near the terrestrial Paradise." If Nature was kind then she is beneficent today. Let us get into the spirit of appreciativeness. Many opportunities will present themselves to us if we do. Better still, we will gain the power to make opportunities for our city and our city's children. For instance, why not a festival day in San Diego in the near future? During the approaching autumn hundreds of tourists will come to San Diego, in the ordinary course of events. A Festival Day, a real "Fiesta de las Flores," will bring to the city thousands, perhaps tens of thousands. By no other means can we so well acquaint them with the beauty and the real opportunities of life here. And we have it in our power to avoid even the suggestion of the scandal and rioting that yearly disgrace the festivals held in other cities.

Let us have a splendid "Flower Festival" this Autumn. If we will work together in the true spirit we can have a festival that will be an index of the ideals held by our most public spirited citizens. CITIZEN



A SPRAY OF BUCKTHORN

THE unveiling of the Rochambeau statue at Washington the latter part of May will be a notable function says the *New York Trib-*

The Rochambeau Statue

une. The President is taking a deep personal interest in all the arrangements for the ceremony and the committee is composed of Assistant Secretary of State Pierce, Colonel T. A. Bingham and Commander Raymond P. Rodgers. President Roosevelt has expressed his willingness to make an address, and military organizations will participate in the exercises, as it is desired to have a military demonstration to honor the memory of the commander of the French forces in America during the war of the Revolution. The French government will be represented by a general of the army and two aids, an admiral of the navy and two aids, and two officials of the foreign office, with their staffs. Count Rene de Rochambeau and Count Gaston de Lafayette have accepted the President's invitation to assist at the ceremony. The statue for the unveiling of which such elaborate preparations are being made is a replica of the memorial erected three years ago at Count Rochambeau's birthplace, Vendome, and was designed by Fernand Hamar, a young French artist of note and reputation. The figure is of bronze, heroic in size, and represents the officer in the uniform of a field marshal of France, standing with his right arm upraised as though giving the command for an attack. A symbolical study at the base—the figure of a woman holding aloft the flag of France, with her feet on the prow of a vessel—suggests the sympathy of France, the aid she sent across the sea to the young republic in the days of her struggles for national existence.

The arms of the United States, of France and the Rochambeau family are also arranged about the foot of the statue. The day selected for

its unveiling, May 24, is the anniversary of Rochambeau's entrance into the military service of his country. It will be placed on the southwest corner of Lafayette square, opposite the statue of Count Rochambeau's compatriot and companion in arms, the Marquis de Lafayette. The event promises to be keenly interesting from a historical standpoint and will do much toward cementing the already close friendship between the two Republics.

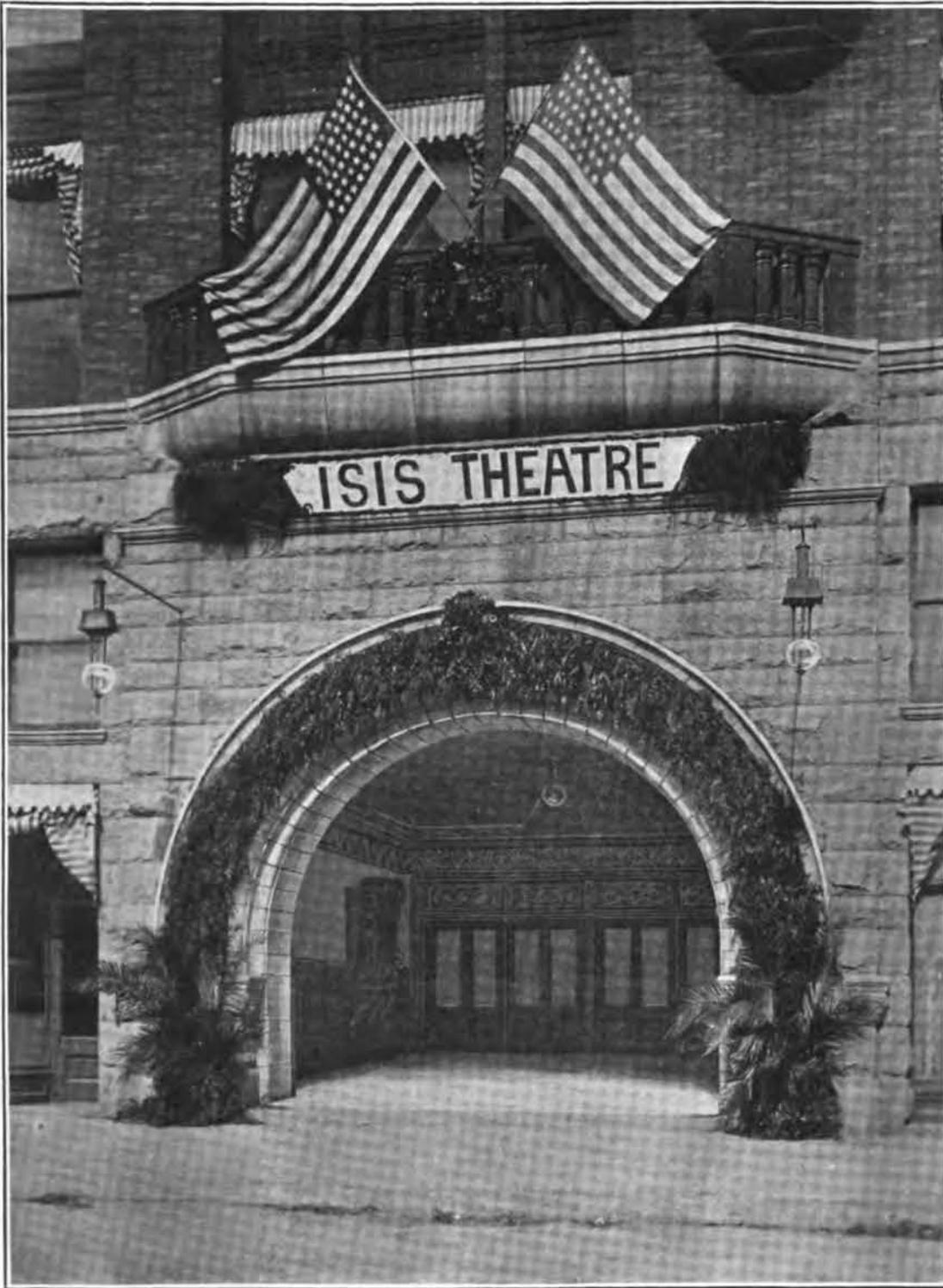
The name of Rochambeau cannot fail to awaken in the heart of every American patriot a feeling of the deepest gratitude towards the nation of whom he was the representative—for while it carries us back to the terrible sufferings of our forefathers at Valley Forge in that dreadful winter of 1777-1778, we also recall the timely aid brought to Washington by Rochambeau, which enabled the American army to tide over the crisis.

The erection of this statue is an event expressing the recognition of the ties which exist between the two great Republics of America and Europe. It is a token given by this great American nation that it nurses in its heart a feeling of the warmest friendship for the nation across the Atlantic, which will ever be at hand when need may come.

opportunities, and it was not a chance that brought us together here tonight; it was not a chance that brought the good women of the Federation to San Diego; it was not a chance that brought many of them to Loma-land; but it was the higher law, the highest law. It is working in the hearts of the people. It is touching men and women everywhere, and if each one wills to serve with all his heart, with all his soul, with all his knowledge, verily the veil shall be rent in twain and we shall stand within the light and we shall see the glory of the new day. And in that sight we shall prophesy, for in our hearts tonight have we not already prophesied? Have we not felt as one? Have we not felt in harmony with the whole world? Have we not almost felt that the flowers have souls and that the little children were verily gods who have come to us to speak of the glory of the divine life?

"And so I am rejoicing tonight. I have had many happy days in my life, and very many sad, sad days; but I am very happy tonight because I feel in the atmosphere of

this building something new. I feel so closely in touch with your hearts that I can promise humanity something new, something better, purer and nobler. This is not simply the dedication of a building; this is the dedication



MAIN ENTRANCE OF ISIS THEATRE AS DECORATED FOR THE DEDICATION, MAY 18, 1902

where we can come in order to understand ourselves, and we can make of it a new heart and a new center; a new drama and a new joy, and a new divinity, if you please, for all time."

of hearts; this is the dedication of souls for a mighty purpose. The touch of all that has happened, of all that we can understand; the touch of all that we cannot understand; the touch of all that our eyes cannot perceive, has come into our hearts. A new seed is growing in the heart of each one of us because we have met here together, because we thought it well to take this Sabbath day, this rest day which was ordained by the laws of nature, to come here and pay tribute to higher and nobler purposes in life. For this Isis Theatre is dedicated to the benefit of the human family, and I declare to you that there shall go forth from this place and from this city a benediction because we have so met and because we have decided to make this an open house, to make it a place of peace, to make it a center where men and women can gather together and speak freely and openly and daringly for the benefit of humanity. It is a place where the soul can find an atmosphere for the well-being of mankind; where the soul can come into closer touch with the heart. It is a place

Two Cablegrams from Point Loma to Santiago de Cuba on Cuban Liberty Day

The following cablegrams were sent to Senor Emilio Bacardi, Mayor of Santiago de Cuba, on May 20th, the great Cuban Liberty Day:

To EMILIO BACARDI, *Santiago de Cuba*:

At Point Loma we celebrate Cuba's Liberty Day, uniting our hearts with yours in a loving bond of brotherhood, reviving the memory of the noble deeds of Cuba's patriots.
CUBAN AND AMERICAN RAJA YOGA CHILDREN

To EMILIO BACARDI, *Santiago de Cuba*:

To yourself, honored friend, and through you to Cuba's executive and legislative government and all her people, we send auspicious greetings on your birthday as a nation. May wisdom and truth, expressed in brotherhood, rule your minds and brave hearts, and ever hold you in peace and prosperity.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

It is a rare boon to Cuba, that a center of Universal Brotherhood

should already be established in that country's midst. It means more to the future than we realize that so many young hearts have come out of Cuba to this World-center, Loma-land, here to fit themselves to be helpers and teachers of their own people. That is their aim, their chief ambition, "To some day go back to Cuba and teach the people there all about brotherhood and that Life is Joy." And that Cuba should afford even one patriot like Emilio Bacardi, to stand for the ideal of education for his people *on right lines*, that Cuba should have even one soul who rejoices to hold up the hands of Katherine Tingley in her educational work for the people of that sad island, is an evidence that the future holds a bright promise for the new republic.

Last year Mayor Bacardi's daughter paid a visit to Loma-land. During the coming summer we hope to see the loyal Cuban patriot himself, and greet him as guest and brother.

OBSERVER

Students



Path

Elegiac

by LONGFELLOW—(Selected)

DARK is the morning with mist; in the narrow mouth of the harbor
Motionless lies the sea, under its curtain of cloud;
Dreamily glimmer the sails of ships on the distant horizon.
Like to the towers of a town, built on the verge of the sea.

Slowly and stately and still, they sail forth into the ocean;
With them sail my thoughts over the limitless deep,
Farther and farther away, borne on by unsatisfied longings,
Unto Hesperian isles, unto Ausonian shores.

Now they have vanished away, have disappeared in the ocean;
Sunk are the towers of the town into the depths of the sea!
All have vanished but those that, moored in the neighboring roadstead,
Sailless at anchor ride, looming so large is the mist.

Vanished, too, are the thoughts, the dim, unsatisfied longings;
Sunk are the turrets of cloud into the ocean of dreams;
While in a haven of rest my heart is riding at anchor,
Held by the chains of love, held by the anchors of trust!

A Development in Religion

THE interpretation of Christianity given by advanced, yet perfectly orthodox, Christian thinkers, gets constantly nearer to that given by Theosophy. Everyone remembers the storm of orthodox denunciation with which the famous Oxford "Essays and Reviews" was received. Written by devout, yet—for that day—advanced Christians, it was considered by others to reek of heresy in every line. Yet, as in the case of the Darwinian theory, it gradually and effectually permeated and modified the thought of the times.

Now comes another book from the same source. Six Oxford tutors combine to issue *Contentio Veritatis, Essays in Constructive Theology*, a book that may raise as great a storm as its predecessor.

In dealing with the person of Christ, none of the writers shirk the question of miracles. They argue, as does Harnack, "that Christ undoubtedly performed great works of healing, and this by the exercise of a psychic power, the limits of which modern investigations have shown our entire incapacity for discovering"—as yet, one may add. As to the "nature miracles," more doubt is expressed, and one of the writers says: "The probability against such phenomena is very great."

As to the relations of God, Christ, and Man, the keynote of the book is that God is to be understood by understanding Christ, found by finding Christ. One writer seems not far from Pantheism in saying: "The God of nature is impersonal," another following suit in the contention that the God revealed *cosmically* in the universe is revealed *personally* in Christ. This is Theosophy, that the omnipresent Divine is focused and personalized in every divinely redeemed man. His personal consciousness is saturated with the sacred Essence, which therefore, through him, thinks and feels and speaks as (perfect) man.

That the book is in line with this view is shown by the subjoined quotation from one of the writers, Dr. Rashdall:

If an actual historical person is actually pronounced by the moral and religious consciousness to embody the highest ideal of human life and the true relation between God and man, such a person may be regarded on this ground alone as in a unique sense a revelation of God.

The same writer is careful to draw no absolute line between Jesus Christ and ordinary humanity; it is a question of *degree* of relationship to the Divine. He appears to recognize, like the Gnostics, a manifested Breath, Word, or Logos, of the unmanifested God, as present in creation; and this Logos as distinct from the human soul that has raised itself to contact with it. He says:

(1) The Divine Logos, present in all souls to some extent and in some degree, was pre-eminently present in the human soul of Christ, and (2) that how-

ever great the coincidence between the moral and religious ideals, between the will, the character of the human Jesus and of the God who was revealing himself in and through Him, there remain two natures, two wills, not one.

This is startling enough, from orthodox Oxford. But it is the teaching of the New Testament (*not my will, but thine, be done*). And if the Church would bring Christ home to the comprehension of the people, and make the life and character of Christ a possibly attainable ideal for all men; if it would spread hope, and make men conscious of their potential divine dignity, their potential sonship to God, it is this which it must preach.

H. C.

Doubt and Disease

Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.—Psalm cxii, 4

THIS is an age of doubt, uncertainty, disputation. It is impossible to point to any definite and positive faith as the guiding spirit of humanity, or to any question on which there is the smallest semblance of unanimity. This is brought home to us very forcibly when the problem of education arises: we do not know what to teach the children. Pity the poor children who have to find their own way, as best they may, amid the doubts and delusions which we instill into them from our own puzzled minds!

And yet there are people who go on talking about our enlightenment and emancipation from ignorance and superstition.

The history of nations that have declined seems to be marked by the following stages: sterling qualities bring success; this leads to pride, and pride to excess; excess saps the vitality and virility of the people, and then—doubts appear. Thus doubts are the outcome of an impaired organism, and the vaunted enlightenment of the skeptic is nothing more than a disease of the inner vision.

This truth is insisted on by all great religious teachers and philosophers, and many texts could be quoted from the Bible and other sacred writings in illustration thereof. How can we expect as a race to have the *mens sana* when nowhere is to be found the healthy body to enshrine it? Is it any wonder that every truth resolves itself, in our minds, into a pair of opposite extremes, so that we discuss whether to follow God's guidance or our own will, whether to give religious teaching or secular teaching, etc.? We cannot take a balanced, proportioned and all-round view of anything, because there is no harmony, symmetry, or wholesomeness in our lives.

We should all welcome the return of an age of certainty, faith and contentment, after so much doubt and bewilderment. But the disease of society has gone beyond the reach of unaided philosophy, and the struggling mind is itself too deeply bogged to pull its distracted faculties out of the mire. How shall the blind lead the blind?

So, before light and faith and knowledge can come back, the gangrene must be removed from the vitals of society; before the head can become clear and the eye lucid, the body must be made clean and sound. It behooves all reformers to attend to the details of daily life, the simple, natural laws of health and cleanliness. It is of no use to whip up the vanguard of intellectual speculation while the rear-guard of bodily health and purity is so far behind.

Those people who know how deeply—and *secretly*—vice and disease are eating into the roots and seeds of the race, are made sick and sad when they hear the helpless babel of voices crying out for more education, more religion, or more science. What use are these things to a society of invalids and maniacs such as we are threatened with if drug-taking, alcoholism, and worse abuses, are not grappled with?

H. T. E.

IT is a curious and significant fact that those students of Theosophy who have attempted to use our society to promote the sale of their books have not remained in the organization. There seems to be a law which operates to destroy all chance of the books of mere students becoming unquestionably authoritative—thus preventing crystallization into creed and dogma.

R. C.

ADD to this the backbiting of provincial tongues, envy usurping the place of true criticism, and one or two ill-conditioned persons, with whom it is difficult daily to keep one's temper.

MARTIAL

Historical Characters Presented by Raja Yoga Children

		
<p>The New Century Point Loma, San Diego, California</p> <p>Date _____</p> <p>Enclosed find _____ Dollars for _____ years</p> <p>subscription to <i>The New Century</i>, beginning with No. _____</p> <p>of current Vol. To be sent to _____</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Address _____</p>		
<p>COLUMBUS</p>  <p>SPANISH CAVALIER</p>	<p>GEORGE WASHINGTON</p>  <p>GENERAL GARCIA</p>	<p>THOMAS PAINE</p>  <p>SWEDISH PEASANT</p>

IN the International play recently given at Fisher Opera House (Isis Theater), and in Loma-land, were represented over seventy character-types from different nations of the world. The Raja Yoga children, even the youngest among them, are already students of music and the drama. Even a cursory examination of the photographs on this page will show the careful study these children have made of history and of histor-

ical characters. The lad who represented Columbus is but ten years old, those representing Thomas Paine and George Washington are but little older. General Garcia and the Spanish Cavalier are two Cuban types. The wee baby carried by the Swedish Peasant is one of our first Lotus Buds, who came to us as a baby but is now about two years old. She enters into her part with great enjoyment, yet with the calmness and re-

1. Carlos Manuel de Cespedes tells the negroes working in the fields that he will free them from slavery and that all Cuba shall be free.
2. The Cubans marking the Spanish tombs with their fingers, for doing which they are shot by the Spaniards.
3. The capture of Tunas by the Cubans, in which the Spaniards are driven out.
4. Death of General Maceo—shot by a Spanish soldier in ambush while marching with his troops.
5. Spaniard and Cuban fighting, and the rescue of the latter by an American soldier.
6. Spanish soldiers trying to compel Cuban ladies to kiss the Spanish flag.

7. Cubans leaving Santiago and fleeing to El Caney from fear of the Spaniards.
 8. Spanish soldiers looting the town.
 9. Spaniards evacuating Santiago.
 10. Tableaux—Children's Liberty Day.
 11. Grand International March by all the Raja Yoga children, carrying flags of Cuba, America and the Universal Brotherhood.
- Several speeches by the Cuban children, boys and girls, gave the final dignified, almost serious, touch to the program. And the rays of the afternoon sun were well aslant when the entertainment was over.
- The day closed with a social in the Raja Yoga Group House—but of that more anon.
- SPECTATOR

The Growth of Crystals

THE Bioscope has been pressed into the service of science, and has been successfully applied to an examination of the formation of crystals. Microscopic experiments have hitherto led to the theory that the formation of minute globules immediately preceded the appearance of the crystals, but the Bioscope photographs show that the crystals form from the beginning. It has also been determined by the same method that the growth of a crystal during the first second of its existence is much more rapid than in the subsequent period, and it is this rapidity of growth that has hitherto deceived the eye. The photographic film, more sensitive, has recorded the true process. S. G. P. C.

Flora and Fauna of Thibet

ONE of the most distinguished of Swedish explorers, Dr. Sven Hedin, has recently returned from a long trip through the Desert of Gobi and portions of Thibet. He made a great study of the flora and fauna of these regions, bringing home a unique collection of indigenous plants, and also a complete collection of the skins and skeletons of higher animals inhabiting the wilds of mid-Asia, such as the different species of sheep and wild goats, yaks and antelopes. He also

brought a large number of fishes and crustaceans gathered from the rivers and pools. W.

Curious Properties of the Opal

NATURE has perhaps no more beautiful product than the opal, nor one with more romantic and even superstitious associations. Until the last few years popular fancy has connected the opal with bad luck, but a fickle fancy seems to have veered around, and the stone has now been restored to common use.

The opal owes its marvelous changes of color to its softness, and to the loose composition of the tiny scales of which it is composed. It is strangely sensitive to minute variations of light, to the humidity of the atmosphere, and also to the emanations from the human body, and it is this latter characteristic that has given rise to the idea that the opal is an index to the state of health of the wearer, an idea which is, to this extent, founded upon fact.

The finest opals are found in Mexico, and this industry is likely to receive an impetus in consequence of the exhaustion of the Hungarian mines which have hitherto been active. STUDENT

Introduce THE NEW CENTURY to the man or woman you would help.

EDWARD M. BURBECK
BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Copper Plate Engraving & Printing
Steel Dies, Crests, and Monograms
Largest & most varied stock of Books
and General Literature in the City

1051-59 FIFTH STREET, SAN DIEGO

“Burbeck's Big Bookstore”

Toys Games Souvenirs Office Supplies City and County Maps

PUBLIC MEETINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGES

- STOCKTON, Cal., 523 Yosemite Building**
Lodge No. 3. Public meetings: Sunday 8 p. m., and Wednesday 7:30 p. m. Lotus Group for children, Sunday 10:30 a. m.
- BOSTON, Mass., 24 Mount Vernon St.**
Lodge No. 28. Public meetings every Sunday at 8 p. m. Lotus Group, Sunday at 11 a. m. Members' Union meeting, Thursday at 8 p. m. Boys' Brotherhood Club, Friday at 7:30 p. m. Girls' Club, Saturday at 3 p. m.
- LOUISVILLE, Ky., Y. M. H. A. Building**
Lodge No. 119. Public meeting, Sunday 8 p. m. Lodge meeting, members only, Thursday 8 p. m. Boys' Brotherhood Club, Friday 8 p. m.
- MACON, Ga., Triangular Block**
Lodge No. 13. Public meeting about the middle of month. Lotus Group, Sunday 10 a. m. Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesday 7:30 p. m. Members' meeting, Friday 8 p. m.
- PROVIDENCE, R. I., 206 Weybosset Street**
Lodge No. 31. Monthly meetings, last Sunday in each month, 7:30 p. m.; Lodge meetings, members only, Wednesdays, 7:45 p. m. Lotus Group, Sundays, 10:45 a. m. Boys' Brotherhood Club, Thursdays, 8 p. m.
- SOUTHPORT, England, 138 Poulton Road**
Lodge No. 24 (Eng.) Lotus Group, Monday, 7 p. m. Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesday, 8 p. m. Lodge meeting, Friday, 8 p. m. Public meetings, 1st Sunday each month, 7 p. m.
- MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., 207 Sykes Block**
Lodge No. 81. Public meeting first Sunday each month, 8 p. m.

SEARCHLIGHT

NO. 6

Special number issued to the public

CONTAINING A FULL REPORT OF THE

Great Debate on Theosophy & Christianity

HELD AT FISHER OPERA HOUSE, SAN DIEGO, CAL., ON SEPTEMBER 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, AND OCTOBER 6 AND 13, 1901

SEVENTY-TWO PAGES

Notwithstanding the increase in the cost of publishing, owing to the largely increased number of pages, the price remains the same as heretofore

FIFTEEN CENTS

The Theosophical Publishing Co. Point Loma, Cal.

See Glaser's window!

FULL of ART TREASURES for the HOME or the STUDIO Many of them NOVELTIES, All of them NEW & INTERESTING

The Leading San Diego House for Artists' Materials, Pictures and Picture Frames Always Up-to-Date

1040 Fifth Street

ENTERTAINMENT

by Children of the

Raja Yoga School

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON

in the

Aryan Temple, Point Loma

Tickets 50 cents

Souvenir Postal Cards of Loma-land

PRIVATE MAILING CARDS, PRINTED ON FINEST IVORY-FINISH CARDBOARD 13 different half-tone glimpses of Loma-land on which to send your Brotherhood Thoughts all over the world. A stream of them should be kept in circulation by every member.

2 for 5 cents (postage 1c extra) . \$0.06
50, postpaid, for 1.00
100, " " 1.50

Sent assorted unless ordered with specifications. Order from THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO. POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LIBRARY

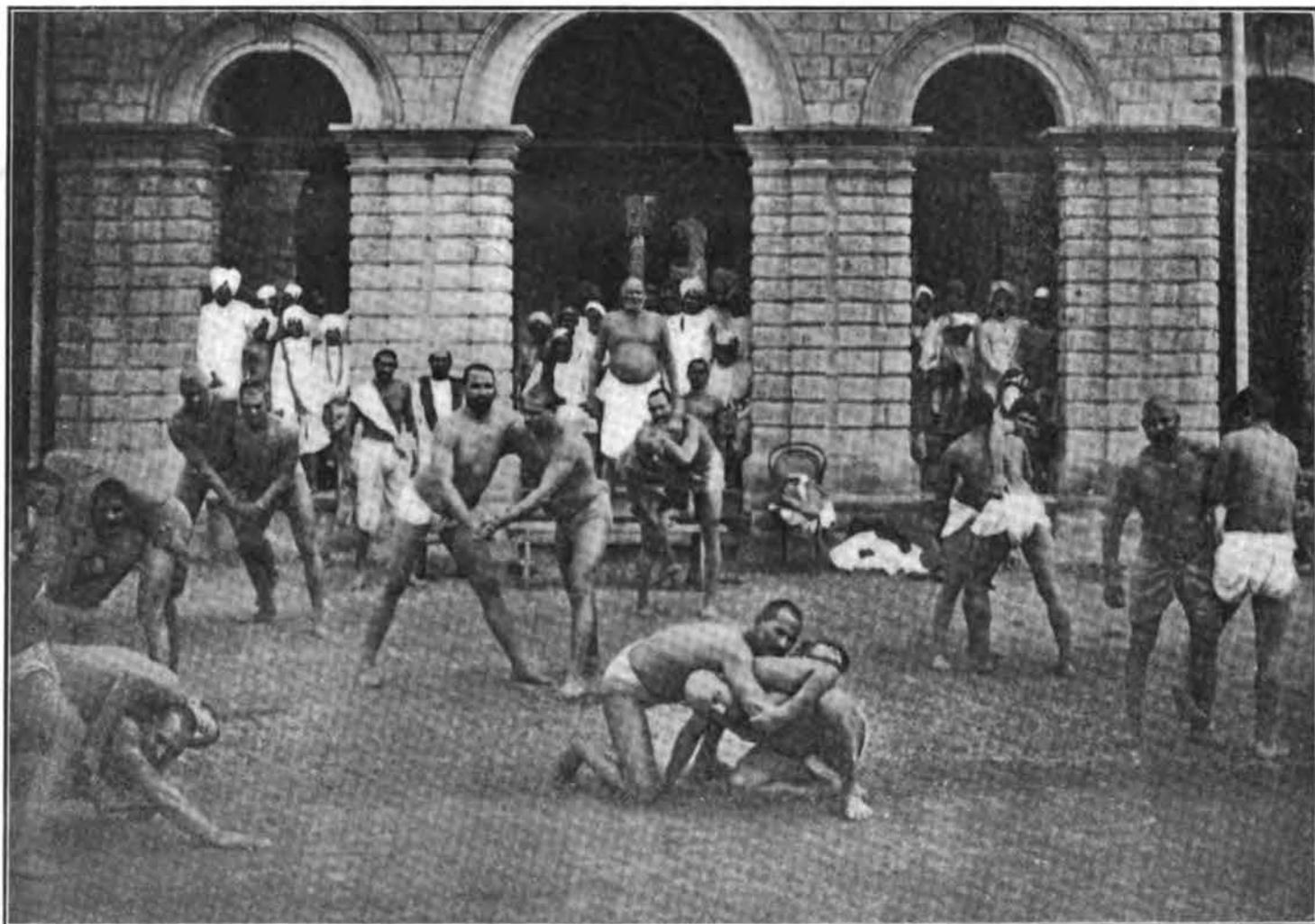
The New Century



Year \$2

Point Loma, San Diego, California.

Copy 5¢



The
LEADING REAL ESTATE BROKER in SAN DIEGO IS

E. J. Carter

964 Sixth Street, San Diego

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE LOCATING IN SAN DIEGO CITY OR COUNTY, CALL ON OR WRITE TO HIM

RUDDER'S NEW RESTAURANT

& GRILL

NEWLY FURNISHED FINEST IN THE CITY

CORNER FOURTH & PLAZA
SAN DIEGO - - - CAL.

Strahlmann-Mayer Drug Co.
PHARMACY GRADUATES
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, etc.
Physicians Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully prepared

CORNER FOURTH & D STREETS
Telephone Main 424
CORNER FIFTH & C STREETS
Telephone Black 856

THE
Lion Clothing Co.
CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"
STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

D. L. HOOVER
G R O C E R

SIXTH & H STREETS
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Telephone Black 111

Electric Laundry

NELSON SNYDER, Proprietor

16TH & I STREETS

TELEPHONE BLACK 731

No Saw Edges on Collars and Cuffs

The Chadbourne Furniture Co.

W. L. FREVERT, Manager

We aim to carry an entirely up-to-date stock of house furnishings, and, for style and variety of goods, cannot be outdone in Southern California. We are glad to show visitors through our extensive store-rooms.

STORE-ROOMS

SIXTH & D STREETS

San Diego, Cal.

AT
Bowen's
DRY GOODS STORE

Will be found a full assortment of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Tea Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Wrappers, Silks and Dress Goods . .

W. O. BOWEN 1043 FIFTH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

KELLY'S LIVERY

POINT LOMA
COACH LINE

*Special Coaches for Select Parties
arranged by telephone*

DEALER IN FIRST-CLASS HORSES

THIRD & F STS., PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be one season or another. Paint will set tougher during the winter, and of course that gives durability. One point favoring winter. There are others favoring summer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so often as houses painted with any other paint, because it has more body to withstand action of the elements. There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per gallon.

We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.
WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS
7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, President
G. B. GROW, Cashier
W. R. ROGERS, Assistant Cashier

Every facility and security offered to our patrons and the public generally. Collections and exchanges on all points.

If you are difficult to satisfy, I ask you to inspect our before hire or carriage not perfect-



come in & LIVERY ing a team that does ly suit you

FRED FANNING
PROPRIETOR

Fifth Avenue Stables
Tel. Red 351 SAN DIEGO Cor. 5th & B Sts.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SAN DIEGO

CAPITAL PAID UP \$150,000
SURPLUS & UNDIVIDED PROFIT \$45,000

J. GRUENDIKE - - - PRESIDENT
D. F. GARRETTSON - - - VICE PRES.
G. W. FISHBURN - - - CASHIER

DIRECTORS— J. Gruendike, Geo. Hannahs, J. E. Fishburn, G. W. Fishburn and D. F. Garrettson

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO FIT YOUR EYES TO SUIT YOU. WE HAVE A SPECIAL PLACE SET APART FOR OPTICAL WORK, CONTAINING ALL THE MODERN INSTRUMENTS USED IN SIGHT TESTING IF YOU NEED GLASSES, HAVE a PRESCRIPTION to FILL, or FRAME to REPAIR

we give you the best work obtainable in San Diego

J E N K S

826-828 5th street Graduate Optician

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LIBRARY

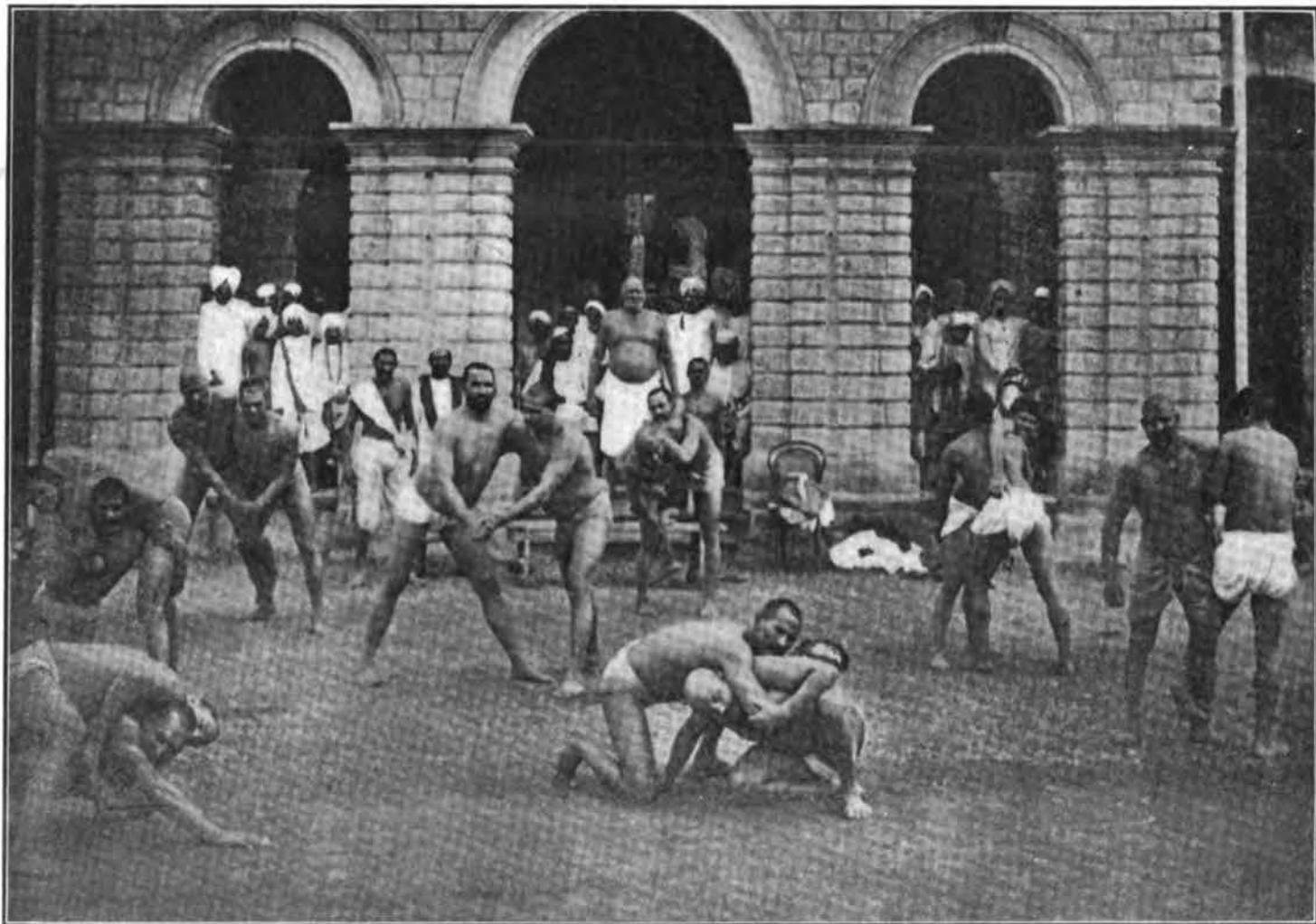
The New Century



Year \$2

Point Loma, San Diego, California.

Copy 5¢



Nature Gave Warning of the St. Pierre Disaster

DETAILS of the disaster at Martinique detract nothing from the horror of the occurrence. At least thirty thousand lives have been lost and there is only the redeeming feature that death appears to have been practically instantaneous. The destruction of Martinique will take a prominent place in the tragic history of such catastrophes.

The intense sympathy which is felt by the whole world will be none the less keen for the realization that very much of this appalling loss of life might have been avoided had the minds of the people been more widely open to the warnings which nature so lavishly and eloquently gave. This cataclysm was not so sudden that it could not have been foreseen. For days before it occurred, Mount Pelee had sent out threat after threat of what it intended to do, and the reply of its victims was the appointment of a scientific commission and the establishment of a cordon of soldiers. Here are extracts from some of the letters which were written on the very eve of destruction. A young lady who is among the dead, writes:

My calmness astonishes me. I am waiting the event tranquilly. My only suffering is from the dust, which penetrates everywhere, even through closed windows and doors. We are all calm. Mamma is not a bit anxious.

Edith alone is frightened. If death awaits us there will be a numerous company to leave the world. Will it be by fire or asphyxiation? It will be what God wills. You will have our last thoughts. Tell brother Robert that we are still alive. This will perhaps be no longer true when this letter reaches you.

Another letter says:

The population of the neighborhood of the top of the mountain is flocking to the city. Business is suspended, the inhabitants are panic-stricken and the firemen are sprinkling the streets and roofs, to settle the ashes, which are filling the air.

Still another letter says:

St. Pierre presents an aspect unknown to the natives. It is a city sprinkled with gray snow—a winter scene without cold. The inhabitants of the neighborhood are abandoning their houses, villas and cottages and are flocking to the city. It is a curious pell-mell of women, children and barefooted peasants, big black fellows loaded with household goods. The air is oppressive; your nose burns. Are we going to die asphyxiated? What has tomorrow in store for us? A flow of lava, rain of stones, or a cataclysm from the sea? Who can tell? Will give you my last thought if I must die.

Well may a Paris correspondent write:

This and other letters seem to indicate that evidences of the impending disaster were numerous five days before it occurred. It is difficult to understand how it was that a general exodus of the population of St. Pierre did not take place before May 2.

Even those far removed from the disaster shared in the presentiments of evil. Captain Muggat whose ship, the *Roraima*, was destroyed in the roadstead of Martinique, wrote to a friend before starting on his fatal voyage:

We leave here for Martinique in the morning and I hope the old *Roraima* will do as well as she did on her last voyage. We have some passengers on this trip. . . . I hope they will get through all right. I heard a peculiar yarn not long ago about the formation of a lake on the summit of Mount Pelee like the one formed in 1812 on Soufriere. Really I have a creepy sensation when under the lee of the mighty crater.

Had not the natural and beneficent intuitions of the people been blinded by their supposed material interests they might all have been saved. Even now the survivors are returning to their ruined homes, in spite of the continued explosions by which the volcano is still declaring its vitality. We hear much of the cruelty of nature, but the history of such eruptions as this would speak still more plainly of the mercy of nature, which is only frustrated by human stupidity and by human greed. There have been very few such catastrophes of which the premonitory warnings have not been early and abundant, but "material interests" have usually prevailed and so these, and life too, have been sacrificed.

The day will come when we shall learn that intuition is a fact in human life and that it is the voice of an omniscient Soul. With that knowledge will come reliance upon the Great Law which unites both justice and mercy, and which cares for all living things. There is no other way to safeguard our human interests than to follow the guidance of the Soul, surrendering ourselves to the Law without whose knowledge not even a sparrow can fall to the ground. When humanity shall have learned this lesson, the great convulsions of nature will pass us by unharmed and individual life will carry with it a safeguard of which now it knows nothing.

STUDENT

Thoughts of the Hour by Students

¶ The announcement has been made by Postmaster-General Payne that the new eight-cent stamp will be adorned by the portrait of Martha Washington. This is the first American woman to be honored in this way by the United States. It is one of several signs of the times.

¶ It may be that in these early years of the XXth Century men will find a better way than the crude and barbarous strike. There are some good signs in the coal region troubles, both sides having shown some disposition toward recognizing the rights and necessities of their opponents.

¶ There is talk of a special election in San Diego to "settle the saloon question." The statement is ventured that the saloon question, being a moral problem, never will be "settled" by statute. Half of the energy expended on a special election, if put into the proper educational channels, would be more effective.

¶ Sometimes death strikes a chord for the closer knitting of the nations. This is shown at present in the exchange of notes, occasioned by the death of Lord Pauncefote, between this country and Great Britain; by the acts and tokens of genuine sympathy expressed by one nation, and in their sincere acknowledgment by the other.

¶ Thoughtfully inclined persons will be apt to do some hard thinking over the remarkable genealogical figures cited by a New York press dispatch: A woman of criminal tendencies died in 1827, and her descendants, being traced, were found to include 700 criminals convicted of at least one crime, and 37 executed murderers—at a cost of \$3,000,000 for trials and executions.

¶ What are we to think of a university man, presumably well versed in Greek classics who, after visiting us at the Point, describes the Greek costume, the well-known PEPLUS which was worn for dramatic purposes by some of the students, as an "ecclesiastical robe?" As is well known to our friends, the costumes in question were designed with minute accuracy by R. W. Machell, the distinguished artist and dramatic authority. We ask again, can this be ignorance, or only yellow journalism?

¶ In South Carolina are a number of good women who are creating a public sentiment against the employment of children in factories. The little ones enter the mills at the age of five, the superintendents refusing to accept them *under* that age. They work twelve hours a day, quickly become aged, lean and wrinkled, and their average life is two years. The good women, it is said, find some of their hardest work in failing to convince the churches and their pastors that there is anything cruel or inhuman in this established custom.

¶ In the "Eternal City" are statues of Shakespeare, Goethe, Dante and Victor Hugo. Recently the American colony in Rome have offered the city a statue of one of their own countrymen, to be placed beside the others. It is said that the donors have not yet decided between Longfellow and Hawthorne. The latter, through his descriptions of Rome in the *Marble Faun*, is peculiarly identified with that city, while Longfellow has endeared himself to the people of Rome by his translation of the "Divina Commedia."

¶ A school teacher in San Diego is responsible for a silly story that we teach our children at the Point and elsewhere that the human soul, after death, inhabits the body of some animal. Presumably a Loma-land student has been observed to be kind to a dog or a cat, and this has suggested the foolish falsehood in question. It is evidently necessary to be careful when confronted with half-witted malice such as this, but fortunately our teachings are now well known throughout the world and especially so in San Diego, and the soil is not fertile to seed like this.

¶ It will be remembered that a body of wise men, including some scientists, assembled at St. Pierre just before the final cataclysm and gave solemn assurance to the terror-stricken inhabitants (guided, to be sure, only by instinct), that there was nothing further to be feared from Mount Pelee. Acting on the unwisdom of these assurances, the agent of the Royal Mail company at Barbados refused to permit the only available steamship to go to St. Pierre to remove the doomed inhabitants. Perhaps the latter is now wishing he had listened less to the voice of reason and more to the inner promptings.

Interesting Public Work of the Isis Conservatory of Music

IN the choral classes recently inaugurated in San Diego by the Isis Conservatory of Music, everyone has an opportunity to secure the instruction that is the basis of a musical education. Not only is music itself taught, beginning with fundamentals in the way of instruction, but, besides this, the people are learning simple songs, songs that can be taken into the home and that will make those homes better and purer places to live in. And some of the harmonies of Brotherhood, some of the heart-tones of the higher life are blended with the simple melodies of these home songs, even though the people who sing them may not realize it.

What an example is set by the choral teacher, Mr. E. A. Neresheimer. He is one of the most successful business men of the present day. Many another man with his opportunities and his established success along financial lines would think much more about himself than he would about others. He would think he had earned a chance to "take life easy," and would perhaps spend his time between the resorts of Europe and his business office. But Mr. Neresheimer is endeavoring to make Theosophy a living power in the lives of his fellows, as well as making it a living power in

his own life. His musical work with the children is already an evidence that he is helping to bring into life a new joy; just a bit more of God's sunshine and the true heart light. His work with the adult members of the choral class will be far-reaching. Already in one

family an adult quartette has been formed, and four happy people are finding that this new musical work—for they never had the opportunity to take up the study before—is adding a new joy to their home life.

Working thus for no recompense whatever, just sincerely desiring to pass on to others some of the opportunities and some of the joys that have come to him in his own musical and Theosophic life, this teacher is building better than he knows. Still greater opportunities will be given to those who are pursuing this musical work as soon as the changes now being made in the Isis Building are completed.

A large hall is now being constructed for this purpose in connection with the Isis Conservatory. Surely all students who love the work and who contribute by their loyalty and their devotion to the work of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society must rejoice at this success.

STUDENT



"MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE," AS PRESENTED BY THE RAJA YOGA CHILDREN

The Unchristian Antics of a Christian (?) Church Journal

THE *Epworth Herald* has returned to the attack. We can quite understand that its editor is smarting from the castigation which he has received from our hands, but this is small excuse for his resort to an exaggerated yellow journalism. The latter we can understand, and can resist or ignore, as the case may be. It has been left to the editor of the *Epworth Herald* to show us that a professed follower of Christ, producing a publication which professes to represent Christian thought, can yet select Pontius Pilate as his controversial model in a determined resistance to truth and to those who seek to advance its triumph in the world. At such a point it becomes necessary to investigate the causes which lie behind an activity which in its malice and falsehood appears to be the antithesis of Christian feeling and teaching, and we are led to inquire whether the defamation of humanitarian work is indeed an evidence of Christian love, or whether the twelve pieces of silver, in their modern and exaggerated equivalent, are still as potent as they were two thousand years ago to purchase betrayal of principle and treachery to truth. We know more of Christianity than does the editor of the *Epworth Herald*, and we are willing to defend it from such as he.

A recent number of this periodical contains the following statement, which is false, without qualification or excuse:

Dr. Jerome A. Anderson, president of the Point Loma, California, Theosophical University, has left the Institution in disgust.

Now, the Dr. Anderson referred to was never the "President of the Point Loma, California, Theosophical University." He never resided at Point Loma, having merely been here on a visit. At no time has Dr. Anderson had any connection whatever with the Institution in question.

He was a member of the Universal Brotherhood organization, as are thousands of other persons throughout the world. He was also President of one of the small local branches in San Francisco, over five hundred miles from the Center, and up to the time of his suspension from that position, for good and sufficient reasons, he was also an ex-officio member of the Cabinet of the Organization, never being called upon for any of the regular duties of a cabinet officer. For this also there were good and sufficient causes. The local branch, over which Dr. Anderson presided previous to his suspension, is in entire harmony with the Center at Point Loma, and enthusiastically supports Katherine Tingley, and since its release from its late President, has increased its activities and its devotion.

That we did not publish a play of which Dr. Anderson was the author, and in which a superfluity of white robes was made to do duty for dramatic ability and dramatic sanity, may explain much of this gentleman's mental vertigo. If the *Epworth Herald* includes any medical men upon its staff they might follow out this line of investigation with profit to themselves, and also give to their editor a much-needed lesson on the insanity of human vanity—and other things.

We trust the *Epworth Herald* will beware lest its espousal of Dr. Anderson lead it into devious paths still more unbecoming to its ethical pretensions than those in which it now stands. A Christian journal lending its direct or indirect support to Brahminism, caste-worship, and child-marriage, would be indeed a sad and sorry spectacle, but it is one which the *Epworth Herald* is preparing for us in its championship of Dr. Anderson and his eight disciples in San Francisco, whose propaganda is not only un-American, but little calculated to conduce to healthy

thought or habits. May we be spared from such a sight.

Disappointment—and other causes—will explain the action of Dr. Anderson, and our pity may even excuse it, but the statements of the *Epworth Herald* and other prints of its nature are in a different category and must be adjusted by the ordinary law of the land.

Is there a telephone connection between the *Epworth Herald* and

some of those clergymen in San Diego who have been making themselves ridiculous, and stultifying their own work by libeling ours?

Is it a fact that the rapidly dwindling congregation in his church is making Rev. Clarence True Wilson still more desperate? Thank heaven there are still noble men in the ministry who refuse to take part in such unchristianlike work.

STUDENT

HIS parents had great ambitions for him and so they called him Augustus Montmorency

Clarence Tompkins. They were simple folks and believed in the efficacy of a euphonious title, but to its possessor it proved a sad handicap, until a vigorous physical protest upon his part upon the person of his most prominent tormentor won him the right to choose his own cognomen, and Augustus Montmorency dropped into oblivion, while Clarry Tompkins became, as he grew in years and stature, a notable figure in his neighborhood.

But today it was a sober little Clarry who sat quietly at his desk and failed to respond to the overtures of his boon companions, and as soon as school was over he disappeared. What had happened?

Softly the stable door opened, and a boy crept up the little ladder that led to the small loft overhead. Thump, thump on the floor went the little dog's tail as Clarry appeared, and then it limped towards him. The boy picked up the little rough terrier and cuddled and stroked it, while it licked him vigorously in return. Then he produced from sundry pockets a small bottle of water and some scraps of meat and bread, smuggled during the morning, and doggy had a royal feast. Once he jarred his sore little paw and whined, and Clarry's face became a study of regret, for who but he had caused the little creature's pain?

Clarry's father was a cab driver and his home was in a poor quarter of the city, nor were he and his companions in possession of many luxuries in the way of games; and I am sorry to say that, in the absence of other modes of distribution of energy, stone-throwing became a great accomplishment and with Clarry reached the shape of a high art.

"Here's a strange dog, stone him!" and the poor little terrier became a target. Most of the stones aimed fell short, but Clarry's hit the dog. A man came to the door of one of the houses and shouted vengeance on the boys for the noise made, and the boys scattered. Clarry's home lay in the direction where the dog had fled for shelter, and as he came up to where it crouched, licking its wounded leg, the little animal lifted its piteous eyes to his face and whined, for in its own home it had been kindly treated and had not yet lost its faith in human nature.

The boy's heart was touched; he was not bad, only thoughtless, careless and undisciplined. "Poor little doggie," he said, and the upshot of its confidence was that he conveyed it to the loft of his father's stable, bound up the injured paw, and spent all his spare time in its company.

For some days he managed to keep his pet without discovery, but one morning his father said to his mother during breakfast, "I think there must be rats in the loft, I heard a great scratching there this morning." Clarry became crimson, and his tea went down the wrong way.

"What tricks have you been up to?" asked his father. "Out with it,"

A Touch of Human Sympathy

and Clarry told his story. His father went to look at the dog. "Someone has lost it," he said. "It is a valuable

dog; I will get the loan of yesterday's paper and see if it is advertised for." And it was. "It belongs to Dr. Scott," affirmed Mr. Tompkins, after trying the effect of the advertised name upon the dog, "and there is a reward, but I don't suppose the Doctor'll be best pleased about the leg."

Taking his now dearly loved canine companion under his arm, a sad little boy set out for Dr. Scott's.

The maid's exclamation as she opened the door, brought the Doctor to see what was the matter. Tiny hopped joyfully to meet his master, who was delighted to see his pet once more. Catching sight of the hurt paw he questioned Clarry as to the cause, and his face grew stern as he listened, for while the boy did not hide his share in the injury he failed to recount the story of his regret and after kindness.

"You would hurt a helpless little creature like that, who had never harmed you, and look upon it as fun! What sort of a man do you expect to grow into?" he sternly asked.

A hard look came over the boy's face. Tiny hopped uneasily from one to another and tried to attract Clarry's attention, but the boy stood with downcast head.

"You've got the dog now," he said gruffly, at last; "I'll be going."

"You brought him back to me," said the Doctor, "here is the reward."

"I don't want none of your money," the boy answered fiercely; "he's happy, and that's all I care about," and as he turned to go patted the dog, who rubbed against his feet.

Tiny looked up into his old master's face as much as to say, "What are you scolding him for, he has a real good heart if you can only find it."

The Doctor's face softened as he looked; perhaps he had been hard on the boy. The man's better nature triumphed and he put out his hand. "We will shake hands," he said with the winning smile that won his patients' confidence and now won Clarry's. "I cannot quite think you *meant* to hurt my little dog."

"I didn't," blurted out the boy. "I never thought"—and that touch of human sympathy brought out the whole story, and something more besides.

Today there is no kinder man in the world to animals than Dr. Scott's smart young groom, or one more devoted to his master's interests, and his master repays his devotion with consideration, for they have both come to learn that brotherly love and co-operation are the secret of all successful work, and that these oil the wheels of life's chariot so that it runs smoothly along its allotted path towards the goal of a Universal Human Brotherhood.

ETHNE

IT may presently be suspected in medical science that there is *one* disease, not many, and that the seeming many are but the varied and classified manifestations of one. A move in this direction was made more than a dozen years ago when it was suggested that disease-producing germs are produced from innocent ones by contact with insanitary pabulum.

On this line, note the following quotation from Professor Lehmann's *Atlas and Principles of Bacteriology*:

In every species of bacterium which is closely studied, there are found closely-related forms that not rarely represent to the unprejudiced, unbroken links to the other species . . . We certainly believe it belongs to the future to *convert varieties of bacteria into others*, in a manner scarcely to be imagined today . . .

For medical men the division of bacteria into pathogenic (disease-producing) and non-pathogenic (innocent), as is still done in text-books, has failed absolutely. We can understand and know the pathogenic varieties only if we study simulta-

Another Scientific Dogma Buried

neously the non-pathogenic, *from which the former have once originated, and still always originate.*

The doctrine of the absolute constancy of bacteria, which for ten years was almost a dogma, is now scarcely at all seriously advocated.

Another dogma respectfully borne to the lumber room. May we suggest an hypothesis which, when it becomes established, will prove the death of a good many reigning dogmas? It is this: That all mental conditions short of the highest, and in proportion to their distance from the highest, inducing their corresponding courses of action, lead to conditions of bodily health short of the highest; and that in these conditions more and more of the ultimate vital units swerve from their proper functions and become *destructive*. The results of their destructive activity are in the shape of products on which existing pathogenic bacteria flourish and multiply, and on which innocent bacteria develop along malignant directions.

H. C.

Birds of Loma-Land

THE birds of Loma-land have become perfectly fearless of the human life around them. Even the cats are no longer a terror to them. This morning a beautiful gray cat sat near the steps sleepily enjoying the warm sun. Soon a little brown bird alighted in the path directly before it, tripping and fluttering back and forth, chirping out the delight it found in simply being alive. Two or three spectators from the veranda looked on with some anxiety, fearing that pussy would find the temptation to spring upon the little creature too strong to be resisted. Not at all; Puss sat perfectly still, only slowly turning her head that her eyes might follow the movements of the pretty, graceful creature fluttering about so joyously.

This same little bird has long been in the habit of flying in at an open window, flitting about the room, alighting for an instant here and there, and then flying out through the door or another window. Recently a wire screen has been placed over the windows, apparently much to the inconvenience of the bird, who comes almost daily to the long-familiar place of entrance where it flutters against the wire, chirping in discontented, aggrieved notes. Then it flies to the other window and lastly alights on the veranda and approaches the door. When it finds this open it gives a happy chirp or two, hops over the sill and walks about the floor, sometimes going the entire length of the room. It seems to have no fear of the occupants.

It was found necessary to remove a mass of flowering vines from this same veranda. For many months these vines had been the resort of great numbers of humming-birds. The astonishment and disappointment which some of these tiny creatures manifested on finding their flowers gone was really amusing as well as quite pitiful. They would dart here and there, humming and buzzing, fly away and return as if unable to convince themselves that their vested rights had really been taken from them. A lady was in the habit of sitting upon that veranda, and on several occasions one or two of these badly-treated little birds flew excitedly about her, coming near enough to brush her hair and face, so confident have they become that the human inhabitants of Loma-land will not injure them.

They were plainly scolding and declaring in bird language that a great wrong and outrage had been put upon them. Instead of being afraid of humans, as is usually the case among other than domestic animals, they begin rather to look to man for help and sympathy as their natural protector.

STUDENT



POINT LOMA AND SAN DIEGO BAY AT SUNSET

that above it, the conclusion is but logical, that man as we know him, must grow into something above and superior to himself. There are three grades below him, how many may there not be above? Therefore how infinite are the possibilities of his advancement?

Here at Loma-land we fairly see things growing, and yet, when we suddenly realize how much some tree or plant has grown in a short time it gives one a feeling of startled surprise. Shrubs that were such



A NATIVE GRASS HUT AT TIA JUANA, MEXICO

little things a year or two ago now are higher than our heads. In a few weeks the vines and creepers will clamber over our porches and roofs. About a year ago one tiny nasturtium plant was set out in a sheltered corner near a window. It only had two little leaves and was scarcely a couple of inches in height. But it took kindly to its new bed, it grew apace and soon became a thing of beauty. It spread out over a large area of wall, sending ambitious tendrils and offshoots up to the second-story windows, and would have gone higher had it been provided with a trellis. Finding no support, it had to fall downward, hanging in swaying festoons of several feet in length.

Twice during the year this plant has been trimmed down to the root, but with unimpaired vitality it soon covers walls and windows again. It would be interesting to know how many of its glorious yellow blossoms it has given to the world; many thousands, no doubt. It has been a joy to all who have looked upon it.

STUDENT

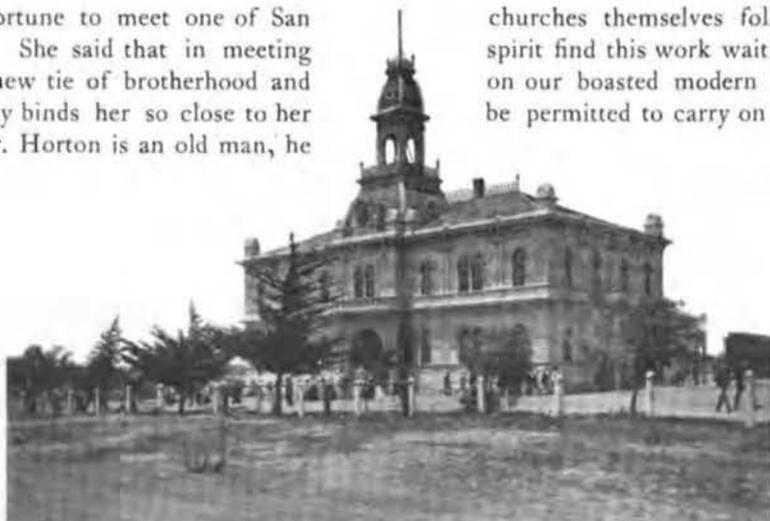
Growth at Point Loma

WANDERING over the hills in the glad spring sunshine the cattle nip impartially the fresh grass and the bright blossoms growing so profusely among the tender blades. They seem not to be attracted by colors nor to note any differences among them. Yet they are dependent upon the vegetable creation for all that sustains life. And how curiously all the way along is one kingdom in nature dependent upon another; and each one forming a link which could in no wise be dispensed with in the endless chain of evolution. The animal world draws sustenance from the vegetable, while plants alone can extract from the mineral kingdom those elements necessary to build organic bodies.

Man is dependent upon both animal and vegetable for that which builds up his physical frame and through them must obtain the requisite mineral substances. This well-established fact in nature is surely a plain object lesson in evolution. But shall we pause here at the building of physical man, nor try to advance a further step? Actually seeing how each kingdom merges itself into and becomes one with

San Diego's Multiplicity of Churches and Creeds

IT was recently the Editor's good fortune to meet one of San Diego's pioneers, Father Horton. She said that in meeting him she felt that she had made a new tie of brotherhood and had strengthened the link which already binds her so close to her neighbors in San Diego. Although Mr. Horton is an old man, he is young at heart and has an enthusiastic love for this beautiful city. I do not wonder at this since learning the noble part he played in the building of it and how he has watched it, almost as a father would watch a child, from the days when it was little more than the straggling outskirts of a military post. "We would not have so much to boast of in our city today if Father Horton had not worked for it so unselfishly in years past," said one of our citizens to me within the last week.



RUSS HIGH SCHOOL, SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Mr. Horton's generosity might serve as a noble example to others. For there are some in every city who think far less of how to serve their city than they do of how to make their city serve them. And there are a few such in San Diego.

Many years ago Mr. Horton gave large plots of land to the various religious denominations, and that is probably the main reason why San Diego today has more churches *per capita*—so I am informed—than any other city in California. There is no question but that some of them do a great deal for the city and are a credit to those who support them. But, to those who study conditions in a broad way, there is also no question that what San Diego, in common with many another city, most needs is fewer churches and better ones. Possibly if there were not so many churches here there would be greater opportunities for the few, and greater advancement along practical lines. To tell the truth, one cannot help wondering how the city has got on so comfortably with such a diversity of creeds. For it is under just such conditions as these that the truth is sometimes crowded out altogether. But times change and old conditions make way for new. It is beginning to look as though some of those churches which are doing the least for the people, would before long make room for those who do really endeavor to follow the simple teachings of the Christ. Certainly there is work yet to be done, right in the path that the

churches themselves follow, and those who come in the right spirit find this work waiting for them. It is a sad commentary on our boasted modern civilization that such as these should not be permitted to carry on a humanitarian work in peace. Time

is a great educator and they do say that the Heart Doctrine is a great sifter. Many who at present are giving these questions little thought will probably think much about them in the future. It may be that they will yet see the wisdom of turning their Churches into great educational institutions for the purpose of rearing men and women who shall be an honor to our city, and an inspiration to those who shall come after them. It is nineteen hundred years since Jesus walked and talked with men and gave unto them that greater

commandment, "That ye love one another." It is nineteen hundred years since Jesus, with a wrath that was righteous and divine, drove with a whip of small cords the money changers out of the Temple. What have his followers been doing that today the fallen man is a common sight in our cities? What have they been doing that today the fallen woman walks under the very shadow of our churches? What have they been doing that today half the nations of the world are ready to fly at one another's throats? What is their share of the burden of sin, crime, disease, insanity, brutality and selfishness?

Is it not time that we put aside creeds and dogmas, clouds that they are, hiding from us the light of the sun? Is it not time that we stopped reading what the commentators have said *about* the teachings of Jesus

and began to read the simple teachings themselves? Then we will become able to discriminate between the false and the true, between the counterfeit and the real. Then we will not be deceived by professions nor misled by appearances. We will carry within our own hearts the true ideal, the true light, and by it we can tell whether our neighbor is doing the Master's work or whether he is not. Better still, we will be able to tell whether we are following Christ or whether we are not—and that will be more to the point. San Diego has before it a great future if every citizen will do his share to weed out of the city's life all that tends to hold it back.

STUDENT



Boundary Monument between United States and Mexico, near San Diego

The True Value of the Study of Criminology

DR. V. VERNON BRIGGS, of Boston, has been spending much time and labor in a minute examination into the antecedents for many generations of Czolgosz, the assassin of the late President. Dr. Vernon Briggs is well employing his time in thus advancing a branch of science which has been too much neglected and of which the comprehension would greatly aid towards a solution of the problems of criminology. That he is doing the work in a painstaking and intelligent manner is demonstrated by his recorded observation that the street in which Czolgosz lived as a child was without shade from the sun and was unpaved.

It is along such lines as this that our real advance into the domain of knowledge must ultimately lie. The research is one of enormous difficulty because for every relevant and obtainable fact there are so many others that are not obtainable. Especially is this the case with the prenatal conditions, for it must be by the maternal states of consciousness before the birth of the child that the most potent influence on the future character of that child is exercised.

And it is these mental conditions which are often the most zealously hidden.

The supreme object of such research is not that our scientific textbooks may be enriched, but rather that we may attain to a general and widespread knowledge of the parental and especially of the maternal power which may be exercised upon the character, and consequently upon the whole future, of the unborn child. Than such a knowledge as this no greater blessing could come upon the race. The exercise of such a power is equally within the reach of all classes, of the poor as well as of the rich. From it would come the ideal fruition of the mother love, in the accomplishment of all her best and noblest wishes for her child, and from it too would come the solution of those baffling problems of our social life which are now so much the despair alike of statesman and philanthropist. We are, moreover, well assured that a pursuit of this nature would lead inevitably to an equal recognition and comprehension of that larger knowledge which is called Theosophy, and of that department of Theosophy which deals with Reincarnation.

STUDENT

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

THE following report from the San Diego *Union*, of Monday, May 26th, but briefly touches upon the Theosophical ideas presented by Rev. S. J. Neill of Point Loma, one of the Cabinet Officers of The Universal Brotherhood.

A full report will be printed in the next issue of the *Universal Brotherhood Path*.

"The Blessings of a Pure Life," read by one of the young lady students and printed in the present issue, will be found helpful to our younger readers.

Mrs. Jessie Southwick, at present visiting at Point Loma, where her three children are being educated at the Raja Yoga School, is a member of the Boston Lodge of The Universal Brotherhood. Her recitations possess the rare excellence of naturalness, which is so thoroughly imparted in all true Theosophic teachings.

THEOSOPHISTS AT ISIS THEATRE

A Full Attendance and Great Interest Manifested—Rev. S. J. Neill's Address

Mrs. Southwick's Recitations Greeted With Prolonged Applause by a Delighted Audience

The regular meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood at Isis Theatre last evening brought out a full attendance, every seat on the two lower floors being occupied.

After the opening musical selections, vocal and instrumental, the Rev. S. J. Neill of Point Loma presented his address on "The Flood-tide of Spiritual Life." Alluding to the well-known phenomenon of tides in the ocean, he said the external world was but the type of the invisible world, and that history indicated clearly that "the law of periodicity which we see in the tides holds good in the life of humanity."

It was not too much to say, he thought, that for the past 1900 years the world had been undergoing preparation for the flood-tide of spiritual life now flowing upon it in the philosophy of Theosophy.

"The needs of this age are at least threefold," he said. "In the case of Buddha, the need was to proclaim the true religion as being independent of caste, as itself constituting the true nobility. The need which Jesus Christ met was to give reality instead of formalism, the spirit rather than the letter, to proclaim God as the Father of all men and not of one race or tribe only. But today the needs of the world are many and varied. We know that the Nineteenth Century developed the scientific spirit so that there was a great conflict between science and religion. Theosophy must meet all points demanded by the age. It must explain man's nature as neither the churches nor the scientists were able to do. It must emphasize the fact that man is divine and not a mere animal, as the scientists had taught. It must show that true religion is based in the very nature of man and of all things, and is therefore divinely scientific. This Theosophy has done, and it has not only covered the points on which science was speculating, but it has gone very far beyond and has unfolded the general principles of the universe in such a way that no future revelation will make the present one antiquated.

"Another crying need of the time is for unity, for justice, for truth, for love and peace—in other words for Universal Brotherhood. The nations of the world have been wearing out their lives to support huge fleets and armies, and the warfare of commerce has been hardly less bitter than that of the sword. Theosophy declares and proves that we are all children in the same divine family. Each man is his brother's keeper. The loss of one is the loss of all, and the gain of one is the gain of all. Theosophy meets that fear of death which holds so many in bondage, by showing that the real man never dies, for what we call death is the soul laying aside for a time its garb of flesh.

"The great activity of the world, the rapid intercourse between nations, the consuming hunger for something that will satisfy all these, are signs of the times, and they indicate that a mighty tide is flowing.

"When the ship moves swiftly, the slightest motion of the helm changes the course quickly. Things move quickly in the world today.

"The cardinal feature in every great spiritual movement is that it brings reality in place of shams, and truth and honesty instead of lies and dishonesty. This the Theosophical teaching has done and is doing."

"The Blessings of a Pure Life," which was read by one of the young lady students of Point Loma dealt largely with the difference between the positive and the negative idea of purity, contrasting the cold purity of the statue on the pedestal with that Theosophical ideal of purity which comes from knowledge and effort. Women have stepped down from their pedestals of passive purity, said the speaker, "and their hearts are beginning to beat with the warm, rich currents of the new

life. Are they less pure? A thousand times, no. They are more pure. They are gaining the higher purity of the true life. Katherine Tingley teaches that the higher purity is an active, positive force. She teaches that, as all women are souls, so they must stand and act and think and live and work as souls. And the soul is not a marble statue. It is a warrior, pure and strong; it is the pure, life-giving force, and woman must try to express this higher purity, or she becomes a comparatively useless thing."

Mrs. Jessie E. Southwick recited Shelley's "Ode to the Skylark," Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind," Sidney Lanier's "Marshes of Glynn," and George Griffith's "Swiss Good Night," as companion pieces. In these selections, her dramatic capabilities were splendidly shown. She held the audience entranced at times, and was on several occasions interrupted by bursts of applause, while at the conclusion the enthusiasm of the large audience was manifested by prolonged applause. Mrs. Southwick, as shown in her work last evening, ranks among the very best of dramatic exponents. The range of her voice, given full play in these selections, is most unusual, her easy grace and naturalness of manner, the lack of all striving for effect, while in reality producing the very deepest impressions, stamp her at once as a master in her work. It is to be hoped that she will be heard again at the Isis Theatre before her visit at Point Loma Homestead is concluded.

Point Loma News

THOSE who are at the Center realize, to a greater degree than can possibly be the case with members of Lodges, the extent to which Theosophical activities are spreading. There is constant growth, constant broadening and expansion on all lines, inner as well as outer. Not so many years ago Theosophy was almost unknown. Today its truths have permeated everywhere. We hear Theosophy preached from half the pulpits—under another name. We see our broader minded scientists moving nearer and nearer with each passing year, to a recognition of the fundamental truths stated by H. P. Blavatsky in her earliest teachings. We see all that is best in music and art drawing its inspiration from the precepts of this divine philosophy. And more and more do we realize that the mission that H. P. Blavatsky gave her life to accomplish is at last being fulfilled.

¶ The new departments of Theosophical work which are constantly springing up at the World-Center, San Diego and Loma-land, are only another evidence of the way in which the great spiritual truths of Theosophy are touching the minds of people everywhere. At last do we begin to understand what the Leader meant when she said that true Theosophy, practically applied in daily life, will touch the hearts of men everywhere, even though their minds may be turned away from it.

¶ The Point Loma Industrial Department is enlarging its work, a large exhibition building being about completed. It stands on a slight elevation west of the Children's Music Temple, and is a pleasing addition to the little group of green-roofed buildings south of the Homestead, of which it is the largest. The building is glass-enclosed and the interior is simple, yet decorative, the ceiling being finished with the heavy beams and rafters that are always handsome and effective. It will be used for the exhibition and sale of photographs and literature, of the handiwork of the Woman's Exchange and Mart, and of the various lines of work in the department of Silk Industries.

¶ Among the many new departments none gives greater promise than the choral work recently taken up in San Diego, under the supervision of the Isis Conservatory of Music. Truly it means much to the home life of a city where there is established such a center, where young and old, rich and poor, the uneducated as well as the educated, may meet together once a week for free instructions and service of song. Such a center as this, in which instruction is of course free, will do much to make the home life of those who come to it what it should be.

¶ The Children's Lotus Group and the Boys' Brotherhood Club in San Diego are doing their part—a part by no means insignificant—towards bringing a new life and a new joy into this city of homes. These will also be moved into the Isis Building as soon as the work of reconstruction is finished, and better facilities will give both activities a new impulse.

¶ The unsectarian work which is being done along so many lines by the departments of the Universal Brotherhood Organization in San Diego, is already making its mark upon the heart life of the city. Many mothers are beginning a new life in their homes and with their children. Think of what this will mean in the future! Just a little effort toward sowing the right seeds today, just a little wisdom on the part of mothers in training their children, and the future will give to San Diego a generation of men and women who cannot be led aside from what is pure and just and right. Think of it! Yet all this and even greater things are certain to be because of the fact that so many mothers are taking an interest in the work of the Lotus Group. One of the oldest and most public-spirited of our citizens said

Students



Path

Blight

by EMERSON—(Selected)

GIVE me truths;
 For I am weary of the surfaces,
 And die of inanition. If I knew
 Only the herbs and simples of the wood,
 Rue, cinque-foil, gill, vervain and agrimony,
 Blue-vetch and trillium, hawkweed, sassafraz,
 Milkweeds and murky brakes, quaint pipes and sundew,
 And rare and virtuous roots, which in these woods
 Draw untold juices from the common earth,
 Untold, unknown, and I could surely smell
 Their fragrance, and their chemistry apply
 By sweet affinities to human flesh,
 Driving the foe and establishing the friend—
 O, that were much, and I could be a part
 Of the round day, related to the sun
 And planted world, and full executor
 Of their imperfect functions.
 But these young scholars, who invade our hills,
 Bold as the engineer who fells the wood,
 And traveling often in the cut he makes,
 Love not the flower they pluck, and know it not,
 And all their botany is Latin names.
 The old men studied magic in the flowers,
 And human fortunes in astronomy,
 And an omnipotence in chemistry,
 Preferring things to names, for these were men,
 Were unitarians of the united world,
 And, wheresoever their clear eye-beams fell,
 They caught the footsteps of the Same. Our eyes
 Are armed, but we are strangers to the stars,
 And strangers to the mystic beast and bird,
 And strangers to the plant and to the mine.
 The injured elements say, "Not in us;"
 And night and day, ocean and continent,
 Fire, plant and mineral say, "Not in us,"
 And haughtily return us stare for stare.
 For we invade them impiously for gain;
 We devastate them unreligiously,
 And coldly ask their pottage, not their love.
 Therefore they shove us from them, yield to us
 Only what to our griping toil is due;
 But the sweet affluence of love and song,
 The rich results of the divine consents
 Of man and earth, of world-beloved and loved,
 The nectar and ambrosia, are withheld;
 And in the midst of spoils and slaves, we thieves
 And pirates of the universe, shut out
 Daily to a more than outward rind,
 Turn pale and starve. Therefore, to our sick eyes,
 The stunted trees look sick, the summer short,
 Clouds shade the sun, which will not tan our hay,
 And nothing thrives to reach its natural term;
 And life, shorn of its venerable length,
 Even at its greatest space is a defeat,
 And dies in anger that it was a dupe;
 And, in its highest noon and wantonness,
 Is early frugal, like a beggar's child;
 Even in the hot pursuit of the best aims
 And prizes of ambition, checks its hand,
 Like Alpine cataracts frozen as they leaped,
 Chilled with a miserly comparison
 Of the toy's purchase with the length of life.

EVERYONE is so placed in this world as to exhibit his worst qualities. The purpose of this life is to strengthen the weak places of the spiritual man. His entire life is for this only, therefore all are seen at a disadvantage. — *The Path*, Nov., 1886

True Friendship

THERE are two voices in a man, one asking for wisdom and strength, the other for indulgence. The second is the louder, and is usually the only one heard by our friends, who gratify its requests and disappoint that stiller voice. This is the sin of *indulgence*.

How often our friend will come to us asking for indulgence, but secretly hoping for refusal; and we in our blindness yield to his weakness and withhold the tonic we have it in our power to administer.

Where is the true friend who can save me from myself; who can ignore my entreaties and wailings, and give me that which my soul longs for but cannot utter; who will brave my present abuse and mistrust for the sake of that eternal gratitude I shall feel when I am cured? That friend is my true friend. A cynical world says that man is ungrateful and always ends by neglecting and despising his benefactors. May not this be because they are not real benefactors; because they have given him what he wanted, not what he needed?

Which master in a school is best beloved of his pupils, the easy indulger or the strict disciplinarian? All teachers know that it is boy nature to resist discipline and yet to welcome it; to like to be controlled against their own will.

This applies in the larger world of grown people: we spoil each other. And the reason is that we spoil ourselves. There is a tacit conspiracy of mutual back-scratching; a league between our lower natures to aid each other at the expense of their owners. Again, few are just enough to be able to use such disciplinary methods disinterestedly.

But the key to the knotty personal questions that arise over a point like this is that master-key, Brotherhood. Get rid of the fallacy of separateness, and the mists clear. Let us band against a common foe. It is not for you to fight my faults, nor for me to fight yours; it is for you and me to fight darkness wherever we see it. Let us not talk too much of *my sins* and *your sins*; they are not personal property. And, when I come to you, hoping (in my inmost heart) to be strengthened, but (outwardly) complaining; and am sent away with my little devil comforted by your stupid sympathy; has there not then been a defeat?

THESEUS

SOME say the age of chivalry is past. The age of chivalry is never past so long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth and a man left to say: "I will redress that wrong, or spend my life in the attempt." — CHARLES KINGSLEY

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

DEAR COMRADES: I believe we are on this sacred hill because here the best conditions for body, mind and soul unite to help the aspirant work out his own salvation and in so doing enable him to be a true friend to all that lives. Every day old axioms once well known seem to revive and be so brimful of meaning as to brighten all duties in operation and stimulate one's inner self as never before.

And so each day brings new and determined resolutions. For a time the soul longs to devote all its strength and power to humanity's service and so live as to lead it into the larger life. Another time the key-note is the feeling that one is newly born, each moment urging one to ever make the effort to keep the mental state clean and white and pure. Another day the longing is to crush out the personality and regain the child-state that once was ours. And so each day sounds a new note. We learn to realize that glowing declarations of devotion, poetic utterances of the beauty of earth and sea and sky, and outward show of seeming and doing do not bring the true knowledge of self or that power to the soul which we can not see in our comrades, but which we feel, and the example of which is a constant help to us.

Today we celebrate Cuba's Day of Independence, and our Leader's utterances on this occasion, as on all others, were most helpful. Her appeal is always for a pure, true and noble type of men and women, and not until we have such as these can true freedom of individual or nation be possible.

So I believe there is but one Point Loma where the true aspirant gains knowledge by overcoming his personality, and where he feels the hand of the Leader is ever stretched out to him and to all comrades throughout the world, to lead them upward into the light.

May 20th, 1902

A FRIEND

The Castle of Light in Loma-Land

MY DEAR LOTUS BUDS: You all know that Santa Claus goes on a crusade round the world once a year, so that he may visit his dear children. Perhaps you may think that at other times of the year he goes away from earth altogether. Now I am going to tell you a very great secret, which I know dear little Lotus Buds will remember and tell to all the world. *Santa Claus never leaves the earth at all* (although he seems to go out of sight), but is very near to us every day of the year. I am going to tell you where he lives so that each of you, dear children, may call upon him, whenever you want an extra lot of love and joy to give to your Brothers and Sisters all over the world. It does not matter a bit when you may call upon him or how often, you will always find him at his home, except when he comes to visit you at Christmas and he will always be very pleased to see you, and you may be sure he will not let you leave him until he has filled you with as much love and happiness as you can carry.

In the beautiful land of joy into which we all enter when our hearts are full of love for everybody, stands a golden and purple Castle that is always growing stronger and more beautiful as its builders keep on working. *It is the children of the world who have built that castle and they are making it stronger as they work upon it.* In it Santa Claus lives all the year round receiving visits from the children who love him. This castle, the most beautiful in the land of joy, is called the *Home of Music and Song*, for it is built of all the sweet golden tones which never stop singing in the hearts of little children. This is why Santa Claus is so happy in his home and why he will never die. During the last few years a great change has come over the world, for the dear Lotus Mother of all little children has been telling everybody where the Land of Joy is; and this is why I can now tell you how to find the home of Santa Claus so that you may call upon him as often as you please, and when you have seen how beautiful his home is you will want to tell all the children you meet. Our Lotus Mother has told us that in each of our hearts a beautiful bell-note is always sounding and that we hear it when we love everybody with all our hearts. If you will listen to that beautiful tone, that bell-note very, very quietly and then try to hear the other tones that are

singing in the hearts of other children, those near you and those farther off, until you have gone round the world, you will at last hear and feel the beautiful music of all the heart tones of the world's children. You will hear them *all sounding together in one great song of Love and Joy.* When you have heard that you have found our beautiful castle in the land of joy, and if you go inside you will find Santa Claus—and the Lotus Mother, too; for dear Lotus Mother lives always in the Castle of Light, that she may be near to all the children, all the Buds and Blossoms of the whole world. She wants you, oh! so much, to be always listening to the music in your hearts and in the hearts of others, and to feel and

know that each one of you is a note in the great Song of the World. She says you are always very near to her when you think and feel a loving and golden tone that sings of your love to all the world, for your sweet songs always reach her heart and she always sings back her love for you.

Santa Claus wants you to visit him every day in his beautiful home, in the Castle of Light. In fact he will expect you to visit him there and I know you would not think of disappointing him. Lotus Mother has told him that he will be very busy next year, for she is going to send thousands of her Buds and Blossoms to help him

build his castle still stronger and taller and more beautiful. So Santa Claus will expect you all tomorrow, dear children, and every day after that in his music home—his Castle of Light. And on Christmas Day of every year, when he leaves his beautiful home, he only does so that he may enter all the homes of all the little children in the world and transform these homes into Castles of Light.

Think, dear Buds and Blossoms, what a happy world this would be if every home were a Castle of Light, and every child a little Santa Claus, bringing happiness to all the world. And this is just what will happen, one of these days, for now Santa is not working alone, but thousands of little Lotus Buds in all nations are today helping him. And all this we owe to the Lotus Mother, for the Castle of Light is her home. Never before have its doors been opened so wide. Never before have so many little children been able to enter in.

Your loving elder Sister,

M. A. B.



SAN DIEGO LOTUS BUDES WAITING FOR THEIR TEACHER

A Novel and Beautiful Entertainment Given by the Children of the Boston Lotus Groups

THE Universal Brotherhood League, whose spiritual head is Mrs. Katherine Tingley, says the *Boston Globe* of May 15th, had a novel entertainment last evening at its headquarters, 24 Mt. Vernon street, to illustrate the work of children in its Sunday Schools, or Lotus Groups, as they are called.

The entertainment was of a semi-dramatic order, and furnished no end of enjoyment for both participants and auditors.

The program, arranged and carried out under the direction of Miss May Goodall, began with a little introductory speech by the president of the local branch of the society, W. H. Somersall.

Next followed a chorus, "Sun Temple," sung by about fifty children, representing the Lotus Groups of Boston, Cambridge, Somerville and Everett.

Master Warren Somersall, in the role of a herald, made an announcement as to the felicity in store for the audience, after the manner of the chorus in Shakespearean dramas, and then a class of children declaimed some of the favorite precepts of the Brotherhood.

A bit of a play followed, in which all the children took part, in white robes, symbolical of unity and purity, different groups wearing sashes, the colors of which were typical of favorite flowers, and at the same time emblematic of each of the hues of the rainbow, the diversified colors of which, combined, furnish the pure white light of the universe.

The Cambridge children took part in a sort of maypole exhibition, in the course of which they recited some of the wise sayings of the sages of the Brotherhood.

See Glaser's window!

FULL of ART TREASURES
for the HOME or the STUDIO
Many of them NOVELTIES, All
of them NEW & INTERESTING

The Leading San Diego House for Artists' Materials, Pictures
and Picture Frames Always Up-to-Date

1040 Fifth Street

ENTERTAINMENT

by Children of the

Raja Yoga School

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON

in the

Aryan Temple, Point Loma

Tickets 50 cents

Bank of Commerce

841 FIFTH ST., bet E & F Sts., SAN DIEGO

Capital, \$100,000

Reserve & Undivided Profits, \$46,837.23

R. M. POWERS, President F. W. JACKSON, Cashier
GRAHAM E. BABCOCK, Vice-President C. L. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—R. M. Powers, Graham E. Babcock, J. F. Sinks,
A. H. Frost, Chas. T. Hinde, U. S. Grant, & F. W. Jackson

General banking business transacted. Exchange drawn direct on all
principal cities of United States and Europe. Prompt attention given to
collections.

EDWARD M. BURBECK

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Copper Plate Engraving & Printing
Steel Dies, Crests, and Monograms
Largest & most varied stock of Books
and General Literature in the City

1051-59 FIFTH STREET, SAN DIEGO

"Burbeck's Big Bookstore"

Toys Games Souvenirs Office Supplies City and County Maps

PUBLIC MEETINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGES

STOCKTON, Cal., 523 Yosemite Building
Lodge No. 3. Public meetings: Sunday 8 p. m., and Wednesday
7:30 p. m. Lotus Group for children, Sunday 10:30 a. m.

BOSTON, Mass., 24 Mount Vernon St.
Lodge No. 28. Public meetings every Sunday at 8 p. m.
Lotus Group, Sunday at 11 a. m.
Members' Union meeting, Thursday at 8 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Friday at 7:30 p. m.
Girls' Club, Saturday at 3 p. m.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Y. M. H. A. Building
Lodge No. 119. Public meeting, Sunday 8 p. m.
Lodge meeting, members only, Thursday 8 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Friday 8 p. m.

MACON, Ga., Triangular Block
Lodge No. 13. Public meeting about the middle of month.
Lotus Group, Sunday 10 a. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesday 7:30 p. m.
Members' meeting, Friday 8 p. m.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., 206 Weybosset Street
Lodge No. 31. Monthly meetings, last Sunday in each month, 7:30
p. m.; Lodge meetings, members only, Wednesdays, 7:45 p. m.
Lotus Group, Sundays, 10:45 a. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Thursdays, 8 p. m.

SOUTHPORT, England, 138 Poulton Road
Lodge No. 24 (Eng.) Lotus Group, Monday, 7 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesday, 8 p. m.
Lodge meeting, Friday, 8 p. m.
Public meetings, 1st Sunday each month, 7 p. m.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., 207 Sykes Block
Lodge No. 81. Public meeting 6th Sunday each month, 8 p. m.

TO SHAKE OFF CLERICAL RULE

MADRID, May 20—A member of the cabinet said today:

"The accession of Alfonso will undoubtedly benefit Spain by initiating a strong anti-clerical movement. Spain's internal troubles now are due to the prevalence of the friars and it has been decided to force them to leave the country.

"During the regency the opposition to the clericals has been weak because the queen as a woman has bowed much before the pope and as a mother was careful not to antagonize the friars too much.

"Now it is different. Alfonso is resolved to rid Spain of its clerical incumbrance. He will not stop at any length to accomplish his purpose. If necessary he will openly defy the vatican and place himself at the head of the army to do the work effectually.

"The most important thing for Spain is to form an alliance with some country of Europe. Spain is now friendless, and it will be very unfortunate if she continues so much longer. There is talk of a Franco-Spanish alliance, and perhaps that will be sealed before long.

"The feeling of resentment against America is now dying out, but we can never forget what we consider America's unfairness. We stood ready to grant independence to Cuba, and a month before hostilities began President McKinley said that war was practically impossible.

"Undoubtedly the yellow press of America forced the war; how, it is not understood. It is incomprehensible to us by what means irresponsible journals in the United States possess their power.

"However, the thing is over. Let us forget it. We stand ready to renew friendship with America whenever America proffers us the extended hand."—*Milwaukee Free Press*

Saved by his Collie

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.—That Caspar Lampson, a well-to-do farmer of Stewarttown is alive tonight is due to the bravery of his shepherd dog, which rescued him from a vicious bull that would have killed him had not the dog come to his assistance.

Mr. Lampson was leading the bull to water this morning when it turned on and attacked him. He had a pitchfork in his hand, with which he defended himself as best he could, but at last the maddened animal in a most vicious rush knocked him to the ground and was trampling on and goring him when the dog leaped the barnyard fence and attacked the bull, biting and snapping at its heels. This caused the bull to turn from the man to the dog, which then attacked the bull, fastening its teeth in the bull's nostrils and holding on until the badly injured farmer could crawl to a place of safety.

When the dog saw that its master was safe it loosened its hold on the bull and reached safety by jumping the fence.—*New York World*

Suicide of a Mine Mule

A Cumberland, Maryland, dispatch to the Baltimore Sun, says: A mule deliberately committed suicide by drowning in the Hoffman mine of the Consolidation Coal Company, near Frostburg, on the 15th ult. The animal was hitched to a post in the mine, but broke away and ran down the incline to the water, the mine being partly flooded, and plunged in. All efforts of the driver to get the mule out were unavailing, and the animal stood in eight feet of water, with his nose on the bottom until life was extinct.

So much are men enamored of their miserable lives, that there is no condition so wretched to which they are not willing to submit provided they may live.—MONTAIGNE

SEARCHLIGHT

NO. 6

Special number issued to
the public

CONTAINING A FULL REPORT OF THE

Great Debate on Theosophy & Christianity

HELD AT THE OPERA HOUSE, SAN DIEGO, CAL.,
ON SEPTEMBER 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, AND
OCTOBER 6 AND 13, 1901

SEVENTY-TWO PAGES

Notwithstanding the increase in the cost of publishing, owing to
the largely increased number of pages, the price
remains the same as heretofore

FIFTEEN CENTS

The
Theosophical Publishing Co.
Point Loma, Cal.

You will need a copy for yourself and several copies to send to
your friends. The edition is limited.

An Address
by Katherine Tingley
in the Opera House
at San Diego, Sunday
evening, March 16th
1902

Neatly printed and bound, containing half-tone illustrations of
the Opera House, Loma Homestead and the Aryan Temple.

This is the first public address of Katherine Tingley after her
purchase of the Opera House, and in it is outlined broadly her plans
for the beautiful theatre and its occupation by the Isis Conservatory
of Music. Sent post paid for TEN CENTS.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Souvenir Postal Cards of Loma-land

PRIVATE MAILING CARDS, PRINTED ON
FINEST IVORY-FINISH CARDBOARD
13 different half-tone glimpses of Loma-land on which to
send your Brotherhood Thoughts all over the world. A
stream of them should be kept in circulation by every member.

2 for 5 cents (postage 1c extra) . \$0.06
50, postpaid, for 1.00
100, " " 1.50

Sent assorted unless ordered with specifications. Order from
THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The
LEADING REAL ESTATE BROKER in SAN DIEGO IS

E. J. Carter

964 Sixth Street, San Diego

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE LOCATING IN SAN DIEGO CITY OR COUNTY, CALL ON OR WRITE TO HIM

RUDDER'S NEW RESTAURANT & GRILL

NEWLY FURNISHED FINEST IN THE CITY

CORNER FOURTH & PLAZA
SAN DIEGO - - - CAL.

Strahlmann-Mayer Drug Co.

PHARMACY GRADUATES
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, etc.
Physicians Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully prepared

CORNER FOURTH & D STREETS
Telephone Main 424
CORNER FIFTH & C STREETS
Telephone Black 856

THE Lion Clothing Co. CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"
STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

D. L. HOOVER G R O C E R SIXTH & H STREETS SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Telephone Black 111

Electric Laundry

NELSON SNYDER, Proprietor

16TH & I STREETS

TELEPHONE BLACK 731

No Saw Edges on Collars and Cuffs

The Chadbourne Furniture Co.

W. L. FREVERT, Manager

We aim to carry an entirely up-to-date stock of house furnishings, and, for style and variety of goods, cannot be outdone in Southern California. We are glad to show visitors through our extensive store-rooms.

STORE-ROOMS

SIXTH & D STREETS
San Diego, Cal.

AT Bowen's DRY GOODS STORE

Will be found a full assortment of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Tea Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Wrappers, Silks and Dress Goods . .

W. O. BOWEN 1043 FIFTH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

KELLY'S LIVERY POINT LOMA COACH LINE

*Special Coaches for Select Parties
arranged by telephone*

DEALER IN FIRST-CLASS HORSES

THIRD & F STS., PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be one season or another. Paint will set tougher during the winter, and of course that gives durability. One point favoring winter. There are others favoring summer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so often as houses painted with any other paint, because it has more body to withstand action of the elements. There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per gallon.

We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.
WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS
7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, President
G. B. GROW, Cashier
W. R. ROGERS, Assistant Cashier

Every facility and security offered to our patrons and the public generally. Collections and exchanges on all points.

If you are difficult to satisfy, I ask you to inspect our before hire or carriage not perfect- come in & LIVERY ing a team that does ly suit you



FRED FANNING
PROPRIETOR

Fifth Avenue Stables
Tel. Red 351 SAN DIEGO Cor. 5th & B Sts.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SAN DIEGO

CAPITAL PAID UP \$150,000
SURPLUS & UNDIVIDED PROFIT \$45,000

J. GRUENDIKE - - - PRESIDENT
D. F. GARRETTSON - - - VICE PRES.
G. W. FISHBURN - - - CASHIER

DIRECTORS— J. Gruendike, Geo. Hannahs, J. E. Fishburn, G. W. Fishburn and D. F. Garrettson

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO FIT YOUR EYES TO SUIT YOU. WE HAVE A SPECIAL PLACE SET APART FOR OPTICAL WORK, CONTAINING ALL THE MODERN INSTRUMENTS USED IN SIGHT TESTING IF YOU NEED GLASSES, HAVE a PRESCRIPTION to FILL, or FRAME to REPAIR
we give you the best work obtainable in San Diego

J E N K S

826-828 5th street Graduate Optician

The New Century

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Two Dollars; other countries in the Postal Union, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; payable in advance
Single copy, Five Cents

Communications for the Editor, manuscripts, reports, books and periodicals for review should be addressed, "Katherine Tingley, Editor *The New Century*, Point Loma."

The editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

Articles will not be considered by the editor unless signed by the author and marked with the number of words contained. In no case is manuscript returned.

Address all Business communications, including subscriptions, and make all remittances (in bank drafts or money orders, payable to The New Century Corporation) to "Clark Thurston, Point Loma, Cal."

To comply with recent postal regulations, all Post-Office money order remittances should be made payable at San Diego. The remittances, as well as all other mail, should be made to Point Loma, as usual.

Entered at the Post-Office at Point Loma, Cal., as second-class matter Nov. 30th, 1901
Copyright, 1921, by Katherine Tingley

Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

The Libeler

THERE is a limit to human endurance, and then comes a time when patience ceases to be a virtue. Not until we have pure journalism will the reputation of any man or woman be safe. Men are hanged for slaying the physical body, but many who deliberately slaughter the reputation of men and women go "scot free."

The English law against libel is a very just law, stringent in defense of the one maligned. It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when new and more equitable laws will be enacted, which will justly serve as a menace to all evil-doers and will add to the dignity and moral life of the human family.

If it is just to hang a man for destroying the body of another, it is equally just to hang him for destroying the reputation and ruining the peace and happiness and the useful service of another. Time will show how much longer the libeler can do this with impunity.

New Laws Needed

BEFORE the State of California can reach its highest standard, it will be necessary for many new laws to be enacted. How many Californians know that there is no law in this state by which a man who destroys the moral life of young boys may be punished? This vice, which did such pernicious work in England some years ago, was discovered in one of society's leading lights, Oscar Wilde. There are many of that type daringly pursuing this vice today in California, unmolested. The veil will some day be lifted and these moral monsters will be exposed. God pity our unprotected boys! Closer vigilance on the part of parents is needed to stem the tide of this merciless flood of evil which is today overwhelming thousands of those who might otherwise become not only an honor, but a saving power in the state. There are other evils as pernicious as slander or libel.

As a result of there being no law in California by which these unnamable crimes may be punished, the doors of the state are practically open to the vicious. Often the perpetrators of these crimes hide their moral depravity under a cloak of apparent refinement and culture. They are sometimes found in some of our educational institutions, and sometimes in families of wealth acting as tutors to young boys whose parents thereby think to shield them.

The Peace of Europe

THE peace of the world—at any rate of the European world—ought to be now permanently assured, on the principle that preparation for bloodshed is the surest guarantee of international concord, that favorite excuse for bloated armaments and military despotism. Of the European Governments there are now two, and those two not the most powerful, who have between them more than ten million trained

soldiers. That means over ten million men who have been taught to believe that bloodshed is their one *raison d'être*, the one purpose of their lives, their one road to fame and to distinction. It means that ten million pairs of hands have been taken from the service of productive industry, that ten million brains have been diverted from the duties of peaceful thought, that ten million hearts have been taught that hate is the law of life and of progress, and not love.

There have been times in the history of the world when new ideas have run through the minds of men like fire through the prairie grass. It may be that the salvation of Europe from a hideous militarism will come, not through the channels of intellect or of discussion, but from a sudden and universal perception that mankind is not the slave of a hideous necessity, but that men, individually and collectively, are free to choose their path and to break away from self-forged chains.

STUDENT

The Chateau de Trevano

THE Chateau de Trevano is one of the sights of Switzerland. Situated on Lake Lugano it commands one of those magic views, a picture of mountain and lake bathed in the soft, liquid colors which defy description or reproduction. The chateau was built thirty years ago, and became at once remarkable for its inclusion of what is perhaps the most perfect Roman Atrium in existence. Its sixty marble columns and hundreds of colonnettes of crystal have attracted the artistic world to an admiration of its unrivaled architecture. Nothing has been spared to make the grounds worthy of the chateau, the whole forming a jewel of beauty in a spot where already nature had surpassed herself.

A musician and an American citizen is now the owner of the Chateau de Trevano. Since its acquisition by Mr. Lombard it has been renovated and brought to as near perfection as art and devotion can accomplish.

Still more gratifying, however, than this wonderful display of natural and artistic beauty, are some of the uses to which Mr. and Mrs. Lombard are dedicating their exquisite possession. From April 5 to June 7, a series of concerts have been arranged, of which the proceeds will be shared between the Italian Hospital and a fund for providing school materials for poor children.

Mr. Lombard has thus shown himself to be one of those who know how to use wealth in such a way as to add to the permanent happiness and prosperity of the world, and to procure to himself such an enjoyment of his riches as could come in no other way. At a time when the mere weight of wealth has become one of the burdens of the day we commend this example to those who have not yet extracted the fullest possible measure of enjoyment from their gains.

STUDENT

A Year of Disasters

THE prophets who predicted that 1902 would be a year of disasters were correct. . . . Nature has not been so busy with her forces of devastation for many years past as she has been during the first five months of the present year. Volcanic eruptions and earthquakes have destroyed 48,450 lives, storms 704, tornadoes 416, cyclones 220, floods 333, avalanches 228, tidal waves 103, snow-slides 39, and waterspouts 12, a total of 50,505 lives destroyed by nature's elemental disturbances. If to this were added the lives lost by agencies over which man has more or less control, such as fires, mine disasters, explosions, railroad accidents, and vessel wrecks, it would be increased to over 60,000, and this takes no account of individual lives lost in the country, which would bring the grand total up to about 100,000 lives lost in the short period of five months.—*Chicago Tribune*, May 20

Rancho Barona, San Diego County

From a photograph by H. R. Fitch, San Diego

THE illustration on the cover page of *THE NEW CENTURY* this week shows to good advantage one of the most picturesque scenes on the Rancho Barona, near Lakeside in San Diego county. This is one of the most famous spots in Southern California for scenic effects. The hills about are thickly wooded, living streams of pure water abound, and vegetation is fresh and green here, even when the mesas and valleys are dust-blown and brown. There are many similar spots to be found in San Diego county, the mountainous portions of which present some of the most beautiful scenery in the world, much of which surpasses even the famous Alps and Pyrenees of Europe.

The Instructions to Governor Taft

THE following, published in the *Los Angeles Herald*, will clearly define the policy of the American government in sending to the Pope, William H. Taft, Civil Governor of the Philippines:

WASHINGTON, June 6—Secretary Root today sent to the Philippine committee of the senate and house textual copies of the instructions given by him to Governor Taft for his guidance in dealing with the Vatican respecting the acquisition by the United States of the friar lands in the Philippines. These instructions were exhibited yesterday by Governor Taft to the Vatican officials and, as will be perceived from their context, served the purpose of credentials. The text follows:

May 9, 1902—SIR: It is now apparent that congress will not have acted upon the Philippine commission's recommendations regarding the purchase of friar lands before the time of your departure for Manila, which cannot be longer delayed. You cannot, therefore, as we hoped, receive definite instructions and proceed to take such steps in the execution of specific authority from congress as should properly be taken before you return to Manila. The committees of both houses have, however, reported favorably upon the commission's recommendations and it appears probable that congress will confirm their action. In view, therefore, of the critical situation of this subject in the Philippines and of the apparent impossibility of disposing of the matter there by negotiating with the friars themselves, the President does not feel at liberty to lose the opportunity for effective action afforded by your presence in the west. He wishes you to take the subject up tentatively with the ecclesiastical superiors who must ultimately determine the friars' course of conduct, and endeavor to reach at least a basis of negotiation along lines which will be satisfactory to them and to the Philippine government, accompanied by a full understanding on both sides of the case and the views and purposes of the parties to the negotiations so that when congress shall have acted the business may proceed to a conclusion without delay.

You are accordingly authorized in the course of your return journey to Manila to visit Rome and there ascertain what the church authorities have the power to negotiate for, and determine upon a sale of the lands of the religious orders in the Philippine Islands and if you find, as we are informed, that the officers of the church at Rome have such power and authority you will endeavor to attain the results above indicated. Any negotiations which you may enter upon are always subject to the granting of power by congress to follow the negotiations by binding action. In any conference and negotiations you will bear in mind the following propositions which are deemed to be fundamental and which should be fully and frankly stated to the other side in the negotiations:

First—One of the controlling principles of our government is the complete separation of church and state with the entire freedom of each from any control or interference by the other. This principle is imperative wherever American jurisdiction extends, and no modification or shading thereof can be a subject of discussion.

Second—It is necessary to deal now with the results of establishing a government controlled by this principle in the Philippine Islands, which have for centuries been governed under an entirely different system, with church and state closely united and having the functions of the one exercised by the agents of the other; where the church has long controlled and acted virtually as the agent of the state in the field of public instruction and public charities and has from time to time acquired large properties held by it or by its subordinate corporations or officers for these public uses. A novel situation has been created, under which the adjustment of means to ends appropriate to the former system entirely fails to produce the intended result under the new system, and the separation of church and state requires to be followed by a readjustment and rearrangement in the interests both of church and of state and for the attainment of the great ends of civil government, of education, of charity, and of religion.

Third—By reason of the separation, the religious orders can no longer perform in behalf of the state the duties in relation to public instruction and public charities formerly resting upon them, and the power which they formerly exercised, through their relations to the civil government, being now withdrawn, they find themselves the objects of such hostility on the part of their tenantry against them as landlords, and on the part of the people of the parishes against them as representatives of the former government, that they are no longer capable of serving any useful purpose for the church. No rents can be collected from the populous communities occupying their lands unless it be by the intervention of the civil government with armed force. Speaking generally, for several years past the friars, formerly installed over the parishes, have been unable to remain at their posts and are collected in Manila with the vain hope of returning. They will not be voluntarily accepted again by the people, and cannot be restored to their possessions except by forcible intervention on the part of the civil government, which the principles of our government forbid. It is manifest under these conditions that it is for the interest of the church as well as of the state that the landed proprietorship of the religious orders in the Philippine Islands should cease, and that if the church wishes, as of course it does, to continue its ministrations among the people of the islands and conduct in its own behalf a system of instruction, with which we have no desire to interfere, it should seek other agents therefor.

Fourth—It is the wish of our government, in case congress shall grant authority, that the titles of the religious orders to the large tracts of agricultural lands which they now hold shall be extinguished, but that full and fair compensation shall be made therefor.

Fifth—It is not, however, deemed to be for the interests of the people of the Philippine Islands that in thus transforming wholly unproductive tracts of land into money capable of productive investment, a fund should thereby be created to be used for attempted restoration of the friars to the parishes from which they are now separated, with the consequent disturbances of law and order.

Sixth—The titles to the great amount of church lands and buildings in the islands, other than those of the religious orders, and now apparently owned by the state, should be settled fairly.

Seventh—Provision should be made for ascertaining what rentals, if any, ought to be paid for convents and other church buildings which have been occupied by the United States troops during the insurrection, this being, of course, subject to further specific action by congress.

Eighth—The rights and obligations remaining under the various specific trusts for education and charity, which are now in doubt and controversy, ought to be settled by agreement, if possible, rather than by the slow and frequently discussed processes of litigation, so that the beneficent purposes of these foundations may not fail.

Ninth—Your errand will not be in any sense or degree diplomatic in its nature but will be purely a business matter of negotiation by you as governor of the Philippines for the purchase of property from the owners thereof and the settlement of lands in such a manner as to contribute to the best interests of the people of the islands.

Any assistance which you may desire, whether on the part of the civil government or of military officers, to enable you to perform the duties above described in a manner satisfactory to yourself, will be afforded; but the business is left entirely in your hands, subject to such action as may be taken pursuant to law upon your report.

Very respectfully,

ELIHU ROOT,

Secretary of War.

William H. Taft, Civil Governor of the Philippines, Washington.

Brushwood

Artificial silk is being made in France by squirting a solution of wood-pulp in carbon bisulphide through fine glass nozzles, thus making threads which can be spun and woven.

Mr. Carnegie says of England: "You are not to be a European power in the future, but to join with your own race in the West. Fortunately the feeling toward the old home is never so cordial as now."

President Palma is evincing a very practical policy in his government, and encouraging industries and agriculture. This will check any tendency to "play at politics," and tend to give the country self-dependence.

Scientists have now proved, by experiments on chickens, that bacteria are necessary to the health. Without them nutrition cannot be successfully carried on. Why not now rule off our account with the microbe and call it square?

Dr. Snow of the London Cancer Hospital has recently stated that a very large proportion of cancer cases, especially in women, have a distinctly traceable mental origin, and it is along preventive lines that the best results in coping with this disease may be expected.

A French scientist has been carrying out a series of experiments in the buoyancy of pumice stone, and from these he has reached the conclusion that most of this volcanic product which is found at the bottom of the sea has never floated at all, but is due to submarine volcanoes.

One of the coronation guests is Lewanika, king of Barotseland, an empire larger than Germany, and situated somewhere in South Africa. He has placed his dominions under British protection. Lewanika is a man of fine physique, and is a curious mixture of European and native ideas.

It is found that the mysterious light rays emanating from the newly-discovered metal *radium* can pierce the opaque substances of the body, thus enabling blind people, so long as their retina is unimpaired, to see light. Whether this can be developed into anything practical remains to be seen.

The sum of one hundred thousand dollars has been offered by Mrs. Collis P. Huntington to the Memorial Hospital for the treatment of cancer and kindred diseases. There can be no doubt that we are on the eve of important discoveries with regard to this malady, and this generous gift should hasten the day.

In this work-a-day world the supply, even of meteorites, is sure to equal the demand, and for their efforts to comply with this law certain ingenious persons are now in jail upon a charge of manufacturing these celestial visitants. It is freely stated, and apparently not without reason, that there are many of these spurious meteorites now on view in the museums, having been purchased without the examination which would of course at once have shown their nature.

You will be a musician when not only your fingers, but also your heart and mind, are full of music.—SCHUMANN

I verily think, and am not ashamed to say, that, next to divinity, no art is comparable to music.—MARTIN LUTHER

Training in music is tantamount to discipline, and cannot be derived from that license which acknowledges no law except this—not to be bound by any law.—AMBROS

Music speaks the most universal language—one by means of which the soul is freely yet vaguely inspired, but is then at home. My language is understood all over the world.—HAYDN

“And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.”



LOMA-LAND SWEET PEAS

The first conception is always best and most natural. Reason may err, but feeling never.—SCHUMANN

“Sweetest the strains when in the song the singer has been lost.”

AT SCHUMANN'S GRAVE

Thy melodies glow with the gracefulness of a noble soul; they shine with the warmth of a loving heart. Quietly listening to the melodious waves of thine own soul, and to all the wonderful harmonies that dwelt there, like flowers of a silent sea, thou wouldst never give way to a frivolous vanity, which tempts an artist's soul too often with seductive chords and melodies.—FERDINAND HILLER

“Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

O secret music! sacred tongue of God!
I hear thee calling to me, and I come!”

A Warning to American Girls

A PECULIARLY ugly story reaches us from one of the great musical centers in Italy, a story which throws a flood of light upon the seamy side of the musical world. By giving to it all the prominence in our power we hope that young American girls will be warned against some of the dangers which lurk upon what should be the fairest and the safest walk in life.

It seems that Miss Drusilla Marx of San Francisco produced a considerable sensation by her appearance and by her singing at the opera house of the town in question, and thus aroused intense hostility on the part of those whom nature had not favored to so marked and unusual an extent. This was of course unpleasant, but possibly not altogether unforeseen. An infinitely more objectionable feature, however, was the united demand of the male subscribers to the opera for a presentation to the successful singer, a demand which was supported by a threat of the withdrawal of their support and the consequent closing of the opera house in case of non-compliance with this outrageous request.

Fortunately Miss Marx was accompanied by, and under the protection of, her mother, who naturally resented this abominable claim, very rightly believing that men who could so forget their chivalry and disgrace their manhood were unfit for the society of any woman whatever. Mrs. Marx accordingly took her daughter away from the town, and the ruffians whose behavior had necessitated this step at once made good their threat and the opera house has accordingly been closed.

No comment is needed to intensify the naked gravity of such a story as this, and we wonder how many American ladies are at this moment exposed to similar insult without, it may be, the protecting good sense and dignity which has characterized the action of Mrs. Marx and her daughter. Even with such protection, there may often be pecuniary and other obstacles to its effective exercise.

It is but in the nature of things that music, the highest and the noblest of all arts, should have also its gravest difficulties and dangers, but we believe that it will be a revelation to our readers to know that in Italy, which was once the nursery of true art and which now seems to be its dishonored tomb, it is possible for the “musical” canaille of a town, the human sweepings of its kennels, thus to enforce their dishonoring claims upon the management of an opera house, and in default to procure its ruin.

STUDENT

Music in Cuba

ONE of the characteristics of the Cuban people is an innate love of music. Said one of them recently: “It seems to us passing strange that a country as large and as progressive as the United States should pay so little attention to popular music, that is, music for the masses.” This is significant, and is undoubtedly the key to the solution of some knotty problems that are already evident in the development of Cuban national life. In Havana there is an admirable City Band, directed by Senor Tomas. It has a membership of nearly sixty and compares favorably with the best American bands. Tourists say that it is a pleasure to listen to its Sunday evening concerts in the *Parque Central*.

The Small Coal Man in Art

IN 1703 was painted the portrait of a simple little man, dressed in gray, and with a small coal measure as the chief accessory in the picture. Today it hangs in the British Museum, and the public will not be allowed to forget Thomas Britton, “the musical small coal man.”

Britton was born in Northamptonshire in 1654, and at an early age came to London and set up in the small coal business, which business he followed until his death. But he was no ordinary coal vender, for he had received a good literary education and was a devoted lover of music. He was the first in London to establish regular musical evenings, and has been called the “father of concerts.” Fashionable people felt themselves honored by an invitation to one of these concerts and some of the foremost musicians of the day were among the performers. Even Handel played for him.

Mr. Britton was a collector of rare manuscripts and books, and besides leaving a large and valuable library at his death, he left quite a collection of musical instruments. All were scattered by the fortunes of a public auction, and yet with these did not pass the memory of this quaint little man who was to be found every morning vending small coal with his little measure and nearly every evening presiding at some rare musical entertainment.

STUDENT

Music and Plants

A CELEBRATED New York musician writes: “I have come to see clearly that plants love music as well as sunshine, that they grow more luxuriantly in a studio where there is music, and that the tender buds break more quickly into beautiful blossoms than they do in silence or in discord of sounds. The animal creations come up through the vegetable kingdom. We are descended in our turn from some rare and beautiful flowering plants. We all have nerves. As the animals grow more and more perfect they have finer nervous systems. Mankind is growing in this way all the time, and even the lower animals have nerves. Who then shall say with authority that some of the higher plants do not possess them? There is the sensitive plant. It is not very far, it seems to me, from low animal life. A Boston physician I know says that when he plays harmonies his sensitive plant opens and stretches abroad, drinking in the music like sunshine. But the minute he strikes a discord the plant trembles and closes. Harmonious vibrations of the air thrill through and through the fibers of plants, stirring the sluggish juices in the same way as they stir the blood of the animal to greater and nobler impulses.”

John Milton as Novelist

A ROMANCE by John Milton, called *Nova Solyma, the Ideal City of Zion, or Jerusalem Regained*, has been discovered by Rev. Walter Begley in a bookstore at Augsburg, and will be published in London by John Murray. It was published in 1648, written twenty years earlier, and deals with love, jealousy, and adventure.

Between the Ebb and the Flood Tide



LOW TIDE ON LOMA SHORE

IF you face the sea as you leave the Homestead and go down over the golf links to the water's edge you will find an ideal beach for bathing, the water clear and transparent, breaking in foaming ripples on white sand. Following the coast seaward, other conditions are encountered; sharp cliffs, precipitous bluffs, angry waves beating their ancient enemy, the naked rock, and laying it bare, stratum upon stratum, just as in æons of old it was deposited upon

the sea bottom. At time of bodily energy, the scars and wrinkles of earlier struggles draw on face and form the map of a character chiseled by the thought and deeds of life's battle. Here on the shore at Loma-land the seams and scars of jutting rocks—nature's wrinkles—speak eloquently of titanic battles, nobly fought, of victories won or of defeats calmly, patiently borne. The whole scene is delightful, and if anything it is more alluring to the lover of nature than the picture of flood



HIGH TIDE ON LOMA SHORE

flood tide a small skiff may be pushed in carefully almost to the very edge of the bare rocks and interesting discoveries made in sea birds' nests, nooks for lobsters, shelves upon which the waves have deposited rare shells, star-fish and curios of the ocean without number. Then the tide turns and the shallowest skiff must seek deeper water. As the waves recede the cliffs grow taller and many a secret hid by the flood is now revealed. Where lay a placid blue lagoon, now appear the roughness and wrinkles, the eddies and currents, the miniature maelstroms, the sharp rocks and all the uneven contour of a shore that has battled a world's lifetime with the rushing tides. So in life, when the years recede from the flood

tide. One may now climb down through the rifts in the cliffs and spend pleasant hours on the bare rocks with the crabs and shells and kelp. Here and there are pleasant pools in which to wade, while seaward is a fringe of shallow, seething foam. A more picturesque spot one could not wish for. Happy, indeed, is that life whose receding years draw such pleasing lines on face and form. The ebb-tide years of such a life will bring their own peculiar, peaceful joys, more alluring, if anything, than the turmoil and struggle of the flood-tide years, and weary men will find in such a life a greater helpfulness, a deeper touch of human sympathy, perhaps, than may ever be sounded by the arrogance of physical vigor and youth. G.



A Leafy Dell in Sweden

Point Loma in Monotone

ASUNLESS day is a rare thing at Loma-land, yet once in a while there comes a day of soft shadows, of pale shifting lights and shades of half-veiled blues and many-tinted grays. On such days the sky, the ocean and the mountains have a beauty all their own; a loveliness softer, more tender and ethereal than the warm splendor that the most glowing sunlight can bestow. White and gray clouds are massed behind the mountain peaks and drift slowly across the sky, allowing slanting gleams of tempered light to shimmer through, here and there, and lighting up their edges with a silvery luster. Between and through the rifts, irregular patches of soft, half-veiled blue appear. In the still waters below all this is faithfully mirrored, yet in ever-changing tints that are finer and fairer. Over the land, too, the shadows float like a clinging, filmy veil of misty gray, giving an indescribably beautiful tone of blended coloring to all the varied landscape. Everything seems wrapped in a transparent blue-gray haze which tones down all that is too rugged and adds a touch of the weird and mysterious to the well-known face of Mother Nature. There is a restfulness in such days that is not to be experienced under the full splendor of the sun. It stirs in the beholder gentler, more compassionate emotions. It is easier on such days to think forgivingly, lovingly of our erring brothers, and perchance to look deeper into our own hearts and feel within, filtering through the clouds of reason, the vivifying light of the true Sun. C. E.

The Birds of Loma-Land

BEFORE the door of a tent some beds of bright flowers are in bloom. These beds are visited by bees and many birds. A basin of water has been placed among the blossoms, and crumbs are scattered every morning and evening. One evening a mother bird with her family of three little, newly-fledged ones came to drink and find a supper, as they were evidently on their way to the home nest. Those within the widely opened tent sat still and watched the mother flit to the basin and dip in her bill, then trip back to the little ones, urging and encouraging them to come forward from among the flowers. At last each one had dipped in its tiny bill amid much twittering and fluttering of untried wings. Then the mother turned her attention to the crumbs. She would take up one, hold it a moment, drop it and then repeat the process of talking to her children, instructing and coaxing them. Then she would seize a morsel and carefully deposit it in the quickly opened beak of one or other of the young birds. She seemed regardless of the presence of persons so near her and several times ventured within the tent, once followed by one of the little ones. Evidently she had little fear of man, her ancient and unnatural enemy, and looked upon the occupants of the tent without trepidation. Finally, when they had all dined heartily, they trooped away to the cypress hedge where this interesting family probably had their home. The birds of Loma-land are learning that they have nothing to fear from its human occupants. STUDENT

THE Gods dispense to men what is unlooked for, and those whom they love they save.

For a city does not prosper that shakes with seditions and is rent by evil counsels.

A person may seem to the ignorant, even though he speak with wisdom, to be foolish.—EURIPIDES

A. C. BRADLEY of East Los Angeles has recently given to the chamber of commerce of this city a black lily that is said to be the largest one of its kind ever grown in California. The flower is twenty-seven inches long and fourteen inches wide.—*Los Angeles Herald*.

ESTEEM cannot be where there is no confidence, and there can be no confidence where there is no respect.—GILES

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

Prehistoric Sculptures in Mexico

AS archæologists continue their explorations in Mexico and Central America, more and more light is being thrown upon the ancient hieroglyphic stone carvings of the Mayas. The old Mayas were evidently unacquainted with the use of iron and used only roughly-fashioned tools of obsidian. Their sculptures are to be found in many parts of Central America, the most remarkable being those of the ruined prehistoric city of Copan in Honduras. Mr. George B. Gordon, of the Peabody Museum at Harvard, has spent ten years studying these ruins, and his reports indicate that, in one important respect, these old sculptors worked quite differently than their modern brothers of the craft. This is exemplified in what is perhaps the most remarkable of their sculptures, the immense hieroglyphic stairway, so called because of the carved "glyphs" which extend from top to bottom along the face of the steps.

Instead of the carving being done on separate blocks, and afterwards builded into the stairway, the entire structure was builded first and all the carving was done after the blocks were fitted into their places. This is proven by many of the ruins, among them the stairway in question. In this the sculptured work is carefully and perfectly done except in a certain part where the balustrades were so placed as to make it impossible for the sculptor to have sufficient room in which to work. At this place the carving is markedly inferior, which would not have been the case had the stones been carved, one by one, and afterwards fitted into place.

The stone used is a variety of trachyte, still to be found in the hills about the little valley in which Copan is located. Not only were carvings made directly upon the trachyte, but occasionally it was covered with stucco, modeled in various reliefs.

As was the custom both in Greece and Egypt, the old Mayas often painted the sculptured stone, using pigments that were rich and even brilliant.

STUDENT

The Siberian Ice-Preserved Mammoth

REGARDING the ice-preserved mammoth which was recently found and brought back from Siberia by Professor Herz, some details were obtained from an interview which Reuter's representative had with Mr. J. Talbot Clifton, another Siberian explorer.

Mr. Clifton gives the following account of the Herz mammoth, which he saw on its arrival at Irkutsk:

It is about the size of an elephant, which it resembles somewhat in form. It possesses a trunk, has five toes instead of four, and is a heavy beast. It is supposed to have lived about 8,000 years ago. Its age was probably not more than twenty-six years, very young for a mammoth. Its flesh was quite complete, except for a few pieces which had been bitten at by wolves or bears. Most of the hair on the body had been scraped away by ice, but its mane and near foreleg were in perfect preservation, and covered with long hair. The hair of the mane was from four to five inches long, and of a yellowish-brown color, while its left leg was covered with black hair. In its stomach was found a quantity of undigested food, and on its tongue was the herbage which it had been eating when it died. This was quite green. Dr. Herz found this extraordinary beast within two hundred versts of Kolyansk, and brought it down four thousand miles to Irkutsk by means of sledges. From the position of the mammoth it was evident that it had been killed by falling down a declivity, its neck being broken.

An Ancient Irish Boat Found in County Mayo

IRELAND, the country of antiquity and of mystery, has furnished another problem for the antiquarian and archæologist. Some laborers at work in County Mayo discovered what they at first supposed to be an ancient coffin which, on being completely unearthed, was found to be a wooden boat, forty-six feet long and in a very perfect state of preservation. It appears to have been carved solid from the trunk of an oak tree, and the wood is so hard and so absolutely free from decay that axes made practically no impression upon it. It will shortly be on view in the Dublin Museum, and will doubtless be the cause of much speculation as to the mysterious people who once made their home in Ireland.

Selling Wives among the Comanches

THE influence of civilization upon aborigines seems largely to consist in encouraging them to persevere in the bad customs which they already have and in introducing them to new ones. An illustration of the former evil reaches us from Southern Oklahoma, where the annual sale of wives by the Comanche Indians has just taken place, with the full knowledge of the white settlers, and apparently with their approval and concurrence. Fifty of the prettiest women of the tribe were publicly sold by auction as though they were cattle, amid such scenes of brutality and rivalry as might reasonably be expected under such circumstances.

Among the victims was a young Indian woman named Amy Parker, the daughter of a famous chief, whose case may be taken as typical of very many. Filled with evident shame and consternation, she was bid for by two Indian scouts whose offers began with eleven ponies, the successful claimant eventually securing her for sixty-three ponies. This was a young man named Wild Horse, who is known as one of the most desperate and drunken savages on the reservation, and who is reported to have already killed three wives. The couple were first married by the medicine man of the tribe, and they then proceeded to El Reno, where the usual ceremony was duly performed by a white Christian minister. Within three days of this unholy and shameful profanation, the bride attempted to commit suicide after failing in an effort to kill her husband.

We should like to know if the minister in question was aware of the conditions under which he was asked to perform this ceremony. If he was not aware, he ought to have made himself acquainted with the circumstances, and if he was aware of them he has brought his professions of religion into contempt, not only among the Indians, but among those of his own associates who have even a rudimentary conception of Christianity.

On every side we are hearing of trumpety persecutions for heresy over some disputed and childish point of tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee, but of such outrages upon morality as the above, there is apparently neither time nor desire to take note.

Or is the marriage fee more sacred than the marriage oath, and therefore not to be interfered with?

STUDENT

Obelisk of Egyptian Characters in Mexico

EARLY in the month of February, when speaking of archæological explorations, Katherine Tingley remarked, ". . . and some remarkable discoveries will be made soon, and not very far from here."

Now comes news from Mexico City of a most interesting archæological discovery on Mount Alban. The explorer is the conservator of National Monuments, Leopoldo Batreo, and his discovery serves to strengthen the theory of the intimate relationship between the ancient civilizations of Mexico and Egypt.

From the first, the similarity between the engraved and sculptured relics of the forgotten races of the continent and of ancient Egypt could not be overlooked, but now every new discovery seems to add new evidence to the near connection (if not identity) of the religious systems of these countries.

This time it is an obelisk that comes to light in the remains of an ancient city, which shows unmistakable signs of having been submerged for thousands of years, traces of marine life having been found.

The remarkable thing about this obelisk is its position *in front of the entrance to a tomb*, a position familiar to all students of Egyptology.

Americans are not yet awake to the fact that their country is a storehouse of the most wonderful archæological treasures, and one to which, ere long, explorers from all parts of the world will flock. Let us hope the Government will wake up and see the importance of protecting while encouraging such researches.

STUDENT

As it frequently happens that men, by endeavoring to shun their fate, run directly upon it.—LIVIOUS

NOTHING is so wretched as a guilty conscience.—PLAUTUS

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

OBSERVATIONS

at Loma-land

THE month of June is a month of fascination and beauty in Loma-land. Southern California has been described as a land of sunshine and a region of perpetual Spring. Yet, as the seasons pass, there is a change and one seems to understand what is meant when it is described as being undefinable. Yet, one who lives much in the open air, particularly near the great placid waters of the Pacific, soon learns that Nature wears her seasons, like poor Ophelia's rue—"with a difference." In June Nature expresses herself with something of fulness and abandon. The air, always invigorating, becomes more so. The sky bends over Loma-land with an almost perpetual blueness, for the rains have come and gone, leaving a wealth of blossom behind.

The subtle changes one notices in the seasons are not changes of temperature. That remains at its serene and proper level the whole year through. One most notices the change in the "feel" of the atmosphere.

Point Loma, and indeed all of Southern California throughout the coast region, is peculiarly blessed with the blend of sea and mountain air. It is as if Athena herself had gathered up all that was rare and beautiful in this land, seen and unseen, in color and in sound, and had translated all into terms of atmosphere by some divine alchemy. It is not a mere accident that the air of Loma-land should be so invigorating, for the breezes that sweep across this Hill possess an undefinable life-giving quality.

Said a globe-trotter recently: "There is something in the air of this place unlike anything that I have ever experienced. I do not wonder that the students here have rosy cheeks and bright eyes and springing step."

* * *

The roses in the Homestead gardens are particularly abundant during the present month. We have flowers and flowers and flowers. Great baskets filled with sweet peas come in every few days from over the east slope. Easter lilies that a city florist would despair to rival have added their perfume and their pure beauty. But the distinctive flower here, after all, seems to be the rose. The shrubs are strong and stately and they blossom so profusely that one wonders how each blossom can be so large and rich, so perfect in form and color and texture. The colors are never garish, but blend exquisitely with the landscape. Climbing rose vines have been planted beside the porches of the children's Group Homes, and as they climb over the trellis and about the windows, one senses in them a certain tender and protective touch.

* * *

The great rush of tourists is beginning to abate. The class of tourists is changing as well. Winter has passed and they are no longer coming from the States that have six months of snow yearly. Instead, many are coming in from different parts of the world as well as the States, and many from the South, attracted here by the coolness of our summers.

More and more are tourists coming to understand that the summers along the Coast of Southern California are as beautiful as the winters. There is probably not another spot in America of which this is true, saving a few places where a high altitude is combined with just the right nearness to the tropical countries. Yet there are many who cannot live in an altitude that is sufficient to counteract the heat of a southern summer, and as a result those who discover the boon of our Point Loma summer climate count themselves discoverers indeed.

It is the experience of the guides that those who are the first to appreciate the invigorating, yet mild climatic conditions of Point Loma and San Diego are those who are most widely traveled. Many who come here have visited half the countries of the world, and it is these who are invariably quickest to observe and comment upon the beauties of Point Loma.

* * *

Those who saw Loma-land a year ago and who have since been away, would today hardly know the place, so much have the departments expanded, so much have the various activities grown. While the enemies of this Organization quietly fret and fume, and not so quietly slander and vilify, Katherine Tingley calmly builds—and builds. We have long spoken of our student-group here as "a community." Soon we shall have to say "a city."

Among other buildings, a beautiful dwelling is going up among the eucalyptus trees, just west and south of the Children's Group Homes. It will be occupied by some of the members of the literary staff—those who have, for something like a year, dwelt in Camp Karnak. They have lived the simple life, a life so divested of the excrement conventionalities of "civilization" that one wonders why no one has thought of it before. It may have been thought of, yet, spite of Brook Farm, spite of Walden Pond, never before, since the days of the old Greeks, has the simple life been actually lived, and found wholly desirable.

Yet none of this simplicity will be given up because these students are so soon to go within four walls, if porches and windows, immense and always open, can properly be described as "walls." Nor will these students find it necessary to live even a bit less near to Nature than before. Every thing about this Group Home is being adapted to the real life, which is simple and true and natural. A large studio or library is one of the features of this Home. There are little corners for plants and flowers, for the life which did not include the tender and beautiful could not be the real life. From the porches there is a view of the Amphitheatre canyon and, best of all, of the great ocean. Among the members of the literary staff who are to occupy this Home, now a-building, are some of the teachers of the Raja Yoga School.

* * *

Among other changes are those about to be made in the first building that was erected on Loma Hill, the care takers' little home, now occupied by Rev. and Mrs. S. J. Neill, formerly of New Zealand. It will be enlarged and will contain the library of the Raja Yoga School, a club-room for the juveniles and ten class rooms. The children are fond of this building, standing as it does in close proximity to their play-grounds, between their Group Homes and the "Sacred Way" that leads to the Temple Hill. Every afternoon groups of children may be seen upon the porches occupied with music or books.

Not far from the Children's Aryan Temple is the large exhibition building of the Industries, now completed and soon to be opened to the public. Here will be a complete exhibition of the Silk Industry, from the microscopic egg to the cocoon, and then on to the loom and the finished textile or silken thread. It is a pretty sight to see these young workers at their wheels or busied with the care of some department of this work a few hours each day.

In this building will also be exhibited and sold some of the rare and beautiful work of the Woman's Exchange and Mart. This department is giving the children and young students here unusual advantages to learn needle-work and various branches of decorative art, and tourists express themselves as feeling that it is a privilege to purchase specimens of work so artistic as this done in Loma-land, and yet the proceeds of which go to feed, clothe and educate homeless children. Those whose hearts are touched by the real spirit of the work upon the Hill must feel, in purchasing even a trifle, that *they really* are co-workers with us. This building, green roofed, broad of door-way and entirely glass enclosed, is one of the prettiest, although one of the simplest, of the buildings on the grounds.

* * *

There are busy workers in Students' Home No. II, these days, preparing the home for occupancy. It is just completed, a simple dwelling, standing within Esotero, not far from the west canyon, and commanding one of the most beautiful views upon the grounds. Like all of the buildings here, it was designed, even as to the minutest details, by Katherine Tingley. It is simplicity itself, adapted to the ideal family life. When I visited it the other day I could plainly see that everything which tended to shut in the soul and to drag life down to material lines—that pathetic and hopeless track along which so many families travel—had been eliminated. The overhanging branches of a cypress row just touch the porch on one side, while on the west is an unobstructed view of the western slope, and the ocean. A pretty touch is given by the old-fashioned latch and latch-string upon the front door, with an exquisite carved bit that looks like an ancient talisman.

Another twelve-room family home is also rapidly nearing completion. It stands beyond the residence occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Spalding, just north of the canyon and about a thousand feet from Loma Homestead. It is on a promontory, and from the broad windows one obtains a beautiful view. One of the prettiest features is a little music studio, builded quite separate from the home itself yet adjacent and connected with the east porch. This is of quite a different design from any of the buildings previously finished, and the students see in the building going on at Point Loma the beginnings of a new and saner and more beautiful architecture than the world has seen in many a day.

Already have they begun building an extensive annex to the refectory. This has become an absolute necessity, for it surely would be rather unbrotherly not to provide accommodation for the hundreds of tourists who come here. Loma-land itself is reached only by an eight-mile drive, or a boat ride across the bay, and many have come into San Diego from long distances in addition. The inner man is often insistent. That is to be expected, and it is but one phase of the practical application of Theosophy to be able to furnish this "inner man" with some refreshment.

* * *

Sunday in Loma-land is a day peculiarly sacred to the students. In one sense it is a day of rest. In another sense it is a day of great activity, for the negative, sour, sanctimoniousness that distinguishes the Sundays of some people is an unknown quantity in Loma-land. The first service of the day is the meeting in

the Aryan Temple, the same from week to week in its spirit and essentials, but always with some new feature. The little children always take part, and it is a beautiful thing to see them in the center of the Temple, with the older students grouped about them. In the afternoons groups of children may be seen going over the hills gathering flowers, always with their teachers, and the older students also wander down to the beach, or upon the cliffs, or perhaps over the slopes and ravined courses of the golf grounds.

Every Sunday morning, after the services in the Aryan Temple, a number of the workers go into the city to prepare for the evening meeting in the Isis Theatre, or for the Lotus Group held in the afternoon. Among them is always to be found Mr. E. A. Neresheimer, who goes to carry out the great work of Katherine Tingley in bringing music into the home-life of the masses. No one who has ever visited the choral classes can doubt that such a work has long been needed.

Later, as the sun travels westward and the shadows grow long, the Homestead tally-ho carries another group of students into the city for the evening public meeting in Isis Theatre.

How the world's great need is being satisfied! Day follows day, on this Sacred Hill, with its benediction of ceaseless work in all departments, industrial, musical, artistic, educational, philanthropic, and literary. The work alone that goes on in connection with THE NEW CENTURY, the *Universal Brotherhood Path* and the various publications, to say nothing of the Leader's enormous correspondence, would be sufficient to establish this as the greatest Center of Light in the world.

No wonder that noble men and women come here from all parts of the world and feel themselves privileged in being allowed to help in this great work. No wonder that those who believe in a purely theoretical Theosophy, a speculative intellectualism, desire to see this work die out. No wonder that those who see that the lives of true Theosophists, particularly those upon the Hill, are a standing reproach to their own, bend every energy to tearing it down. Yet how powerless

are they to ruin this work. One who observes how this work grows from day to day under the very shot and shell of the enemies of human progress cannot doubt that it is under the protection of the beneficent Law, to which those who truly love humanity, at times come very near.

In spite of all the building that is going on, there is a demand for accommodations that, as yet, cannot be met. There are still a number in San Diego who have come from a distance hoping to become students or guests in Loma-land, some of them members, awaiting the first opportunity to come out to Loma Homestead.

Visitors and members continue to come from all parts of the world. Recently we have had a pleasant visit from Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Southwick of Boston, and from Brother Sederholm, vice-president of Lodge 70, Chicago. But a few days ago Mrs. Somersall, wife of the loyal president of the Boston Lodge, returned home. She has been here for many weeks and left vastly improved in health. With her go the hearty good wishes of all comrades here to their devoted comrades of the Boston Lodge, and all those in dear old New England. Among recent guests are Mr. and Mrs. John R. Beaver and Miss Lilian Brower, of England and latterly of Valparaiso, Chili. OBSERVER

An Evening with Wagner

THE Wagnerian music rendered by the students of the Isis conservatory last evening at the Isis Theatre, constituted a fine evening's entertainment, apart from the several extremely interesting addresses which were made during the evening. Nearly every seat down stairs and in the balcony was filled, and the large audience showed its appreciation of the excellent programme by frequent applause. Among the papers read were "Cycles of Effort," presented by J. H. Fussell, and Dr. Herbert Coryn's address on "Capital Punishment," both able and interesting expositions of their themes.—*San Diego Tribune*, June 9, 1902

An Open Letter to Rev. W. B. Hinson Pastor of First Baptist Church, San Diego, Cal.

From The San Diego Union, Wednesday, June 11, 1902

POINT LOMA, June 10, 1902

SIR:—We are informed that at a meeting held by you and some members of your church on Wednesday, June 4th, 1902, you stated that one of the teachings of Theosophy, known as Reincarnation, is that men and women reincarnate in animals.

As, doubtless, you profess to be desirous of having correct information so as to be able to make correct statements, we ask you to inform us what Theosophical literature or society or Teacher ever gave the authority for such an unwarranted statement.

It is well known that yellow journalism caters to the illiterate and to a certain class of sensationalists, and these might be found circulating vulgar and absurd statements, but one would expect in this Twentieth Century that men professing to be scholars would familiarize themselves with facts before cold-bloodedly circulating such a pernicious doctrine. It may pay the writer for yellow journalism to do malicious work, but something more is expected of "a minister of the Gospel."

We are very grateful to have the opportunity of presenting this matter to you, not only because of the statement reported to have been made by you to some of the members of your church, but also because we have heard that similar statements have been insinuated into the minds of public school children by those who are supposed to have at least a reasonable regard for truth.

It is thus apparent there is more than one promoter of this false statement, but whoever these promoters may be they certainly cannot be

doing this to uplift humanity—possibly they belong to the same class who desire to efface Point Loma institutions from the face of the earth. A fair and open discussion of this matter outside of "closed doors" might eradicate this evil of misrepresentation from the city and bring out to the gaze of the public, the promoters of this evil gossip.

In order to induce people to see how false the statement referred to is, we offer you \$100 for the benefit of your church if you can produce any endorsement of this statement made by any one of our three Teachers, H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley or by any member of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in good standing.

Certainly in your experience in your religion and church, you must have known of your own doctrines being misrepresented by fanatics and by those who have used their profession, as ministers even, to support their own schemes and selfish ends, and possibly you may come in contact with persons calling themselves Theosophists who would support such a degrading doctrine. We should be the last people in the world to condemn the whole church or the teachings of Christ because of any statement made by one who merely followed the church as a profession. There is spurious Theosophy as well as spurious Christianity, but it is expected that the enlightened minister, before he attempts to teach, shall investigate sufficiently in order to discriminate between the true and the false, and thus avoid misrepresenting the good work of his neighbors. Yours, for Truth, J. H. FUSSELL

Recent Volcanic Activity in Alaska

MOUNT Blackburn in Alaska has long been believed to be extinct or, at least, dormant. But some two months ago a slight earthquake shock was felt all over Alaska, and since the volcano has become active this has been regarded as sufficient explanation. A Mr. McFarland, who is a geologist, was an eye-witness of the recent eruption, and says:

On April 11, about 7:30 o'clock in the morning, I was just packing up my cooking utensils when the air about me suddenly became oppressed with a distinct and uncommon silence. In my wanderings through different woods I had become used to strange freaks of nature, but this one appalled me. I was in a rough, mountainous country, I should judge about ten miles from the base of Mount Blackburn, in Southeastern Alaska, not far from the starting part of the glacier which, as it rears its face on the north Pacific ocean, is called Muir glacier. Suddenly the earth beneath my feet shook; a low rumbling sound accompanied the quaking. I glanced up at Mount Blackburn. Suddenly it seemed as if the peak had

opened and the points burst out. A dense cloud of ashes and smoke shot into the air several hundred feet, and there seemed to flow from the opening in the top a stream of dirty stuff, mixed with large and small boulders. This only continued for about ten minutes, and then ceased as suddenly as it had begun. The air cleared and then nature seemed again to wear her cheery smile.

It was three days, after many perilous attempts, before I succeeded in reaching the base of the mountain. Then I discovered that the country for miles around had been affected. The small undergrowth of trees had been entirely covered up. This stuff which poured from the top of the mountain was not even warm, but seemed to consist of purely dust, rocks and earthy substances. I only stayed on the spot a couple of hours, then left for the coast. As near as I can find out, this mountain had never been considered of a volcanic nature.

It is reported by travelers coming from Cook's Inlet that Mount Redondo has had another eruption. They say that at times there appeared to be a continuous sheet of fire rising out of the crater.

Students



Path

Better Things

by GEORGE McDONALD—(Selected)

BBETTER to smell the violet cool, than sip the glowing wine;
Better to hark a hidden brook, than watch a diamond shine.

Better the love of a gentle heart, than beauty's favor proud;
Better the rose's living seed, than roses in a crowd.

Better to love in loneliness, than to bask in love all day;
Better the fountain in the heart, than the fountain by the way.

Better be fed by a mother's hand, than eat alone at will;
Better to trust in God than say: "My goods my storehouse fill."

Better to be a little wise, than in knowledge to abound;
Better to teach a child, than toil to fill perfection's round.

Better to sit at a master's feet, than thrill a listening State;
Better suspect that thou art proud, than be sure that thou art great.

Better to walk the real unseen, than watch the hour's event;
Better the "well done" at the last, than the air with shouting rent.

Better to have a quiet grief, than a hurrying delight;
Better the twilight of the dawn, than the noon-day burning bright.

Better a death when work is done, than earth's most favored birth;
Better a child in God's great house, than the king of all the earth.

How Humanity Is Imposed Upon

SOME day Humanity will waken to its real *life*, for the life that most of us live is only dull dreaming. There are many days when the musician cannot compose, nor the artist paint. They are conscious that the true creative world is closed to them; their mental sky is gray with clouds. Yet even they are conscious that this world *is there*, if but they could rise into it.

Such people count as life the moments when their brains are lighted with the fire of creation; not the moments when they are going about doing the same things in the same way as other men. If one of these says "Life is joy," he means the life into which he enters at his creative hours. He holds that life in his memory, even when he cannot rise into its realm. And you could imagine that, even if the memory of every occasion on which he had touched this life were blotted out, enough of it would remain to make him conscious that there was something beyond the dead level of his common existence, and make him try vaguely to reach up to that something which now he cannot clearly perceive. There would remain a longing he could not satisfy.

Thousands of eons ago, humanity knew that "Life was joy," because they *lived in* the sunshine of the Life that *is* Joy. That sunshine never faded. It was humanity that sank away from it, and lost sight of it, and forgot it. But it still shines, the memory remains as a longing. And because of that longing, humanity is imposed upon.

Blind guides offer to show the way to the lost peace. Ambition cries: "Follow me; pay me homage; I have the Key." Hypocrites of many professions and creeds call aloud, advertising their methods and panaceas in the confusion. And all—fools and hypocrites alike—find their followers; for humanity is searching, searching. It *remembers without knowing that it remembers*; and it follows blind leaders of the blind, because it does not understand the veiled memory of the old Golden Life. All peoples have this memory; but the learned call it only savage tradition.

The Golden Life *is*; that is what the real Teachers say. They know that the soul of every mortal lives and will forever live *in* that Life, bathed in its sunlight; and that the mortal has but to become conscious of the immortal to regain the old Joy. To give that message was the sole purpose of Jesus Christ; and the people did not accept it; for they listened when some said: "He dines with the publicans and sinners." Failing to understand Him, they turned away.

To give that message was the sole purpose of H. P. Blavatsky; and

the people turned away, because some said: "She does not believe in our creeds." And they are side-tracked today, cheated of her living message by some who say they "have her mantle," or "were her pupils." Many such there are who are mere money-makers; yet they can impose upon those who are unwary, as of old. For men are still prone to look *without* for the Light that is really *within* every one of them.

In times past, and even today, many have lost their lives for trying to show the Light to others; martyred, partly through ignorance of the multitude; partly through the jealousy of those who, when men seek within themselves the true path, find their honors, their emoluments, and their occupation as self-appointed guides and dominators of conscience, gone. Read again the history of the Salem martyrs, of Anne Hutchinson, and of many another who has gone to the stake on the malignant and senseless charge of *witchcraft*. Think over the traditions of the Golden Age, current amongst all peoples. Whence came they?

These "dreams"—and our hopes—are kept alive by the soul in each of us. In moments of quiet, a vague memory stirs us, we know not whence; in trouble, a breath of comfort; in difficulty, a moment of inner help and encouragement; in the wakeful night, a sense of the Presence in the heart. They are all the soul can do, apart from what we call conscience; but they suffice to show that the moment the mind permits, the soul speaks in it; the moment it ceases to be filled with the doings of the busy hours, the soul pours in the gleam of its Light. And that Light is always waiting for those who turn and look for it within their own natures. It is this that inspires the musician, that prompts the poet; that is the ever-present Comforter of whom Christ spoke.

How many know of the Law within their lives? Few indeed, because it is easier to say: "Chance." Chance events, chance calamities, chance circumstances, chance strokes of good and of evil—so men say, and miss sight of the action of majestic Law in it all, a Law by which they are hedged, and supported, and helped and trained. Study individual life, and see that all things are opportunities to gain strength. The Law not only gives strength, it also crowns with joy him who has attained strength. It gives from day to day those conditions, be they changeful or monotonous, painful or pleasant, in the proper meeting of which strength will be gained and character ennobled and ripened. This Law is not "past finding out;" it may be seen by every man every day in his own life, presenting on Tuesday a problem that it did not present on Monday, because the man of Tuesday is something other than the man of Monday. The faithful doing of duty is part of the study of the Law; another part is close observation of ourselves, that we may find out what weak place in character will be strengthened by this or that experience, by the doing of this or that duty. And the administrator of the Law is the man's own soul, which thus constantly appeals to him.

Soon, he who thus observes himself, and looks back through the years of his life, will find that as far as his memory extends, he has tendencies, character, powers, peculiar to himself; just as he had a quality or key-note of experiences peculiar to himself. So, in this self-study, he will come upon the idea of reincarnation. And he will understand the deeper action of the Law as it carries him from birth to birth. He will understand that it is only the brain-mind which limits his outlook. It is that which limits the musician in his attempt to express the harmonies to which the very soul of God and humanity moves. The action of this mighty Law insures the expansion of men's minds, the opening of their minds to the soul, the ripening of their characters, until, upon the experience of ages, the Golden Dawn shall arise again, and the wisdom of mankind be added to the purity of childhood.

In the old days they understood the Law, and, watching its processes, understood all that happened under it, knowing that nowhere in life was chance. And men moved glad and child-like under its protection. But their knowledge was stolen; the majesty of the Law became to them "the caprice of God," or "blind chance." They ceased to be bathed in the glory of the new and ever new mornings of life, by the steady light of the soul. They lost knowledge of the soul, so that it became only a word to them; and then life became hard and its lessons painful and dark.

But the Present is turning a new page in the Book of the Law. Its Teachers will again be heard. Men will turn again in faith and trust to it and to their souls; and the vaster meanings of life will again be understood in ways that words cannot express, meanings noble, like mighty music.

STUDENT

The
Chadbourne Furniture Co.

W. L. FREVERT, Manager

We aim to carry an entirely up-to-date stock of house furnishings, and, for style and variety of goods, cannot be outdone in Southern California. We are glad to show visitors through our extensive store-rooms.

STORE-ROOMS

SIXTH & D STREETS
San Diego, Cal.

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be one season or another. Paint will set tougher during the winter, and of course that gives durability. One point favoring winter. There are others favoring summer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so often as houses painted with any other paint, because it has more body to withstand action of the elements. There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per gallon.

We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.
WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS
7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

D. L. HOOVER

G R O C E R

SIXTH & H STREETS
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Telephone Black 11

"Where Rail and Tide Meet, There Cast Anchor"

Investors, Speculators, & Real
Estate Dealers

GET IN ON THE
GROUND FLOOR
AT SAN DIEGO
EARLY

San Diego is the Open Door to the Orient & Investors now will be Capitalists later

CAN'T YOU SEE THE HAND OF DESTINY?

- 2700 miles saved in encircling the globe via this port
- Three Transcontinental Railroads heading for this Harbor
- The Commerce of the Southwest and of the Pacific is being concentrated at the Bay of San Diego
- Look out for Big Developments; the Market is active now

If you want to
Buy or Sell
there, address

D. C. Reed

Established 1870

Ex-Mayor of San Diego

The Smallest Town in Massachusetts

Gosnold, the smallest town in Massachusetts, comprises those little specks of land which, beginning at Wood's Holl, at the "shoulder" of old Cape Cod's right arm, extend seaward till they terminate in that fatal reef of the Sow and the Pigs. Geographical names and their euphonious names are found in that old nursery jingle:

Great Naushon and Nonamesett,
Uncatena and Weepectets,
Nashawena, Pasquanese,
Cuttyhunk and Penikese.

It is a remarkable fact that the smallest of Massachusetts town meetings should be on the identical spot where, almost to a day 300 years ago, Bartholomew Gosnold planted the first European settlement in America. When Gosnold spent the winter on Cuttyhunk his company numbered thirty-two souls. The voters of Gosnold number just thirty-two today. Cuttyhunk is the outermost of the group, and is the seat of government. At the last election of town officers eight of the nineteen offices were filled by Veeders and four by Tiltens. But "Lon" Veeder was a sort of Pooh Bah, being at once selectman, treasurer, collector, assessor, overseer of the poor, board of health and sealer of weights and measures. They have to have a board of health and a sealer of weights and measures, because the law says so, but the board never has anything to do, and all the sealer, etc., has to do with the set of standard instruments in his charge is to "dust 'em off" occasionally. There is also a tree warden, although the only trees on the islands are three stunted silver poplars on Cuttyhunk.—*Boston Transcript*

Silk Spun by Spiders

A syndicate of silk merchants has been formed in New York (says a contemporary) for the purpose of introducing spider silk as a commercial commodity. It is stated that no difficulty has been experienced in acclimatizing the most prolific species of African and Brazilian spiders, some of which weave webs from 8 to 12 feet in diameter, and quite as strong as the ordinary silk of commerce. The most valuable web is that spun by an African spider. The thread is yellow in color, and so like the product of the silkworm that it can scarcely be distinguished from it. Gloves woven from the silk command exorbitant prices, as much as £20 being paid for a single pair. They are like the historical silk stockings.

Was Liberal in Her Charities

Mrs. Marion Roosevelt, wife of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, of Fifth Avenue, New York, uncle of the President of the United States, who has just passed away, was the sister of the well-known Irish journalist and author, Mr. John Augustus O'Shea. Her death occurred at Atlantic City, where she had been staying for the benefit of her health. Mrs. Roosevelt was very generous in the cause of charity and an ardent supporter of Catholic institutions in New York.—*Exchange*

Menelik's Broad Hint

The Paris *Rappel* states that the Negus has ordered some German missionaries to immediately leave Abyssinia, as he will not have the faith of his people assailed. On the missionaries protesting against this order Menelik asked them if they had no sinners in Germany. On receiving a reply in the affirmative the Negus told them to return to Germany, and give their countrymen the benefit of their advice, which was not wanted in his country.—*London Express*

A man often forgets his friends, his native land, and sometimes his language, but the songs of childhood and youth never fade from memory.—*Selected*

The habitual use of vocal music by a family is an almost unerring sign of good morals and refined taste.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, President
G. B. GROW, Cashier
W. R. ROGERS, Assistant Cashier

Every facility and security offered to our patrons and the public generally. Collections and exchanges on all points.

KELLY'S LIVERY

POINT LOMA COACH LINE

Special Coaches for Select Parties
arranged by telephone

DEALER IN FIRST-CLASS HORSES

THIRD & F STS., PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

THE Lion Clothing Co.

CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"
STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

Electric Laundry

NELSON SNYDER, Proprietor

16TH & I STREETS

TELEPHONE BLACK 731

No Saw Edges on Collars and Cuffs

Isis Conservatory of Music

of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Personal applications and inquiries received every Saturday by the Secretary at

San Diego Branch 1940 B St.

HOURS 9 A. M. TO 4 P. M.

Full particulars sent by mail on application, address

J. H. FUSSELL, Secretary and Treasurer
Isis Conservatory of Music Point Loma, Calif.

GEORGE T. VERNON
Tailor

1110 FIFTH STREET - SEFTON BLOCK
Telephone Black 1912

ENTERTAINMENT
by Children of the

Raja Yoga School

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON
in the
Aryan Temple, Point Loma
Tickets 50 cents

Bank of Commerce

841 FIFTH ST., bet E & F Sts., SAN DIEGO
Capital, \$100,000
Reserve & Undivided Profits, \$46,837.23
R. M. POWERS, President F. W. JACKSON, Cashier
GRAHAM E. BABCOCK, Vice-President C. L. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier
Directors—R. M. Powers, Graham E. Babcock, J. F. Sinks, A. H. Frost, Chas. T. Hinde, U. S. Grant, & F. W. Jackson
General banking business transacted. Exchange drawn direct on all principal cities of United States and Europe. Prompt attention given to collections.

EDWARD M. BURBECK

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Copper Plate Engraving & Printing
Steel Dies, Crests, and Monograms
Largest & most varied stock of Books
and General Literature in the City

1051-59 FIFTH STREET, SAN DIEGO

“Burbeck’s Big Bookstore”

Toys Games Souvenirs Office Supplies City and County Maps

PUBLIC MEETINGS
OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGES

- STOCKTON, Cal., 523 Yosemite Building**
Lodge No. 3. Public meetings: Sunday 8 p. m., and Wednesday 7:30 p. m. Lotus Group for children, Sunday 10:30 a. m.
- BOSTON, Mass., 24 Mount Vernon St.**
Lodge No. 28. Public meetings every Sunday at 8 p. m.
Lotus Group, Sunday at 11 a. m.
Members' Union meeting, Thursday at 8 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Friday at 7:30 p. m.
Girls' Club, Saturday at 3 p. m.
- LOUISVILLE, Ky., Y. M. H. A. Building**
Lodge No. 119. Public meeting, Sunday 8 p. m.
Lodge meeting, members only, Thursday 8 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Friday 8 p. m.
- MACON, Ga., Triangular Block**
Lodge No. 13. Public meeting about the middle of month.
Lotus Group, Sunday 10 a. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesday 7:30 p. m.
Members' meeting, Friday 8 p. m.
- PROVIDENCE, R. I., 206 Weybosset Street**
Lodge No. 31. Monthly meetings, last Sunday in each month, 7:30 p. m.; Lodge meetings, members only, Wednesdays, 7:45 p. m.
Lotus Group, Sundays, 10:45 a. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Thursdays, 8 p. m.
- SOUTHPORT, England, 138 Poulton Road**
Lodge No. 24 (Eng.) Lotus Group, Monday, 7 p. m.
Boys' Brotherhood Club, Tuesday, 8 p. m.
Lodge meeting, Friday, 8 p. m.
Public meeting, 1st Sunday each month, 7 p. m.
- MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., 207 Sykes Block**
Lodge No. 81. Public meeting first Sunday each month, 8 p. m.

Is This “the End?” Ask the “Sun”

Is it not significant that yesterday, the very day after the General Assembly had decided so unanimously to sugar-coat its Calvinism, with a view to making Presbyterianism more palatable at this time of religious revulsion, there should come from New Jersey a report of the passing over to Episcopalianism of an entire Congregational church?

The commissioner who spoke so feelingly of the exhibition of this spirit of compromise in the General Assembly as “the beginning of the end” was rewarded with jeers. Perhaps now when the commissioners have quieted down from the hysteria of that meeting, and are getting over their spiritual spree, they will think more seriously of the warning of their colleague, enforced as it is by the news from New Jersey.

Is it not possible that “the end” is indicated in this migration to the Episcopal Church of the whole congregation of a Church built generally upon the same Confession of Faith which was expurgated and decorated by the General Assembly on Thursday? Is it not possible that that was the very end to which some of those most actively employed in getting up the revision were consciously proceeding?

Nothing is more obvious than that the Presbyterian Church will lose its reason for separate existence whenever it substitutes for the definite and precise system of doctrine which has been its for more than three hundred years, the ambiguous declaration of this hysterical meeting. The duplicity of the statement is intended, primarily, to afford official excuse for the teaching in Presbyterian theological schools which contradicts the Westminster Confession, as is indicated very strikingly in the article on the Bible. But it also furnishes justification, and undoubtedly was so intended, for the large number of Presbyterians who have passed over to the Episcopal Church, at least so far as church attendance is concerned. No such change can have been made with any serious expectation of bringing back these deserters, to whom, after their experience of the Episcopal liturgy, the Presbyterian service would seem bare and uninviting, no matter how comfortable might be the doctrine preached, as compared with the harshness of the retribution taught in the old Confession.

As the Presbyterian Church cannot get these people back, is there not reason for suspecting that some of the influences powerful in the committee of revision were not averse to having it follow them? One of this committee is a layman who is a Presbyterian elder in New York, but an Episcopal vestryman in Lenox. The school of theology to which Dr. Briggs belongs is jubilant over the new statement; and where has he gone?

The formal secession to the Episcopal Church of the entire membership of a Congregational church of New Jersey at this very time must strike everybody as significant. May it not be a symptom of a general disorder in the Calvinistic Churches—of a fever of revulsion which the Presbyterian General Assembly sought to mitigate temporarily with the soporific of an ambiguous doctrinal statement compounded in a spirit of surrender to popular religious tastes at this time!

Another contemporary secession will receive fresh impetus from this attempt to get away from the logic of the religious position. It is the secession to the agnosticism which gives up all religious belief.—*The (N. Y.) Sun*, May 24, 1902

A prominent clergyman suggests that the popular children’s hymn

There is a happy land Far, far away,
should be amended to read:

There is a happy land Not far away.

And that children should be taught that it is but a step from the present darkness of life into the light of the Soul.

SEARCHLIGHT

NO. 6

Special number issued to
the public

CONTAINING A FULL REPORT OF THE

**Great Debate
on Theosophy
& Christianity**

HELD AT THE OPERA HOUSE, SAN DIEGO, CAL.,
ON SEPTEMBER 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, AND
OCTOBER 6 AND 13, 1901

SEVENTY-TWO PAGES

Notwithstanding the increase in the cost of publishing, owing to the largely increased number of pages, the price remains the same as heretofore

FIFTEEN CENTS

The
Theosophical Publishing Co.
Point Loma, Cal.

You will need a copy for yourself and several copies to send to your friends. The edition is limited.

An Address
by Katherine Tingley
in the Opera House
at San Diego, Sunday
evening, March 16th
1902

Neatly printed and bound, containing half-tone illustrations of the Opera House, Loma Homestead and the Aryan Temple. This is the first public address of Katherine Tingley after her purchase of the Opera House, and in it is outlined broadly her plans for the beautiful theatre and its occupation by the Isis Conservatory of Music. Sent post paid for TEN CENTS.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Souvenir Postal Cards
of Loma-land

PRIVATE MAILING CARDS, PRINTED ON
FINEST IVORY-FINISH CARDBOARD
13 different half-tone glimpses of Loma-land on which to send your Brotherhood Thoughts all over the world. A stream of them should be kept in circulation by every member.

2 for 5 cents (postage 1c extra) . \$0.06
50, postpaid, for 1.00
100, “ “ 1.50

Sent assorted unless ordered with specifications. Order from
THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The New Century



Year \$2

Point Loma, San Diego, California.

Copy 5¢



Vol. V

JUNE 22, 1902

No. 32

The New Century

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Two Dollars; other countries in the Postal Union, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; payable in advance
Single copy, Five Cents

Communications for the Editor, manuscripts, reports, books and periodicals for review should be addressed, "Katherine Tingley, Editor *The New Century*, Point Loma."

The editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

Articles will not be considered by the editor unless signed by the author and marked with the number of words contained. In no case is manuscript returned.

Address all Business communications, including subscriptions, and make all remittances (in bank drafts or money orders, payable to The New Century Corporation) to "Clark Thurston, Point Loma, Cal."

To comply with recent postal regulations, all Post-Office money order remittances should be made payable at San Diego. The remittances, as well as all other mail, should be made to Point Loma, as usual.

Entered at the Post-Office at Point Loma, Cal., as second-class matter Nov. 30th, 1901
Copyright, 1921, by Katherine Tingley

Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

Sacrifice and Power

THE law of Sacrifice is the same as the law of Power. In other words, he who would fain wield power must sacrifice something. This is true for every plane of man's being. The self-indulgent sensualist will never become an athlete; he must give up something. Men of power are men who have sacrificed. The highest power is the result of a sacrifice so whole-hearted that it was not felt in the supreme consideration of the thing to be attained.

The decline of a nation comes about when its individuals will not sacrifice anything for its welfare. The strength of a Cause is in the proportion of the sacrifices made for it by its supporters. The moral and intellectual growth of a man ceases when he gratifies each desire as it arises, sacrificing none of them even to his own higher welfare.

In old times they symbolized this by the sacrifice of an animal to God. All the people witnessed it, and it was left to each to interpret in his own life this sacrifice of the animal nature to the divine. Men mostly gain power for their own advantage. A few men and women, one here and there in history, race saviors and teachers, have gained it for no personal ends whatever. They have offered up in themselves the lower to the higher till at last no personal impulse remained, nothing selfish. They have distilled their whole being into power at the service of impersonal Love. That is the secret of their immense and magnetic influence.

A World- Redeeming Power

One may mean well by his fellows, may write useful books, support useful movements, found charitable institutions, endow libraries and picture galleries, and yet do little—so little—to better the age. For it was done without sacrifice, without inner stress; it was no part of the attempt to take the Kingdom of Heaven—whether individual or collective—by violence, the violence and heat of sacrifice. So it all made no ripple; there was no power in it, behind it. There was more world-redeeming power in the widow's mite, to the eye of one who can judge magnitudes as they are and who is not impressed by check-books and yard-measures. And there is absolutely no limit to the power that is to be seized by a group which, obliterating its individualities in the harmony of its whole, prepares to offer that whole to the welfare of humanity.

Yet it is the deeper truth that where Lights blend their individualities to make a greater Light, that which they have sacrificed comes back, and each possesses now the radiance of the total.

ENAVA

LIFE is a mission. Every other definition is false and leads all who accept it astray. Religion, science, philosophy, though still at variance upon many points, all agree in this, that every existence is an aim.—MAZZINI

The Weapon of Joy

IT is not at once that those who have touched the Light of their own souls, and begun to taste the new life that presently awaits all humanity, appreciate the darkness of the world of men.

For then, in their better moments, all is glowing; the hard outlines of things are lost in Light. Chance is obliterated; events are full of meaning in relation to their inner life; nothing is uninteresting or without importance. They have recognized the divine Law surrounding and guiding them. It surrounds and guides others; but these know it not. Events have no meaning; each man has what he can seize, or what drifts up to his door by chance. They do not see the divine lesson and opportunity lying hidden amid their duties; therefore it is that the word *duty* has so hard and forbidding a sound; therefore it is that they put no heart into duties and tend to reduce them to bare necessity.

It is hard for either to understand the other. For one, the thrill and glow of real life is setting in, in increasing beauty every day. They know what *Life is Joy* means, appreciating that *Life* is the Light thrown upon, added to, and crowning, mere *existence*.

The others know only *existence*, and mistake the *pleasures*—which come to them by accident or which they arduously seek—for *Joy*.

But Joy has nothing to do with events or surroundings; it is an illumination of life from within. It purifies; burns away failings; lifts a man beyond himself; is compassion, brotherhood; is born of sacrifice and self-conquest, and is again their parent. In its Light, ambition, vanity, and self-seeking, die. In its intensity, mere pleasures become nothing. It broadens the mind into universal sympathy. It robs death of its power, its sting, and its reality. It is the effluence and state of the soul. Its rays are the heroism of heroes, the inspiration of the artist, the light of genius; and they lead to knowledge of the divine. It is greater than hope, and the ceasing of the bitterness of memory.

It is a service to humanity to keep hold on Joy, and with it scatter every personal cloud. It is no negative peace, no passive "resignation," no sad-faced "trust," as those words are ordinarily sounded. It is a triumph-bringing weapon, a sword gleaming in the inner night. He who seizes and wields it dissipates a center of earth's darkness, and becomes an unrecognized Savior of many from their despair.

Let us, by our own lowest moments, recognize the state of humanity; by our highest, what we can do for humanity. We learn, by the war against our own darkness, the way to the vaster war against the world-gloom.

STUDENT

Too Much Philosophy

THE Reverend President of a well known University to which we have been in the habit of sending a complimentary copy of THE NEW CENTURY writes to us to express his suspicion that this journal is an organ of Theosophy and, this being admitted, to deprecate burdening the minds of the young, who have already so much to learn that has been "handed down to them from their ancestry," with an overplus of philosophy.

We find the remonstrance of the Reverend gentleman a little hard to understand. It is because we ourselves so deeply appreciate the bewilderment which naturally arises from the present overplus of so-called philosophy that we venture to put forward a system which, while avoiding the complexities and contradictions at present prevailing, shall show that human fraternity is the alpha as well as the omega of all true thought and of all true evolution. We should suppose that the failure of the ancestral ideas in question to mitigate the troubles of the world is sufficiently obvious, as obvious indeed as is the pressing need for some system which shall once more restore the Law of Brotherhood to its rightful position as the basis of philosophy and of progress.

STUDENT

Mexican National Military College

Negative by the Fitch Studio, San Diego

THE illustration on the cover page of THE NEW CENTURY this week shows the gateway to the National Military College of Mexico, which occupies a portion of the historic Castle of Chapultepec. The old castle takes its name from the rock upon which it is built, about two miles southwest of the City of Mexico. A portion of the castle not used by the Military College is occupied by President Diaz as a summer palace, as it was by the Emperor Maximilian.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Science Begins to See Dimly

AN eminent English physician, Dr. Lauder Brunton, has delivered a very interesting lecture before the London Medical Association on "Fairies, Apparitions, Visions and Hallucinations." He drew attention to the great variation in sense acuteness of different people. Some persons were able to see blue flames in the fire during winter, and others could hear the screams of bats, while others again were quite insensible to both, and he was thus prepared to believe that there were some people who could feel things that were not felt by others. He then spoke of wireless telegraphy, stating that this discovery explained to him many things which he had found mysterious in the domain of human psychology, and he was quite prepared to believe that certain brains could act as transmitters of thought while others acted as receivers.

The subsequent discussion showed that very great interest had been aroused by the lecture, and we welcome this evidence that scientists are receding from a position of blank denial from which they have for so long confronted some of the most interesting facts of modern investigation.

STUDENT

Is the Press Responsible for Crime?

IN the *Nouvelle Revue* (second April number), Dr. Icard gives some interesting facts and comments relating to the question, Is the press responsible for crime? He declares he can prove from the results of his studies that a pernicious example breeds imitators, especially among women. The publication of accounts of how a betrayed woman has shot her lover is a particularly fruitful form of suggestive journalism. And in French papers domestic tragedies play a more important part than foreign and general news.

Recently a girl in Paris committed suicide under circumstances that were peculiar and dramatic. She decorated her room, her bed and her person, and then lay down and took the fatal draught. The scene was not only reported but illustrated by a photograph of the death chamber in a popular paper. In a few days two other girls had imitated the act, one of them being found with a copy of the fatal journal by her side.

This phenomenon of epidemics of crime spread by newspapers is well known and has often been commented on; and its suppression depends upon the growth of a public opinion strong enough to overcome the strong money interests involved. It will take many successive waves of reform before any large government becomes sufficiently disinterested and independent to deal thoroughly with such an evil. But local and departmental authorities may do much to suppress it within the limits of their jurisdiction, by barring the circulation of yellow journals in reading-rooms, or blacking out the police reports; and the more enlightened newspapers may set an example and foster a better taste.

We cannot let the subject pass without calling attention to an opposite effect—the suggestion of good—which might be produced by any writer having the opportunity to use the press as it should be used. What a power for good this mighty engine of modern times might become in the hands of an editor filled with the true love of humanity!

H. T. E.

Animals Trained by Torture

THE *English Illustrated Magazine* contains an article by Mr. S. L. Bensusan on the "Cruelties and Torture Practised in Training Performing Animals." We should like to believe that the author has exaggerated the facts in the horrifying story which he tells, but it is impossible to suppose this, so convincing is the testimony which he adduces. While admitting that there are some few honorable exceptions, he practically accuses the whole class of performing animal trainers with a system of cruelty so hideous as to be almost incredible.

The remedy, as usual, is with the public. So long as there is a genuine taste for performances wherein animals are compelled to accomplish feats absolutely foreign to their nature, so long these performances will be supplied, without any regard whatever to the sufferings which

they entail. To rely upon the ordinary law for the prevention of these cruelties is an abrogation of our own duty and a demand upon the law with which it cannot adequately comply. In spite of all assurances to the contrary, it should be recognized that cruelty is in almost every case the regular method of training, and the extent of that cruelty is regulated only by the power of endurance on the part of the animal, and also, we may say, by its power of resentment. The glamour of the footlights and the professional smile of the trainer ought no longer to blind us to the barbarities which they so thinly cover.

STUDENT

Crime & Neglected Children

MR. HENRY M. BOIES, who is a member of the Board of Public Charities and of the Committee of Lunacy for the State of Pennsylvania, has written a book on *Crime and Punishment* which we welcome as a notable addition to the thought of the day. We wish that his views could be more widely known and that we were in sight of a more general adoption of many of his recommendations.

The author's depth of insight into his problem is shown by his verdict that the criminal classes are recruited almost entirely from the ranks of neglected children, and we would suggest in passing that neglect of a special kind is to be found in rich nurseries as well as in poor ones. Mr. Boies tells us that three-fourths of our habitual criminals are the direct consequence of an un-cared-for childhood, and here again we would suggest that there is the neglect of a warm-hearted and solicitous folly as well as that of a cruel indifference. One of the greatest functions of a civilized state is to see to it that no child is allowed to grow to maturity in such a way as actually to foster the seeds of criminality, and it should do this, not only by a more intelligent and a more sympathetic oversight of those children whose material guardianship has passed into its hands, but also by the encouragement of a more general knowledge of child nature and child needs. In this way we should find that the stream of criminality was dammed and diverted almost at its start.

The time will come when an increasing sense of fraternal responsibility will be sufficient to secure such a policy. In the meantime it should be dictated by ordinary self-interest and self-preservation.

STUDENT

Original Significance of Lent

THE observance of Lent has of course produced talk about the religious value of fasting. A well-known English physician, in a standard book on diet, gently decries the practice of fasting; "but," he adds, "far be it from me to say there is not a demon that goeth not out save by fasting."

There is a vicious circle involved in the matter, of which medical science studies but the half. It is a curious fact that if a man is out of temper, whatever caution he may happen to have in diet is apt to desert him. The liver is made to feel the results of the desertion, and in its turn makes its owner's temper yet worse on the following days. This may go on till an attack of gout, rheumatism, or a bad cold brings the cycle to a climax.

Lenten fasting, as ordinarily practised, is of course a farce. In its ideal form, the plan was to make it an annual exercise in will, in the power of self-denial for a spiritual end; an annual calling of a man's attention thrice daily for six weeks to the fact that he is a *spiritual* being, whose duty it is to dominate the sensual elements amid which he is enthroned; and an annual period of abstinence from the coarser forms of food whose essences were believed to specially feed and stimulate these lower instincts.

Lent was fixed in spring partly because a physiological and even mental keynote for the year may then most powerfully be struck; but a man who has omitted to strike it then need not despair of being able to do so till the spring-time of next year! Efforts that seem to do nothing have a way of banking up, and suddenly coming forth *en bloc* to an unhopd-for victory.

V. E. G.

A SORDID love of money is certainly a very senseless thing, for the mind much occupied with it is blind to everything else.—DIPHILUS

Abraham

ONE who studies causes—and it must be admitted that the average person rarely gets below the surface effects—thinks of Abraham Lincoln as a great-souled man, rather than as a President. And in this light it is plain that the unwritten story of his life is far more interesting than the written. In his picture one reads a certain tenderness that suggests the compassionate and reflective nature. It is said that Lincoln much resembled his mother, Nancy Hanks, "pale, thin-breasted, sad, oftentimes miserable," of whom not a single portrait and almost no record exists.

It is interesting to know that the Hanks family traces its ancestry back for many generations, and its name to a close relationship with the Egyptian word *Ank*, meaning soul. It is interesting to know that the Hanks family has given to America a dozen of its ablest theologians, jurists, and professors, and that Nancy Hanks herself was a gifted woman, well educated, full of fire, and with high aspirations. But her life was smothered by poverty and isolation and was finally snuffed out, when lit-



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, from a crayon portrait made in 1854 or '55, when he was a lawyer. One of the earliest and best pictures of him extant; owned in Springfield, Ill.

Lincoln

tle Abe was but ten years old. Many years later this man said, "All that I am I owe to my angel mother." Was this mere sentiment? It was undoubtedly more true than even he realized, for during his childhood she was his only teacher—and she taught him from the spelling book and the Bible. But that Nancy Hanks taught him much more than this we well know, for at ten years of age Abraham Lincoln had control of himself. Think of it! He was strong-willed, but not to gain personal ends. In some way this great-souled woman gave her boy a largeness of purpose and a wideness of view. Then, too, the privations of pioneer life compelled Nancy Hanks to depend for her insight upon the simple words of the Gospels, instead of some church interpretation of them, for the only minister was one who rode a hundred-mile circuit!

It is not strange that this boy, with his innate sweetness of character, his strong will, and his clear, true ideas of right, of justice, and of human brotherhood should find his own place in the history of this nation. It was but the logical effect of many causes which our historians never touch upon.

The Love of Music Manifest in Children at an Early Age

HAS anyone forgotten, among the many delights of his childhood, the hurdy-gurdy, the calliope in the circus parade, or the thrilling beat of a fife and drum corps? Has the small boy in any age or clime ever failed to make his appearance with the beat of a drum, or when the blatant tones of the trombone announced the street parade or procession of some kind? And, with his little bare feet and tattered clothes he gaily trots along, keeping in step with the music all the while, totally oblivious of anything and everything, until at last the music ceases and the little one, footsore and weary, sits down to rest, perchance to dream.

Then as he awakens, his little soul is stirred with the rhythm and harmonies which play upon his memory and he makes an attempt to beat out on the pavement or any available tin pan the rhythm with which his whole nature throbs.

The little newsboy, without the slightest knowledge of the rules of harmony, picks out upon his harmonica or jews-harp the popular songs of the street.

And what becomes of these childhood joys?

Music is the expression of the soul, and everywhere, in the palace and in the cottage, the young soul is ever trying to express itself through it.

Harmony is the law which governs all things in nature and yet, as the child becomes a man, what happens to the inspiration of his childhood?

What has taken the place of his little toy drum, the jews-harp and the harmonica? What has become of the radiance and joy of his childhood?

Is it caught on the wings of time and carried afar, or was it crushed beneath the sorrows and woes of every day life, which spring up like weeds and choke the tender little buds of childhood, which are fragrant with the essences of pure joy and happiness. Alas! it is but too true. The weeds of sorrow and woe, vice and selfishness are choking the young lives about us, and their little songs in consequence are colored with false tones which vibrate as discordant notes; and in the peace and sunshine of nature create a disharmony, cutting asunder all touch with their own divine nature.

The little hearts by the fireside must be helped in their endeavors to express the beautiful and divine harmonies with which their souls are filled, and then their lives will continually echo the joy and radiance of a perfect divine being.

And in that joy and gladness their hearts will burst forth in song, and with shoulders back and heads erect they will tread the path of life, pealing forth at every step a glad song, just as the little lark stretches his tiny neck and warbles his sweet lay as he springs from limb to limb, in the glorious sunshine of his own little life.

Bathed and nurtured in the sunshine of music the soul is free to give continued expression, and consequently the lower nature, which alone deals with the trials and vicissitudes of every day life, is held at bay and eventually, for want of a chance to express itself, becomes silent and ceases to utter the wails of sorrow or discontent.

And so life becomes joyous because the soul which knows no sorrow stands guard all the while, playing upon the strings of time the celestial harmonies, the vibrations of which ease the throbbing heart, smooth the fevered brow and lighten the steps of the weary.

Katherine Tingley, realizing the needs of humanity, endeavors to awaken it through the divine power of music, and is opening a door through which will stream opportunities for the masses.

The home is the center which holds the shell wherein music slumbers, and each individual may become "the master," who may break the spell and unfold to himself the divine harmonies which abound in his own consciousness.

In San Diego free courses of music have been formed under the direction of Katherine Tingley, where the children and the elders, in their respective classes, are learning, through the power of song, to awaken the glorious harmonies of their being—stirring the vibrations of a perfect peace and joy, crowding out the sorrows and discords of life that sap the vitality of the human race. STUDENT

We saw great stones that seemed to be marvels of strength, but when touched by the toe of a boot they crumbled into impalpable dust. I picked up a bar of iron. It was about an inch and a half thick and three feet long. It had been manufactured square and then twisted so as to give it greater strength. The fire that came down from Mont Pelee had taken from the iron all of its strength and had charred it so that when twisted it fell into filaments, like so much broom-straw. Great trees had been torn up by the roots, leaving holes twenty feet deep and thirty to forty feet across. . . . Trees were cut off as though by a mighty knife in the hands of a giant reaper.

It is an open secret that every soul of that doomed thirty thousand might have been saved had even ordinary precautions been taken. Just a mile away, over the brow of a hill, lies the little village of Carbe, not far from the southern end of the harbor. It was unharmed. Saving a thin white coating of dust over everything, there is no sign that a tragedy took place almost within a stone's throw.

From dispatches received by a New York newspaper from Fort de France, it appears that the lives of all in St. Pierre might have been easily saved. A few days before the first eruption, the Governor instructed Professor Landes of the University of St. Pierre to make an investigation as to the condition of the volcano. At the risk of his life he did so, and, in a cipher dispatch to the Governor, told him that the volcano would not remain inactive much longer and that, in his opinion, the total destruction of St. Pierre could not be averted beyond May 8. Governor Mouttet not only withheld this information from the people but ordered the geologist to remain silent on the subject for fear of exciting a panic. And he even sent for a detachment of soldiers to surround the city and prevent the already frightened inhabitants from fleeing. And they perished, when a mere ten-minutes walk would have placed every one into safety.

The first eruption laid the city in ruins. The second, occurring on May 20, covered the ruins, layers deep, with volcanic dust, almost impalpable, pungent and alkaline.

There have been few similar calamities in the world's history. The wiping out of this whole city has been paralleled in a small way by some mountain avalanche in Switzerland or the mountainous portions of India. But never, since the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum in 79 A. D. has the world witnessed such a visitation. The city will not be rebuilt. Indeed, it could not be save on the very top of the pumice-covered ruins. Within a few days Admiral Servan of one of the French ships, has said "The city of St. Pierre must never be rebuilt. The danger from eruptions by Mont Pelee may continue for centuries."

The eruption of La Soufriere was similar to that of Pelee, but the loss of life was comparatively insignificant, as the inhabitants on the westward side of St. Vincent wisely abandoned the place when the volcano became unmistakably



ALONG THE WATER-FRONT OF A MARTINIQUE VILLAGE BEFORE THE ERUPTION

always the case, when great disasters overwhelm, there are not wanting occurrences the accounts of which pull strangely at one's heart-strings.

Two soldiers (French), Valant and Tribut by name, while out of camp on leave, entered the stricken city immediately after the first eruption, of course at the greatest possible risk to themselves. Finding an injured comrade (a sailor) they carried him beyond the danger line and left him on a couch of grass. There he probably died alone, for they



Among the ruins in St. Pierre

could not reach him again. Re-entering the city, they found five women in one little home, all seriously injured. The soldiers succored them as best they were able, giving them food and drink and promising to return as soon as possible with assistance. But when these men reached camp they were sent to the guard-house for having remained away after hours. In vain they plead for these dying women. The officer merely insisted that they had invented the tale for the purpose of escaping punishment. They were kept under guard all that night, the next day and the following night. Finally, so persistent was their pleading, they were permitted to lead a relief party into the

city. They found four of the women dead and the fifth dying, but still waiting, hoping against hope for the promised relief. With her own lips she verified the tale of the soldiers, and after being removed to Fort de France, died.

Name of God! Is this the twentieth century? Is this a tale of the present day, or do we read it out of the history of some Saracenic massacre or some Inquisitional conquest? "A crime?" Talleyrand once said, "it was worse than a crime; it was a blunder!"

The truth is, we are so accustomed to the blunders daily made by the brain mind of the age that our senses are fairly dulled to the horror of them. The action of the Governor was, of course, merely a blunder. Yet, what was the result? The brain-mind decision of a petty officer was another, of little account, perhaps, since it resulted in nothing more serious than the death, by slow torture, of five women. Yet the pity of it is that year after year, century after century, we go on making just such blunders. Will we never learn? Will we never realize that far greater than our civil laws is the Higher Law?

STUDENT



TROPICAL GROWTH ON THE ROAD TO THE GRAND ETANG

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

The Secret Doctrine of Antiquity

The Secret Doctrine was the universally diffused religion of the ancient and prehistoric world.

In the Twentieth Century of our era scholars will begin to recognize that the *Secret Doctrine* has neither been invented nor exaggerated.—H. P. BLAVATSKY

SINCE H. P. Blavatsky wrote, scholars have made considerable progress in the direction indicated in the prophecy; and, moreover, the subject has reached a popular stage, being a topic of quite frequent treatment in journals and magazines. Many things are now admitted and even generally accepted, the bare thought of which would have caused a thrill of pious horror when H. P. Blavatsky wrote.

And since antiquarian research and scholarly inference have led to the confirmation of so much that the great Teacher forecast, we may point to those parts of her prophecies which are yet unfulfilled, as indicating the line of future antiquarian research. Much as modern students have admitted, they have still far to go ere they free themselves from the shackles of past notions and prejudices and grasp the full significance of the key to human history offered by H. P. Blavatsky.

She tells us that most of the ancient records, which would go to prove the vast and connected knowledge of the ancients, have been lost or purposely destroyed and tampered with by mediæval vandals and by bigots with an ecclesiastical axe to grind. This circumstance, added to the purblind vanity of modern culture, has given rise to a wholly false and depreciatory view of ancient knowledge and culture.

But every day fresh records are being mysteriously and opportunely unearthed, and fresh keys discovered; and we are on the highway towards a restitution of credit to antiquity, and towards proof of H. P. Blavatsky's contention that the ancients had a Secret Doctrine, of which our modern knowledge is but the phantom reflection.

It is in the light of the above considerations that we read an article on "Creation Legends in Ancient Religions," by Professor Morris Jastrow, Jr., in *Harper's Monthly* (June). It shows the connection between Assyrian and Babylonian myths and those found in Genesis.

The writer is much hampered by the limitations and preconceived notions of conventional opinion as to human origins. He talks of primitive man in the savage state, moved by "the desire to pierce the mysteries of the universe," which desire, "strengthened by the sense of fear and fostered by self-interest, is based ultimately on curiosity, and since curiosity—still the most powerful stimulus of scientific activity—is among the first symptoms evinced by man that he possesses a mentality which warrants a differentiation of human life from mere animal existence," etc. And he regards the more elaborate myths, such as those of the Euphrates valley, as merely improvements and adaptations of the primitive notions by priests and schoolmen.

Yet he is compelled by the facts to admit that his schoolmen must have been wonderfully intelligent persons.

One is hardly prepared for a passage like the following, in which the process of creation is summed up: "In the beginning was neither heaven nor earth; the universe was surrounded by thick darkness, and was filled with boundless water, which carried in its lap germ of male and female. The divine First Spirit, inseparable from the watery First Matter, felt the impulse to creative activity, and his word called the world into life."

We are approaching the high-water mark of ancient speculation regarding the beginning of things, and there is only one other story of creation among those found in the religions of antiquity in which a higher point is reached. That other story is the famous one in the first two chapters of Genesis.

In concluding this notice let us once more say that H. P. Blavatsky's key is the only one that will unlock those ancient mysteries. The idea that present civilization is the perfect fruitage of a barbaric past and a culmination of past struggles with ignorance will not hold water any longer. Facts will compel us to acknowledge that ancient races possessed means of knowledge superior to the inductive methods of modern science, and had philosophers who were initiated in the methods by which the mind can be put in communion with the bright light of the divine intelligence in man. Their myths were not mere pretty stories descriptive of cosmic phenomena and of savage man's hopes and fears, but

symbolical records of their secret doctrine; and though later and more decadent generations may have perverted and misunderstood these, future discoveries will pierce the mists of mediæval bigotry and unveil once more the real truth.

H. T. E.

The Romance of South Africa

NOW that the "war drums throb no longer," we shall expect to see South Africa become a field for archæological research which, while it cannot rival that of Egypt, may throw upon it a strong additional light. It is not easy to realize that the territory of Rhodesia, which has claimed our attention only as a newly discovered gold field in possession of its savage inhabitants, has obviously been the scene of a great civilization of so remote an antiquity that every trace of record and tradition has been lost. But so it is.

We hope soon to be in a position to present our readers with some details of the five hundred sets of ruins which Messrs. Neal and Hall have examined as a preliminary to more extended investigations. We may, however, draw some attention to the theory which is advanced by these gentlemen that the superior intellect and the mathematical powers possessed by the Makalangas and the Mashonas are due to former contact with some highly civilized race. Joined to this is the speculation of Professor W. H. Blerk, that the musical and artistic abilities of the Hottentots and the Bushmen are a trace of ancient Egyptian influence, and we may further quote the words of Dr. Adamson, who wrote:

If we trace out the affiliations of the language spoken by the Bushmen and Hottentots we shall find it to be related to that of the Galla, the Abyssinian and the old monument building Egyptians.

There is something strangely fascinating in the operation of the Law which thus counteracts the pride and the conceit of our civilizations by silently disclosing to us the achievements of nations who flourished when time itself was young.

STUDENT

An Ancient Coronation Stone at Kingston

THE millenary celebration of another coronation has just been held at Kingston-on-Thames, near London. In this case the king was also an Edward—Edward the Elder, son of Alfred the Great, who was crowned there on Whitsun Day, 902. He inherited many of the fine traits of his great father, and was the first king who could claim to be a ruler of all England. He had not Alfred's culture and capacity in the arts of peace, but he was a great general and a tactful politician. So successful was he that the separate Saxon kingdoms became united under his sway, and the Danes, Scots and Welsh acknowledged him as lord.

A long-descended tradition points out a stone (post), still preserved in front of the Court House at Kingston, as that on which the king of Britain sat during his coronation. It is a piece of gray, Druidical stone, which must have been brought to the neighborhood from some considerable distance, and may have been erected there in prehistoric times. Various traditions describe how it was used by the Saxon kings as a coronation stone, and it formed part of the furniture of an ancient chapel that stood on the site of the present churchyard. In 1850 some antiquarians had it removed to the market-place, where it now stands.

H. T. E.

Modernizing the Egyptian Pyramids

THE Egyptian pyramids are soon to come out of the darkness of 5000 years, and will be accessible to all tourists. General Director Maspero, of the society which has in charge the preservation of the antiquities of the country, has decided to light with electricity the inner passages and catacombs of the great pyramids. This will provide Egyptian tourists with new attractions, and they will be able to penetrate to the innermost recesses of the pyramids.—*Los Angeles Herald*

¶ Rev. J. M. Bacon, the aeronaut, who has been experimenting on the transference of sounds, finds that their audibility is so complexly involved in the condition of the atmosphere that much study will be needed before any laws of sound-transference can be formulated and put to practical use.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

San Diego Union, Monday, June 16, 1902

THE THEOSOPHY OF JESUS CHRIST

Large Audience at Isis Theatre Applauds Several Brief Addresses

Mr. Sidney Coryn Calls Attention to the Theosophical Teachings on Reincarnation

ISIS Theatre was as full as it well could be without undue crowding last evening, at the regular meeting of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and the large audience was most attentive and appreciative, frequently applauding both the excellent music and the sentiments expressed by the speakers.

Mr. R. W. Machell spoke eloquently of the "Growth of Theosophy," which he characterized rather as man's growing appreciation and capacity for understanding eternal and divine truth.

Miss N. Herbert's address on "California, the World's Mecca," was a sympathetic appreciation of California's future pre-eminence upon all progressive lines.

The main topic of the evening, "The Theosophy of Jesus Christ and his Disciples," was delivered by Mr. Sidney Coryn, who spoke in part as follows:

"It would be well if the enemies of Theosophy were to agree with one another that we might know exactly of what things we are accused. For upon the one hand we are reproached for introducing the most strange and new teachings and upon the other we are taunted with serving up a mere rehash of primitive Christianity and its early crudities. Believing as we do that there is no new thing under the sun, and that all progress is but an unfolding to a fuller knowledge, we are able to remain calm in possession of what we know will bring a great joy into the world, with the added assurance that the ears of the world are being opened to the message of a demonstrated and an assured brotherhood. But wherever there are those who are walking faithfully within the light which has been given to them, and who are dismayed at the specious assertion that Theosophy and true Christianity are in discord, to such we would extend the right hand of fellowship, knowing well that the light which they follow will surely burn away all obscuring veils and lead them into eternal freedom.

"But to those who formulate these charges against us we make no answers of meek apology for our teachings and for our trust, knowing well, as we do, that it is actually in defence of Christianity that Theosophy has stepped into the battlefield in order that the light of Christ may fulfill its wondrous mission, in order that it may make men free.

"We would then have it be known that it is not within our hearts to decry or to make of less importance the religion of Jesus, that we believe that we are interpreting His teachings as He himself would have them interpreted, and that so far from seeking to wean any man from Christianity we would rather urge him to be ten times more a Christian than he was before, and to show the sincerity of his faith by seeking so full a comprehension of it that he would be lifted above the ever-changing quicksands of theologic creed. To that point we believe that all men would speedily attain if they could but approach the sacred records as to a tale untold, putting away from themselves the fluctuating interpretations of two thousand stormy years. From the lips of Christ they would hear nothing but pure Theosophy, and from Theosophy they would see only an illuminating light which would but intensify their loving reverence as it would intensify their wisdom.

"In what points, then, are we supposed to be hostile to a true Christianity? We may well be at a loss for an answer. If we are asked to give a brief formula of Theosophic belief we might say, while deprecating even the appearance of a creed, that Theosophy teaches first and foremost the divinity and the fraternity of man. Is it upon this point that we must join issue with orthodoxy? If so, we do it with the assurance that the leaders of Christian thought are already upon our side. Thus far, at any rate, we have seen that the world does indeed move, and that the text, 'Know ye not that ye are gods?' will yet be received of men and that by it they will walk with godlike dignity beneath the sun. In the light of Theosophy we understand what the great apostle meant when he said that Jesus was a man even as we are, a man who had attained unto the glory of the godhood which lies latent in all the race and to which all the race can aspire with this shining example before them. Does not the magic touch of the compassion of Jesus come from our perception that he, too, was indeed a man of sorrows, and that because we share his divine nature, we can walk upon his divine path and reach that utmost eminence from which his light streams around our feet.

"The perfectibility of man is the key-note of the teachings of the Theosophist Jesus. Did he not say, 'Be ye perfect,' and can we doubt of what perfection consists? 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' Strange, is it, that any creed should ever have crept into power against the sublime and majestic force of such words as these? Where is he who dares to say that purity of heart is hedged around by dogma or is the gift of a creed? We know, every one of us, that there is no single line of connection between purity and creed, and that

there is no man in all this world, whatever his faith, or his color, who may not scale that height. Let us quote, too, another text, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself, and these be all the law and the prophets.' We live in an age of paradoxes, but under heaven there is no such sight as the creeds of today masquerading under the name of the divine man, who said that the pure in heart shall see God. Well may Theosophy come into the world and confront the creeds of today with the message, 'That God whom ye so ignorantly worship, Him declare we unto you.'

"Paul, too, knew the science of the soul, of the Christ, the Theosophy of his, and of all ages. To him the Christ was a principle which waits to animate with its godlike power and to grace with its godlike wisdom, every heart on earth. In this sense he used the word, and in this sense he was understood by his hearers.

"Let me add one word upon the subject of Reincarnation, and here, too, we do but seek to restore to Christianity its pristine purity. For ages after Jesus this was accepted as a truth throughout Christendom, and it is a sign of the times that from then until now it should be possible to teach of an immortality which extended in one direction only. Jesus accepted without comment this fundamental belief of his day as is shown by his statement, clear and unequivocal, that John the Baptist was a reincarnation of Elias. When the church cut itself adrift from Reincarnation it also cut itself adrift from the justice, the logic and the science which would have been its saving grace.

"A paper so brief as this can do little more than indicate the position which Theosophy holds toward Christianity. It may also record the claim of Theosophists throughout the world that they, too, reverence the memory of the Savior of Galilee, that they would have the nations do obeisance to his teaching, that they, too, preach of Christ and of the Kingdom of Heaven which is within us."

Anniversary of the First Crusade

ON June 13, we celebrated in Loma-land the sixth anniversary of the Crusade of American Theosophists around the world, that marvelous journey which culminated with the laying of the cornerstone of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, at Point Loma, in February, 1897. Thus was recorded again one of the great days in the Theosophical movement.

This Crusade, which originated with the Leader, Katherine Tingley, was carried from the old Center, 144 Madison Avenue, New York, to Boston, thence to New York again, from where the Crusaders sailed for England on June 13, 1896. In London the first public work in Europe was done and in turn nearly all the countries of the world were visited, including New Zealand and the Samoan and Hawaiian Islands.

Already has the seed thus sown brought forth fruit an hundred-fold. Today all the world knows of this brotherhood work, as a single glimpse of the correspondence at headquarters gives abundant proof, and Loma-land is already a veritable international Mecca for young and old, for the joyful and the sad. Upon such ready ground did this seed fall that to-day parents are sending their children to the Raja Yoga school from all parts of the world, from Cuba, from England, even from South Africa.

Our meeting the other evening gave to the Leader and the faithful ones a still better opportunity to understand this great Crusade, for the real records have never yet been published. But they are preserved at this Center, Adyar, and some day even the world will know.

The rotunda presented a picture of floral beauty, such as cannot be seen save where flowers grow and blossom in lavish abundance. To the height of the upper balconies there were flowers of purple and white, a great star of purple, masses of eucalyptus, swaying branches of palms and festoons of vines.

In the center of the rotunda stood two vacant garlanded chairs, invested with a silence and stateliness that suggested "the within" rather than "the without." Certain it was that we felt the inspiration of the courage and the pure aim of those great souls, H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge. Back of these chairs sat their successor, the present Leader, Katherine Tingley, and on either side, F. M. Pierce and H. T. Patterson, two faithful Crusaders, both Americans like the Leader.

Near them were E. A. Neresheimer, the trust of Home Crusaders, who held the fort at 144 Madison Avenue; Clark Thurston, who had so effectively and impersonally laid the lines of Crusade work throughout Europe that, as the Leader has said, "half our European work was done before we arrived;" Robert Crosbie who, in the face of severe trials, kept up the little paper which carried the record of Crusade activities to all parts of the world, the *Theosophical News*, which has today expanded into THE NEW CENTURY; and Brother Hecht, whose plan brought in so much financial support at that critical time, from all parts of the world.

Surrounding this central group were the Raja Yoga children, garlanded and dressed in white, in joyful song accentuating the promise of the future. From the balcony this picture was viewed by the students and invited guests, and to the inner

attunement was added the outer harmony of the music of the Loma-land orchestra.

After short addresses by Comrades Machell and Edge, two English representatives, the students listened to words of living interest from Brothers Pierce, Patterson, Thurston, Neresheimer and Crosby.

More than joyful were the students that the Leader was able to take part, although yet ill and compelled to depend upon crutches. As always, her ringing words relighted the fires in our hearts. While she touched upon the past, dwelling upon the great seed-sowing of those Crusade days, she moved out with unwonted earnestness into the future. To give her exact words would be to analyze that which is non-analyzable, to kill that which is living. But we need no analysis. Well do we students know that no enterprise that Katherine Tingley has ever yet touched but has succeeded, no prophecy from her lips has ever yet failed of its complete fulfillment, no failure has ever yet been recorded in her work. We know that the divine unity which is the basis of her life, of her work, of her philosophy, had found in her words on that evening a new expression and that expression was a deeper courage, a complete trust, a fuller joy. Verily, as she pointed out, all faithful members, those whose lives are pure and strong, are Crusaders in the deepest sense.

As a result of this Crusade meeting the celebration will be continued in Loma-land on July 4th. Not only will this anniversary day record the higher patriotism that is taught to the very children in Loma-land, but the celebration will be international in the broadest sense. And, greater than all, will be laid the foundation of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity. It is significant, Comrades, is it not, that all the faithful Crusaders will be here to take part in this great ceremony. Small wonder that the glory and the greatness of this work is slowly touching humanity's heart. Small wonder that those whose ideals are selfish and whose work is dark, shrink from facing their own blackness which the searchlight of true Theosophical work invariably exposes. Small wonder that there are those who declare that the Leader of this Movement must be destroyed at any cost, that her selfless work for humanity may go to pieces. But, as events have proven, they will succeed in destroying naught except themselves. OBSERVER

Contrasts

An address given at Isis Theatre, San Diego, Cal.

LIFE is made up of contrasts. And nature, which speaks the language of symbolism in perfection always presents her secrets to us through pictures of contrast. Darkness follows light; silence, sound. Resistance opposes force. There is no rose without its thorn. This is so universal that it is, of course, the expression of some law.

Any artist of any kind, who tries to create a work of art, finds it necessary to recognize and work with this law in order to produce any great effect.

The laws of nature are not simply interesting abstractions useful only for mental entertainment, but because we are all a part of nature they intimately and practically concern us. And of course, we are all learning about these laws, slowly or otherwise, for we are all pupils in the great school of nature.

We may be in the class of the dullards, who must have the lessons beaten into their heads through pain and suffering and severe treatment. Or we may be in the class with those who are cooperating with their teachers and working out their destiny consciously, but in any case we are all in the school, and cannot get out of it, and any and all of nature's laws are vitally interesting.

The positive and real things, the truths, form one side of the picture of contrasts, and the absence of these in the unformed world in which we are living—the world which is in a state of becoming, forms the other side. Truth, and joy, love, wisdom, purity, are real, while falsehood, sorrow, hate, ignorance, uncleanness, though they have a very real effect on us, do not belong to a permanent state of existence. And we suffer not so much through them as realities, as through a lack of their opposites. It does not clear away a sorrow to show it had no metaphysical reality, but it does help, it is something to come to an understanding and a feeling that sorrow and pain and suffering and crime and meanness are not inherent parts of life; that, on the contrary, they are shadows which disappear under a full light; that they must melt away before the full knowledge and understanding which is the heritage of all.

But until this full knowledge comes, and while we are on the road to the full revelation of life as joy, we must learn to understand the laws of light and shade in our own natures and in the natures of others, that we, who are in these natures, so to speak, may know how to turn our faces and how to be on guard. The brighter the light the deeper and darker the shadow. I think every one who has studied himself even a little must have noticed that, after any unusual effort toward right living, after a stronger aspiration, there has always been a reaction to deal with afterwards. One may form the habit of not yielding to this reaction, but it is felt. The homely little anecdote about the drunkard who passed a wine shop with the desire to reform, and then went back to give himself a little treat as a reward for his self-denial, contains an interesting illustration of the processes of the human mind. It is not uncommon to see a person who is making a sincere effort to improve and grow, uncover and bring to light in himself all sorts of unsuspected weaknesses or even vices. These tendencies existed before, but they are now stirred into activity, and without an understanding of the law working, such an one might

become swamped with discouragement. And even though no vice or marked weakness appears, there is always a light and a shady side to every impulse, and the consciousness of the one who feels the impulse may center itself in either side—as he chooses. Every virtue, every quality, has its corresponding fault, which it is its nature to arouse. They are the obstacles and likewise the opportunities for the Souls who are working through the human nature. There are some who persistently and by choice live most of the time in the shady sides of their character. They prefer to be miserable—others complain that life is sad.

These shadows which make the contrasts of which life is made up must be understood and recognized if we want to get out of the darkness, out of the unrealities into the light. It seems as if this might be easy, and it is, but the race has been for so long held in its shadows, has so formed the habit of staying there, that it is generally considered difficult. The contrasts of a crude kind are very easy for a common mind to perceive, but as these grow more subtle, it requires a more subtle or sensitive nature to perceive them. And as the forces creep up in the scale of evolution, the shadow is often mistaken for the substance. They are so alike in form and delicacy. But there is always one infallible, constant difference. The real thing is related to and lives for and in the world. The shadow is limited, contracted, personal, and is centered in itself. It will feign not to be, for it is a shadow, an exact copy of the real thing in appearance. But it will not stand the test of genuineness, for those who have the courage and ability to make it. Every one has seen these posing saints, for they abound, but every one has not recognized them. A plain, evident sinner seems honest in comparison—and harmless, too. The other is as pernicious and poisonous as the substance of which it is the shadow is life-giving, helpful, purifying. These contrasting sides exist in the picture of every human being. They represent the possibilities in either direction.

I can imagine that one with the all-seeing eye might perceive every human being as a mass of light and shade in which the Soul is living as an environment. And also perceive the Soul at will or fancy flitting back and forth from one position to the other, some living more or less constantly in one of these, and some in the other. When the lights of divinity are reached the shadow has vanished, but until that time, as long as the nature is human, there is the possibility of being lost in the shadow. And so every one must form the habit of being constantly on guard for himself and for others. Many are on guard to appear in the light, but I doubt very much, judging from the condition of the world, whether there are many who are trying actually to be there. And if we could see ourselves and others as we actually are, there might be some astounding revelations for us.

There is another great contrast one with the all-seeing eye might perceive—made up of all these lesser ones—as humanity is one great body, made up of human beings, they must form collectively an enormous mass of light and shade. Every act, thought or speech uttered must be classified as issuing from one side or the other of this picture according to the secret, underlying motive which prompted it.

Mingled and hidden as these seem, nature sifts them from time to time. The Bible speaks of these siftings and calls them judgment days, and foretells a great judgment day coming for the world. Such a day must be the outcome of a great and forceful movement, which reaches into the very depths of man's essential nature, throwing the light of truth over everything—so other people and things are forced to appear in their natural colors, and men are made to declare to themselves and others where they stand.

How much evil would disappear if nothing could be hidden!

Any great stirring of the universal energies, however, calls forth the forces opposed to nature. There cannot be one side of the picture without the other. If the light is great, the shadows are heavy. And so we must expect any strong force for good to be bitterly opposed. But it is so that our evolution proceeds. And fortunately there is that divine courage in the human breast which glories in a struggle for the right—which gives us a promise, a feeling of certainty, that evil will finally be overcome. Then we may make beautiful pictures out of our lives, without any dark spots in them. Contrasts there will be, but they will be contrasts in color, inspiring, uplifting productions, by means of which we will be able to help each other to greater freedom and purer joy.

THE more the pains the artist takes,
The more with diligence he strives,
So much the more his purpose thrives.
Then practice every day; you'll see
What the result of this will be.
For thus is every aim attained,
What's hard at first with ease is gained,
Until at length your very hand
Itself appears to understand.

—GOETHE

WHY my productions take from my hand that particular form and style that makes them Mozartish, and different from the work of other composers, is probably owing to the same cause which renders my nose thus, or, so large, so aquiline, or, in short, makes it Mozart's and different from those of other people.—MOZART

How the Leaves Knew They Were Part of the Tree

“WOULD you like to hear what Meg said?”

“Yes, yes,” cried Susie and the others.

“Well, Meg said perhaps I knew by this time what kind of gift the first four fairies always give—that they give life to our senses. That means they let us know all about what we can hear, and touch, and see, and taste and smell, and that draws us outwards. The fourth fairy gives us intelligence, too, that makes us bright and clever, and tells us how to get the things our senses want. But of course we know this is not the true intelligence, because all that belongs to the senses dies, and you cannot rely on anything they give you and, besides, it can't see beyond itself and the world of self, and sense. The only wise thing it lets us know is that everything comes from somewhere—it doesn't know where—so it tells us from the invisible, the unknown, that it is all a mystery and we can't know anything about it. Of course we mustn't have too much contempt for it, because it doesn't know any better, and we should always pity ignorance, only we should remember not to listen. So, to keep us from listening and becoming stupid and ignorant, the other fairies give gifts to draw us inwards to the Light of Wisdom, so that we can know we are part of a great Life that never dies. And if we want to know the truth we must listen to them. Meg says the wisdom fairies are wise; they got tired long, long ages ago of loving and thinking about things that died and couldn't last for any length of time, and made them suffer; so, after suffering for quite a long time, they decided it was stupid to go on suffering if there was a way out of it, and so they found the way: and now they give gifts to show us the way, too. Meg says the wise fairies do not allow their senses to run away with them, or to take them away from the starting point—the starting point is where everything appears from the unknown—where the fourth fairy leaves off thinking. But, of course, it is not the unknown to the wise fairies; they know all about where things come from, and how they come, and they keep on trying to let us know, too, but we are stupid and don't always listen. But they are so patient and loving, because they are wise and feel sorry for us for choosing to remain ignorant, and where we suffer so they think it is so much worse for us. Meg says that is how we know wise people: they never get cross, or impatient, or irritable when people won't listen to what they have to give, because they know all about what they tell to people, and they know how hard it is sometimes, just to do right, so they don't get cross, they love all the more to make it easier. Meg says they are as patient as the tree is to the leaves. And she told me about the tree. The tree was always telling the leaves that they were part of the tree, and if it weren't for the tree they wouldn't be there. But no, the little leaves wouldn't listen, they were too busy, loving to feel the sun and the soft breeze, and the refreshing rain, and most of all whispering to one another. You see they didn't know they were all united, all part of the tree, so they thought they were all separate little leaves. Sometimes the tree would give a great sigh, and wave its arms to give them a good shaking; but the leaves thought it great fun and whispered all the more, and they never said anything worth repeating.

“And they never thought of asking themselves what brought them to all they loved so much, only a few used to wonder where they came

from, and they tried to find out by looking at the other leaves. And they found out that lines marked their pretty little green bodies, and that some were darker than others; so they compared and compared, and at last decided that this must be so, and ‘that couldn't be anything else,’ and called it a science. But the more they studied in this way the more empty-headed they became, because, of course, only the tree could fill their heads, and the more they looked at one another and thought of lines the less they thought of the tree, and the further they went from knowing anything about it.

“And if they had only known they were part of the tree they could have known all the tree knew. And of course the tree knows far more than all the leaves put together, because the sun is touching its heart all the time with its silver chimes, letting it know how to grow leaves. But the

leaves hadn't found their hearts—they hadn't looked within yet. Only a very, very few had, so they found they were

part of the tree and they told the other leaves, but it was no use; each little leaf thought itself too wise to lose the importance of its own little self, and preferred to think it was just its own little self—nothing greater. So of

course when autumn came and the tree drew the life of all its parts inward to its heart, the little green bodies withered and died and fell to the ground; and the tiny spark of life in the leaves that preferred to think they were nothing greater than one small leaf, and hadn't found their hearts, couldn't keep awake in the great heart-life of the tree, so they had to go to sleep until the next spring—and only those who had looked within and found their hearts could keep awake—and, they could remember having been leaves. So, when next spring came, and the tree sent its life-force outward again and little leaves were born, those that had found out they were part of the tree, could remember having lived in leaves before. The others couldn't, of course, because you can't remember what you haven't thought about.” “Is the part of us that never dies part of a tree?” asked Kathleen. “Yes, Meg says we are all part of the tree of Universal Life.” “But,”

said Eva, “if we never die, we must have been somewhere before we were born?” “We were born lots and lots of times, you know. Just the same as we wake up morning after morning, so we are born in a new body life after life, Meg says—and I guess she knows. She says dying is just like going to sleep, only for a longer time, and when we wake up again we go right on learning our lessons where we left off the day—I mean the life—before.”

“Oh!” said Susie in awe-struck tones, “perhaps we were little girls before. Only,” she continued solemnly, “most likely Eva and Kathleen were boys.”

“Bravo, Susie!” exclaimed Kathleen.

“By Jove! most likely we were,” said Eva.

“And Meg says the chief lesson we have to learn is the same as that the leaves are learning. We've got to learn that we can't live and have a happy time of it all by ourselves—or a miserable time, either. We are all connected with one another, just the same as are the leaves of the tree, only the connecting limbs are invisible.

“We haven't learned the lesson yet, and we have to keep on coming back here until we do.”

A. P. D.



A LOTUS BUD IN FLOWER LAND

GEORGE T. VERNON Tailor

1110 FIFTH STREET - SEFTON BLOCK
Telephone Black 1912

ENTERTAINMENT by Children of the

Raja Yoga School

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON
in the

Aryan Temple, Point Loma
Tickets 50 cents

Bank of Commerce

841 FIFTH ST., bet E & F Sts., SAN DIEGO

Capital, \$100,000
Reserve & Undivided Profits, \$46,837.23

R. M. POWERS, President F. W. JACKSON, Cashier
GRAHAM E. BABCOCK, Vice-President C. L. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—R. M. Powers, Graham E. Babcock, J. F. Sinks, A. H. Frost, Chas. T. Hinde, U. S. Grant, & F. W. Jackson

General banking business transacted. Exchange drawn direct on all principal cities of United States and Europe. Prompt attention given to collections.

EDWARD M. BURBECK

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Copper Plate Engraving & Printing
Steel Dies, Crests, and Monograms
Largest & most varied stock of Books
and General Literature in the City

1051-59 FIFTH STREET, SAN DIEGO

“Burbeck’s Big Bookstore”

Toys Games Souvenirs Office Supplies City and County Maps

“Where Rail and Tide Meet, There Cast Anchor”

Investors, Speculators, & Real Estate Dealers

GET IN ON THE
GROUND FLOOR
AT SAN DIEGO
E A R L Y

San Diego is the Open Door to the Orient & Investors now will be Capitalists later
CAN'T YOU SEE THE HAND OF DESTINY?
—2700 miles saved in encircling the globe via this port
—Three Transcontinental Railroads heading for this Harbor
—The Commerce of the Southwest and of the Pacific is being concentrated at the Bay of San Diego
—Look out for Big Developments; the Market is active now

If you want to Buy or Sell there, address

D. C. Reed

Established 1870

Ex-Mayor of San Diego

didate for the ministry, in one of the orthodox Christian churches, was undergoing final examination in test of his eligibility. His clerical equipment was found to be admirable in all respects until the matter of Adam's personality was touched upon. The young man declared that he could not train his mind to believe the scriptural account of Adam in its literal significance. It seemed to him that the Adamic story was intended to be allegorical, and not historical. He had wrestled with the subject earnestly and prayerfully, and had tried hard to persuade his intelligence that Adam was no myth; but all to no effect. His budding ministerial career was blighted right there. It was promptly decided that no man who shied at Adam, and consequently at Eve and the snake, was fit to fill a pulpit.

The stern doctrinaires who thus destroyed the aspirations of a promising candidate for the ministry have stirred up a commotion that they now probably regret. Not only secular papers, but non-orthodox religious papers and ministers are firing hot shot at them. Even a leading minister of the Methodist Episcopal church has entered the lists on the side of the young man, with the declaration, as appears in *Zion's Herald*: “I should think it in the highest degree risky to make Christianity responsible with its life for the literal historicity of the story under these circumstances.”

The general discussion of this interesting subject indicates a large balance of opinion on the side of the young ministerial aspirant. It is maintained, by his supporters, that the Adamic story must be swallowed whole or rejected entirely. In order to swallow it a person must believe that a snake got the better of the first woman in an argument. The reptile, as the result of a considerable discussion, convinced Eve that it was the proper thing to eat of the forbidden fruit. Thereupon she consumed some of it and induced her spouse to do the same. This phase of the story does seem improbable. It would greatly add to its seeming probability if Eve had convinced the snake that it didn't know anything about fruit.—*Los Angeles Herald*

Happy is the man who has become well acquainted with himself—he sees no greater misfortune in dying than in being born. He goes as he has come.—D' Henault

Irrigation in Arizona

Recently a unique trip has been made by J. B. Lippincott of the United States geological survey, down the Colorado river from Needles to Yuma. It is Mr. Lippincott's opinion that, as the mining resources of Arizona are developed, the population of the state will vastly increase. In that case much land which is at present sterile will have to be used. This problem can only be solved by irrigation and, as a beginning, this surveyor recommends that the work be begun on the half-million acres which lie about the bed of the Colorado river. These lands are easily irrigable from the river, and, in his opinion, the territory is worth careful survey and record by topographical maps.

At present the bottom lands he describes are covered with an undergrowth of mesquite, cottonwood, and willows, and the soil itself consists of fine river silt, improved by containing a small proportion of lime compounds. It has been estimated by a civil engineer of Colorado that this river carries enough silt each year to cover one hundred square miles to a depth of over six feet. It is also said that the river contains water enough to irrigate some three million acres, provided the work be done scientifically. With the proper facilities, this whole tract could be transformed into a garden of floral beauty and a perfect treasury of valuable crops.

SEARCHLIGHT

NO. 6

Special number issued to
the public

CONTAINING A FULL REPORT OF THE

Great Debate on Theosophy & Christianity

HELD AT THE OPERA HOUSE, SAN DIEGO, CAL.,
ON SEPTEMBER 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, AND
OCTOBER 6 AND 13, 1901

SEVENTY-TWO PAGES

Notwithstanding the increase in the cost of publishing, owing to the largely increased number of pages, the price remains the same as heretofore

FIFTEEN CENTS

The
Theosophical Publishing Co.
Point Loma, Cal.

You will need a copy for yourself and several copies to send to your friends. The edition is limited.

An Address
by Katherine Tingley
in the Opera House
at San Diego, Sunday
evening, March 16th
1902

Neatly printed and bound, containing half-tone illustrations of the Opera House, Loma Homestead and the Aryan Temple. This is the first public address of Katherine Tingley after her purchase of the Opera House, and in it is outlined broadly her plans for the beautiful theatre and its occupation by the Isis Conservatory of Music. Sent post paid for TEN CENTS.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Souvenir Postal Cards of Loma-land

PRIVATE MAILING CARDS, PRINTED ON
FINEST IVORY-FINISH CARDBOARD
13 different half-tone glimpses of Loma-land on which to send your Brotherhood Thoughts all over the world. A stream of them should be kept in circulation by every member.

2 for 5 cents (postage 1c extra) . \$0.06
50, postpaid, for 1.00
100, “ “ 1.50

Sent assorted unless ordered with specifications. Order from
THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

FIRST EDITION---NEARLY READY

The MYSTERIES of the HEART DOCTRINE

ONE of the MOST INTERESTING & COMPREHENSIVE WORKS on THEOSOPHY EVER PUBLISHED

Issued by KATHERINE TINGLEY, Leader and Official Head of THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD Organization, and by Members of her Cabinet

Over 350 pages Specially written to meet the needs of Inquirers Beautifully illustrated

This edition is limited to 1,000 copies, and will be sold at the previously advertised price of \$1.25 for cloth bound and \$1.00 for paper. After the First Edition is exhausted the price will be raised to \$2.00 for cloth binding and \$1.50 for paper, for it has been found impossible to prepare this book on the basis originally planned at the price first quoted.

The Theosophical Publishing Company, Point Loma, California

The
LEADING REAL ESTATE BROKER in SAN DIEGO IS

E. J. Carter

964 Sixth Street, San Diego

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE LOCATING IN SAN DIEGO
CITY OR COUNTY, CALL ON OR
WRITE TO HIM

RUDDER'S
NEW RESTAURANT

GRILL

NEWLY FURNISHED FINEST IN THE CITY

CORNER FOURTH & PLAZA
SAN DIEGO - - - CAL.

Strahlmann-Mayer Drug Co.
PHARMACY GRADUATES
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Per-
fumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, etc.
Physicians Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully prepared

CORNER FOURTH & D STREETS
Telephone Main 424
CORNER FIFTH & C STREETS
Telephone Black 856

AT

Bowen's
DRY GOODS STORE

Will be found a full assortment
of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Tea
Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Wrap-
pers, Silks and Dress Goods . .

W. O. BOWEN 1043 FIFTH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

In Shakespeare's Town

The town is full of children playing in the streets in an apparently aimless manner, but as soon as an American tourist appears the boys gather around him and begin a recitation in chorus of wistful sing-song. They start in with a little valuable information about the life of Shakespeare, the dates of his birth and death are given, and a half dozen judiciously selected dramas are named as best representative of his work. The performance closes with a rendition of the famous quatrain over the grave—"Cursed be he"—delivered in a tired voice. The mass play is perfect; not an infant gets out of time. When they have finished they continue standing in a ring, mute and pleading, and the appeal of their eyes will haunt the visitor unless he gives a penny right around the circle. During all the time of one's stay in Stratford a group will constantly form whenever the tourist shows himself. Every boy in the village is equipped with the minatory rhyme and the biographical facts.—*New York Tribune*

*Until we cease to live for self, we have
not begun to live at all.—J. R. Miller*

A Plucky Woman

The presence of mind of Miss Katie Henderson of Norristown, Pa., saved thirty men employed in the quarries at West Conshohocken from death or injury. Miss Henderson resides a short distance from the quarry, and as she looked from a window she saw that the roof of the powder magazine was blazing. The men at work in the quarry were not aware of their danger until she ran to the quarry and warned them, not a second too soon. While the men and Miss Henderson were fleeing there was a terrible explosion. In the magazine which exploded there were thirty kegs of powder and 300 pounds of dynamite. Nothing but a hole in the ground marks the place where the powder house stood.—*Exchange*

*Seek not to weave an element of fear.
Where there is absolute trust there cannot
be fear.—P. T. J.*

Disapproved a Bishop's Hat

Another story is told of which Lord Rosebery is the alleged subject. On one occasion he went into a large Oxford-street establishment to purchase a new hat, and while he stood bareheaded waiting to be fitted a Bishop entered on the same errand, and mistook the Earl for one of the shop assistants. "Have you a hat like this?" he asked, showing him his own extraordinary headgear. Lord Rosebery took it from him and examined it critically before he answered. "No," he replied at length; "I haven't got a hat like that, and if I had I wouldn't wear it!"—*London Daily News*

If you are difficult to satisfy, I ask
you to inspect our before hir-
or carriage not perfect-



come in &
LIVERY
ing a team
that does
ly suit you

FRED FANNING
PROPRIETOR

Fifth Avenue Stables

Tel. Red 351 SAN DIEGO Cor. 5th & B Sts.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF SAN DIEGO
UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

CAPITAL PAID UP \$150,000
SURPLUS & UNDIVIDED PROFIT \$45,000

J. GRUENDIKE - - - PRESIDENT
D. F. GARRETTSON - - - VICE PRES.
G. W. FISHBURN - - - CASHIER

DIRECTORS—J. Gruendike, Geo. Hannaha, J. E. Fishburn,
G. W. Fishburn and D. F. Garrettson

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO
FIT YOUR EYES TO SUIT
YOU. WE HAVE A SPEC-
IAL PLACE SET APART
FOR OPTICAL WORK,
CONTAINING ALL THE
MODERN INSTRUMENTS
USED IN SIGHT TESTING
IF YOU NEED GLASSES,
HAVE A PRESCRIPTION TO
FILL, or FRAME to REPAIR

we give you the best work obtainable in San Diego

J E N K S

826-828 5th street

Graduate Optician

The New Century

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Two Dollars; other countries in the Postal Union, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; payable in advance
Single copy, Five Cents

Communications for the Editor, manuscripts, reports, books and periodicals for review should be addressed, "Katherine Tingley, Editor The New Century, Point Loma."

The editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

Articles will not be considered by the editor unless signed by the author and marked with the number of words contained. In no case is manuscript returned.

Address all Business communications, including subscriptions, and make all remittances (in bank drafts or money orders, payable to The New Century Corporation) to "Clark Thurston, Point Loma, Cal."

To comply with recent postal regulations, all Post-Office money order remittances should be made payable at San Diego. The remittances, as well as all other mail, should be made to Point Loma, as usual.

Entered at the Post-Office at Point Loma, Cal., as second-class matter Nov. 30th, 1901
Copyright, 1902, by Katherine Tingley

Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

The Sorrows of a Synod

THE Church Synod of an important European capital has held a special meeting to discuss the growing depravity of the youth of both sexes. It was stated without contradiction that while the number of churches is constantly upon the increase, the influence of those churches upon the youth of the city presents the problem of an equally steady diminution. The collective wisdom of the synod concentered itself into a resolution calling upon the police to close all restaurants during the hours of service, in order that the recalcitrant youth of the city might be free from such insidious temptation. The report naively adds that, as the restaurant keepers are opposed to such a step, the proposal stands no chance of success.

If we may advance a suggestion to an assembly so august as the synod in question, it would be that the fault lies with them rather than with either the young men and women, or the restaurateurs. The synod

Increase of Churches & of Vice

seems to admit that vice increases *pari passu* with the number of churches, and the obvious remedy is to build fewer churches, and to so change the nature of those which remain that they shall act as a deterrent to the depravity which they so rightly deplore. It would, we believe, be possible for the churches of the city in question, and for the churches of all other cities and countries, to establish so great an influence over the minds of the young that they would no longer need to invoke the aid of the police, and that even the blandishments of the restaurants would be unavailing. They could do this by teaching the existence of the soul, which is willing to guide and to sustain, side by side with an intellectual rejection of dogmatic myth and fable, and a very considerable experience has given to us a very confident belief that such teaching as this, when administered by those who know of what they speak, arouses a sympathetic interest which in itself calls forth a radiant spark of confirmation from the soul itself.

More Truth & Less Dogma

We thus draw attention to the perplexity of this European synod, not in a spirit of invidious selection, but because we know that its difficulties are shared by many other similar assemblies throughout the world who feel themselves to be holding with increasing difficulty their adult congregations, and to be altogether without practical influence upon the eager young minds who have that healthy lack of reverence which is a protection to their liberty. We find no special fault with the synod for searching heaven and earth for causes which lie naked upon their own doorsteps. It is but human nature to prefer self-deception to self-blame, but we are none the less certain that neither unanimous resolutions nor police regulations can take the place of a reformed teaching which shall elevate the soul into its due position, and which shall confine the creeds

of the day within the limits of their proper functions. To the churches of today comes a greater opportunity than they have ever known before, and if they will but make of their perplexities an index to those opportunities, the fire through which they are passing will be cleansing and not destructive. They stand at the parting of the ways, and if their choice lead them upon the seemingly easier path of dogmatism and conservatism, the social student of a few years hence will be able to point out only the discredited wrecks of a system which in its power, its wealth and its scholarship might have stood through the ages for the freedom and the salvation of the world.

Crystal Gazers of Society

WE learn that London society, seeking always some new thing to pass away those tedious hours which are not necessarily claimed by slumber and by other amusements, has taken up with some apparent enthusiasm the pursuit of crystal gazing, and that lines of aristocratic carriages are usually to be found outside the establishments of those who find it profitable to traffic upon the weaknesses and the imbecilities of others. Presumably the craze has crossed the channel from the continental capitals, and we are painfully aware that even the broad Atlantic is not broad enough, nor deep enough to resist the invasion of folly such as this. The report states that an overwhelming desire to know the future is the false light around which these moths are fluttering, and we would suggest with all sincerity that any competent nerve or lunacy specialist is in a position to give more reliable—and also more painful—forecasts upon this point than the whole horde of professional crystal gazers put together.

We hope that the psychic harpies of the twentieth century will at least leave their victims in possession of sufficient funds to provide for their proper care and maintenance when outraged mentality finally breaks down under the strain which is being put upon it. That these victims should become burdens upon a community to whom the realities of life have brought some measure of a saving protection would be unjust.

The New Irrigation Bill

AT last the House has passed the Senate irrigation bill by a large majority and the President, by his signature, has made it a law. By it a reclamation fund has been created from the sale of public lands in various states, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, California, the Dakotas, Colorado, Nevada, Utah, Montana, Wyoming, Kansas, Nebraska, and the territories of New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Arizona. From this fund a small amount is used in each state for educational purposes, but, aside from expenses of land officers, about \$150,000,000 will be available in the next thirty years without further appropriation. About three million dollars per annum will be easily accessible and those interested in the irrigation problem have reason to feel encouraged.

The examination, survey, and construction of all irrigation works is under the control of the Secretary of the Interior. As is well known, the President has long been interested in the irrigation problem, recognizing it to be the key to the resources of our arid west. Easterners as well as Westerners are congratulating themselves over this victory.

Since prehistoric days irrigation has been used and its advantages understood. In India the only hope of the people, in the face of the famine problem, lies in extensive irrigation. It was employed in ancient Egypt and in many parts of the world remains of ancient, possibly prehistoric, systems of irrigation are to be found. STUDENT

Entrance to the City of Jolo

THE illustration on the cover page of THE NEW CENTURY this week shows the entrance to the City of Jolo, on the Island of Jolo, in the Philippine Group. Jolo is one of the chief islands in the Sulu archipelago, and has the distinction of being only twelve miles from the island of Maribun, where the Sultan of Sulu resides and holds his court. This photograph was taken by Mr. C. W. Holmquist, of San Diego, who was for three years a member of the 23d Infantry band U. S. A. There is an American garrison at Jolo, of about 2000 men. The island is 35 miles long and 12 miles across. The most celebrated pearl fisheries of the Philippines are located here, while from the soil is produced luxuriant crops of hemp, coconuts, and coffee.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Origin of the Eskimos

WE note the progress of a very interesting discussion as to the origin of the Eskimos. This subject has of course proved fruitful of argument for very many years, but recent and additional information carries it nearer to the solution point. It is now admitted that there is a kinship between the Eskimos and the Apache Indians. This has been placed beyond controversy by the strong similarity between the two languages, very many words being identical and a large number of others obviously coming from the same root. The narrower question then presents itself as to whether the Eskimos emigrated from the South, or whether the Apaches emigrated from the North.

The late Dr. E. Rink, Governor of Danish Greenland, who was distinguished for his knowledge of the Eskimos, collected a great many striking facts which point almost irresistibly to the conclusion that the Eskimos originally inhabited a more southerly portion of America, and that they were steadily driven northward by aggression from the South. These facts are too long and too numerous for recapitulation here, but by no means the least among them is the widespread tradition among the Eskimos themselves that they are exiles from their original homes in the South. If this be indeed so, there is perhaps no more remarkable instance upon record of the human power of adaptability to changed conditions and environment, and this power has sometimes been evidenced as proof of a superior intelligence.

Dangerous Trades and Industries

DR. THOMAS OLIVER'S book on "*Dangerous Trades: the Historical, Social, and Legal Aspects of Industrial Occupations, as Affecting Health*" (London: John Murray), contains the statements of thirty-seven specialists, and supplies in seventy chapters ample evidence for anyone desiring to be sure of his facts. Lead, iron, and steel industries, poisonous earthenware glazes, phosphorus matches, chemical manufactures, the evils of excessive performance of a single muscular act, are some of the topics dealt with.

Now what is the root of this evil of dangerous industries? Is it not that modern society has no common interest, no fellow-feeling? In the period of racial decline, when grand ideals and noble principles no longer sway the race, the electric thrill of brotherly sympathy ceases to bind man to man. Society falls into separate classes, and there is no common interest, but instead a multiplicity of interests. Then it becomes possible for my brother to starve and die without my knowing anything about it—even though, by virtue of another kind of brotherhood, commercial brotherhood, I may be financially benefited by his sufferings.

Here is surely the root of the trouble. It is not that we are so cruel, but that we do not know or cannot interfere. There is enough pity in the world to prevent all the cruelty, if the two could only be brought together. There would not be much meat eaten if we all had to kill our own animals. But, as it is done by other people out of our sight, we can ignore it.

Truly, cruelty does not consist in positive acts alone. There is a cruelty of non-interference which is equally baleful and equally culpable. And of this kind of cruelty you, my cultured scholar, you, my polished philanthropist, may be as guilty as your ruder brethren; nor will your offense be any the less because your opportunities, and therefore your responsibilities, are greater. You may say that a single individual is powerless in the face of an abuse so complicated and deep-seated with the false idea that it is necessary to do something big. Nobody demands that you shall be a Napoleon to move worlds, but only that you should use those same individual powers that you have used on the side of indifference. Anyone may exchange his ignorance for acquaintance, and his indifference for intelligent interest, and put in a word of protest or an act of help wherever occasion offers. It is in this way that public opinion grows and becomes a moving power.

The Guilt of Negative Cruelty

In a commonwealth such as a student at Point Loma would depict there could be no dangerous trades plied. It would be so much to the detriment of the whole body to have one individual thus victimized, that

the condition would not be tolerated. The framework of such a society would be so closely knit, and the nerves of feeling so pervading and sensitive, that an injury to an individual would be felt throughout. There would be no social strata of serfs and leisured classes. Some means would be found to carry on necessary processes with necessary safety.

Our author urges the question as being one of national importance, with which Parliament should and could interfere; but it is difficult to make people realize that the national interest is their own interest; for selfishness and indifference are blind. The world awaits the great two-fold demonstration of the truth of brotherhood, which will be afforded by the juxtaposition of an old order and a new in sharp contrast in the same world.

H. T. E.

Civilization Under the Varnish

THE latest lynching horror describes how a negro in Texas was burned at the stake and tortured with hot coals by the mob. The description in the papers suggests several reflections.

First there is the race problem, which is too large and involved to be considered here.

Next comes the question of lynching generally. This barbarous practice demonstrates the fact that the white man is consumed by passions even fiercer than those which he seeks to redress in his colored brother, and that he is not fit to be entrusted with the administration of justice.

But, even if excuse could be found for the righteous indignation of outraged husbands and friends, there is none for the vast mob of disinterested sight-seers which flocked from all parts to witness the tortures and to carry off relics from the ashes.

Nor is there any sane reason why harmless railroad officials should be "held up" at the muzzles of guns to make them deliver the prisoner. People worked up by the demon of anger, with dignity or self-control abandoned, are ready to shoot any and all; and the plea of justice is absurd.

Beneath the varnish of civilization burn the fires of human bestiality as they did in the Roman Empire and on St. Bartholomew's eve, and the same cold-blooded love of blood that stirred the placid pulses of ancient Roman sight-seers.

We do well to drop the cant and hypocrisy that criticises history with the placid horror of modern propriety, and recognize that, to reform human nature, something more than elegant accomplishments and progress in physical science is necessary.

H. T. E.

The Bible and the Microscope

THE fundamental spiritual truths that the narrative (of Adam and Eve) seeks to teach are lost sight of in the contention of its historical accuracy, which was entirely secondary with the authors. Most of the elements that enter into the story of the Garden of Eden can be traced in the traditions of Semitic peoples long antedating the Hebrews.

The prophets used these ancient narratives the same as Jesus used parables to impress on the people the lesson that they sought to convey. The original narrator of the Old Testament story was a prophet who was interested primarily in illustrating and emphasizing vital prophetic truths, and he used popular traditions simply as a means of presenting these truths concretely and effectively.

The tendency of modern critical investigators seems to be not to ascertain the vital purpose of the narratives, the real aim of the writer . . . but rather to establish historical accuracy. . . . The Bible does not pretend to teach science.—PROF. CHARLES F. KENT

To this we may add that allowance should be made for the difference between the Eastern and Western ways of telling a story. The Westerner has his ideas of accuracy, based on the detailed and superficial scientific way of regarding things. The Easterner seeks rather to convey impressions, and verbal or superficial accuracy is secondary to the main object. We find this all through the Bible. Thus Moses sees an Egyptian fighting with an Israelite, whereas our histories would say that "disputes broke out between the Egyptians and the Israelites." One man is made to do duty for a race; the language is pictorial, not scientifically exact. So with Adam and Eve and the serpent.

H. T.

THE accompanying illustration of the Amphitheatre will go far to make good our claim that we have here one of the most remarkable structures in the world, and one worthy in every way to carry out the purpose for which it was designed.

The Amphitheatre and the natural scenery which surrounds it are as mutually complementary as if they had been made for each other. The cut which we reproduce is rather intended to show dimension and geographical location with respect to the Homestead and other buildings than the natural beauty of the site, and it may be possible in a subsequent issue to include a view taken from the centre of the present picture which will give a full sight of the stage space, of the canyon behind, and of the ocean in the background.

But photography has not yet reached a perfection that will do more than render in monotone the contour and the perspective, to the exclusion of the marvelous land tones of rich browns and greens, and the infinitely more wonderful and ever changing colors of the ocean.

Standing in the middle of the upper tier of seats, we get this vision to its perfection. We look across the stage space, which is fully one hundred and fifty feet deep, by over one hundred feet wide, into the recesses of the water-worn canyon, with its countless pillars of rich, brown-red soil, around and among which the foliage has sprung up so luxuriantly. At the other end of the defile, half a mile away, is the ocean, and from the point of vantage which we have chosen we can look away and away, across the water, until the eye is arrested by Catalina Island, one hundred and twenty-five miles distant. No painted nature scenes are needed here, with their flat and motionless colors. Here is a scene which gives to the sight an actual passage of one hundred and twenty-five miles of nature, and every instant sees a change of hue, and every passing cloud and every degree of the sun's journey are pressed into our service as scene shifters. As is evident from the photograph, this mag-



THE AMPHITHEATRE FROM THE CANYON

The Amphitheatre at Loma-Land

nature, in consequence of the generous width of the seats and the ample spaces between them, that probably double that number of persons could be seated without the crowding which is such a drawback to the enjoyment of the ordinary theatre. It will be observed, too, that the seating accommodation can be extended backward and upward to an almost indefinite extent, and so great is the public interest which this extraordinary structure has aroused that the attraction of an audience is

in no way likely to be so great a problem as the comfortable disposition of so great a number of guests.

Nor have any of the ordinary stage appliances and conveniences been overlooked in the Leader's original and now perfected design. Splendid dressing rooms are ready for their occupants, entrances and exits are ingeniously provided, and absolutely nothing has been left to the spur of the moment to detract from the perfect performance which is to match the perfection of design.

We are well within the domain of certainty in predicting that the Loma-land Amphitheatre will well and duly play its part in the redemption of the drama for the service of humanity. Is there any organization or person able to command two such structures as the Isis Theatre in San Diego

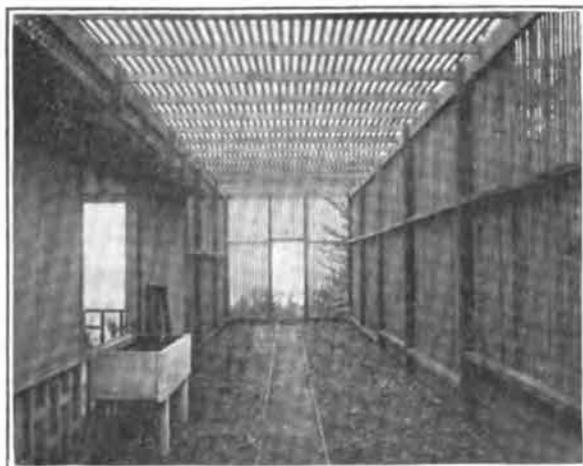
and the Amphitheatre at Loma Land?

It is in following to the water's edge the winding ravine path leading westward from the Amphitheatre to the sea that one is most impressed by the beauty of the nature-environment. On either side, at intervals, overhanging vines conceal, and yet serve to distinguish the doorways of the individual dressing-rooms. They are cut into the canyon sides, like giant niches, and are only another evidence of the Leader's artist touch. Never since the days when Greece was alight has a similar conception been carried out with the same success on both practical and artistic lines.

MOST curious and interesting is the ice plant, (*mesem bryanthemum crystallinum*) which grows abundantly along the coast of Southern California. It completely covers, with its pulpy, crystalline green leaves, the whole earth, in places, save during drouth, when its leaves become much smaller and turn red. The cruciform growth, as shown in illustration,

The California Ice Plant

is characteristic and the leaf, so Watson remarks, bears close resemblance to the Greek Acanthus. The flowers, which are pink and white, very closely resemble sea anemones, and the plant itself, with its wonderful crystalline jewelings, is a unique departure from the ordinary wild flower. So much water is stored away in the pulpy leaves that, if cut from the root, it may continue to blossom for a number of weeks. W.



A SMILAX ARBOR, LOMA-LAND

The Religion of Goethe

An English journal throws some further light upon the religion of Goethe by the publication of the following translation which, it states, has not hitherto been printed:

THOU brooklet, silver bright and clear,
Thou hastenest on forever;
Upon thy brink I stand and think,
Whence comest, goest, whither?
I come from the dark mountain's heart,
O'er moss and flower I'm driven,
And mirrored on thy bosom gleams
The kindly blue of heaven.
Mine is the happy, childlike mind,
I go, I know not whither;
He who hath called me from the rock
Will be my guide forever.



AN ICE PLANT IN BLOSSOM

A CROSS the lawn, towards a lady sitting on a garden-seat under a wide-spreading oak, sauntered a handsome youth. "The maid told me I should find you and Mabel here," said he as he shook hands.

"I don't know where Mabel is," replied Mrs. Stanley, smiling, "but I expect she will turn up soon."

"Will Jack be home tonight?" he asked.

"No, I think not. His examination is lasting much longer than he expected. Here comes Mary with the tea. You will stay and have a cup, won't you, Raymond?"

"I shall be delighted."

"Oh, how nice! We are just in time. Cheer up, Puss," exclaimed a clear, ringing voice, and from the trees behind emerged a bright, graceful girl of nineteen, with sparkling gray eyes, carrying in her arms a large gray-and-white cat.

"We are both somewhat disquieted," she explained, as she came towards them, "due to the lack of consideration on the part of a black beetle, who rewarded our absorbing interest in him by completely ignoring that courtesy and consideration which biological dignity demands; and a resentful embarrassment has ruffled the calm of our serene and tranquil dispositions. But a saucerful of milk, and a cup of tea with three lumps of sugar, and a generous helping of cake will do much to soothe and restore —"

"Do stop talking nonsense, Mabel," interrupted her mother. "What happened?"

"You shall hear all about it presently," replied Mabel, as she put down the cat and proceeded to pour milk into a saucer, "but I must first apply the sublimating balm to Pussie's morals. There, Puss. I sincerely hope this will allay all naughty feelings against the rude beetle, and make you feel more kindly disposed towards him; otherwise you place yourself on the same level upon which you think he is."

"Mabel," said Raymond, "you are simply a concentrated mass of aggravations."

"Oh, Pussy, did you hear? Can it really be true?" cried Mabel. "On the horizon rises fame, glorious fame, for your modest and retiring mistress. She will be placed in the ranks of the most illustrious of her age, in honor of her rare and wonderfully gifted nature, which enables her to give to her fellows the opportunity to overcome objectionable elements in themselves, curiosity, impatience, etc."

"Mabel is quite hopeless in this mood," said Mrs. Stanley. "Pass me the cake, Raymond, please."

"Now I am happy," said Mabel with a sigh of content, as she seated herself on the grass with a cup of tea in one hand and two large pieces of cake in the other, "and you shall hear the tale we have to tell. I was walking along the pathway by the side of the green and I came upon Pussie looking very intent at something on the ground. On closer investigation I found he was studying a monster black beetle, lying in close proximity to his nose. Something about it roused my curiosity also, and I sat down beside him, and was soon, like him, all eyes, fascinated, lost to everything but that extraordinary beetle, that seemed glued to the ground. I became interested in conjecturing its speed of locomotion, and decided from its general aspect, that the snail, by comparison, would go at the rate of an express train. And as the perils of such a long-timed journey across the pathway burst in upon me I fast became a flourishing nursery of tender anxieties. When whiz! rose the beetle heavenwards, leaving me reclining on my back, breathless; Pussie gave one flying leap into the air after it, uttering language that cannot be repeated—but of course missed it.

"When he came down again he walked off trying to look as though nothing had happened, but on reaching the other side of the green, he sat down and looked at me. I sat up and looked at him, and was much abashed by his attitude of lofty scorn, and the stinging sarcasm of his remarks, to the effect that if he owned my stature he would have used it to some purpose, and that beetle would have gone to heaven by the right road. But he concluded we had both been fooled, and eventually came and made friends again. So I gathered him in my arms, and together we wandered forth in search of consolation—and found it."

His True Descent

"Oh, Mab," laughed Raymond, "kindly let me know when you intend to resume your biological studies. It is

a pity such artistic snap-shots should be lost."

"Quite true," responded Mabel, calmly, as she ate her last morsel of cake.

"Mother," she continued, looking up with an angelic smile, "I feel so blissful, and so good. Within my breast begins to glow the rapturous zeal of setting the universe to rights. I think I shall begin near home, and radiate outwards. Raymond! you shall be the first, to whom my superior insight will direct its reforming energy. This insight, I must explain, is the result of feeling blissful, and good; and it has developed in me that unselfish devotion to other people's affairs, so that I know them, even better than I do my own; hence the responsibility I feel for your welfare. Your father, dear Raymond, had given to the world his first great picture before he was your age, and unless you make haste and do likewise, you will vex the orthodox theories of heredity, to say nothing —"

"Mabel," expostulated her mother severely, "you are positively rude. I cannot think what has come over you."

"I feel so good," murmured Mabel, "it has become my nature to take a kindly interest in my friends."

"There comes Dad!" cried she springing to her feet. "Come Raymond, and meet him, then I want you to help me find a puncture in my front tire."

One evening, a year later, Mabel with a rueful expression on her face, passed to and fro along her favorite walk, between blossoming hawthorn trees.

"Well I cannot help it," thought she, "he has never been anything more than a chum, and Jack's chum more than mine. I don't see why he has any right to feel bad about it; he might have known long ago that I liked Jim."

"This is a queer world! Either things have got hopelessly muddled, or else we are hopelessly idiotic. I certainly think I should have married Raymond's father's son. I always thought so. But I cannot be responsible if people will go and get born into the wrong family. It is quite clear, that Jim should have been a son of Raymond's father, indeed, on reflection, he is his son. The artist, what we know as Raymond's father, has been born and rooted into Jim, and Jim is now as great an artist as Raymond's father. That is what I would call the true ancestral line. After all, thinkers, philosophers, artists, musicians, are not their bodies, and their offspring must be of the same nature as themselves; therefore, we must look for their children, in those bodies, where their ideas are born, where they live and grow. Now Raymond does not even take an interest in his father's work. Really, it is about time he sat about looking for his true parents. Oh! how funny it would be," and she burst into a merry peal of laughter. "What's the joke?" inquired a deep voice, and the owner, an intelligent looking man, appeared from between the trees.

"Oh Jim," said Mabel still laughing, "I was just thinking what a flutter in the human family there would be, if everybody claimed their true offspring."

"I have solved you to my own satisfaction," she continued "you are not your father's son, but another father, whose son is not his son, his son thou art."

Jim promptly stuck his fingers in his ears, "that maze of metaphysics is too much for my poor brain," said he in bewildered tones.

"It is reasoned," replied Mabel, "on a structure as sound as a prop in Euclid."

A. P. D.

GOD made the country, and man made the town;
What wonder then, that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threatened in the fields and groves.

—COWPER

At San Pedro on the Southern California coast, was captured recently what is perhaps the largest blue shark ever taken in southern waters. It weighed nearly six hundred pounds and was eleven and one-half feet long.

A Day at Point Loma

Translation of an article by F. HLASKO, M. D., from the Polish weekly, *Kraj*, issued at St. Petersburg, Russia.

HONG-KONG MARU, a Japanese mail steamer, arrived at last, on the fourteenth day of its journey, to the shores of California. Here I found a letter, inviting me to a warm country, Point Loma, on the Mexican boundary. In this charming spot, rising above the waves of the Pacific Ocean, there was established a few years ago the most unique settlement in the world, under the name and protection of The Universal Brotherhood.

The journey from San Francisco to San Diego occupied a whole day. The train passes between mountains, dives into tunnels, circles around precipices. Soft, genial climate, luxuriant vegetation, the most beautiful scenery—these are the features of this Californian Riviera, so strikingly similar to the Italian Riviera. It may be that only here, far from the feverish life of the Eastern States, far from the hum of great cities and roar of machinery, could arise and develop settlements in the name of such ideas as brotherhood.

From San Diego to Point Loma there are only eight kilometers, which can be traversed in half an hour. Point Loma, or Loma-land, is a garden, extending towards the ocean and is in itself a sea of flowers and of golden fruit. The eye rests upon lemon trees, palms, agaves, century plants, everywhere flowers of strange colors, forms and sizes. To the east there spread filmy outlines of blue mountains, rising above this land of cultivated orchards; and to the west, the limitless expanse of the ocean. American artists are choosing Point Loma for their studies in color. I was met here by Mr. Vatslav Bohatyn, who several years ago finished his mathematical studies at St. Petersburg University and now, for some time, has been a member of the American Association of The Universal Brotherhood. Here, among the plants so beautiful and so strange, on the screen of the landscape, so charming and immense, he asked me about the gray Lithuania, as I was journeying from China and Japan.

In Point Loma, the first thing that attracted my eye was a palace-like building, and near by it an edifice called "Aryan Memorial Temple." Both these buildings would be ornamental in any city. Mr. Bohatyn explained to me that in the main building there are the offices of the Society and members of the Cabinet of Mrs. Katherine Tingley, who is the Official Head of The Universal Brotherhood. In the great rotunda there are a number of symbolical and mystical paintings by the known artist, R. W. Machell of England, illustrating the perfectibility of the human soul in its various stages. The most excellent of them represents the human soul in the guise of a knight, vanquishing the dangers and the temptations of the world. I was astonished at the view of these beautiful structures and the atmosphere of peace which is felt here. On the other side of the ocean a few months ago, I heard the roar of cannon and the groans of the wounded, on this side all was calmness and compassion. Mr. Bohatyn's face shone with life as he said to me:

"Mrs. Tingley is a woman of courage and great energy. She has traveled around the world and knows that one must not only talk and write about Brotherhood, but must act. She has chosen this spot. Is it possible to imagine to oneself something more ennobling to soul and body, than this scenery, these snow-capped mountains and this beautiful ocean lying at our feet? The air itself gives one health and strength in this earthly paradise, and love of the beautiful leads to human perfection. An ennobled man ceases to hate and begins to love. The struggle for existence is not recognized here. Of the difference between religions and nationalities we know not. Our activity is embracing the whole world. Here is our Center. We have also Centers of Brotherhood in England, Holland, France, Sweden, Australia, India. The Theosophical Society, founded in 1875, became in 1898 an integral part of our Universal Brotherhood Organization. This Organization has for its aim not only to spread ideas about brotherhood, but it realizes this brotherhood in *practical life*. About Theosophical ideas I shall not talk. But this Organization has stepped out from the regions of the nebulous tendencies into *action*, thus embodying in life ideas of beauty, happiness and universal peace. We have often in Point Loma processions, with flags of various nations aloft. We care not about the difference between various cults, if only they teach men to become nobler.

"Here is the last number of our monthly magazine; the first page picture represents "Maria and Miecznik," from the well-known poem of Malczewski. Americans say that it is beautiful and ennobling, therefore elevating the soul. And thus we treat also poetry of other nations."

"Is it a sect?"

"Rather it is an ethical society. I know that in Europe this looks strange; but here in America no one is astonished. Americans are too practical to wait for a

post-mortem paradise; they work now to make for themselves something of a paradise on earth."

Intoxicated by the balmy air, I walked along the pathways and through the gardens. We met sometimes "brothers," busy at work among the trees or irrigating. They had thoughtful, calm, intelligent faces. Those who are tired with the mad rush of life come here to rest, escaping the close atmosphere of the cities.

The settlement has a staff of the best physicians. The hygiene is here a science.

In the school founded a few years ago for children, and carrying the name of "Raja Yoga School," there are being educated several scores of Cuban children, whose parents perished during the bloody Spanish rule of General Weyler. These children live in the buildings called "International Lotus Home."

I saw with interest on my way the exercises of the young people. Physical education in Point Loma seems to be conducted very carefully; here there are cultivated all the sports. From ancient Greece there are borrowed the Olympian games and in-



CUBAN AND AMERICAN CHILDREN OF THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL, POINT LOMA, GATHERING FLOWERS

strumental music; drama and poesy have here also a wide application. Means of support? To the Society belong many people of wealth. Point Loma is a great land estate; gardens here give good profit, and the members dwelling here work as volunteers. Among them are the rich who are not ashamed of the spade. Thanks to the curative properties of the climate, Point Loma is an excellent health resort, from which also flows a certain income.

"So then the Americans here, even in this case, know how to combine the idea of brotherhood with practicality of arrangement?" remarked I.

"I admire them for it," answered my informer, "especially the people of this place. Eastern states are materialized and Europeanized; but the shores of the Pacific ocean may yet give to the world another, better race."

In silence I gazed at this American paradise. It appeared to me that its idea is very simple: to live close to nature, to work and exercise oneself physically, and from the culture to take all that ennobles: arts, religions of all ages, ceremonies of antiquity.

"American creative genius, which is altogether modern, can excellently agree with the idea of brotherhood; the Americans know how to combine hygiene and modern technique. After awhile Mr. Bohatyn said:

"I have received bad news from our land. I corresponded with a few prominent writers. They are informing me, that Rodois and a few days ago Balutsky, committed suicide. I was talking about it with some Americans, belonging to our society, and they said to me: "what can be expected of a writer, who seeks only to satisfy his ambition, and if he can not, then puts a bullet into his brain? Those who do not believe in the ideas they write about, can not lead a nation." A certain American even added, that a boy, who is polishing shoes of a passerby on the street, with enthusiasm, rather stands in the lead of a nation, than a literary man—writing for some personal benefit or for empty ambition. "Against such symptoms we are fighting in the name of brotherhood."

The next day the train was carrying me away, at the rate of 90 kilometers an hour, from the charming California—through American steppes—to the Atlantic and the old Europe.

F. HLASKO, M. D.



A STREET IN SIASSI on the Island of Siassi, Philippine Archipelago. The building on the right is the Commissary Department for American troops, the soldiers being quartered in the native-built barracks on the opposite side of the street



A FILIPINO FAMILY on the Island of Jolo, Philippine Archipelago. This family is very influential and well-to-do. (Both of these photographs were taken by Mr. C. W. Holmquist of San Diego, during his term of service in the 23d Infantry band, U. S. A.)

THE first volume of the second series of the "Documents Relating to the Revolutionary History of the State of New Jersey" made its appearance recently, says the *New York Sun*. Not only have the old newspapers in the libraries of New Jersey been ransacked for material, but the compilers have taken the pains to search similar collections in the libraries of prominence throughout the country.

Often the newspaper extracts have very little bearing upon New Jersey, but nearly all are intensely interesting to the student of American history. The following appeared in the *New York Gazette and Weekly Mercury* in August, 1776, and was taken from a letter written from the Continental camp near Elizabethtown to some one in Philadelphia:

"Yesterday a rifleman crossed the river and when within fifteen yards of the enemy's outpost desired them to surrender; at that instant he received a ball thro' his head, which killed him on the spot. This morning we had a deserter from the Asia, who says that 2000 Highlanders have arrived within these few days, and that the enemy intend attacking New York as soon as possible.

"The militia of this state continue to pass thro' this city [New York] daily in companies on their way to New Jersey. It is thought that Pennsylvania will send 20,000 men to the assistance of our neighbors."

From the *Pennsylvania Evening Post* of Aug. 10, 1776, the following was taken:

"We hear from Elizabethtown that on a late alarm there, when an immediate attack of the regulars was expected and every man capable of bearing arms was

War News of 1776

summoned to defend it, there were three or four young men, brothers, going out from one house, when an elderly lady, mother or grandmother to the young men, who, without betraying the least sign of timidity, had, with a resolute calmness, encouraged and assisted them to arm, when they were ready to go and just setting out, addressed them thus:

"My children, I have a few words to say to you; you are going out in a just cause to fight for the rights and liberties of your country; you have my blessing and prayers that God will protect and assist you. But if you fall, His will be done. Let me beg of you my children, that if you fall it will be like men; and that your wounds may not be in your back parts."

It is interesting to note how all manner of items of a business and even of a social nature, that found their way into the papers of the day, were tinged with the great and ever-present dominant topic—the revolution. Here is a statement from David Bowen, who in 1776 was sheriff of Cumberland county, New Jersey, which is an illustration to the point:

"Gentlemen: As the time is near at hand for electing a sheriff in the county of Cumberland for the ensuing year, I beg the favor of not being set up as a candidate for said office, as I entirely decline standing any longer, even were I sure of every vote in said county; It being so very disagreeable to me to distress poor people in these times of public calamity; therefore, please to elect some other person to serve instead of, gentlemen, your friend and humble servant,

—DAVID BOWEN"

THE union of lakes, the union of lands—
The union of States none can sever—
The union of hearts, the union of hands—
And the flag of our union forever.

—G. P. MORRIS

THEN up with our flag! Let it stream on the air;
Though our fathers are cold in their graves,
They had hands that could strike, they had souls that
could dare.
And their sons were not born to be slaves.
Up, up, with that banner! where'er it may call
Our millions shall rally around,
And a nation of freemen that moment shall fall
When its stars shall be trailed on the ground.

—CUTLER

OLD GLORY



BEHOLD its streaming rays unite,
One mingling flood of braided light;
The red that fires the southern rose,
With spotless white from northern snows,
And spangled o'er its azure, see,
The sister stars of liberty.
Then hail the Banner of the Free
The starry flower of Liberty.

—O. W. HOLMES

THE blue arch above us is liberty's dome,
The green fields beneath us, equality's home;
The schoolhouse today is humanity's friend,
Let the people the flag and the schoolhouse defend.

—BUTTERWORTH

THAT the name of America is derived from that of Amerigo Vespucci is no longer to remain unchallenged. In a book just published by Senor Ricardo Palma, the Director of the National Library at Lima, Peru, the contention is advanced and ably supported, that so far from America being named after Vespucci, it was Vespucci who obtained his name from America. Senor Palma maintains that Vespucci's actual name was Alberico Vespucci. He says, "The name America is derived from a place in Nicaragua, being the name of a hill. Speaking of Columbus, he says:

The Origin of "America"

It is quite probable that he learned from one of his attendants of the discovery of gold in a place called America. In this way it is likely that the name gradually became known throughout Europe. At that time the only geographical account of the Western hemisphere was the one by Alberico Vespucci. Geographers presumably came to the conclusion that he had given the name America not merely to a single hill, but to the entire country.

The author further points out that the final syllable "ic" is often used by the natives and that it signifies something of great size, being especially used in the names of non-volcanic mountains. STUDENT

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

THAT there are a good many people interested in Theosophy seemed to be apparent from the large attendance at Isis Theater last evening, where "Theosophy," as the subject of the evening, was presented by three different speakers and from as many different stand-points, while Mrs. W. T. Hanson read a few apt quotations from the writings and utterances of Katherine Tingley. Two other lady students read very interesting addresses on "Why I Became a Theosophist," and Dr. Herbert Coryn spoke on "Theosophy, the Most Serious Movement of the Age."

"Time was when Theosophy was thought to mean antiquarian research," said the latter speaker. "The movement was then smoothly commended and patted on the back. It was proposed to make an intellectual toy of it, an item in the drawing-room tea-table talk.

"But after a while, it was found to be not so comfortable a topic. People looked the other way when it was mentioned, and it was struck off the drawing-room conversation menu.

"The message of Theosophy, living and electric, precipitates a war in the human nature. The man must choose. More and more clearly he sees the evil that he was blind to before. He is compelled to be inwardly honest. The evil husk peels off his soul and heaps up before the eyes of his comprehension, and the evil, now aware that it is seen and known, struggles the more violently to enclose him again and blind him, becomes more resourceful and full of acute reasonings that often deceive those who think themselves the elect. And the good also bestirs itself, so that wisdom shall come upon the man who listens to the inner voice aroused by Theosophy.

"The conflict is not only individual. In San Diego you have seen the effect, on the representatives of certain bodies, of the presence of Theosophy in your

From *The San Diego Union*, Monday, June 30, 1902

THEOSOPHY AS A MOVEMENT

Dr. Herbert Coryn Says It Is the Most Serious and Strenuous of the Age

Several Addresses by Students of Point Loma at Theosophical Meeting in Isis Theatre

midst. During the next few years there may be in the world thunderstorms of which we have here had but the cooing prelude, for however it may seem on the surface, Theosophy is the most strenuous movement of the age. For that reason is its name so often stolen, so often applied to bogus systems and societies, its teachings seized and plagiarized, and the name of H. P. Blavatsky dragged in to cover the fraud.

"Men are well-nigh ignorant of the nature of the two forces by which, because of their ignorance, their national life is guided. Theosophy is trying to teach them. There are those whose vital interests lie in the obscuration of that teaching. Look closely, keenly, at every vital thing that happens in the affairs of your own and all other countries—for in this matter all are one—and you will see that two forces everywhere contend, one for, one against, the welfare of humanity; one making for retrogression, intellectual atrophy, abject abrogation and subjection of will, loss of individual self-reliance, spiritual and moral decay—at best the crystallization of the status quo; the other for the brotherhood of peoples, intellectual freedom, the bursting of the bonds of ancient dogma and ceremonial by the pressure of free and living thought, the dignity of the individual man as man, and the moral tuning of all society to a higher key.

"The Theosophical movement is the most serious movement of the day, whether considered for its effects on individual men or on nations. It is so because it is dealing with matters not dealt with from any other quarter. Its work is an unveiling, though that work is really only begun. And in unveiling the truth before men's eyes, it does at the same time unveil the evil and the central cause of ever resulting pain. The main principles of Theosophy are before us; the application is to follow—the exposure of all false systems, a process that a few years may see completed so far as this age is concerned."

THE newspaper press is one of the greatest powers in modern life, in the forming of public opinion and influencing of people's minds and conduct. Consequently, a tremendous responsibility rests on those who wield this power; for there are very many people who do not think for themselves, but get their opinions ready-made from the papers. They believe everything they see in print, and take up "for gospel" things that may have been scribbled in five minutes by some irresponsible member of the editorial staff. If people could only know more about the way in which newspapers are made, they would not be so anxious to swallow wholesale everything they see in them just because it happens to be printed in type.

There are two distinct classes of papers, those that aim at raising the public taste, and those that lower it by pandering to the people's desire for sensational news and short scrappy paragraphs that do not call for much thought and effort in the reading. But the latter class is in the majority, because this is such a commercial and money-loving age that people will sell their very souls to make money. In this connection I recall a man who has been associated with spiritualism, hypnotism and many other "isms" and who is now a member of a small faction. This wretched apology for a man calls himself a karmic agent and says that his mission is to defend a woman in India, and in order to do it he must tear down The Universal Brotherhood and The Theosophical Society and destroy Katherine Tingley's influence. This poor weak minded man is given to visions, and he prophesies—but his prophecies have not come true. "Ah! there's the rub." He says he is willing to spend money and to give his life to accomplish this end. He has spent several years already in sending agents to different parts of America and elsewhere among members of The Universal Brotherhood Organization, and he has failed utterly in his mission with them. He is looked upon by them as an erratic and irresponsible man, and the animus with which he pursues his work would do credit to a so-called Jesuit. The woman whom he proposes to have America honor as the greatest Theosophist in the world still remains in her obscure position, while The Universal Brotherhood Organization and Katherine Tingley still stand and are creating new and more convincing situations every day. And so, just as people will take to stimulating food and all sorts of drinks and drugs, instead of wholesome diet, so they contract the habit of skimming over the flaring columns and hideous pictures of cheap and sensational yellow journals, instead of reading the news and forming their own opinions. One of the worst evils of yellow journalism is the way in which is written up all the pitiful and disgusting crimes with

The Iniquity of Yellow Journalism

Read at a public meeting in Isis Theatre, San Diego

graphic detail. There is a certain class of reporters for yellow journalism who are sent to write up, adversely and maliciously, anything that will serve to fill

the pockets of *their proprietors*. These human scavengers always present their cards as representatives of their paper, and are very agreeable and plausible; they expatiate on the value of the paper they represent, what its columns must be worth, and if the person interviewed boldly states, "We are not paying any money for write-ups; our Organization stands on its own merits," the disappointed reporter goes away and the next day there appears in big type scandalous and vulgar falsehoods, which one wonders at any sane person believing.

Do you believe that any newspaper or any reporter would take the trouble to sit up all night to string out slander, simply through good will to the people? If readers of such a paper, those who subscribe for it, would look into the lives of the proprietor and those behind him, yes, even behind their "closed doors," and see what class of people he is associated with, then there would be a universal rebellion against yellow journalism all over the land, and we would in time be purged of this disgrace. The people who subscribe for such a paper, or who even read it, are as culpable as those who write for it or those who publish it. There are good newspapers in the land and there are good men who are struggling to sustain them by raising them to a high standard of purity, but the public won't have it yet. And so, while their subscription list hardly brings in enough to pay for the labor and keeps the editor on the ragged edge of starvation, the yellow journal editor, who is always successful these days, fills his pockets at the expense of a credulous people. He keeps on his grind and chuckles, saying, "What fools these mortals be." There can be no sympathy given to these enemies of humanity, but a little sympathy might be given to the young reporters who have to get their bread and butter, and who often say, "If I were to write that 'straight' I would lose my position." Small-pox and the plague occasionally make one feel like shutting one's door lest they enter in, but yellow journalism you invite into your homes, and you take your hard-earned money and pay it well for entering, and thus you are helping to build up a monstrous vice.

We declare that publications of the character described hypnotically affect weak-minded people. These articles act like hypnotic suggestions on people of weak minds and it is well known that fashions in crime are spread in this way. I was reading lately about a paper in Paris which published a graphic description of a young girl's suicide, with a picture showing how she decorated her room and dressed herself in muslin and then lay down and poisoned herself. Immediately

Students



Path

The Gods

by C. M. in *International Theosophist*

THE wealth men seek, the selves they serve, the fame
They long for, come and go and leave no name.
Though they bowed down to many an earth-born queen,
The mother reigns wherever grass is green.
And, though no temple-floor by knees be prest
Her temple is the land where all dreams rest,
Where, though by none her splendor may be seen,
The tired heart reaches towards the green-veiled queen.
It knows not whom it reaches to, nor whence
The balm that says to sorrow, Go thou hence,
And lose thyself within the blue-ness, where
The daily stars hide in the Sun's long hair.
And though old thrones and empires passed away
Alawa the Harper lives and reigns today.
I know his music in the roaming wind,
I know his music in my heart and mind,
When in the deepness there, a wonder-note
Scatters the mists that round God's visage float.

Nor is it only in the mountain caves,
Or chained in the long music of the waves,
That the Gods dwell, but in their chosen day
They come to earth to point anew the way.
Embodied, knowing all such ills as we,
And suffering birth and death to make men free.
To labor as they labor, is the prayer
They hear; their lover, he who will not dare
To set up dying gods upon the throne
Where the high god of old time dwells alone.

Lay thou whatever gifts thy heart may give
Upon the altar of the GODS THAT LIVE.

The Man Behind the Mask

IN one of Shakespeare's plays our globe is compared to a stage, and the men and women upon it to the actors. Truly, the real man, that is, the individual soul or immortal ego, may be rightly compared to an actor, and the lower self, or personality, to whatever part the actor may, for the time being, be performing. And seeing that the real man, the soul, is hidden behind the personality, the latter may be said to constitute the mask. It is a false self concealing the true. Now, an actor, in the course of his career, may perform many and diverse parts. So the soul, in the course of his evolution, may manifest through many and diverse personalities, but ever, like the actor, remaining throughout the same distinct, individualized being. This return of the soul to successive bodies and personalities is what Theosophy terms reincarnation. The soul and its incarnations—in other words, man and his personalities—have been aptly compared to a string of pearls, each pearl representing a separate incarnation, and the thread running through and connecting them all—the soul, or re-incarnating ego. Each life is the outcome of the former ones. This is in accordance with Karma, the law of cause and effect. As we live this life, so we prepare conditions for following lives. The Karmic liabilities incurred and left undischarged in the one, are again brought to account in the next. We can no more hope to escape them by dying and living again, than we can, by going to sleep at night and awakening again in the morning, expect to free ourselves from certain financial debts left owing the day before. By thus having to reap the consequences of our own faults, whether in thought, word, or deed, we gradually learn the wisdom of obedience to the divine law, and ultimately become perfected through suffering. So from life to life the character is slowly developed, and the area of our self-consciousness extended, thus bringing us ever nearer to our goal—which is the full realization of our own divinity, and our conscious at-one-ment with the Supreme Spirit.

But if we, as souls, have lived before, why, it may be asked, cannot we remember doing so? The answer to this question is, that the real "I," the soul, can and does remember, but the lower self, or personality, not yet in sufficiently harmonious relationship with the higher and individual self, cannot do so. If a man would remember his former lives, he must endeavor to bring his personal ego, or lower self, into close responsive union with his soul ego, or true self, by endeavoring to live not so much in the brain consciousness as do the majority, but in the higher, or soul, consciousness. He must identify his conscious ego with his soul ego, hold himself continually in that mental attitude, in the consciousness that he is not the mere personality, say, "John Smith," for instance, but that immortal soul, which during the present incarnation is using "John Smith" for the purpose of obtaining certain needed experiences. The personality, "John Smith," is one only of a series, of which many had preceded, and more would follow. If he will persistently maintain this mental attitude of identification with the soul, his true self, and endeavor to bring the outer and personal will into line with the inner and Divine will, he may hope before long to catch fleeting glimpses of a former existence. The object of evolution is to attain self-consciousness on all planes, the inner as well as the outer, the immortal as well as the mortal bodies. At his present stage in evolution, man has not yet acquired, except in a few rare instances, self-consciousness in his immortal or causal body, which is so named for the reason that in it are contained all causes which affect his future lives. Until man does become self-conscious in this causal body, he cannot remember his past lives, for in this body are contained the records of those past lives, and to gain access thereto he must be able to function consciously in that body, which, except to the highest spiritual vision, is invisible; in other words, he must be able to use his causal body as a vehicle of consciousness. But once that stage is reached, man will have realized that, in his real nature, he is a soul, and that his various personalities are so many imaginary or false selves, in fact, masks hiding the true self. These masks he can well afford to cast off when the needful experience, the object he had in wearing them, has been gained. So if we would, in the present life, realize our immortal nature, we must identify ourselves, our conscious selves, not with the personality, or the mask we wear, but with the real self, the soul—that is to say, the man behind the mask.—*International Theosophist* W. S.

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

DEAR COMRADES: One who comes to Loma-land for the first time is fairly overwhelmed by the pressure and the flood of new ideas. And this is the case whether one comes from a short distance or from the antipodes. Loma-land is verily a World Center, a Sacred Place, *Adyar*.

To one who comes to this land of sunshine and flowers from Europe the contrast between the old life and the new is even more marked. It is complete, as contrasts go. Europe is crowded, old, tired, and life there has lost its buoyancy. In America there is, to the European, an unusual amount of energy pushing itself along every channel of enterprise, business, literary and philanthropic. Life seems filled to the brim with energy which, above all, needs to be rightly directed.

When this is done one feels that almost in the twinkling of an eye new worlds will be builded and old worlds conquered. Yet, that the energy of the American people, as a nation, is not yet directed into right channels is apparent on every hand, and Americans are the first to admit it. They themselves realize that a real basis for life and action is yet to be established, and those among them who think deeply are the first to admit that the key to a life that is pure and at the same time brimful of vitality and of joy, is yet to be found.

Here in Loma-land I saw that this key, which unlocks all that treasury of the soul which we call the true life, had been discovered. What a vista, what a glorious prospect through the portals opened by that key of a true philosophy of life!

In Loma-land every student stands, or may stand, within the very gateways of this larger life, those portals closed for ages but now again swung wide. Through them he may see the path, winding through a land of silence and of joy and of peace, whose horizons are blue and boundless and over whose distant mountains shineth the Eternal Sun.

DEAR BOYS: No one of you who loves history but is familiar with the wonderful record of those years just before the United States stepped forth as a nation, free and independent. And no one but feels every time our Independence Day is celebrated, a deepened reverence for the brave, strong men of those days.

Did the men who fought and won the Revolutionary war, and then—an even harder task—founded the strongly centralized government of the United States, realize the greatness of their work? Probably they did not, for those who are truly great think so very much about others that they rarely have time to think of themselves, or to think of how great is their own work. They were true patriots, examples to all the world in the higher patriotism, were they not? And is it not quite probable that the fire of their patriotism is what kept this nation alive through the vicissitudes of those days? Is that fire burning in your own hearts, boys?

Passing on through the centuries, our life has lost its simplicity; our customs have become complex. Our ancestors could build a nation

The House in Which Thomas Jefferson Lived

and in which, it is said, the Declaration of Independence was written



is actually in your power to be such helpers of humanity as were the great men that we read of in history. Think of it! Deep, deep down in your hearts, you surely feel that this is true.

Our country, beautiful, free America, needs strong, brave, honest men, men who are true patriots. Will you not be among their number?
UNCLE FRED

while they lived in log houses, and were content to do so. Yet we think we must have elaborate homes, so elaborate that all our time is spent in taking care of them; all our money is spent in "keeping up appearances."

Little time have we for great issues; little thought about the higher patriotism. Is it not about time that we thought on these things? Is it not about time we brought back some of the simplicity of those great days? What a lesson is contained for us in the picture of that simple little house in which the Declaration of Independence was written! Those were days of "plain living and high thinking," and, boys, it is in your power to bring to the world again all that was best in the simple life in those days. It

The Old South Pigeons

ON the cross-beam of the Old South bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well;
In summer and winter that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air.
I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet;
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shade has pass'd,
And the belfry edge is gained at last.
'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There's a human look in its swelling breast
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel—
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell—
Chime of the hour or funeral knell—
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,
When the sexton cheerily rings for noon.

In the Old South Church in Boston are many Pigeons. Fifty years ago the exquisite bit of verse, here reprinted, was written about them by NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS, a newspaper editor who was also a true American



My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

When the clock strikes clear at morning light,

When the child is waked with "nine at night,"

When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer—
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,

He broods on his folded feet unstirr'd;
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,

He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again with closed eyes,

And sleeps as the last vibration dies.
Sweet bird! I would that I could be

A hermit in the crowd like thee!
With wings to fly to wood and glen,

Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;
And daily, with unwilling feet,

I tread, like thee, the crowded street;
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,

Thou canst dismiss the world and soar,
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,

Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

DEAR CHILDREN: Did you ever hear of a pet butterfly? Well, there lives in a far away eastern city, a young lady who had one for some time. She called him Scamp, and tells an interesting story of the way in which she found him and of how she and the wee butterfly came to be comrades and friends. She found him last September on one of our cool, damp days, a dismal little scrap, lying at her feet as if quite dead. But he was beautiful, with splendid splashes of color on his wings, black lines and whitish spots, and the dearest little greenish border, for all the world as if some fairy had embroidered it, just as our Lotus Buds in Lomaland embroider delicate traceries on some of their dresses. This lady couldn't turn away from even a dead little butterfly, so she picked him up and laid him away for safe-keeping inside

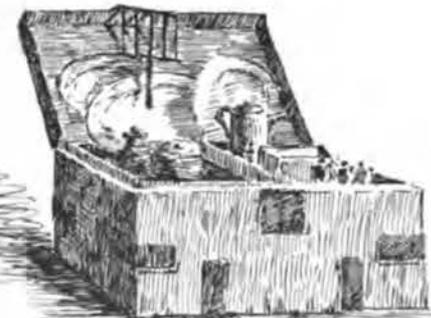
A Pet Butterfly

an unused sugar-bowl. And she says:

He had passed quite out of my memory when, just before Thanksgiving, a strange fluttering attracted my attention. When the door was opened Scamp flew to the window, but was too weak to get farther. Mixing some honey and water and placing it in the palm of my hand, I attempted to make him eat. As the warmth of my hand and the sunshine gave him strength, he made an effort and broke his fast of over two months. First he bent his antennae forward, then back and forth several times, then his wings opened in a tremulous sweep and a vibration of the whole body began; from between his bright eyes something quite like a watch spring unrolled, which looked like an elephant's trunk as it reached into the liquid. At the end of the tongue was a small, foot-like feeler which was used as a suction tube, and the body of the butterfly showed the entrance of the food. When Scamp was satisfied he rolled up his tongue and began the making of his toilet, a most interesting process. How much intelligence a butterfly possesses is a mystery, but Scamp knew the right place in which to dine and he knew the best place in which to sleep. Some days he lingered about my desk and was willing that I should pick him up.



Old English Printing Press Used by Benjamin Franklin in London, England



The Army Chest Used by General Washington

GEORGE T. VERNON
Tailor

1110 FIFTH STREET - SEFTON BLOCK
Telephone Black 1912

ENTERTAINMENT
by Children of the

Raja Yoga School

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON
in the
Aryan Temple, Point Loma
Tickets 50 cents

Bank of Commerce

841 FIFTH ST., bet E & F Sts., SAN DIEGO
Capital, \$100,000
Reserve & Undivided Profits, \$46,837.23
R. M. POWERS, President F. W. JACKSON, Cashier
GRAHAM E. BABCOCK, Vice-President C. L. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier
DIRECTORS—R. M. Powers, Graham E. Babcock, J. F. Sinks, A. H. Frost, Chas. T. Hinde, U. S. Grant, & F. W. Jackson
General banking business transacted. Exchange drawn direct on all principal cities of United States and Europe. Prompt attention given to collections.

EDWARD M. BURBECK

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Copper Plate Engraving & Printing
Steel Dies, Crests, and Monograms
Largest & most varied stock of Books
and General Literature in the City

1051-59 FIFTH STREET, SAN DIEGO

“Burbeck’s Big Bookstore”

Toys Games Souvenirs Office Supplies City and County Maps

“Where Rail and Tide Meet, There Cast Anchor”

Investors, Speculators, & Real Estate Dealers
GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR AT SAN DIEGO EARLY

San Diego is the Open Door to the Orient & Investors now will be Capitalists later
CAN'T YOU SEE THE HAND OF DESTINY?
—2700 miles saved in encircling the globe via this port
—Three Transcontinental Railroads heading for this Harbor
—The Commerce of the Southwest and of the Pacific is being concentrated at the Bay of San Diego
—Look out for Big Developments; the Market is active now

If you want to Buy or Sell there, address **D. C. Reed**
Established 1870 Ex-Mayor of San Diego

went to South Africa, and three of them were awarded the Victoria Cross. In the case of the Beaumont College over 100 students went to the front.

Mr. Macaskie, in addressing the jury, submitted that if any damages were awarded they ought to be very small, as plaintiff had not been able to say that he had suffered by the article complained of.

Sir Edward Clarke, leading counsel for the plaintiff, contended that the libel was an extremely gross one, and he asked for substantial damages.

His Lordship, in summing up, said he had no sympathy with the attacks that had been made, which were strikingly deficient in the spirit of Christianity.

The jury, having retired, returned in a short time with a verdict of £300 and costs for plaintiff. Judgment accordingly.—*Liverpool Mercury*

A Priest's Brutal Conduct

A press dispatch from Brookings, South Dakota, of June 21 says: The people of this city are greatly aroused over the conduct of Rev. Father Sullivan of Elkton, who was summoned to take charge of the funeral of P. C. Murphy, a law partner of Mayor Mathews.

In respect to the dead man's memory every store in town was closed from 10 to 12. The house of mourning was crowded with sorrow stricken friends when the priest began his funeral sermon. He boldly alleged that the dead man was in perdition because he had been a Mason. He asserted that his children would meet him there because they were brought up in American instead of parochial schools.

The mourners were astounded and soon began to leave the room. The heart-broken wife interrupted the priest's philippic with cries of "Oh, father, do stop; don't; do stop, father." Finally she fainted, and the priest abruptly left the room without finishing his sermon.

When the cortege left the house he led the procession through the streets, puffing at a cigar. He left at once, and prominent men threatened him with tar and feathers. His chalice was found and consigned to a woodshed.

Brookings Catholics have sent notice to the bishop that they will not permit him to officiate here again. He is not the regular priest at Elkton, and is only temporarily in charge of that parish.—*Youngstown Vindicator*

Slate Pencil in the Brain

For five years Ernest Walter Lovell, aged 16, a mess-room waiter of 11 Union Grove, Wandsworth Road, complained of pains in the head.

He got so bad that on May 1st his father took him to Charing Cross hospital. There he was found to be heavy and drowsy, and a cerebral tumor was suspected. He died on Tuesday last. Upon an autopsy being made, the surgeons found in the left hemisphere of the lad's brain a piece of slate pencil three-quarters of an inch in length, sharpened ready for use, and at the inquest the opinion was expressed that it had been introduced through the nose. The pencil had caused an abscess, and was undoubtedly the cause of death. The parents said the lad had never made any reference to the presence of the pencil, although the doctors said it must have been in the brain for years.—*London Express*

What our Masonic Temple is the world may see. No structure of human society has stood with it. It is still the unbroken bulwark of human liberty and religious freedom, against which the shafts of ignorance, intolerance and bigotry of individuals, class or clan are as impotent as paper darts against the granite fastness of Gibraltar. So may it ever be.—*Trestle Board*

ANY man may commit a mistake but none but a fool will continue in it.—CICERO

SEARCHLIGHT

NO. 6

Special number issued to the public

CONTAINING A FULL REPORT OF THE

Great Debate on Theosophy & Christianity

HELD AT THE OPERA HOUSE, SAN DIEGO, CAL., ON SEPTEMBER 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, AND OCTOBER 6 AND 13, 1901

SEVENTY-TWO PAGES

Notwithstanding the increase in the cost of publishing, owing to the largely increased number of pages, the price remains the same as heretofore

FIFTEEN CENTS

The Theosophical Publishing Co. Point Loma, Cal.

You will need a copy for yourself and several copies to send to your friends. The edition is limited.

An Address by Katherine Tingley in the Opera House at San Diego, Sunday evening, March 16th 1902

Neatly printed and bound, containing half-tone illustrations of the Opera House, Loma Homestead and the Aryan Temple. This is the first public address of Katherine Tingley after her purchase of the Opera House, and in it is outlined broadly her plans for the beautiful theatre and its occupation by the Isis Conservatory of Music. Sent post paid for TEN CENTS.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO. POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Souvenir Postal Cards of Loma-land

PRIVATE MAILING CARDS, PRINTED ON FINEST IVORY-FINISH CARDBOARD 13 different half-tone glimpses of Loma-land on which to send your Brotherhood Thoughts all over the world. A stream of them should be kept in circulation by every member.

2 for 5 cents (postage 1c extra) . \$0.06
50, postpaid, for 1.00
100, " " 1.50

Sent assorted unless ordered with specifications. Order from THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO. POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

FIRST EDITION--NEARLY READY

The MYSTERIES of the HEART DOCTRINE

ONE of the MOST INTERESTING & COMPREHENSIVE WORKS on THEOSOPHY EVER PUBLISHED

Issued by KATHERINE TINGLEY, Leader and Official Head of THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD Organization, and by Members of her Cabinet

Over 350 pages Specially written to meet the needs of Inquirers Beautifully illustrated

This edition is limited to 1,000 copies, and will be sold at the previously advertised price of \$1.25 for cloth bound and \$1.00 for paper. After the First Edition is exhausted the price will be raised to \$2.00 for cloth binding and \$1.50 for paper, for it has been found impossible to prepare this book on the basis originally planned at the price first quoted.

The Theosophical Publishing Company, Point Loma, California

The
LEADING REAL ESTATE BROKER in SAN DIEGO IS

E. J. Carter

964 Sixth Street, San Diego

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE LOCATING IN SAN DIEGO
CITY OR COUNTY, CALL ON OR
WRITE TO HIM

RUDDER'S
NEW RESTAURANT

& GRILL

NEWLY FURNISHED FINEST IN THE CITY

CORNER FOURTH & PLAZA
SAN DIEGO - - - CAL.

Strahlmann-Mayer Drug Co.
PHARMACY GRADUATES
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Per-
fumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, etc.
Physicians Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully prepared

CORNER FOURTH & D STREETS
Telephone Main 424
CORNER FIFTH & C STREETS
Telephone Black 856

AT

Bowen's
DRY GOODS STORE

Will be found a full assortment
of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Tea
Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Wrap-
pers, Silks and Dress Goods . .

W. O. BOWEN 1043 FIFTH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Washington Seen in 1798

A VIVID pen picture of the Father of his Country is to be found in the diary of Niemcewicz, a distinguished Pole, who visited Mount Vernon in 1798, and whose memoirs are published in the Century magazine.

Niemcewicz met Washington at the house of Mr. Peter, who married Miss Custis, granddaughter of Mrs. Washington. The Pole describes Washington in the following words.

"It is a majestic face, in which dignity is united with gentleness. The portraits that we have of him in Europe are not like him at all. He is nearly six feet high and very strongly built; he has an aquiline nose, blue eyes; his mouth, and particularly his lower jaw, are large.

"He wore a tail coat, black stockings, satin waist-coat and breeches of the same color.

"Once at dinner the conversation turned upon the account of a voyage that the Duke of Liancourt had just published. The general said:

"Mr. Liancourt will be vexed with me. When he came into this country he brought me letters of introduction from some of the most distinguished people in England. He had no need of them, because, owing to what Mr. Lafayette said to me, as well as his reputation and conduct, I knew the respect which was his due. Yet I did not receive him at my house; I was in the administration, and I made a rule not to admit any Frenchman who was considered an emigrant and who should not be presented by his minister. I had Mr. Liancourt informed by my friends of the motives which obliged me to deprive myself of the pleasure of seeing him, an advantage which I desired so much, and that as soon as I should be out of the administration I should want to see him. But it appears that he took it badly.

"And, after all," he said, "I read in Mr. Monroe's book that the French government reproached me with having received French emigrants." — *Philadelphia Record.*

Electricity and Heat

Electricity, aided by chemical action, is looked upon by M. J. Skvortzow as the chief molder of the earth, instead of heat. The earth's heat, which has increased in importance as the earth has taken a more material form, is attributed to electric currents, which circulate near the surface, the earth's interior being possibly as cold as the greatest depths of the ocean. Changes in the aspect of the earth, as well as meteorological phenomena, are supposed to be due to electric currents induced by solar influence. The temperatures of different planets depend less on their distance from the sun than on their reserve of energy and on the currents induced by the sun through their axial and orbital motions — *Selected*

If you are difficult to satisfy, I ask you to inspect our before hiring or carriage not perfect-



come in & LIVERY ing a team that does ly suit you

FRED FANNING
PROPRIETOR

Fifth Avenue Stables

Tel. Red 351 SAN DIEGO Cor. 5th & B Sts.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF SAN DIEGO
UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

CAPITAL PAID UP \$150,000
SURPLUS & UNDIVIDED PROFIT \$45,000

J. GRUENDIKE - - - PRESIDENT
D. F. GARRETTSON - - - VICE PRES.
G. W. FISHBURN - - - CASHIER

DIRECTORS—J. Gruendike, Geo. Hannaha, J. E. Fishburn,
G. W. Fishburn and D. F. Garrettson

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

**WE ARE IN A POSITION TO
FIT YOUR EYES TO SUIT
YOU. WE HAVE A SPEC-
IAL PLACE SET APART
FOR OPTICAL WORK,
CONTAINING ALL THE
MODERN INSTRUMENTS
USED IN SIGHT TESTING
IF YOU NEED GLASSES,
HAVE a PRESCRIPTION to
FILL, or FRAME to REPAIR**

we give you the best work obtainable in San Diego

J E N K S

826-828 5th street

Graduate Optician

The New Century

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Two Dollars; other countries in the Postal Union, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; payable in advance
Single copy, Five Cents

Communications for the Editor, manuscripts, reports, books and periodicals for review should be addressed, "Katherine Tingley, Editor *The New Century*, Point Loma."

The editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

Articles will not be considered by the editor unless signed by the author and marked with the number of words contained. In no case is manuscript returned.

Address all Business communications, including subscriptions, and make all remittances (in bank drafts or money orders, payable to The New Century Corporation) to "Clark Thurston, Point Loma, Cal."

To comply with recent postal regulations, all Post-Office money order remittances should be made payable at San Diego. The remittances, as well as all other mail, should be made to Point Loma, as usual.

Entered at the Post-Office at Point Loma, Cal., as second-class matter Nov. 30th, 1901
Copyright, 1902, by Katherine Tingley

Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

The Two Poles of Patriotism

TRUE patriotism has been the source of some of the very noblest of human actions. Its *nether pole* has afforded a name and a cloak to the passions whose outcome has streaked with blood the path of humanity. For the same word is unfortunately used to cover a pair of opposites. "My country shall be first, greatest, in war, commerce, and all else; or is already that." Why? "Because it is MY country! You see: it is egotism, ambition—writ large.

But there are other patriotisms than this monster. There is the patriot who does not seek for his nation any commanding or undue place amongst the rest. In love for his people, he works for its freedom, for its moral and intellectual progress; works to uphold before their eyes an ideal of what they might be.

There is the rarer patriot who, trying to draw forth the nobler qualities of his people, would have them pre-eminent in power among the nations that this power may be used for the good of humanity.

Signs of National Extinction

Every coherent nation, like every man, has a unique individuality of its own, a special note or element for the great chord of harmony that will one day sound. But this is overlaid and blurred by all that is base in the national life. It ceases to function or manifest at all at those epochs of decay which are marked by luxurious effeminacy, preternatural vice and sensuality, money-worship, and vanity. These symptoms usually imply coming extinction, the final wane of energy.

Is there no sign that America, pulsing with the energy of her all-promising youth, is in danger of wasting that energy by throwing it along these profligate channels?

Here is the chance of American patriots of the nobler stamp. Let them turn to their Constitution, and to their Declaration of Independence, and in the spirit of those instruments, try to call

America Took a Birth Pledge

back the national life to its early promise and ideals. Let them think of their country as having the opportunity of doing in the future a great and noble work among the older nations, of being the protectress of the weak, the fosterer of all that is good, the destroyer of evils, tyrannies, and aggressions.

Perhaps it is possible for her to miss the hour; and the next may be long a-coming. May not the Law throw among other peoples the birth of souls whose voluntary work for humanity *might* have been done—and better—from *this* newer soil, had but the nation held to ideals which, *barely a century ago*, it vowed to live by? For there must be souls who can choose, who take birth in places and conditions from whence the work they intend to do can be best done.

America took a birth-pledge, as never a nation did before. And the

weight of that responsibility, the honor or dishonor, are upon every man and woman born to her citizenship.

LEX TALIONIS

Fitting Commemoration of Independence Day

IT is with joy appropriate to the anniversary we celebrate that we read in the papers for July 4th, the following announcement regarding the government's negotiations with the Pope over the Friars' and Church lands question in the Philippines:

ALL SPANISH FRIARS MUST GO—GOVERNOR TAFT'S NOTE TO THE VATICAN—OUR GOVERNMENT'S POSITION IS PLAINLY STATED—NOTHING, IT IS URGED, WILL SO CALM THE PEOPLE AND PRODUCE HARMONY AS THE CERTAINTY THAT THE FRIARS SHALL GO AND SHALL NOT RETURN

Governor Taft received cable instructions from Secretary Root, acting upon which he laid before the Vatican his note explaining our Government's requirements, which it is expected the Vatican will speedily agree to. The main points are that the church lands shall be purchased by the government and the Friars sent away.

On the same day comes the announcement that the President has formally declared the restoration of peace in the Philippines, placed the islands under complete civil control, and extended general amnesty to the Filipinos who have been in rebellion.

H. T. E.

The Almanac of Crime

IT is a remarkable fact that, of the six rulers who have been assassinated during the last twenty years, four met their fate on Sundays and the remaining two on Saturdays. Alexander of Russia, M. Carnot of France and King Humbert of Italy were murdered on Sundays, and the Shah of Persia was shot in the Mosque on the Mohammedan Sabbath. The Prime Minister of Spain, Senor Canovas, was assassinated on Sunday, and two unsuccessful attempts on the life of President Faure were also made on Sundays. Two American Presidents, Garfield and McKinley, were murdered on Saturdays, as also was the Empress of Austria. A few weeks ago, also on a Saturday, the young King of Spain was in grave peril of his life.

Commenting upon these curious facts a correspondent writes to a contemporary to point out that the twelve rulers who were assassinated during the past century, all met their fate during the seven months beginning with March and ending with September. During this century we must also add the name of President McKinley.

STUDENT

Study the Riots

THE riots at Paterson, New Jersey, will repay a little study. The disturbance centered around a difficulty between certain employers and employed, the latter going on strike. *Around this nucleus the anarchists foregathered, making it their opportunity.*

And these anarchists, whose presence constituted the chief seriousness of the situation, are immigrants from Southern Europe.

This abstract of the case, with minor variations, will also be found applicable to some similar disturbances in the past, and to many more in the future. It is the rule of the superficial newspaper reader, either to consider such disturbances as of purely local origin, or to concentrate his attention on the problem presented by the strike.

We suggest that he give more of his attention to the elements of disorder that *make use* of the strike or whatever else be the nucleus, and to ask himself whether any hidden power—and if so, *what*—engineers that.

STUDENT

After the Eruption of La Soufriere

THE illustration on the cover page of THE NEW CENTURY this week depicts a scene of devastation and ruin at St. Vincent, West Indies, caused by the eruption of La Soufriere. The grounds shown are those of the Richmond estate, near the Chateau Belair. The house stood on an eminence and partially escaped total destruction, while the other buildings on the estate were practically buried in the shower of mud and ashes. The house is now entered from the top story. In the distance is shown La Soufriere, still smoking and belching forth its devastating stream of ashes and liquid mud, though with diminishing force and quantity.

The Aim and the Achievements of the Work of The Universal Brotherhood Organization at Point Loma

IN these days of the deified dollar, the god whose worship, if not in theory at least in practice, takes precedence over all others, whose behests are regarded as the only adequate incentive to action, and whose prerogatives are esteemed the greatest desideratum; in this age of countless associations aiming to increase material comforts and of numerous Utopian colonization ventures, ephemeral and discouraging, the extraordinary practical results, and marvelous growth of the headquarters of The Universal Brotherhood Organization at Point Loma is a surprising mystery to all who have seen what has been done in a little more than a year and a half, not merely in outward material progress, but also in the development of character. They are bewildered when they hear of projects of the future which involve the expenditure of millions; and they become incredulous as the plan of its expansion into the nations of the earth and the centuries of the future is unfolded to them. But perhaps the greatest puzzle of all is the fact that the students are at work late and early, without salary or guarantee of any remuneration whatever.

Among the material evidences of progress are the reconstruction and enlarging of the Point Loma House and its conversion into the Homestead, and the building of the Aryan Temple and Group House No. 1. These are not merely beautiful in their simplicity, but so original in their form of structure that a new order of architecture has arisen, which excites the wonder and admiration of all practical architects who have beheld it. There have also been built a large number of bungalows; but of these it is hard to keep track; they spring up like magic palaces built mysteriously by genii in the night. There may be hundreds tomorrow. They accommodate the children of the Raja Yoga School, the Silk Industry, The Theosophical Publishing Company, the Women's Exchange and Mart, etc. Other buildings for various purposes have been erected, such as the Refectory and similar offices. Thousands of tons of soil have been moved in road making and grading, and also in the clearing, grading and building of the finest golf ground in America. The expenditure in all reaches into hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Greater than all is the Development of Character

The domestic duties; the entertaining of thousands of visitors; farming and gardening; the writing and publishing of extensive literature, including two magazines; and activities like the Women's Exchange and Mart; all are done by the students.

But although the material progress of the students is marvelous the greatest mystery is the development of character among them. The problem of the causes of human suffering and misery, social, economic, political, and religious, which so long has perplexed mankind, has at last been solved on Point Loma, and life has become an ever widening joy. Especially is this the case among the children.

And the problem has been solved upon lines which the sociologists have not dreamed of. Yet the solution is of universal application, for the students are from all walks of life and from many lands; indeed it would be difficult to find greater contrariety. They are not sentimental dreamers. They are foremost in their arts, crafts and professions; men and women of sound common sense, with strong business instincts. Some of them are among the foremost business men of New York and elsewhere. But despite their diversity they are welded into a profound harmony which deepens with time.

There are no questions of rent or interest to lead to evictions and foreclosures. The laws of rent, wages, and interest are applied in a new way. The pressure of population upon the means of subsistence is not to be feared, and the margin of cultivation is never mentioned. Even the fundamental axiom of sociologists, "that men seek to gratify their desires with the least effort," has been upset and must be restated.

A Road that may be Shorter than it Seems

The salubrity of the climate, the delightful and equable temperature; the unequaled grandeur and majesty of the scenery; the fertile soil, which will produce to vigorous maturity almost every species of plant life, with no more care than it gets in its native land; the exquisite beauties of the colors displayed on mountain and plain, on sky and sea; all that gives to Loma-land those charms of Elysian splendor that bring joy and harmony to the heart of man is not sufficient to account for the results in practical life achieved by the students.

To those who are not acquainted with the facts, this appears a wild exaggeration. And even if true, they say, such a condition is too far removed from common humanity to be of practical value as an example. They admit that it may be possible for a few select men and women to live in such ideal harmony; but they are confident that even the most advanced nation must travel a long way before it can reach such heavenly perfection.

But this apparently long road may be shorter than it seems. There are certain evident facts in the evolution of humanity, which not only have the masses ignored, but even sociologists and modern metaphysicians have failed to appreciate in the adjustment of human relations and progress. Yet these are so evident that they have but to be studied to be understood; and when seen, the true form of human organization becomes so startlingly obvious that the mystery of the ages is why humanity has so long failed to recognize and conform to it. For without this scientific organization, only the discord and chaos which has disgraced and debased mankind all these centuries can exist, and real progress is impossible. What is this true human organization? Briefly it is this, and all who investigate will see it:

Humanity is evolving on four different planes and proceeds from lower to higher levels. Manifestly, then, none but those of the highest spiritual plane can truly

guide the ship of human progress. But this fact has been lost sight of, through the selfishness and consequent ignorance of mankind; and frequently the ignorant and ambitious have been in authority, carried thence by their blatant egotism, and the rightful pioneers of the race have had to go behind the scenes, and do the best they could there. They will not force themselves upon unwilling humanity; that itself would be a violation of the law of evolution; but they are ever ready to serve when humanity calls upon them. The crew has mutinied and the ship is without a captain; and although the charts and compass are ample there are none who can understand them, and all are lost and bewildered. This is the situation today.

But a short outline of the characteristics of the different planes will make the situation clearer. The first may be called the plane of desire. Those who live in it are actuated by no higher motive than the acquisition of means to gratify their personal desires, passions and emotions.

Those whose Love for Humanity is Paramount

The motive of the votaries of the second plane is similar in kind but higher in degree; it is the plane of the mind. The actions of people on this plane are characterized by calculation as to results. The brooding politician and the unscrupulous business man belong to its lowest form. To its higher form belong those who are actuated by the love of art, craft, or object of pursuit, which may be good, beautiful and true, but is worshiped from a personal desire or ambition and is selfish; for if the devotee were asked to do something for the benefit of humanity which he considered disagreeable, he would refuse; ostensibly on the ground that it was not in his line, but in reality because he did not care whether humanity was benefited or not. Many of the scientific and religious fraternity belong to this plane.

The third plane is that of the soul, which, alas, also has its two aspects. On the lower are the greatest enemies of mankind, for they work knowingly and willfully for its destruction. Their continuous intrigues have been the instigation of the persecution and crucifixion of the true saviors of mankind, and the root of the strife and carnage which has made hideous with horror the dark centuries of the past. In the higher aspect there is a radical change of motive. They who live on this plane endeavor to eradicate everything personal from their character, and live to benefit humanity. Though full of the love of the good, the beautiful and the true, their love of humanity is paramount, and they are ready to do anything, whether the actual performance is agreeable or not. They have but a single object, the elevation of humanity and all creatures, and all their personal likes or dislikes will be surrendered to that end. They are the helpers of humanity. The higher poets, musicians and artists, our Carlyles and Emersons, live much on this plane.

The fourth is the plane of spirit. Those who have reached this plane are past masters of the third, and when they have become perfect they have finished their evolution as members of the human family, and become its Helpers and Teachers.

The True Helpers of the Human Race

Although each individual has in his character more or less of the principles of each plane, groups of individuals live more particularly on one or other of these planes. And although there is a correspondence between the attributes of the different planes, there is also a well-marked difference in motive as well as in everything else. But just as there are no clear-cut divisions in the line of entities on the scale of evolution between man and the stone, so there are no definite lines of distinction between the planes of human evolution. Yet there is a very decided distinction between a Salvation Army devotee and a Herbert Spencer. There is a wide difference between a Spencer and a Shakespeare, and also a wide range between a Shakespeare and a Christ. To humanity of the present day the latter live only as a memory in folk-lore, legend and religious distortions. Nevertheless they are the only true helpers of human evolution, for the simple reason that they alone know its direction, and without them humanity can make no progress. Even the progress which has been made, when such light did not shine upon men during the historical past, is due to their unseen aid.

This is but a statement of some of the facts of evolution which can be seen and proven by any one who will look.

We are climbing the mountain of knowledge and wisdom in the midst of a procession, which, so far as we can comprehend, must extend to infinity both downward and upward, but our vision reaches but a short distance in either direction.

The Point Loma students make no claim to a high standard in the scale of evolution. Their claim is that by the aid of the experience and the teachings of Theosophy they see the real purpose of life—they have, to some extent, been able to conform themselves to the law of human progress. These facts of evolution have been pointed out by their Leaders and Teachers, H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley, and this is the reason of their profound reverence for them.

The first step toward real progress is to live to benefit mankind. When a band of people have surrendered all personal desires to that end, they have, practically, but one common desire; and if they have full confidence in one who knows how to direct their thoughts and energies, there can be no conflicting interests, and harmony must prevail, giving the greatest possible results with the least expenditure of energy. This is the true form of human organization which produced the Golden Age of divine kings in the past and will bring again the Golden Age of the future. It is because this is the form of The Universal Brotherhood Organization that the students have achieved such results in practical life. The practice certainly proves the theory.



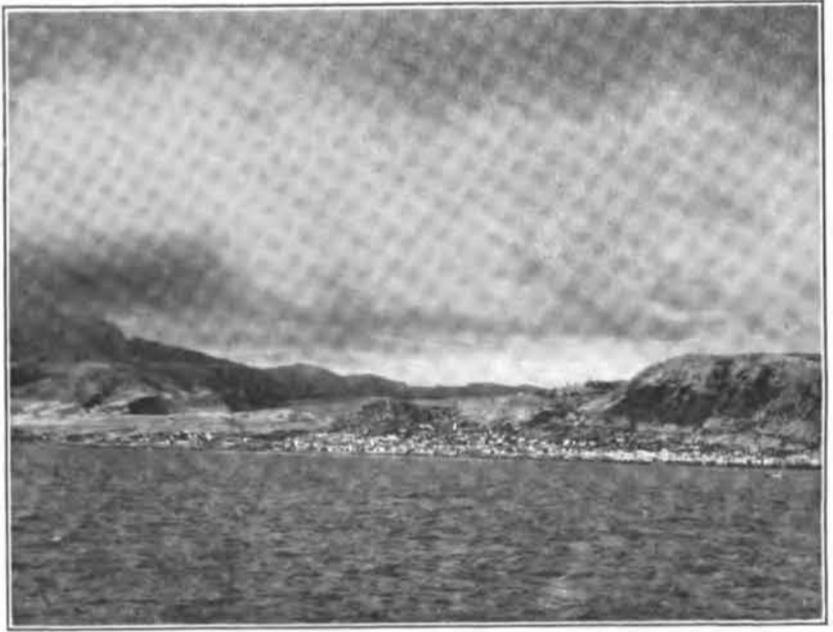
A BELL on the ruined Richmond estate, St. Vincent, inscribed "John Warren, Founder, London, 1801," standing sentry over the ruins of the house. The trunk of the tree leaned away from the volcanic storm, and was thus saved



MONT PELEE in eruption during the destruction of St. Pierre de Martinique. Only faint outlines of the volcanic mountain are visible, the whole surface being covered with a thick coating of gray mud and ashes thrown from the crater



A VIEW of St. Vincent from the leeward side, showing a stream of hot mud as it poured out of the volcano of La Soufriere, running down the mountain side into the water and sending up great jets and clouds of steam (May 25, 1902)



BIRDSEYE VIEW of the ruins of St. Pierre after the second eruption (May 28) On the hill to the right was a large statue of the Virgin visible from far out at sea. This statue was thrown violently to the ground and demolished

THE eruption which buried the city of St. Pierre with all its inhabitants will reckon as one of the great calamities

The St. Pierre Disaster

of history and be numbered with the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum and the earthquake of Lisbon. Professor Robert Hill of the U. S. Geological Survey gives some information in the *New York Herald* on the character of this and similar outbursts. He says:

The outburst of Mont Pelee is the culmination of recent volcanic disturbances. Colima, Mexico, was lately in eruption, while Chilpancingo, the capital of the State of Guerrero, was nearly destroyed by earthquakes which followed. Only a few days ago the cities of Guatemala were shaken down by tremendous earthquakes. . . . Although widely distant, there seems to be a geological relation between the Caribbean and the Central American volcanic chains. . . . It is a singular fact that both of these volcanic chains are of that peculiar

type which erupt cinders and mud, and it certainly appears as though there were some strong sympathetic relationship between them. . . .

Across the throat of the Caribbean extends a chain of islands (the Caribbees), which are really smoldering furnaces, with fires banked up, ever ready to break forth at some unexpected and inopportune moment. . . .

These volcanoes do not conform to the type which most people have in mind; for from them there flow no fiery streams of lava, nor do they always give days of warning before their outbreak. On the other hand, their eruptions consist of hot water, cinders and mud. Their explosions come with terrific suddenness and when least expected. In volcanoes which eject lava, the ascending column of molten liquid vibrates the earth for days or months before it reaches the surface, and the people of the vicinity can always foretell the eruptions. This is not the case with the cinder type, for they explode suddenly and do their damage without much warning.

H. T. E.

¶ Captain Welby, one of the most celebrated travelers of the day, is responsible for the statement that those who get into trouble with the natives of a strange country have usually only themselves to thank. Captain Welby has lived up to his own theories, and was justly popular with the aborigines in every country which he visited. Those who treat natives as human beings and therefore worthy of courtesy, consideration and sympathy, have rarely any cause to complain of their reception.

¶ San Diego is pushing to the front on commercial lines, as all who know the public spirit that animates many of her prominent business men are aware must be the case. For some time it has been rumored that a new hotel was to be built, to cost in the neighborhood of half a million. Recently the rumors have taken definite shape to the effect that such a hotel will soon be erected by U. S. Grant on the site of the old Horton House, the latter to be remodeled and used for part of the new hostelry.

A Fall from the Nest

I HAVE made a most notable discovery. It is probably already printed in many learned books, but as I never read it, the discovery is none the less mine. It consists of the way in which mother birds carry their young ones back to the nest after the first awkward, fluttering falls incidental to the science of aeronautics. It happened in this way. Some weeks ago I found a nest full of eggs in an olive tree, and I paid many furtive visits to the little home, until finally the smooth warm eggs gave place to six feathered and eternally hungry youngsters. From that time onward my observation was attended with greater difficulties. Hitherto the parents had contented themselves with a timid chirp of protest at my appearance, as though the irresponsive eggs had not yet fully aroused the mother and father instinct. But now the case was very different. Brooding patience had given place to strenuous exertion, and tireless self-sacrifice had called out all that there was of combative affection. Whenever my presence was detected—and I was cautious and secretive—I was greeted with fierce cries, and I am sure that very little provocation on my part would have resulted in physical violence upon theirs. But one day, in the absence of the parents, I found that one of the babies, now clothed and full of self-conceit, had fallen from the nest and was fluttering helplessly upon the ground. Stooping to examine it, and to replace it if I could, I saw that both tiny feet were tightly clasping a twig, and while I was wondering what this meant the parents returned and assailed me with the opprobrious language to which I was now accustomed.

I withdrew a few paces, and what was my surprise to see one of the parent birds stoop swiftly to the struggling youngster upon the ground, seize the twig firmly in its beak and by its aid lift the truant bodily and carry it back to the nest. That this was not a casual use of opportunity I satisfied myself by subsequent visits. Very soon the little ones began to make experimental trips from the nest, and their return from the ground was always, so far as I could see, in this way. A twig was found and firmly grasped, and thus provided with a handle, the little pupil was easily carried back to the nest by the mother.

A Summer Shower

WISE indeed and well spoken were the words of the great teacher of old when he said, "Behold the flowers of the field!" Take a walk, thou unbeliever! Come with me for a stroll along the cliffs of Loma-land and see the crowds of buttercups and dandelions, of fresh little daisies, of wild hyacinth and sweet peas, of tender fronds unfurling their dainty tracery to the breeze; of the thousand flowering forms lifting their tiny faces to the sky, drinking the nectar of a summer shower and giving back in color a song of joy. How the rain enables them once again to break the barriers between the unknown and the known, the unseen and the seen. How it helps them to clothe themselves anew in the garments of the earth and anew proclaims the existence of the soul and all the vast array of processes and

The Processes of Nature

A STUDENT on first coming to Point Loma observed that wherever bits of broken glass were seen scattered upon the ground they were usually of a more or less purple color. On mentioning this to an older resident he was assured that any piece of glass, however clear and colorless, if allowed to remain long on the ground in the sunshine at Loma-land, would in time assume this purple hue. He was also told that it was due to some chemical property of the soil, drawn out and aided by the brilliant sunlight. Perhaps this same property accounts for the many shades of purple found in the flowers of Point Loma; but there must be some other properties to produce the soft whites and brilliant yellows. It is said that where gold is plentiful in the earth many yellow flowers are always to be found. What wonderful processes are forever going on around us and under our feet in this wonderful laboratory of nature. And science is ever trying from the outside to find it all out. If God, nature, man, and all creation are one, we must have the knowledge of all the hidden processes of nature within ourselves. When we pass the workshop of a blacksmith or a carpenter the sounds we hear tell us plainly enough the character of the work going on within. Have we not senses with which we may with equal certainty discern the processes by which nature works? Why should we not all hear these things? Why not see the diamond flaming down deep in the

hidden caverns of the earth, understanding how it has drawn its radiance from the sun, compressing through long ages millions of beams into the flashing fire of a single gem? Why not hear the harmony flowing from it? for everything has sound as well as color, light, heat, and life. Let us press back again, close, very close to nature, so that we may once again hear the beating of nature's heart. Was the poet, think you, only dreaming when he wrote:

Then I heard the flowers growing
And the grasses slowly creep,
And the streamlets softly flowing
From their hidden fountains deep.
C. E.



LOMA-LAND POPPIES



LOMA-LAND STUDENTS GARDENING

powers of nature! All this and much more came to me as I watched the rain drops trickling down the hillside, modeling the canyons and sculpturing beautiful forms, nourishing the earth and awakening life in myriad forms from the dry soil. How it brings into visible manifestation and clothes anew the multitudinous forms of life. Yet the world for ever cries, "Where is your evidence? Give me proof! Let me see and I will believe." What a lesson is here for the one who is investigating

the astral plane, the place of spooks. Let such an one study the flowers of the field, and let him substitute the study of nature and her laws; and man's relation to nature and the great whole, the universe—the universe which is well named the One Song. And yet perchance, despite the gloom and ignorance, the day may be nearer than we think when all men will be able to read the word of God in a simple shower of rain and to lift their hearts in song and gratitude to the things of the eternal.

STUDENT

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

King Menes and the First Egyptian Dynasty

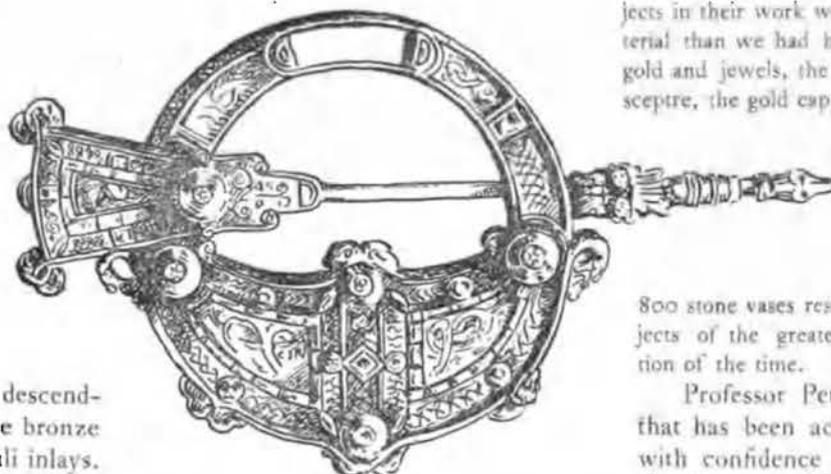
UNTIL the past few years modern research has been curiously sensitive on the subject of the antiquity of man, and the plough-point of knowledge cutting its furrows in the sands of antiquity has not infrequently been held back by the very hands that should have propelled it. The written records of the past have been consistently treated as myth and fable until more substantial discoveries have irresistibly lifted them into the realm of demonstrated fact, but in almost every instance the advance of knowledge in this particular direction has been conceded with reluctance and timidity. The causes are not far to seek. Theologic chronology, independent alike of research and of proof, has yielded only, as it were, at the point of the bayonet, while self-conceit, which is a collective as well as an individual disease, has found it hard to admit that the civilization of today is not the high-water mark of human progress, and that the humanities of today are but re-learning many of the lessons of long ago.

As an illustration of the conversion of myth into historical fact, we may take the story of the Egyptian King Menes, the founder of the United Monarchy, and the first historical ruler in the land of Khem. Little more than five years ago the critics and the savants were unanimous in their verdict that Menes was a mythical figure, and that the story of his remote reign was but a fable invented by those who loved to boast of their antiquity. Today the body of King Menes lies in the Gizeh Museum together with the fragments of carved ivory which were found within his tomb, and which show the great artistic skill to which his people had even then attained. Upon the ivory plaque is carved not only the life name of Men or Menes, but the KA name of AHA.

This is in itself sufficiently conclusive, but we have in addition the assurance of Professor Sayce that the objects found in proximity to the ancient tomb show clearly that Menes himself reigned at the conclusion of a long period of cultured civilization, that the hieroglyphic system of writing was even then highly developed, and that Egyptian art had reached no small measure of perfection. The figure of a dog carved from ivory is equal to the best work of later times, while the obsidian pottery had evidently been worked upon a lathe. It is curious also to note that the obsidian was presumably obtained from the Island of Santorin in the Ægean Sea, and that there must therefore have been intercourse between the Egyptians and the Greeks.

The Tara Brooch, a Relic of Ireland's Ancient Greatness

THE exquisite cloak-pin or "fibula," of which we give a rough outline, is known as the "Tara Brooch," and is now one of the greatest treasures of the Dublin Museum. It is one of the few remaining works of ancient art, which give an idea of the advanced state of the civilization of Ireland before the Norman invasion. Many similar brooches have been discovered in Northern Europe, but none can compare with this one for perfection of design and execution. It was discovered about 1850 by some poor children on the sea-shore at Drogheda, not very far from the famous Hill of Tara, the seat of the greatest center of the religious and political life of Ireland in early times, when the Ard-Ri, or high king, ruled the country in peace, and before the spirit of faction had broken out in the descending cycle. The fibula is composed of white bronze and gold, with amber, glass and lapis lazuli inlays. As a work of niello it is unrivalled, and it is unique in possessing small ornaments of glass carved to represent the human face. In order to appreciate fully the great variety of the workmanship, and the skill with which it is executed, it is necessary to examine it through a microscope of considerable power. By such an examination it will be found that there are not less than seventy-six varieties of pat-



tern introduced! The inlaid designs in the front of the brooch are made and mounted in flat pieces, in a manner which has defied the best filigree workers of the present day to account for its manufacture. To one side is attached a piece of silver chain similar in design to that made at Trichinopoly. The brooch was certainly made before the Twelfth century, but its exact date is unknown. The length of the pin is nine inches. Our sketch gives merely the barest idea of the general outline, as it is impossible to give, on such a small scale, an idea of the minute elegance of the intricate "strapwork" and other patterns. CASHEL

Roman Remains at Silchester

THE ancient Roman City of Silchester, near Reading, England, covered an area of one hundred acres, of which eighty have now been laid bare. The proceeds in the shape of plans, medals, coins, pavements, pottery, are now on exhibition in Burlington House, and form an extensive and valuable collection. It is evident that the City of Silchester was entirely civil, no trace whatever of fortification or camp having been discovered. The arrangement of the city shows that the straight American streets are not altogether so modern as has been supposed, the same method having been followed in this ancient city. Three hundred years ago the outline of the buried streets could be clearly traced by the difference in the color of the vegetation growing above them. STUDENT

The Chronology of Seventeen Egyptian Kings

SOME little while ago Professor Petrie made a speech to the members of the Egyptian Exploration Fund in the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House, London. The tone of his speech was one of justifiable exultation, not alone at the magnificent work which has been already accomplished, but at the alluring prospects of the future. We cannot perhaps do better than quote some few sentences which must serve as an epitome of what he had to say:

This year we have the satisfaction of completing the most important historical work that has yet come into our hands. The continuous order of seventeen Kings has been established, and the very foundations of Egyptian history have been settled in a manner which had hitherto seemed entirely beyond hope. The recovery of the Royal tombs of the earliest dynasties has given us, not only another Royal cemetery, but has provided the only contemporary history of their time, and completely vindicated the historical character of the lists which had been preserved by later ages. Now, the long line of a dozen kings back to Mena is clear before us; we have seen and handled the gold, the crystal, the ivory, with his name and engravings, and even the kings which went before him are better known to us than are half the Saxon Kings of England.

No such complete materialization of history has been obtained at one stroke from any other country or age. By the use of a trained body of workmen who had been taught in past years to notice and preserve the objects in their work we recovered a far larger amount of material than we had hoped for. The splendid bracelets of gold and jewels, the gold bar of Mena, the card and gold sceptre, the gold capped vases, were beyond all expectation, and the more instructive remains include about twenty engraved tablets and dozens of fragments, five Royal tombstones and 150 private tombstones, over 200 different sealings, nearly 100 inscriptions on stone vases, 800 stone vases restored, and many hundreds of small objects of the greatest interest as illustrating the civilization of the time.

Professor Petrie does well to exult in the work that has been accomplished, and we look forward with confidence to the realization of his hopes for the future. He is a conscientious, enthusiastic worker in a department of knowledge the importance of which is generally underestimated. Although his achievements have been gratifying, the prediction is ventured that his works have but touched the threshold of the real secrets that the ancient races of both Egypt and America will yet reveal to mankind. STUDENT

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

From *The San Diego Union*, Monday, July 7, 1902

A NEW VIEW OF INDEPENDENCE DAY

Large Audience at Meeting of Theosophists at Isis Theatre Last Night

The Fathers of the American Nation Were Free Men Before the Declaration of Independence

THERE was the usual large audience at the Isis Theatre last evening, the usual splendid music by students of the Isis Conservatory of Music, and the usual interest shown in the three brief addresses by students of Loma-land.

The first address of the evening was made by Mr. J. H. Fussell, who foreshadowed, in a most interesting manner, what he called "A New Independence Day."

"Another Fourth of July has come and gone," said he, "and we are thus brought face to face with one of the most important questions in our national existence—Shall we permit July 4, 1776, to pass into history as a mere date? Shall it be to us and our children a mere day of feasting and rejoicing? Or shall its anniversary recur to us each year in its broader, deeper significance of true freedom? Have we not a great responsibility before us, which we can only fulfill by learning for ourselves the true meaning of freedom, and then by teaching it to all the world?"

"If we study deeply the lives of the fathers of the American revolution we shall know what this true freedom is. For they were free men before they signed the Declaration of Independence. The Fourth of July, 1776, added nothing to their freedom—for only free men could have given freedom to a nation.

"Epictetus, though a slave, was a free man, and it was in this sense—this deeper, real meaning of the word—that those men who were strong enough to carry out their plans for a free nation, had themselves achieved freedom.

"True freedom is spelled in different ways. Sometimes unity spells it, or interdependence, or brotherhood. It is interesting to remember, in this connection, that one of the most powerful factors which made possible the success of the American revolution was the interdependence of the thirteen original States. Herein was the element of national brotherhood—a common ideal worked for in harmony and with the true spirit of brotherhood.

"As a nation we have made immense strides forward toward freedom, but we have not achieved it in its totality. For one nation to be free all nations must be free, for no man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself, and the same is true with nations.

"The American Independence Day was really the birth of freedom for all the world, and American citizens, as citizens of a free nation, owe it to themselves and to their fellow men never to rest in their struggle for true freedom until they have freed all the world.

"It is most significant, too, that in her early struggle for freedom, the United States had the assistance of representatives of foreign nations. Lafayette came to the struggling States from France, DeKalb and Steuben from Germany, Polaski from Poland; and it was a man of English birth, Thomas Paine, who first gave the young nation its living motto, 'The Free and Independent States of America.'

The Universal Brotherhood Organization is intensely patriotic and teaches the higher patriotism—that true patriotism that, while loving our own birth land with a pure and high devotion, yet realizes that its highest development can only be attained together with all the peoples of the earth. No one man can rise alone, and no one nation can rise or stand alone. Let us make July 4th not merely an American day, but a World day, for it is through brotherhood alone that humanity can attain its birthright."

The second address, which was delivered by one of the young lady students of Loma-land, was entitled "A Protest Against the Ignorance of the Age." The speaker pointed to the superficiality of modern life and deplored the practice of judging everything from the surface view. "How many people accept the responsibilities of life in the true spirit?" she asked. "How many of our public men know as much about the higher patriotism as they do about 'politics?' How many of our public institutions know what true education really is? How many men are there in the business world who think as much about the needs of their city as they do about what they can get out of it? How many realize the sacredness of home life and try to make it beautiful? How many are there in the churches who know their Christ?"

Mr. Kurt Reinemann presented the last subject of the evening, "On the Threshold of Life."

"A close student of past history and present tendencies," said he, "cannot fail to see that the low-water mark of human development has been passed, and that we are now again on the rising tide.

"The times of passive, negative 'goodness' are gone. We who are so in-

tensely active along what we call 'practical lines,' must, if we are honest with ourselves, be just as energetic along the truly practical lines of character building. We must attain that full, symmetrical development which gives to the soul, the worker within, perfect control of every faculty. And this attainment depends upon our own efforts. Our daily lives are full of hints and helps toward right living, if we will but so use them."

A Memorable Day in Loma-Land

LOMA-LAND, Sunday, July 6, 1902

TODAY is a gala day for the students of Loma-land, for we celebrate the birthday of our Leader and Teacher, our Protector and our Friend, Katherine Tingley. Early this morning came loving tributes to her door, and in the Temple ceremony a deep note was touched in the heart of every one. And, just as the vibrations of a bell resounding continue to move on and on, long after the sound has ceased to be perceived by the physical ear, so swept outward and on the vibrations of the heart tones sounded this morning beneath the purple dome that shelters a sacred place. In the center, flowers and little children, symbolic of all things pure; in the outer spaces the students in Grecian dress, true, brave, eager hearts, symbolic of all things purified.

And this afternoon came the crowning ceremony on the Temple Hill. But little more than five years ago Katherine Tingley laid the corner-stone of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity. Today, at this very moment, beside that corner-stone, the plow-point pierces earth that has been silent for hundreds of centuries, and the foundations of the Great Temple have been begun.

Something more than a year ago the Leader went away from Loma-land for a short trip among the lodges. "I am going," she said, "to see about cutting the stones for the Temple." But the months passed, and we saw no actual stones, and we questioned a bit about it, for we saw other things more wonderful than mere stones. We saw the lives of many of our comrades become purified, transformed, "squared," as it were. We saw others who would not bear the cutting and trimming at the hands of the Master Mason, "that alone would fit them for a place in the Temple, that Temple which is built of the hearts and lives of the loyal." These were quietly put aside as unfit, and the Movement was lightened of an incubus. And, one by one, we have seen our comrades find their way home—for Loma-land is home; nor is there any spot on earth which to the true student so well deserves the name of "home." And at last it has dawned upon us that the stones which were referred to by our Leader as being cut for the Temple were not of granite nor of marble. And today we know that the real Temple has been a-building all along. H. P. Blavatsky pierced the earth with the shining plow-point of truth and laid broad and deep the foundations. William Q. Judge guarded them against the plunderer at the cost of his life. It has been left to Katherine Tingley to finish the work which they began, and today she begins the work of making manifest on outer planes the Temple already builded on the inner.

In ancient days the true Temple was symbolic. Its every stone was symbolic of some Master-shapen life. Indeed, the real Temple cannot be built until its model first is formed, its stones, the hearts and lives of humanity. Comrades, can we not read between the lines? Know we not that this Temple beyond the Sacred Way might have been builded earlier had we only been loyal and faithful, and willing to be hewn to the square? It means more than we realize that its foundations can be begun today. It means that the battle of the ages has been fought and won. It means that the Ancient Wisdom shall again be taught unto mankind. It means that the Light has come to stay. It means that never again will the Teacher be driven, by our faithlessness, to forsake our own. It is the pledge and the ripened promise of the Golden Age. OBSERVER

THE next number of THE NEW CENTURY will contain a very interesting account of the quarterly examination of the children of the Raja Yoga School, which was held in the Aryan Temple on July 4th.

How I Became a Theosophist

Read by MRS. ISABEL BUTLER at Isis Theatre, June 22, 1902

DID you ever attempt telling something so much greater than your resources for telling it, that words failed you? Did you ever from a mountain top take a bird's-eye view of miles and miles of country where parts so matched as to make one vast scene which you long remembered?

Then did you think further how, going back into that valley, you found in each spot, each village, the epitome of the whole vast landscape, where, in its own peculiar way, the same teachings and same experiences came to be lived, and that in any or all of these the life of the whole was repeating itself?

In attempting to tell you how I became a Theosophist I seem to be standing on a mountain top, and looking far out over the valley-lands of all that has gone before in my life and which has marked the way. And as I scan my little life in

the vast sea of human lives, I know again each time that I faltered, and feel again the long level stretches lying between, and ever as I look the experience of each place, like a village, contains for me the epitome of the whole, and gives clear reason for the stand I have taken.

I can proclaim to you that Theosophy is for all. Whatever your position in life may be, the simple, direct answer to your problems will be found in this Wisdom Religion, because it speaks the language of the heart.

It has, like music, a heart tone all men can understand, and like music it is obliged to pass through its initial stage before this *simple, natural* light may come and dwell in the hearts of men. My life has not been one of ease nor in any way quiet and protected. On the contrary, it has been filled with stern necessities, many vicissitudes and changes, and cruel temptations.

I had early to make my own way in the world, and the first great shock of my life came at the age of fifteen, when my schoolmates were beginning to plan their future school careers. I had to face my father's failure in business and all that I saw in the narrow path opening before me was that of earning my own living. I could not read my opportunities then as I have since, or this would not have been the catastrophe that it seemed to be then. So, from the top rung of the senior class society I stepped aside and went into business life. I worked for two years, earning sufficient money to take me through the state Normal School.

Here, again, I was to face disappointment. This time, the money I had saved for my education went to pay doctor's bills, for the ambitious girl had overworked herself, and could not bear the grind after the first three months in school.

The sharp contrasts seen and felt in these events were now beginning to affect my nature and disposition, and I had a deep yearning which my prolonged illness intensified, to know about life and death. I had overheard older people seriously question my recovery, and the idea of dying held for me an unspeakable terror.

Naturally of a religious temperament, all my days had been spent in the various Sunday-schools, and as there was no special restraint put on my actions I managed to try them all one after another. I had been in the Baptist, Methodist, and Congregational, and Episcopal Sunday-schools, had taken the white ribbon for temperance, and been one of a party to form a literary institute among the young people of all these local churches.

At last I began to wonder why no one could tell me why things were so strangely out of tune.

I mention this merely to bring to your attention a common situation in life: that of sickness and privation, where no answer that satisfies the soul, has been given by the churches.

It is very well to talk about "Divine mercy" and "the providence of God" and the "chastening rod," when the soul is not too much athirst, but it does not do, after honest doubts, such as Thomas had, to bring one face to face with that higher sense of justice, that keener yearning of the soul to know about itself. No, then it *does not do*.

Look into the hearts and lives of those around you, those who have become indifferent about these fine points in life. See how they live, see how they abandon the soul-life, for sensation and pleasure, callous of its existence.

In my case, the reply of the churches did not satisfy me. I went out into the world again to earn my own living, as soon as I was able to do so, and for years following I worked incessantly and hard, reading and studying nights, doing routine work all day, making my own clothing, experiencing the difficult life of the "seventies" when "hard-times" threw many an old New England family into want and hardship. Born of the old blue-blood stock of New England, with all that implies concerning *honor* and *true nobility* of life, I could never drop to the indifferent line of "not caring," which so many who have to face these discouragements are unable to rise above.

I soon learned that the church and the people themselves believed in *externals*. What is seen on the face of things is the leading guide.



SOME OF THE CABINET MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD ORGANIZATION IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE HOMESTEAD, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Here again is a great error which the church has not been able to meet and deal with, because its light shines but dimly. It does not solve the mysteries of life. Long years I searched within its portals for an answer to the yearnings of my soul for light, and I searched in vain.

I saw old people die and I saw youth, and even dear little babies fade and die, and I heard the church formula for these occasions—"Dust to dust, ashes to ashes."

I turned from this picture back to the sorrowing, and felt the pang of their unspeakable woe. What, no explanation, no comfort, no help, no light! All too dark to see? "Does not your church and belief in its creeds bring light to your agonized soul now?" I queried. But whatever their answer would be, the fact remained that these did not

comfort, and their black garb of sorrow told the story. I married, and turned my mind and interests into the making of an ideal home as I best understood it then, but after a few years of happiness, my husband met his death in a most terrible accident. I could not speak of these things now, if I did not feel that I might, by so doing, help some sorrowing soul into the broader way.

Again, death; now my own situation to deal with. Words are inadequate to tell you the enormity of problems like this, which, so close to the life, so coincident with existence itself—and all that could be gleaned from the churches, which I then believed to be the best authority, left every one in the same place that I myself was in.

I grew cynical, for to my heart cry no answer came. Alas! Where was my God!

Words, words, fair words in every quarter, all men with a theory on their lips, but upon their faces and their lives was marked a contradiction.

Where could I see something that should be immutable, that should not palliate, but would cure my aching heart? I felt there were thousands in the same boat who, like myself, were scanning the way all along the same turbulent tide and drifting against the same rocks.

One day, by seeming chance, I heard about Theosophy through a friend who knew something of my almost hopeless search for light.

It happened that I was too busy for perhaps two days to touch upon the subject again; during this time I shall never forget how the word "Theosophy" kept coming into my mind and I think it was this fact more than any hope I had that led me to search into its truths.

I did not go far before I met the doctrine of Reincarnation, which awakened my hope, and with this key in hand I opened the new book of life, and as I turned, an unsuspected door had swung ajar, out of which came flashes of light.

Linked and interlinked were the circumstances of my life and by the use of this key many, many things came to be understood by me. I cried, "It is the Law, the immutable, the ever truthful, the Divine Law!"

Gone was my cynicism; gone my sarcasm; gone my complaint about justice and my personal griefs and demands. At last my prayer had been heard, my soul had found a mooring!

Again I took up the old book—the Bible—and I read understandingly, for *Theosophy is the revealer*. It gave to me the way to read between the lines, and to find the teachings of Christ, through the spirit of his great work. No longer could the letter mislead; no longer did I blindly have to fight in utter darkness.

When I read the works of H. P. Blavatsky I found she brought out the teachings of Jesus and this drew the Bible closer to my heart. How I marvelled at the writer, for she seemed to be writing for all humanity—she gave out the teachings and the remedy for all the sorrows of human life. At this time I had just stepped into Theosophy, and while these facts were sinking deep into my soul, the press at home and abroad were printing most horrible scandals about this writer and Teacher,

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 15

Students



Path

The Inward Purity

by JAMES ALLEN—Selected

FIND ye that life is anguish, and that self-love is a chain
That binds thy quivering soul, and cuts with biting stings of pain?
Grieve ye where Slander's serpents trail beneath fair flowers of Trust?
Or weep where Friendship buried lies 'neath Hatred's fulsome dust?
Then listen.—Selfish sweets are brief, and fleeting selfhood's ties,
But there abides a fadeless Love, a Life that never dies;
A path there is which Serpent slime hath never yet defiled,
Where weary feet find rest and peace, and are no more beguiled:
And that pure Love and Life are his whose inmost heart is free
From unforgiveness, judgment false, and self and enmity;
And that fair Path of Peace he walks whose memory holds no stain
Of injuries past; that blameless heart hath reached the end of pain.

A True Follower of Jesus

A REMARKABLE man, whose name, at least, has been a household word to multitudes in the south of England, has just passed away. This was the Rev. R. R. Dolling, the friend of the sailor, the soldier, the outcast, and all who needed help. Though his extreme views on certain points of doctrine alienated the sympathies of many of his colleagues in the Church of England and finally caused his removal from his desperately poor and wretched parish in the great seaport of Portsmouth, his whole-hearted love for humanity, his never-ceasing zeal for the uplifting of the unhappy, the criminal and the unfortunate, the social wrecks who piteously appealed to him day and night, and his extraordinary success in raising thousands of children from the gutter to respectability and happiness, obtained the unstinted admiration of all who were not cramped by the petty fetters of creed. Here was a man whose acts and deeds proclaimed him a true Christian, one who tried to carry out in his life what the great Master taught. His Christianity had none of that dogmatism which seeks to tear down institutions having the redemption of mankind for their aim. He was far too fully occupied with his own work to have time to give expression to an ungenerous thought, even if he ever felt one.

After being driven from Portsmouth, not for any wrong action, and having to leave his immense flock of poor people in the hands of those who did not possess that large-heartedness which drew all the wretched to him and uplifted them, in many cases, to honesty, he traveled in America, lecturing for the benefit of the poor, and finally accepted the incumbency of one of the most difficult, squalid and hopeless parishes in London—Poplar—where he again became the trusted friend, the hope and the redeemer of countless despairing souls. Here at the early age of fifty-one he died, worn out by a life of incessant toil endured for the sake of others.

His dinner parties were celebrated for the variety of the ranks and character of his guests. Daily around his simple table were to be found soldiers, sailors, crossing-sweepers, young men from Oxford, pickpockets, clerics, released convicts, shoeblacks, and sometimes a bishop! He used to tell a story, in this connection, of a visit the Bishop of Winchester once paid him, and his horror when the bishop elected to sit next a young man who had just been released from prison with the reputation of a notorious ring-stealer. "I never took my eyes off the Episcopal ring during the whole meal," said "Father" Dolling, as he was called. His charity was never confined to his own parish; the passport to his help was genuine distress, and he never let go of anyone he could assist. Truly "of such is the kingdom of heaven," for under whatever banner they happen to be enrolled the mainspring of their action is devotion to the interest of others—Love, Trust and Compassion.

Such workers, to be found of all religions, and of no religion, are true Theosophists, for they have learned the meaning of Universal Brotherhood and are co-workers with "that law which moves to righteousness."

About the time of Mr. Dolling's departure from Portsmouth a lodge of The Universal Brotherhood was started in the center of his dismal parish, and the work then commenced has been a constantly increasing benefit, a large Lotus Group, boys' and girls' clubs, etc., being now in full activity. This lodge was a direct outcome of the great Crusade of Katherine Tingley and the American Theosophists round the world in 1896. It is to the slums, "the dark places of the earth," which teem around us, however we may shut our eyes to the fact and try to look another way, that the work of Katherine Tingley, through The Universal Brotherhood, comes as a ray of light, promising "liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

How can any true hearted man or woman hesitate, even for a moment, to help a truly divine work of compassion like this! How can any worker stop to think of "self-development" while the whole world cries for help?

The Broader View

WE are becoming familiar with the controversy as to the personality of Adam, and with the young theological aspirants whose careers have been checked because their views upon Old Testament history do not happen to coincide with those of the board of examiners. We are glad to see that Professor Charles F. Kent, who holds the chair of biblical literature at Yale University, has been interviewed upon this subject, and we hope that his weighty words, couched as they are in a mold of broad and intellectual toleration, will do much to divert attention from the mere letter that killeth and to direct it towards the Spirit which keepeth alive.

Professor Kent very truly points out that "the pathetic fact in connection with the present discussion is that the fundamental spiritual truths that the narrative seeks to teach are lost sight of in the contention of its historical accuracy, which was entirely secondary with the authors."

He goes on to show, as his eminent scholarship so well enables him, that the story of the Garden of Eden is to be found in ancient theologies long antedating the Jewish period, and that it was adopted by the Hebrews, not in the sense of a page of historical fact, but rather as a poetic focus of prophetic truth, and as a means for presenting that truth with the greatest force and effect. The professor readily admits that he holds similar views with regard to other Old Testament stories, and that their value is not thereby diminished, but, rather, immeasurably enhanced.

We heartily welcome words of such manifest wisdom, and we are well assured that they substantially make for the intellectual and moral liberation of Christendom. We would, however, point out (and here, too, we have the support of Professor Kent's precept and example) that those who are in possession of facts such as these, and who rightly believe that they tend towards a mental freedom, will find that the best weapon of their armory is moderation of tone and a care for the susceptibilities of others.

There is that within our common human nature which gives a characteristic of invincibility to the quiet presentation of truth. Our manifested reliance upon the innate force of truth, and upon the law which sustains it, will be the best evidence of the value of the broader view which, by our example, we would recommend to others. STUDENT

The King's Ring

ONE of our recent books which is worth quite as much from the standpoint of history as of romance is *The King's Ring*, by Zacharias Topelius, the most noted of the literary men of Finland. The hero is the beloved Swedish king and warrior, Gustavus Adolphus, whom we follow through the victories and the vicissitudes of Marienburg, Lech, Regnitz, and the fatal battle of Lutzen. Says one critic of this book:

Old-fashioned and extremely amusing is the melodramatic Jesuit villain of the novel, Father Hieronymus, whose playthings are trap doors, secret passages, daggers concealed in crucifixes, and poisoned drinks. Still, when he was trapped in a hut where he was engaged in the pleasant pastime of cutting off Bertel's companions' ears, he escaped by the exceedingly simple device of jumping out of the window, leaving us to wonder why the three victims did not think of the same expedient. Jesuits and monks are everywhere, concealed under the disguise of honest men.

New Jersey Catholics Protest

NEWARK, N. J., June 15—The American Federation of Catholic societies of New Jersey at a meeting of more than 200 delegates, including Bishop McFaul of Trenton, Monsignore Doan of Newark, Monsignore Mulligan of Camden, and other noted divines, held at Institute Hall, today adopted a resolution offered by John P. Dullard of Trenton, calling on the president to investigate the school systems in the Philippines. The resolution follows:

"Whereas, The American government has recently established a system of public schools in the Philippines under the management of Protestant ministers, and whereas, the ministers are employing the schools to the detriment of the Catholic people of those islands with the apparent consent of this government, therefore be it

"Resolved, That the American Federation of Catholic Societies of New Jersey protests most vigorously against this system of education, and requests his excellency, the President of the United States, to investigate this grievance and to take means for the abolition of this scheme designed for the destruction of Catholicity."—*Milwaukee Free Press*

The
Chadbourne Furniture Co.

W. L. FREVERT, *Manager*

We aim to carry an entirely up-to-date stock of house furnishings, and, for style and variety of goods, cannot be outdone in Southern California. We are glad to show visitors through our extensive store-rooms.

STORE-ROOMS

SIXTH & D STREETS

San Diego, Cal.

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be one season or another. Paint will set tougher during the winter, and of course that gives durability. One point favoring winter. There are others favoring summer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so often as houses painted with any other paint, because it has more body to withstand action of the elements. There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per gallon.

We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.

WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS

7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

D. L. HOOVER

G R O C E R

SIXTH & H STREETS
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Telephone Black 11

The Songs of America

In one sense national music is any music which is beloved by a nation. Under this head would come "Home, Sweet Home" and "Suwanee River," a more tender lyric of home and its memories than Stephen C. Foster's "Old Folks at Home," of which about 500,000 copies were sold. It was often under interdict during the Civil War because it made soldiers downhearted. Another kind is of a patriotic nature.

Often a national song is at first of local fame and interest, and by merit becomes national, and may even be spread the world over. Thus, as the voice of friendship and loyalty, "Auld Lang Syne" is known the world over, and the "Marseillaise," which began as a marching song for a corps of the army of the lower Rhine, became the universal cry of liberty, in patriotic struggles everywhere. The whole composition came to Rouget de l'Isle in one night, 1792.

Two French songs sung during the Reign to Terror were in some degree induced by American events, and these form a preliminary to our American music. In revolutionary times and previously there was but little music in America.

During the revolution there was no American composer of note. No American tune during the revolution took root as the one which began and ended the war, and existed in England in 1775 and 1776—"Yankee Doodle." The words were written during the French and Indian war by Dr. Richard Shuckburg, a British surgeon, in a sort of parody way on seeing some of the New England troops marching into Albany, and set to an old English dancing tune.

In Europe "Hail, Columbia," is considered our chief national anthem, and has certain rights to be so considered, as it was composed on American soil, only they put the cart before the horse, and the tune was composed and played nine years before the words were fitted to it. The tune was known and immensely popular as "Washington's March," and played till it was threadbare.

Nine years after it was written, Gilbert Fox, an actor, was to have a benefit. He was announced to sing a new patriotic song, and got Joseph Hopkinson to write words for him to the tune of "Washington's March." A new patriotic tune meant everything in those times. The theatre was crowded. Fox sang the song, and had to sing it over eight times, and then the audience sang the chorus. This was in 1798, and it was called "The New Federal Song."

The oldest of our national tunes is the English national anthem, "God Save the King," and even during the revolution people sang the tune with patriotic words. Several songs were sung to the tune with varying success, and in 1832 the melody was given in good earnest by the Rev. S. F. Smith at a children's temperance celebration at the Park Street church in Boston, and it has taken such root that "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," became our national melody.

Now, a word about what we call our chief tune, "The Star Spangled Banner." The words were formed here, the music abroad, and there is much false history about it. It began as a drinking song in 1765, of an English club, which met at the Crown and Anchor Inn on the Strand. Later, in 1802, it was used as a Masonic tune, and in 1798 Thomas Paine, at Boston, put words to it, called it "Adams and Liberty," and it was sung everywhere. In the darkest part of the war of 1812, Francis Scott Key, watching the British bombard Fort McHenry wrote, in a moment of inspiration, this national song, "The Star Spangled Banner."

"John Brown's Body" was first sung in a purely local way at Fort Warren, but it became the chief marching song of our army in the rebellion, and Julia Ward Howe set to the inspiring tune the great hymn, "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord," and thus was a song of war transformed to a song of peace.—*Boston Herald*

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, *President*
G. B. GROW, *Cashier*
W. R. ROGERS, *Assistant Cashier*

Every facility and security offered to our patrons and the public generally. Collections and exchanges on all points.

KELLY'S LIVERY
POINT LOMA
COACH LINE

*Special Coaches for Select Parties
arranged by telephone*

DEALER IN FIRST-CLASS HORSES

THIRD & F STS., PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

THE
Lion Clothing Co.
CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"
STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

Electric Laundry

NELSON SNYDER, *Proprietor*

16TH & I STREETS

TELEPHONE BLACK 731

No Saw Edges on Collars and Cuffs

Isis
Conservatory of Music

of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Personal applications and inquiries received every Saturday by the Secretary at

San Diego Branch 1940 B St.

HOURS 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

Full particulars sent by mail on application, address

J. H. FUSSELL, *Secretary and Treasurer*

Isis Conservatory of Music Point Loma, Calif.

GEORGE T. VERNON
Tailor

1110 FIFTH STREET - SEFTON BLOCK
Telephone Black 1912

ENTERTAINMENT
by Children of the

Raja Yoga School
EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON
in the
Aryan Temple, Point Loma
Tickets 50 cents

Bank of Commerce
841 FIFTH ST., bet E & F Sts., SAN DIEGO
Capital, \$100,000
Reserve & Undivided Profits, \$46,837.23
R. M. POWERS, President F. W. JACKSON, Cashier
GRAHAM E. BABCOCK, Vice-President C. L. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier
DIRECTORS—R. M. Powers, Graham E. Babcock, J. F. Sinks,
A. H. Frost, Chas. T. Hinde, U. S. Grant, & F. W. Jackson
General banking business transacted. Exchange drawn direct on all principal cities of United States and Europe. Prompt attention given to collections.

EDWARD M. BURBECK
BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Copper Plate Engraving & Printing
Steel Dies, Crests, and Monograms
Largest & most varied stock of Books
and General Literature in the City
1051-59 FIFTH STREET, SAN DIEGO
"Burbeck's Big Bookstore"
Toys Games Souvenirs Office Supplies City and County Maps

"Where Rail and Tide Meet, There Cast Anchor"
Investors, Speculators, & Real Estate Dealers
GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR AT SAN DIEGO EARLY

San Diego is the Open Door to the Orient & Investors now will be Capitalists later
CAN'T YOU SEE THE HAND OF DESTINY?
—2700 miles saved in encircling the globe via this port
—Three Transcontinental Railroads heading for this Harbor
—The Commerce of the Southwest and of the Pacific is being concentrated at the Bay of San Diego
—Look out for Big Developments; the Market is active now

If you want to Buy or Sell there, address **D. C. Reed**
Established 1870 Ex-Mayor of San Diego

HOW I BECAME A THEOSOPHIST
CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 11

and it then came to my knowledge that her persecutors belonged to that class who had been teaching me to find God through their creeds. Then I was aroused, Then I became her defender, for had I not met this one, as soul meets soul? Had I not gratitude, that best of weapons?

And so, day by day and year by year, I have followed the path which Theosophy opened to me. I have never faltered, I have never doubted. My soul has grown stronger in seeking the light.

I have learned the deeper meaning of human life, and my hope is, that through noble service I may help to lift the great weight of woe that lies upon the heart of humanity today.

The French Associations Bill and the Pope

Speaking on the recent Religious Associations Bill to a party of French Pilgrims, the Pope recently said: "This law will prove to be the most serious attack on religion that France has witnessed for a long time. It is the Pope who is aimed at; it is him they are striking in endeavoring to withdraw the most faithful of his children from his authority. Freemasonry, which governs everything, wishes to put its hand on the Church as on everything else, on the regular as well as on the secular clergy, in order to secure a separation from Rome, a schism. They want to get separation of the Church from the State while they keep authority over the clergy, and finally secure the abrogation of the Concordat. I foresee the gravest evils menacing poor France."

A Pinioned Butterfly

The following incident is related in one of Maria Edgeworth's letters, and indicates a deep sympathy in her nature:

"We went the other day to see a collection of natural curiosities at a Mr. Broderip's. My father observed that he had but very few butterflies.

"No, sir," he said. "A circumstance that happened to me some time ago determined me never to collect any more butterflies. I caught a most beautiful butterfly, thought I had killed it and ran a pin through its body to fasten it to a cork. A fortnight afterward I happened to look in the box where I had left it, and I saw it writhing in agony. Since that time I have never destroyed another."

A CURRENT writer laments that some of the native East Indian regiments, particularly those in the Punjab, have adopted the bagpipe, not to mention the fact that there are now something more than twenty bagpipe bands in the British army. Since time unrecorded, musical critics have quarreled over that curiously unmusical instrument called the bagpipe. In fact, it was once decided by a jury that it was not a musical instrument at all! It appears that some one must have taken up arms in its defense, else why so many bagpipe bands in the British army?

THE number of volumes in the British Museum Library, according to a recent counting, is now over 2,000,000. There are more than 16,000 volumes of London newspapers, about 47,000 volumes of provincial newspapers, counting Welsh as well as English, 10,000 volumes of Scottish papers, and 9,000 from Ireland.

A CALM, restful temper grows as self is learning to lose itself in God. Such grace tells gradually on the daily life; even the minutest detail may be brought under the power of God, and carried out in union with him.—T. T. CARTER

EVERY kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier. If there were no birds man could not live on the earth.—GEO. T. ANGELL

SEARCHLIGHT

NO. 6

Special number issued to the public

CONTAINING A FULL REPORT OF THE
Great Debate on Theosophy & Christianity

HELD AT THE OPERA HOUSE, SAN DIEGO, CAL., ON SEPTEMBER 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, AND OCTOBER 6 AND 13, 1901

SEVENTY-TWO PAGES

Notwithstanding the increase in the cost of publishing, owing to the largely increased number of pages, the price remains the same as heretofore

FIFTEEN CENTS

The Theosophical Publishing Co.
Point Loma, Cal.

You will need a copy for yourself and several copies to send to your friends. The edition is limited.

An Address
by Katherine Tingley
in the Opera House
at San Diego, Sunday evening, March 16th
1902

Neatly printed and bound, containing half-tone illustrations of the Opera House, Loma Homestead and the Aryan Temple. This is the first public address of Katherine Tingley after her purchase of the Opera House, and in it is outlined broadly her plans for the beautiful theatre and its occupation by the Isis Conservatory of Music. Sent post paid for TEN CENTS.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Souvenir Postal Cards of Loma-land

PRIVATE MAILING CARDS, PRINTED ON FINEST IVORY-FINISH CARDBOARD 13 different half-tone glimpses of Loma-land on which to send your Brotherhood Thoughts all over the world. A stream of them should be kept in circulation by every member.

2 for 5 cents (postage 1c extra) . \$0.06
50, postpaid, for 1.00
100, " " 1.50

Sent assorted unless ordered with specifications. Order from THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO. POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The New Century



Year \$2

Point Loma, San Diego, California

Copy 5¢



Vol. V

JULY 20, 1902

No. 36

The New Century

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Two Dollars; other countries in the Postal Union, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; payable in advance Single copy, Five Cents

Communications for the Editor, manuscripts, reports, books and periodicals for review should be addressed, "Katherine Tingley, Editor *The New Century*, Point Loma."

The editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

Articles will not be considered by the editor unless signed by the author and marked with the number of words contained. In no case is manuscript returned.

Address all Business communications, including subscriptions, and make all remittances (in bank drafts or money orders, payable to The New Century Corporation) to "Clark Thurston, Point Loma, Cal."

To comply with recent postal regulations, all Post-Office money order remittances should be made payable at San Diego. The remittances, as well as all other mail, should be made to Point Loma, as usual.

Entered at the Post-Office at Point Loma, Cal., as second-class matter Nov. 30th, 1901
Copyright, 1902, by Katherine Tingley

Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

**Alone
with
One-self**

FOR many years tricked out in a striking mental garb of his own weaving, he was one day stripped naked, and shortly died of exposure to facts.

If the truth were on tombstones, that epitaph would be monotonously frequent.

Let anyone who doubts that "dress makes the man" study his difference of feeling when clothed in a shabby business suit, and when in correct evening dress. In each case the dress has aroused an imagination of himself; and that picture which he forms of himself is his answer to the question, How shall I look to others?

But the matter goes deeper than tailored vestments. Each thinks of himself as a shrewd business man, as a flawless gentleman, as a wit or orator, as an important figure in the town or state. He walks about clothed in this, and wants others to take him at that figure.

Some time, facts are too strong for him; they strip away his garment. People make it clear to him that they know him for none of those things he has wished to have them think him. Without doubt, too, he had been hypnotized by his own picture and believed it to be real. So he is chilled almost to death, his strut lamed, his garment of imagination torn to shreds; he is alone with his poor little stripped personality.

Many men almost give up the effort of life when this happens. Established habit may carry them on for years; a new way of life or a new interest may call out energy for a new start. But too often such an unclenching kills all energy, undermines health, and becomes secret cause of many an early, unnecessary, and essentially unexplained death.

It is one of the diseases of the age to try to *appear* this or that. To some comes disillusionment, cold and bitter, by the stripping bare of the personality. To others it comes by another way, by way of the question—What are you, where are you, after all,

**On the
Rock of
Ambition**

now that you have *become, achieved*, all that your ambition painted?

Whether ambition achieves, or vanity *thinks* itself to have achieved, they wreck themselves at last on the

same rock, even though the wreck be delayed many lives, or be on the other side of death.

The only safety lies in learning that selfhood that is not egotism, whose center is the heart, and whose radiation is peace. STUDENT

WE congratulate the *Los Angeles Herald* on the high stand it is taking in defense of morality and honor, and on its clean-cut exposure and criticism of the *Los Angeles Times*. Too many people and too many newspapers, through inertia or a fear or dislike of arousing opposition, are content to pass by things which they know in-

disputably to be subversive of order and decency, so long as they themselves are not directly and immediately affected thereby.

But those who have the welfare of humanity at heart must be willing to arouse the opposition and to meet the conflict which is inevitable when good is brought face to face with evil, order with chaos, self-respecting honor and dignity with license and willful misrepresentation.

Theosophy Leavening the Churches

THE following, from *The Christian Register* of Boston, should be read by all church members. It is only another evidence of the way in which Theosophy is leavening the churches:

Some of the creeds for which men once gladly died, are slowly crumbling under the touch of new knowledge. They have been undermined, and now stand poorly propped to make a show of continuity between the present and the past. Such as have quietly become a dead letter are virtually abolished. Others may linger on as survivals, until their meaning is forgotten, and the people discover they can love God and worship him under the simplest declaration of belief. In many cases the creed has already gone out of the sermon. It had vanished from the pew at perhaps an earlier date. A creed printed in a book and seldom repeated by the people, except on the day of joining the church or at times of special catechising, is, as it were, laid up in lavender. It becomes a sacred relic, but has no real bearing on life and practice. A creed reiterated every Sunday brings a greater strain on tender consciences that are not perfectly sure of the meaning or the truth of all its phrases. Creed-tinkering is now one of the absorbing occupations of religious bodies. The very fact of the necessity of a new adjustment of doctrines supposed to be infallible, very truth of very truth, is a fatal confession of error in the original statement; and the result can never bring back faith and fervor to revamped forms of words that have served their day and should cease to be.

Child Crime and Child Responsibility

E. W. and B. W., two little children aged 10 and 12 years, were convicted of having rifled the mail boxes at the post-office. Probably other children have been guilty of the same offenses.

SO runs a paragraph in this morning's papers, sample of similar paragraphs every day. Not only are the figures of precociously early *theft* rapidly increasing, but crimes of infinitely worse nature. It is an age of swift development, whether for good or evil. The consciousness of humanity is becoming more and more plastic, more and more sensitive to the currents of thought, to the floating pictures of deeds. Many of these children are quite irresponsible, only acting mirrors of what is going on about them. The burden of responsibility is on us, the elders. Often the criminals and the children are but the *doers* of what we have merely *thought* and *wished* under our cloak of responsibility of *act*. STUDENT

Prophets of Evil

THE sensationalism of pseudo science has received something of a check at the hands of Professor Whitfield, geologist of the New York Museum of Natural History. Commenting upon certain predictions of seismic disaster which have been so freely circulated, the learned Professor endeavors to make it clear that there is no way known to science by which earthquakes can be in any way predicted. He points out that the Hudson River runs over a rocky bed, and that there is therefore no way in which its waters can penetrate to such subterranean fires as might otherwise be within reach. Any earthquake that might occur in the State of New York would be due to an accumulation of gases beneath the crust of the earth. This might of course occur anywhere, but there is absolutely no reason to suppose that it is the case in the locality in question, nor is there any known way of ascertaining, or of predicting the future in this respect. STUDENT

The Eagle Peak Grade

THE illustration on the cover page of THE NEW CENTURY this week shows one of the mountainous sections of San Diego county. The scene is on the famous Eagle Peak trail, seventeen miles above Lakeside. In the distance is the Cuyamaca range, while the most prominent mountain in the middle ground is Eagle Peak. The trail runs to the mining and agricultural center of Julian, where the best and the earliest apples in Southern California are produced. The illustration is from a photograph by Mr. A. C. Platt, of Santee, San Diego County, California.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Theory of a New Sense

WE have read somewhere recently the theory of a new sense, which is called the sense of obstacles. It enables a person to discern the neighborhood of an obstruction in the dark, and is located in the middle of the forehead. There is also said to be a sense which enables a man to maintain his balance, and one which enables him to estimate the weight of objects. In animals too there are evidently senses which are not included in the five familiar ones.

Now all this is a good instance of a tendency on the part of some scientists to multiply and complicate our view of nature. It is the method of regarding things as a mass of details instead of as a whole.

But surely we have also scientific sanction for the view that all senses are but differentiations (specializations or localizations) of one general sense. This general sense is that of touch and resides on the external surface of organisms. On the skin generally it is touch, in the eye it becomes vision, in the tongue taste; but all are modifications of the one sense—touch.

Where Sensation Resides

This view simplifies one's comprehension of faculty, human and animal, and, we might add, vegetable and mineral; for we can say that the animal *feels or senses* things that we do not, and leave the matter there, instead of inventing special new senses. And we may go a step further than modern science, and, instead of locating sense in the skin, place it in that finer and invisible substance that pervades and extends around the body. Thus we get an explanation that will include perception at a distance and similar otherwise miraculous faculties. Finally, let us say that it should never be forgotten that science is still utterly in the dark as to *how* an impression gets from the eye to the mind; and therefore there is no greater mystery in the process which conveys an impression from (say) the North Pole to the mind. Man trains his sense to perceive things in his immediate neighborhood, as his interests are mostly limited thereto; but, if he should ever expand his ideals of life and enlarge his interests beyond the narrow sphere of self, he might discern things afar as easily as things near. It is a question of use and familiarity. Again it must be remembered that such machinery as the æther, light-waves, etc., was devised as an explanation of phenomena that previously existed; and that it would not be difficult to devise similar machinery in explanation of any other human faculty that might be developed.

H. T. E.

A New Type in Business

MENTION has been made heretofore of men of executive ability, but modern conditions have called into existence a new type, which directs the men of executive ability. To call this new type of man the harmonizer, would not be a misnomer. Men of executive ability have, as a necessary characteristic, aggressiveness, and this aggressiveness, almost of necessity, without any consciousness of injustice on the part of those who have it, tends to cause them to reach out beyond what is, possibly, their proper domain. Now, in all great organizations there are departments or sub-organizations, and at the heads of these departments, if they are to be managed successfully, there must be these men of executive ability, who if they were not held within bounds, would be constantly over-running and entering upon the spheres of the others; so that there always has to be amongst such a group of men one whose function it is, whether recognized or not, to keep the balance between them, preventing, as far as possible, the clashing which would otherwise occur; and such an one, perforce, holds the supreme position.

The power of the harmonizer is largely the result of position. Of course he could not have attained such a position had he not great ability, but having risen through the various sub-grades and attained the position, from then on it is a question of this position more than of anything else. It therefore happens that the directors of great enterprises frequently have very little to do with the direct management of such enterprises. That the world is beginning to recognize with considerable clearness, this new condition and this new type, is shown by the frequent use made in

The Sense of Proportion

financial reports and articles of commerce of the word "unification." So it is by a process of unification and harmonization that we have entered and are entering upon conditions never known before or, at least, never known within historic times.

The directors of great enterprises are now beginning to perceive that they must take into consideration all interests involved. They may apparently not do this, but their not doing so is only apparent and not real. They must consider the question of the capital involved and its remuneration, the common labor employed and its compensation, the talent used and its recognition. The problem confronting them is a problem of proportions. All questions which engross the attention of modern thinkers on economics, no matter how partisan they may be, and how their sympathies may lie, are questions of proportion, and if this were clearly recognized there would be less ill-feeling in regard to many supposed antagonisms.

Biz

Natural Factors in Disease

DR. READ has been carrying out some remarkable experiments at Camp Lazear, Quemados, Cuba. The object is to ascertain the manner in which yellow fever is communicated from one person to another, and the Doctor seems to have been successful in establishing a complete case against the mosquito. Some of these insects were fed on the blood of a yellow fever patient and were then allowed to bite some individuals, who had been carefully isolated for many days, and who were of course willing to undergo the experiment. The disease was developed in four days, although five weeks had elapsed since the infection of the mosquito itself. Men bitten by "fourth-day" and "eleventh-day" insects remained free, but developed yellow fever after being bitten by "seventeenth-day" insects, and in one case by a "fifty-seventh-day" insect. Seven men were then selected and placed, for a period of twenty-one days, in an atmosphere absolutely saturated with yellow fever and with every factor in their surroundings which, under ordinary hypotheses, should result in the disease. They were none of them in any way affected, and from these experiments, which seem to have been carried out very carefully and thoroughly, Dr. Read concludes that yellow fever is in no way infectious, but that it is the result of a transfusion of blood by means of mosquito bites. If this is eventually confirmed and accepted, this terrible disease ought soon to be an affair of the past.

No less interesting is an apparently successful attempt to show a correspondence between sun-spots, the aurora-borealis and epidemics of small-pox. It is pointed out that the years of maximum sun-spots—1837, 1848, 1860-3 and 1870-1—were also years of epidemic outbreaks of small-pox in Europe. The remarkable auroral display in 1870 corresponded with the especially virulent outbreak of the disease in Northern Europe, when Berlin, which is usually exempt, suffered severely.

We merely record these interesting speculations as evidences of the deeper research of Twentieth century science, and the increasing willingness to adopt the new lines of thought which are the only road to a successful advance.

STUDENT

Sunspots and Volcanoes

SIR NORMAN LOCKYER advances a cautious theory that sunspots and volcanic activities stand to one another in the relation of cause and effect, and he points out that the great Krakatoa eruption occurred during a sunspot maximum. Commenting upon this theory, an English journal calls attention to some recently published observations of an American astronomer which go far to establish the continued existence of vital activities—possibly volcanic—upon the moon. These theories are sufficiently interesting and important in themselves, but they become still more so as evidencing a scientific inclination to admit the existence of factors in terrestrial phenomena which have long been ruled out of court. This is still further demonstrated by another theory, which finds much favor in the eyes of some European savants, that the recent Martinique disaster was due to a combined tidal influence of the sun and the moon which were in conjunction almost exactly over the island at the time of the outbreak.



LOVE CREEK FALLS, BEN LOMOND, SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS, CAL.



GIANT CAVE ROCK ON OLD STAGE ROAD, NEAR LAKE TAHOE, CAL.

An Ingenious Plant

NATURE seems to have an infinite store of ingenious and beautiful contrivances which unveil themselves to the observant eye. The Filaree or Alfieri, a small but most useful Californian forage plant has a strikingly interesting method of sowing its seeds. From each fully grown seed a long filament extends to the tip of a stalk about an inch and a quarter from the base of the ovary, and each filament is slightly twisted round the central stalk. As each seed ripens it dries and splits away from the others, springing out at right angles, the original twist forcing the filament to take a spiral form. When all the five seeds have loosened themselves from the base of the ovary and are merely clinging to the central stalk they make a perfect star when looked at from above. At last they fall off, and coming in contact with the damp ground or being moistened by the dew, they unwind a little, and straighten out. As the sharp point of the seed is usually touching the ground the steady unwinding of the spiral stock pushes it into the soil. The little hairs which grow around the spiral and are directed backwards help in the burial of the seed.



STUDENT

A Spray of Seaweed

A SPRAY of sea-weed cast up by restless waves; only a tiny cluster of pale yellow and purple; yet how beautiful, how perfect. It seems to be a principle of Nature to slight nothing, no matter how small and insignificant it may appear to the careless observer. This bit of sea-weed left to perish on the sands, is as perfectly finished as the sturdy oak tree. Spread out its leaves and see how delicate its tracery; how fine its texture, how dainty its many shades of coloring. It is one of the many lovely plants of the ocean, and in thought it leads us down to the wonders that lie far under the sea. I heard a woman say, "I hate the ocean, it is so barren and cold and lifeless." Yet to others it seems so full of life! It is full of life. It is life that keeps it ever in motion, life that leaps in every wave, that dashes the white foam on the rocks and murmurs in the retreating water, creeping back reluctantly from the beach. The hoary old ocean is indeed a world of its own, and without the finny tribes would still be a place of life and color, of sound and beauty. It is full of dim, cool caves and grottoes of crystal and coral and pearl. Its floors are of the finest shining white sand.

STUDENT



TABLE MOUNTAIN, NEAR LAKE TAHOE, CALIFORNIA



RUBICON SPRINGS, NEAR LAKE TAHOE, CALIFORNIA

RUDYARD KIP-
LING has written
a well-known poem

Is Realism Possible in Art?

to the "God of Things as They Are." The true artist is trying constantly to get nearer to Nature, nearer to things as they are. But the difficult problem comes to each seeker after the actual as to what is true realism, and in the search for it all kinds of blind roads have been followed.

Ruskin set up ideals of the actual, such as the spirit in which Thirteenth century Gothic, or Turner's pictures were executed, and condemned all schools of artists who had deviated from his ideals. With the determination of the principles of linear perspective in the fifteenth century, a school arose which attached undue importance to its mechanical correctness and pitied the work of the earlier, less learned painters. Again, in more modern times when the personages in historical pictures were first depicted in the correct costumes of their times instead of Roman togas, a great advance was claimed in truth to Nature, and there is still a tendency among the self-sufficient or the heedless to ridicule much in the peculiar styles of the Japanese of the present day, or the Egyptians of antiquity on account of their methods of representing Nature; and in our conceit we are only too apt to think our special western twentieth-century style of representing Nature in "correct perspective," true "values," open-air "light," etc., to be really true to Nature at last.

But if one compares, without prejudice, the methods used by the different artists throughout the ages, a new light will dawn, and it will be found that each different school serves to show the limitations of the human mind, and that it is a mistake for depreciatory criticism to be indulged in. All the schools worth calling by the name have, or had, a vision of things as they are—a flash of inner perception—and represent them according to the spirit of their age, limited by material circumstances. To make this clearer, if one can throw oneself into the actual feel of things resulting in those outer works, pictures or what not, which strike us at first sight as at least quaint and perhaps ignorant, we shall find that instead of pitying the limitations of the artists, we have to respect their originality and modestly learn from them to see a new aspect of Nature hitherto concealed from us. A conspicuous example in modern times has been shown in the powerful influence of Japanese art upon the Western schools of design and color. The Japanese artist, like the Egyptian, usually ignores aerial as well as linear perspective; he sees "things as they are" to him and, he might reasonably say, as they really are. For instance, when he represents a box with the farther side the same size as the nearer he is stating a large, permanent truth and ignoring, as an unnecessary intrusion, the accidental fact that the distant portion of the box *appears* smaller. He is not ignorant of the fact, in most cases, but his school has deliberately chosen another aspect of Nature to interpret. So with the Egyptian and ancient Central American color schemes as we find them in the *Book of the Dead* and other manuscripts. There is a deliberate system of obviously well thought-out designs in each, though it does not follow the colors as we see them in Nature, but who shall say, in view of the beauty of the result and the extreme care taken by the designers, that from a different stand-point those colors do not represent other, perhaps deeper, truths than we have found? Applying this idea more closely we shall easily realize that if we could see things truly "as they are," scien-

tifically, our best pictures, either with pen or pencil, would be found to be far from the truth, indeed almost unrecognizable. We should want a picture showing the outside, the inside and the intimate structure of the box, all at once, as well as its own true color, unaffected by accidental circumstances. Then our picture would not be complete without its individual "feel" and value, and the tone given out by the vibrations of the molecules, as well as probably a thousand qualities of which we are densely ignorant at present.

But fortunately, the real artist is a seer and not a mere reporter of cold facts. He has a touch of the divine intuitive faculty, the imagination; he sees things like a child. Though science, art, and all things are, no doubt, really one, our present humanity has not earned the right to understand and express this, but the true artist utters more than he can possibly explain or fully realize. It is said that Turner, the great English landscape painter, protested that Ruskin saw a great deal more meaning in his pictures than he ever put there. That was no doubt true

enough, but the fact remains that Ruskin was right, for whether Turner's brain-mind knew it or not, the inner beauties were there.

The great artists choose, among many truths, the ones which express their states of feeling—so is their work individual and interesting.

It follows that in studying the arts of strange peoples distant from us in space or time, we must always be ready to enter into rapport with their vision of beauty, be thankful that we have not all the same kinds of limitations, and learn what we can of the wonderful glory of Nature from creations which we at first supposed merely quaint or perhaps barbarous. Precisely the same thing applies to the spiritual life of the world.

Theosophy is Divine Wis-

dom itself—as it really is. No man can fully understand it while living the unbrotherly and separated life of this age. He is self-limited and he forms around him the various religions of the world, each claiming to "see things as they are," and ignoring the others as grotesque, or attacking them as being actively pernicious. But, by the unselfish life of Brotherhood, however long it may take, our eyes will at least open to the unity of Nature and Art as well as Religion. Then will come the great awakening, and as we gain knowledge of ourselves, we shall see "things as they are," full of glorious beauty, harmony and poetry. **ARYAN**

The Religion of a Poet

THE German poet Goethe, was a man of the broadest religious views. In a letter to his life-long friend, the Countess Bernstorff, who had written him a letter beseeching him to turn his attention into a definite religious channel and to the salvation of his soul, Goethe gave an outline of the broad and pure faith which sustained him. He says:

To live long is to survive much, one's friends and enemies; it is to survive kingdoms and cities, and those very trees our hands have planted. Towards myself, as well as towards others, my intentions have always been honorable, and I never ceased to look heavenward. Believe me, as regards the future you need have no fear. In the Kingdom of our Father there is more than one Province, and he who has been generous to us, of so kind a hospitality upon earth, will take care that all is well for us in another place. It may then, perhaps, be given to us to meet one another face to face, and to renew those bonds of affection which unite us at present. Do not lose your confidence in thinking of me. **STUDENT**



JOHN ALDEN, PRISCILLA, AND ROGER WILLIAMS—A TABLEAU BY RAJA YOGA CHILDREN

Some Snap Shots in San Francisco's Chinatown



Out for an Airing



The Happy Father



On Waverly Place



The Duck Seller

Mrs. Douthwaite Declares That the Christian Church of Los Angeles Is Trying to Separate Her from Her Husband

RESOLVED, That it is the sense of this meeting that any one entering the marriage relation with a divorced person except divorced for cause expressed in the Bible, forfeits his or her membership in the Christian church.

THERE was a stormy session over this resolution at the monthly session of the Christian ministerial conference in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium yesterday afternoon.

A month ago the board of elders of the Broadway Christian church expelled one of its members, Mrs. Mary Douthwaite of 4410 Central avenue, for marrying a divorced man. Yesterday afternoon the matter was up for ratification by Christian ministers. At the last monthly meeting of the association it was announced that yesterday's session would be devoted to the discussion of "Divorce and Remarriage," and the discussion was prefaced by the reading of papers on the subject by Rev. W. G. Conley of the Riverside Christian church and Rev. J. W. Utter of the Covina Christian church.

The two papers were widely divergent in their views, one of the writers holding that no Christian minister should perform the ceremony, but that if the parties were legally married according to the law of the state the church should not interfere. The other writer held that if a member of the church married a divorced person expulsion should follow. After the question had been pretty thoroughly discussed, Rev. Joseph Lowe offered the above resolution. It came as a surprise to most of the assembled ministers, and none of them would venture to second it, but several expressed a desire to do so. Consequently the chairman permitted a discussion without the formality of a regular second. Only two ministers spoke in favor of its adoption, and Rev. Mr. Lowe withdrew the resolution, offering the following motion in its stead: "That the Southern California Ministerial association hereby indorses the action of the Broadway Christian church in expelling one of its members for marrying a person divorced without cause expressed in the Bible."

Again there was a hesitation as to seconding this motion. The ministers all turned their eyes to Rev. B. F. Coulter, pastor of the Broadway church, but he remained silent. Rev. J. W. Utter finally volunteered to second the motion, and the presiding officer called for remarks. Two of the country ministers asked that the case be explained more fully to them that they might vote intelligently. Rev. Mr. Coulter told his colleagues that they were making a mistake.

"The Broadway church does not come before this body asking a vindication," said he. "True, we have been compelled to withdraw from fellowship with one of our members and are threatened with a damage suit for so doing; but we deliberated before we acted and we can be held responsible for our action by no higher ecclesiastical power. The elders of our church have acted according to the teachings of the Bible as we interpret them, and we decline to have our action criticised by this or any other ecclesiastical body."

Rev. Mr. Lowe promptly withdrew his motion, and the meeting adjourned.

When asked for a statement in regard to the expulsion Rev. Mr. Coulter said: "The action in this matter was taken by the elders of the church, and they alone are responsible. Personally I was unaware that the action was being taken, and I am very sorry that the board deemed it necessary to proceed to drastic measures on account of the three little girls who were born to Mrs. Douthwaite by her former husband." When pressed for definite information in regard to the proposed damage suit, Rev. Mr. Coulter said: "This is entirely a matter for the elders of the church, and you must excuse me from being interviewed further."

Mrs. Mary Douthwaite, the woman whose marriage has caused so much controversy, lives with her husband at 4410 Central avenue. She is the record-keeper of Vernon Hive of the Ladies of the Maccabees and until the past month was a prominent member of the Broadway church. Mrs. Douthwaite was for-

merly in the employ of Rev. Mr. Coulter at his Broadway store, and her first husband, Charles Howard, was employed at Coulter's dry goods store at the time of his death, which occurred about five years ago. For four years after her husband's death Mrs. Douthwaite supported herself and three little girls, first by sewing and later by running a little notion store at 4410 Central avenue. When the Vernon mission, a branch of the Broadway Christian church, was organized a year ago Mrs. Douthwaite, who was then married to her present husband, took charge of a class in the Sunday-school and was one of the foremost workers in the church. When seen by a *Herald* reporter last night she spoke very freely in regard to what she termed "the attempt of the Broadway church to separate me from my husband."

"I have been a member of the Christian church for fifteen years," said Mrs. Douthwaite, "and I never heard till this spring that there was any creed of the church that could prevent a woman from marrying a man she loved if the conditions were such that the civil law would recognize the marriage. I knew three years ago that Rev. Mr. Coulter was opposed to a member of his flock marrying a man divorced without what he pleases to call Biblical cause, but I always supposed that it was simply a whim of his and never dreamed that the elders of the church would take it up. Last March Dr. Garvin, pastor of the Vernon mission, came to me and said that I was living with my husband in adultery and that we must either separate or the church would cast me out. I asked him why he had not told me that a year before when I married Mr. Douthwaite and why he had allowed me to teach in his Sunday-school for a year if I was so vile a woman.

"He said it was no time to discuss that now and asked me to separate from my husband, promising that the church would take care of me if I would do so.

"Yes," I said, "why did not the church take care of me the three years that I had my little girls to support before Mr. Douthwaite came and helped me to take care of them. Not a single member of the church came to see me during those three years, and I very much doubt if any of them would help me if I left my husband now." Again he asked me if I would leave my husband and I told him that I married Mr. Douthwaite because I loved him and that no church or creed could ever separate us. He went away and I heard no more of it until the 19th of May. That day I received a letter from the secretary of the board of elders telling me that I had been expelled from membership.

"For myself I would be willing to let the matter drop. I have not been to church since that morning, and I doubt if I ever go inside a church again, but I have my little girls to consider, and I feel that I should do something for their sake. Whether I shall take action in the matter, I am not yet able to say."

W. H. Douthwaite, the man in the case, said: "I secured a divorce from my former wife three years ago. Seven years ago she left me without warning and went to England. I waited four years for her to write to me or to come back, but I heard nothing further from her, and I secured a divorce, and two years later married my present wife. I have been a member of the Episcopal church for twenty years. The members of St. Luke's Episcopal church have been very kind both to my wife and me since learning of the trouble that she has had with the Broadway church, and they have invited her to become a member of St. Luke's."

Mr. Douthwaite admitted that he had been to seek legal advice, but would not say definitely whether or not he would institute suit for damages in behalf of his wife against the Broadway church.

When seen last night Rev. T. D. Garvin, pastor of the Vernon Christian Mission church, would neither affirm nor deny that he had told Mrs. Douthwaite that she must either give up her husband or be cast out of the Christian church. He said that he understood the case was to be tried in the courts, and he would make no statement until called on by the civil authorities. — *Los Angeles Herald*

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

From *The San Diego Union*, Monday, July 14, 1902

SUNDAY EVENING AT ISIS THEATRE

Hints on How to Apply the Teachings of Theosophy to Every-Day Life

Dr. Herbert Coryn Answers the Question, Why Do We Live?—
Good Musical Program and Large Attendance

THAT there is no waning of public interest in The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society meetings in Isis Theatre, was evidenced last evening in the good attendance. The addresses were brief and interesting, and the music—four of Lachner's best compositions for piano, violin and viola—was thoroughly enjoyed.

After the opening music Mrs. W. T. Hanson read a number of quotations from the written and spoken teachings of Katherine Tingley—particularly those which refer to the importance of the right education of children.

"Not until I became a student at Loma Homestead did I know what a practical life meant," said Miss N. Herbert in her address on "Hints of How to Apply Theosophy to Every-day Life."

"There is nothing so small but that it is worth your while to thoroughly master it. And there is no fault in your character so insignificant but what it may trip you up. There is no evil so small but it is a menace to humanity.

"Before the world's wrongs can be righted, man must recognize his dual nature and gain mastery over his lower self. It is toward the realization of this that Theosophy is ever aiming.

"But every man is aware that he has faults, you will say. Possibly. But he spends his time and strength in trying to hide and cover them instead of openly recognizing and fighting them. Every secret habit, however artfully it may be hidden and denied, eats out the life, says the practical Theosophist. Bravely acknowledge your faults and gain power to master them. Look around the corners and dark places of your house and see if there are not many places into which you would rather your neighbor did not intrude. Then apply that same inspection to your characters.

"The practical Theosophist is he who realizes that his body should be his servant and never the master. As a servant, it should be wisely cared for, so that it be a strong and fit and pure dwelling house for the soul—but never pampered."

In answering the question, "Why Do We Live?" Dr. Herbert Coryn said, "We live because we love life; and life is action and joy in action. We love action, intense action, which is life; and the soul is the center of life.

"Death is not a ceasing of life, but a breaking up of life into lifelets. What we call man is the total, bound together, of soul and mind and emotion and feeling and bodily sensation. But in whichever of these departments life burns brightest, that part the man calls himself. Most of us call our sensations—skin, palate, and what not—myself; others count the mind as myself; a very few recognize the soul as myself. And of course, if a man thinks of himself as being the sensation mass, then, as he knows that dies, he must think, 'I die, 'I am buried and become one.

"We live because we love life, and we die because, in our search for more life, we look the wrong way. We exploit the lower nature, dissipate life through it, and then, when the mind's life and joy are both bankrupt, complain that existence is monotonous and duty blank and futile—or cringe for a salvation we have done nothing to merit.

"Cannot those who believe in Reincarnation see the reason why some are born with a weight of life upon them, who never find existence anything but a burden? Sometime, in some life, these will, in their desperation, turn and seek through the shadows the true life. And oppositely, those who in the last life on earth tried even a little to seek the soul, made then a bond, a channel, for the soul life into their personal lives. These are the sunny, vivid, kindly temperaments who are content to grow, self-thoughtless like the plant, seeking the light of the inner sun.

"Further on are those who have still more the hall-mark of the soul, the will to give, to call forth life in others, to raise to higher terms all they touch. These may be the poets and musicians—the Wagners and the Whitmans of the race.

"And beyond come those who can take all life and all human activities for their scope. They are the heralds of the whole programme of the soul, and they create in domain after domain. I think that if you will study the work of Katherine Tingley, you will find all the marks of that royalty.

"One way and another, by the now culminating ages of pain, by the culmination of the work of the teachers, by the determination of the few who have sworn to stand by and speak the light as the teachers of this century have brought it, to impart it as they have received it—by the advent of the cyclic moment, it has come about that the old order is crumbling and the new arising."

It is safer that a wicked man should never be accused than that he should be acquitted.—LIVIVS

Anniversary of the Sydney Lodge

ON the 16th of June, the seventh anniversary of the formation of the Theosophical Society in Australia (N. S. W.), we had a glorious meeting. All members were present except two, who lived too far away, but one of these, Mrs. Hoets of Burrowa, sent a telegram, "Faithful greetings, loyalty to late Chief, Teacher and Teachings," and the other was too far away to receive the notice in time. After a few explanatory remarks on the importance of the meeting by Brother Willans, we all joined heartily in singing "Brothers We." The President, Brother Willans, read the inaugural address he read to the Lodge that day seven years ago, and which was received with spontaneous applause. He then gave one of his soul-rousing, helpful addresses, reviewing retrospectively the times and conditions and actions of the past, the stand made on principle in support of our beloved Chief, W. Q. Judge, and pointing to what had been the serious dangers of the past to the world and humanity; the lack of right principle, the neglect to take the beam out of our own eyes, impurity and criticism of the actions of others; also the glorious hope of the future made possible by the three great Teachers, H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, and the priceless teachings they brought to the world and how, after seven years' service for Leah we were entering upon an important cycle of service for Rachel, the light, guidance and dominance of the soul in our lives, to enable us to be real helpers of humanity. All of this was greeted with hearty applause. Several of the old members also followed and supported Brother Willans' remarks. Then two of the new members proposed, seconded, and spontaneously carried the following resolution:

Resolved, That the new members record our gratitude to the old members for the stand they took, which enabled us to obtain the benefits we now partake of as members of the Organization, and as followers of the three Leaders, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley.

It was carried by a rising vote, after which several members spoke on the experiences of the past. Brother Willans suggested that it would be a good time to reelect the officers and councillors of the Lodge. After the officers and councillors had expressed their willingness to serve, and other members also expressed their glad approval, it was unanimously and with cordial applause agreed that the present officers and councillors continue in their offices with the full confidence of the Lodge.

"Truth, Light and Liberation" was then intoned and one of our truly happy meetings ended. With greetings of loyalty and love on behalf of Universal Brotherhood Lodge No. 1.

ALF. G. SMITH, Secretary

The Death of Miss French

WE regret to receive notice of the passing away of Miss Mary G. French, a devoted member and worker of the Universal Brotherhood Lodge No. 28, Boston, Massachusetts. The following is from a New England paper:

Miss Mary G. French, daughter of Mr. Joseph R. French of this city, who died yesterday in Arlington, Massachusetts, was a woman of rare character and accomplishments. The announcement of her death will bring sorrow to a large circle of admiring friends and to a still larger circle of persons who were blessed by her thoughtful and bounteous service.

She was a thoroughly trained and enthusiastic musician. Many people in this city and elsewhere will trace to her lectures and interpretations an appreciation of the great masters which has gladdened and ennobled their lives. All the wealth of her culture and power she eagerly consecrated to those whose life and outlook were narrower than hers. She had large plans for making music minister to the regeneration of society as well as to its happiness, and even during her long and distressing illness she was constantly busy with these problems.

The touch that glorified her came suddenly, and in a moment her rich, eager nature blossomed into the heavenly. It is difficult for us to understand why one so richly endowed, so full of vital force, so loyal to the best things and so anxious to interpret them to others, so quick in her sympathies, so loving in her thought and purpose should not be permitted to continue her ministry on earth. But we shall know hereafter. Meanwhile we are sustained by the faith that the inspiration of her beautiful life will abide, and that she has herself come to the open vision and entered upon a service which will satisfy her largest desire.

The deceased was a native of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and received her education in Meriden and Philadelphia, later moving to this city when her father became the principal of Skinner school. She studied music with Professor Stoekel of Yale University, and later spent two years at Berlin, Germany, in the same pursuit. The funeral services will probably be held in Boston.

A Letter from a Friend

SAN DIEGO, April 5, 1902

MY DEAR MRS. TINGLEY: We all thank you for so kindly inviting us to the Sunday morning service and singing lessons. There is nothing I should like so much as to take part in them, as music is one of the greatest interests of my life,

but it seems that this is one of the good things we must deny ourselves.

We live on a little ranch four miles from town; my husband works in town, and on Saturday nights does not get home till between 11 and 12, so requires Sundays to recuperate with rest and fresh air.

I feel I should like to take this opportunity, dear Mrs. Tingley, to express a little of what I feel towards you and your great work for humanity. In a purely personal way I have never found anything before that so completely satisfied me as does everything that I see, hear, and read connected with your undertaking. I have hunted and searched, and finally settled down, giving up the idea of ever finding what I wanted in this world. We happened to go



VISITORS' DAY AT THE SILK INDUSTRIES

to the Isis Theatre one Sunday evening a year ago. I recognized at once that here was what I had wanted, and the more often I go and the more I know of you and all you are doing, the more I know it.

I can do nothing to help you, but be sure my heart goes out to you in love and sympathy at all times.

This is but a feeble and poor expression of my feelings and thoughts. What I principally recognize in your work perhaps I would best express in this way: with you the shell and husk of intellectuality and worldliness are thrown away and only the true kernel of the Soul remains, unhidden in all its pure simplicity. With heartiest and truest wishes for success, I am

Yours sincerely, F. L. R.

As we pass through the gate at the top of the hill we be-

A Stroll Over the Point Loma Golf Links

hold a sharply undulated panorama extending westward to the cliff of the shore nearly half a mile away, with a steep grade downward of three hundred and forty feet to the sea.

A prominent feature of the view is a canyon, starting right and left of the entrance, forming a heart shape outlined by the two deep gulches which unite some eight hundred feet down the hill and continue to the sea. From this point a beautiful view unrolls itself to us of rugged shores of the ocean fading away in the haze of distance. From here a broad avenue flanked with olive trees leads to the shore.

A few feet from the gate we notice teeing ground No. 1. This spot is three hundred and twenty-three feet above sea level and five hundred and seventy-three feet distant from green and hole No. 1, which is ninety-three feet below, beyond the south arm of the canyon, some twenty feet lower still. From green 1 we ascend forty feet by a steep, winding path, to teeing ground No. 2. This is forty-nine feet above green 2 with the canyon over twenty feet deeper still, in a distance of three hundred and forty-one feet.

There is a shorter range teeing ground for ladies $2\frac{1}{2}$, only two hundred and fifty-three feet from green 2. The descent into the canyon and over is made by steep paths and steps cut into the banks of the canyon. Green 2 is on a level with the wagon bridge of the main avenue—spanning the north arm of the canyon. From green 2 a steep path and twenty-seven feet rise bring us to teeing ground No. 3, two hundred and forty-nine feet above the sea and one hundred and thirty-three feet above green 3 in a range of seven hundred and thirty-four feet. This course is a steep down grade without other obstructions. Green 3 is one hundred and sixteen feet above the sea.

From green 3 we reach teeing ground No. 4 on a slight rise of sixteen feet on the edge of the canyon some eighteen feet deep and twenty feet wide at this point. From here the range to green 4 is six hundred and sixty-five feet with a rise of seventy-two feet. Green 4 is two hundred and four feet above the sea and the steepness of the grade in the last quarter of the course is such that artificial furrows fifty feet apart had to be provided to prevent the balls from rolling clear down the hill.

From here a steep ascent of thirty-eight feet brings us to teeing ground No. 5. The range to hole No. 5 is eight hundred and seven feet, with the greatest difference in levels one hundred and eighty-three feet down, and only sixty-one feet above the sea level. Green 5 is situated in a sink from thirteen to twenty-five feet lower than

the surrounding ground, about two hundred feet in width and five hundred feet in length extending to the shore cliffs. The sides of this sink are exceedingly abrupt and corrugated by ridges jutting out on its slopes. At a convenient spot on the south edge of the sink is located teeing ground No. 6, thirteen feet above green 5. Range 6 is eleven hundred and forty-three feet and the longest in the links. Teeing ground No. 6 and green 6 are on the same level, seventy-two feet above the sea, but a gradual rise of over sixteen feet in the middle of the course forms a natural bulkhead and the direction has to be shown by two flag poles visible from any point of the course, which has the depression of the sink at the start and that of the canyon near the green to be contended with.

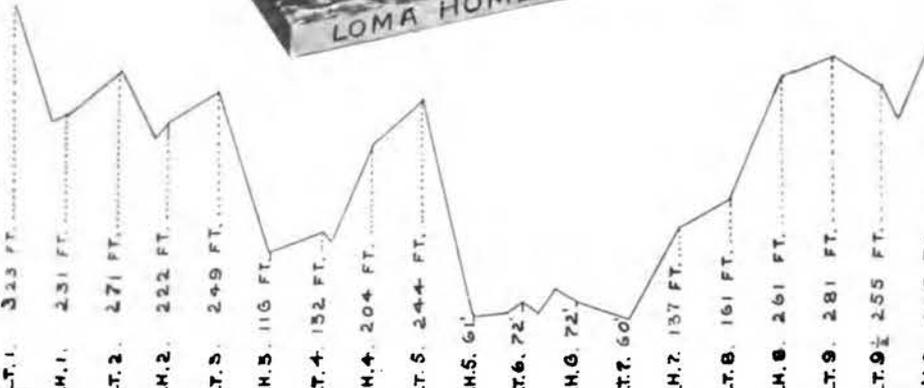
From green 6 a descent of twelve feet brings us to teeing ground No. 7 which is located right on the edge of the perpendicular cliff at the base of which, sixty feet below, the waves of the ocean roll up in beautiful sprays. From teeing ground No. 7 to green 7 the range is nine hundred and one feet and the elevation up grade seventy-seven feet, the most gentle grade on the links. Twenty-three feet higher is teeing ground No. 8. This course, while only four hundred and eighty-three feet in length, has a rise of one hundred and two feet, and the steepness of the grade renders necessary a range pole to indicate the direction of green 8, and retaining furrows every fifty feet on the slope to check the rolling of the ball back. From green 8 a rise of nineteen feet brings us to the last teeing ground

No. 9, distant three hundred and twenty feet from green 9, which is nineteen feet above this point across the north arm of the canyon. This course has the greatest depth between its two points, the bottom of the canyon seventy-eight feet below like course 2, but with much steeper banks.

The links, as a whole, cover a tract of land of over sixty acres, nearly half a mile in length from east to west, and about a quarter of a mile in width from north to south. The natural undulations afford every possible condition from the smooth, easy grade to the most rugged ravines and gulches. The canyon and its branches are available for a walk between the gate and the shore cliff. Numerous paths and steps permit scaling the sides at convenient points.

From the various crests a beautiful view of the ocean ever greets the eyes, perchance a whale may be seen spouting off the kelp beds a mile away, the bay of a mother seal calling her young may be heard, or the jabbering of a flock of pelicans holding a caucus may reach our ears.

The print of the model of the links and the profile of heights herewith will give some idea of their panoramic effect.



What Meg Told Muriel

“**M**URIEL,” said Susie one day as they sat together on the grassy bank of the river, “how is it we can’t see what touches what we can see? I mean what touches seeds and starts them growing?”

“Well,” replied Muriel, “it does seem strange that we can’t see what we know is just where we are looking; but Meg says it is because our minds are pretty much like our bodies—rather unyielding and dense—and if we only looked through our minds a little more we would get used to knowing and perceiving the invisible within ourselves—what we know must be within, what we see and hear.

“Meg says, when we begin to think of real things we see life quite different. We can see that the thought-world is very, very real, because it leads and guides everything; the greatest events are guided—are the garments of ideas and thoughts. And ideas and thoughts are the garments of feeling.

“We are really using invisible garments, all the time, to express ourselves.

“And Meg says if we think of love, we can know a little of how we use invisible garments; sometimes they are called ethereal forms.

“Love is not born into a solid body of flesh and blood. It is born into a pure feeling, a beautiful idea; then the idea weaves a garment of thought, then we clothe the thought in sound, in the form of words, and send them out into space that they may reach the people we love. Their ears receive the sound but their hearts receive the love, if the love in their hearts is awake to take it in.

“But if people are very unselfish it doesn’t always require sound. The beautiful thought-forms float away, and tell it to other thought-forms. And if the love is very, very deep, and very, very pure, it does not even require the thought-forms; it just radiates, and blends, and unites with love that responds to it.

“And she told me that long, long ago, a great wondrous being, a wondrous light of Wisdom came to the earth. But although it came quite near, blending and uniting its glorious splendor with the tiny spark of light in the heart of every child of earth, still they could not see it;



CHILDREN OF THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL AT HOME, POINT LOMA

they did not know it had come. You see the children of earth only thought of solid bodies that die, and of solid things that crumble away with time.

“They had no unselfish feelings, no beautiful thought-forms for it to be born into. So, although it was quite near, touching their very hearts, it remained unknown.

“But this great wondrous being, this radiant light of Wisdom, knew they could only know its presence when they had prepared robes of purity and unselfish love in their hearts, for the light to dwell in. That was the only way they could know, because it could not be born into a solid body of flesh and blood. So this light is radiating all over the earth, shining with a great splendor in the hearts of the great Ones, and waits patiently to glorify all.

“And sometimes it takes the form of a dove, and hovers over the children of the earth, and every time a pure and noble feeling, a beautiful, unselfish thought arises in our hearts, the dove weaves it into a wondrous robe, and when everyone becomes unselfish, when everyone creates many, many beautiful thought-forms, the shining robe will be completed and the wondrous being, the wondrous light will be born, and the children of earth will live in peace and beauty, in joy and harmony.”

A. P. D.

Toytown's Queen

THE last year's doll lay high on shelf,
Away from all Toytown, alone by herself;
Her dress was shabby, and her cheeks
Were disfigured by many carmine streaks!

And yet she once had been the choice
Of a girl and had made her heart rejoice!
She used to sit at the girl's right hand,
And was thought the queenliest doll in the land!

But now she lay with a broken nose,
And a sorry look from her head to her toes!
I thought, as I passed, how some waif would smile
If she could but hold that doll awhile.

She would not know 'twas a last year's toy;
She would but feel the most grateful joy!
And unto the heart of that waif 'twould mean
That the doll was still reigning as Toytown's Queen.

—Every Other Sunday

A ROCK, even though small, may keep back a great wave. Beloved children, be thou most vigilantly on guard! Let not sleep come upon you lest you be a laughing-stock to our enemies.—HOMER



CHILDREN ON THE PORCH OF THEIR GROUP HOME, POINT LOMA

SOME specimens of a very remarkable reptile have been received at the London Zoological Gardens. Their chief distinguishing mark is their power to crawl backwards as well as forwards, and as there is very little difference between the head and tail, it is popularly believed that the reptile is two-headed. They are known by the name of Amphibænas and are quite harmless, living on ants and other small insects.

An investigation has been made into the nature of the Cornish dustfall, which provoked so much attention at the beginning of this year. It appears to be established that at that time the atmosphere over the west of Europe consisted of air from the deserts of Africa, loaded with fine dust, and that portions of this dust produced the showers, which were especially noticed in the west of England.

Isis Conservatory of Music

of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Personal applications and inquiries received every Saturday by the Secretary at

San Diego Branch 1940 B St.

HOURS 9 A. M. TO 4 P. M.

Full particulars sent by mail on application, address

J. H. FUSSELL, Secretary and Treasurer

Isis Conservatory of Music Point Loma, Calif.

The Chadbourn Furniture Co.

W. L. PREVERT, Manager

We aim to carry an entirely up-to-date stock of house furnishings, and, for style and variety of goods, cannot be outdone in Southern California. We are glad to show visitors through our extensive store-rooms.

STORE-ROOMS

SIXTH & D STREETS

San Diego, Cal.

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be one season or another. Paint will set tougher during the winter, and of course that gives durability. One point favoring winter. There are others favoring summer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so often as houses painted with any other paint, because it has more body to withstand action of the elements. There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per gallon.

We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.

WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS

7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

A HOPEFUL OUTLOOK FOR CUBA

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 9

American citizen, and I know the value of American educational institutions. I shall try to establish in Cuba a system of public education similar to that of America. The Cubans are grateful to Americans and earnestly hope they will not render useless the sacrifices made by failing to understand the needs of the island.

STUDENT

Prophet of Woe

That a dire calamity threatens the United States, that lives will be sacrificed by the thousand and havoc will be wrought from one end of the nation to the other, is the prediction of Dr. A. Ecker, of Duluth, who has had another "vision."

His first "vision" occurred several months before McKinley was assassinated. So impressed is the doctor with his latest occult message that he decided to apprise President Roosevelt of the impending dangers and warn his excellency of the prospective invasion by four or five of the most powerful countries of Europe. The doctor has mailed the following letter to the president:

DEAR SIR: On the 27th day of the fourth month of the year 1902 I was in a vision at the coast. Whether Atlantic or Pacific I do not know. Standing on a pier and looking out into the water, I saw four or five of what seemed to be very large fish. They came very quietly in with the tide, more like gunboats than fish, however.

Looking around I saw that I could get down to the water at the left of where I was standing. I went down to the beach, and as I did so the water receded. I saw several streams of blood flow with the water. I continued walking, and presently I noticed that the ground all around me was covered with dead fish. They were fish from foreign waters, all different in size and color. The further I walked the thicker lay the fish.

Finally I retraced my steps and, reaching the pier, I climbed up. As I did so the water closed in about me closer and closer until it had gained its normal condition. Looking down deep into the water I saw one of those large fish, or boats as it seemed, with the bow stove in and large holes in the sides. Soon after that I saw what once must have been a squadron of ships, for as far as the eye could see there was nothing but hulls.

I will interpret the vision as I saw and believe it. The reality is to take place in the near future. The four or five large fish are European powers. They will combine to try to do up America.

The large fish with the head stove in and holes in the sides tell me that we will win the day by a very close shave. As the hulls of our vessels are shorn of their beauty, I understand we will have no more use for gunboats after this deal. The waters receding means that we will control the seas. The dead fish seen on the beach and at the bottom of the ocean, the streams of blood flowing with the water tell me that there will be a great shedding of blood and many lives lost.

Later I saw ships in the distance. I saw one black demon making for one of our harbors, belching out smoke and missiles of destruction from bow and sides alike. After the smoke cleared away there was nothing to be seen in the harbor, but the masts of the sunken ships. This shows how easy it is to enter many of our ports at the present time.

Mr. President, you will excuse a perfect stranger. You cannot make ready to meet these foreign gentlemen too soon or do your work too quickly or too well. Yours Respectfully,

DR. A. ECKER

In referring to his former vision Dr. Ecker said:

"When Mr. McKinley was up for a second term

there was a little discussion at a dinner party at my home. One of the gentlemen present remarked that he had had an introduction to Mr. Bryan and shook hands with him the day before. He also further remarked that he had a very disagreeable, large, soft hand, which left an unpleasant sensation.

"At that moment I saw Mr. McKinley's hand stretched across the table, as much as to say that his was the hand to shake. I was also shown that if he was re-elected he would not serve out his term. Friends said, "Why don't you warn Mr. McKinley?" I told them it would be of no use—he would pay no more attention to what I would say than did Mr. Lincoln when he was told that if he accepted a second term he would be assassinated. He merely remarked that he had a work to do and must do it."—*New York Herald*

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, President
G. B. GROW, Cashier
W. R. ROGERS, Assistant Cashier

Every facility and security offered to our patrons and the public generally. Collections and exchanges on all points.

KELLY'S LIVERY

POINT LOMA
COACH LINE

Special Coaches for Select Parties
arranged by telephone

DEALER IN FIRST-CLASS HORSES

THIRD & F STS., PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

THE
Lion Clothing Co.
CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"
STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

Electric Laundry

NELSON SNYDER, Proprietor

16TH & I STREETS

TELEPHONE BLACK 731

No Saw Edges on Collars and Cuffs

FIRST EDITION---NEARLY READY

THE MYSTERIES OF THE HEART DOCTRINE

ONE of the MOST INTERESTING & COMPREHENSIVE WORKS on THEOSOPHY EVER PUBLISHED

Issued by KATHERINE TINGLEY, Leader and Official Head of THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD Organization, and by Members of her Cabinet

Over 350 pages Specially written to meet the needs of Inquirers Beautifully illustrated

This edition is limited to 1,000 copies, and will be sold at the previously advertised price of \$1.25 for cloth bound and \$1.00 for paper. After the First Edition is exhausted the price will be raised to \$2.00 for cloth binding and \$1.50 for paper, for it has been found impossible to prepare this book on the basis originally planned at the price first quoted.

The Theosophical Publishing Company, Point Loma, California

The
LEADING REAL ESTATE BROKER in SAN DIEGO IS

E. J. Carter

964 Sixth Street, San Diego

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE LOCATING IN SAN DIEGO
CITY OR COUNTY, CALL ON OR
WRITE TO HIM

RUDDER'S
NEW RESTAURANT
& **GRILL**

NEWLY FURNISHED FINEST IN THE CITY

CORNER FOURTH & PLAZA
SAN DIEGO - - - CAL.

Strahlmann-Mayer Drug Co.
PHARMACY GRADUATES
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Per-
fumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, etc.

Physicians Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully prepared

CORNER FOURTH & D STREETS
Telephone Main 424
CORNER FIFTH & C STREETS
Telephone Black 856

AT
Bowen's
DRY GOODS STORE

Will be found a full assortment
of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Tea
Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Wrap-
pers, Silks and Dress Goods . .

W. O. BOWEN 1043 FIFTH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

President Diaz

"I am inclined to think that if our president were to cease his routine of hard work he would die," remarked Juan Cortiza of the City of Mexico, who is now in this city. "At half past 8 every morning General Diaz goes to his office and works until about 1:30 P. M. At 4:30 he goes back again, and scarcely ever leaves before 11, and often not until midnight. His time is spent in the hardest sort of labor, and the president would be miserable if he could not carry out the daily program.

"That is the reason why, in my opinion, he will never make any trip to foreign countries. A journey of any magnitude would break into his settled habits. He is a remarkable man in his personal habits. He takes no intoxicating liquors, and is never known to partake of food at a banquet. Whether he will serve another term as president rests with himself. The people want him to remain in office during the rest of his life.

"The City of Mexico is being made into a beautiful capital, much after the fashion that ex-Governor Shepherd employed in Washington. Lately blocks of houses were torn down, and the costly National Theatre, a handsome building of large capacity, demolished in order to afford easy entrance to the Alameda, the great public promenade. Some grumbling was occasioned, but the government will construct a new and more magnificent theatre than the old one, and in the end the improvements will justify all the expense."

—*Washington Post*

An Uncrowned King of England

Writing of Prince Albert in an article in *The Century*, on "The Royal Family of England," Professor Oscar Browning says:

"From the first the prince identified himself with the queen in all her labors. They had one mind and one soul. Rising every morning with the dawn, the prince went into his workroom, where their two tables stood side by side, and read all their correspondence, arranging everything for the queen's convenience when she should arrive. He knew all her thoughts and assisted all her actions, yet so adroit and self-sacrificing was his conduct that all the merit and popularity came to her.

The people had no idea that he interfered in any way with public affairs, yet had they reflected they must have known that it was inevitable. Once during the Crimean war, when the notion got abroad that the prince had intervened, there were tales of treason and of sending him to the tower. Yet on the day of the prince's death, on that cold, ice-bound Saturday, Charles Kingsley said to the present writer, "He was king of England for twenty years, and no one knew it."

If you are difficult to satisfy, I ask you to inspect our before hire or carriage not perfect-



come in & LIVERY ing a team that does ly suit you



FRED FANNING
PROPRIETOR

Fifth Avenue Stables

Tel. Red 351 SAN DIEGO Cor. 5th & B Sts.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF SAN DIEGO
UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

CAPITAL PAID UP \$150,000
SURPLUS & UNDIVIDED PROFIT \$45,000

J. GRUENDIKE - - - PRESIDENT
D. F. GARRETTSON - - - VICE PRES.
G. W. FISHBURN - - - CASHIER

DIRECTORS—J. Gruendike, Geo. Hannahs, J. E. Fishburn,
G. W. Fishburn and D. F. Garrettson

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO
FIT YOUR EYES TO SUIT
YOU. WE HAVE A SPEC-
IAL PLACE SET APART
FOR OPTICAL WORK,
CONTAINING ALL THE
MODERN INSTRUMENTS
USED IN SIGHT TESTING
IF YOU NEED GLASSES,
HAVE a PRESCRIPTION to
FILL, or FRAME to REPAIR

we give you the best work obtainable in San Diego

J E N K S

826-828 5th street Graduate Optician

The New Century



Year \$2

Point Loma, San Diego, California.

Copy 5¢



Vol. V

JULY 27, 1902

No. 37

The "Little" Amenities of Life

IN the London *Spectator* for June 28 is an article on "Words" which contains some most valuable remarks. It begins with the following quotation from Robert South:

There is a certain bewitchery or fascination in words which makes them operate with a force beyond what a man can naturally give account of. For would not a man think that ill deeds and shrewd turns should reach further and strike deeper than ill words? And yet many instances might be given in which men much more easily pardoned ill things done than ill things said against them. Such a peculiar rancor and venom do they leave behind them in men's minds, and so much more poisonously and incurably does the serpent bite with his tongue than with his teeth.

Says the *Spectator*:

The average father is kind in action. . . . He probably spends upon his children a generous, or at least a just proportion of his income. But whether their mutual relations are a constant source of happiness or a continual source of friction is in nine cases out of ten a matter of words.

Friendships, says the writer, are mostly founded on words—perhaps on some one kind sentence. Should we not then pay more attention to those all-important makers of happiness and unhappiness? Truly in life we are always straining at gnats and swallowing camels, and ever neglecting those "little" things which, like the grains of sand on the shore, bulk so much more largely than the "great" things.

It is not uncommon for those who, so far as action is concerned, leave little to be desired, to go about armed with the whip of sarcasm, with which to torment their neighbors. . . . One day they find to their horror that they have destroyed that delicate plant known as natural affection, and that their children stand by unmoved while they remind them of every sacrifice they have made for their sakes. "Hard words break no bones" is one of those proverbs whose literal truth conceals its metaphorical falsity. Sarcastic people excuse themselves to themselves upon two scores. One is that though their tongues are sharp their hearts are kind; and the other is that they are blessed with a sense of humor above their fellows. Now a good heart is a great possession, but if a man carefully conceals his treasure he cannot expect to get credit for it.

To this we would add that, as the body and its functions are the field of man's work on earth, he can hardly be said to score a success when he allows them to be run entirely by the demons of anger and hate, while his "good heart" sits mute and useless in the background. No doubt the demons are willing to permit the existence of the good heart so long as it does not interfere with their sway; and, as time goes on, the bad forces grow in strength while the good become reduced to a mere memory.

Irony and sarcasm overlap, but, roughly speaking, the difference between them is a matter of intention. The object of sarcasm is chiefly to give pain; the object of irony is chiefly to give pleasure either by a sense of amusement or of novelty. . . .

What a much more agreeable place the world would be if every one gave a little more attention to that very "white art"—"the magick of words"—if we were not ashamed to give a little more effort and a little more study to saying "the right thing." Why are we rather fond of being oblivious to the moods of our interlocutors, and yet so unreasonable as to admire those who are not? Why do we not take the trouble to speak the language of those to whom we address ourselves, to avoid airing our superior knowledge of books or social things in the ears of the ignorant, or our sense of the ludicrous in talking to those who are by nature literal? Why do we wreak our anger against circumstances on the heads of those who did not make them, and insist on piping to those that mourn and mourning to those who would like to dance, until sensitive people shut themselves up to avoid the *charivari* of social discord? It is surely worth as much trouble to be generally sympathetic and seasonably amusing as it is to offer fine food and grand entertainments to our friends. Both are done to increase the happiness of life, and if a man will but work at life as he works at his profession he will succeed in so increasing it, and in thus working he will find that he is dealing in words. H. T. E.

Cruelty to Children in a "Free" Country

IN the South twenty thousand little children are "toiling out their lives in the textile mills." Many work for ten cents a day and some for five and six. The day is often from 6 A. M. to 6 P. M., or worse, from 6 P. M. to 6 A. M.

Mrs. Irene Ashby-Macfadyen in *The American Federationist* gives some particulars of this child-labor.

A clerk in a cotton-mill told me that little boys turned out at two in the morning for some trivial fault, afraid to go home, would beg him to allow them to go to sleep on the office floor. In Georgia it is a common sight to see the children of cotton operatives stretched on the bed dressed as they came from the mills in the morning, too weary to do anything but fling themselves down for rest.

In South Carolina Miss Jane Addams, of Chicago, found a child of five working at night in the fine large new mills. Only a few years ago I stood at 10:30 at night in a mill in Columbia, S. C., controlled and owned by Northern capital, where children who did not know their own ages were working from 6 P. M. to 6 A. M., without a moment for rest or food or a single cessation of the maddening rack of the machinery, in an atmosphere unsanitary and crowded with humidity and lint. The physical, mental, and moral effect of these long hours of toil and confinement on the children is indescribably sad. Mill children are so stunted that every foreman, as you enter the mill, will tell you that you cannot judge their ages.

And so on through horrible details of physical disease. Children are worn to death and new ones replace them.

And yet we still call this a "free" country. Yes, it is free for those who have the capital, but what about those who use it to enslave their fellow man?

Blackmail and the Public Press

GLANCING over the pages of a magazine devoted to music, we see that philanthropy has a fellow sufferer at the hands of the blackmailer. There is of course no worthy pursuit or interest which is free from these unclean attacks, and we can only wish that their victims were in a position to make an increasingly audible protest.

In this case a dramatist writes to complain that, unless a certain widely read New York journal is freely subsidized in cash or by advertisements, it is useless for any dramatic or musical work to seek for public approval. The area of this sordid persecution is not confined to New York, inasmuch as the journal in question has in its employ the musical critics attached to other papers in other cities, and is therefore able to spread its poison over the country.

As we have said, there is no worthy interest in the community which is free from slander and blackmail. The cunning of that section of the press which may be called the reptile section, is usually sufficient to confine its attacks to those who are ill fitted for self-defence and whose only alternative to moral death and extinction is compliance and a cash payment or its equivalent. But sometimes the writers make a mistake and find they have stepped into a light of publicity which is as fatal to mental and moral bacilli as is sunlight to the microbes of physical disease.

Natural as is the indignation which is aroused by these repeated revelations of blackmail, it is none the less astounding and disheartening to find that the public, by its apathy and credulity, lends its efficient aid to practices so nefarious. To take the case in point, the whole stock in trade of the musical journal in question is its power to play upon the ignorant credulity of the community. Remove its influence upon that community and the value of its approval or of its condemnation would be less than that of the paper upon which it is printed. When we remember that the public is perfectly well aware of the money basis upon which so much journalistic criticism rests, and is yet swayed and deluded by it, is there any lack of justification for the belief that psychological influence is an increasing power in human affairs? STUDENT

Driftwood

¶ Sipyaguine, the murdered Russian Minister of Interior, chastised Liberty with whips; Plehve, the successor, will use scorpions. Witness his rule in Finland.

¶ Where the calm waters of wisdom meet the rugged shores of circumstance, there is a troubled region; but it may be smoothed by the oil of equanimity and the balm of humor.

¶ Though nature be external to ourselves, the so-called "laws of nature" are from within—laws of our own minds—and a simple product of our human nature. PROF. S. P. LANGLEY

¶ Darwin's theory of the origin of coral reefs has at last been definitely negatived by Mr. Alexander Agassiz at a recent meeting of the National Academy of Sciences at Washington. Dr. Agassiz has recently returned from an expedition to the coral reefs of the Maldiv Islands. According to Darwin the atolls are due to the gradual subsidence of the bed of the ocean, the coral animal building the reefs as the bed slowly sank.

¶ It is said that the telegraph lines established in Cuba by the United States Signal Corps, and which have been transferred to the new government, have placed in the Cuban treasury something like one hundred thousand dollars. In addition to this they have been serviceable in saving the government fully twice that amount by the transmission of official messages. An extended railway system is doing its share to make possible the development of the agricultural and mineral resources of that island, and on material lines surely there is cause for congratulation.

Before the Rain

by THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Selected

WE knew it would rain, for all the morn,
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens---
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind--and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skins of rain.



ON A HILLSIDE AT LOMA-LAND

After the Rain

by THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Selected

THE rain has ceased, and in my room
The sunshine pours an airy flood;
And on the church's dizzy vane
The ancient cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy-leaves,
Antiquely carven, gray and high,
A dormer, facing westward, looks
Upon the village like an eye:

And now it glimmers in the sun,
A square of gold, a disk, a speck:
And in the belfry sits a dove
With purple ripples on her neck.

The Domestication of the Elephant

THE Asiatic elephant is commonly domesticated and used as a beast of burden, and, in ancient times, this was also the case with the elephant of Africa. But for many centuries there has been little need for a beast of burden in the Dark Continent other than the negro.

The recent war has made apparent many of the commercial needs of the South African states as well as developed many necessities. Chief among these is the need of animals for beasts of burden. The camel belongs to the dry, hot, northern region of the Sahara, and the experiment of using it in the hot, moist, equatorial regions has proven a failure.

At present a large part of burden-carrying is done on that continent by the negro, a method always expensive, and often inhumane. Horses, cattle, and mules are of only limited adaptability, owing partly to the prevalence of the *tsetse* fly, the bite of which is fatal to them. So it is not surprising that the most enterprising are advocating the taming of the African elephant. As experiments have proven, it is comparatively easy to domesticate the elephant if captured when not over two or three years of age. M. du Bourg de Rozas, who is in charge of the French mission sent to Abyssinia, during one of his hunts captured a young elephant. He states that within one hour after the capture the animal appeared to be not only docile but fearless and was easily led about. As it showed a particular liking for one of his men who was dressed in red, that color played quite an important part in its education and it developed into a contented, trusty little helper.

It is said that there are only eleven or twelve domesticated elephants on the entire continent. Two of these, belonging to the Emperor Menelek, have been trained to haul cannon.

Another elephant served all through the war in Tigre by carrying from place to place the heavy boxes of ammunition.

There are those who predict failure for this experiment because so many young elephants die in captivity. There are, however, others who declare that this is due to the fact that some native keepers, who think all elephants should be turned over to them for food, have neglected or even poisoned those placed in their care.

STUDENT



OLD DAM AT HEAD OF MISSION VALLEY, SAN DIEGO

The Mystery of a Spider's Spinning

HOW does a spider spin a thread from one bush to another at a height from the ground and then draw it so tight? Every one who has ever walked through a country lane early in the morning has felt the strained threads upon the face, and often these threads are many yards long, but the way in which it is done remains a mystery. He does not fly across, drawing the thread after him, for he has no wings. Neither does he descend to the ground and then climb the opposite bush, for this would lead to immediate and hopeless entanglement of the

gossamer filament. How then does he do it?

M. Favier, a French scientist, has discovered that a thread, one yard long, will support by its own buoyancy in the air the weight of a young spider. It would thus be in the power of a juvenile to spin a thread of that length and trust to air currents to carry it across and attach it to an opposite bush so that he himself could then pass over and draw it tight. But many of these threads, to judge from their strength and consistency, are not the work of young spiders, and, as every observer knows, they are often many yards long and drawn so tightly that the face is instantly aware of their presence when breaking them.

The work is nearly always done in the night time, so that observation is difficult.

If the spider had any human nature in his make-up—and many of his habits would lead us to suppose that he has—he would be gratified at the perplexity which he causes and would advertise his performances as zealously as do less gifted human gymnasts and even some popular preachers. S.



RUBICON RIVER, LAKE TAHOE, CALIFORNIA

IT is not generally known that beautiful Mount Rainier is of volcanic origin.

And this is also the case with Mount Baker, Mount Lassen, Mount Hood, Mount Helena, in Oregon, and Mount Jefferson. We have practically no volcanic mountains east of the Rockies. But in New Mexico there are a number of volcanic cones and large tracts of the country are covered by lava which, evidently in prehistoric days, deluged the valley with a molten flood. We have also volcanoes in Alaska, nearly a score in the Philippines and one or two dangerous cones in Hawaii.

STUDENT.

✻ A Song of Martinique ✻ by W. H. CHAUVENET in *Buffalo Times*

REST, rest on the mid sea breast,
That heaves to the sun and blows to the west,
Sleep, sleep on the tranquil deep
That many a secret has to keep;
Here where the noise of the world is still
And the waves and the strong winds have their will;
Here where the lisp of the sunny seas
Leaves the mind and the heart at ease,
And the distance blue engulfs the peak
Of sea-born, sky-crowned Martinique.

Dream, dream on the blending stream
Of the sea and sky where the white clouds gleam.
Wake, wake where the billows break
On shining sands their foaming flake;
Here where the toil and the doubt and stain
Of the world are lost in the sea again;
Here where the tired world's anguish dies
In balmy billows and golden skies,
And the Southern Cross shines o'er the peak
Of sea-born, sky-crowned Martinique.

Shine, shine, O Light Divine,
Into this clouded heart of mine;
Rise, rise in darkened skies
The star of faith unto my eyes.
Be to my feet that have gone astray
A beacon clear with a guiding ray;
Be to my feet that have gone astray,
A peace like the peace of the evening blest
That falls on the face of the golden peak
Of sea-born, sky-crowned Martinique.

CONSTANCE walked slowly
along under the pine tree ave-
nue that fronted the long

By the Side of the Sea

Constance laughed. "I was certainly feeling in open rebellion against the existing state of things, a little

stretch of sea beach, sand covered and shell strewn, just as the shadows of the sinking sun allowed the shadows of the tall trees to fall across her path. Alone in the gloaming she plodded on, footsore and weary, after a hard day's work at teaching.

It was a depressing day, one of those gray days in life when existence seems such a struggle, and the heart grows so weary, and the mind with its restless questionings becomes such an obtrusive nuisance. She came to a full stop at last, and facing the sea, "What is there in life, anyway?" she exclaimed passionately. "I am so tired of this everlasting drudgery," and for answer came the sound on the still evening air of the ever-rolling ocean—and she listened to the rhythm of the waves as they broke upon the shore. "How many years have they beat upon the beach, I wonder?" she thought, "in infinite patience, and here am I moaning and groaning about my few-years task," and a quiet little smile chased the gloom from her face, for Constance was not a confirmed grumbler, only an over-tried mortal with a fit of the blues, and so for the nonce her view of life was sad colored. From out of the grayness, close beside her, a soft voice spoke: "I am afraid I have missed my way, could you please tell me where I must go to find Thornton Street?" Constance Ferris turned to see a young lady with a baby in her arms, standing beside her. "I pass it on my way home and will show it you," she answered pleasantly, and the two women walked on together.

Presently the baby stirred in its shawl; little fists, and then a little head emerged from the covering. "You had far better stay covered up warm," his mother said, but Baby thought otherwise and struggled into an upright position that he might see all that was going on, which did not amount to much, since it was well-nigh dark. "I am so pleased that it is *you* I have met," she added, turning to Constance. "I am a stranger here, and I fear not blessed with the bump of locality; the beautiful afternoon tempted me, and I wandered farther than I should have done, for it is late for Baby to be out."

"These bright autumn days call one out of doors," replied Constance, "and the darkness seems to come so suddenly it catches one unawares sometimes."

"You, too, are a nature lover," said the stranger. "I hear it in your voice; I felt it when I saw you standing there so still, looking out over the sea, and it made me feel I could safely ask you to help me in my dilemma."

"I am only too pleased to have a companion in my walk home," answered the girl heartily.

"Then the pleasure is mutual, for I have watched you pass our gate the last morning or two, and your swinging, free step reminded me of my Cousin Alice; she made me think of a real nature child untouched by conventional ideas, a sort of ideal barbarian, and so do you."

while before you spoke to me, but I fear I often feel too worried to be a good representative of the 'noble savage.'"

"Do you worry?" exclaimed her companion. "Oh, don't spoil the calm of that classical face of yours! Thought is a relentless artist and fashions our forms in lines with what we think; they are plastic clay in his grasp."

"It never struck me that way," replied Constance reflectively. "One feels a certain responsibility for what one *does*, but *thoughts* I have looked upon as private property."

"Oh, no!" returned her companion earnestly, "it is not so, our minds are, so to say, bathed in the ocean of the world's thoughts, they are *common* property and beat up against our minds calling for admission—and those that have an affinity with us, owing to our present state of feeling, come in and increase our particular mood, be it joyous or sad, and by dwelling upon them and sending them out re-energized with our feeling, they increase the world's joy or pain, truth or error."

Constance hesitated. "Are you a faith-healer?" she asked at last.

"The gods forbid," returned the lady energetically. "I try to use my mental force on the plane and for the purpose nature intended."

"What is that?" queried Constance.

"Why, to understand the life which surrounds me, by relating the facts I come into contact with to universal principles, and so prove to myself the truths they express."

"Oh, I cannot understand you, you must give me something concrete," said the girl, and just then they reached the stranger's home. The front door was open and the light streamed across the little garden. As the gate clicked a man came hurriedly down the path. "Dad! Dad!" cried Baby, jumping in his mother's arms. "I lost my way, Dick, and this lady has kindly brought me home," and, turning to Constance, "Let me introduce my husband to you," but with an exclamation of delighted surprise they were already shaking hands. And then it came out that Dick Harrison was an old school-mate of Constance's brother Harry, but whom they had lost sight of for a long time.

"And to think it was your wife I was talking to—what a fortunate meeting!" said Constance, "but I must go now, or mother and Harry will be thinking *I* too am lost," then, laughing as she took Mrs. Harrison's hand in hers, "I must come back to find out how to relate facts to universal principles."

"Indeed I hope you will," she replied, warmly, "I shall expect you, and, meanwhile, just try to discover why we should have met tonight; it is a *fact*, search in your philosophy for the universal principle that rendered it possible—but—" she added softly, as they turned to go in, and Constance walked briskly up the road—"she will not find the answer, will she, darling—outside Theosophy?"

ETHNE

✻ The Sea Limits ✻ by DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI—Selected ✻

CONSIDER the sea's listless chime:
Time's self it is made audible—
The murmur of the earth's own shell,
Secret continuance sublime
Is the era's end. Our sight may pass
No furlong farther. Since time was,
This sound hath told the lapse of time.
No quiet which is death's—it hath
The mournfulness of ancient life,

Enduring always at dull strife.
As the world's heart of rest and wrath,
Its painful pulse is on the sands.
Lost utterly, the whole sky stands
Gray and not known along its path.
Listen alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the woods;
Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee.

Hark where the murmurs of thronged men
Surge and sink back and surge again—
Still the one voice of wave and tree.
Gather a shell from the strewn beach,
And listen at its lips; they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech,
And all mankind is thus at heart
Not anything but what thou art;
And earth, sea, man, are all in each.

California the Mecca of the World

DOES it seem in any way strange that the world has always had its Meccas, the heart and soul centers to which it turns for the irradiating light which streams forth into humanity? Believing as I do that the unseen forces of nature are represented and exactly symbolized by those laws of which the operations are visible, it seems to me in no way more strange than that one part of the world should be illuminated by the Sun while the remainder is in darkness, that one part of the world should be imprisoned by frozen oceans, and that upon another part should be concentrated all the best gifts of a bountiful nature. At every period of the world's history there have been these great nerve centers of human thought, and from them the vitalizing and vibratory pulsations of speculation and devotion and aspiration have gone out into the world and have shown themselves to be more potent than kingdoms and armies which have, indeed, arisen and fallen at their unvoiced command. The mind goes back at once to Babylon, to India, to Alexandria, to Athens, to Italy. We see at a glance the great historic ganglia of the world, their rippling forces going forth over the ocean of the world-thought, and the humanities of their day turned towards the sunlight of knowledge.

Today we are blinded by our materialism, which seeks rather to teach us the littleness of things and to make us incapable of gazing upon the immensities of life. To put away the childish pursuit of place and power, is to step out into a new world, to see our eternal kinship with all times and with all knowledge, and to stand, as the great mountains stand, as eternal parts of an eternally evolving whole. Then upon our gaze breaks the light of unchanging law. We are crowned with the real dignity of our heritage, we rise up consciously and confidently as servants of the Law, and we lay our hands upon the achievement of our destiny and the destiny of our country as those who walk within the light.

Even in this way it would be well for us if we could see the place which our State of California holds within the design of nature, the design which is hidden only from the blind, only from those who suppose that the passions, the pursuits and the prides of a transient day constitute the will and the intention of God.

If we will but rise up from the littlenesses of our lives and claim our heritage in the knowledge of the world and its laws, which we ourselves in past ages have helped to win, and from which we are separated only by the thin veil of our materialism, we shall know of the sacred land upon which we stand, and we shall see the patient fingers of time and destiny weaving the robes of wisdom which our land shall wear.

Take a map of the world and trace upon it the parallels of longitude which especially knot our State, our very City, with the world beyond. Observe how that parallel passes through northern India, which was once the seat of the world's proudest civilization, the fountain from which came all wisdom. If that fountain is filled no longer with the waters which once it knew, it is not that the waters have dried up, but that they have sought other basins, in obedience to the law which works today even as it did then. Follow that line still further and we find that it leads us into Egypt, and although we have but scratched within the sands of the Egyptian desert, we know that there stood a civilization and a wisdom the like of which the world has not seen since. And if we in America, and peculiarly in California, should scratch within our sands we should know whence came the wisdom of Egypt; we should know more of the Law which guides the waters of wisdom as it guides the sun across the sky.

But, oblivious alike of our neglect and our ignorance, that Law works on, intent upon its purpose and upon its accomplishment. The movement which has peopled America with the best blood, the best energy, the best intelligence of the old world, must operate with peculiar intensity in California. American immigration was, in its early day, the pick of the peoples from whom it came. And today the pioneers of a western moving humanity are still of the same best blood, and our western shores are being filled by those who are thus doubly the pick of the world. It needs truly no mystic foresight to know that here is being builded the material envelope which shall nourish and protect a precious seed, that the world itself is giving of its best for the making of a new storehouse for the old wisdom which has come up through the ages ever rejuvenated by growth and by experience.

We underestimate a mountain when we stand within its shadow, and thus we underestimate the extent to which humanity looks toward San Diego and toward the Point. Within twenty-five years Theosophy has laid a giant grasp upon the thought of the world. In every country, among every people, there are those

who look upon this land as the Mecca of their thought, and who have no dearer wish in life than to set their feet upon the soil which they believe to be pulsating with good for the humanity which they love. Is this a small thing that there should thus be an army of thoughtful and devoted men and women spread abroad throughout the nations, who believe that from this State and from this City comes the light to which they have given their lives and dedicated their love? It seems to me that it is a great thing, and great far out of proportion to their number, increasingly large as that number is. But there is more behind. I have said that Theosophy, of which this place is the supreme center, has laid its grasp upon the thought of the world. It has done more than that. It stands a menace and a threat to the tyrannies of the world, to those who persecute, to those who seek to bind fetters upon the minds of men, and to lay burdens upon their backs which they themselves would not touch with one of their fingers. You know as well as I do that this is no empty claim. You know it from the opposition which springs up, incoherent as much from stupidity as from malignancy, wherever the name of our Organization, our Leader, or of its work is mentioned. How can you explain it? You have had samples of it here in your midst, in your City, in your State.

It is the same all over the world, although naturally in a less degree. It has been the same from the very beginning. That opposition could not have been more intense, or more bitter, or more cunning, or more relentless if we had proposed to enforce the ten commandments. And yet we have merely advocated brotherhood and tried to show that it is a law in nature and that, being so, it must be observed, and quickly, if the human family is to continue. Evidently there are those in the world who, with the truer perspective which comes from distance, see clearly enough that we are a greater menace to cruel interests which work wrong among men than they have ever known before, and so the word has gone forth that the light which has been set up in San Diego must be

extinguished at all costs and wherever throughout the world there is a spark from that light, that spark too must be crushed because it comes from San Diego, from California. These things are facts and to a very large extent you know that they are facts and the representatives of many, many nations who are now upon the Hill know that in their own countries these things are facts, and that inasmuch as California has become the Mecca of love for thousands, so too it has become the Mecca of hate for those who hate all things except themselves.

You do not see it yet to the fullest extent, but your State and your City have already become the battleground and the Mecca of the world. And it will be ten times more so when science and religion, and literature, and music and art recognize the debt which they owe to Theosophy.

There is not any one of these which has not been touched, modified and moulded. Already the world is full of new reputations

which are based upon an unavowed Theosophy. Many of these unavowals are based upon an honest ignorance of the source of the new light, but that ignorance will not endure, and the day is very near when the world will see growing up in its midst, out of the ashes of everything unworthy, a new temple of art and music and literature and oratory, and the inspiration will not remain unacknowledged.

It will be known as Theosophy, an intellectual Theosophy which has been made glorious by a spiritualized brotherhood, and the source and the seat of it will be then as now in California, in San Diego. Are we extravagant then in saying that California will be the Mecca of the world and that the faces of all men will be set towards it as already their hearts are drawn towards it? We ask you to do no more than to reason from the facts which are before your eyes, to apply to those facts the common sense of history and so to participate materially, intellectually and spiritually in the heritage which awaits you.

We have reached a point from which there is no turning back. If we even stop we shall be carried away upon the inrushing waters of the new order. There is no longer any force of evil which can delay the progress of our ship, or do other than add to the foam of her advance. And so today standing upon the soil of California, and with our eyes filled with the light of this western world, we will step fearlessly into the current which bears our State and our people ever onward into the glory of the future, and by our heart devotion we will do homage to the great Law which has ordained that we too shall stand within the Promised Land, that we too may make ourselves worthy of its destiny by our courage and by our love.



SULTAN OF SULU AND BRITISH NORTHWEST BORNEO

ONE often hears the complaint that Theosophy is not a

How to Apply Theosophy to Everyday Life

lower nature. Before the world's wrongs can be righted, man must recog-

practical thing, but, I ask you, how can a power that so alters every life that it touches for the good, be otherwise than practical?

That which can enter the life to so completely alter it cannot be the incomprehensible, mystical thing that some people would have you believe Theosophy is.

Not until I became a student at Loma Homestead, did I know what a practical life meant. My first observation was, how much their work held everyone—both old and young, and, yes, even the children; they were all engrossed in it, down to the smallest detail. I thought of all the other places and other people that I knew, and never had I seen anything like this before.

As a rule, men so dread and despise the little burdens of life, and make such a toil of avoiding the smaller responsibilities, that those little details assume gigantic proportions, and weigh upon their lives.

It was not for some little time—not until I had shared in the work and life of those who are making Theosophy practical—that I understood the significance of the work, and saw how its workers are repaid by a truer appreciation of life.

You see it is part of our method to get over the difficulty in quite another way—for we master the small obstacles, and in so doing, learn to overcome our own weakness. There is nothing so small but that it is worth our while to thoroughly master it. And there is no fault in your character so insignificant but what it may trip you up. And there is no evil so small but it is a menace to humanity. All down through history we see how men and nations have been wrecked because of little temptations and dangers that were passed by, unheeded. In every man there is a divine soul trying to express itself, trying to bring man to recognize the higher life, but at every turn this soul is thwarted, stifled by the uncontrolled, unmanageable

nize his dual nature, and gain mastery over that lower self. It is towards the realization of this that Theosophy is ever aiming. But every man is aware that he has faults, you say? Possibly, but he spends his time and strength in trying to hide and cover those faults, instead of openly recognizing and fighting them. Every secret habit, however artfully it may be hidden and denied, eats out the life, says the practical Theosophist. Bravely acknowledge your faults and gain power to master them by mastering those despised details of daily life. Remember how truly a man's character is shown by the way in which he keeps his person and his house. Is everything that is out of sight in your house, I wonder, as clean and sweet and spotless, as those things you intend your neighbor to see?

When you get home look around you, look around the closets and dark corners, and see if there are not many places into which you would rather your neighbor did not intrude, and then apply that same inspection to your character. Then you will find you are commencing to be a practical Theosophist. And when you have become a practical Theosophist you will remember that your body should be the servant, not the master, and that as such it should be wisely cared for, but not pampered, that it should be strong and fit and pure, fit dwelling house for the soul.

That is what our children are learning at Point Loma, that is the mystery they are solving. If we too had had these opportunities when we were children, should we not be different people now, and would not the world be a different place to us? Today, instead of sitting here, weighed down by the circumstances of our lives, slaves to the habits and conditions we have not known how to face, and which the present day accepted teachings have utterly failed to eliminate and uproot, we should have been clean and well physically, strong mentally, and conscious of the soul-life within.



MAKING NEW YEAR CALLS IN CHINATOWN

The Sultan of Sulu

THE central figure in the illustration on page 8 (opposite) is that of the Sultan of the Sulu Archipelago, Philippine Islands, and of British Northwest Borneo. The photograph from which the illustration is reproduced was taken by Mr. C. W. Holmquist of San Diego. It shows the Sultan in his elaborate state uniform. He carries the imperial hereditary sword, with hilt and scabbard of wrought gold and silver inlaid with precious stones, and is accompanied by his prime minister, the Raja Muda, and by their servants. The Sultan is said to be a very intelligent man and a wise and conservative administrative and executive chieftain. He seems to be a man well adapted to his time, his race and his country, and both the American government and that of Great Britain find him in every way qualified to uphold law and order in these semi-barbaric islands. From the British government he is in receipt of \$5000 a year as ruler of Northwest Borneo, and for maintaining the supremacy of the United States and preserving peace and good order in the Sulu Archipelago, he is paid \$3000 a year. He has additional incomes from the internal revenues and is thus enabled to maintain his court with dignity.



A CALIFORNIA HORNED OWL



COMPOSING ROOM OF CHINESE NEWSPAPER

Chinese Typesetting

THE Chinese language is derived from 214 root-words, which expand into the 4,000 or 5,000 words of daily use, and the thirty odd thousand of the dictionary. It requires 11,000 spaces to hold a font of Chinese type. The large cases, or false partitions, are ranged about the room and divided into spaces for each individual type, each a word complete in itself. A Chinese printer, it is estimated, can arrange 4,000 characters a day. The work has been carefully systematized, and the characters are arranged according to their formation. A simple character designates its group, and the elaboration of form is the elaboration of its meaning, as our terminations and prefixes elaborate the root. A division is devoted to the simple character that stands for "wood," and all of its amplifications. In this space or column are to be found "box," "bed," "plum tree," and so on, through a long list of objects pertaining to, or made of, wood. Should an unusual word be needed type is cut and delicately patched to make the required character. Comparing our combinations of twenty-six letters and ten figures, besides common symbols, an idea of the labor of a Chinese compositor can be formed.—*Scientific American*

sical efforts a corresponding mental responsibility. The Raja Yoga School of boys and girls of varied types, characteristics and nationalities, already well advanced in educational attainments, although of such recent organization, manifests the wise and powerful system introduced by Katherine Tingley. The attention given to the physical improvement of the older as well as the younger members gives to them special bodily vigor—the robust accompaniment to spiritual and mental achievements. The cultivation of music, art and drama, aiding them in their desire to see clearly the magnitude of their aim, touches the connecting chord between their endeavors and their ideals, developing new perceptions and revealing hidden powers. All the attendant duties of this extensive practical work, all the requirements of the vast foreign demands, those connected with the governing and directing of the branches all over the world, call into play the best efforts of all. The work at Point Loma brings into activity abilities lying dormant and unrecognized, while the more humble details of daily routine, numerous and perhaps trivial, urgent or unimportant, are made congenial even to those unaccustomed to such small affairs, by their recognition as part and parcel of the same great scheme, as necessary events in the great and interesting program.

And not only is it in the role of teachers, workers and organizers that these young women find a happy place, but as students also. Even the ordinary occu-

pations that may have been familiar to them before acquire new attractiveness, the constant exercise of their different vocations brings about improvement, and the united study of art unfolds enviable visions of unexpected capabilities, so that while teaching others they themselves learn.

The associations and the exercises open up before them new obligations; they see life no longer as a comfortable or uncomfortable dream but as an active fact, and the possibilities which they have known merely as a pleasant vision become great and glorious privileges. They awaken to a new power which dawns as a glorious revelation and their minds and bodies, prepared as they are, can with a healthy enthusiasm grasp the importance and the unlimited possibilities of this new life. Their ideal is within their reach and their souls reach out to grasp it.

Woman's natural characteristics are an essential part of the success of the whole work at Point Loma. Her work is recognized, her sphere respected. The cooperation she finds on all sides renders her efforts effective. The high aim of the Theosophical Society corresponds with her conscience-desire, the work attaching to it gives activity to her natural endowments, and the high order of the associations and the surroundings, corresponds to her inborn appreciation of that which is refined and pure. All that can fill a pure, active life is here afforded the refined young woman. What wonder that she remains at Point Loma? JOHN R. BEAVER

ONCE upon a Hill there lived a Wise Woman. There was something very strange about this Hill; yet the people who lived all about it, and indeed all the people of the world had never found it out until she came. But she knew it well and those whom she had taught believed her words, for after a little they always found that they were true.

Only a few all over the world had ever believed that there could be any water on this high, rocky Hill. But the Wise Woman told her people where to search, and soon they uncovered a great spring of fresh, cool water, which was more clear and sparkling than any water yet found in the world, and also possessing many qualities hitherto unknown; for to those who drank with understanding it at once imparted not only health of body, but strength and vigor of brain, and a peculiar clearness of inner perception. For this reason it was called the Water of Life. Soon the fame of this spring began to go abroad; many wondered and some said, "Why cannot we find such water? Let us travel to that land that we may drink of this spring and take counsel of the Wise Woman."

But others were angered and said: "How can this be true? How can any water be better than our own? Our fathers have from remote times drank from our wells and cisterns. They were wise and good and so are we, and we will none of this new spring."

To these still others replied: "Nay, your wells and cisterns are old and filled with waste and rubbish. We drink from rivers and running streams, therefore our water is far better than yours."

Others again said: "None of you have the best. It is with us only, for we take our water from pools and ponds and from lakes that are not constantly disturbed. Of this new spring we know nothing, nor do we wish to hear."

Nevertheless the Wise Woman kept on sending out news of the spring and offering its water to all without money or price; only she charged all to bring vessels empty and clean to hold the pure water.

And people began everywhere to murmur, saying: "Surely there must be some truth in this thing, and it is hard for us to pay for water which we know is not always good, while this we may have freely for the asking. As for the ponds, are they not stagnant, breeding diseases?"

Then were the leaders of the people, those who held and controlled all the water supplies and taxed the people greatly for all they received,

The Spring on the Hill

much excited and filled with wrath and dismay. So they took counsel together, saying: "What shall we do? This Woman with the spring, giving water without money, will ruin our trade and cause us much loss. We must not allow this, for hitherto we have lived at ease and ruled the people as we would and forced them to pay any price we might please to ask for our water. Now she is drawing them away from us."

Long and secretly they talked together and planned many things against

the Wise Woman and her work for the people; though before this time all who owned water supplies hated other owners and were at enmity with them.

As many were thronging about the spring some of these rulers came also, and they brought vessels that were unclean, and when they were filled they carried them away and, spilling the pure water by the wayside, they replaced it with that which was foul. Then they set the vessels in public places, calling to the people to come and see for themselves that the water was not good.

In this way many people were kept from the spring and went on paying for that which was impure, bringing diseases and death to themselves and their children. Of those who went to the spring some brought vessels that were small and broken and full of holes and eaten with rust; while others could not bring themselves to throw away the old water from poisonous sources, but always kept a portion to mingle with the pure, and thus it was that few were ever entirely healed. Still the Wise Woman on the Hill kept sending out streams of this pure, sweet Water of Life to the world, and teaching the people its use and their own right to claim and to have all that is purest and best. Moreover she taught them that all streams, ponds and



IN THE HOMESTEAD GARDENS, POINT LOMA

wells should be cleansed, and no more that was foul thrown into them. For then, she said, they too would be filled with water from the spring, as they had been in the olden time. But now it was open again, and it was the old, old spring and not, as their leaders had told them, a new one; and the people of all nations might drink without payment of money to anyone. But all this was vehemently opposed by the leaders of the people. Still the Spring on the Hill had been opened by the Wise Woman and they could not close it. More and more the people came, with larger and cleaner vessels, until at last the wonderful spring with its Water of Life was known all over the world. CAAN EMIR

Students



Path

The New Day

by CAAN EMIR

SEE, over the hills the light of a glad new dawning day!
 But the earth lies wrapt in night, unthrilled by its magic ray.
 Earth, with her crawling millions of beggars and slaves in thrall!
 Earth with her countless billions, but not even bread for all!
 And so through the toiling ages the bondsman has clanked his chain;
 And ever the world's fair pages are marred by slavery's stain;
 O, ruthless and cruel world! ye are marred by crime and lust,
 With Freedom's fair banner furled, or trailing through blood and dust.

The tyrant has sat enthroned—the sycophant fawned and lied;
 The starving have toiled and groaned—the egotist swelled with pride;
 The few had wealth and power—the many had toil and pain;
 The poor man never an hour for his own pleasure or gain.
 But a glad New Day is dawning—and earth shall smile in its light;
 Tho' strife shall herald its morning, it shall come with a giant's might!
 It shall come with a giant's power and the tyrant shall be down-hurled—
 Hurled from palace and throne and tower to an equal plane with the world.

To a plane with myriad Souls defrauded, robbed and accursed!
 The New Day's golden Sun uprolls, and slavery her shackles shall burst.
 Despairing women! heartsick men! rise up to meet the coming day!
 It melts away the bondsman's chain—the world is thrilled by its magic ray.
 Under its pure and blessed Light men shall stand equal, face to face;
 Freed from oppression's long dark night, woman shall find her rightful place.
 For behold! o'er the Eastern hills the clouds have lost their sullen gray!
 The world awakes and hopes and thrills at the dawn of the glad New Day.

Sleeping Heroes

MODERN education has not yet destroyed the popular belief in Sleeping Heroes, who do but await the hour of their country's greatest need to re-appear amongst men, and to repeat the deeds by which they gained their glory. Barbarossa, the Renowned, is not dead, but sleeps in his castle underground, until the clarion summons calls him to the salvation of his country, and to this day the Teuton peasant watches with awe the circling ravens who keep ward as sentinels over the hidden slumbers of the king. The English rustics of the west country yet speak of King Arthur and of his Knights of the Round Table, who sit within the enchanted circle until the hands upon the dial point to the hour of dawn and of the Golden Age. Boabdil will come again to his Moorish children, rising from his tomb amid the splendors of the Alhambra.

The Servian peasants speak with an unquenchable hope of the coming of King Lager, and William Tell lives in the loving memory of the Swiss, and waits once more to strike a blow for liberty, and once more, if need be, to give his life for his people. Francis Drake sleeps still the mystic sleep from which only the war drum can arouse him, once more to spread white wings for a western sea.

What do these stories mean, which thus live on in spite of "education" and of materialism? The education is not yet devised which can entirely wean men from the hope of a coming help, nor is it unnatural that the increasing needs of the world should turn men's minds more and more to those who, in similar need, saved their people and died for them even as they did the deed. Not for the first time has popular tradition enshrined a truth and a philosophy too profound for the brain of the scholar. All down the ages it is the "little children" who have known the greatest truths of life, in whom faith has transcended and included knowledge.

What is this popular and universal belief in the Sleeping Heroes, if it be not a rooted faith in Reincarnation, the assurance given by Nature to nations, as to individuals, that "as thy need is so shall thy strength be?" It is the certainty of untutored, unspoiled minds, looking direct upon the nature care which fosters the seed and brings it to harvest, that there is truly a law which guards the humanities, and knows their needs, sending its laborers into the field at the appointed time. It is the perception

of a plan and of a pattern which is only unseen by those who have cut themselves adrift from the law in the pride of an intellect which has forgotten its greatest glory, to receive and to reflect that law.

Because Reincarnation, like Brotherhood, is a fact in Nature, it will not pass away from the popular mind so long as the need for heroes remains. Until the Grail be found and given to the nations to guard and to cherish, the quest of Arthur will not be ended, though he now seem to sleep in Avalon, and until oppression and tyranny walk no more in the world, the memory of William Tell will remain green in the hearts of his people, and by the unnamed law which once sent him forth, the men of the mountains will wait and watch for him to come again.

The sorrows of the world give birth to the hopes of the world, and the accumulation of sorrow does not intensify the hope. It should be so, and it is so. That hope is based upon a law which does not change, nor turn aside nor die, which is most certain when it is most silent, and which enters and abides in every heart which turns to it.

Great are now the sorrows of the world, and great, too, are its hopes. To no man can come a greater duty than to entertain and to reflect that hope. Such an one becomes thus the channel of the law. It is the hope of the people which becomes an awakening sound in the ears of the Sleeping Heroes, bidding them awake because the night is passing away and the day is at hand.

STUDENT

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

DEAR COMRADES: Do you remember that marvelous reply made by Joan of Arc to the question, "Are you in a state of grace?" Cauchon thought to entrap her there. Had she replied "No," that would have condemned her as a heretic. Had she replied "Yes," that would have been even worse, for the Scriptures themselves say that one cannot know this. And her reply, truthful, diplomatic, has gone down into history and will be remembered, I venture to say, when Cauchon and his rabble of conspirators are forgotten. Indeed, we would not remember them now save that to paint any picture one must needs paint in some shadows. And these were her words:

If I be not in a state of grace, I pray God place me in it; if I be in it, I pray God keep me so.

Comrades, today we are asking ourselves the same question, save that we state it differently. Day by day something within our own hearts takes us to task and pleads with us and questions: "Are you in a state of eternal vigilance? Are you in truth a Warrior?" Dare we say, "No?" Can we say "Yes," with clear conscience? Joan's reply must be our model, saving us from the one extreme of dishonoring our own soul, with its resultant of despair, and from the other extreme of assuming a greater strength of soul than any one of us possesses:

If I am not in a state of eternal vigilance, I pray the Great Law may place me in it.

What is a state of vigilance? There is a so-called vigilance which is merely a careless observation of surface events and conditions. It results both from stupidity and from hypocrisy. Then there is that higher vigilance which is a thing divine. It is purely impersonal. It leads one to look deep, deep, below the surface, quite beyond outer appearance to the real condition within and underneath.

To the merely curious, this higher vigilance is a quality impossible. Such as these could not even understand it. To those who would protect and save, it is second nature. It is the attitude of the mother who is ever "on guard" against that which may harm her little ones. It is one evidence of true compassion. Those who have this higher vigilance have an almost divine power to prevent calamities.

Do we ever reflect upon the higher vigilance of which every act of our Leader's is such a testimony and such a witness? If so, surely it is not difficult for us to see where lies our own duty. To be careless, thoughtless, under present conditions and in the face of our own resolves is an absolute crime. Are we Warriors? Or are we only playing? Are we students, protectors of that which we not only believe, but know to be divine and pure and true? Or are we mere pretenders, in other words, hypocrites? It is time we examined our motives from this higher stand-point, and when we do, then, and only then, have we the right to say: "If I am, I pray the good Law keep me so." STUDENT

The Greatest Men

It would be a difficult task, if not an impossible one, to persuade any half-dozen men casually brought together, into unanimity of opinion concerning the greatest man who ever lived. Most of them would agree no doubt, with Lord Brougham, that Julius Cæsar was "the greatest man of ancient times," but how many of the six would accept Professor Gardiner's estimate of Cromwell as "the greatest Englishman of all time"? Each of them, we may be reasonably sure, would accept Shakespeare as the greatest poet, yet Lord Lytton once spoke of Milton as "the greatest poet of our country." And where will be found two men out of Scotland to agree with Charles Mackay when he says of Burns that he was "the greatest poet—perhaps next to King David of the Jews—whom any age has produced"?—*Leslie's Weekly*

Isis Conservatory of Music

of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Personal applications and inquiries received every Saturday by the Secretary at

San Diego Branch 1940 B St.

HOURS 9 A. M. TO 4 P. M.

Full particulars sent by mail on application, address

J. H. FUSSELL, Secretary and Treasurer

Isis Conservatory of Music Point Loma, Calif.

The Chadbourne Furniture Co.

W. L. PREVERT, Manager

We aim to carry an entirely up-to-date stock of house furnishings, and, for style and variety of goods, cannot be outdone in Southern California. We are glad to show visitors through our extensive store-rooms.

STORE-ROOMS

SIXTH & D STREETS

San Diego, Cal.

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be one season or another. Paint will set tougher during the winter, and of course that gives durability. One point favoring winter. There are others favoring summer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so often as houses painted with any other paint, because it has more body to withstand action of the elements. There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per gallon.

We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.

WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS

7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

Gold Discovered in Indiana

It is not generally known that Indiana gold is the finest in the market, being worth \$1.28 a pennyweight and suitable for the finest jewelry. It runs about twenty-three carats and is said to be surpassed only by that of the Snake River district.

One enterprising prospector has recently secured by lease some 3500 acres of land and is about to introduce improved machinery. He has found gold underneath bed rock, in the seams of it, and at the bottom of a forty-foot shaft he found "pay dirt" running eighteen dollars a ton. "The time is ripe for this wealth to be utilized," he said recently, "and when the Indiana gold fields are investigated there will be a sensation that will attract the attention of the world." Nuggets of considerable value have been found in sluice boxes.

Diamonds have also been found in the same state. One picked up by a man named Stanley, was a fraction over four carats in weight. Owing to a flaw it had to be cut and out of it the cutters obtained two perfect stones, one somewhat larger than the other. In another locality a valuable blue diamond was found and, according to reports, a number of rubies have been picked up in Morgan County where the gold has been found.

STUDENT

A Too Literal Translation

A missionary lately returned from India, now in this city, complains of the slow progress made out there in converting the natives, on account of the difficulty in explaining the teachings of Christianity so that the ignorant people will fully understand them. Some of the most beautiful passages in the Bible are destroyed by translation. He attempted once to have the hymn,

Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee,

translated into the native dialect so that the natives might appreciate its beauty. The work was done by a young Hindoo Bible student. The next day he brought his translation to the missionary for approval, and his rendering, as translated back to English, read like this:

Very old stone, split for my benefit,
Let me absent myself under one of your fragments.

—*Minneapolis Times*

Pennsylvania Rising

United States geological survey experts who are engaged in making surveys for maps in southern Pennsylvania report the astonishing fact that in every case where the heights of places in that region above sea-level have been recently taken the measurements show that the land is higher than formerly. The rises so far found vary from 2 to 24 inches. Whether this upheaval is a result of the general convulsion of the earth's surface evidenced by the recent volcanic disturbances, cannot be said. Geologically the Alleghany mountains are very old, and the earth's crust is thick there, or possibly we might have a volcano in Pennsylvania.

—*Selected*

Method of Anglo-American Progress

The doctrine upon which the English-speaking world is proceeding is absolutely exceptional in history. It is the doctrine of the native equality of men, of the separation of church and state, of fundamental principles residing in society, and limiting the powers of legislators and of government. It is around this doctrine that every phase of the progressive political movement in our civilization has centered for the last two centuries. It will be made to prevail in South Africa, it will be made to prevail in the Philippines. It will carry liberty and enlightenment with it.

Our own country, the first heir of this system, is now a promoter of it.—*Portland Oregonian*

Mexico's Big Meteor

Professor H. A. Ward of Chicago recently went to Mexico to investigate reports of a gigantic meteorite that had been found near the volcano of Colima. He is an expert in such matters, and has a large collection of meteoric stones. After considerable trouble he traced up the Mexican meteorite. It measures 13 feet long, over 6 feet thick and over 5 feet wide, and it weighs over 50 tons. It is so inaccessible that it would cost probably \$50,000 to transport it to civilization.

Probably the largest meteorite known hitherto is one in the National Museum at Washington. This is in the form of a ring, and weighs 1,300 pounds. It is composed of an alloy containing iron, nickel and several other metals, and when struck makes a clear, ringing sound. No meteorite so far analyzed contains any element not found on the earth.—*Pathfinder*

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, President
G. B. GROW, Cashier
W. R. ROGERS, Assistant Cashier

Every facility and security offered to our patrons and the public generally. Collections and exchanges on all points.

KELLY'S LIVERY

POINT LOMA
COACH LINE

Special Coaches for Select Parties
arranged by telephone

DEALER IN FIRST-CLASS HORSES

THIRD & F STS., PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

THE
Lion Clothing Co.
CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"
STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

Electric Laundry

NELSON SNYDER, Proprietor

16TH & I STREETS

TELEPHONE BLACK 731

No Saw Edges on Collars and Cuffs

GEORGE T. VERNON
Tailor

1110 FIFTH STREET - SEFTON BLOCK
Telephone Black 1912

ENTERTAINMENT
by Children of the

Raja Yoga School

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON
in the

Aryan Temple, Point Loma
Tickets 50 cents

Bank of Commerce

841 FIFTH ST., bet E & F Sts., SAN DIEGO

Capital, \$100,000
Reserve & Undivided Profits, \$46,837.23

R. M. POWERS, President F. W. JACKSON, Cashier
GRAHAM E. BABCOCK, C. L. WILLIAMS,
Vice-President Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—R. M. Powers, Graham E. Babcock, J. F. Sinks,
A. H. Frost, Chas. T. Hinde, U. S. Grant, & F. W. Jackson

General banking business transacted. Exchange drawn direct on all principal cities of United States and Europe. Prompt attention given to collections.

EDWARD M. BURBECK

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Copper Plate Engraving & Printing
Steel Dies, Crests, and Monograms
Largest & most varied stock of Books
and General Literature in the City

1051-59 FIFTH STREET, SAN DIEGO

“Burbeck’s Big Bookstore”

Toys Games Souvenirs Office Supplies City and County Maps

“Where Rail and Tide Meet, There Cast Anchor”

Investors, Speculators, & Real Estate Dealers

GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR AT SAN DIEGO EARLY

San Diego is the Open Door to the Orient & Investors now will be Capitalists later

CAN'T YOU SEE THE HAND OF DESTINY?

- 2700 miles saved in encircling the globe via this port
- Three Transcontinental Railroads heading for this Harbor
- The Commerce of the Southwest and of the Pacific is being concentrated at the Bay of San Diego
- Look out for Big Developments; the Market is active now

If you want to Buy or Sell there, address

D. C. Reed

Established 1870

Ex-Mayor of San Diego

Cruelties of Zoological “Gardens”

Mr. Edmund Selous has written to the *Animals' Friend* in London, complaining of the manner in which the animals are kept in the Zoological Garden at Clifton, and he seems to think that some abuses exist likewise in the great Zoological Garden in Regent Park, London. He begins by saying: “Some time ago I tried to engage the interest of the more advanced and intelligent portion of the British public in a class of prisoners who, without ever having committed an offence, yet languish out the life that has been bestowed upon them in a perpetual imprisonment. I gave facts and measurements which were open to all to verify, and I endeavored to show that the penning up of animals in dens and boxes where they could do little else than eat and breathe, was not only a cruelty done to them but a wrong to ourselves, inasmuch as no advance in our knowledge could take place under such conditions, whilst the mere pleasure of seeing a strange wild beast was either destroyed or made of a low, debasing kind.”

He goes on to state that eighteen of the larger felidæ, such as lions, tigers and leopards, occupy apartments four paces long by three broad. Two thin pieces of timber are stretched across, as Mr. Selous humorously calls it, “this immensity.” These thin boards ought to be good-sized tree trunks that the animals might climb, lie, or sit upon. He continues to show that in the case of nearly all the animals in the zoo, the space in which they are confined is so small that the keeping of them there amounts to cruelty. We wonder whether some of these strictures would not apply to our zoo. We are very proud of it, yet we think that in some respects an improvement might be made in its management.—*Philadelphia Journal of Zoophily*

Getting on the Horse's Nerve

The horse, the most useful of all animals, is the one marked for the most of man's ill treatment. For the most part housed in ill-lighted, ill-ventilated and ill-smelling quarters, worked to its full capacity, cared for only to the degree that selfish interest prompts, the animal is delivered over as the unprotected object of the unrestrained passions of man. The average man fails apparently to understand that animals have a nervous system, among them in a marked degree the horse, and that were he to govern his own temper he could with a little patience get control of the horse's nervous system and make out of it a servant vastly more efficient than he is under the system in which he beats and jerks and drives it to distraction.

A short walk in any city will discover many blind horses. Why? There are no blind cows, comparatively. And yet the sight of the one naturally is as good as that of the other. The difference is simply that the horse from the beginning has been abused, ill-housed, overworked and worked under conditions that have driven him blind.

Its eyes are shut in by blinders at each side, for which there is no use but to satisfy the caprice or fashion of man. So its vision interfered with, and deprived of air, the wonder is that with the other treatment it gets it is not blind oftener. Besides this in other cases its neck is almost pulled out of joint by overhead check-reins that raises its face to the air and turns its eyeballs to the glare of the sun unprotected. Or, on the other hand, deprived of check-rein, it is bitted with a curb that pulls its jaw to its breast and tortures it in this fashion. And then, according to the spreading fashion of the day, it is subjected to that most cruel of all practices, docking, which not merely tortures in the practice, but leaves it to the torment of flies for the rest of its life.

If it is the merciful man that is merciful to his beast, and if it is the merciful that obtain mercy, we have, as a people, some way to come before we can get that blessing.—*Indianapolis News*

SEARCHLIGHT

NO. 6

Special number issued to
the public

CONTAINING A FULL REPORT OF THE

**Great Debate
on Theosophy
& Christianity**

HELD AT THE OPERA HOUSE, SAN DIEGO, CAL.,
ON SEPTEMBER 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, AND
OCTOBER 6 AND 13, 1901

SEVENTY-TWO PAGES

Notwithstanding the increase in the cost of publishing, owing to the largely increased number of pages, the price remains the same as heretofore

FIFTEEN CENTS

The
Theosophical Publishing Co.
Point Loma, Cal.

You will need a copy for yourself and several copies to send to your friends. The edition is limited.

An Address

by Katherine Tingley
in the Opera House
at San Diego, Sunday
evening, March 16th
1902

Neatly printed and bound, containing half-tone illustrations of the Opera House, Loma Homestead and the Aryan Temple.

This is the first public address of Katherine Tingley after her purchase of the Opera House, and in it is outlined broadly her plans for the beautiful theatre and its occupation by the Isis Conservatory of Music. Sent post paid for TEN CENTS.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Souvenir Postal Cards
of Loma-land

PRIVATE MAILING CARDS, PRINTED ON
FINEST IVORY-FINISH CARDBOARD
13 different half-tone glimpses of Loma-land on which to send your Brotherhood Thoughts all over the world. A stream of them should be kept in circulation by every member.

2 for 5 cents (postage 1c extra) . \$0.06
50, postpaid, for 1.00
100, “ “ 1.50

Sent assorted unless ordered with specifications. Order from

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The New Century



Year \$2

Point Loma, San Diego, California.

Copy 5¢



The New Century

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Two Dollars; other countries in the Postal Union, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; payable in advance
Single copy, Five Cents

Communications for the Editor, manuscripts, reports, books and periodicals for review should be addressed, "Katherine Tingley, Editor *The New Century*, Point Loma."

The editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

Articles will not be considered by the editor unless signed by the author and marked with the number of words contained. In no case is manuscript returned.

Address all Business communications, including subscriptions, and make all remittances (in bank drafts or money orders, payable to The New Century Corporation) to "Clark Thurston, Point Loma, Cal."

To comply with recent postal regulations, all Post-Office money order remittances should be made payable at San Diego. The remittances, as well as all other mail, should be made to Point Loma, as usual.

Entered at the Post-Office at Point Loma, Cal., as second-class matter Nov. 30th, 1901
Copyright, 1902, by Katherine Tingley

Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

Science and Culture

LORD KELVIN gives it as his opinion that every student of physics should previously have had a training in the humanities; and it is encouraging to see, from an address by Professor J. G. Schurman of Cornell University, that high authorities are recognizing the vital importance of such studies as deal with human nature and give broad sympathies and culture, as contrasted with a too exclusive devotion to the study of physical nature or technical pursuits. Professor Schurman thinks a liberal education should include first the "humanities" (history, literature, languages), and secondly the study of nature. It means much to the world that in Point Loma the "humanities" are studied and in a new way, from a new point of view. And here, even the oldest among the students are not too wise to learn.

Out of the unnatural divorce between science and the humanities has sprung detriment to both. The true aim of science should surely be to

The True Aim of Science

open for men the portals of a knowledge that shall render life happy and noble; in so far as it deals with nature, it should do so in respect of the intimate relation between nature and man. When this high purpose is allowed to fade from the mind, science degenerates. Is there not a vast difference felt between the converse we hold with a scientist of true culture and broad human sympathies, and with one who knows and cares for naught beyond his little specialty? The latter is but a clever nonentity. In hands such as his, science is degraded into a purely technical "subject," the handmaid of trade.

Divorced from a broad and enlightened study of human history, character, and ideals, in all ages and realms, science becomes cold and mechanical. It depicts a universe peopled with ruthless phantoms of chance, necessity, and blind force. Virgil at least gave these demons names and forms in the thunder-gods and other cosmic deities he portrays. The

Lesser Includes Greater (?)

planets become balls of dirt hurtling purposeless through empty space. The trees and animals conspire in a struggle of pushing selfishness, in which man, the biggest, comes out topmost. No philosopher with mind made mellow and generous by sympathetic communing with the great minds and souls of all ages, could tolerate a universe so chilly and mathematically soulless. To construct such a system as our mechanical system of science requires that the constructors shall have shut their eyes to the systems of the past; and, dismissing the experience of ages with the contempt of ignorance, shall have started anew with the vanity of inexperience. An adequate preliminary study of humanity might have suggested the taking of mind as the starting-point of inference, instead of those unreal concepts which we derive from sensory observation, and which under the names of matter and force we try to elevate above man himself.

H. T. E.

"Dawn of a New Era"

THE Czar has already proved himself capable of independent action in the interests of peace, so there may possibly be some truth in what we are told today about his proposal to "give private audiences to over 200 representative Russians of all ranks, including professors of universities, political prisoners, editors, publicists, men of liberal tendencies, and men who are marked on the police lists as 'Suspicious.'"

This extraordinary statement is made by the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Express*, who thus continues:

Many prominent men throughout Russia, who are not of the official class, but who are recognized as being among the most enlightened and educated of the Czar's subjects, have received direct commands to repair to St. Petersburg to appear before the Czar and tell him frankly, without reservation or evasion, how the threatened revolution may be averted, by what peaceful means the distress and dissatisfaction of the lower classes may be met, and what reforms suitable to the state of the country should be instituted.

The invitations include Prince Meschtersky, the editor of the *Grajdani*; Prince Vyasemsky, a great orator and a man of letters; Morsky, a celebrated author; Avdyeff, a writer with pronounced liberal sentiments; Komaroff, editor of the *Sviet*; and Gringmoot, editor of the *Moscow Viedomosti*, and successor of the celebrated pan-Slavist Katkoff.

It is also the intention of the Czar to interrogate a number of prisoners and criminals, in order to ascertain from them the reasons underlying the murders of State officials and Ministers.

How the correspondent comes by the information which, he says, has not been published in Russian papers, we are not told. If there be any truth in the story, however, we should hear more of it, for, according to his own statement, it has "caused a great sensation throughout enlightened Russia."—*Westminster Gazette*

San Diego the Ideal Summer & Winter Resort

FROM reports gathered from numbers of tourists, it is clear that the people of eastern cities have no idea of the great advantages possessed by San Diego as both a summer and winter resort, of its salubrious climate, its beautiful and unsurpassed scenery, its reasonable accommodations, and modern conveniences. It is also clear that no small number of interested persons in Los Angeles and elsewhere are engaged in a systematic misrepresentation of San Diego to tourists and others, in order to prevent travel to this city.

THE NEW CENTURY has a world-wide circulation, which is continually on the increase. Its endeavor from the first has been to present a truthful picture of San Diego, its present advantages, and its unquestionably bright future from a residential, educational and commercial standpoint. Its efforts in this direction will be continued and increased until neither lack of information nor misrepresentation will stand in the way of San Diego's future greatness.

Point Loma, San Diego, was not chosen as the site for the World's Center of Theosophical work, without due regard to its future educational and commercial supremacy. This supremacy, lack of information and misrepresentation cannot prevent, *but may delay*; it is therefore for the best interests of every resident to take advantage of every opportunity to disseminate information in this regard which is offered to them, among which THE NEW CENTURY stands second to none on account of its distributing centers in every town and city of importance in America and Europe, and its presence on the reading tables of public libraries, public institutions and hotels throughout the land, as well as its increasing circulation.

Over the Mountains in San Diego County

Photo by Slocum, San Diego

THE illustration on the cover page of THE NEW CENTURY this week, depicts another of those delightful mountain roadways in San Diego County. Well in the foreground is a party of tourists who have gone, say to Lakeside, by train and there secured a pair of stout country-bred horses for a ride over the Cuyamaca Hills. Just at this time, after the unusually copious summer rain, the hillsides present much the appearance of a New England or a Pennsylvania mountainous district in midsummer, and the fact that these San Diego hills and valleys are green or flower-covered all the year around and are even more beautiful, if possible, when the snow lies deep in New England or Pennsylvania, detracts nothing from their present charm.

Memory, & Power of the Soul

THERE are in memory two factors—the power of recording or storing up, and the power of recalling. The act of remembrance involves both of these. We cannot recollect unless both functions are operative; but, although we may not be able to bring back the memory of a past experience, still it may exist in a latent form somewhere in the deep recesses of our mind. In other words, the fact that we do not recollect an experience does not prove that the memory of it is gone beyond recall.

The *Lancet* (London, June 14) gives an interesting case where an old woman of 70, in the delirium of sickness, spoke Hindustani, which she had heard from her Hindu nurse before she was four years old and totally forgotten in the meantime. And this recalls the classic case recounted by Coleridge of the delirious maid-servant who recited Greek and Hebrew, heard while in the service of a learned pastor years before.

These and similar instances show that the mind faithfully records and stores up information that the intellect does not even understand, and that this information is available. They prove that there is very much more in a man than what ordinarily comes out of him; and they strongly support the true theory of education, which is the bringing out of what is already within—not the putting of something into a blank space.

Who shall presume to say what stores of knowledge and faculty may not be latent in the human mind, in the soul, in the heart; or to what extent the power of recollection may not be trained?

Truly, memory is one of the powers of the soul, and no man has yet fathomed its depths. Through the means of a proper cultivation of memory, man might attain the knowledge of his own greatness, the knowledge of his actual oneness with all, the knowledge of what he really is—a knowledge that would at once and forever dispel all delusions.

Probably the magnificent methods of training and education, physical, mental, moral, which have been initiated in Loma-land, will enable people to cultivate this memory. Minds no longer made infirm by vicious bodies, nor distracted by passions and lusts and jars, will reflect like still water the light from the Soul, and the true *Recollection*—the recollection of our true identity—will take place.

One caution is necessary in speaking of this. The imagination is full of vain conceits, and the real treasures of memory lie deep below a troubled scum of superficial rubbish gathered during later sojournings in the haunts of men. Anyone venturing on independent and unguided efforts to fathom the depths of their nature would first stir up this quagmire, and the result would be delusion ministering to vanity.

But under the pure physical conditions and wisely-ordered training of Loma-land such dangers are avoided. H. T. E.

The "Problem" Drama

THE hunger for money has produced as great a deterioration in the world of drama as it has in the world of commerce, and the law of supply and demand rules as unscrupulously in the one as it does in the other. The garden of the drama, which should be luxuriant with flowers, is producing every year a greater crop of what we can only call dramatic fungus, the "problem" plays, which are based entirely upon some hideous, ill-smelling excrescence of human nature which, even if they then existed, the great dramatic creators of the past would have passed with heads held high. If the drama is to be educative and remedial, it must of course adapt itself to the times, but it is neither educative nor remedial to represent vice as virtue, to exhibit the gangrene as though it were healthy flesh, or to destroy hope and joy by morbid public dissections of moral and mental disease.

A single glance at the play-bills in any of our great cities is enough to show to how large an extent this is the case. We shall look far before we find a single great character, a single presentation which will inspire to high resolve or which shall call out the saving power of hope. We seem to find in the worship of depravity, of murder and of hysteria, our only relaxation from the worship of commerce, and perhaps the latter evil is the lesser of the two.

The true function of the drama is not to follow public taste, but to lead it. It is willing to be led, and it will respond more readily to the higher touch than it will to the lower. When we have ourselves demonstrated this truth we shall find plenty of imitators, and then the stage will become a center of health instead of contagious moral disease. C.

Procris and Cephalus

SHAKESPEARE did not create the story of Othello. He adapted and dramatized it, but the story itself is as old as the world, as old as human passion, and jealousy and revenge—and remorse. As Shakespeare told the pitiful tragedy in drama, so has Piero di Cosimo recorded it upon canvas and in colors, selecting the characters of Cephalus and Procris who lived their half-human lives when the world was young, in the Golden Age. Procris and Cephalus loved each other with passionate devotion, so passionate indeed that when it was told to Procris that Cephalus was untrue, she hid herself in a thicket that she might herself witness his perfidy. When she found that her rival was but the wind she would have run forth to make amendment for her doubt, but Cephalus, hearing the commotion in the brush and "thinking it was some wild beast," discharged an arrow and Procris was slain.

The picture of the tragedy has been painted by the artist with a singular and perfect equilibrium of scene, always so difficult of attainment. The dead Procris lies in the foreground in the quiescence of sudden death, the instant paralysis of eager life and intention. By her knees Cephalus, with his left hand upon her shoulder and the fingers of his right hand just laid with a caressing, questioning touch upon her hair. His face is troubled by a pain which seems not understood, as though for the first time he were face to face with death and overcome by the mystery of that other world. At his feet sits a dog, still less comprehending than his half human master, and with the strain of a perplexed sympathy upon him, as though he too were groping with the dim sorrowful problem which had fallen upon their joy. Further off are other dogs, and birds, and in the distance the low hills wrapped in blue mist, the river with its boats, and the little buildings by the water side.

The picture has hung long in the English National Gallery, but there are few who seem to know its meaning, few who are able to read its message. But the message has not yet passed out of date, nor is it likely to do so while love yet abides in the world, and the sorrow which is the shadow of love, and the caressing nature touch which heals and restores.

STUDENT

Driftwood

☞ A good heart is a great possession, but if a man carefully conceal his treasure, he cannot expect to get credit for it.—*London Spectator*

☞ Mr. Henniker Heaton, a British statesman, estimated that there would be 100,000 homeless wanderers on the night before the Coronation, and suggested that the churches should remain open all night to afford a refuge to respectable waifs and strays.

☞ From a correspondence column: *Londoner* wonders if Christianity can ever really change the disposition, and writes: "My natural disposition is very selfish, vain, self-conscious, small-minded, and slothful. I sometimes get disgusted and weary of myself." He should ask himself, Who is it gets weary with what?

☞ Dispatches from Cairo, Egypt, report that the inhabitants of that city are in a state of panic owing to the sudden outbreak of cholera. Cases are reported from every quarter of the city, and the authorities have given up all hope of isolating them or even of localizing the disease. Those who are conversant with facts say that Egypt is on the verge of a devastating epidemic.

☞ The Parthenon, in ancient Athens, was originally the temple of the virgin-goddess Athena. Afterwards it served as a Christian temple, a Mohammedan mosque, and a Turkish powder-magazine. Some of the columns of the temple of Diana at Ephesus now uphold a mosque in Constantinople, and others were built into Christian churches in Italy. Thus, down to the last detail of brute matter, is the present built on the past.

☞ Jay Backus Woodworth, assistant professor of geology at Harvard University and a member of the Government Geological Survey, is of the opinion that the disturbance at St. Pierre is but one of a series to follow. He looks with alarm upon the situation in St. Vincent, and is inclined to the belief that other islands of volcanic origin in the chain extending from the east of Porto Rico to Trinidad may experience earthquakes of considerable violence, and volcanic disturbances of a most serious nature.

☞ The rain which visited Point Loma, San Diego and vicinity on Thursday night of last week, was a great surprise and has been the cause of considerable comment. Rain in July is practically unknown in California, and last week's storm has broken the record, for July, of fifty years. Although there have been washouts and even tornadoes in many sections of the country, this rain was particularly friendly as well as abundant. All vegetation has seemed to take on new life and Point Loma in particular is unwontedly fresh and green.

THE German Emperor made a most notable speech at the unveiling of the statues in the Sieges Allee of Berlin:

It is the workshop art, the proneness to mere technical tasks, which leads to sinning against the very wells of art. A true artist does not require to be cried up in the market place. The great masters of Greece and Italy knew nothing of the present day newspaper advertising. They worked as God gave them inspiration, and they let the people chatter as they pleased. It is for the cultivation of this feeling that I need you.

The Emperor struck here at the very root of the disease which has attacked, not only art, but all other work which is worth doing. Commercialism has become the very spirit of the age, and whatever refuses to be gauged by its measure must straightway go to the wall.

We know well that there will be a reaction, but every day's delay means a further atrophy of the national art faculty. The artist is the efflorescence of the nation, and if the very soil is saturated with commercialism, the "art" which it produces must bear upon it the destructive taint. To work for a reward is to close the doors of the soul from which all art comes. Only that work will live which is done because it must be done, because the soul demands to exercise its creative power,

Art Reborn

and such work is its own reward because it is saturated with the expansive power of truth, it is radiant with the divine impress which has been given to it.

True art cannot be imitated. If it is not the thing itself, then it can bear no resemblance whatever to it. If the worker is striving for popular applause, for the bravo of the newspapers, for the coveting eye of the millionaire, there is no power within him which can prevent him from impressing his desire upon his work. Nature betrays us when we think ourselves most secret, and her hands strip our disguises from us even while we are fastening the last buttons. However much we may prate of our high ideals the work itself cannot be bound over to silence nor to deception. Every tint of color will be a money tint; every touch of the chisel will be a money touch. The recurring cycles will bring once more an age of art and of beauty, when the workman will have no other desire nor ambition than to produce a faithful translation of the whispered message of his soul. Then he will produce great and beautiful and eternal things, because they will be like the ideals which come to him out of the Silences where all pure things dwell, far out of reach of the markets and out of the hearing of applauding shouts. STUDENT

The Winged Worshipers

by CHARLES SPRAGUE—Selected

Addressed to two swallows that flew into church during divine service.

GAY, guiltless pair
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?

Ye have no need of prayer;
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep.
Penance is not for you,
Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.



MARK HOPKINS INSTITUTE OF ART (San Francisco) of the University of California

To you 'tis given
To wake sweet nature's untaught lays;
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not reared by hands.

Or, if ye stay
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On nature's charms to feed,
And nature's own great God adore.

A PHILOSOPHER said, once upon a time, something like this, "I would

no more think of troubling myself to read the classics of the world in their original tongue, if I could obtain a good translation, than I would think of swimming across the Charles river every time I wanted to go to Cambridge." I think he was right. Yet the difficulty is that there are very few adequate translations, particularly of the Greek poets. The result is that the student often prefers to master the original tongue and, by that means, span the gulf between the philosopher who speaks in one language and the philosophy which is written in another.

Most of us were brought up on Pope's Homer, and those of us who, in despair, finally study Greek and decide to swim the stream for ourselves, feel a secret grudge against the well-meaning translator. Not only had he but faint conception of Homer's philosophy, but his meandering pentameter, in some places, has little more than a speaking acquaintance with the original Greek. Homer's lines—or some one's else if you choose, for whether Homer really wrote it is not the question at present—are in the classic hexameter. To this metre the English language has been believed to be illy adapted. But recently an eastern man has actually made a literal line for line translation. He has preserved the original heroic meter. He has given a literal translation, and the old Greek spirit breathes through every line. The result is that his work is a living, not a dead, thing. The translator's name is Albert Y. Lonney of the Harvard Law School.

A New Translation of Homer

Universities, a Greek scholar. He studied Greek chiefly by himself, reading it year after year just because he loved it better than almost anything else. To aid him in translating Homer, he committed the Iliad to memory, the music of its lines making this a less difficult task than it would appear to be. When at the end of two months after he began his translation he had produced but a score of unsatisfactory lines, he was almost in despair. Something like a year after he had almost decided to give up the work, Lonney began over again. At the end of two weeks he had finished the first book, and the work is going on steadily and rapidly, even that interminable list of ships in the second book succumbing to Lonney's mastery of English hexameter.

In these days, when so many are turning their eyes toward the old land of the Achaians and are longing to relight in the hearts of humanity the fires that burned in the warrior souls of centuries ago, this new translation has a peculiar significance.

Ruskin has said, "The first sign of Athena's presence with any people is that they become warriors." No one who has ever taken into his heart the Athena that Homer loved and pictured for us, Pallas—Athena—Parthenos, goddess of work and of war, can fail to see that an honorable translation of the Iliad has its own work to do in making us more mindful of her presence among us today and more plastic to the pure Greek ideals for which she stood. E. M.

The Weight of a Word

HAVE you ever thought of the weight of a word
That falls in the heart like the song of a bird,
That gladdens the springtime of memory and youth,
And garlands with cedar the banner of truth,
That moistens the harvesting spot of the brain,
Like dewdrops that fall on a meadow of grain,
Or that shrivels the germ and destroys the fruit
And lies like a worm at the lifeless root?

I saw a farmer at break of day
Hoeing his corn in a careful way;
An enemy came with a drouth in his eye,
Discouraged the worker and hurried by.
The keen-edged blade of the faithful hoe
Dulled on the earth in the long corn row;
The weeds sprung up and their feathers tossed
Over the fields, and the crop was—lost.

A sailor launched on an angry bay
When the heavens entombed the face of the day;
The wind arose, like a beast in pain,
And shook on the billows his yellow mane;
The storm beat down as if cursed the cloud,
And the waves held up a dripping shroud—
But, hark! o'er the waters that wildly raved
Came a word of cheer, and he was—saved.

A poet passed with a song of God
Hid in his heart, like a gem in a clod.
His lips were framed to pronounce the thought,
And the music of rhythm its magic wrought;
Feeble at first was the happy trill,
Low was the echo that answered the hill,
But a jealous friend spoke near his side,
And on his lips the sweet song—died.

A woman passed where a chandelier
Threw in the darkness its poisoned spear;
Weary and footsore from journeying long,
She had strayed unawares from the right to the wrong.
Angels were beck'ning her back from the den,
Hell and its demons were beck'ning her in;
The tone of an urchin, like one who forgives,
Drew her back, and in heaven that sweet word—lives.

Words! Words! They are little, yet mighty and brave;
They rescue a nation, an empire save—
They close up the gaps in a fresh-bleeding heart
That sickness and sorrow have severed apart.
They fall on the path, like a ray of the sun,
Where the shadows of death lay so heavy upon;
They lighten the earth over our blessed dead,
A word that will comfort, oh! leave not unsaid!—Selected

After Many Days

Then love your neighbor as yourself, as the world you go traveling thro',
And never sit down with a tear or a frown, but paddle your own canoe.

THE small fingers of the little girl thrummed out the tune on the piano, and the boy sang it with right good will. "That is a tip-top song," he commented at the conclusion. "You'll be a professional musician soon, Jeannie." Jean beamed at the praise and, encouraged, began to struggle with the accompaniment to "The Last Rose of Summer," but they had not managed more than one verse, when adverse Karma overtook them in the shape of an irate nurse. "Whatever'll your Ma say, Miss Jeannie, with you a strumming on her piano. Such a noise I never heard. Master Howard, you ought to know better than to encourage her."

Master Howard's opinion, plainly expressed was, that it was time enough to object when his aunt forbade them; but Jeannie, in tears, was relentlessly marched away into the nursery. "Never mind, Jeannie," he called after her, "when we are both grown up we shall do as we choose, and you shall play to me all day long, if you want to."

The next day Howard was suddenly called home; changes had occurred, and a few-weeks time saw Howard and his father en route to a distant country.

A man lying in a hammock swinging in a shady station veranda, recalled the little scene to his mind's eye as he listened to the strains of a distant concertina down at the shearers' camp. "'Then love your neighbor as yourself,' etc. I haven't bothered much about my neighbors," thought the young man. "Poor little Jean; I wonder where she is now and whose accompaniments she plays. I wish we had

not so completely cut connection with all the old ties. I would like to see aunt and my little child playmate again, for since father died I have been a lonely being with all my wealth."

There's where my heart is ever turning,
Back to the old folks at home,

sang out the concertina man. Howard knocked the ashes out of his pipe and went inside. . . .

The closing year found him at a little seaside town, whence he had come to escape the burning heat of the interior, and one morning he came across, on the beach, a tiny figure that reminded him of his little playmate cousin. As a reward for his careful avoidance of her sea-sand castle, which lay right across his path, the little maiden smiled up at him and in a few minutes they were chatting like old friends.

"Mother and Charlie will be coming in a minute; they live over there," pointing to a small gable-roofed cottage that faced the beach. "Daddy is nearly always sick now, and we came over the big sea to make him better." She had just reached that point of information when, looking up, Howard saw a lady coming swiftly towards them. She glanced keenly at him as her little girl ran to meet her. "He is such a nice man, mother," she said, "and he is building me a beautiful castle."

"I may be mistaken," said the stranger, lifting his hat and addressing her mother, "but I think you must be my cousin, Jean Burton, for your little girl is the exact counterpart of what I remember her to be."

"That was my name," she replied—"but surely you are not Howard?"

"But I am," he returned with a smile, and they shook hands warmly.

"Jeannie," said her mother, "this is Cousin Howard whom mother used to play with, when she was a little girl."

They sat down on the sand-bank, and while Jeannie, the younger, played with her wonderful castle the reunited cousins talked of the years that lay between their last meeting.

Jean's life had flowed on smoothly until a few years ago, when she lost her mother, followed by the disappearance of the bulk of her fortune in a commercial crisis, and her husband's health became delicate. They were out in Australia in search of health, and his medical adviser had told them that possibly a year or two in the interior would completely cure him, but that was not practicable with their present income, unless he could hear of something to do in the country.

"It was simply providential, our chancing to meet, Jean," said Howard. "Here I am with a big station and roomy house, waiting for someone to live in it, and to get hold of someone I can thoroughly trust as a general factotum, so the sooner I see your husband and settle it up the better."

"Oh, Howard," she cried, with sparkling eyes, "you are generous, but I don't know that we should be justified in invading you like that; there are four of us!"

"If a man may not use his possessions in aiding his friends, of what use are they? And besides if you only knew, Jean, how I have longed for some of my own kin at times, indeed," he added impulsively, "I think I came to this very place to meet you, for ever since I heard the shearers sing 'Paddle Your Own Canoe,' you have been in my mind. I could get no rest, and heaven only knows why I should have come to this dull little place, but I could not rest there," and he told her of his old memory awakened by the shearers' song.

"We had landed here just about that time," said Jean, reflectively. "Of course nothing *does* happen by chance and heart ties never break. We truly sow our bread upon the waters of life to reap it after many days. The friendship of one short life does not explain such things."

Howard looked puzzled, Jean laughed. "Of course you do not understand what I am talking about, but *if* we go to your station —"

"*When*," corrected Howard, hoisting the small Jean on his shoulder as they turned toward the cottage.

"I see Frank on the veranda," said Mrs. Brown, and she hastened her steps.

Howard loitered, and when he reached the house Mr. Brown was in possession of the bare facts of the case. . . .

"Helping and sharing is what Brotherhood means," said small Jeannie gravely to her brother at play on the veranda one afternoon, as she added her bricks to his and together they built a gorgeous house, to baby's delight.

The elders looking on absorbed the lesson. Said Jean, the elder: "Where should we have been without your help, Howard?"

"I dread to think," said Frank.

"Don't," said Howard, rising. "I was able to share with you my material goods, but you have brought me the joy of dear companionship and a light upon the devious ways of life; for what need a man fear when he knows the laws that govern the Universe are based on eternal justice, and that Theosophy has taught me to see."

"Your wealth would have been useless without your heart to use it," replied Jean softly, "for man is the fashioner of his own fate. We have always to come back to that." ETHNE

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

Modern Indebtedness to the Ancients

THOSE who read our pages know that it is one of our constant aims to combat the narrow views of history and the self-complacency indulged in by many modern sages, and to insist on the vast antiquity of man and his bygone glory and knowledge.

H. P. Blavatsky wrote her books with the avowed intention of restoring to the ancients that credit which the moderns have filched, and of showing that most, if not all, of modern attainments have been borrowed from those same discredited ancients.

M. Abel Remusat, in his *Memoirs on the Mongol Emperors*, gives some facts which will contribute to the above object. In the 13th century the Mongols, under the renowned Tartar Alexander, Genghis Khan, and his successors, rushed pillaging and destroying all over Asia, and founded the last empire of which we have any record, extending as far as Austria. In the course of this invasion East and West were mixed up in an entirely unprecedented way, and it was then that the Westerns obtained from the Easterns many of the arts which they have since accredited to themselves.

Says Remusat (we quote from *Abbe Huc's Travels*):

Before the establishment of the intercourse which, first the Crusades, and then later the irruption of the Mongols, caused to spring up between the nations of the East and those of the West, the greater part of those inventions, which distinguished the close of the middle ages, had been known to the Asiatics for centuries. The polarity of the lodestone had been discovered and put in operation in China from the remotest antiquity. Gunpowder had been as long known to the Hindoos and the Chinese, and the latter of whom had in the tenth century "thunder-carriages" which seem to have been cannon. It is difficult to account in any other way for the fire-stone throwers which are so often mentioned in the early history of the Mongols.

Again the first edition of the classic books engraved on wooden boards is dated in the year 952. The institution of bank-notes, and of banking and exchange offices took place among the Jou-Tchen in 1154.

Bank-notes were adopted by the Mongols established in China; they were known to the Persians. Lastly, playing-cards were invented in China in the year 1120.

And so on with more which we have not space to quote. This will serve, together with Egyptian, Assyrian, and other explorations, to show how much we are indebted to the despised ancients. H. T. E.

Cradle of the Human Race in Turkestan

PROFESSOR G. F. WRIGHT addressed the anthropological section of the A. A. A. S. at Pittsburg, on the climatic changes in central and western Asia, in connection with the past history of the human race. He considers that the theory that one of the most important migrations of the human races was from central Asia is well borne out by the favorable nature of the climatic conditions that must have obtained there.

Turkestan is very fertile now; but, according to Professor Wright's theory, the land level was lower in the past than it is now, so that a vast inland sea filled the desert of Gobi and provided ample rainfall.

No doubt the dry sands of central Asia cover the seat of an ancient center of human civilization; but, far back as the scientists put the epoch, it is not remote enough for the country to be called "The Cradle of the Human Race." H. T. E.

African Dwarfs

SOME further particulars have been received regarding the Central African race of dwarfs, the Akkas, which were discovered by the German explorer, Schweinfurth. Ethnologists have now agreed that these little people are a branch of the Bushman race, which was once distributed over very considerable areas of South and Central Africa. They have no houses of any kind, but live in caves and among the bushes, depending entirely upon hunting for their food.

The men rarely exceed four and a half feet in height, and the women three to four feet. Their range of intelligence appears to be very low while their misshapen bodies and slender legs give them an appearance not unlike apes. C.

The Advance of Egyptian Exploration

THE advance of Egyptian Exploration is so rapid as almost to defy adequate record. Among recent achievements, however, may be mentioned the successful work of Professor Smith of the Cairo University, and of Dr. Reisner of the University of California.

At Nar-ed-den, on the east bank of the Nile, a very ancient and extensive cemetery has been unearthed, containing a series of tombs stretching from prehistoric periods up to the time of the Copts. The soil is so perfectly dry that the remains are in an unusually well preserved condition, and many remarkable specimens have been obtained, from the first dynasty up to the eighteenth.

Hardly less important is the discovery of immense quantities of mammal remains of varieties hitherto absolutely unknown.

In Alexandria itself a fine series of catacombs has been excavated which were once part of the Island of Pharos. These catacombs contain large numbers of frescoes, one of them representing the Egyptian fleet drawn up in battle order.

Another explorer, Mr. Newberry, has also met with gratifying success at Thebes. He has discovered the floor of a summer palace built by Amenhotep III. Here too a large number of frescoes have been found and, as is usual with Egyptian paintings, the colors are as fresh and vivid as when they were first applied nearly four thousand years ago.

Gigantic Prehistoric Races

ANCIENT Grecian tradition furnishes us with one example, out of innumerable and universally prevalent ones, of the tradition of gigantic prehistoric races. The Pelasgi, spoken of by Homer and other ancient writers as the prehistoric inhabitants of Greece, have left massive stone structures of walls, tombs and aqueducts, which are found in Greece, Italy, and Asia Minor. The earliest Hellenes ascribed them to the giant Cyclops. Standing alone, such a story as this might seem trivial and unconvincing; but not so when taken in conjunction with all the other gigantic remains found and the traditions about them.

H. T. E.

Stonehenge

ON the 21st of June, the longest day of the year, Stonehenge was visited by large numbers of people who were anxious to see the sun rise over the giant monolith known as the "Friar's Heel." This stone is sixteen feet high, and its top coincides with the line of the horizon. Once every year on the 21st of June the sun rises exactly over it, and this is one of the most striking evidences that the circle was originally designed upon an astronomical plan. STUDENT

Ancient Arabian Art

AN important find of ancient Arabian art work is reported from Vienna. The discovery was made by Dr. Musil, who headed an exploring party to Wadi Serhan, an almost unknown district. He was so fortunate as to find in the desert of Kosseir Amra a castle built by Prince Ahmet, a great grandson of the famous Khalif Harun al Rashid. Large numbers of pictures, portraits and works in mosaic were brought to light, some of them disclosing altogether new features in ancient art. STUDENT

The Passing of the Alligator

A FEW years ago Florida produced more alligator skins than any other portion of the United States. Today, although it is said that one firm in New Orleans handles 500,000 skins annually, the saurian is nearly extinct in our Gulf waters. Not many years ago the swamps, bayous and rivers of Florida, particularly the Everglades, were swarming with alligators. Today, most of the skins of commerce come from Mexico and it is said that a New York firm recently sent a band of Seminole Indians to India to hunt there. The baby alligator enjoys a most precarious existence. He is unceremoniously devoured by fishes, by birds, by his own species, and by curio dealers; so it is not strange that few survive to complete their natural life cycle of 100 to 150 years.

A RECENT dispatch from Madrid states that King Alfonso

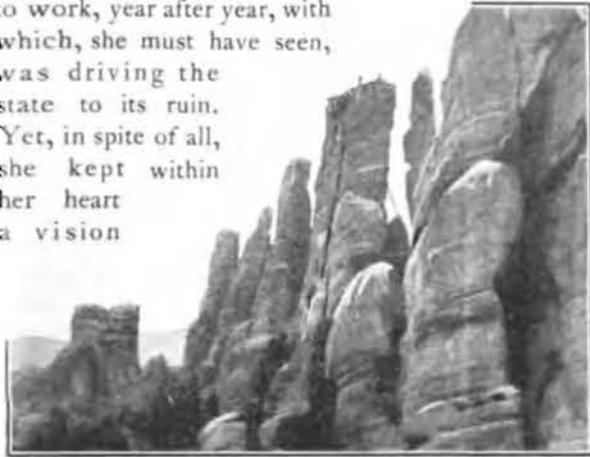
A King Who Was Reared by a Woman

may put a stop to bull-fighting in Spain. "It is cruel," he is reported to have said, "and I do not like it." This is but another sign of the times, another straw which shows which way bloweth the wind.

King Alfonso, along certain lines, has not only astonished, but has challenged the enemies of humanity, and has planted his own standard far along the pathway of progress. Whence comes this new force? What is the source of these ideals in the heart of "a sickly boy who has been reared by a woman?"

It is just possible that these words, which were spoken in something of contempt, give us the true key to the situation. Alfonso was reared by a woman, it is true. So was George Washington, so was Lincoln, so was Goethe. Alfonso's mother, the Queen Regent, has made the right education of her son the one aim of her life. That has long been known. And few women have worked under greater difficulties. She has been heartsick with unhappiness; she has suffered from the unmerited distrust of some of her people who would have preferred to see their king wed a woman of their own race; she has suffered because of national customs and court etiquette which have been, in many respects, contrary to her own ideals; and she

has been obliged to work, year after year, with a clerical power which, she must have seen, was driving the state to its ruin. Yet, in spite of all, she kept within her heart a vision



ALL SAINTS' MONASTERY, ON GREEK FRONTIER



MONASTERY OF ST. NICHOLAS, THESSALY

The East and the West

A RAILROAD over the Tigris and Euphrates, past the ruins of Nineveh and running through Bagdad; a railroad company with mining rights and concessions. This is indeed a strange mingling of the bustling, noisy modern world, with what has always suggested changeless tranquillity illumined by the colored lamps of the Arabian Nights.

The Bagdad railway has been approved by the Sultan of Turkey, and is expected to be ready in eight years. It will run from Konieh, a town in the south-central part of the promontory of Asia Minor, to the Persian Gulf; and, as there is already a line from Constantinople to Konieh, a most important route of commerce will be opened between Europe and India. The place of the old camel caravans will be supplied; and this new line, together with the lines already existing in Asiatic Turkey, will drive most of the old-world mystery and poetry out of their haunts.

The enterprise is largely in German hands and Russians are the chief shareholders. It crosses the Taurus range and the Euphrates river, passes near the ruins of Nineveh, runs south to Bagdad and ends at the Persian Gulf.

It is not without regret that one hears of such changes, though one recognizes that it is in the future that the rebirth of the past should be sought.

So let the past in forgetfulness sleep.

The bold traveler wastes no time in regretting the shores he has left, but fixes his hopes on those which lie before him. We do not like to see the restless billows of modern life surging over the receding shores of ancient grandeur; but we fix our hearts on what shall follow our paltry civilization, when the spirit of the past shall have reincarnated in greater glory in the future.

H. T. E.

of the true light and that has left its impress on her boy. He will do, unless all signs fail, what his mother has yearned to see done. And let us not forget, when we think of him as a mere boy, not long since "tied to his mother's apron strings," that the fires of his own ideals were kindled from the flame upon the altars of that mother's heart.

Oh, if women only knew their power! If the mothers of men only recognized that scepter of power which the gods place in their hands when they welcome their first-born. They hold the key to the future. Mothers have, by virtue of the fact that they have the training of the child during its very earliest years, the inside track in this age-long evolutionary race. And yet mothers do not know this, and so they are lost in the race, they give up and drop out and surrender to circumstances, when they ought to master them, and they see their own cowardice and their own weaknesses writ large in the lives of their children—and they pass out in sorrow. This has been the rule for generations. Our prisons, our alms-houses, our insane asylums, our hospitals, all these tell the story. The women who have the insight and the courage to stand for their ideals, for the sake of the little ones clinging to their skirts, as this Queen-mother has done, are all too few.

Katherine Tingley has a great message for the women of the world, for the mothers of men. If they will but recognize their own divinity, they will rise into power and into a peace that gods might envy, and the day will soon be here when the true man, the patriotic man, the honorable, the wise man, *will be the rule and not the exception*. It is time that we looked back of effects to causes.

It is time that we realized that those men who have said, as Lincoln said, "All I am I owe to my mother," were not dealing in metaphors, but were stating a deep philosophic truth.

It is not easy to hold to an ideal when circumstances seem to conspire to oppose you. But every true woman who endeavors to do so, not for self but for the sake of those whom the Law has trusted her with, every woman who presses on and on, refusing to surrender though the sun be clouded and the light of the stars shall fail, makes a path for others through the wilderness that we call life. And that is worth while.

STUDENT

Vegetarianism

VEGETARIANISM has been reinforced by a fresh supply of testimony from Germany and from Japan. In a recent walking match from Dresden to Berlin, a distance of over one hundred and twenty-four miles, the first six to arrive were all vegetarians, the winner covering the entire distance in less than twenty-seven hours—certainly a very extraordinary performance.

An eminent European physician says that the soldiers of Japan, who are entirely vegetarian, have far more endurance than European troops, and that this was abundantly evidenced during the recent military operations in China. The diet of the Japanese soldier is entirely composed of barley, rice and beans. On one occasion he knew a company of men to trot a distance of twenty-five miles daily, in the heat of the sun and bearing a load of one hundred and seventy-six pounds. After the expiration of fourteen days one of the men had gained a pound in weight. He then supplied them with a little meat which they rejected after three-days trial.

STUDENT

THE TORTILLA MAKER, MEXICO



Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

From *The San Diego Union*, Monday, July 28, 1902

SUNDAY EVENING AT ISIS THEATRE

Excellent Program of Selections from Schubert by Students of
the Isis Conservatory of Music

Three Interesting Addresses by Some of the Older Students of
Loma-Land—Good Attendance

THE threatening, sultry weather of last evening had no effect upon the usual large audience at the regular meeting of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in Isis Theatre. There was a specially interesting musical program of selections from Schubert, which the audience seemed to enjoy thoroughly.

The first address of the evening was on "The Overshadowing of the Higher Law," by Mr. H. T. Patterson. "The reflective mind," said Mr. Patterson, "is irresistibly forced to perceive an underlying unity in all things. It is shown in the marvelous similarity of all plant and animal structure, in the simplicity of radical motion and its complexity in application, in the small number of musical notes and the endless number of musical productions resulting from them, in the few letters of the alphabet and the limitless words formed by them—and so on through an endless round of illustrations in which multiplicity and variety are shown to emanate from unity and simplicity. Nor is man an exception.

"Thus, recognizing that behind diversity is unity, that tones to be musical must be harmonious, that musical compositions resolve eventually into their original or allied key; that in our country, as asserted in our motto, "E Pluribus Unum," from many have emanated one, we perceive that in our lives should be the harmony of perfected relations, and from the many lives should proceed the great tone of the one harmonious, eternal existence. It is to bring this higher touch into the homes, the lives, and the hearts of men that Katherine Tingley has established at Point Loma an order of things which is being inaugurated and by which shall be demonstrated the practicability of this harmonious existence among men. The life there is ruled by compassionate love. It is a touch of that great love which is the Higher Law, and the overshadowing of the Higher Law is but a manifestation and expression of that love which is the law and includes the law."

"Into the Promised Land," was the title to the second address, which was delivered by Dr. Gerrude W. Van Pelt. Taking as her text the journey of the children of Israel through the wilderness, Dr. Van Pelt said that the real journey of men from out of the wilderness of the lower, passionate, sensuous and sensual life, into the promised land of the higher life, "is in the silence, just as the real temple is built without hands or sound of hammer, and all the outward journeyings are the outcome, the symbols, the results of the state of the inner man. Places also have their inner as their outer life, and the feet of men wander toward the spot to which the soul has pointed."

It was Moses' mission to free the children of men "from the heavy bondage to material things and material rulers, to help them to liberate themselves from the chains they themselves had forged."

"At last it was possible for a Great Soul to come to 'the lost sheep of the house of Israel' again. Notwithstanding all that happened, the unquenchable love of the spirit sent again a messenger to gather these sheep together and lead them into green pastures.

"But alas! those who have willfully blinded themselves cannot so easily see. The sins and ingratitude of the past had left their mark. The shepherd was recognized by a few fishermen and the common people of other nations, but by those to whom he was sent he was slain." There came other leaders and teachers to men as the centuries rolled along, said the speaker, but few would follow them into the Promised Land of the higher life. Then, in glowing terms, she described the advent of Theosophy in the latter half of the Nineteenth century, depicting the "enmity, cruel slander and criticism" suffered by the Messenger who first held high the torch, and also by her successor, who "took up the burden of leading all these many peoples out of the maze and confusion of the Nineteenth century, out of the wilderness of doubts to the borders of the Promised Land." It was the latter's successor, said the speaker, who finally carried over the little band of those who saw the light into ancient Loma-land. And now the opportunity has come again, "as much greater than ever before as the experience is greater," for the wandering tribes of men to enter the Promised Land.

Mr. R. W. Machell being unable to attend, his paper on "The Art of the Future," was read by Mr. J. H. Fussell. Some extracts from the paper are as follows:

"It has been said that there is no modern religious art, and this is no doubt due to the fact that there is very little real religion in the life of the peoples of the present day.

"The art of an age is a very fair index to the general state of a civilization, for although a great artist may be far ahead of the general state of evolution of those around him, still it is certain that the great mass of artists and art workers are always on the level of the average minds of their day.

"Mother Nature is the great goddess of all true artists. It is in the works of the true lovers of nature that one finds that earnestness and conviction that has ceased to inspire the branches of art that are generally considered to be higher.

"Here, I say, is the hope for the future, for here one sees that art is not dead, but is able to respond to the living soul of nature. . . . The fire of enthusiasm that inspires all works that are capable of stirring the hearts of men is not lit by the need of money, nor by the greed of gain, nor by the hope of fame—it springs from the soul."

Some Observations

JULY, this year, has seemed to bring with it a new touch, for the unwonted rains have lifted the shrubs, roses and flowering vines into new life. Recently one of the students remarked: "I never pass through the gardens but I wish that I might gather roses and place them in every lodge room in the world."

Since we who are so fortunate as to be at the Center cannot do this, we must content ourselves with the next best thing, which is to send you greetings, greetings manifold. Here we realize more than it is possible out in the world, how the great wheel of activities is moving, slowly, yet without cessation, and in its revolution nothing is overlooked. For it is the wheel of the Law.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small,
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all.

One who is a part of the life at the Center, Loma-land, is impressed, in looking over the pages of the *Universal Brotherhood Path* and *THE NEW CENTURY*, with the fact that very little, after all, is told about this great work. In one sense very little can be told, for the class-work would neither interest nor be understood by the general public. Detailed accounts of the activities along various lines and in certain departments must, as yet, be reserved for students. But that these publications are doing their own work in leading thousands to a knowledge of Theosophy in its practical aspects there can be no doubt. And the public is gradually coming to understand that Theosophy, true Theosophy, is not spookism, nor charlatanry, nor psychism, nor hypnotism, nor faith-healing, nor crankism, nor any other "ism." True Theosophy, as has been said, is the gospel of common sense, practically applied. And such is the Theosophy of Loma-land.

To those who take a broad view of men and of affairs, it is evident that the general public is now more receptive to Theosophical ideas than actual students were in the old days. This is proven by the new light that appears to have already broken in upon many of the brightest minds of the age—in literature, in law, in the pulpits, in journalism—yes, even in journalism; and the day is coming apace when the old adage about a prophet being without honor in his own country will be quite discredited, if not forgotten.

The period is near indeed, in fact it has already been entered upon, when students from the World-Center, Loma-land, shall go forth as teachers and helpers of humanity. Like the noblest of the knights of old, where sin and pain abide there shall they go to comfort and to redeem; where ignorance is, there shall they go as living examples of that right action which is true wisdom. They shall go, and as has been said, the going forth has already been begun—unto all countries and to all peoples. Saving the legend of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, there is nothing in all history which parallels this.

It is through a life of unselfish service that students become prepared, qualified and worthy to go forth. And their preparation at Point Loma is unique, because here the emergencies of life are a part of every day's experience. Students of years past would have thought their lives complete if they had had the opportunities that students have today. Those who advance the most are those who cease judging men and systems by conventional standards, and for no two students is experience ever the same.

The rains of the past week have induced gardens and fields to put on quite an extravagant garmenting of green and flowers. The eucalyptus trees appear to have burst into new life.

It is in the midst of a clump of eucalyptus that "Karnak" stands, a picturesque, green-roofed dwelling in which the literary staff is domiciled. Here much of the most important work upon the Hill is done and, in its generous spaces, wide

Students



Path

God Bless the Fools

by CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE in *Harper's Magazine*

ONE fool sailed westward till he found a world;
 One found new worlds within the mind of man;
 The cynics called Columbus charlatan
 And burned Giordano Bruno! Who unfurled
 The heavens like a scroll, that men might know,
 But foolish Galileo? Who began
 Our new free art and thought and social plan,
 But that poor outcast crazy fool, Rousseau?

There is one toast the future ages drink
 Standing!—To those who dare, rush in, and die!—
 Those who defy all rights and break all rules,
 Who fight impossible battles, and who think
 True thoughts—at whom with one accord we cry,
 "The fools, the fools, the fools!"—God bless the fools!

The Late Dr. Chalmers and Missionary Work

THE late Dr. Chalmers was one of those few missionaries whose influence over the natives was derived from a genuine and intelligent sympathy. We too often find that the indispensable mark of conversion, and often the only mark, is an abandonment of innocent native customs and native costume. To this Dr. Chalmers was altogether opposed. He approached this and all other native questions from the stand-point of an intelligent comradeship, and many of his followers might with advantage shape their behavior in the missionary field upon his example and upon his precept. It gives us pleasure to record some of his words upon the natives of New Guinea, among whom his work chiefly lay.

I am opposed to clothing natives in European fashion. My experience is that clothing natives is nearly as bad as introducing spirits among them. Wherever clothing has been introduced the natives are disappearing before various diseases, especially phthisis, and I am fully convinced that the same will happen in New Guinea. Our civilization, whatever it is, is unfitted for them in their present state, and no attempt should be made to force our so-called civilization amongst them. The women are very modest, and think themselves respectably and well clothed. Why savages should always be spoken of as immoral I fail to see. They are not so when compared with the more highly civilized countries of the world. I am sorry to have to say that it is contact with the civilized white that demoralizes them, and they then become loose and immoral.

Another missionary corroborates these views and adds that the natives have a high sense of morality in the best sense of the word, but that this disappears upon contact with the white man. This is a serious indictment which is not now brought for the first time, and it should be laid well to heart by those missionaries who have the highest sense of their opportunities and their responsibilities.

A Glance Ahead

SOME years ago we were told that the time had come when the existence of this school must be made known to the entire world, and that the students, as custodians of its truths, were to go forth as helpers of humanity. "For some of you," said the Leader, "that time is very near, for others it is farther distant. But all must, from this time, work for that end."

Do we realize that this divine philosophy and the Teacher of it have challenged the entire world and that we, as her students, must answer that challenge or we fail? Katherine Tingley has thrown down the gauntlet to all the evil of the universe because she upholds all that is good. She has challenged all that is selfish because she stands for all that is unselfish. She has challenged worn-out theories and systems, for she stands for the Order of Ages that is New.

We know this well. We know that, while the truth endures forever and ever the same, today humanity demands new aspects of it, and a new application. Men are tired of hearing the doctrine merely, they demand the living of the life. And it is because the students on this Hill are honestly endeavoring to live the life that they can bring to the world something new.

Know you that we are the custodians of great truths—or, at least, *we have the chance to become so*. And the knowledge that we bring to the world is not a knowledge of books but a knowledge of life—a knowledge of human nature and of human needs. We must cultivate a rare discrimination, a rare ability to read human nature, for this ability will serve us in two ways. We will come to understand the needs of the people whom we are trying to help, we will know when to speak and when to keep silent; we will know to whom to speak and before whom to keep silent; we will know what to give and what to withhold. For Katherine Tingley has said that the teacher of truth can never give out more than one tenth of the knowledge he possesses.

But more than that, we can lead those who look to us for help into a deeper knowledge of human nature. We can lead them into the unfathomed places in their own souls, into the depths of that Soul which is universal and that life which is One. We can become the bringers to all men of a new joy, a new hope, messengers of a new life. If we are really students in the deeper sense we well know that it lies in our power to bring something *new* into humanity's life. Daily, by all our resolves, are we challenged to do no less than this. The least that we can do is to wake up, stand up, and loyally answer this challenge as faithful students of H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley.

STUDENT

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

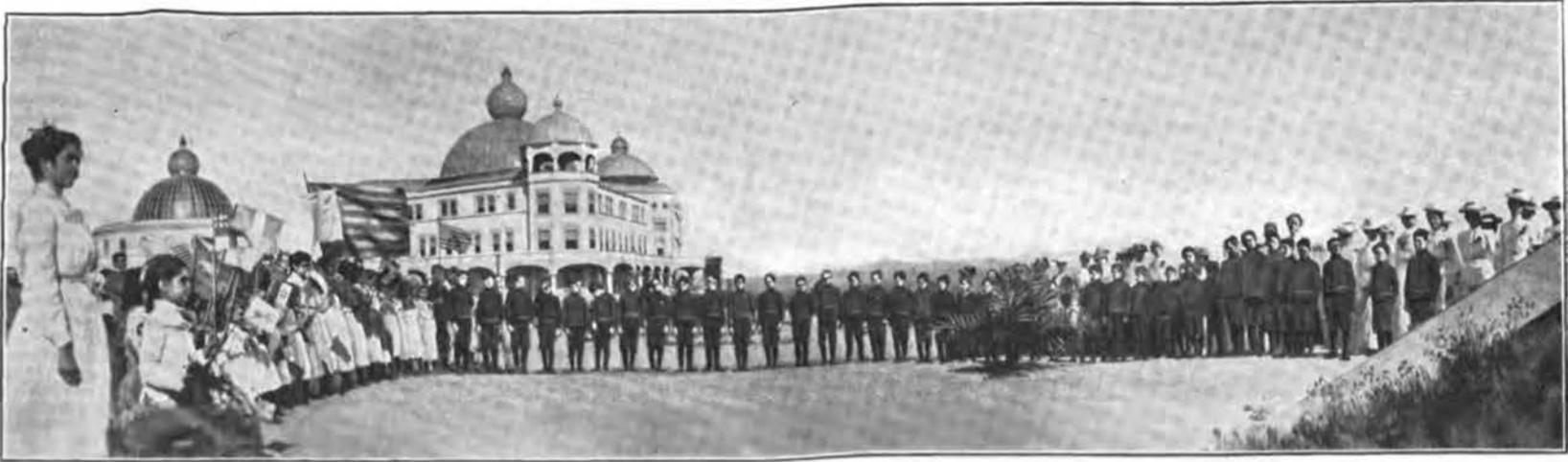
DEAR COMRADES: The first thing the true student of Theosophy does is to make a desperate effort to be honest with himself. He may be "square with the world," as the saying goes, but to be absolutely "square" with himself is often another matter. However, he who will not give up the struggle toward the ideal, once he has set his standard within its borders, will in time attain. First he must see that his heart is right, that his motives are pure and true, that he is fighting not for self but for others.

Theosophy is rightly called the doctrine of the heart, for it appeals to all that is truest and divinest in man, and it touches all those deeper currents of his being that flow into the great ocean of Life Universal. Once the heart is right, the head will understand, *if we will*, the body will obey, *if we will*, the whole nature will become transformed, if we will it so, *but not otherwise*. This is a solemn fact.

Just here is a danger point, like a fascinating byway along the path into which the careless or indolent student is very likely to wander, and from which the very indolent sometimes do not return. "Just get the heart right and all the rest will follow," we say quite too often. And some of us who ought to know better excuse our younger comrades for lapses in conduct by saying, "It is too bad, but then, he is good at heart, you know." And so we palliate when we ought to apply the saving irritant. We plaster over the faults of others (and of ourselves) when we ought to cut deep into what is a moral ulcer—for false notions are just that. Of course we will make a wound, but then, healthy wounds are certain to heal, and we may be sure that if we hesitate to wound, when only by such heroic work can a comrade be saved, we become the agents and allies of those forces that work for the destruction of humanity. The thought is not a pleasant one. In fact it is very irritating to those of us who are careless of what is our duty. But it is a true thought and it is also inspiring.

It is nonsense to keep up this talk about the heart being right when even the occasional acts of our life violate the resolves that we have made. Such a course may be quite tolerable for those who believe in theory but not in practice. But these do not enroll the students of Loma-land among their number, it is to be hoped. It is time we reflected a bit on the lines suggested here. To act contrary to the ideal we preach is a living disgrace. If we call ourselves warriors, then let us be such or else be honest for once and drop out of the ranks, frankly admitting that we cannot keep up.

COMRADE



DEAR CHILDREN: On this page you will see a picture of the Raja Yoga children; they are standing near their little Music Temple, where they meet every day to study and practise music. Their faces are full of sunshine and they sing like birds. One has only to glance at them to know their happiness, which has come to them from working for others.

Here in this beautiful place the air is so pure and clear that one can hear the sweet voices as they ring out far, far over the hills. I think that these full, glad heart notes never cease sounding, on, on, up, up they go, into the blue sky, into the stars, there they blend in their rosy

The Raja Yoga School ❖ Loma-Land

color with the golden light. When the world's children are sleeping, the

purple-gold stars shine out in their joy into the hearts of all who are in sorrow and darkness.

Then the joy notes of song begun in Loma-land are again heard and those who hear them sing them again and again, and a new light breaks all over the world when all this is done. The little winged messengers of love, the birds, fly back to the Raja Yoga children with the news of the good they have done, and they plead in song for more love of the world, more kindness, for there are millions of people seeking for love and light.

AUNT SUSAN

Rain in the City Beautiful

HOW I wish that all the Buds and Blossoms in the world could have peeped into the City Beautiful and watched the birds during the last shower. You know it has been many, many years since we have had a rain in the summer-time, and the birdies were so surprised.

They gathered under the shrubs and beneath the porches of our little Group Homes, and twittered and chattered to the patter-patter of the rain drops as if to say: "It is very, very mysterious. I wonder what will happen next."

And after the shower, down they fluttered to drink from the little clear pools which the rain had filled like chalices, all along the edge of the roadway. They quite forgot the dishes about the lawn which we Raja Yoga boys and girls keep filled with water and from which they usually drink. How these birdies splashed and fluttered about in the pools! One would not believe that taking a bath could possibly be so much fun. And then away they flew, some to their nests in the rose vines and laurel, and others away out over the hills, to tell the rabbits and the little squirrels in the chaparral all about it.

HAROLD

The Lullaby Boat

by EMELIA C. PEARSON

THE gold-topped clouds are mountains tall.

The blue, blue sky the sea,
And there's a boat, with snow-white sails,
To carry you and me.

There are castles on the mountain-top,
And warriors on the sea;
But in our boat we're not afraid,
For strong and brave are we.

We'll sail and sail the livelong day,
And not go home at all
Till from the mountains Night comes
down,
And lets her mantle fall.

We'll steer our boat to a small white bed,
As soft as soft can be;
For after dark it is not safe
A-sailing on the sea.—*The Progress*



The Hawk and the Angora Cat

DEAR CHILDREN: Most animals believe in brotherhood, as you know. But there are a few, just as there are some humans who don't understand about it, and so let all their thoughts go wrong.

Now, in a city many miles from here on the coast of the great Atlantic, there is a large hawk which goes about at night sometimes and carries away wee rabbits and baby chickens.

But one day this hawk made a dreadful mistake, just as people who forget about brotherhood are always certain to do, and it swooped down upon a big Angora cat. The cat was very much surprised, but it decided to teach this silly bird a lesson. And in less time than I can tell you about it the hawk flew away, very much ashamed, and leaving behind it a great bunch of its feathers. And the cat, as you see, in teaching this hawk a lesson, was a real worker for brotherhood.

There are so many easy ways of learning brotherhood that it does seem a great pity that any one should choose the hard way. But the foolish hawk did, and very often foolish men and women do the same, and then wonder why they have so very much trouble.

UNCLE FRED

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., July 26th, 1902

DEAR SPOTS—Although we have never met, I feel that I almost know you from hearing your letters in *THE NEW CENTURY*. My mistress often reads us the descriptions of Loma-land, and many times, when she thought me asleep, I have taken it in and longed to see you all down there. But I never was sure this would come to pass—so you may know how very happy it made my two children and myself to hear that it had been settled that we were all going to live at Point Loma. I am very proud of my children and am glad they are to live near the wonderful Raja Yoga school, for, although they can never enter (being only Cocker puppies), they will be near its dear children, and I hope never suffer as I have, the terrible fear of all children—I hope I may overcome this when I see the real Raja Yoga boys and girls.

Mignon Writes to Spots

When I go shopping with my mistress all the cash-boys in the stores look at me and I suppose admire my long ears, which they say are so beautiful, but it is all I can do not to show my dislike for them, for we doggies object to being pulled around by persons whom we don't know.

I hear we are to have a very pretty home when we come down, which we are all most anxious to see. There will be four of us, Pallamino, my brother, who is a beautiful golden Cocker; Boxer, and Tiny Lady, my two children. Then the cats—Fraskins, Potpourri and Svengali, who are to have the upper story of our new house.

Dear old Polly is busy preparing "Life is Joy," and can sing four lines now without any assistance. She also says, "Are you happy? That's good!" to all of us, which is very amusing.

Hoping to meet you soon, and with love from us all,
Sincerely,
MIGNON



GEORGE T. VERNON
Tailor

1110 FIFTH STREET - SEFTON BLOCK
Telephone Black 1912

ENTERTAINMENT
by Children of the

Raja Yoga School

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON
in the

Aryan Temple, Point Loma
Tickets 50 cents

Bank of Commerce

841 FIFTH ST., bet E & F Sts., SAN DIEGO

Capital, \$100,000
Reserve & Undivided Profits, \$46,837.23

R. M. POWERS, President F. W. JACKSON, Cashier
GRAHAM E. BABCOCK, Vice-President C. L. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—R. M. Powers, Graham E. Babcock, J. F. Sinks,
A. H. Frost, Chas. T. Hinde, U. S. Grant, & F. W. Jackson

General banking business transacted. Exchange drawn direct on all principal cities of United States and Europe. Prompt attention given to collections.

EDWARD M. BURBECK

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Copper Plate Engraving & Printing
Steel Dies, Crests, and Monograms
Largest & most varied stock of Books
and General Literature in the City

1051-59 FIFTH STREET, SAN DIEGO

"Burbeck's Big Bookstore"

Toys Games Souvenirs Office Supplies City and County Maps

"Where Rail and Tide Meet, There Cast Anchor"

Investors, Speculators, & Real Estate Dealers

GET IN ON THE
GROUND FLOOR
AT SAN DIEGO
EARLY

San Diego is the Open Door to the Orient & Investors now will be Capitalists later

CAN'T YOU SEE THE HAND OF DESTINY?
—2700 miles saved in encircling the globe via this port
—Three Transcontinental Railroads heading for this Harbor
—The Commerce of the Southwest and of the Pacific is being concentrated at the Bay of San Diego
—Look out for Big Developments; the Market is active NOW

If you want to Buy or Sell there, address **D. C. Reed**

Established 1870

Ex-Mayor of San Diego

The Wrath of the Bee

The bee, essentially so pacific, so long-suffering, the bee which never stings (unless you crush her), when looting among the flowers, once she has returned to her kingdom with the waxen monuments, retains her mild and tolerant character, or grows aggressive and deadly dangerous, according to whether her maternal city be opulent or poor. Here again, as often happens when we study the manners of this spirited and mysterious little people, the provisions of human logic are utterly at fault.

It would be natural that the bees should defend desperately treasures so laboriously amassed, a city such as we find in good apiaries, where the nectar, overflowing the numberless cells that represent thousands of casks piled from cellar to garret, streams in golden stalactites along the rustling walls and sends far afield, in glad response to the ephemeral perfumes of calyces that are opening, the more lasting perfume of the honey that keeps alive the memory of calyces that time has closed.

Now this is not the case. The richer their abode the less eagerness they display to fight around it. Open or turn over a wealthy hive—if you take care to drive the sentries from the entrance with a puff of smoke, it will be extremely rare for the other bees to contend with you for the liquid booty conquered from the smiles, from all the charms of the beautiful azure months. Try the experiment; I promise you immunity if you touch only the heaviest hives. You can turn them over and handle them; those throbbing flagons are perfectly harmless.

What does it mean? Have the fierce Amazons lost courage? Has abundance unnerved them, and have they, after the manner of the too fortunate inhabitants of luxurious towns, delegated the dangerous duties to the unhappy mercenaries that keep watch at the gate? No, it has never been observed that the greatest good fortune relaxes the valor of the bee. On the contrary, the more the republic prospers the more harshly and severely are its laws applied, and the worker in a hive where superfluity accumulates labors much more zealously and much more pitilessly than her sister in an indigent hive.

There are other reasons which we cannot wholly fathom, but which are likely reasons, if only we take into account the wild interpretation that the poor bee must place on our inordinate doings. Seeing suddenly her huge dwelling-place upheaved, overturned, half opened, she probably imagines that an inevitable, a natural catastrophe is occurring against which it were madness to struggle. She no longer resists, but neither does she flee. Admitting the ruin, it looks as though already in her instinct, she saw the future dwelling that she hopes to build with the materials of the gutted town. She leaves the present defenseless to save the hereafter. Or else, perhaps, does she, like the dog in the fable, "the dog that carries his master's dinner round his neck," knowing that all is irreparably lost, prefer to die taking her share of the pillage, and to pass from life to death in one prodigious orgy? We do not know for certain.

How should we penetrate the motives of the bee, when those of the simple acts of our brothers are beyond our ken?—Maurice Maeterlinck in *Harper's Magazine* for August

A HERD of cattle at the Chicago stock-yards, which had been intoxicated and crazed by being fattened on distillery refuse containing alcohol, stampeded last week and in their wild fury more than twenty of them were killed.—*Pathfinder*

WHY do we wreak our anger against circumstances on the heads of those who did not make them?—*London Spectator*

SEARCHLIGHT

NO. 6

Special number issued to
the public

CONTAINING A FULL REPORT OF THE

**Great Debate
on Theosophy
& Christianity**

HELD AT THE OPERA HOUSE, SAN DIEGO, CAL.,
ON SEPTEMBER 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, AND
OCTOBER 6 AND 13, 1901

SEVENTY-TWO PAGES

Notwithstanding the increase in the cost of publishing, owing to the largely increased number of pages, the price remains the same as heretofore

FIFTEEN CENTS

The
Theosophical Publishing Co.
Point Loma, Cal.

You will need a copy for yourself and several copies to send to your friends. The edition is limited.

An Address
by Katherine Tingley
in the Opera House
at San Diego, Sunday
evening, March 16th
1902

Neatly printed and bound, containing half-tone illustrations of the Opera House, Loma Homestead and the Aryan Temple. This is the first public address of Katherine Tingley after her purchase of the Opera House, and in it is outlined broadly her plans for the beautiful theatre and its occupation by the Isis Conservatory of Music. Sent post paid for TEN CENTS.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Souvenir Postal Cards
of Loma-land

PRIVATE MAILING CARDS, PRINTED ON
FINEST IVORY-FINISH CARDBOARD
13 different half-tone glimpses of Loma-land on which to send your Brotherhood Thoughts all over the world. A stream of them should be kept in circulation by every member.

2 for 5 cents (postage 1c extra) . \$0.06
50, postpaid, for 1.00
100, " " 1.50

Sent assorted unless ordered with specifications. Order from
THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The New Century



Year \$2

Point Loma, San Diego, California.

Copy 5c



Vol. V

AUGUST 17, 1902

No. 40

The New Century

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Two Dollars; other countries in the Postal Union, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; payable in advance
Single copy, Five Cents

Communications for the Editor, manuscripts, reports, books and periodicals for review should be addressed, "Katherine Tingley, Editor *The New Century*, Point Loma."

The editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

Articles will not be considered by the editor unless signed by the author and marked with the number of words contained. In no case is manuscript returned.

Address all Business communications, including subscriptions, and make all remittances (in bank drafts or money orders, payable to The New Century Corporation) to "Clark Thurston, Point Loma, Cal."

To comply with recent postal regulations, all Post-Office money order remittances should be made payable at San Diego. The remittances, as well as all other mail, should be made to Point Loma, as usual.

Entered at the Post-Office at Point Loma, Cal., as second-class matter Nov. 30th, 1901
Copyright, 1902, by Katherine Tingley

Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

Modern Charitable Activities

THE most startling feature of the charitable activities of the present day is their lack of success in any marked regeneration of the world. The wealth of Midas, if divided among the philanthropic organizations which surround us, would make but an insignificant appearance on their respective subscription lists, while the force and the devotion which are expended upon this work would reform the solar system under the wise direction which is pre-eminently requisite wherever human happiness is the goal. While fully recognizing the energetic good will of which this marvelous display is the evidence, we are forced into the belief that it would be a hundred fold more fruitful if the charitable resources of the world were administered with some adequate knowledge of the complaint, and with some reasonable comprehension of the remedy.

Effort Wasted on Symptoms

The trouble is that we mistake the effects for the cause, and the external symptoms for the malady itself. The obvious marks of the criminal and the debauchee are so easy of recognition that the possession of sympathy, with or without the support of money, is supposed to be the only qualification for their use. We might as well suppose that the command of a drug store is the only qualification for a physician. Sympathy, and money, and drugs, are all valuable, indispensable indeed, but they are all alike useless, and may even be mischievous unless there is the skill to diagnose, and the intelligence and the patience which are needed if we would discover of what the disease really consists, so that we may apply our remedies to it, not merely to its ever-changing appearances. It is no use wiping up the spilt water if at the same time we allow the tap to remain open.

Reform Begins with Children

A single moment of illumination would show us that the social diseases which are the negation of our civilization are the direct fruit of the seeds which were planted in childhood, and that it is a mere waste of time and energy to cultivate the sapling in order that we may hereafter uproot the tree. Our streets are filled with neglected and unloved children, who are thus receiving the education which will make of them the scourges of their generation. Our nurseries and schools are too often but forcing houses for the growth of selfishness and the cultivation of appetites of which the ultimate fruit will horrify us and amaze us, because we cannot connect a cause with its necessary result. Even where an effort is made to gather in the destitute children of the gutters the result is too often the manufacture of a philanthropic machine of which the great aim appears to be to perpetuate on a slightly different plan the evils which it was created to prevent.

The wisest work is that along the line of least resistance, and we have no hesitation in saying that the world might be redeemed by the

proper care and education of but a few of the children whose misery now disgraces our streets. Children are cheap enough, far cheaper than jails, or reformatories, or asylums, and it would be but the sanest economy to take some few of them and so train them, so cultivate this most fertile soil, that they would do the work at which we have failed, that they might be models to the whole world of the kind of characters that lie buried in every unit of the race, buried beneath the self-love which is now so carefully imparted in the street, the nursery and the school.

Nature's Finer Forces

NEW steps are constantly being taken towards a fuller knowledge of those finer forces of nature to which the discovery of the "X" rays called such wide attention. New methods of production of them, and new substances that produce them, are constantly being added to our list.

No one doubts that we are about to enter upon a new field of discovery as great as that which was opened when someone drew a spark from a stick of rubbed amber or got an electric current from two metals.

With the thrill of nature, the thrill of her many-stringed harp, man is not yet in very close relation. A few of the strings, those concerned with the octaves of audibility, and the one visible octave, do appeal to his feeling and awake him to larger consciousness as their vibrations fall upon his senses. But what are these compared to the ranges of vibration that his scientific instruments tell him do exist; and the yet wider—nay almost infinite—ranges of which his reason and rational imagination tell him? It is these hitherto but imagined or surmised regions of etheric life that are so quickly passing into the light of the known.

But there are two ways of knowing nature; one of the mind, the reason; the other, deeper, inner, of the feeling. The whole *mechanics* and mathematics of stretched strings might be known by a man forever deaf to the *music* of them. That is the real knowledge, the perfect relation of consciousness to that part of vibrating nature.

Man's keyboard of feeling is perfecting. He feels the subtler shadings of color and tone as never before in our age. May it not be that we are on the eve of a yet swifter growth of human sensitivity, an advance which will place us in an accurate sense-relationship to the newly discovered subtler forces? And that this relationship will deepen, just as music is revealed as the soul of sound?

And if science in no long time, pressing its research, comes upon the forces that link thought with brain-cell, forces that are the immediate chariot of thought, it will be but the natural extension of the last few years' work.

Maybe all these discoveries have their appointed place in man's history; not coming haphazard, but related to his epochs of evolution in the inner life of mind and soul.

STUDENT

The Panama Canal

IT is to be hoped that the future of the Panama Canal will be less tragic than its past. The work that was done by the French government in the Isthmus was only accomplished at a loss of *five lives for every sleeper laid on the forty-eight miles of railway which were completed, and over ten lives for every foot of canal which was cut.*

This frightful mortality was mainly caused by the climate and by the lack of sanitation. To counteract the influence of malaria the American authorities have decided to plant groves of eucalyptus trees, and the sanitary measures which were adopted in Cuba and elsewhere are sufficient guarantee that the waste of human life in Panama from bad sanitation will be reduced to the lowest possible limits.

No national advantage could compensate for an indifference to the lives and the health of the workers, and we may be well assured that the deadly reputation of the Isthmus works will be speedily diminished. S.

The Point Loma Lighthouse

THE illustration on the cover page of THE NEW CENTURY this week shows the Point Loma lighthouse from the ocean. The picture was taken from a boat, at low tide, when the rocks and rugged coast line at the extreme end of the peninsula were bare. It is conceded that this is the best and most advantageous photograph yet secured of the lighthouse.

Art Music and the Drama

The Value of Historical Painting.

THE State-House at Boston, Massachusetts, has recently been enriched by the addition of mural paintings by the American artists H. O. Walker and E. E. Simmons. The subject of one is the "Return of the Flags to the Governor of the Commonwealth at the close of the Civil War;" and the other represents the Pilgrim Fathers on the Mayflower. Both pictures are highly spoken of by the critics, and are said to be executed with an eye to decorative effect, bringing before the spectator impressions of the spirit of these striking historical events which convey more than any photographically realistic study could do.

It is a good sign to find that the artistic spirit in America is associating itself with those great historical events of the past that purchased the freedom for which such heavy sacrifices were made.

In all ages it has been the highest aim of art-workers to glorify the great deeds of history by architecture, sculpture or painting. But in commemorating the past, which has been the usual custom—increasingly in recent periods—the significant events in contemporary life have been largely neglected. Is not this because "distance lends enchantment to the view?" because the artist could express better his inspiration by means of some incidents a little removed, in time, from his everyday life than when trammelled, as he considered it, by a multiplicity of unnecessary details? In many cases the artist gained the setting for his thoughts from the allegories of the gods, so that the commonplace could be entirely eliminated; or a purely conventional treatment was adopted to represent current events, as in the Egyptian style. A real historical style which shall give the facts of contemporary history truly, and yet contain the highest artistic qualities, has not yet been fully developed. We must look to the perishable files of the illustrated journals for almost the entire pictorial records of the stirring events of the present day.

In modern painting the art of portraiture is the only one which can rightly be called historical. To be sure the architecture of each age reflects much of its religious spirit, but in the magnificent portraits by Velasquez, Rembrandt, Titian or Vandyke, the whole temperament of their age is concentrated. Perhaps this idea will give us a clue to the direction we must travel in order to develop a true historical art, for what was it these seers perceived and expressed if not the soul behind the form?

The task of the coming ages is to show forth the great drama of the soul by the portrayal of the simple, natural events of man's life as they pass across the screen of time, the vesture ever changing, the underlying life one. The soul creates for its use new surroundings continually, and in consequence new factors are constantly coming into play. Here, then, is the true historical painting, here is the opportunity of the intuitive artist, in the expression of the unfolding life of the soul through a noble representation of the pivotal incidents of his own day.

While deprecating the almost meaningless parrot-cry, "art for art's sake," it must be remembered that a work of art, though skillfully executed, which depends mainly upon the subject for its interest, will be a failure, and could have at best, but an archæological value to posterity. For permanent importance such a work must, of course, have the high technical qualities which the good craftsman only can give, but the vital essence of a great work is inspiration, and this will come to the artist only as the real presence of the soul is felt. Excluding portraiture, for centuries classical subjects and conventional religious forms have supplied almost the only means of expressing the life of the soul, and therefore we find such quantities of "Holy Families," "Bacchus and Ariadne," etc., but the New Order of the Ages demands something more, something which will be truly historical, something which will help the world to see the soul-life through and in the apparently commonplace, something which will touch a concealed spring and reveal almost unsuspected tendencies and efforts working in mankind.

A true historical art must be a teaching art, which will avoid the appearance of being so, for it will appeal to a higher sense than the ordinary brain-mind.

In spite of the vices and follies of the age, there is a spirit of progress moving and the presence of the soul is still evidenced by great deeds of righteousness, daring and patient endurance. The reconstruction of Cuba, the splendid heroism shown during the Martinique eruption, the recognition of brotherhood in the widespread grief felt by all at the assassination of President McKinley, and more recently, during the anxious suspense while King Edward's life was in danger, are themes which, if treated by artists who can see below the surface and beyond mere dramatic effect, would provide admirable material for expressing the spirit of the age.

But the "seeing eye" cannot be taught in schools of art, it must come by the unveiling of the soul. "Discrimination," one of the high powers of the soul, can only be gained by the unselfish, and so real historical art, of any permanent value, must arise from those who have this discriminative power of seeing the essentials and sifting out the unnecessary and ephemeral. Then will pictures and sculptures be of true historic value and potent aids to a nobler civilization. The extensive educational work conducted in all parts of the world by The Universal Brotherhood Or-

ganization aims at and is succeeding in this awakening of the soul, and as it steadily permeates society a purer environment of public taste will grow, which will both invite and encourage the efforts of great souls to lift humanity by the power of art. Meanwhile, each one of us can do his part by cultivating simplicity in his life and tastes, and helping, where he has the opportunity, those art-workers whose creations show higher ideals. In the choosing of the simplest articles of common use there is thus an opportunity to work for Brotherhood. STUDENT

From the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight
Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with light his bleated colors glow.

—BYRON

National Recognition of Musicians

A NATION which gives honor to its great men is not so much paying a debt which is due to them, as fulfilling an obligation which is most binding upon itself. Peculiarly is this true of musicians, and whoever would picture forth to the world an ideal and perfect government must surely give to music and to those who produce it, no small share in the supreme duties of statecraft. It is indeed strange that the rulers of today have allowed to fall into disuse an instrument of government which, of all others, would give them the greatest power over the minds and the inclinations of their peoples, and would so far lubricate the wheels of our social systems that it would take the place of many now existing factors which are alike crude, inefficacious and repulsive.

Music has at any rate received no cause for complaint at the hands of the late Queen of England. At no previous period in the history of Great Britain has the nation, through its Head, shown a greater recognition of those who have given to it its song and its melody. As early in the reign as 1842, Sir Henry Rowley Bishop received the award of Knighthood for his great services to music, and the immense learning which he brought to his task. From 1870 until the close of Victoria's long reign an almost uninterrupted shower of recognition and encouragement was poured into the musical world. Prominent amongst those who received the gift of Knighthood may be mentioned Sir Michael Costa, whose contributions to music need no enumeration here; Sir Herbert Stanley Oakley, a prolific composer of songs and of national music; Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan, whose operas are as familiar in America as in England; Sir Joseph Barnby, who enriched the stores of oratorio and sacred music; Sir William Sterndale Bennett, whose classical compositions are likely to live as perfect models; Sir Walter Parratt, Sir John Goss, Sir Alexander Campbell Mackenzie, and many others too numerous to mention.

Mendelssohn says in one of his letters, "What a divine calling is music. Though everything else may appear shallow and repulsive, even the smallest task in music is so absorbing, and carries us away so far from town, country, earth, and all worldly things, that it is truly a blessed gift of God."

And Liszt once wrote, "Music may be termed the universal language of mankind, by which human feelings are made equally intelligible to all; whilst on the other hand, it offers to the different nations the most varied dialects according to the mode of expression suitable to the character of each nation."

The dream of a world fraternized by music may yet become something of a reality, and the public recognition of a force so supreme is a step in that direction.

There's music in the sighing of a reed;
There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things, if men had ears:
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

—BYRON

Music Is the Herald of Virtue

THERE is as much music in the world as virtue. In a world of peace and love music would be the universal language, and men greet each other in the fields in such accents as a Beethoven now utters at rare intervals from a distance. All things obey music as they obey virtue. It is the herald of virtue. It is God's voice. In it are centripetal and centrifugal forces. The universe needed only to hear a divine melody, that every star might fall into its proper place, and assume its true sphericity. It entails a surpassing affluence on the meanest thing; riding over the heads of sages, and soothing the din of philosophy. When we listen to it we are so wise that we need not to know. All sounds, and, more than all, silence, do life and drum for us. The least creaking doth whet all our senses, and emits a tremulous light, like the aurora borealis, over things. As polishing expresses the vein in marble, and the grain in wood, so music brings out what of heroic lurks anywhere. It is either a sedative or a tonic to the soul.—THOREAU: *Post-humous Essays*



Snow
Mountains to
North of Loma
Homestead

Reproduced
from a
Telephoto-
graph

IN many scriptures, particularly one of the far East, as well as in Norse legend, the universe is spoken of as a tree. This tree has its roots above and its branches below. External and manifested things are its branches and foliage. The word universe has the same derivation as unity, one, and the class to which they belong. The greatest schools of philosophy teach by proceeding from fundamentals to their variations.

The reflective mind is irresistibly forced to perceive an underlying unity in all things. It is shown: In the marvelous similarity of all plant structures, and the equally marvelous diversity of the plants in details of form, color, aroma, leaves, blossoms and seeds:

In the marvelous similarity of animal structures and their equally marvelous variations in details, as trunks, limbs, color, specialized senses and intelligence:

In the marvelous similarity of the modes of combination of chemical elements, and the equally astounding multiplicity of such combinations in the four great elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen, being, practically, the constituent parts of all bodies:

In the marvelously small number of simple forms and the equally incredible number of mixed forms resulting from their various arrangements—the triangle, the square and the pentagon being the only possible faces or sides of entirely symmetrical solid bodies, even of these, the two latter, the square and the pentagon, being resolvable into the former, the triangle:

In the marvelous simplicity of radical motion, and its equally surprising complexity in application; the underlying impelling energy being gravity, centrifugal and centripetal force, or attraction and repulsion, according to the terminology used. It is shown in the movements of the machinery in our mills and factories as much as in that of the orbs in space, though less strikingly:

In the marvelously small number of musical notes and the endless number of musical productions which can result from the use of these few notes:

In the fewness of letters in the alphabet, and the limitlessness of the number of words into which they can be formed, and so on through an endless round of illustrations in all of which multiplicity and variety can be shown to emanate from unity and simplicity.

To this great principle, of unity manifesting in variety, man is no exception. With him the leading characteristics are always the same, whether born in the Eastern or Western, the Northern or Southern Hemisphere—the head, the arms, legs, hands, feet, eyes, ears, brains, heart, lungs, et cetera. This marvelous similarity in general plan and structure is as indicative with him—is it not?—of underlying unity—the old analogy, Norse and Vedic, of the tree with its one trunk, its roots above and the branches below, as with other things.

What then is it which is behind, or above, or within, as you choose to designate, that which manifests as man?

The physicist—a doer of much good and most excellent work—confining his attention to materiality, can only answer in material terms and, even then, by his own honest admission, only in a vague, unsatisfactory and approximate fashion.

We can, however, any of us, without laying claim to great learning or scholarship draw, by observation and deduction, some very certain and positive conclusions as to the nature of the unseen source from which this curious creature—man—derives his being. One tendency in him which is conspicuous is that which impels him to be a maker of laws. He does it when civilized, and he does it just the same when uncivilized. He does it as a club man, or woman; as rich, as poor; at home, in the schools, with children, with servants; if wise, with himself; politically, socially; in the mill, the office, the village, the city, the state and the nation. And well is it when even these laws are respected—though often not of the best—the law-abiding citizen and the law-abiding nation standing well in the forefront of progress. Must we not, then, postulate something akin to this tendency

The Overshadowing of the Higher Law

in that higher and unseen life and consciousness, which is the basis and foundation of man's existence?

But, if we make such a deduction, as we certainly seem compelled to, we must avoid drawing into our conclusion what is not indubitably derived from the premises. For instance, the idea of something revengeful in law, something harsh, something punitive and merciless, arises entirely from the duality of man's nature, and belongs to the lower side. The higher laws are never punitive, never revengeful, notwithstanding all the anathemas and fulminations of creed-makers and dogmatists to the contrary. Whether, as some believe, the present condition of earth-life is a necessary phase of the evolutionary process, or, as others assert, the result of mistakes and misdeeds, still it is unsatisfactory and can be improved.

The higher law is constantly exerting pressure to bring about such improvement. It is like a spring, which exerts increasing force as increasing pressure is brought to bear upon it, all force disappearing when it is allowed to regain its normal position. The higher remedial laws are like civil laws in that they are non-existent for those who have no tendency to infract them, having, for such, no field of operation. There is a wondrous divine order existent everywhere, within and without, near by and far away, above and below, and for those who live according to this wondrous divine order, no laws exist, just as a law against murder does not exist for the blameless man in whose heart can lurk no germs of hatred or revenge. The conception that divine laws are tinged with harshness and cruelty is a misconception due to marred vision, or the result of painful experiences due to infringement of the divine, universal order, and the man who delights to recite, "I will make thine enemies my footstool, saith the Lord," you may depend upon it, is thinking of some other fellow as the footstool.

The highest of all laws—the law of laws—the essential heart and soul of the universe—is compassion. Symbolically, the compass is correctly placed above the square, the compass, the circumscriber of the circle, emblematic of infinity, being the instrument of the higher law—compassion; the other the instrument of the lower law—rigid, inflexible justice, in its bareness formulated as "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." The highest law, the law of compassion, never ignores justice, but it includes within itself something else, just as the circle circumscribed by the compass has, at its center, the 360 degrees of the four angles of a square and something more. In the infinite curve of the circle are all the angles and attributes of the lower forms, and so in compassion, or divine love, are all the lower forms of justice—in themselves harsh, rigid and unyielding. The great-hearted man, longing to touch tenderly all pain and sorrow, in the resistless force of his mighty love transmutes the rigidity of mere justice, his deeds, embodiments of perfect justice, being full of gentleness and mercy.

Returning, now, to our former thoughts, recognizing that behind diversity is unity, that tones to be musical must be harmonious; that musical compositions resolve eventually into their original or an allied key; that in our country, as asserted in its motto, "E Pluribus Unum," from many have emanated one, we perceive that in our lives should be the harmony of perfected relations, and from the many lives should proceed the great tone of the one harmonious, eternal existence. It is to bring this higher touch into the homes, the lives and the hearts of men that Katherine Tingley has established at Point Loma an order of things in which is being inaugurated and by which shall be demonstrated the practicability of this harmonious existence amongst men. The life there is ruled and governed by compassionate love. It is a touch of that great love which is the higher law, and the overshadowing of the higher law is but a manifestation and expression of that love which is the law and includes the law. In the heart of the man who, in his unselfish compassion, has become a part of the law and is overshadowed by it, resounds the eternal song of the soul. He is a living benediction to all creatures. He is a part of the divine order of celestial existence, an embodiment of the higher law which overshadows us all.

H. T. PATTERSON

Day Is Dying

by GEORGE ELIOT

DAY is dying! Float, O song,
Down the westward river,
Requiem chanting to today—
Day, the mighty giver.

Pierced by shafts of time he bleeds,
Melted rubies sending
Through the river and the sky,
Earth and heaven blending:

All the long-drawn earthly banks
Up to cloud-land lifting:
Slow between them drifts the swan,
'Twixt two heavens drifting.

Wings half open, like a flower
Inly deeper flushing,
Neck and breast as virgin's pure—
Virginia proudly blushing.

Day is dying! Float, O swan,
Down the ruby river;
Follow, song, in requiem
To the mighty giver.

The Universal Home

THEY had been at a "house-warming" and general visit of inspection at the new home of two of their friends, and now were grouped, a merry party, in the pretty little drawing-room opening on to the veranda, and through the open doors came the scent of flowers, and a distant glimpse of the sea. An ideal little home, and proclaimed so by the visitors to the content of the host and hostess at their initial entertainment. By twos and threes the guests departed, until at dusk but two remained.

"Before we go, I must congratulate you, Gertie, on your success; everything was just perfect."

This was great praise from Leonora, few of words, and sincere of heart, with her delicate perception of beauty and refinement, and as she bent her stately head and softly kissed her petite little friend on both cheeks, her bright little face was fairly aglow with delight.

"Good-bye, Cousin Frank," she added, and held out her hand to her host, and Gilbert Marsden also came forward and shook hands warmly in farewell. "You really have the cosiest little crib, old man, I have seen for many a year."

"We expected you to stay to dinner—both of you"—cried Gertie.

"Not tonight, dear," answered Leonora, "we promised father to be home early, Gilbert has been a stranger for so long, he scarcely likes him to be out of his sight."

Brother and sister walked briskly along in silence, broken at last by Gilbert, "I fully expected to find my sister in a home of her own, on my return, I am sure it must be your own doings, you are still in the old nest."

Leonora smiled serenely: "It is good to have you home again, Gilbert, I feel quite youthful tonight."

"Come, Nora that won't do, I want an explanation."

She slipped her arms through his as in the old times. "Well, you may think it strange," she answered, "but I have never felt any inclination to make a home of my own, and I have been truly sorry for one or two nice men who have tried to persuade me; and Gilbert—I hardly know how to express myself—you will think it strange, but, whenever I see two people happy together, like Gertie and Frank, with a lovely little home, I have always a feeling that I have been through it all, and know exactly how it feels with all its joys and sorrows, and it is the same with Minnie and her children, I love children dearly, and I can appreciate the joy and sacredness of home life, but I never feel I want either for myself. I would rather help to make happy homes for others, and care for motherless children, there is always a sense of *past experience* to me in the other life. I can't *understand* it, but I *feel* it nevertheless. Queer isn't it?" "Did you ever hear of Reincarnation?" asked her brother, after a pause. "No," she answered.

"Many people hold it as a fact that we have lived on earth many times, and in each succeeding life we reap the results, in character and

environment, of all of our previous thoughts and actions."

"That would explain my feeling. I *have* been through that phase of existence; it would explain many other puzzling things too," she added thoughtfully.

"It is an idea that grows upon you," said Gilbert, "I heard a good deal of it in my travels in the East, but in California I came across a most wonderful place—Point Loma—they call it; they teach Reincarnation there in a most practical way, for you see people there with a variety of powers and knowledge absolutely impossible of attainment in one short life—and the children! they were a revelation, so happy and hearty and yet so wise, it made me think not of 'old heads on young shoulders,' but old souls in young bodies, for the gleam and brightness of their eyes was something to remember. I came for a few hours, but I stayed days, and then regretted that I must leave. There are plenty of homeless children there, and many tender women and noble men to care for them, and a wonderful woman who inspires and directs the noble work, a great mother heart which embraces the world in its loving thought!"

"I have never heard you so enthusiastic before, Gilbert."

"No," he replied, "I have never come across the like before; we must take a trip there, you and I some day, and Nora, I have not told you one-half the glories, the art, and the learning, and the music—such music as you have never heard, indeed I fear if I take you there, we shall never get you back again, for you will have found your Universal Home."

"You are telling me of something my heart has longed and waited for," she cried with glowing eyes, "for you speak of a life of loving service to those in need, and you hint of an ideal of life I have always felt existed somewhere, a place where we may freely express the best that is in us, unhampered by the conventional life which hems us in and of which I thoroughly believe many are heartily tired!"

"It is all that you say and more," Gilbert answered, "for it is a community in which the smallest duty is idealized and performed willingly as an act of loving service for the benefit of the whole. And they are such workers, no shirking of duty there, and so happy, it was the tone of strength and happiness that struck me most of all."

"You must tell me all about it, and Bertie"—as he held open the gate for her to pass through, "let us all do our present duty well, that we may be free to take our places in that larger work when our time comes, as I feel it *will* come if we but fit ourselves—the joy of it is inexpressible in words!"

ETHNE

My Prayers

by ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

I PRAYED for riches, and achieved success—
All that I touched turned into gold. Alas!
My cares were greater, and my peace was less
When that wish came to pass.

I prayed for glory; and I heard my name
Sung by sweet children and by hoary men.
But ah! the hurts, the hurts that come with fame!
I was not happy then.

I prayed for love, and had my soul's desire;
Through quivering heart and body and through brain
There swept the flame of its devouring fire;
And there the scars remain.

I prayed for a contented mind. At length
Great light upon my darkened spirit burst;
Great peace fell on me, also, and great strength.
Oh! had that prayer been first!—*Selected*

SOCIETY is not benefited, but injured, by artificially increasing intelligence, without regard to character. To measure the influence for good or evil which a forced intellectual culture produces on a nation, there is no better way than to contemplate the teachings of the daily press, and to observe the effects wrought. . . . The slumbering instincts of the barbarian have been awakened by a demoralized press, which would have done comparatively little had not the artificial spread of intellectual culture brought the masses under its influence. . . . Immense evils may result if intellectualization is pushed in advance of moralization.—HERBERT SPENCER

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

Prehistoric America—Discoveries and Admissions by Scientists

IN *Harper's Monthly* for August is a paper on "The Primeval North American," by Charles Hallock, M.A. The writer maintains that the primeval peoples of North and South America "originated from a civilization of high degree, which occupied the sub-equatorial belt some 10,000 years ago, while the glacial sheet was still on."

The evolutionists are fond of representing man as having evolved from primitive barbarism up to a present state of perfection, and of regarding all indigenes as relics of unevolved man. But we have always claimed for man a far vaster antiquity, and pointed to the indigenes as *degenerate survivors* of past civilizations greater, at least in many respects, than the present. Naturally, therefore, we welcome the following opinion from Mr. Hallock:

This theory of degeneration from the high civilization of ancient Central America to the breech-clout Indians of the Plains, which is not popular with evolutionists, is manifested in the case of negroes on the sea islands along the coast of South Carolina, whose gibberish in the course of only three generations has become unintelligible, and it is further illustrated and strengthened in modern history by the mountaineers of Kentucky and West Virginia, who are descendants of some of the best Virginia families since only a century ago, and who forgot in their transplanting to establish with their homes the schools and churches which their forefathers had considered indispensable to mental and moral culture. And this barbarism is in the heart of an educated and progressive country.

The writer points out that archæologists have exhumed from buried cities abundant proofs of intercontinental and interoceanic communication in prehistoric times, which indicate a primitive congenital relationship between the people of America and the people of Asia and Africa, accounting for the analogies in architecture, physiognomy, customs, etc.

During the second glacial epoch, when an ice-sheet spread down over the temperate zone, people crowded in the sub-tropics where the climate was then temperate.

Explorations have opened out the secrets of these mural wastes, and archæologists have coincidentally been excavating their desert counterparts in the Old World to verify their relationship. Anaglyphs of a long-forgotten people have been deciphered, and the revelation is like an open book.

It is a mistake to think America was originally peopled by migrations from the North; those came later.

Ruins of sufficient antiquity to be considered ancient by comparison with recent architecture overlie mural and ceramic deposits of ages long forgotten. . . . We are enabled to solve the racial problem of the Western Hemisphere, not only as respects the origin of the American indigenes (miscalled Indians), but approximately the antiquity of their progenitors, whose ruined and silent cities, like those of Asia Minor, long since passed out of history, and whose massive pyramids, temples and palaces vie with those of the Old World, and are inferentially not only coeval with them, but closely related.

Mr. Hallock locates the point of departure of the ancient race in Central America and traces their subsequent migrations over the two continents by the relics found.

Some cataclysms, which broke up the "fountains of the great deep" and inundated a large part of the globe, destroyed this civilization and its works and scattered the people into wandering and degenerate tribes.

Every new archæological discovery adds testimony to establish the more than hypothetical origin of our American aborigines, and the close relationship between their ancestors of Central America and the people of Egypt and Asia. The Bureau of Ethnography at Washington has remarked the identity of certain American hieroglyphics in form and significance with those of Egypt and the East. The calendar of Mexico duplicates in essential features the calendars of India and Arabia; some social customs of America resemble those of Africa and Australia; and the beliefs and ceremonials of the American aborigines simulate and sometimes exactly repeat those of India, China and other countries.

But space forbids us to give more of this most instructive paper. We pause only to give credit to the name of H. P. Blavatsky who, in her writings of many years ago, gave such extensive information about the earlier races of mankind and the submerged continents they peopled, information now being verified by the learned authorities. In ensuing years, when still further discoveries have proved the statements

of H. P. Blavatsky, and still newer lights of science have endorsed her teachings, the world may be willing to credit her with a wisdom and knowledge worthy of further study.

H. T. E.

Archæological Classification of the Okapi

To KATHERINE TINGLEY, Editor THE NEW CENTURY

Dear Madam: By your archæological notes in THE NEW CENTURY, you are rapidly persuading the public that there is indeed nothing new under the sun. In this connection I should like to draw your attention to an article by Professor Wiedemann, of Bonn, which appears in the *Orientalistische Literatur Zeitung* of Berlin and which can hardly fail to interest you. Professor Wiedemann will be familiar to you as a profound scholar, and one whose opinion carries unusual weight in all matters concerning ancient Egypt.

The stir which has been recently made over the discovery of the new animal, the Okapi, in the African Desert, will be well within your recollection. Indeed, if my memory serve me aright, you yourself inserted in your journal a description of this strange quadruped. It now seems, according to Professor Wiedemann, that the Okapi is no other than the "animal of Set," which is so frequently represented in Egyptian papyri, and of which the identity has for so long been a puzzle to our Egyptologists. Some of these gentlemen have supposed it to be the desert fox, others a kind of dog, while still others have fallen back upon that panacea for perplexity, and have assumed it to be some fabulous animal, the outcome of Egyptian imagination. The Professor, however, appears to make good his case without much difficulty, and it seems only necessary to have the drawings of the two animals in front of us to be convinced of their identity. The learned Professor concludes:

I believe that the discovery of a large new animal in Africa which has been such a surprise for zoologists is also a fruitful one for Egyptology, and that we must definitely recognize the prototype, especially in the remarkable head, of Set's animal in the head of the Okapi.

I trust that this curious verification of Egyptian accuracy will prove of interest to your readers throughout the world, and taking this opportunity to thank you for your drawing attention to the almost daily additions to archæological knowledge, I have the honor to remain, etc.

ARCHÆOLOGIST

The Great Shell Mound at Emeryville

DR. MAX UHLE of the University of California is about to issue a report on the prehistoric inhabitants of the Pacific Coast and especially the builders of the Great Shell Mound at Emeryville, near San Francisco. The top of this remarkable mound is twenty-nine feet above the surface of the adjacent ground, but its original base is three feet below the ground, and about two feet below the level at high tide. This in itself is evidence of its great antiquity.

Many different layers of debris were found in this mound, the skeletons being also discovered in the lower sections. A remarkable feature was the evident change in the manner of disposing of the dead, the upper layers clearly pointing to the adoption of cremation. It was also manifest that these layers indicated different stages of civilization, for while pieces of mortars and pestles were found at the lowest levels, stone implements were discovered only in the upper strata.

What Archaeology Is Doing for Man

THERE are many factors which, at the present time, are uniting to further the progress of the human race. In spite of all that science has done, recent archæological discoveries are in some respects even more important, for they point so definitely to the beginnings of things. The child's earliest questions are invariably, "Who am I?" and "Where did I come from?" indicating that the child is beginning to think. The race parallels this, for with revival of thought and a loosening of the dogmas which for so many centuries fettered the minds of men, has arisen the racial question, "Where did we come from?" And this has been followed by an impulse to find the beginnings of things and to find, if possible, some record of the ancient races from which we have descended. Archæological research has arisen in response to a great demand, and our archæologists are doing more to lift the race into a knowledge of its true position in life and its glorious destiny than most of us are aware.



CELEBRATING CUBAN LIBERTY DAY AT LOMA HOMESTEAD—STUDENTS READY FOR THE MARCH TO THE AMPHITHEATRE

The young ladies in the center are representatives of the Woman's Isis Club, which is devoted to literary work; the young men of the Senior Boys' Club, one of the prominent members of which is a Cuban lad; while the children are students in the Raja Yoga School, about two-thirds of the entire number being Cubans. Cuban Liberty Day was a never-to-be-forgotten day in Loma-land, and all who participated in its festival felt that a new link had been formed between the two countries, Cuba and the United States.

Apple Blossoms

by ELAINE GOODALE

THE sky is rich in shimmering sheen,
Of deep, delicious blue;
The earth is freshly, softly green,
Of one translucent hue;
The choir of birds in wood and field
Ring out a happy chime;
The trees their fairest foliage yield,
In apple-blossom time.

The orchard rows are all ablush,
The meadows all aglow;
On every bough a vivid flush,
A drift of petaled snow;
The clustered bloom, with faint perfume
Wreathes many a garland fine,
And many a rosy, nodding plume,
In apple-blossom time.—Selected

Vanishing Nations

IT is doubtless a part of Nature's plan that the older races of mankind shall disappear before the vigorous new peoples who find the world all too small for their energy and activity. The manner of that disappearance is none the less pitiful and none the less tragic, and a heavy debt of responsibility is incurred by the sordid cruelty which has all too often been the weapon of extinction.

The story of the struggle between the old and the new will never be fully written because here the vanquished have no historians, and the conquerors are not likely to record their own crimes. Nature's plan is perhaps to merge rather than to exterminate, and because the younger races have exterminated and destroyed they must thereby, until they themselves become old, remain the losers of many precious qualities and many priceless characteristics with which the older peoples might have dowered them.

Of this sorrowful story of destruction we are hearing on every side, as we have been hearing it ever since America became a fact in the mind of the world. Less than a quarter of a million people today represent the aboriginal inhabitants of the United States, and even among these the tide of the white man's influence is sweeping away all distinctive tribal lines with their fascinating traditions and beliefs. Here, too, the red tide of the white man's sword has left a mark which many generations will not efface. From Alaska there comes to us now the story of the plague of measles which is destroying the Aleuts, the sea-faring people who inhabited the islands of Behring Sea, and who have been driven from their ocean homes by the competition of the white men, while their compatriots upon the mainland are being whiskey-dissolved out of existence.

North and South the story is the same. The principle persists although the manner of its application may vary. The Indian of Southern California is not a fisherman, but a farmer, and if to some extent he is spared destruction by liquor, it is none the less efficacious to divert the irrigation waters from his rivers, so that his farm brings to him only starvation. Then he becomes a vagrant and a parasite, perhaps presently a criminal, and quickly come disease and death. It is the old, old story, only the telling of it is different. Sometimes it is measles, sometimes starvation, sometimes smallpox, and sometimes consumption.

Every system finds its apologists, and those who excuse our native methods say sometimes that the "savages" have no right to complain. *They don't complain.* If we are asked to suggest a remedy, we can only somewhat sorrowfully say that there is no remedy, unless the nation will yet recognize that conscience is a more precious possession than gold.

STUDENT

It is a very ancient belief that during thunder storms certain trees are to be avoided, but like most popular creeds this one has become a little tarnished by modern incredulity. An old Swiss proverb advises us to avoid the oak and the fir, and to seek shelter under the beech while the air is charged with electricity, and now the Swiss Government, jealous for the reputation of its folk lore, has carried out a series of experiments in the Lucerne Canton to prove or disprove this popular caution. It was found that out of eighty trees struck by lightning in a certain forest, fifty-six were oaks, twenty-four were firs and larches, but not a single beech tree had suffered. We now await an explanation of this strange immunity.

Reminiscences of Aaron Burr

IN all our history there is probably not a more picturesque character than Aaron Burr. Admitting his many faults, still it is probable that he has been often maligned. The death at his hands of such a splendid type of American manhood as Alexander Hamilton is something that no patriot can ever quite forget, in spite of extenuating circumstances and in spite of the pathos and loneliness of Burr's own life. There is probably but one man to day still living who knew Aaron Burr personally—Gabriel Harrison, a retired actor whose home is in Brooklyn, New York. Said Mr. Harrison recently to a *Sun* reporter:

Burr lived with a Mr. Proudhomme, an engraver, and had his offices in the front and back parlors. The front room was his office and in the rear one he did most of his writing. I remember that over his mantelpiece there hung a portrait of his daughter Theodosia, whose death in a shipwreck cast a gloom over his life.

My father was an engraver and every day I went for him to take proofs to Mr. Proudhomme. One day Aaron Burr asked me to go to a nearby restaurant and bring some food to him. I did it and thereafter ran many errands for the statesman. That was the foundation of a friendship which lasted until he left Reade street.

I used to take tea and toast to him from home though my mother had no idea that it was for Burr. I told her it was for the "nice old gentleman up the street." When they learned later that I was serving Burr my sister said he was a murderer.

To that my mother replied that it was not so. Hamilton had accepted the challenge, she said, and if any one should have prevented the duel it was Hamilton's place to have done so. Burr always took a great interest in me and in return for the errands I ran for him, gave me lessons in elocution. As I remember him he stood about 5 feet 8 inches tall. He had a trim figure, a beautifully poised head and a remarkable face which might be called classic. His manner of speech was charming and showed him to be a master of rhetoric. His voice was sweet and never loud. Everything he said showed that his life had been a studious one and that his manners had been formed by contact with the very best society.

It was 1831 that I knew him and a year later I missed him. That was the year there was cholera in New York and I think that he must have left town to escape the epidemic. I believe that when he returned he took an office in Nassau street.

In 1834 or the following year my friend George Manierre, who later became Mayor of Chicago, invited me to call with him on an old gentleman who was confined to his bed in the old Tontine Building in Wall street. I recognized the old man lying pale and sick as my old friend of Reade street, Aaron Burr. He was glad to see me and I remember I was so overjoyed at seeing him again that I kissed his hand. That was the last time I ever saw him. I do not care how black political prejudice has painted him. An injustice was done to him, I think, and I have always cherished and respected his memory.

Menelik of Abyssinia has ordered that no more alcoholic drinks be imported into his dominions. Any of his subjects disobeying is to have the fluid steadily forced down his throat until he is dead. Oh these barbarians! How they do resist civilization! Menelik will be ordering next that whoever imports a missionary shall be compelled to listen to him.

"At a time like the present, when Americans are busily buying up the accumulated material results of centuries of cultured effort by older peoples," says the London *Daily Chronicle*, "it is, to some extent, a consolation for the latter to know that in the matter of historical recollections, the United States is, and must remain, at a hopeless disadvantage, since not even the almighty dollar can conjure up a past that never existed." But wait a bit; we will go you one better yet in the matter of pasts.

out feeling the clasp of that hand which is invisible, but which is nevertheless an overruling power in the universe. If it were not so we should be living in chaos. There would be no order and no system if that power did not exist, and if I am a heretic and a heretic who loves to give you a broader conception and to take you from the limitations of the personal up to a broader love for humanity and a broader vision of your duty, I believe you will let me come here again some day.

Some people go to church and hear the same thing over and over again all the time, and all too often there is nothing in it which touches their hearts, that carries them out into a broader view of life away from their creeds and their dogmas or from their endowments, and of course they cannot part from them. So that I think you should make a practice of encouraging heretics in your town. [Applause] They don't have to belong to the Theosophical Society. All they have to do is to show, to absolutely show, by their lives, what they are doing. No matter how much slander you may have heard about them, no matter what you may have been told about them, look them in the face, listen to their voices, and witness their work, and then you will know.

If the present-day, so-called Christianity—Churchianity—is going to fail to uplift the world we shall have to take the poor heretics and give them a chance. [Applause] I believe tonight if Tom Paine were to walk in here you would not run out in fear from this Theatre. I don't believe you would be afraid to listen to him. Do you know I have a notion that you won't be afraid to read Moncure Conway's book? Moncure Conway has investigated the life of this heretic. He has spent years on that investigation and he has turned a new light on that man who served our America so well. Read his history, read it carefully, see what it is, and then I believe that if that man were to come again, were to reincarnate, as Theosophists say, that you would listen to him who was driven to his death by the followers of Christ. There are many more whom I could name, many more right in your own land. Walt Whitman in his day, though he wrote poetry, yet he wrote beyond the understanding of many people, but he had a divine faith in his Creator, and it was not a personal Creator. With all his force he tells the story of his trust, and of his broader view of his duty to his fellow men. And he was ignored and thousands called him a heretic, but I notice that in all our libraries we find Walt Whitman's books. [Applause]

I know you will be amused, and I have no desire to make you melancholy, if I tell you some queer things. Now a certain class of clergy, and always remember that I have many friends among the clergy, are in the habit of including a number of Theosophical books in their libraries, but they are not allowed to stand out very conspicuously, and I know of one library wherein a little curtain conceals everything that we have published. Now I am a reader of newspapers, and sometimes I sit up all night reading our exchanges and it is really interesting, it is amusing, and yet it is pitiful to see how they steal out of our literature, sentence after sentence and paragraph after paragraph, but they have a peculiar way of blending their dogmas with that beautiful philosophy and so they interweave with it all the way, limitations and ecclesiastical barriers. They are quite worn out, these poor clergymen, and they are so hemmed in that they do not dare to tell what is in their hearts, for there are many noble men who have taken up this vocation and now have found out their mistake, and they have not the courage to do what some have done, they have not the courage to be labeled heretic, they have not the courage to be unpopular, they have not the wisdom to know that if they are persecuted they are given the key to open the door to some of the greater truths of human life.

Now a very narrow minded person might say that Katherine Tingley is known as an enemy of the clergy and that she is always attacking the churches. I protest against such a statement as this. I attack a certain class of clergy who threw down the glove by declaring that Theosophy was Paganism and idol worship, and when they were asked to step out and to meet us in fair debate in this theatre they remained silent. And then an open letter was addressed to the principal of the little clerical coterie in this town and an open letter to the members of his church—the Methodist church, and the pastor is, I believe, Clarence True Wilson. Now this letter was sent in a most dignified way, in a most brotherly way, and the members of that church were asked if they endorsed the action of their pastor who called us heretics and insinuated all sorts of dreadful things in order to mislead the people of San Diego. But you see that in this he failed, he absolutely failed, but he never answered that letter, nor did the members of his church. And a little later there was another clergyman who, when Brother Wilson was perhaps afraid that those on the Hill, and especially some of the men who had wives and daughters, might find it necessary to protect their good names, then he went about and he visited nearly every clergyman in this town, and he got their names on a paper and he published this paper, and in it was a reference to the fact that of course they all agreed that Theosophy was Paganism and so forth. But a little later it was found that another professed follower of Christ felt it to be his duty to try to influence a gentleman who came from England to visit our institution, and so that clergyman told him some very dreadful things that I could not repeat to you. He had no proof, and when he was faced by one of our members he tried to deny it in the presence of one of your most esteemed citizens here. We waited and waited, thinking that his heart might be softened. We thought that possibly being under

the influence of the force upon the Hill, and the love upon the Hill that comes down into the town, we thought that he might be touched, that he might be inclined to say that he had been mistaken. He was honored here a short time ago. He was made Bishop of Honolulu.

Now you know that I am noted for speaking plainly and I believe this to be my duty. I should be absolutely failing in my duty if I feared to speak where I can do good. Now in this city there are good women. They cannot help doing as they do for they have been hemmed in by the education they have received. I am going to treat them just as kindly as I can, but in this city there are public school teachers (and they are connected with the churches), who have hinted that the people on the Hill teach Paganism, and even little children have been persecuted because they have dared to attend one of the Lotus circles connected with the Hill, and all this is done in the name of Christ. The teachers are said to be teachers of Christ. They have a church which is empty six days in the week, and yet the people of this city are starving, some hungry for food for their bodies, and others still more hungry for food to build up their minds, starving for the force which is needed to bring out the true life, especially is this latter the case with our young men and women. If one sits down, Micawber-like, waiting for something to turn up, they will never speak as I do, but if one pities humanity and sees these libels upon the teachings of Christ then indeed one must speak.

And so I am going to work. I have not done very much yet. I am somewhat crippled, but I expect to walk after awhile, and it will be my mission to try to rescue Christ. I shall not go out into the streets with a drum or a fife. I shall not wear a bonnet with a red ribbon—but this is no reflection upon the Salvation Army. I think they are much nearer to the Christ than those who sit in high places, but I declare to you there is no power in the land which can silence my voice. The only power which can do that is death, and I believe that I have the key to life, and I purpose to go out and to use money and time and labor to liberate, to tear away the veils, to open closed doors in every church in the land where there is a hypocrite in the pulpit, and when I am questioned as to why I do it, I shall say that I never knew what my greater duty was, I did not have the vision of my broader duty until a certain body of ecclesiastics attacked The Theosophical Society, until they showed me by that act that they were failing in their duty, that their creeds and their dogmas and their obligations and their lack of courage to take an unpopular position, have made hypocrites of them. If I could have my way I would go to every city in the land, and how I would plead with the people of the churches; how I would plead with them to take a broader view of their duty, to dare just for a month to think for themselves, to see how lovely it would be just to think for themselves, and then to use their influence in speech and in effort to open the doors of the churches to working men and their families; to open the doors of the churches that they might educate on the higher lines for humanity, that there might be industrial education, that science might be taught, that children's joyous voices might sound out from those churches almost every hour of the day. Oh, friends, if you could have but one-half the faith in that divine power that I have, even the weakest of you would do something in that direction. You would not be satisfied to pass a church and see it closed—occasionally opened for a prayer meeting or a quilting party, or a gossip party, or a gathering of the Board. I say you would not be satisfied with these great splendid churches throughout the land. I think you could then pay a high tribute to your city and to the man who, in lack of wisdom but in love for humanity, gave all the land which he did to the churches in this city.

So while I am working all the time, you see I am gaining a broader view of my duty all the time. I am going to work more and more, and not until I see every seat here empty shall I cease speaking to the people.

Now my hope is, and this is nothing new, that the children, that our children, the children of today, are to be the saviors of the world. I know that the truth is cradled in their hearts. Believing in Reincarnation as I do, I know that they have returned, that they have come into this life with the sorrows of the ages. Take little children in their quiet moments and watch them. Look into their eyes and tell me if you cannot find more truth in those innocent eyes than in all the sermons that you have ever heard. Now I speak very strongly, but I hold that just so far as we limit their knowledge, just so far as we hem them in mentally with such teaching as I have referred to, just so far as we committing crimes, C-R-I-M-E-S, crimes, and I hold that in your city there is money enough, and that there is energy enough, and that there is intelligence enough to enable you, the citizens of San Diego, to do a unique work and to establish such a work in your town, in one of your churches. Take a church, buy it, coax the pastor away to a higher salary, buy his church, for no other building will do, and then dedicate it to humanity, and let the children come in and do their work, and it will not be very long before you find that the children are on a true platform. A pulpit is too high, too small for your Twentieth century. There must be no such gap between the preacher and the people, and I give you my word, and there are some here who know that I speak the truth, that if you will take one hundred children and place them in an institution such as I have referred to and find teachers who absolutely love children—and I don't mean sentimental love, I mean real love—and simply teach them

Students



Path

The Quality of Mercy

SHAKESPEARE'S *Merchant of Venice*

THE quality of mercy is not strained;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown;
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above the scepter'd sway—
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings.
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice.

The Law

ONE of the Scriptures of the world has given a definition of the Law which will bear much consideration, and which yields good fruit of contentment, and indeed of success in life. It says:

Law it is which is without name, or color, or hands, or feet; which is smallest of the least, and largest of the large; all, and knowing all things; which hears without ears, sees without eyes, moves without feet, and seizes without hands.

It is passing strange that in an age when science declares more and more imperatively the existence of unchanging law throughout all the vast realms of space with its mighty unimagined contents, it should be so blind to the presence of that same Law in the fates of men. It has been said that humanity is becoming divided into two hostile camps, of science and of religion. If we assent to this, it is but with the provision that all that there is of antagonism between the two, proves either false science or false religion, but however that may be, we have on the one side a science which demonstrates the presence of a Law growing ever more mighty with our vision, and on the other we have a religion which tells us that even a sparrow cannot fall to the ground outside of a Divine intention. These two, Science and Religion, with authoritative pronouncement of Law claim empire over a humanity which goes ever upon its scheming and despairing way, and Science and Religion seem alike impotent to calm the mental turmoil by showing that the Law which swings the universes and the Law which notes the fall of the sparrow, has still room within its grasp for the affairs of men, for the regulation of their sorrows and their hopes.

It is because our own systems of Law are so narrow, so vicious, and so cruel, and because we think them good, that we cannot see the universal and beneficent Law of God. We have divorced justice from the judgment seat and we have enthroned vengeance, and we lament because our eyes are blinded to the perfect Law which is Justice, and so we cry out against its dictates, calling them luck and fate and seek to surmount them by an overplus of cunning and brutality. But nature and her law are as inexorable in penalty as humanity is determined in wrong doing.

How can anything be kept hidden from a Law which sees without eyes and hears without ears? The Law asks for no spoken plea of guilty or not guilty. No such plea is needed while every act and every word is itself a plea carrying upon its very front the imprint of the motive which wrought it. Where is the picture which does not palpitate with the confession of the painter, the statue upon which the sculptor has not carved his soul, the poem which does not vibrate with the brain which wrote it, or the music which is not tremulous with the imagination which it enshrines? We cannot anywhere lay our hand upon nature without printing upon it the likeness of our secret selves. All nature is a sensitive plate, and the pictures from that plate confront us

day by day, demanding through our sorrows the better workmanship which comes from the guidance of the soul.

There is no other contentment than reliance upon the Law, no other wisdom than to be passive to its message. Indeed there is no other salvation for humanity, no other peace from its warfare, no other rest from the wilderness of its willful choice. It was the World Soul, the Universal Law, which saves, speaking to all mankind in the promise "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

STUDENT

Joan of Arc

AMONG the works of Thomas de Quincey is a brief sketch of this sublime character. He uses much time and space in trying to prove that the English were less blameworthy than the French in compassing her death.

The English, he says, acted only from political motives, while the French were actuated by personal hatred against the heroic girl who had saved their king and country. The English sought only to invalidate the crowning of the Dauphin; but the Bishop of Beauvais consciously became a catspaw for them, urged on by his cupidity and ambition. He accuses M. Michelet and all other French writers of doing her scant and grudging justice; claiming that the English, though her political enemies, were quicker to show sympathy for her sufferings and an appreciation of her noble character and wonderful work.

However that may be, the fact remains that England was determined she should die, and found Frenchmen base enough to carry out their plan; while the nation she had delivered and the king she had crowned looked on calmly without act or word in her behalf.

Whatever either English or French writers have done to justify this savior of France, it is an American, Mr. Clemens, who has given to the world, in his exquisite translation, the fullest and most truthful record of Joan of Arc, her pure and stainless life, her heroic devotion to her country and king, and her martyrdom. He shows conclusively that she was one of those great souls who come into the world at certain times to do certain work. There have been many such characters in history, and when the real history of times and nations is written (as it will be sometime), these helpers and saviors of humanity will be given their rightful place; and the world will accord the reverence and gratitude which is so justly due to them.

CAAN EMIR

It is a strong proof of a weak judgment when men estimate things by their rarity, novelty, or still more by the difficulty of their acquisition; if they be not at the same time commended by their goodness and usefulness.
 —Montaigne

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

DEAR COMRADES: It becomes a self-evident fact that growth, soul growth, here is inevitable. We observe that the student who comes to live at Loma-land comes with definite resolutions. For instance, he resolves to vanquish the personality, to follow wisdom's ways, simple common-sense methods, and maintain the joyous attitude which aids all mortals in maintaining self-possession.

As the days go by a greater determination manifests itself in the comrades. In the Bible we read of the rough, unpolished stones forming an altar for sacrifice and peace offerings, after the aspirant has crossed the River Jordan and reached the Holy Land.

These rough stones may be considered analogous to human souls, the rough surfaces smoothed by the aspirations and the experiences of the soul on the path to the larger life.

Gently and wisely these stones are cut so as to enable the soul within to shine through, and the body and mind to become more responsive to its demands.

Hence, growth here is inevitable. The personality becomes transmuted and purified, although sometimes with considerable pain and anxiety. But we soon learn that a calm, joyous atmosphere assures easier victories.

Let us endeavor to hold this calm, sweet atmosphere about us, so that whatever the absorbing duty may be, we may have that repose and dignity, which will help preserve our equilibrium and prevent the soul from being overshadowed and victimized by the lower self.

STUDENT

A BROADER VIEW OF DUTY, address by Katherine Tingley

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 11

the arts, the sciences, music, and the higher branches of knowledge, that you will see wonderful results in your midst. But your teachers must be examples of morality. Bear in mind that children are not imposed upon. Let your teachers be clean. Let their minds be pure and broad, and in ten years every church will be closed. This theatre will be closed. I will go and sit on a back seat and the children will teach you. The whole system of education will be changed and then you will have a better idea of what Christ meant when he said, "Be ye as little children." [Great applause]

The Christos is in us all, every day we live, and unless we are on this broader line, unless we are doing our duty every moment, unless we are conscious of this divine power, we are losing our way just a little. But broaden the path for the children, strew their path with flowers of truth, stand in protest against any act or thought that will impede their progress, and this town shall be like heaven. The kingdom of heaven will be here.

I have declared that San Diego is to be a great seat of learning, and that it will shed a light upon the world such as has not been known for ages. When you are ready to do this new work I hope you will not have many committee meetings and possibly what I have said may be considered a hundred years hence. Maybe I shall live long enough to see some one take up this idea, but to show you how truly

in earnest I am I will head a list for five thousand dollars the moment the citizens of the town can place ten thousand dollars for that purpose, and I assure you that in less than a year you will be able to buy two or three churches in this town for less than I speak of. Let that stand as a prophecy. And in order that paganism may not touch that institution, in order that these little children may not be taught to worship idols, in order that the good mothers may not be frightened to death I shall be very delighted if you will make that institution something of your own, that you will not think of using the word Theosophy or Universal Brotherhood, and that you will not think of having us teach in it. But you can have some sympathy and some suggestions, and it might be that after a few years you might want us to come and help you, and if you should I can assure you that you should have that help. I can assure you that there are men and women upon that Hill who would help you.

John Wesley said: "No mere opinions. I am done with opinions. I want work." And this is what humanity is crying for. Away with mere opinions and every sort of teaching that is not practical and cannot be applied to human life at all times. To make San Diego a great center of education, to have all the people united like one great family, to have every man honest and every woman true, is that too much to hope for? Is it too much to hope for? Is it too much to work for?

FRIENDS, it is unlawful to raise our standard against the gods, nor do I think that success can attend us.—CLAUDIUS

Electric Laundry

NELSON SNYDER, Proprietor

16TH & I STREETS

TELEPHONE BLACK 731

No Saw Edges on Collars and Cuffs

The Chadbourne Furniture Co.

W. L. FREVERT, Manager

We aim to carry an entirely up-to-date stock of house furnishings, and, for style and variety of goods, cannot be outdone in Southern California. We are glad to show visitors through our extensive store-rooms.

STORE-ROOMS

SIXTH & D STREETS

San Diego, Cal.

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be one season or another. Paint will set tougher during the winter, and of course that gives durability. One point favoring winter. There are others favoring summer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so often as houses painted with any other paint, because it has more body to withstand action of the elements. There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per gallon.

We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.

WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS

7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

How Russia's Ruler Learned the Truth

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Daily Express* writes:

I am enabled to send you further particulars of the Czar's extraordinary act in calling to private audience two hundred of the most educated men in Russia.

I now learn that the Czar has been for some months diligently studying Russian social questions. He has been reading most carefully all the chief Russian journals, noting down in a diary why So-and-so was condemned, and what was the evidence at the trial. Everything has been privately entered in the Czar's secret diary, including articles with advanced views by Russian litterateurs, executions of political murderers, scraps of overheard conversation which shed a sidelight on passing events.

Besides the Russian journals, Nicholas II saw also those foreign newspapers which deal largely with Russian affairs. He has even read Anarchist journals such as the *Kolokol*. This journal, the title of which means *The Bell*, is printed in Geneva. Ten years ago it suspended publication, but at the beginning of this year it sprang into life again in a significant manner.

The editor is a man named Lischitz, who writes under the pseudonym of Grekoff. The Czar read everything with an unbiased view, determined to get at the root of the evil.

Meanwhile, with the utmost attention, he perused a book published in Leipsic, in the Russian language, called *The New Russia*, by "X." This book is not a Nihilistic or Socialistic production, but deals with the social problems of Russia in a calm and comprehensive fashion. The text of the book is, "Make reforms in such and such manner, and Russia will be the most powerful Government in the world!"

Switzerland and Italy

The *Journal de Geneve*, of Geneva, announces the resumption of diplomatic relations between Switzerland and Italy which were ruptured April 10 of the present year, owing to the refusal of Switzerland to give satisfaction regarding an anarchistic article published in Geneva insulting the memory of the murdered King Humbert. The settlement was arranged through the mediation of Germany.

REV. J. N. JOWETT, M. A., in a speech at the Birmingham town hall, reported in the *British Weekly*, said: "I oppose the education bill as a Nonconformist, because I believe it infringes the principles of religious liberty. This bill was not born of natural necessity; it was born of Episcopal persistence. It does not answer the desires of the people; it yields to the demand of the priest."

His plan is evidently that of Themistocles, for he thinks that he who gains the command over the sea must obtain supreme power.—CICERO

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, President
G. B. GROW, Cashier
W. R. ROGERS, Assistant Cashier

Every facility and security offered to our patrons and the public generally. Collections and exchanges on all points.

KELLY'S LIVERY

POINT LOMA
COACH LINE

Special Coaches for Select Parties
arranged by telephone

DEALER IN FIRST-CLASS HORSES

THIRD & F STS., PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

THE

Lion Clothing Co.

CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"
STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

GEORGE T. VERNON
Tailor

1110 FIFTH STREET - SEFTON BLOCK
Telephone Black 1912

ENTERTAINMENT
by Children of the

Raja Yoga School

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON
in the

Aryan Temple, Point Loma
Tickets 50 cents

Bank of Commerce

841 FIFTH ST., bet E & F Sts., SAN DIEGO

Capital, \$100,000
Reserve & Undivided Profits, \$46,837.23

R. M. POWERS, President F. W. JACKSON, Cashier
GRAHAM E. BABCOCK, Vice-President C. L. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—R. M. Powers, Graham E. Babcock, J. F. Sinks,
A. H. Frost, Chas. T. Hinde, U. S. Grant, & F. W. Jackson

General banking business transacted. Exchange drawn direct on all principal cities of United States and Europe. Prompt attention given to collections.

EDWARD M. BURBECK

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Copper Plate Engraving & Printing
Steel Dies, Crests, and Monograms
Largest & most varied stock of Books
and General Literature in the City

1051-59 FIFTH STREET, SAN DIEGO

"Burbeck's Big Bookstore"

Toys Games Souvenirs Office Supplies City and County Maps

"Where Rail and Tide Meet, There Cast Anchor"

Investors, Speculators, & Real Estate Dealers

GET IN ON THE
GROUND FLOOR
AT SAN DIEGO
EARLY

San Diego is the Open Door to the Orient & Investors now will be Capitalists later

CAN'T YOU SEE THE HAND OF DESTINY?

- 2700 miles saved in encircling the globe via this port
- Three Transcontinental Railroads heading for this Harbor
- The Commerce of the Southwest and of the Pacific is being concentrated at the Bay of San Diego
- Look out for Big Developments; the Market is active now

If you want to Buy or Sell there, address **D. C. Reed**

Established 1870

Ex-Mayor of San Diego

The Blind Fish of Point Loma

by PROF. DAVID STARR JORDAN

Under the flat, shelving rocks at Point Loma, near San Diego, lives the most singular of all fishes. It is about two inches long, sleek, smooth and plump, light pink in color, and with a sucking disk composed of the united ventral fins. By this, it fastens itself to the dark side of the rock, lying there patiently in wait for minute crabs and shrimps and thoroughly protected from all of its enemies. Its most curious trait is the fact that it is blind. The young ones have small eyes but with age they fail to develop, and when the animal is full grown only rudiments are left, half covered by the skin.

Because it does not move about its fins have become degenerate and it does not need eyes to see where to go. Because it hides in dark crevices it has no use for eyes, and by the same process which has caused the blind fishes of the Mammoth Cave to lose their eyes, these little fishes have also gone blind.

But it is not yet very clear what this process is. We know that without need for eyes, eyes do not develop. We know that the young have eyes, and with the disuse of eyes in the individual, the species also loses it.

As to this there are two theories, and the final cause is not yet known. It is urged by some that the results of disuse are inherited and that because the old blind fish let their eyes lapse, the young are born with eyes defective.

According to the other theory, the whole matter is regulated by the survival of the fittest. Where a fish lives in the dark, the one which cannot see is best fitted to survive. This theory applies to all cases of degeneration, and on the whole it seems most tenable, as we have no certain knowledge that results of use or disuse ever become hereditary. It is often loosely said that my grandfather's environment is my heredity, but we have no certain knowledge that such is ever the case, either with men or fishes.

The blind goby is most abundant at Point Loma, but it has lately been brought alive to Stanford University from Dead Man's Island, near San Pedro.—*The San Diego Sun*

Knitting in Parliament

Quite a thrill of surprise was caused by a Scottish member of parliament who was recently observed calmly knitting a stocking while waiting in the smoking room of the house of commons. At the present day the sight of a man plying the knitting needles is a novel one, though in the remoter parts of Scotland it is not at all uncommon.

Less than half a century ago, however, the greater part of the stockings worn were knitted by the men folk, the women confining their attention more or less to spinning.

The shepherd starting out at the break of day to his duties on the hill would as soon have forgotten his lunch of oaten cakes and barley bannocks as his knitting needles and wool. As he trudged through the heather on his visit to each part of his wide scattered flock or directed from a convenient height the rounding up efforts of his faithful collie his tireless fingers plied their task.

Even the well-to-do farmer as he chatted with a friend of markets and "nowt" (cattle) could ill bear to see the minutes wasted, and the "click, click" of his needles bore witness to his diligence.

Such industry seems strange to the present day mind, but what else had they to occupy their minds and time? Newspapers, as we know them now, there were absolutely none. Once a week or less frequently a small local sheet would circulate among the well-to-do homes.

As for books, these were often limited to the Bible and "The Pilgrim's Progress." Of games there were but few, and for the most part these were not encouraged.—*Home Chat*

SEARCHLIGHT

NO. 6

Special number issued to
the public

CONTAINING A FULL REPORT OF THE

**Great Debate
on Theosophy
& Christianity**

HELD AT THE OPERA HOUSE, SAN DIEGO, CAL.,
ON SEPTEMBER 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, AND
OCTOBER 6 AND 13, 1901

SEVENTY-TWO PAGES

Notwithstanding the increase in the cost of publishing, owing to the largely increased number of pages, the price remains the same as heretofore

FIFTEEN CENTS

The
Theosophical Publishing Co.
Point Loma, Cal.

You will need a copy for yourself and several copies to send to your friends. The edition is limited.

An Address

by Katherine Tingley
in the Opera House
at San Diego, Sunday
evening, March 16th
1902

Neatly printed and bound, containing half-tone illustrations of the Opera House, Loma Homestead and the Aryan Temple. This is the first public address of Katherine Tingley after her purchase of the Opera House, and in it is outlined broadly her plans for the beautiful theatre and its occupation by the Isis Conservatory of Music. Sent post paid for TEN CENTS.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Souvenir Postal Cards
of Loma-land

PRIVATE MAILING CARDS, PRINTED ON
FINEST IVORY-FINISH CARDBOARD
13 different half-tone glimpses of Loma-land on which to send your Brotherhood Thoughts all over the world. A stream of them should be kept in circulation by every member.

2 for 5 cents (postage 1c extra) . \$0.06
50, postpaid, for 1.00
100, " " 1.50

Sent assorted unless ordered with specifications. Order from
THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The New Century



Year \$2

Point Loma, San Diego, California.

Copy 5¢



Vol. V

AUGUST 24, 1902

No. 41

The New Century

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Two Dollars; other countries in the Postal Union, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; payable in advance
Single copy, Five Cents

Communications for the Editor, manuscripts, reports, books and periodicals for review should be addressed, "Katherine Tingley, Editor *The New Century*, Point Loma."

The editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

Articles will not be considered by the editor unless signed by the author and marked with the number of words contained. In no case is manuscript returned.

Address all Business communications, including subscriptions, and make all remittances (in bank drafts or money orders, payable to The New Century Corporation) to "Clark Thurston, Point Loma, Cal."

To comply with recent postal regulations, all Post-Office money order remittances should be made payable at San Diego. The remittances, as well as all other mail, should be made to Point Loma, as usual.

Entered at the Post-Office at Point Loma, Cal., as second-class matter Nov. 30th, 1901
Copyright, 1902, by Katherine Tingley

Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

Science's Tardy Recognition

NOWADAYS we find enlightened views being cautiously expressed by people of worldly authority which were boldly set forth by H. P. Blavatsky years ago in times when they were violently opposed.

It must therefore be our policy to keep before the eyes of our readers the fact that such views were expressed, and to give H. P. Blavatsky the credit that is due to her.

Theosophists must always be prepared to see their own teachings, formerly disregarded or opposed, now put forward under other guise by representatives of the very classes (scientific, religious, or what not) which opposed them.

Professor William James of Harvard's book on *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, has been attracting considerable comment in the London *Spectator* and among the correspondents of that journal. From the *Spectator's* comments and quotations we gather that Professor James takes a very broad view of the nature of man and deity, and

What H. P. Blavatsky Taught

practically reproduces the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky in the *Key to Theosophy*.

We make a few extracts, not as authoritative utterances from Mr. James, but as tardy confirmations of H. P. Blavatsky's teachings. Says the *Spectator*:

Exactly what creed is adopted by such converts is not a point which interests Mr. James; the fact which is for him of so much significance is simply this, that those who experience this reconciliation "did find something welling up in their inner consciousness by which their extreme sadness could be overcome."

The fact of the commonness of their experience does establish a presumption that the visible world is part of a more spiritual universe from which it draws its chief significance, and that "the conscious person is continuous with a wider self through which saving experiences may come." The usual effect of such experience, whether it be sudden or gradual, is the "sense of the presence of a higher and friendly power, the disappearance of all fear from one's life, the quite indescribable and inexplicable feeling of an inner serenity."

Dimly Feeling Their Way

So far as our ideal impulses originate in this region . . . we belong to it in a more intimate sense than that in which we belong to the visible world, for we belong in the most intimate sense wherever our ideals belong. Yet the unseen region in question is not merely ideal, for it produces effects in this world. When we commune with it, work is actually done upon our finite personality, for we are turned into new men, and consequences in the way of conduct follow in the natural world upon our regenerative change.

The whole drift of my education goes to persuade me that the world of our present consciousness is only one out of many worlds of consciousness that exist. . . . I can, of course, put myself into the sectarian scientist's attitude, and imagine vividly that the world of sensations and of scientific laws and objects may be all. But whenever I do this, I hear that inward monitor of which W. K. Clifford once wrote, whispering the word "bosh!" Humbug is humbug, even though it bear the scientific name.

Many Worlds of Consciousness

Theosophy maintains that the real self of man is of one essence with the universal soul, that the true God is the God in man, and that Christ meant this when he taught us to commune with our Father in secret and to seek the kingdom of heaven which is within us. And "authorities" are dimly feeling their way towards the same conclusion. But how much trouble they could save themselves by humbly studying the teachings of ages of wisdom and deep contemplation of the mysteries of life, instead of ignoring or resisting them until logic forces them into a tardy and meager admission!

And there are others who are trying to divert the tide of liberal thought back again into the stagnant pool of dogma, and by carefully graduated phrases to turn the Professor's "wider self" into the orthodox Jesus with his saving blood. This we judge from letters which judiciously combine admissions with beautifully-worded presentments of church dogmas, in such a way as to give the idea that this recognition of the divinity of man is only another way of teaching the doctrine of the sinful suppliant cringing before his external Deity. H. T. E.

Reformers and Reformatories

IN a recent number of the *Los Angeles Herald* there is a strong appeal for a greater breadth of view in the treatment of erring women and children. While something is being done in the existing systems, the writer points out that a vital point is overlooked—the building up of a sense of self-respect in the characters of the immured. "Prison life should have suggestions of the home life that appeal to women." A visitor to one of our California prisons says that she noted "that while the men's quarters were clean and attractive, with little garden plots where flowers of many hues were blooming, the women's side of the prison was exceedingly barren and desolate. Not a flower or plat of green grass grew there to suggest that communion with one's higher and nobler self."

Another crying evil is referred to, "The first steps then toward securing more ideal conditions are to divorce the management of penal and reformatory institutions from politics," and "Then build up reformatories whose underlying thought is the idea of development and improvement." "It is the work of the humanitarian, the benefactor, the one who loves his fellow men, rather than the politician who receives the superintendency as a reward of votes."

This is right and applies to other departments of the service equally. The International Brotherhood League was established to train workers capable of just such unselfish work, and in all its activities among children, the poor and the unfortunate, results are seen which are new. The world cannot afford to ignore the existence of this department of The Universal Brotherhood, for through it is put into practical action many hoped-for schemes of reform which have awaited the formation of a body of unpaid men and women, willing to work for the love of humanity and to sink personal differences.

Though it is often possible by firm sympathy to arouse the dormant spark of the soul in the hearts of hardened criminals and to entirely transform their lives, still with children, and though to a lesser extent with adults, this can be done with more success, but the surroundings should be in harmony with the effort that is to be made. Let us ever bear in mind that it is not vengeance but reform that is the only legitimate object of punishment. Many of those who are suffering in prisons for their serious errors are persons of strong character who, if they could get control of themselves, would become worthy citizens.

Little by little are the thinking classes awakening to the fact that much which goes by the name of education does not educate, and that most of our reformatories do not reform. Where lies the difficulty? Does it not lie in the fact that the reformers themselves have not yet the knowledge needed to diagnose the moral diseases which they yet so naively undertake to cure? In this direction we may learn much by a sensible study of analysis.

STUDENT

Barkentine Northwest in San Diego Bay

THE illustration on the cover page of THE NEW CENTURY this week presents a not unusual scene in San Diego Bay. The barkentine in the foreground is the Northwest, unloading lumber from Puget Sound on a lighter. To the right, in the distance, is the U. S. S. Pinta, the Naval Reserve training ship, stationed at this port.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Cost of Criminality

OUR scientific theorists on heredity are fond of quoting an illustration which is furnished by the criminal records of the last century. There was a certain woman who had lived a life of utter profligacy and drunkenness, and who died as she had lived. Seventy-five years later her direct descendants amounted to 834 persons, and of these the life record of 700 has been traced. Out of those 700 persons, 106 were illegitimate, 142 were beggars, 64 were dependent upon charity, 161 were women of immoral lives, 76 were ordinary criminals, and 7 were murderers. This one family has cost the state a sum of over a million dollars, and as the line of descent and of heredity is still open, and still widening, the burden of expense increasingly continues to this day.

A commercial age necessitates a commercial phraseology, and so we will ask if it would not have been *cheaper* to have saved that woman's children from following their mother's example and so producing a genealogical tree which has been, and must continue to be, a scourge to the community?

Several ideas suggest themselves. It is easy to tabulate such facts as the above, but how cramped they are and how inadequate. Take any one and see how it broadens out as we look at it. It seems that there were seven murderers. Whom did they murder, and what is the sum total of sorrow, of privation, of despair, which has followed these murders? There were seventy-six "ordinary criminals." How many others did these seventy-six corrupt by their example, quite apart from the corrupt heredity which they passed on, and which is still passing on at this moment. How many lives did they darken, those "ordinary criminals," and where now are flowing the threads of heredity which were started by those who were corrupted by their example? It seems that in spite of all denials we are truly our brothers' keepers, and that if we refuse to pay our debts of fraternity, nature herself takes back the bill, multiplies it a hundredfold, and presents it again in dollars, which is the form of all others the best understood among us.

Where the Evil Begins

Let us select one other idea from those which crowd into the mind. What now would be the national debt to any heart of compassion which had taken that woman's children and so trained them that the evil line of heredity would have been stamped out? We can all of us make a computation for ourselves, and if we do it in dollars we shall understand some of its significance.

It may be that kind of work is being done here and there in the world, but because it is the work which *begins at the beginning* it is inconspicuous and unpretentious like all beginnings of great things, and so the world knows nothing whatever of its greatest benefactors, so busy is it crowning its warriors and its statesmen.

The nations of today have no particular objection to being told that they have lost their spiritual ideals and that their fraternity is little more than a name. A self-satisfied commercialism rules supreme, but even that ill-born contentment would experience an unaccustomed blush if it could but correctly measure itself even by those very commercial standards about which it talks so much and seems to know so little. STUDENT

Changes on the Face of Mars

ASTRONOMERS are constantly on the watch for more light on the condition of Mars. The hypothesis that the dark patches are seas has been largely discredited, as through the new opportunities afforded by use of the enormous telescopes of the present day, the surface of the so-called seas betrays irregularities which are not easily associated with the appearance of water. It is likely that there is some water surrounding the poles and possibly the "canals," immense as they are, may be artificial water channels. Recent observations deepen the mystery of the "canals," for during the last ten years one has entirely disappeared, several have faded, some have darkened, and at least one new one has formed. That conditions upon other planets should exactly resemble those amid which we live is in the last degree unlikely, but these changes upon Mars are utterly unexpected and afford food for endless speculation. ASTRO

Private Schools of Crime

A REPORT from Illinois states that Jackson D. Hill has been captured by the police in Kentucky. Hill is accused by a young lady in Illinois of hypnotizing her into marrying him, having already a wife living, and since then having married a third, presumably by the same means.

It is quite safe to assume that every such crime which is brought to light is representative of a great number of others which are not brought to light. In this particular case the accused is charged with bigamy, thus breaking the existing law of the land. Had he been guilty only of hypnotizing a woman into marriage it would not be easy to find a statute under which he could be prosecuted, and still more difficult to produce the necessary proof.

And yet those who are amassing fortunes by teaching this immoral and destructive knowledge have the effrontery to publicly advertise their willingness to teach this very crime. There is a point at which liberty merges into slavery and the right to legally corrupt a community ought to find neither defender nor apologist.

We Revenge Crime

MR. CHARLTON T. LEWIS, President of the New York State Prison Association, has delivered an address on the "Problem of Punishment," in which he courageously faces the defects of our present system. "This fact," he says, "stares us in the face. The traditional methods by which governments now deal with crime in all civilized countries is, and has proved to be, a complete failure."

Having thus cleared the ground, Mr. Lewis proceeds to examine the causes of a failure which all men admit. Pre-eminent among these is the fact that our penal systems deal with the crime and not with the criminal, and the scale of punishment is made to correspond with the act and not with the criminal responsibility attaching to it. And yet it must be obvious that however minute may be our knowledge of the crime and the evidence of its commission, we can attach no measure of guilt unless we are in possession of a large number of facts which either do not come at all within the cognizance of a court of justice, or else receive very inadequate attention.

Heredity, education, environment, intelligence, physical health, may all be factors in the award of guilt, but they are all more or less disregarded by a system which tabulates crimes and punishments in a manner suggestive of a commercial price list.

The lecturer was deservedly severe on our professed motives in dealing with habitual criminals. He seems to wish us to confess that our motive is one of revenge, pure and simple. To talk of the imprisonment of such offenders as a protection to society is, he says, an absurdity. You might as well imprison a tiger for three days and then let him free, or protect society against the contagion of small-pox by decreeing a week's isolation for one who is actually suffering from that malady. Our present system neither cures the disease nor destroys the infection. On the contrary it increases in the criminal the tendency to crime, and in society the danger from that crime. Let us have done with pretense and admit that we have not yet passed the stage where an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth is the ideal of both humanitarianism and of justice.

Prisons Are Crime Hatcheries

Mr. Lewis shows himself to be not only a master of the facts of his case, but also an advocate of a wise and a sympathetic reform. He would inaugurate a system of indeterminate sentences under which moral disease would be treated with some of the common sense which we have learned to apply to physical maladies, and confinement would cease with the apparent cessation of the symptoms and recovery of moral health. He would also apply a probation system for young criminals and a system of parole in the case of older and habitual offenders.

We shall do these and many other things of a like nature when we have learned to put out of our hearts all feelings of resentment against those who have broken our laws. Revenge has often been the cause of crime, but it has never yet cured it. STUDENT

COMING after Bury, North Leeds is a notice to quit. Never has a government received

a more stunning and overwhelming blow. A majority of 2,517 in favor of the government has been converted into a majority of 758 in favor of the opposition. An equal fight between two popular local candidates on a perfectly clear issue has resulted in a total and unmodified condemnation of the government and all its works. What of the education bill now? What of the bread tax? What of the whole armory of reaction and feudalism which the government has produced under the cover of a spurious patriotism? The terror of the war is over. No longer can candidates go down to constituencies dressed in khaki and intimidate placid electors.

At last we have had an end of the wicked cry—"A vote for the Liberals is a vote for the Boers." Khaki has given place to cassocks; but instead of fear the result is anger. The British elector does not love clericalism. He will stand the clergy in their proper place, but in the schools he wants schoolmasters. Bury said this with a Liberal majority of 414 in place of a Tory majority of 672. Leeds emphasizes it with 758 in place of 2,517. Could the verdict be more emphatic? Do the government want any more? If they do, let them make some more vacancies in the great boroughs which they have so long claimed as their preserves—let them distribute a few more honors or shift a few ministers. Let them try where they will, and as long as they stick to their education proposals, we prophesy the same verdict. "The chief subject placed before the electors," says the *Yorkshire Post*, the local Conservative organ, "has been the education bill." Well, they have their reply, and they will have the same reply wherever they go. The great towns do not wish to part from their school boards. The Nonconformists, whether Liberal or Conservative, do not intend to pay for the teaching of a state religion which is not theirs. The prime minister, surrounded by Anglican relatives, may laugh the Nonconformists to scorn in the house of commons. But in the constituencies they have their answer, and they will give it in a way that will not be misunderstood by the Tory members of other borough seats.

It is impossible to suppose, after Bury and North Leeds, that the government have the country behind them in the reactionary policy on which they have entered during the last year. The big towns of England, which have grown up out of the soil of free trade, might possibly have assented to a bread tax with the proper tribute of murmurings if the war had continued. But the determination of the government to maintain that tax after the declaration of peace, and their refusal to limit it to one year, has aroused the dread of the great masses whose very existence depends on cheap bread. Mr. Balfour supposed that the free trade sentiment was as dead as the Nonconformist conscience. But he will now perhaps listen with a more open mind to those who tell him that in great towns like Leeds and Manchester free trade has as many advocates as free and popular education. People did not demonstrate on these matters simply because it never entered into their wildest dreams that they could be threatened. We do not demonstrate about the ten commandments, for the reason that we take them for granted. Englishmen took free trade and school boards for granted. But now that their bread is to be taxed, and their board schools are to be starved, in order to maintain "schools with two doors," the old armor is taken down from the wall, and thousands of steady citizens have gone out to war. The Tories have not believed us when we have told them again and again that the country was up against them. Perhaps they will believe us now. The country has no taste for the policy of "dear bread for cheap catechisms." Leeds cares for its admirable school board; and refuses to eat the dear loaf for its destruction. One of the best champions of the Liberal cause in this election, next to Dr. Clifford, has been the chairman of

"Dear Bread for Cheap Catechisms"

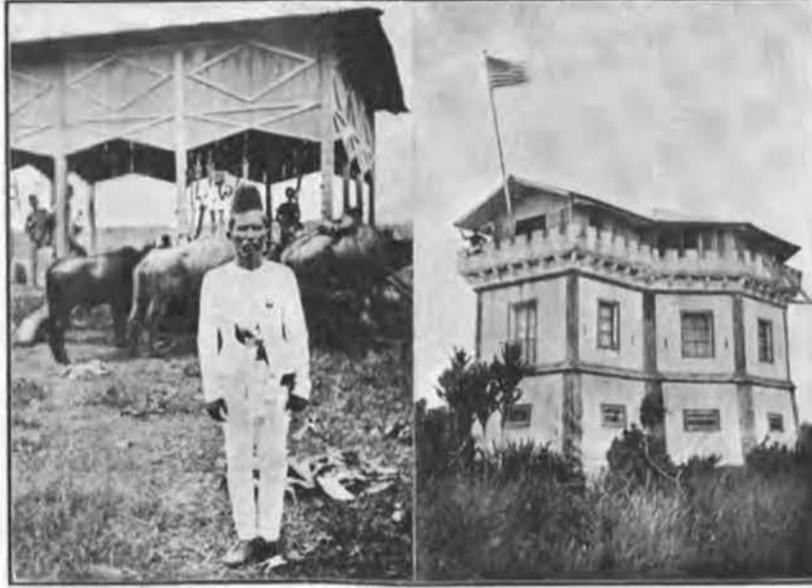
From the *London Daily News* of July 30, 1902

the suppression of their boards, have taken to the political veldt, and are harassing their communications. The nation has reached the end of its tolerance. Public opinion, so long stupefied by the war, is awakening to life again. The English people have clearly shown that there is a limit to their indifference. After the long fever they return to sanity, and they roughly remind the government that they must return to sanity also.

But will they? Will the prime minister, faced by this damning judgment, drop the education bill? Will the chancellor of the exchequer, faced by the terrible truth that "a vote for the Tories is a vote for dear bread," promise his next banquet of bankers that he will take the tax off bread? It is, we fear, too late. Puffed up by the insolence of prolonged power, deluded by the immunity extended to them during the war, and with an appetite whetted for the spoils in front of them, the government are too deeply committed to their present policy to turn back. They will find some cheap reason for their defeat—in the resignation of Lord Salisbury, perhaps, or the natural wickedness of Leeds. They are not in the mood to be convinced, though one should rise from the dead. They have given up too many education bills to drop another lightly, though such an act might in the end be the bravest. The prime minister's credit, the gathering wrath of the church, the fear of confessing a mistake—all these feelings will militate against such a sensible course as dropping the education bill. The government may suggest further concessions; but that will be the utmost. The prime minister, fortified by long training in indifference, will trust to his existing majority to pull him through. What, then, must Liberals do? Their

course is straight before them. They have now a mandate from the country. It is their plain duty to save the country by every means in their power from a wrong which it fears and abhors. *They—the little band of Liberals in the House who have so faithfully fought this fight—stand for religious liberty. They stand for education.* They have the great towns behind them. Let them then renew their efforts to defeat a dastardly enterprise. Let them put aside all thought of compromise. The whole bill must go—not a piece of it, but the whole bill. The country wants none of it; it infinitely prefers things as they are. *Tonight Mr. Balfour will try to force through the seventh clause, the vital clause of the bill, giving the church that two-thirds control which convocation demanded.* The Liberals will now know that they have the country behind them in meeting this attempt with every form of resistance known to Parliament. Mr. Balfour, in the enterprise on which he enters this afternoon, is now clearly defying public opinion. The Liberals, in opposing him, are simply representing the emphatic judgment of the public against a government elected on another issue. The cause of the people is in their hands, and the voice of the people is behind them. Let them quit themselves like men. Let them show themselves, by unity and resolution, worthy of the trust that awaits them.—*London Daily News*

A CURIOUS evidence of the general disturbance of the earth's crust comes to us from Brockley, England. A small column of water was observed to be rising in jerks from a spot where no water was known previously to exist. An examination disclosed a small geyser, and in the basin, which was already formed, a large number of fish were found. In appearance they were somewhat like carp, but with fins of an unusual shape and of a brilliant red color. Many of them were blind, thus showing their subterranean life. A geologist declares that these fish originate from a depth of several hundred feet among the water-bearing strata which are known to exist. STUDENT



LANCERIA, OR SPEAR MARKET IN JOLO, P. I.

OLD SPANISH BLOCK HOUSE, JOLO, P. I.

Photos by C. W. Holmquist



MODERN GREEK GIRL IN TYPICAL COSTUME

The Sierras

by JOAQUIN MILLER

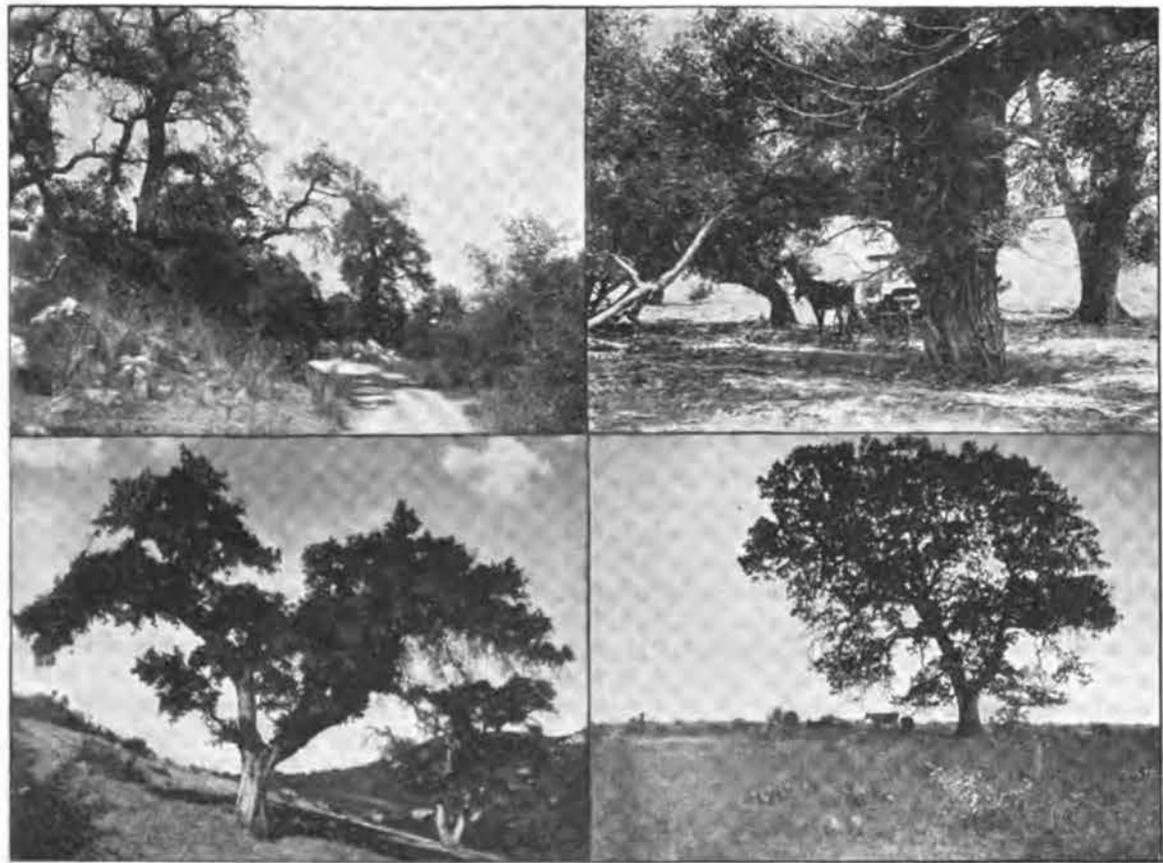
LIKE fragments of an uncompleted world,
From bleak Alaska, bound in ice and spray,
To where the peaks of Darien lie curled
In clouds, the broken lands loom bold and gray.
The seamen, nearing San Francisco Bay,
Forget the compass here; with sturdy hand
They seize the wheel, look up, then bravely lay
The ship to shore by rugged peaks that stand,
The stern and proud patrician fathers of the land.

They stand white stairs of heaven—stand a line
Of lifting, endless, and eternal white;
They look upon the far and flashing brine,
Upon the boundless plains, the broken height
Of Kamiakin's battlements. The fight
Of time is underneath their untopped towers;
They seem to push aside the moon at night,
To jostle and to loose the stars. The flowers
Of heaven fall about their brows in shining showers.

They stand, a line of lifted, snowy isles,
Held high above a tossed and tumbled sea—
A sea of wood in wild unmeasured miles;
White pyramids of faith where man is free;
White monuments of hope that yet shall be
The mounts of matchless and immortal song.
I look far down the hollow days; I see
The bearded prophets, simple-souled and strong,
That strike the sounding harp and thrill the heeding
through.

Serene and satisfied! supreme! as lone
As God, they loom like God's archangels curled:
They look as old as kings upon a throne;
The mantling wings of night are crushed and curled
As feathers curl. The elements are hurled
From off their bosoms, and are hidden go,
Like evil spirits, to an under-world;
They stretch from Cariboo to Mexico,
A line of battle-tents in everlasting snow.—*Selected*

Landscape Studies in Southern California



On the road between Julian and Santa Ysabel
Live oak at Eagle's Nest, above Warner's Ranch

Photos by C. W. Jackson
San Diego

Willow trees in San Felipe Valley, near Banner
A pastoral scene between Julian and Santa Ysabel

Garments of the Invisible

ALL about me silence reigned. The sun had just passed to rest, and all life seemed to gently nod to earth its sweet good-night. Here and there the crickets' chirp began to break in on the stillness, and the rhythmic chant of the frogs in the pond below, seemed to blend with the night sounds, as low tones when sung at proper intervals blend with higher ones. The thunderous sounds of the ocean waves seemed to fill the intervals, and over all the plaintive tones of some tardy bird could be heard.

As the various nature tones seemed to have calmed all my senses, I suddenly realized that no sound or form or color which exists for the physical senses, but has its counterpart on the inner side of nature.

If our inner senses were more active the correspondence between the outer and the inner, relatively speaking, could be recognized. On pushing further back to get at the source of each, I realized that all was vibration.

A tone is the product of a certain number of vibrations. So also is a color; for I imagine that vibrations clothe themselves with certain elements in space and their harmonious combinations produce certain definite colors.

So also with form. Experiments have been made which show that grains of sand will form a particular design, according to the sound produced by the bow, when drawn across a glass.

And so we find that vibration, also called number, or rate of motion, lies at the base of all existence. And in the silence, while listening to Nature's notes, I became convinced that the outer is but the garment of the inner, that form, color and sound are but the outer expressions of invisible vibrations, just as the body is but the garment of the soul, and the soul is the divine love and intelligence of the Infinite expressing itself in degree, through our bodies and throughout all nature.

And while the distant tones of the sea rolled in upon my ears, and the crickets chirped their sweet songs of joy, so all nature sounds echoed the same refrain, that "Life is Joy." I then began to perceive how nature's secrets might be revealed to man, how by living close to nature he may find the voice within his own soul, and the souls of those about him.

As we live in the peace and the joy of unselfish service, so do nature's laws become revealed to us.

STUDENT

The "Laws" of Nature

"DO Nature's Laws Change?" asks Prof. S. P. Langley in *Science* in a paper read before the Philosophical Society of Washington.

Science has lately become less dogmatic than it was, and not so anxious to confine the possibilities of nature within strict and prescribed limits. It adheres more faithfully to its professed principles, which are to observe phenomena, frame provisional theories to explain those phenomena, and be ready to enlarge and modify the theories as fresh data may necessitate.

A "law of nature" is only the formulation of certain of nature's workings found to be uniform within the limits of observation; and at any time variations may be discovered which will show that the law was not absolute. But one is apt to drift unconsciously into the habit of thinking as if the law were an independent entity exerting a dominating influence over the workings of nature.

Thus, the "law of gravitation" is an expression of the fact that bodies attract each other with a force directly proportional to their masses, and inversely proportional to the square of the distance between them. But we might at any time discover facts disagreeing with this so far invariable rule, and then we should be obliged to modify what now appears to be a fixed law.

The principal inference from this is that none of these so-called laws can stand in the way of our accepting new facts that do not agree with them, for the facts come first, and the laws follow the facts.

This is the position which Prof. Langley maintains and, while it is of course theoretically one of the principles of science, yet practically speaking it is only of late years that its force is being sufficiently recognized. We give a few quotations from the article:

These, then, are the laws of man's own mind, or the effects of his own mind, which he projects outside of himself and imagines to be due to some permanent and unalterable cause having an independent existence.

To decorate our own guesses at nature's meaning with the name "laws of nature," is a presumption due to our own feeble human nature.

There is growing to be an unspoken, rather than clearly formulated, admission that we know little or nothing of the order of nature, and nothing at all of the "laws" of nature.

H. T. E.



The 25-mile canal which supplies the town and garrison of Siason (P. I.) with pure water from the mountains. Constructed under supervision of Captain Sea, of the 23d U. S. Infantry.



A Philippine funeral cortege at the cemetery in Jolo, bearing the body of a native child, the little daughter of a Moro member of the 23d U. S. Infantry band.



Front view of the triumphal arch erected at the entrance to the city of Jolo (P. I.) in honor of the arrival of the Philippine commission. Photos by C. W. Holmquist.

ABOUT eighteen months ago I came to Point Loma, California, believing that the Institution here founded by

Katherine Tingley, Head of The Universal Brotherhood Organization throughout the world, afforded exceptional opportunities to all students, particularly to young men who desired to grow in usefulness, in knowledge and in sterling character. In this my highest expectations have been surpassed. Coming as I did, from the business world, in daily contact with other young men, the student life here has been a succession of revelations to me, and I have found in all life greater scope and deeper meaning.

A place more cosmopolitan than Point Loma one could not find in a fortnight's journey. Students have come here from the four quarters of the globe. Many nations and nearly all races are represented. And, naturally, no two students look at life from the same point of view. Each views life from a certain vantage ground of his own, a certain height to which he has climbed from the levels of his own peculiar experiences. Yet, in spite of this, life at Point Loma has none of that fragmentariness so characteristic of some phases of life in the world. Here the diverse factors are not flung together promiscuously, but are blended, as far as may be, into a practical living unity, the unity of an organism. Underneath all racial, national or temperamental differences, runs the steady current of a single conscious purpose. Deep below the ebb and flow of surface events and appearances is recognized the soul, that divine part of each of us which is one and universal, whose light revealeth all things yet is not itself revealed.

Life in Loma-land is a life of high and unselfish purpose, free from babbling sentimentalism and filled with a deep interest in all of its varied phases; that of the world in general is a life governed by desires and moods. As the world goes, the average man is induced to effort by some ulterior motive—money, fame, or the approval, perhaps, of those whose approval is not worth having. His pleasures are too often dictated by some ungratified appetite or other. He does this or that "because he feels like it," the very purposelessness of his motive betraying it to be selfish. He is pulled about by likes and dislikes, and is governed by moods. He considers himself first and his neighbor afterwards. His neighbor does the same, and the result is a condition of affairs in the business world that it is distracting to witness. No one who looks at business life from a broad and common-sense standpoint can fail to realize this. Too many men are Ishmaels, whose hands are against every man's and every man's hand against theirs. Is not this fact a sad commentary on our boasted civilization?

But there are, fortunately, the saving few, the minority, those who follow the sanity of middle lines and who are governed not by desires, but by principle. It is these who keep the fabric of our business world from sheer disintegration, and it is a source of much satisfaction to observe that a few of the world's great men in the commercial field are beginning to appreciate the baleful results which will follow if our individual and collective relations are not changed to the basis of this higher law of a practical brotherhood.

It has been said that "unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age," and this is true.

We hesitate to acknowledge to what extent the majority has departed from the path of a nobler and higher life. Is not this because we dare not look below the surface, because we are not in the habit of analyzing our own motives? The true student analyzes carefully; he sifts and weighs; he balances cause with effect; he separates the motive from the deed; and he is quite aware that there is no music in the recurrent clash of interests which he witnesses in the world, but discord. He sees that money and fame do not bring peace; he sees that peace is never the fruit of things external, but principally of conditions within the mind of man himself. With its nobility and its grandeur, the true Theosophist sees also the pettiness in life and witnesses the smallness of its outlook with a feeling of compassion for those who do not, will not, see it. And it is because of this that life in Loma-land is so infinitely more desirable than the best the world can afford. Here the student is not the slave of the small things, but the master of them. He is not

Student Life in Loma-Land

weeping, like Alexander, for more worlds to conquer. He is too busily absorbed in that greater conquest, which, we are told, is more difficult than the taking of a city—and more important.

In Loma-land is being built a city founded on ideal lines. The world has never witnessed anything like it before. It is in no sense an experiment; it is an assured success. In the councils of this city, virtue governs and vice is neither heard nor seen. What city in the world can furnish a parallel to this? In this community health is universal and happiness has become second nature. Why? *Because the dwellers in this city actually have the moral courage to practise what they preach.*

There are many natural advantages here which make strong the moral nature, and these advantages are immeasurably augmented by purity of life on the part of the students, whose principal purpose is to make brotherhood an actual living reality in their daily lives—not for selfish personal advancement, but that they may the more effectually help the world. This purpose embodies the study of life, medicine, music, art, drama, literature, philosophy, science and comparative religions, besides agricultural and mechanical pursuits, and throughout all is maintained a complete unity in thought and action. It is self-evident that, with the bodily and mental faculties constantly occupied in a high and inspiring purpose, the soul finds unlimited opportunity for expression, thus overriding the tendencies on lower lines with which all of us have more or less acquaintance. We are also familiar with the power of united thought and action, coupled with right motive.

Mathew Arnold pictures the separateness and isolation of life in the world by comparing human souls to "islands separated by the sea." The symbol is a true one. It is because men believe that they do stand each alone and separated that there is heartache and loneliness and discontent. Yet, they are not really separate. As islands are united at their bases upon a broad plateau far below the sea's level, merely appearing to be separate above the surface, so all men are united by the great basic principle of soul. It is this which makes unity a thing existent and brotherhood a *fact* in nature, not a mere sentiment or theory. The world does not know this. In Loma-land we do. That is the main difference.

Daily, hourly, we are conscious that there can be no separation when once we reach below the surface and contact that which is fundamental and real. And a realization of this basic underlying unity demonstrates the utter folly of all endeavors which have for their end the satisfaction of a purely selfish desire. Selfishness is responsible for practically all of the world's woes and unrest, and it is a subject that has been worn threadbare by theories, while the practical aspect of it has ever been overlooked by humanity. The reason for this is that there never has been a real desire to put into practice this long recognized truth, and this lack of the right spirit is again explained by the absence of proper training in our childhood.

Life at Point Loma is free from sham and hypocrisy, the absence of which leads to an intimate acquaintance with one's self, one's tendencies and one's weaknesses. This brings every student face to face with himself and if he is then honest in his self-scrutiny, he immediately begins to take his weaknesses in hand, one by one, to either eradicate them altogether or transmute them for good. And, having a fuller understanding of life, its purpose and the part each has to play in it, with the strength born of united effort and a pure motive, under the daily influence of the highest class music, drama and art, all tending to give opportunity for the soul's greater action in daily life, the student does not relax; he presses ever onward, pushing ideal after ideal into the arena of practical application.

Another noteworthy feature in connection with this practical work for the individual as well as for the world at large is, that all students find constant useful employment and recreation for mind and body, which, as we know, leaves no opportunity for "idle hands to find evil things to do." Every moment is intelligently and profitably occupied.

That is why life is joyful in Loma-land quite as a matter of course.

August 17, 1902

J. F. KNOCHE

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

From *The San Diego Union*, Monday, August 18, 1902

CHORAL SINGING AT ISIS THEATRE

Crowded House Enjoys Musical Treat by Raja Yoga School Children of Point Loma

A Juvenile Address on "Discrimination"—Dr. Gertrude Van Pelt and Mr. R. W. Machell Speak

THERE was another large audience in Isis Theatre last evening. Many being unable to get seats on either the first floor or the gallery, stood in the foyer or went away, while many others were content to climb to the top gallery, which had to be thrown open to the public just before 8 o'clock. Notwithstanding the great crowd in the Theatre, the ventilation was perfect and the temperature, down stairs and in both of the galleries, was comfortable throughout the evening.

Although Mrs. Katherine Tingley did not speak, the program was otherwise so exceptionally interesting that no one regretted coming. Throughout the entire evening the audience was most appreciative. The opening numbers, comprising choral singing by about sixty of the Raja Yoga School children, were repeatedly encored, until it was plain a further response to the generous applause would be tiring to the children. Without doubt the choral singing of these children is one of the most splendid achievements in vocal music. The most critical ear could not detect a false note. They sang as though with one voice—not only one number, but several, and some of them were quite difficult selections.

Their first song, "Life is Joy," was sung in the foyer of the Theatre, after which, to the stately music of a march played by the hidden orchestra, the children went down the aisles and onto the stage, where they countermarched and then grouped themselves on a white set piece which looked like a section from the great Amphitheatre at Point Loma.

Here they were led by Mr. Neresheimer, who stood waist deep in a cluster of foliage, through the delightful intricacies of several numbers. In their simple Greek costumes, surrounded by a wealth of ferns, palms and flowers, the juvenile choir of the Isis Conservatory of Music presented a feast for the eye as well as the ear—and the audience was by no means lacking in audible appreciation.

Mrs. Katherine Tingley, with several members of her Cabinet, occupied one of the proscenium boxes and was not the least interested of the spectators. Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Spalding of Point Loma were present, as were several other of the Point Loma students, and not a few members of the Organization from San Francisco and other cities on the coast.

Dr. Gertrude W. Van Pelt, Superintendent of the International Lotus Home, was the first speaker of the evening. Her theme was "A New Code."

The next address was delivered by one of the Raja Yoga School boys, who spoke without notes, though in quite a finished and certainly very interesting and convincing manner. He deplored the lack of discrimination among those who were actuated by unselfish aims as well as among those who lived only for themselves. People lack the discrimination to see from whence springs ignorance and the suffering in the world, he said. Many really wanted to help humanity, but their efforts were wasted because they lacked the knowledge of the real cause of human suffering. The churches, he said, wasted their efforts in ministering to effects while the causes of evil were allowed to grow unchecked.

There were subtle enemies of the race, he said, who stood behind the doers of evil, and these were the more dangerous because hidden, yet the doers of evil, who were the least harmful foes to progress, were the only ones considered by the average reformer.

As with men, so with nations. Neither men nor nations knew their real enemies, said the speaker. Only those people and those nations who have struggled with their lower natures and gained the mastery over their own evil tendencies could command the all-saving quality of discrimination. Nations could not achieve true greatness, he thought, by reason of their armies and navies and the extent of their territories; but only by setting fine and noble examples before the world.

A new time of activity was at hand, when the contending forces of good and evil were calling out the mettle of their adherents. It was not a time in which any man could be indifferent. Everyone must stand with the right or with the wrong—there was no middle course.

The young man's address was brief but very eloquent and dignified, and it was most heartily applauded.

Mr. R. W. Machell spoke last, answering the question, "Why I became a Theosophist?" He said this led first to another question—"Am I a Theosophist?" Joining a society, paying the dues, and even attending the meetings, could make no one a Theosophist. He spoke very interestingly of the early days of Madame Blavatsky, who he said, often questioned herself, whether she were a Theosophist.

In her definition of the term, and in the definition that Katherine Tingley now so thoroughly emphasizes, only those could hope to become Theosophists who were willing to and did "lead the life."

Master Thorley Von Holst's Speech

[The address on "Discrimination," referred to in the foregoing report, was delivered by Master Thorley Von Holst. So widespread and genuine was the interest aroused by the youthful speaker that, in response to requests, the entire text of his address is here given.]

I THINK that the reason why there is so much ignorance in the world is really because people cannot see what it springs from. We have only to go into one of our great cities and see all the misery and desolation there is and the suffering of all kinds, which is entirely due to ignorance. And yet there are many people who are really good at heart, who wish to benefit mankind and to help all this suffering, but they do not know the way to begin, because they have a lack of discrimination, and therefore all their energy has been spoiled through not seeing the right way to do a thing, and when and where it ought to be done.

Many people have tried their very best to stop the suffering of mankind, and they have done all they can to help mankind, but they have failed because of their lack of discrimination, and therefore they have done no good and their work has been in vain.

But at last the truth is being revealed and men are beginning to see that they have not simply to look at the sufferers themselves, but instead of that they must go to the root of the matter, and find out what are really the causes of the misery.

We can often see in history that it is not the actual doers who are the real cause of bad acts, but rather those who have influenced these people by their intelligence to do wrong. They have used their energies wrongly, and so they have worked in the background and have used others as their tools. These are the people we have to fight against and not those who seem to have done the actual damage.

I think that many of the people who ought to try to raise the lower classes do not do their duty in this way. They consider themselves as all right, and they don't want to relieve the suffering that there is around them. If they did they would get help to do it, but some time or other they may feel that they have a conscience and that they cannot fight against it. So long as a man has no discrimination he cannot see where he ought to begin. He sees the suffering, but he does not know where it comes from. He tries to make it seem all right, but that does not improve matters.

These people who direct all their energies against the right try also to damage The Universal Brotherhood, but they fail because, as we know well, they cannot successfully tell lies against the truth. There are people who have knowledge, who have studied their own natures and who have struggled to gain power over their lower selves, and these people can see the plans of the enemies of the Brotherhood and the traps which they have laid. They can see who these enemies are who are really doing all the damage in the world. They have tried their best to work against the Organization and have made plots against it, but they have failed because The Universal Brotherhood has stood up against them, and because their leaders are at fault. Men are beginning to see who it is doing all this damage, and who really is at the root of all the evil which is done.

Whole nations are now living in suffering because the people who belong to them are separated from one another, instead of being bound together. And the nations themselves are set up against each other because each one is trying to gain power and to hold up its head higher than the others. But here, too, there is a lack of discrimination, for they ought to see that it is not because they have a large army that they can get glory. If they had the inner sight they would know that this can only be done by setting a noble example to the world, for this is the only way in which true glory can be gained. People are beginning to wake up to this fact and, as a consequence, many men seem to be taking a new interest in life. Lately there have been no great men to stir up the public. There have been no poets nor musicians to wake up and call out the best in men, but the time is not far away when no man will be able to stand between the right and the wrong. He will have to do one thing or the other. There can then be no longer any state of indifference, for to be indifferent would be even worse than doing the wrong. If the evil doers could only see how useless it is to fight against the right they would give it up, because they are only wasting their own time by doing so.

In the work that we are doing we cannot afford to wait. No one can afford to sit down and do nothing. People now are beginning everywhere to feel that there is a bond between them. They are beginning now to use discrimination between the right and the wrong, but there are still many people who cannot see that they are on the wrong lines. They are deceived by those persons who are wicked on the inside, and because they are so deceived the world has not made so much progress as it ought to have made. Yet people are now beginning to realize that they are souls, and that if they will but try they can live up to their own divine nature.

Students



Path

Snow-flakes

by LONGFELLOW

OUT of the bosom of the air
 Out of the cloud-folds of the garment shaken,
 Over the woodlands brown and bare,
 Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
 Silent and soft and slow
 Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
 Suddenly, shape in some divine expression,
 Even as the troubled heart doth make
 In the white countenance confession,
 The troubled sky reveals
 The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
 Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
 This is the secret of despair,
 Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
 Now whispered and revealed
 To wood and field.

Nirvana "As She is Taught"

THE death of a noted quondam exponent of the *Vedanta* for the Western World prompts us naturally to a little thought about that Nirvana which is pictured by such teachers as the goal and crown of life. We do not believe that this Nirvana has anything in common with the Nirvana of the conception of India's ancient real Teachers.

The most exoteric conception of Nirvana is the *extinction of existence*. The next, a somewhat higher conception, the ordinary one among the Hindoos, is the *cessation of all action*. The highest, we believe the correct one, is *perfect freedom*. Freedom from what, and of what?

Certain narcotics quiet for the time the voices of the myriad horde of physical desires, those units which in the mass make up the leading desires of physical life. Of course they wake again, the more imperious and enslaving for their sleep, and finally effect their victim's ruin. But for a little while, the silencing of them frees the mind. It is clearer, stronger, swifter, and finds rich pleasure in the unhampered spread of its wings. The degrading after-cost we are not now considering.

Again: a "self-conscious man" is one hindered in his freedom of act and thought by a morbid consciousness of his shell of personality.

Fear of consequences, fear of what others will think, ties the hands of action in nearly all men.

Ambition ties up the freedom of human action, limiting it to such lines as will lead toward prominence and renown.

Vanity paralyzes the development of the nobler faculties, for it concentrates its victim's attention upon powers he thinks he so admirably possesses, and prevents his soul leading him on to greater.

A great freedom sometimes comes upon the united mind and soul just before death or during profound sickness, freedom due to the complete ebb and lapse of physiological life.

Perhaps there is no need to give any more examples. May it not be that the aim of all evolution, and of that specially quickened path of evolution taught by India's ancient *real* Teachers, is perfect freedom from all that hampers action? The passions are successively gotten rid of, from the lowest upward. And as each departs, the power of action is unloosed, mental illumination gained, and the joy that comes from added power and light burns brighter.

Is it reasonable to suppose that all this suddenly reverses itself; that at the "threshold of Nirvana" all power of action suddenly departs; nay, even, as the exotericists would have it, that the illumination suddenly goes out in darkness? Is it not more likely that Nirvana was a name employed to mark the point at which power and illumination pass alto-

gether beyond all ordinary human conception, and become, so to speak, "absolute," loosed from all bonds, and the man enters into relation with the final Power and Light of the living worlds?

It was said of Buddha that he continued to teach *after* entering Nirvana. Our studies among the modern so-called teachers of Vedantism and Hindooism do not impress us with their fullness of knowledge or philosophical ability.

STUDENT

As joy is breathed into one's being in this atmosphere, fear slowly disappears. There is no room for both.

Joy is the abandonment of fear.

ENTIRE cycles of biblical stories have been suddenly brought to light from the darkness of the Babylonian treasure-heaps in much clearer and more primitive form than they exist in the Bible itself.—PROF. F. DELITZSCH

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

DEAR COMRADES—What a number of capable and talented people there are who could do so much to help others, and be so happy in the doing of it, if they would only work unselfishly. Dare to be true! What fine energy and capacity is devoted to a treadmill, to utterly empty, unworthy, and vicious pursuits!

I think, judging from the rapid expansion of consciousness and clearer perception now showing itself daily, that before long there will be a general awakening for a moment, a glimpse of the *truth of what each one is engaged in*. Falsehood for that moment will no longer be able to pretend it is true. This will be the moment of choice, when facts will have to be faced. It will be a day of judgment: each to judge himself in the light of his divinity. The uneasiness, the feeling of expectation, the efforts made on brotherly lines, as well as the contrasting desperate efforts to bolster up dying institutions of exclusive narrowness and selfishness, all indicate the truth of the proclamation of The Universal Brotherhood Organization that a new day is at hand, a higher civilization is about to begin. In fact the germ has already quickened and the throes of birth must be expected and endured as a present necessity in bringing forth the glorious life that is coming. There is no other way, for the change is natural and inevitable. Yet how it could be softened, made joyous for millions, if only all the good people would choose to throw themselves enthusiastically into working for brotherhood and honesty: why, the birth for us all would be almost painless, and the little we suffer would be a pleasure, in the light of the glorious good that is coming. Nature does not want to hurt anyone, but if we will cling and tie ourselves up in those shams and wrongs that have to go, then the separation is painful.

We all have the freedom of choice *within individual limits* that we can go with natural law willingly and harmoniously to the God-made destiny of man: or we can refuse to progress, separate ourselves in selfish desires, and be broken on the wheel of the law, dismembered, as waste product for individual evolution. This freedom of choice within these limits is a necessity for a self-evolving being, hence its sacred right and the evil of interfering with it. This is why so many struggles have been made for freedom and will be made for it; all are elementary attempts to gain true freedom from the bonds of the lower nature and make active our Divinity. For the reason that some have already chosen for brotherhood and devote their lives to it, they find it impossible to keep silent about it, their deeds truly speaking louder than their words. *It is so good it is the golden key*, and if we constantly endeavor to make Brotherhood the guiding power in our lives, we shall eventually become immortal and see the priceless value of this simple yet vast principle that guides the sun in its daily duty and holds the planets to their task of bearing forms of life. The egotist, as all personal men are more or less, thinks he understands all about brotherhood and wants to learn something more important! He has never won a hazard from this base, so passes by the diamond, taking it for a piece of glass. Brotherly action is the *real tonic that all require*, both learned and simple. To hide this fact from our fellows would be mean, therefore it will not be hidden. Though each one is free to choose, yet all must be awakened to the fact that there is a choice, *which cannot be avoided*. This is offered to us in gentle tones but that tone, unless heeded, ends with a thunder clap that wakes the dead.

T. W. W.

The Sculptor Boy

by W. C. DOANE

CHISEL in hand, stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him;
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved that dream on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision;
In Heaven's own light the sculptor shone---
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our lives uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
Our life-dream passes o'er us.
Let us carve it, then, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision;
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own---
Our lives, that angel vision.—Selected



LOTUS BUDS AND THEIR TEACHERS, HELSINGBORG, SWEDEN

Mountain and Squirrel

by RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter, "Little prig!"
Bun replied—"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year, ¶ And a sphere;
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry;
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."—Selected



The

Raja Yoga School, Point Loma

THE majority of students in the Raja Yoga School are Cuban children, and the few visitors who are permitted to see them in their Group Homes invariably comment upon their bright, happy faces. From the eldest down to the tiny three-year-old, all are neatly and daintily dressed, without ornaments or gewgaws, and thus a love for the beautiful and the genuine is fostered. They love their studies and eagerly look forward to the time when they will be fitted to go back to their own beloved Cuba, as teachers and helpers of those less fortunate than themselves.



"THERE is Meg!" cried
Eva, looking towards a
figure with snow-white

How to Become Warrior Knights

hair, standing in the doorway of a small, whitewashed, two-roomed cottage.

"Let's take her some of our flowers," suggested Susie—and off they ran.

"Well, well," said a cheery voice, "some little folks are in a hurry."

"We've brought you some flowers," panted Susie—"and we will arrange them," said Muriel, "shall we do it out here?"

"Thank you, dearie," said Meg. "Meg," said Susie, coming close and looking coaxingly into the wrinkled face, "will you tell us the rest of the story now?"

"Where did Muriel leave off?" asked old Meg.

"Just where John thought he would rather be a warrior knight than anything else in the world."

"I should like to be a warrior knight!" exclaimed Kathleen.

"But you are a girl," hinted Susie, in gentle reminder.

"Oh, that doesn't matter," responded Eva, quickly, "warrior knights depend on the heart, and girls have hearts as well as boys."

"Yes," said Meg quietly, "every little child in the world can become a warrior knight—every one. And there is something very wonderful and strange about it! Nothing, nothing in the wide world, not all the kings and queens, and armies of people can keep one little child from becoming a warrior knight—if that little child wants to become one. Just think! and it is the greatest of all knighthoods, the very, very greatest knighthood on earth. Nothing—no one, can take it away, because—it is given by the Light in the heart.

"And just think! every little child can be knighted. It does not matter how poor, or how rich, or what country you are born in—these things don't matter; because every little heart can love what is pure and noble and beautiful—and nothing in the world can keep little hearts from being brave and steadfast, ready to defend, ready to help those who want help—and nothing in the world can keep little hearts from loving and being sorry for little comrades who do wrong.

"So you see every little boy and girl can become a warrior knight—and just where they are—they don't need to go to any other place to begin. That is what John did. He didn't stop to think of his shabby clothes, or of the dark narrow street he lived in. He just knew that to be a warrior knight was the greatest thing in all the world!

"And, as he stood on the country road, he thought of all the people in cities; ambitious, loving wealth

and ease and comfort; and of all the strife and sorrow these things brought—they did not know of the greater glory and dignity that comes from choosing the pure and the noble.

"And he understood many things. He knew that unless people tried to make their THOUGHTS pure and noble—they could never be truly great or wise—and never, never become warrior knights. And he could see quite clearly, that all the suffering in the world comes from wrong thoughts and unkind, selfish feelings; and he knew if he would become a warrior knight, he must be a king and banish all wrong thoughts and feelings and think only what is pure and beautiful.

"And he knew too, that doing this was the way to gain strength and courage and wisdom, to help others to do the same. And what a yearning love and pity filled his heart! A love so great, that it went outwards, far away into distant cities; into the hospitals, full of sick; into the prisons, full of the despairing; and he could hear a cry! a great, terrible cry for help.

"Oh! how his heart went out to them! and he whispered, 'I am coming, I am coming!' and," said Meg, holding up her hand, "that whisper sounded like silver bells! and they floated away—far away over the earth and touched the hearts of all who were crying, crying for help—touched them with hope!

"And," said Meg, "if any one had seen John just then, they would have thought they saw a noble knight—a Knight of the Holy Grail!

"And just think!" she continued, "every little boy and girl can become one—and the wise fairies, the Light of Wisdom, are helping you, guarding you all the time, trying to tell you how great you are, if you choose the pure and the noble!

"They are whispering in your hearts, 'Arise! little warrior knights! The great world is calling, calling for help, and you, even little boys and girls, can bring joy and peace.'

"Can bring joy and peace, by becoming kings and queens—real, real kings and queens, within yourselves, with power to banish naughty thoughts—with power to send a loving whisper from your hearts—a whisper to those who are suffering—just to give them hope, till you are ready to come!"

A. P. D.

Gulf Waters Shallowing

A recent press dispatch says that Lieutenant Foster, in charge of the New Orleans branch of the hydrographic office, reported to Washington that a recent survey of the Gulf of Mexico near the mouth of the Mississippi river shows only 25 fathoms of water, where there were 60 fathoms at the time of the previous survey. Lieutenant Foster is puzzled over the phenomenon. Many believe that it was caused by volcanic upheavals, the result of the recent earthquakes in the West Indies, while others think it is caused by the deposit of silt from the Mississippi river. As a result of the discovery the government will probably order a new survey of the entire Gulf of Mexico.

HE who is preparing destruction for another may be certain that his own life is in danger.—CICERO

Isis Conservatory of Music

of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Personal applications and inquiries received every Saturday by the Secretary at

San Diego Branch 1940 B St.

HOURS 9 A. M. TO 4 P. M.

Full particulars sent by mail on application, address

J. H. FUSSELL, Secretary and Treasurer

Isis Conservatory of Music Point Loma, Calif.

The Chadbourn Furniture Co.

W. L. FREVERT, Manager

We aim to carry an entirely up-to-date stock of house furnishings, and, for style and variety of goods, cannot be outdone in Southern California. We are glad to show visitors through our extensive store-rooms.

STORE-ROOMS

SIXTH & D STREETS

San Diego, Cal.

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be one season or another. Paint will set tougher during the winter, and of course that gives durability. One point favoring winter. There are others favoring summer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so often as houses painted with any other paint, because it has more body to withstand action of the elements. There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per gallon.

We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.

WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS
7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

Jenny Lind's Salute

Fifty years ago, when Jenny Lind was singing in New York, the American frigate, St. Lawrence, returning from a cruise abroad, came into the harbor. The young midshipmen, on the first night of their shore leave, went to hear the famous singer.

The next day the boys, to express the emotions that her wonderful voice had stirred in them, called on her in a body. They hardly expected that she would receive them, but she did; and she was so charmed by their youthfulness and ingenuousness that when they timidly asked her if she would like to see their ship, she accepted the invitation. Then, growing bolder, they asked her to luncheon, and she accepted the invitation, too, relates *Youth's Companion*.

When, on the appointed day, she came on board with her companion, the captain saw her from his cabin and recognized her.

There is nothing more strict than the courtesy observed in ship etiquette among officers of all ranks. Of the three messes—the captain's table, the ward-room and the steerage mess, where the midshipmen ate—no officer, from the captain down, would make himself one of a company at another mess unless especially bidden.

In this case the captain rang the bell for the orderly. "Tell the gentlemen of the steerage mess," he said, "that the captain is going ashore, and that the cabin is at their disposal if they care to use it."

The luncheon, however, was eaten in the steerage. But after the pleasant meal was over the boys proudly invited their guest into the captain's cabin, where they took coffee.

"Ask her to sing something," whispered the paymaster's clerk.

"I'll thrash you if you dare!" returned one of the midshipmen, under his breath.

The ward-room officers had guests, too. They brought up guitars and sat on the poop-deck above, singing "The Suwanee River" and other popular songs.

"How pretty!" cried Jenny Lind, with enthusiasm, clapping.

When at last she was leaving, she paused on the step between the carved sides of the gangway. Looking up at the floating stars and stripes, she said:

"I wish to salute your flag."

Uncovering her head and holding her hat in her hand, she began to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner."

As she sang the first verse every officer and every man came silently on deck. When she had sung the song to the end, deafening cheers rang out from the St. Lawrence, and were taken up by every ship near by, for all had been listening.

Steamers blew their whistles, and every man within reach of that thrilling voice knew that he had heard one of the most inspiring songs in the world sung as he would probably never hear it sung again.

Creeds and Churches in Germany

The German Government has issued some curious and interesting statistics regarding the growth of Protestantism and Catholicism within the Empire during the past ten years. Two main facts appear, first, that the Catholic population is increasing at a more rapid rate than the Protestant, and secondly, that the Jewish population, relatively, is receding. The entire population of the Empire is 56,367,178, against 49,428,470 ten years ago, an increase of nearly seven millions, or 14 per cent. The number of Protestants of the various State churches has increased from 31,026,810 to 35,231,104, an increase of 13.6 per cent. The Catholics have increased from 17,674,921 to 20,327,913, or 15 per cent. Other Christian denominations, or dissenters from the established churches, have increased from 145,540 to 203,678, or 40 per

cent. The Jewish increase is from 567,884 ten years ago to 586,948 at the present time, or only 3.4 per cent. In 1890 6243 persons declared themselves of no religion, at the recent census 9538 persons. Put in another form, out of every thousand persons in Germany, 625 are Protestants at present, against 628 ten years ago; 361 are Catholics against 308 ten years ago, and ten persons are Jews against eleven ten years ago. A curious fact about the Jews is that over 41 per cent of their children receive a higher education against 4 per cent of the children of the Christian population. Nearly 10 per cent of the students attending German Universities are Jews; and in the medical faculty 20 per cent of the professors and students belong to the children of Israel.—London *Christian World*

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, President
G. B. GROW, Cashier
W. R. ROGERS, Assistant Cashier

Every facility and security offered to our patrons and the public generally. Collections and exchanges on all points.

KELLY'S LIVERY

POINT LOMA
COACH LINE

Special Coaches for Select Parties
arranged by telephone

DEALER IN FIRST-CLASS HORSES

THIRD & F STS., PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

THE

Lion Clothing Co.

CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"

STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

Electric Laundry

NELSON SNYDER, Proprietor

16TH & I STREETS

TELEPHONE BLACK 731

No Saw Edges on Collars and Cuffs

FIRST EDITION---NEARLY READY

THE MYSTERIES OF THE HEART DOCTRINE

ONE of the MOST INTERESTING & COMPREHENSIVE WORKS on THEOSOPHY EVER PUBLISHED

Issued by KATHERINE TINGLEY, Leader and Official Head of THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD Organization, and by Members of her Cabinet

Over 350 pages Specially written to meet the needs of Inquirers Beautifully illustrated

This edition is limited to 1,000 copies, and will be sold at the previously advertised price of \$1.25 for cloth bound and \$1.00 for paper. After the First Edition is exhausted the price will be raised to \$2.00 for cloth binding and \$1.50 for paper, for it has been found impossible to prepare this book on the basis originally planned at the price first quoted.

The Theosophical Publishing Company, Point Loma, California

The
LEADING REAL ESTATE BROKER in SAN DIEGO IS

E. J. Carter

964 Sixth Street, San Diego

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE LOCATING IN SAN DIEGO
CITY OR COUNTY, CALL ON OR
WRITE TO HIM

RUDDER'S
NEW RESTAURANT

& GRILL

NEWLY FURNISHED FINEST IN THE CITY

CORNER FOURTH & PLAZA
SAN DIEGO - - - CAL.

Strahlmann-Mayer Drug Co.
PHARMACY GRADUATES
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Per-
fumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, etc.
Physicians Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully prepared

CORNER FOURTH & D STREETS
Telephone Main 424
CORNER FIFTH & C STREETS
Telephone Black 856

AT

Bowen's
DRY GOODS STORE

Will be found a full assortment
of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Tea
Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Wrap-
pers, Silks and Dress Goods . . .

W. O. BOWEN 1043 FIFTH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Intolerance

Intolerance is hateful to all good Masons and no Ma-
sonic system which fosters a spirit of intolerance among
its members will ever become of great value to mankind.

An attempt to control Masonry in the interest of
any religious sect, or to further the schemes of any po-
litical party, or faction, can only result in eventual
damage to the fraternity, and in the discomfiture of the
party or parties who attempt to prostitute to base pur-
poses, an institution whose motives are pure as it is pos-
sible for any human institution to be. Masonry does not
depend upon any particular system for its perpetuation,
but rather upon the necessity for something to control the
passions of men who desire to live pure and upright
lives, and to assist those who, within themselves, are
unable to withstand the temptations with which they
are much too frequently surrounded. The only Ma-
sonic rites, or system, which have been successful, are
those on which sectarianism, partyism, and intolerance
have been tabooed, as being detrimental in the extreme.

Genuine Masonry can only exist where a sufficient
number of whole-souled, generous, and intelligent men
can be found, who are willing to band themselves to-
gether for the purpose of mutual improvement in all
that is required to make a good citizen. It cannot
exist, as a popular institution, in any but the most en-
lightened communities. It would be a dangerous ex-
periment to attempt to popularize it in the most culti-
vated city in the world.

It is becoming far too popular in our own matchless
country and unless rapid strides are made by the com-
mon people, in education and refinement, it is destined to
degenerate into a second class benevolent institution,
destitute of that higher sentiment which goes to make
up the highest type of manhood. Fortunately Masonry
is in itself one of the greatest of educators and if prop-
erly supported by capable men, who can weed out the
hypocrisy and deceit which are the crying evils of all
popular movements, or institutions, there is little to
fear from the unfortunate brother who has gained ad-
mission through honesty and reliability, notwithstanding
the fact that his education has been neglected. It
would be well to remember, however, that the igno-
rant man is nearly always intolerant and consequently
a menace to society, no matter how honest he may be.

No government can be just which is dominated by
men who are not more than ordinarily intelligent.
There is a "divine right to govern" and woe be to
the nation that does not recognize the fact that there is
an aristocracy in every country which is not in a state
of anarchy, and, that the aristocracy of every people
must bear the burdens of the intolerant and unworthy,
as well as their own. Masonry will continue to bear
its share of the burdens of good society, and will as
usual be tolerant, generous and charitable toward the
weakest of God's creatures. — *The Freemason*

If you are difficult to satisfy, I ask
you to inspect our before hir-
or carriage not perfect-



come in &
LIVERY
ing a team
that does
ly suit you

FRED FANNING
PROPRIETOR

Fifth Avenue Stables

Tel. Red 351 SAN DIEGO Cor. 5th & B Sts.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF SAN DIEGO
UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

CAPITAL PAID UP \$150,000
SURPLUS & PROFITS \$50,000

J. GRUENDIKE - - - PRESIDENT
D. F. GARRETTSON - - - VICE PRES.
G. W. FISHBURN - - - CASHIER

DIRECTORS— J. Gruendike, Geo. Hannahs, J. E. Fishburn,
G. W. Fishburn and D. F. Garrettson

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

**WE ARE IN A POSITION TO
FIT YOUR EYES TO SUIT
YOU. WE HAVE A SPEC-
IAL PLACE SET APART
FOR OPTICAL WORK,
CONTAINING ALL THE
MODERN INSTRUMENTS
USED IN SIGHT TESTING
IF YOU NEED GLASSES,
HAVE a PRESCRIPTION to
FILL, or FRAME to REPAIR**

we give you the best work obtainable in San Diego

J E N K S

826-828 5th street

Graduate Optician

The New Century

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Two Dollars; other countries in the Postal Union, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; payable in advance
Single copy, Five Cents

Communications for the Editor, manuscripts, reports, books and periodicals for review should be addressed, "Katherine Tingley, Editor *The New Century*, Point Loma."

The editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

Articles will not be considered by the editor unless signed by the author and marked with the number of words contained. In no case is manuscript returned.

Address all Business communications, including subscriptions, and make all remittances (in bank drafts or money orders, payable to The New Century Corporation) to "Clark Thurston, Point Loma, Cal."

To comply with recent postal regulations, all Post-Office money order remittances should be made payable at San Diego. The remittances, as well as all other mail, should be made to Point Loma, as usual.

Entered at the Post-Office at Point Loma, Cal., as second-class matter Nov. 30th, 1901
Copyright, 1902, by Katherine Tingley

Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

Woman's Legal Status

THE Massachusetts legislature has recently made a long deferred concession. It has given the mother the same legal control over the child as the father. When we reflect that this is only the twelfth state which has taken this just step up to date, it is plain that those who long to change the world's sorrow into joy have plenty yet to do. Some men are better than our statutes. That is the only thing which renders the situation of some women even tolerable.

But there are men, here and there, who look upon the women who consent to become their wives and the mothers of their children as mere conveniences. They have no more idea of what love is—still less of what true comradeship consists—than the Patagonian has of the price of stocks. Such men are usually proud of their wives just as they are proud of their fine horses. They keep their wives well fed and well clothed as a matter of course. But they do not know that the woman, the mother, cannot live by bread alone. They do not know that the woman of whom they have taken charge was a soul long before she became a wife or a mother. And the wife of such a man who, for the sake of her children, dares to think and act as a soul

Mother, Father & Child

has a sad, sad time of it.

The idea that a woman who has gone through the valley of the shadow of death for the sake of her child, whose life is pure and true, whose mind is clear, whose one passion is to lead her little one into that insight and peace and joy that has been shut out of her own smothered life—the idea that such a mother should have less legal control than the man to whom that child may stand merely as the sign of an appetite gratified, is a monstrous idea. Such cases as this are not the rule. *Yet they exist* and in the majority of our states the mother in such cases is rendered helpless by the statutes.

One of Many Thousands

Take the following case in New York State which was commented upon by the newspapers a few years ago. A bright young woman of some education became interested in a native of China whom she taught in one of the missions. She finally consented to become his wife. The man died shortly before the birth of their child and upon examining his will, it was discovered that *he had willed this child to his relatives in China!* The young mother nearly died from the shock of learning what her husband had done, but her agony was of no avail. Her baby was taken from her when but a few weeks old and sent to China. What became of the heart-broken mother? Who cared? Nothing had been done that was not perfectly legal, and if the mother were foolish enough to object to this sort of thing, she had her protestations for her pains—that was all.

This is a record of an actual occurrence. Yet, because similar in-

The Greater Freedom

justice is not inflicted upon some member of your immediate family you shut your eyes to its significance, and turn away, and continue to talk of America as a "land of freedom."

There are in every state statutes which, in cases where the men are not better than the laws, make the existence of the wife an enslaved and a miserable one. You may not know this, but your ignorance of it makes it none the less a fact.

There is a freedom of the body and of the mind; there is a freedom of the soul, which is worth infinitely more. And that freedom, once won, ought to give the mother who is pure and wise and faithful as much right to do her simple duty by the child as the father, particularly when, as in some cases, the father cannot be described by these terms!

The larger freedom has not yet been won for the women of America, nor of any country in the world. To verify this statement you have but to examine the statutory enactments in the various states and *read the records of our divorce courts.*

O, for women strong enough to break down the barriers which hem in all that is noblest in the lives of the mothers of little children! The future waits for those warrior-souls who dare to win for all women the freedom they absolutely must have if the race is to improve and not degenerate.

The Law Turns Evil into Good

THE great West and the new South in this country, after the Civil War, were created by the thousands of young men whose energies had been developed and whose powers of achievement and leadership had been discovered and trained through the emergencies of the conflict. Certainly one of the most important effects of the South African war will, before long, come to be recognized in the marvelous personal transformation of thousands of Boer farmers and their sons, through the experience of heroic participation in so great a war against an enemy so highly civilized and so humane, as well as so brave and, upon the whole, so untiring and effective.

This war has brought the Boer people from the primitive conditions of Eighteenth-century peasants to the realization of many of the strenuous conditions of life in the Twentieth century.—*American Review of Reviews*

The combatants on either side in this great struggle have learned to respect and love each other, for there is never ill-feeling between the actual soldiers, unless in some bitter civil strife. War is a brutal remedy, and all look forward to the time when it will disappear from the earth. But the Good Law turns all things to good; and, now that so much bitterness has been washed away in blood, harmonious conditions may be provided for the generation of the new race that is to occupy the new country. As to the real inciters of the war, the saying of Christ will apply: "It must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh!"

H. T. E.

Collective Responsibility

WE notice in the review of a book on the drink problem, that the author inveighs against the doctrine of collective responsibility. Why make people responsible for the sins of others?

But a man who claims and enjoys the benefits of social life must also bear its responsibilities. It would no doubt be very attractive to some natures if they could profit by what men have been able to do collectively, and yet escape responsibility for the sins committed collectively. To live in a nice house built by the combined efforts of masons, carpenters and furnishers, and yet to have no concern with the personal habits of these craftsmen. You may build my house; but, as for your cursed morals, you can see to them yourselves.

Yes; this is why each individual is responsible for the sins of the community. If he desires to escape the responsibility, let him be placed alone on a desert island.

STUDENT

A Wall of Giant Cactus

THE illustration on the cover page of THE NEW CENTURY this week shows a remarkable growth of cactus in the Mission Valley, on the outskirts of San Diego. Originally the cactus formed a wall impenetrable to man or beast, a veritable fortress, in fact, about the Mission grounds, making them unassailable except from the easily defended canyons and foothills to the east and north.

Ye Cannot Serve Two Masters

“ALWAYS the light is there. In its living golden glow there is power, skill, love, wisdom, joy and exuberant energy. We can at any time step into it, instantly, easily.”

Alice was feeling weary and discouraged, and had been writing to a friend whose unwavering cheerfulness and serenity had always been an inspiration to her. There was a ring of confidence, of simplicity and certainty in her friend's reply that seemed to touch some hidden spring in her nature.

“Well, I shall try it,” said Alice, rising and putting the letter away. “It seems to be simply a question of interiorly realizing the divine presence in and around us. We know intellectually that it is there—the asylum, the friend, the resting place. We know that its nature is divine tenderness, god-like power, wisdom, beauty—and yet our normal consciousness remains untouched and unilluminated.”

All her life Alice had been haunted by dreams of the beautiful. She was keenly sensitive to the wonderful subtleties of music, art and literature, and yet was continually tantalized by her own inability to produce or create anything. She worked hard at the piano and at singing, but with small result; she tried painting, modeling and literature, but accomplished little.

While she stood there alone in the gathering dusk, pondering on the curious anomaly of our impotence and our divinity, and yearning with all the intensity of despair for some sign from the Warrior, eternal and sure, her Higher Self, a wondrous light broke in upon her mind, and for a brief space all doubts, all limitations vanished, and she *knew*. Words would but dwarf an experience so glorious— But there came a great peace into her heart, and in her mind the words were echoing: “Ye cannot serve two masters.”

And then it seemed a simple thing to live in the eternal, to let the spiritual will have sway. It was clear enough that so long as we feebly dissipate our energies in the realms of sensation it is useless to expect any fuller measure of creative force or power. And what could be more simple than to serve whole-heartedly that which we deem the highest—for in truth Alice cared little about aught else than the highest.

But in the weeks that followed she found out that it is not enough to pursue a certain aim one-pointedly. One must also have the strength and the fixed determination to resist all counter currents, to brace up and energize the every-day consciousness, which is all too accustomed to inertia and apathy. It means eternal vigilance, an undaunted struggle upwards even in spite of innumerable failures. But “always the Light is there, we have only to believe and we are standing in its brightness.”

P. S.

Opera at Isis Theatre, San Diego

THE enterprising San Diego Lodge of Elks gave three performances of Balfe's opera, “The Bohemian Girl,” at Isis Theatre on August 11, 12, and 13.

Considering that the talent which furnished the entertainment was amateur, the undertaking was a stupendous one. It was especially interesting, however, from the fact that all the performers were residents of San Diego and vicinity. Some of the students of Point Loma were present and they were delighted with the efforts made by their genial neighbors, the Elks, in producing such a rounded and satisfactory performance.

The report of this significant event was crowded out of last week's issue, but it is gratifying, even at this date, to record the pleasant impressions left by these performances. The house was crowded on each evening and the audiences were liberal in their acknowledgment of every pleasant feature, of which there were, indeed, many. The principals were pleasing throughout; they evidenced thorough earnestness, having done ample rehearsing beforehand so as to insure creditable *ensemble* work. The chorus likewise delivered itself of a praiseworthy endeavor; in short, the whole performance left little to be desired and really produced a very satisfactory impression.

The students on the Hill are doubly grateful for so creditable an outcome of this undertaking, because they appreciate the magnitude of a work like the production of an opera in toto by amateurs, and also on account of the aesthetic bearing which the successful result has upon the community.

The Elks are to be congratulated, first for essaying such gratifying work and for carrying it out in so successful a manner. It is to be hoped that we will have more such entertainments in the future.

OBSERVER

In the next issue there will be a full report, with illustrations, of the Pacific Coast Convention held at Loma-land August 15 to 26.

Nature Is Man's Temple

THE human race is the divine builder of the Universe, for man combines in his nature the spiritual ideas and powers and the natural elements and functions; his mission is to infuse the divine fire into matter and raise matter gradually up to the level of conscious godhead. What, then, is the relation between man and nature, in the light of the above proposition?

In the world as it is today we find man existing in two kinds of relationship with nature. Either he succumbs to her or he shuns her.

The uncivilized races live in intimate contact with nature, but they have not the dominating, originating power which should lift them above nature and enable them to mold and utilize her. They are her passive subjects, like the animals.

Civilized races cut themselves off from nature in every possible way. They insulate their feet, their couch and their seat from the ground; they isolate and devitalize portions of air; they transform natural food into laboratory products; they destroy and bar out scenery.

Thus one class of humanity bows to the burden and the other shirks it.

But nature is the material for man to mold, the garden for him to till, the temple for him to worship in. He has the power, she has the qualities. Nature teems with passive potencies waiting to be evoked by man's will, with golden opportunities for him to take, with beautiful embalmed ideals for him to fructify.

Since this ideal is nowhere realized today, it should surely be one of our welcome duties to endeavor to lead humanity towards its fulfillment.

At Point Loma we shall not destroy nature and replace her with the brick-and-mortar expression of our debased modern ideals; nor shall we “return to nature” and sacrifice our initiative and independence to her moods. We shall make her a temple for our work.

But to do this we must take a different view of nature from that of the scientific analyzer, who sees only an incongruous medley of details, structures and functions. Our view must be the poet's, who senses and shares the *moods* of nature, to whom she is a living soul, and with whom he communes.

To know what is the prevailing influence in each spot, and for what undertaking it is therefore suitable; to discern the sleeping soul in the landscape and rouse it to active and beneficent power; to find and utilize the healing balms for body, mind and spirit—those are some of the faculties we must employ.

We must set our anticipations on a humanity living in close harmony with nature, yet preserve an independent and positive attitude towards her; not shunning her, but courting her, and yet not yielding. Sages have said that nature is a goddess who reveals her treasures to those who prove their strength by resisting her allurements. In this saying lies the solution of the question of man's true relation to nature. H. T. E.

Driftwood

☞ A recent report from the Central Hospital for the Insane at Indianapolis shows that ten per cent of the inmates were made insane by religious excitement.

☞ The famous Borghese Palace in Rome is about to be sold at auction, and a report now reaches us that the equally famous Orsini Palace is to share the same fate. On the grounds of the Orsini Palace are the ruins of the Theatre of Marcellus, and efforts are being made to induce the government to preserve such priceless historical relics.

☞ What appears to be the biggest tree in the world has just been discovered in Mexico. It belongs to the cypress family, and its circumference, six feet from the ground, is 154 feet 2 inches. It was found close to the ruins of Mitla in the State of Oaxaca at a distance of a few hours from the City of Mexico. Its age is estimated to be about one thousand years.

☞ We are informed that animism, personification, and anthropomorphism are the three well-known agencies which fully account for the fact that the ancient inhabitants of India, Greece, and Italy believed that there was life in the rivers, the mountains, and the sky. We might as well be told that all animals are hungry because they have an appetite.—MAX MULLER [Many scientific “causes” are just restatements of the effects in fine language.]

☞ The English medical journal, the *Lancet*, points out that Tuesday appears to be a critical day in the life of the King of England. On a Tuesday he was born, baptized, and married. On a Tuesday it was definitely ascertained that he had contracted typhoid fever, and the public thanksgiving service for his recovery was also on a Tuesday. He succeeded to the throne on Tuesday, January 22, and his recent serious operation was carried out on a Tuesday.

I MARKED the Spring as she passed along,
 With her eye of light and lip of song;
 While she stole in peace o'er the green earth's breast,
 While the streams sprang forth from their icy rest.
 The buds bent low in the breezes' sigh
 And their breath went forth in the scented sky:
 Where fields looked fresh in their sweet repose
 And the young dews slept on the newborn rose.

I looked upon Summer—the golden sun
 Poured joy over all that he looked upon—
 His glance was cast like a gift abroad,
 Like the boundless smile of a perfect God;
 The stream shone glad in its magic ray—
 The fleecy clouds o'er the green hills lay;
 Over rich, dark woodlands their shadows went,
 As they floated in light through the firmament.

The scene was changed—it was Autumn's hour—
 A frost had discolored the summer bower;
 The blast wailed sad midst the cankered leaves,
 The reaper stood musing by gathered sheaves;
 The mellow pomp of the rainbow woods
 Was stirred by the sound of the rising floods;
 And I knew by the clouds, by the wild wind's strain,
 That Winter drew near with his storms again.

I stood by the ocean—its waters rolled
 In their changeable beauty of sapphire and gold;
 And Day looked down with its radiant smiles
 Where the blue waves dance round a thousand isles;
 The ships went forth on the trackless seas,
 Their white wings played in the joyous breeze;
 The prows rushed on midst the parting foam,
 While the wanderer was rapt in a dream of home.

Loma-Land Swallows

JUST in front of the Leader's office window, against one of the columns of the porch about Loma Homestead, hangs a swallow's nest. "Dear little patient birds," said the Leader one day in the spring, as she watched the twittering pair of birds building this nest from bits of mud. "For every piece that sticks, two pieces fall. What a lesson in perseverance!" But after a time the curious little home was completed, and before many weeks the chirp-chirp of baby birds could be detected.

The birds of Loma-land have little fear of mortals, for they are allowed—nay, aided—to live their lives free from all molestation. Powder and bullets have no office in the Brotherhood work done on "the Hill." The result is that we grown-ups sometimes step very near unto the portals that open into the world of these little "brothers of the air," portals which as yet are closed but which, some day, will surely be opened.

Our Homestead swallows are first cousins, apparently, of the swallows which build their nests in chimneys. Their own nests, when completed, resemble a partially inverted cone, with a section of the base cut off where the nest adheres to the rafters. The mud of which it is fashioned is mixed with fine hay, for swallows are quite too wise to make bricks without straw, and the nest is formed by the patient placing of tiny bits of mud in regular layers, one upon the other. Inside, the mother bird places bits of hair, soft string and downy feathers, as protection for the eggs and the baby birds.

It is interesting to see a swallow at work upon its little mud home. It clings with its sharp claws even to perpendicular surfaces, providing there is a slight projection here and there, anchoring itself quite firmly by the pressure of its long tail against the wall. And then it makes a curious, though usually futile, attempt to make smooth the outer surfaces of the mud. It is an almost human concession to appearances.

What a Paradise this world would be, in some of its phases at least, if only our winged brothers were helped to live their free, joyous lives in the light of human sympathy, which is, I doubt not, God's sunshine! Think you that the tale of Orpheus, who charmed with the rare music of his lyre, is a mere fairy tale? Or does it contain a message between the lines that we would do well to read?

STUDENT

God's Power

by JOHN G. WHITTIER

How great are His signs, and how mighty are His wonders; His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and His dominion is from generation to generation.—*Daniel iv, 3*

From the *Columbia Star*. Copied into the *Essex-Haverhill Gazette* Sept. 5, 1829



LOMA-LAND HYDRANGEAS

The mountain rose with its lofty brow,
 While its shadow lay sleeping in vales below;
 The mist like a garland of glory lay
 Where its proud height soared in the air away;
 The eagle was there on his tireless wing,
 And his shriek went up like an offering;
 And he seemed, in his sunward flight, to raise
 A chant of thanksgiving—a hymn of praise.

I looked on the arch of the midnight skies,
 With their blue unscarable mysteries;
 The moon, midst an eloquent multitude
 Of unnumbered stars, her career pursued;
 The charm of sleep on the city fell,
 All sounds lay hushed in that brooding spell;
 By babbling brooks were buds at rest,
 And the wild-bird dreamed sweet on his downy nest.

I stood where the deepening tempest passed,
 The strong trees groaned in the sounding blast;
 The murmuring deep with its wrecks rolled on,
 The clouds o'ershadowed the mighty sun;
 The low reeds bent by the streamlet's side,
 And hills to the thunder peals replied:
 The lightning burst forth on its fearful way,
 While the heavens were lit with its red array.

And hath man the power with his pride and skill
 To arouse all Nature with storms at will?
 Hath he power to color the summer cloud—
 To allay the tempest when hills are bowed?
 Can he waken the Spring with her festal wreath,
 Can the sun grow dim by his lightest breath?
 Will he come again when Death's vale is trod?
 Who then shall dare murmur, "There is no God?"

The Alchemy of Nature

IN the second part of "Faust," that part which is an enigma to so many readers, Goethe gives us a wonderful symbolic picture of the power which Nature possesses to comfort the aching heart and to still the turbulent mental currents which break against that rock which is the Soul. Faust had drained the cup of experience to its bitter dregs. He had seen Margaret in prison condemned to death for a crime which his own passion had induced her to commit. He had seen her robbed of her reason by his own perfidy, and at the last moment, he had seen her turn from him, just when he longed to save her from death. Faust was good, innately, and his reason was very nearly dethroned by grief and remorse. Distracted he fled to Nature and Goethe pictures him as asleep upon a green sward while Ariel and a host of elfin nature spirits dance about him. He sleeps to the music of this nature-choir; he is soothed, transformed and rises at last a saner, wiser, and better man, ready to take up life again and pay sorrow's debt like a Warrior.

Out on the hills, as the sunset hour draws near, Nature works a very witchery. At that hour it is quiet. Even the sound of hammer is not heard, for although things are a-building in Loma-land these days, the workmen are then away. A low whistle—and across the canyon flies a quail, followed by another and another and another, a bevy evidently seeking their home for the night. Here and there wee rabbits scamper from chaparral shrub to gorse and then down behind the *yerba santa*, which is blossomless just now.

A curious half-musical note is heard. I turn my head and there is a road-runner passing me like a streak of light, so near that I might touch him with an outstretched hand. The quail's whistle, the road-runner's curious cry, the chirp of crickets—these, with the sea's recurrent undertone, are the only sounds. They rest upon the stillness as shadows rest upon light.

And easily could I fancy that Ariel and his Nature spirits danced about, holding quiet carnival and, with magic wand, changing into joy all the weight of sorrow that a wearied soul might carry. It means much that Nature should have remained uncontaminated in Loma-land for countless centuries. The hand of commercialism has never, in all the ages, rested upon this sacred Hill. If Nature here oftentimes does the magician's work, perhaps that is one reason why.

STUDENT

IF thou art worn and hard beset
 With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
 If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
 Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
 Go to the woods and hills! No tears
 Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

—LONGFELLOW

Go forth under the open sky, and list
 To Nature's teachings.—BRYANT

To him who in the love of Nature holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language.—BRYANT

We Are Souls, Not Bodies

A SMILE rippled over Lucy Walters' face and her blue eyes shone with the reflected soul-light from within, as she stepped out on the veranda to meet her parents just crossing the lawn. "Very tired, mother dear?" she asked as she took gloves and parasol, while her mother sank into the nearest veranda chair, and fanned herself.

"You may rest content, my dear, that your time has not yet come to attend such functions—the noise, the crush, the heat! It quite takes away any pleasure one might feel at meeting one's friends."

Mr. Walters here returned. "Regular farce, these entertainments, I call them. No one enjoys them! Why we keep on going I cannot make out. I suppose the women must have some place in which to show off their clothes and chatter about each other."

"It seems to me the men are not above remarking on the cut of each other's coats," returned his wife, good humoredly.

"What is my girl thinking about?" he continued, looking across to Lucy who sat on the step, with a thoughtful look on her bright young face.

"I was thinking," she replied, "that I have seen enough of the effects of the so-called 'pleasures of life' to feel very little inclination to enter the conventional tread-mill, when my turn comes. Maude is even more bored than you both are. Was she there?" turning to her mother.

"Yes," was the answer, "she sent her love, and wants you to go over there tomorrow. I said that you might go."

"If you do not need me I shall be delighted to go," said Lucy joyfully. "I love to care for the dear babies."

"Tony, give mother and Auntie Lucy a kiss and run away and play with nursie now." Lucy kissed the dear little face so obediently and cheerfully held up to her.

"Maude, may I take him up to the nursery on my back?" And to Tony's great glee he returned to nurse and baby in that fashion.

"It is such a pleasure to come and see you, Maude; the babies are lovely and not one bit spoiled. Tony is an unselfish little mite. It would have been the joy of his heart to have stayed with us, but he did not fret one bit when you told him to go."

His mother smiled. "Dear little fellow," she said tenderly, "and he is such an old-fashioned mite, it makes one feel one's responsibilities, when one sees the soul looking out through a child's dear eyes!—and then to think of the experience that lies behind that tiny form, and how much all depends upon the mother and the way she trains the child, how greatly or how slightly the higher nature will manifest itself."

"Then you really do think we have lived before?" asked Lucy.

"Why yes," answered her sister, "once you begin to question about life you will find nothing else that will answer the problem for you. Of course, if you take things *unthinkingly* any absurd theory will do."

"Mother says she does not want to come back again, and she thinks it rather unkind of you to imply that we are not really her children, and she does not know how you can think such things with those sweet little ones of your own."

Maude was silent. "What do you think?" she said at last.

"I am inclined to agree with you. Indeed it seems as if it *must* be so, but I can understand mother's feeling. It seems queer at first to think you have belonged to all sorts of families, perhaps *you* were my mother once."

"Perhaps," answered Maude. "We have certainly known each other before, because we have always been such friends. The difficulties people have in accepting Reincarnation as a fact are largely due to the wrong way in which we have been taught to regard life from our youth up, and of course the older we are the more fixed our ideas. Practically our children never are, or were, ours *body and soul*. We may have said with our lips the 'Soul came from God,' but we have not looked upon it as the real person, and the body but a house in which it dwells to learn and to teach brotherhood, for as souls we are all brothers and sisters, fellow pilgrims on the journey towards perfection.

"With the different human relationships come different responsibilities. The relationship between parents and children is very close and sacred, I hold, and the mother's duty a very responsible one since the child's character so much depends upon the training given by her. As the old Bible says, 'Train a child up in the way he should go, and when old he will not depart from it.' It is of importance that good habits,

such as obedience, truthfulness, and unselfishness are started from the very beginning so that the soul is not hindered in its work and can easily take control of the little animal body. It is brotherhood and helping and sharing everywhere in life. I help my babies now, if may be they will help me next time."

"But," said Lucy, "if we have lived many times before, we must know more than we appear to know."

"Certainly we do," returned Maude.

"But why don't we remember our knowledge?"

"Why don't you play the mandolin well by this time?"

"Oh, well," laughed Lucy, "I never practised."

"Nor have you ever thought you possessed stored-up knowledge from past lives, so of course most of it lies latent, just as your talent for music does. But *some* stored-up experiences we *do* make use of, and some things that we have devoted much time and attention to in the past are strongly present, and people speak of our being born with an aptitude for this or that—or even genius."

"It is very interesting," replied her sister, "where did you get these ideas from? Are you a Theosophist? I remember Charlie Brooks used to hold some such ideas, and he was one, but since we have been away from town for so long, I have not heard."

"Yes, he and Justin often discussed these things before I was interested," said Maude, "but you were too young to remember, Lucy. Finally we went with him to some Universal Brotherhood lectures—that is what the old Theosophical Society is called nowadays—and both became deeply interested, fortunately for my children, for now they will have a chance of beginning their lives on true lines and not having so much to unlearn as we have. I am glad, too, that you are living near me again, and I can see more of you. We can talk these things over together."

"So am I, and will you lend me some of your books to read?"

"I will, and, Lucy, keep up your music, dear, it will help you more than you know—*good music*, I mean—for harmony is the key-note of life."

E. I. W.

VERILY, many thinkers of this age,
Aye, many Christian teachers, half in heaven,
Are wrong in just my sense who understood
Our natural world too insularly, as if
No spiritual counterpart completed it,
Consummating its meaning, rounding all
To justice and perfection, line by line,
Form by form, nothing single nor alone;
The Great Below clenched by the Great Above.

—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

William Watson's Coronation Ode

WHEN William Watson was suggested as Poet-Laureate of England a storm of disapproval sprang up. Critic vied with litterateur in an effort to show just why any other poet should be more fitly chosen. But Watson's recent verses anent the coronation have a certain swing and stature that bid fair to silence the critics and, so it happens, they were published before those written by the verse-maker who was finally appointed by the crown, Alfred Austin. With as much of candor as of poetic insight he refers to Ireland in the following lines:

And changelessly the river sends his sigh
Down leagues of hope and fear, and pride and shame,
And life and death; dim-journeying passionless
To where broad estuary and beaconing ness
Look toward the outlands whence our fathers came.
And high on Druid mountains hath the sun
Flamed valediction, as the last lights died
Beyond that fatal wave, that from our side
Sunders the lovely and the lonely bride
That we have wedded but never won.

The cantos consist of some two hundred verses, and the poem opens with the following lines:

Sire, we have looked on many and mighty things
In these eight hundred Summers of renown,
Since the Gold Dragon of the Wessex Kings
On Hastings field went down;
And slowly in the ambience of this crown,
Have many crows been gathered, till, today,
How many peoples crown thee, who shall say?

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

The Two Carnacs—Egypt and France

THE marvelous ruins of Karnac in Egypt, with their hundreds of pillars, are well-known to all students of ancient buildings, but the almost equally astonishing remains at Carnac in Morbihan, Brittany, France, are comparatively neglected and yet they give food for profound thought. They consist of a vast number of upright stones placed in rows and circles, varying from eleven to thirteen in a row and extending for several miles. The total number of the stones is about 11,000, and they include a great many over 18 feet in height. There is nothing in the world of the like nature on such an extensive scale. The stones in the Vale of White Horse and Stonehenge in England, bear the nearest resemblance.

Near Carnac there is a great tumulus 33 feet in height, 317 feet long and 192 feet wide, from the interior chamber of which valuable jade and fibrolite axes have been unearthed.

H. P. Blavatsky says that the "Egyptian Karnac is twin brother to the Carnac of Bretagne, the latter Carnac meaning Serpent's Mount." The serpent, symbolizing wisdom, was a universal glyph among the ancients.

The gigantic Serpent Mounds of Ohio and the Scottish Hebrides are the finest and most impressive remains existing. The former is 1100 feet long. At Carnac, tradition states that there was once an encampment of the Knights Templars, and we are told by H. P. Blavatsky that "there are records which show Egyptian priests—initiates—journeying by land, *via* what became later the Straits of Gibraltar, turning north until reaching Carnac," etc., "for the purpose of building *menhirs* and dolmens, of colossal zodiacs in stone and places of sepulcher," etc. The *menhirs* are remarkable monoliths, the one at Loch-maria-ker being 60 feet in length, and one near St. Malo rising 30 feet above the ground and being sunk 15 feet below. No such pillars are found in England, but the Irish round towers bear a strong resemblance to them. The tumuli and cromlechs or dolmens which consist of four or seven huge stones usually, forming an artificial cave, are found in nearly every country, but their use and significance remain a mystery to the archæologist of the present day.

Near Dublin there are several fine examples, one in the Phoenix Park being well-known. The cromlech which is most accessible from London is "Kit's Coty House," near Maidstone, Kent, a very picturesquely situated structure on a hill overlooking a wide stretch of the lovely "garden of England."

JYNRAC

Native Tribes of Australia Nearly Extinct

A SPECIAL copyrighted cablegram to the New York *Journal*, dated London, August 9, says: Professor Gregory's account of his exploration of "the dead heart of Australia," just published here, excites great interest, principally for the reason that it shows that Australia's heart is no longer dead, the influence of the white race on its margin having nearly obliterated whole tribes of natives which, half a century ago, numbered thousands.

Professor Gregory brought back with him photographs of tribal types which are the last survivors of their race. The Tirari tribe, for example, now consists of exactly five members, while the total force of the Dieris, its near neighbor, is only 150 souls. These dwell on the margin of a lake which is thirty-nine feet below the sea level.

The Aztecs in British Honduras

VERY little is known about the interior of the famous mahogany country, British Honduras. The exploring party which has recently been sent out under the guidance of Mr. Thomas Fenwick is practically the first one to make an intelligent examination of the country.

It is hardly necessary to say that the usual archæological discoveries have been made and several ancient Aztec cities have been brought to light buried in the tropical jungle. Very little more than the bare statement to this effect has been published, but fuller information will doubtless soon be available.

A Prehistoric Art Collection in France

FRANCE has always possessed a keen sense of the value of her archæological records, her government usually sparing no efforts and no expense to make those records as full and as complete as possible. It will be well for our own people if they awake in time to save from utter destruction the marvelous archæological treasures which are scattered so lavishly throughout their territories and which would be of surpassing importance in unlocking the secrets of the past, and in establishing the antiquity of American civilizations with their forgotten philosophies and sciences.

The world is now in possession, from the pen of Messrs. Capitan and Breuil, of a further description of their discoveries in the Cave of Font de Gaume near Eyzier. The chief feature of these discoveries is a prehistoric picture gallery containing about eighty pictures of animals, of which no less than forty-nine are representations of the bison. These paintings vary very greatly in dimension, from about two feet square to four times that size. The nature of the colors with which they were executed upon the walls of the cave has been a matter of considerable speculation, but all doubts have now been laid to rest by the careful analysis of M. Moissan, the eminent chemist, who pronounces them to have been produced by the rubbing together of various colored and tinted stones. The powder thus obtained was insoluble in water, but being of a very fine consistency, was capable of executing the work which has now been disclosed. These paintings are of very considerable excellence, accurate in outline, and of very great vigor in design. There can be no question that they were copied from nature, and this fact would seem to assign them to the close of the Palæolithic age.

Writing of these paintings of bisons, the authors say, "One which is represented as running is entirely painted in brown, with a red color on the forehead. Another is engraved and painted with red ochre, with darker rump and brown muzzle, and with scraped portions on the horns and back. A third, painted on a projecting piece of rock, in red ochre, bears two signs painted in red on its abdomen. There are similar signs, always in pairs, in other parts of the grotto. Another picture represents two angry reindeer engraved and painted, the one on the right with ochre, and the one on the left surrounded by a long red border, and another in black. Two other figures show animals of the horse family, one outlined in red, the other shown in a flat tint of dark brown."

These are the first frescoes of the kind which have been found in France, although similar work has been found in Spain. STUDENT

Largest Prehistoric Mammoth in Texas

THE largest mammoth tusks ever discovered, according to Professor Lucas, who is curator of the National Museum at Washington, are those just received at the American Museum of Natural History, Victoria, Texas. The larger tusk measures over thirteen feet in length, and it is estimated that the animal itself must have been more than thirteen feet in height, two feet higher than Jumbo. The tusks were found in an old river bed deposit, contemporary with the ice age. They were, when found, completely petrified.

One question which has puzzled our experts now bids fair to be settled—the question as to whether the tusks of the prehistoric mammoth curved outwards or inwards. The tusks just found in Texas, although broken into several pieces, yet were intact and when put together with a fragment of the skull, showed unmistakably that tusks of this animal curved inwards. An effort was made to so match the pieces that they would curve outwards like those of the mammoth now in the Imperial Museum at St. Petersburg. This could not be done. Regarding the Russian mammoth, it is believed by some experts that the tusks were reversed as to position, the right occupying the place of the left. It is quite possible that such a mistake may have been made, as the tusks were found at some distance from the rest of the skeleton.

Believers in orthodox chronology must be slightly dismayed by the statement of archæologists that the mammoth, the remains of which have just been discovered in Texas, lived at least 50,000 and possibly 100,000 years ago. STUDENT

Philippine Island Views

from photos by C. W. Holmquist, San Diego



Guards of Block House No. 3 of Company C, Twenty-third United States Infantry, on the outskirts of the city of Jolo, island of Jolo, P. I. The blockhouse is in the background

Native village of Siassi, island of Siassi, P. I., built out on the ocean, as are nearly all of the villages and cities of the Sulu group. The natives are quite amphibious in their habits

Coke-burner's shanty on banks of river which runs through the village of Tuli, island of Jolo, P. I. It carries off the overflow of the canal which supplies Jolo with mountain water

France and the Religious Orders

Some Pertinent Letters written to the *Daily News* of London

SIR—Your correspondent "G. T. D." backs up "J. J. G." very strongly about the French decrees. Personally I agree with Gambetta, "le clericalisme, voila l'ennemi." It was the *parti pretre* that he opposed, not religion, and in the same way to day the French Government attacks, not religion, but the machinery of a great political body using religion as a means rather than as an object, which object is the destroying of the Republic for its own advantages. Any-one who has lived in rural France will know the powers that Monsieur le Cure wields at election times. Perhaps "G. T. D." has not lived in rural France.

Apart from the political aspect, the practices of some of the traveling friars are not such as commend themselves to me, and I trust not to "G. T. D." For example, I knew one of these friars take from a poor peasant the only two eggs there were in the house, leaving the family only bread. Yours, etc.,

THOMAS C. BROOKSBANK

57, Kensington-gardens-square, W., July 29

SIR—Permit an old reader of *The Daily News* to say a few words in reply to the letters of "J. J. G." and "G. T. D." on the above subject. It is evident that your correspondents have only a superficial knowledge of the subject on which they write; had they the same opportunities of forming an opinion as the writer of the articles, I feel certain their letters would never have been written. My poor, unhappy country (I am French, and a Catholic) is passing through a very trying ordeal just now, and instead of assisting her in her hour of need, there are a few politicians who are endeavoring to obtain a little cheap notoriety by urging resistance to the constituted authority. Instead of listening to the advice of such men as Drumont, Rochefort, and other fishers in troubled waters, the congregations should have carried out their original intention, and applied for their licenses. Instead of this, "Resist, resist!" was the Falstaffian cry of these defenders of supposed liberty, whose only desire seems to be to provoke a civil war in France; the result of which no one could foresee. In conclusion, if it had not been for these wirepullers nearly all the congregations would long ere this have applied for and obtained their licenses in France. Yours, etc.,

LUCIEN WALTER

21, Hatton-garden

SIR—Permit me, in view of recent letters of criticism, to say a word in defence of your Paris correspondent.

The fact which the critics overlooked is that France had no Reformation. With that fact are connected all France's troubles for over two centuries past. The French soul, by consequence, except in extremely numerous cases in which it takes refuge in Indifferentism, is now violently divided between Clericalism and Atheism. Clericalism, ignorantly or audaciously identified by its champions with Christianity, is supposed on all hands to be the only alternative to Atheism. This clerical system, as it appears in the country districts of France and among the poorer "clergy," has good features. Nevertheless there is another part to it. In France (not appreciably in England), this other part is a sacerdotalism that not merely "meddles in politics," in our comparatively harmless sense of the words, but attempts by every means to subvert the State itself. This is the force which in 1870, attempting to bolster a corrupt and predatory Government, and wantonly striking at the great Protestant Power of Europe, brought carnage and famine to France's heart. Frenchmen by no means forget this. The moral and intellectual results of clerical training were evident to the world in the prosecuting officers of the Dreyfus trial. France, having missed its Reformation, still labors to cast out the Jesuit poison, as it labored in the violent crisis known as the Great Revolution. The present Republican Government men, I suppose, are largely secular statesmen, confronting a pressing political problem as business men, and attempting to prevent the inoculation of

the virus into helpless human beings at the stage of childhood and youth.

We are too prone to forget that, for centuries now, England, with its loyal Catholics, has had nothing like France's present problem. Except for a grotesque little spectre called the Legitimist League, we have nothing here to remind us of the case across the Channel. The secular power of the French religious establishments has been used with unscrupulous adroitness to restore anti-Republican forms of government. Many English Protestants discern the religious orders of Rome to be degenerations of the true spirit of Christianity; they see that the orders, as such, are wrong, and they see why they are wrong; but they do not always realize that in France these orders are behind the insane French spirit of militarism for its own sake, Anti-Semitism, Legitimism, etc., and how with these spectres the true soul of France struggles in life-and-death grip even now. Yours, etc.,

E. W.

13, Barwick-road, Forest-gate, July 29

SIR—I strongly advise Mr. Percy Russell to read up the subject ere he again rushes into print.

The "religious" persons now being dealt with in France are the blind devotees of a system which has an unenviable record for intolerance.

The French government has a mandate from the people to deal with the refractory. The bulk of those aimed at in the Associations Law have submitted. The minority must fall into line or put up with the consequences. It is not a case for sympathy at all. The "persecuted" have only to become law-abiding citizens, and France—the heart of which, according to an English Roman Catholic paper, is still Catholic—will see that justice is done.

Does Mr. Percy Russell know what kind of historical matter has been placed before the rising generation by the "Christian Brothers" in France?

It is stated in one of their manuals that Protestants emigrated, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, through hatred for their king and country! Specimen compositions by pupils approved the Inquisition, denounced divorce and secular education, and stigmatized Jews and Freemasons as the enemies of society. (*Guardian*, 27th March, 1901.) Is the teaching of the "true" church here different from the teaching of the same church on the other side of the channel? The Inquisition is described in a pamphlet issued "by permission," by Burns and Lambert, Roman Catholic publishers, as "an institution, holy in its object, just in its measures, and beneficial in its results." Monsignor Croke-Robinson has written a pamphlet on "Liberty of Conscience," issued by the Catholic Truth Society, of which Cardinal Vaughan is president. "How, he asks, "could the Catholic state allow this so-called liberty of conscience? As well might one ask a person to allow poison to be introduced in his body. Do you say, What a cruel and bigoted thing for the Catholic Church and State to put down heresy? We only ask you to allow the Catholic State the right no man will deny himself or his neighbor, to reject poison from his system." I pass no comment—and I quote no poetry. Yours, etc.,

A. LE LIEVRE, Protestant Press Agency,

132, Wanstead-park-road, Ilford, 29th June, 1902

ALAS, Great Jove! why hast thou given us certain proofs to know adulterate gold but stamped no mark, where it is most needed, on man's base metal.—EURIPIDES

NOTHING is more unendurable than a low-born man raised to high estate.



DATTO ATTIC, heir apparent to the throne of the Sultan of the Sulu Archipelago, 23 years of age

the opposition they have received—I could not, I say, expect them to understand Theosophy as do those who have studied it for years.

I believe in evolution, and I believe that there are many people who would accept these truths if they knew them—and there are also many who would turn away from them. Why? Because these truths are a menace to things that are evil. Because Theosophy is based absolutely upon purity of life. It is true that you may find all over the world many who call themselves Theosophists, and among them I can assure you that I have seen some of the poorest apologies of women, who have nevertheless called themselves Theosophists, and who yet absolutely disgrace their sex.

Pure and simple Theosophy, understood by an aspiring woman, gives to her a key to the knowledge by which she can change her whole life. She could not study long, and begin to apply her knowledge, before she would realize her power. She would begin to see a light ahead, she would know her responsibility and the absolute sacredness of wifehood and motherhood.

If women in general, or even the women of this city, had the courage necessary to step out before an audience and tell their grievances, the difficulties against which they have to contend, the sufferings which they have to endure, and which I cannot enumerate here, I believe that I could point out to them (and that they would accept my criticism), that at least one-half of their difficulties they have made for themselves. They have built on false ideals, coming largely from their false education, from the limitations of their environment, their limited knowledge of life. So it would be absurd to attempt to adjust the whole situation for women, for it is a matter of growth. But oh! if in every city of the land there were only a few, just a few women who could realize something of what real life is, as do these who are here tonight, these students of Loma-land, I can assure you that genuine happiness of life would come to them. I hold that in twenty-five

years we shall have a better understanding of women and of marriage. I know the time is coming when men and women will declare that true marriage is made only by Divine Law and that the binding together by the Civil Law is simply a form of protection. Wherever there is a marriage not made by that divine power, where souls are not united and filled with the highest ideals of pure love, *there is no marriage at all*. With this conception, it would not be very long before every woman and every man who have the common interests of the world at heart, would possess a new light and they would live in accordance with their responsibilities. Mothers who now follow the usual way, who follow the ordinary form for disposing of their daughters, would not for a moment encourage marriage until their daughters knew their own natures, their own possibilities, their own strength, and not until they had overcome their own weaknesses, the weaknesses of heredity and the weaknesses of the ordinary, every-day society education.

One can only touch upon the subject of women and marriage in so short a time, and in a very fragmentary way. But there are so many profound mysteries connected with these subjects, that if we could study them rightly we should begin to make a new world. I think there cannot be a sadder picture on earth than that of a pure, sweet, trusting young girl going to the altar, standing before the clergyman and swearing, "I will obey," to a monster in disguise (and there are many of them), possibly to a weakling, or to a moral wreck. How many pure, and true and sacred marriages are there today? Look into your divorce courts, read your papers, look round about you in your own city and you will find an explanation that will make you realize the need of studying these subjects more closely, and trying to readjust your lives as best you can in order to throw a little light upon the sad lives of women, and the still sadder problems that one meets in many homes.

King Edward's Gift to the People

RECENT press dispatches from London say that King Edward has signalized his coronation in a memorable manner by the munificent gift to the nation of Osborne House, one of the favorite residences of the late Queen Victoria. The gift is made in the following message to his people, addressed to Prime Minister Balfour. For reasons apparent in the document itself, his majesty makes his intention public:

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, Coronation Day, 1902—Under the will of the king's much beloved mother, the Osborne House estate is, as Mr. Balfour is aware, the private estate of the sovereignty. Having to spend a considerable part of the year in the capital of this kingdom and in its neighborhood, at Windsor, and having also strong home ties in the county of Norfolk which have existed now for nearly forty years, the king feels he will be unable to make adequate use of Osborne House as a royal residence, and he, accordingly, has determined to offer the property in the Isle of Wight as a gift to the nation. As Osborne House is sacred to the memory of the late queen, it is the king's wish that, with the exception of those apartments which are in the personal occupation of her majesty, the people shall always have access to the house, which must ever be associated with her beloved name. As regards the rest of the building, the king hopes it may be devoted to national purposes and be converted into a convalescent home for officers of the navy and army whose health has been impaired in rendering service to their country.

If in order to give full legal effect to the king's wishes, it is found that application to parliament be necessary, the king trusts that Mr. Balfour will see that the necessary steps are in due course taken.

While Osborne House has none of the historical associations which attach to some other royal palaces, such for instance as that at Windsor, it is none the less a building of remarkable interest and of a very extraordinary beauty. Situated in the Isle of Wight, itself probably the loveliest spot in the United Kingdom, Osborne House, with its towers and its terraces, is a model of modern architecture and modern convenience. It was completed in the year 1845 and was one of the favorite residences of the late Queen Victoria and the scene of her death. The exquisite grounds which surround the palace and the charm of the whole sea-girt locality seem to peculiarly fit it for the purpose to which its royal owner has now dedicated it, and certainly no more fitting memorial to Queen Victoria could be devised than to utilize her former home in such a way as to bring health and comfort to those who have suffered in the service of their country. We may at any rate be well assured that the use to which it is now to be put is in full accord with the character of the late queen and with the ready sympathy which she gave so lavishly to those who were in need of it.

The grounds of Osborne House adjoin those of another residence formerly occupied by royalty. East Cowes Castle was built in 1798 by Nash, the favorite architect of George IV, and was much used by that king.

Will Venice Rise Again?

DISPATCHES from Venice say that another of the city's historic structures is in danger of collapse. During a recent heavy thunderstorm one of the large windows in the Church of St. John and St. Paul fell outwards, carrying with it a section of the cornice and part of the lateral columns. The occurrence created almost a panic among the onlookers. Engineers and architects who have since made an examination of the church now say that the entire nave is liable to collapse unless it is strengthened without delay.

This church is the most important church in Venice after St. Mark's and has been the burial place of all the Doges. The building of it was begun in 1340 and completed in 1430, the style of architecture being pure Gothic. According to the *Giornale d'Italia* it contains all the history of Venice.

To those who read history in the light of a true philosophy Venice has a peculiar interest. That city was one of the great centers of learning at a time when learning was practically obscured throughout the rest of Europe. Under the marvelous leadership of Fra Paoli Sarpi, the power which sought to enslave the people of Venice was broken—a miracle in those days. Seven or eight times were the brave Venetians placed under interdict and excommunication. But this did not humble Venice. The people had such absolute confidence in Sarpi that he was enabled, by their devotion, to fight the battle which placed that power at his feet and freed his beloved city. Small wonder that for a time the true light shone in Venice when all Europe was in darkness.

There are those who believe that Venice will rise again into its ancient greatness. There are those who believe that Venice shall again be the radiating center of a true philosophy of life. Is it not possible that recent catastrophes, such as the fall of the Campanile, may be but signs of the gradual merrgence of the old order of things into an Order of Ages that is New? Perchance the fires that burned in the hearts of the old Venetians have not been extinguished but have been merely dormant for a time, still glowing, but buried beneath the ashes of commercialism. There are those whose hearts have not forgotten Venice and whose eyes are today turned toward her—

White swan of cities, slumbering in thy nest among the reeds
Of the lagoon.

STUDENT

Mr. Swinburne writes an enthusiastic panegyric on Dickens in the *London Quarterly Review*. But of the *Chila's History of England* he writes: "I would almost as soon train up a child on Catholic or Calvinistic or servile or disloyal principles as on the cheap-jack radicalism which sees nothing to honor or love or revere in history, and ought therefore to confess that it can in reason pretend to see nothing on which to build any hope of patriotic advance or progressive endurance in the future."

Students



Path

The Light that Came

by AUBERON HERBERT

AT last they held each other's hands—
The friends that were to be;
The one looked in the other's eyes—
"Why did we fight?" asked he.

"We fought, because our eyes were veiled:
We did not understand;
Our heart for you, for us your heart,
Was as a strange untraveled land."

—*Westminster Gazette* (London)

The Two Consciousnesses

HOW did Jesus come by the gospel he taught? If we could find out that, there might be less difficulty in knowing what to do with it. That is the attitude of large numbers of thinking people, and since they get no answer from orthodox sources they suspend judgment, and in the end usually shelve the whole matter.

It is the fault of these same orthodox that the Age is where it is, and that vast multitudes, leaping to the conclusion that there is nothing in religion at all, have rejoicingly flung free rein to the worst impulses of human nature.

A colleague of the German Professor Harnack whose book *The Essence of Christianity* has already had a sale of more than 30,000 copies, Professor Kaftan of Berlin, tries to answer the question with which we started. He says that Jesus got his doctrine, his proclamation, his gospel, his certain knowledge of his Messiah-ship (or *sent*-ship) and of the spiritual Father who sent him—from his own inner consciousness in the course of his growth to complete self-recognition. The immense power which this consciousness gave him he showed by ultimately impressing with its conviction the whole of Christendom.

The inner consciousness—has not this age almost utterly lost knowledge of what this is, what it knows, what is its power? Yet the other consciousness, that of the reasoning brain, can never be made to take its place. It is not the latter that can afford knowledge of immortality; and sometimes the two consciousnesses are at war; at other times and in most people, merely out of touch with each other.

As Herbert Spencer nears his life end, one can see the play at work—the outer consciousness doubting and reducing to as nearly nothing as possible the intuitions of the inner. He falls to discussing the old problem of the after-death, and when the inner *knowledge* of immortality passes outward and becomes the subject-matter of his *thought*, he questions long and finally returns not so much an *open* verdict as a compromise-verdict. There may be immortality, he thinks, but not immortal *selfhood*. Consciousness returns to the central sea of cosmic consciousness as a drop to the ocean; indestructible—yes, but with eternally merged and lost individuality.

It is open to all men to seize and know their inner consciousness, that of the soul; and to learn little by little of what it has to teach them. Jesus called it the Kingdom of Heaven, the Kingdom of God, and tried to lead those who heard him to its recognition that they too might become "Sons of God."

But the pulpits do not now preach much about this place of *knowledge*, or show the way to it. So they have no life and the people lapse more and more from their influence.

C. C.

Gratitude a Law of Life

EVERYBODY knows and feels that ingratitude is the basest of all offenses, but few seem to be able to explain why it is so regarded, and few seem able to give a very clear statement of what gratitude is. Our Teacher recently said that gratitude was the Law of

Life, and that seemed to illuminate the whole subject to me at once.

For the Law of Life is certainly fruitfulness. The earth, when cultivated, gives a generous crop, returning far more than the mere seed that is sown. A fruit tree shows its gratitude for the care bestowed upon it by its fertility in bearing a plentiful harvest of good fruit. If the tree gives no return for all the labor and attention given to it, or if it bears only leaves and no fruit, it is cut down and burned and the soil is cultivated afresh and a new tree put in its place. The tree was ungrateful, that is to say, it was not fully alive, its nature was so diseased that, as a fruit-bearer, it was practically dead. So it is with human beings. Their fruitfulness in good deeds is their gratitude, it is the evidence of their life, and the proof of their right to live.

Looked at in this light gratitude becomes a real and vital necessity. Then, too, ingratitude is seen to be a sign of death, not of physical death, but of soul-death, which makes the man afflicted with this disease as useless an encumbrance as a barren fruit tree.

The world is full of the dead, and how can we wonder if the Master of the Garden at last decides to uproot the worthless barren trees and clear the Garden of Life for a fresh planting of young trees. But he does not do this till every effort to call to life this quality of gratitude has failed.

In this light one can see why ingratitude is looked upon as so deadly a sin; it is indeed the evidence of soul-death, and when it is incurable renders the victim as worthless as the barren fruit tree. He is one of the dead in life, and no longer a human being in the full sense of the term.

STUDENT

Man, the Savior

The more the Unit is differentiated and subdivided, the more it approaches the plane of Reality.—*Secret Doctrine*

IT is our Teacher who teaches us the science of the Divine Soul in the smallest duties and details of life, instead of bare metaphysical abstractions, which are of little assistance to those who believe in practical brotherhood.

Thus man has a higher chance than any angel, for he, without losing the grasp of the higher worlds, will unite the two. In him Heaven and Earth kiss each other, and the Earth is redeemed. He is the savior of all creation. He will infuse Divinity in everything he touches, he will unite all that is scattered, he will absorb all numbers of the world, as fragments of the divine Unity in himself, he will bind the whole nature with his own soul. His unity has started from a point, but it will become the All. Therefore let be eternal friendship between man and the smallest atom, the tiniest force in the universe, and let be the Soul working for that end. In the smallest duty of life, let the greatest and the smallest meet. V. H.

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

DEAR COMRADES: It is but our own lack of true insight that makes it necessary for us to receive the assurances of high authority that all is going well with the world, that the forces of redemption were never more triumphant than they are today. Our weak natures are dismayed by the noise of the battle, and we do not see that it is also the noise of victory, and that it is we ourselves who have compelled the rampant forces of evil to rise up so hideously in their own defence. They are but the foam from the deeper waters of death whose current we are turning back upon itself.

He who is not against us is with us. There are but two contending powers in the world—those who work for themselves and those who work for others. The visible movements of today are but the varied manifestations of one or the other. He who makes this a matter of knowledge, to whom the armies of good and of evil are visible realities, can so direct every thought and every act that they become the unerring arrows of spiritual combat. To such an one comes the actual knowledge of the battle, and of those others fighting side by side with us though now we know them not, and of the Leadership which knows every factor upon the field even though they know not themselves.

Until we have learned to do this how shall we summon the hidden rushing light from the dark caverns of the heart into which we have dwelt so long. Only he who, with a divine carelessness, plunges into the smoke of the battle, counting all else as loss, shall find within his hand the sword which fell from heaven.

STUDENT

Why King Edward is Popular

Edward has shown the world the supreme value of tact by his course in holding the respect and affection of a people at core democratic. He has had the genius to avoid being bored, and to avoid boring others. He has kept out of politics and in politics just enough to please the English people. He has been a cheerful personage always, and the best mixer with the people that ever acceded to the purple without going to the length of Prince Hal, the friend of fat Sir John Falstaff. He waited long for the sceptre, and he waited graciously and gracefully. The world does not care particularly for the king, but it has learned to like the man who has lived so long in the fierce, white light of high station without making any grievous, unpardonable *faux pas*. The world likes him because, as we say, he knows his business and has done

it with excellent propriety and effectiveness. Americans, especially, like him because he has gone out of his way to show his liking for Americans, and he did it first at a time when his own people did not heartily approve of such a course. Edward has always had a share of both humor and common sense and he has never regarded himself in a way anyone could regard as too serious. There is a general conviction, though how generated it is impossible to say, that Edward is a man of abilities much greater than any that were called for during his years of minor political and social usefulness and ornamentation, and it is at least certain that he has always kept abreast of the world in those matters relating to the æsthetic aspects of life. He has been a good friend of the drama and he has honored, whenever opportunity offered, literary men, musicians, painters and men of science. He has managed to be interested in everything about him and has never shown once that he has ever experienced *ennui*. He has had a happy faculty of sticking to his friends, no matter what their station. He has held his place as "first gentleman of Europe," and held it without effort for a long time, and though other royalties may have made more noise and show, he has somehow carried himself in such a fashion as to make the world believe that he only was "the real thing." He has never been loud in his personal tone. He has been, if anything, retiring.

He has always been deferential to public opinion and in that respect, at least, an able politician. All this, say you, is not much to say for a king. Well, maybe not, but it's something to say for a man hampered and hemmed in by custom as Edward has been. Because of his manliness, the world sympathizes with him in his affliction, the more so, probably, because of the prophecy that he never would be crowned, and if we Americans cannot consistently sing "God Save the King," we can at least hope that Edward, the man, will be spared for many years to come.—*St. Louis Mirror*

The King's Dinner to the Poor

The mammoth nature of the event may be gathered from the following figures:

Guests, over 500,000.

Separate feasts, 815.

Number of assistants, 71,455.

The provisions included the following:

350,000lbs. of beef.

130,000lbs. of mutton.

70,000lbs. of veal.

50,000lbs. of ham.

75,000 quartern loaves.

11,000 bundles of lettuce.

43,000 cucumbers.

25,000lbs. of tomatoes.

400,480lbs. of potatoes.

62,500lbs. of cheese.

35,000 gallons of beer.

150,000 pints of ginger beer.

75,000 pints of lime juice.

50,000 bottles of Yorkshire relish.

The planking for seats and tables reached a total of 260 miles in length.—*London Daily News*

The Cornerstone Was Laid

A Scripps-McRae press dispatch from Bellaire, Ohio, says: "Judge Frazer delivered an opinion yesterday in the case of Ohio vs. Mayor Rodewig and the Knights of Pythias, for violating the injunction against laying the cornerstone of the city building here, May 30.

"The Judge held that the injunction was not violated, as the stone was laid by other parties.

"The laying of the cornerstone by the K. of P. was enjoined by a Catholic society, on the ground that the stone had the emblems of the K. of P. engraved on it. It was laid according to the program, notwithstanding the injunction."

A Boy and a Quotation

"Only recently," said the preacher, "we inaugurated in our Sunday-school the practice of children quoting some scriptural text as they dropped their pennies into the contribution box. On the first Sunday in question, a little shaver walked up and said: 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver,' and dropped in his penny. 'Charity shall cover a multitude of sins,' said the second boy, and dropped in the next. 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' quoted the third, and so on. Just then up walked a little fellow with the unmistakable evidence of molasses candy on his face, and as he put in his penny he bawled out: 'A fool and his money are soon parted.'"—*Charlotte (Mich.) Tribune*

WELL, as he brews, so shall he drink.

—BEN JONSON

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, *President*

G. B. GROW, *Cashier*

W. R. ROGERS, *Assistant Cashier*

Every facility and security offered to our patrons and the public generally. Collections and exchanges on all points.

KELLY'S LIVERY

POINT LOMA
COACH LINE

*Special Coaches for Select Parties
arranged by telephone*

DEALER IN FIRST-CLASS HORSES

THIRD & F STS., PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

THE

Lion Clothing Co.

CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"

STETSON HATS

MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

Electric Laundry

NELSON SNYDER, *Proprietor*

16TH & I STREETS

TELEPHONE BLACK 731

No Saw Edges on Collars and Cuffs

Isis Conservatory of Music

of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Personal applications and inquiries received every Saturday by the Secretary at

San Diego Branch 1940 B St.

HOURS 9 A. M. TO 4 P. M.

Full particulars sent by mail on application, address

J. H. FUSSELL, *Secretary and Treasurer*

Isis Conservatory of Music Point Loma, Calif.

The Chadbourne Furniture Co.

W. L. FREVERT, *Manager*

We aim to carry an entirely up-to-date stock of house furnishings, and, for style and variety of goods, cannot be outdone in Southern California. We are glad to show visitors through our extensive store-rooms.

STORE-ROOMS

SIXTH & D STREETS

San Diego, Cal.

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be one season or another. Paint will set tougher during the winter, and of course that gives durability. One point favoring winter. There are others favoring summer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so often as houses painted with any other paint, because it has more body to withstand action of the elements. There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per gallon.

We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.

WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS

7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

GEORGE T. VERNON
Tailor

1110 FIFTH STREET - SEFTON BLOCK
Telephone Black 1912

ENTERTAINMENT
by Children of the

Raja Yoga School

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON
in the
Aryan Temple, Point Loma
Tickets 50 cents

Bank of Commerce

841 FIFTH ST., bet E & F Sts., SAN DIEGO
Capital, \$100,000
Reserve & Undivided Profits, \$46,837.23
R. M. POWERS, President F. W. JACKSON, Cashier
GRAHAM E. BABCOCK, C. L. WILLIAMS,
Vice-President Assistant Cashier
DIRECTORS—R. M. Powers, Graham E. Babcock, J. F. Sinks,
A. H. Frost, Chas. T. Hinde, U. S. Grant, & F. W. Jackson

General banking business transacted. Exchange drawn direct on all principal cities of United States and Europe. Prompt attention given to collections.

EDWARD M. BURBECK

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Copper Plate Engraving & Printing
Steel Dies, Crests, and Monograms
Largest & most varied stock of Books
and General Literature in the City

1051-59 FIFTH STREET, SAN DIEGO

"Burbeck's Big Bookstore"

Toys Games Souvenirs Office Supplies City and County Maps

"Where Rail and Tide Meet, There Cast Anchor"

Investors, Speculators, & Real Estate Dealers

GET IN ON THE
GROUND FLOOR
AT SAN DIEGO
EARLY

San Diego is the Open Door to the Orient & Investors now will be Capitalists later

CAN'T YOU SEE THE HAND OF DESTINY?
—2700 miles saved in encircling the globe via this port
—Three Transcontinental Railroads heading for this Harbor
—The Commerce of the Southwest and of the Pacific is being concentrated at the Bay of San Diego
—Look out for Big Developments; the Market is active now

If you want to Buy or Sell there, address

D. C. Reed

Established 1870

Ex-Mayor of San Diego

"He Was a Man"

The name of Captain Calder, Chief of the St. Vincent, W. I., police, is one we should not readily allow to escape our memory. Says a recent account of him:

"Captain W. Jameson Calder was born in North Berwick, Scotland, and prides himself upon being 'initially Scotch.' He has been for twelve years in the colonial service, and was transferred to St. Vincent from Jamaica in April, 1902. Herculean in figure, standing six feet five inches in his shoes, he is a natural leader of men. He went to Chateaubelair in his eight-oared police boat. After landing, some of his men became panic-stricken, and pleaded with him to return to the boat, and two of them actually fled back to it. But Captain Calder induced them to return to duty by what he styled 'a little Scotch persuasion.' This, as I afterward found by questioning Dr. Hughes, the Leeward medical officer, who was a witness to the incident, consisted in pulling the two men bodily out of the boat and then knocking their heads together. But afterward, as I was told by another eye-witness, when the explosion was at its height, and death seemed likely at any moment, he turned to his corporal, a full-blooded Carib, and gave his men permission to take the boat and escape. 'It is my duty,' he said, 'to remain with these people and lead them to safety, if possible.' And he waved his hand toward the crazed islanders, many of whom were on their knees, praying and shrieking, and crying that the judgment day had arrived. The Carib corporal, however, was not to be outdone in bravery. Saluting, he replied: 'Chief, we stay with you.'

"This was the man who guided a stream of fugitives into comparative safety and was himself knocked senseless, remaining semi-conscious for over half an hour, because he relinquished the board which he was keeping over his head as a protection from the terrible downpour of stones in order to carry two children for a despairing mother of eight."

The Genealogy of Edward VII

Albert Edward, eldest son of Alexandrina Victoria, only daughter of Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth son of

George III, eldest son of Frederick, Prince of Wales, eldest son of

George II, eldest son of

George I, only son of the Princess Sophia, wife of Ernest Augustus, Duke of Brunswick, and youngest daughter of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, eldest daughter of

James I, only son of Mary, Queen of Scots, only child of James V of Scotland, and eldest son of Margaret, wife of James IV of Scotland, and eldest daughter of Elizabeth of York, wife of

Henry VI, and eldest daughter of

Edward IV, only son of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, the only son of Lady Ann Mortimer, wife of Richard, Earl of Cambridge, and second daughter of Roger Mortimer, Governor of Ireland, and eldest son of Lady Philippa, wife of Edward Mortimer, Earl of March, and only child of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, second son of

Edward III, eldest son of

Edward II, fourth son of

Edward I, eldest son of

Henry III, eldest son of

John, fifth son of

Henry II, eldest son of the Princess Maude, wife of Geoffrey Plantagenet, and only daughter of Queen Matilda, wife of

Henry I, and daughter of the Princess Margaret, wife of Malcolm III, King of Scotland, and eldest daughter of Prince Edward, the outlaw, second son of

Edmund Ironsides, third son of

Ethelred II, second son of

Edgar, second son of

Edmund I, fifth son of

Edward the Elder, second son of

Alfred the Great, fourth son of

Ethelwolf, second son of

Egbert, the first sole monarch of England.—*British Californian*

SEARCHLIGHT

NO. 6

Special number issued to
the public

CONTAINING A FULL REPORT OF THE

**Great Debate
on Theosophy
& Christianity**

HELD AT THE OPERA HOUSE, SAN DIEGO, CAL.,
ON SEPTEMBER 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, AND
OCTOBER 6 AND 13, 1901

SEVENTY-TWO PAGES

Notwithstanding the increase in the cost of publishing, owing to the largely increased number of pages, the price remains the same as heretofore

FIFTEEN CENTS

The
Theosophical Publishing Co.
Point Loma, Cal.

You will need a copy for yourself and several copies to send to your friends. The edition is limited.

An Address

by Katherine Tingley
in the Opera House
at San Diego, Sunday
evening, March 16th
1902

Neatly printed and bound, containing half-tone illustrations of the Opera House, Loma Homestead and the Aryan Temple.

This is the first public address of Katherine Tingley after her purchase of the Opera House, and in it is outlined broadly her plans for the beautiful theatre and its occupation by the Isis Conservatory of Music. Sent post paid for TEN CENTS.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Souvenir Postal Cards
of Loma-land

PRIVATE MAILING CARDS, PRINTED ON
FINEST IVORY-FINISH CARDBOARD
13 different half-tone glimpses of Loma-land on which to send your Brotherhood Thoughts all over the world. A stream of them should be kept in circulation by every member.

2 for 5 cents (postage 1c extra) . \$0.06
50, postpaid, for 1.00
100, " " 1.50

Sent assorted unless ordered with specifications. Order from
THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The New Century



Year \$2

Point Loma, San Diego, California.

Copy 5¢



Vol. V

SEPTEMBER 7, 1902

No. 43

The New Century

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Two Dollars; other countries in the Postal Union, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; payable in advance
Single copy, Five Cents

Communications for the Editor, manuscripts, reports, books and periodicals for review should be addressed, "Katherine Tingley, Editor *The New Century*, Point Loma."

The editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

Articles will not be considered by the editor unless signed by the author and marked with the number of words contained. In no case is manuscript returned.

Address all Business communications, including subscriptions, and make all remittances (in bank drafts or money orders, payable to The New Century Corporation) to "Clark Thurston, Point Loma, Cal."

To comply with recent postal regulations, all Post-Office money order remittances should be made payable at San Diego. The remittances, as well as all other mail, should be made to Point Loma, as usual.

Entered at the Post-Office at Point Loma, Cal., as second-class matter Nov. 30th, 1901
Copyright, 1902, by Katherine Tingley

Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

For Compulsory Arbitration

THE Canadian Government has introduced a bill providing for Compulsory Arbitration in all disputes involving the railway services of the Dominion. The bill is to remain before the public for one year in order to allow full time for public discussion.

The Canadian Government takes up the position that disputes of this nature which involve the comfort and the happiness of the whole community, ought not to be left for settlement to the strength and endurance of the combatants, and that representative government is merely stultifying itself by its inability to protect the interests of the public from the calamitous results which follow a dislocation of the transport services.

The whole question is of course beset with enormous difficulties, not only those which are naturally inherent to a conflict of great interests, but those also which are imported by subterranean agencies who see only the profit to themselves which may accrue from social turmoil and ill will. There can be no question that the true solution lies in the principle of arbitration, but it may be that the selection of the arbitrators will open a door to more real dangers than lie in the strife which they are supposed to obviate.

STUDENT

Adulation of the Criminal

WITHIN the past few weeks our journals have been filled with sensational accounts of a daring escape from prison of a desperate criminal named Tracy. During the subsequent pursuit, which extended over a long period, the ruffian in question killed six officers

and also his own companion, and severely wounded nearly a dozen other officers, besides intimidating two whole States and committing robberies and outrages without number.

It may be necessary in a law-abiding community to chronicle such events as this, but it is a disgrace to journalism that they should be chronicled in such a way, and commented on in such a way, as to actually provoke admiration and emulation. To a greater or less extent this has been done all over the country and who can estimate its results upon the minds of boys whose ordinary education has made them all too prone to confuse ferocity with courage, and savage barbarity with determination and resolution?

An age such as this, which refuses to recognize real heroism, will none the less find a place within its memory for Tracy. He will be acclaimed in romance and adulated in verse because he possessed the kind of brute vigor which we see in a far superior form in the rat and the snake. Even the rat and the snake will fight to the last, but their cowardly human imitator put an end to his own life rather than meet the results of his own acts.

And yet if we could go back into the life history of even so deadly a desperado as this, we might find that the blame for it all covers a wider

area than the depraved heart of one man. Contributing to the causes which produced this chapter of tragedy we might find a diseased heredity, a false education and an ignorance of natural law for which we as a nation must assume no small measure of responsibility. Judging from the broad red track of violence and sorrow which Tracy left behind him we may safely assume that nature will see to it that the community as well as the individual pay to the uttermost farthing the social debts which they have incurred.

STUDENT

King Alfonso and the Yellow Journal

IN a recent issue of one of our West Coast papers we find a large space devoted to an ostensibly truthful account of the King of Spain. The reporter for this paper appears to have discovered that the king has recently developed all of the undesirable qualities that would suggest themselves to the mind of one familiar with the dives of a great city, as this reporter evidently is. The king's alleged unkingly escapades about Madrid, alone and incognito, are made the subject of thrilling paragraphs, while his alleged cruel treatment of his mother is the subject of a sentimental half-column.

There are curious circumstances which go to show that the statements made in this article must be taken with many grains of salt. In the first place, this newspaper has already distinguished itself by unwarranted attacks upon a noble and humanitarian work which is being carried on in its own state by men and women who are making untold sacrifices in the service of humanity. It is hand and glove, apparently, with a certain powerful and moneyed class which is the arch-enemy of humanity's best good and of human progress. And here is a singular coincidence. The young King of Spain has taken a distinctly independent attitude with regard to the same powerful organization toward which this newspaper is so friendly. It has even been asserted by members of his cabinet that he is determined to throw off the yoke of that power which has leveled and ruined Spain, even if he has to call the army to his aid. Is it difficult to see what lies back of this newspaper attack? Is it not easy to recognize behind the scenes, those who are responsible for the malicious statements invariably made through the columns of certain papers against those who are most truly serving humanity?

The King of Spain will not be spared further attacks in other and similar newspapers unless he should pick up the gauntlet he has thrown down and, like a weakling, give up the battle. This, it is to be hoped, he will not do. He stands today the hope of a nation that was once the wealthiest, the proudest, the most intellectual in Europe, a land in which the true light once shone brightly when the rest of Europe was in darkness.

Spain's great cities were the centers of culture and of true brotherliness at a time when, throughout most of Europe, the feudal lords were making war upon each other and snarling over their estates. Students of history well know what was instrumental in changing these conditions. Today Spain is almost ruined, but not hopeless. And that an American newspaper should wantonly seek to tear down the influence of Spain's young king, the nation's real salvation at this critical time, is a libel, is it not, upon our boasted American sense of honor?

It is time that yellow journalism was recognized to be the menace that it really is. It is time that we dealt understandingly with those who think more of lining their own pockets than they do of the principles which, in calling themselves Americans, they tacitly profess. It is time that, as a nation, we began to learn the meaning of *the higher patriotism*.

Who knows but what this young king, in daring to step out in defense of right action, is hoping to in some way undo the fearful wrong that was inflicted upon Cuba by certain of his own countrymen? ECHO

The Mesa Grande Ranch

Photo by C. W. Jackson, San Diego

THE illustration on the cover page of *THE NEW CENTURY* this week gives a bird's-eye view of the Lewis Ranch, at Mesa Grande, San Diego County. There is a good hotel at the ranch, and tourists in search of a dry atmosphere and mountain scenery find this a favorite resort. It lies well up in the foot-hills and commands beautiful vistas of mountain and valley scenery, with snow-capped peaks in the distance and a wealth of picturesque wild shrubbery and forest growth peculiar to Southern California.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

What Is Religion?

IT is a sign of the times, and a most hopeful one, that a native of Japan should be asked by a leading contemporary to give his views, not on his own particular or national faith, but on religion in general. Mr. Kiichi Kaneko is well qualified for such a task, and his conclusions are well worthy of attention. Mr. Kaneko quotes, but not with absolute approval, many weighty definitions of religion. Needless to say none of them would be tolerated by the narrow and heresy-hunting sectarians of today.

He quotes Immanuel Kant as saying that, "Religion consists in our recognizing all our duties as divine commands," and Seneca as holding that "the object of religion is to know God and imitate him." These definitions and others of a like nature Mr. Kaneko somewhat deprecates, for the very admirable reason that they imply a historical looking backward, whereas true religion should be characterized by a forward gaze. The definition given by Edward Caird, that a "man's religion is the expression of his summed up meaning and the purport of his whole consciousness of things," receives our author's almost unstinted praise. He thinks that "this is as nearly perfect a definition of religion as modern philosophers can give."

There is certainly much to be said for this very admirable definition. The thousand acts and thoughts of a man's daily life are but branches and twigs from a central stem of purpose and intention, and they draw from it their color and their shape. That central stem is his "summed up meaning and the purport of his whole consciousness of things." The reformation of the individual, and therefore of the world, will not depend so much on the attention which is given to the branches and the

The World Needs New Ideals

twigs of thought and deed, as upon the general direction, aim and scope, of that from which both thought and deed must spring. The tree draws from air and soil those elements which are suited in form and color to the model mold on which it works. We may paint the leaves and bend the branches, but our work will not count for much unless we can change the "summed up meaning" and the purport of consciousness.

We are merely stating the case in another way when we say that the world needs fresh ideals. Human growth needs new roots which will attract to themselves those elements which will build up in deed and thought the new model mold of a new age. Prisons and asylums are the direct result of our false definitions of religion, and not of any innate human depravity. They are not at all curative and they never can be. Their only reason, or excuse, for existence, is that they hide from us the accusing effects of our own follies.

We cannot do better than conclude with Mr. Kaneko's own concluding words. He says:

Mankind is destined to have one religion, AND ONE UNIVERSAL TRUTH. Science will spread, slowly but surely, and the scientific world conception is leading the way to the religion of truth—the one truth, the one religion, the one moral end and the one eternal God who exists forever.

STUDENT

Dishonest Scientific Teaching

THE introductory chapter of a book on physiology which has reached its sixteenth edition, and is probably the most widely read text-book on its subject in any language, deals with experimental research.

The following sentence occurs: "*Many such experiments involve the use of living animals; but the discovery of anæsthetics, which renders such experiments painless, has got rid of any objection to experiments on the score of pain.*"

This sentence is grossly dishonest. It is intended to convey the idea that *all* experiments are done with anæsthetics, whereas this is true of but a proportion, probably very small.

It ignores the fact that many operators expressly claim immunity from the use of anæsthetics, on the ground that such use confuses the issue.

It suppresses the fact that the after-results of the operation usually mean hours, days, or weeks of pain, fever or what not—as where a

wound is healing or being kept open, an abscess developing, etc.; and that no anodyne or anæsthetic is here used.

And it suppresses reference to all operations which, painless in themselves, involve subsequent and often very prolonged pain.

It is perhaps impossible to do away with vivisection while there are men who wish to practise it, who defend it, and who cloak its horrors with lies; and while any proportion of the public think that in man's interests animal torture is legitimate, and are taken in by the vivisectionist physiologist's assertion that his experiments *have* only human welfare in view.

We can but see to it that a richer spirit of love for all that lives is fostered in the hearts of the *children*.

It is not in that law, from whose service alone we may gain power and wisdom, that any real good comes out of the doing of evil. C.

Plea for New Text-Books

NOW that the time has come to prepare school text-books, specially written by Loma-land students for education in Loma-land; in this atmosphere of generous faiths and broad ideals the tone of standard text-books, which produces a painful clashing, will be changed. The histories and geographies contain cheap sneers at the ancients, which are either openly expressed or implied in a tone of impenetrable self-sufficiency and blind conceit.

Everything is viewed wrong side up. The rooted idea that human progress is represented by a single line of ascent from savage ignorance to modern culture perverts the entire outlook upon history.

To the wise ancients are scornfully or pityingly attributed the foolish errors which their incompetent successors perpetrated in the vain attempt to understand them; while modern ignorance is regarded as a disenchantment.

To take an instance; a *modern* text-book on ancient history gives a sketch of Greek philosophy in which the wise old philosophers are treated as blundering novices, the later decadent and materialistic philosophers as improvers; and the whole career of degeneration, from wisdom and divine illumination down to crass materialism and barren formulas, is regarded as an *ascent* from ignorance to knowledge!

Philosophy has been very aptly defined as mythology grown old and wise.

This is accompanied with the following "Note," for students to read between the lines:

Mythology is not wise; it is only the nonsense those childish ancients believed in.

One tenet held in common by all these [Ionic] philosophers was that matter and mind are inseparable. They never thought of the soul as something distinct and separable from matter, as we do. . . . This conception of matter being alive will help us to understand Greek mythology, which, it will be remembered, endowed trees, rivers, springs, clouds, the planets, all physical objects indeed, with intelligence and will.

Materialism Taught in the Schools

We will venture to suggest that it had never occurred to these Ionic philosophers to separate a reality into two concepts and think of a man as composed of two things neither of which has any reality apart from the other. They had never thought of dividing a tree into two parts and then saying that the tree was a compound of the two parts. The later philosophers were analyzers, and the more a thing is analyzed the more abstract and purely intellectual become the elements into which it is analyzed.

Anaxagoras ventured to believe that . . . the sun was not a god, but a glowing rock, as large, probably, as the Peloponnesus.

Implication—that Anaxagoras was more enlightened than his predecessors. Chemically, man is five-and-one-half pailfuls of dirty water; but he may be a living soul just the same.

But we need not multiply quotations. And, after all, the text-books of our fathers and grandfathers were considerably worse, and every year now marks the growing tendency towards broader and more tolerant views of human history.

H. T. E.

Unity

by ALEXANDER POPE

LOOK round our world; behold the chain of love
 Combining all below and all above,
 See plastic Nature working to this end,
 The single atoms each to other tend,
 Attract, attracted to, the next in place,
 Formed and impelled its neighbor to embrace.
 See matter next, with various life indeed,
 Press to one center still, the general good.
 See dying vegetables life sustain,
 See life, dissolving, vegetate again:
 All forms that perish other forms supply,
 (By turns we catch the vital breath, and die);
 Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
 Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
 One all-extending, all-preserving soul
 Connects each being, greatest with the least;
 Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;
 All served, all serving; nothing stands alone;
 The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

The Dawning Light

by ETHNE

"BROTHERHOOD—Universal Brotherhood," repeated Oliver Davidson to himself. They believe it, and they are the cheeriest and kindest people I know and if that ideal is the mainspring of their action it is worth looking into." He opened the door with his latch-key and started to spring upstairs three steps at a time, whistling loudly. But he stopped suddenly; "there is not much brotherly action about that," he thought, "for I know the Mater has a headache."

About a month later, standing at the window of his studio, he gazed out at the thousands of house-tops visible in the suburb, the city farther distant; the line of coastal scrub, the yellow sands, and the placid waters of the harbor.

"And I am in kinship with all those living, breathing mortals, whose very names and ideals are unknown to me, and who yet, though we climb different sides of the mountain, aim for the same goal—what was it she said—"Your destiny and theirs is the same, for you cannot get outside of humanity; you are part of it all; enemies and friends alike, you are traveling the same road, albeit some tarry longer in the morass of selfishness; and it is the same force of love in all hearts that elevates; the same force of hate that chains us down."

"Oliver, are you there?" and a bright-faced girl put her head in through the half-opened door.

"I am," he replied, looking round, "Do you want me?"

"What sort of mood are you in?" she asked, coming in and seating herself comfortably in an arm-chair.

"I am quite prepared," said her brother.

"Do you remember Violet Thornton?" she asked.

"Certainly I do," he answered.

"Well, she is a Theosophist now, and a member of The Universal Brotherhood."

Oliver made an exclamation of surprise.

"Yes," she continued, "I suppose you think as I used to, that Theosophists were a species of cranks and believed all sorts of funny things, and they don't at all. I have been so interested in what she has told me, and you would not believe unless you met her how she has improved. I always liked her, but now she is simply charming, I am thinking of becoming one myself if it has that effect." The words covered an inner attraction to which the girl's soul responded.

"You might do worse," answered Oliver, gravely, as he gave the fire a vigorous poke and then subsided into a chair on the opposite side of the fireplace, and then burst into a fit of laughter. Edith stared at him. "What are you laughing at?" she said.

"I beg your pardon, Edith," he answered, pulling himself up, "but it is certainly the unexpected that happens in this life—here have I been puzzling and worrying my brains for the last month or more on Theosophy and its teachings, not daring to breathe my heterodox views, and then

you calmly come and tell me all about it."

Edith smiled. "You men are apt to imagine women never think of serious things, because they pay attention to—"

"The art of looking beautiful," interrupted her brother. "Well, I stand corrected, and now what has all this to do with what you want of me?"

"The Lotus children are going to give a fairy play and we want a beautiful, flowery, idealistic scene painted for a background. Mother has given us our old play-room for the Group meetings, and Violet and I have been hard at work transforming it into Fairy-land, but we were puzzled when it came to a background, and then I thought of you."

"And what *are* the Lotus children?" he asked.

"The children who go to the Lotus Groups, of course," she answered. "Milly is one; Violet is a Lotus teacher and she teaches the children on the broadest lines of brotherhood and how to become helpers to humanity. It is all part of the Theosophical work. She asked us to go and see a Lotus Group entertainment and bring Milly. Mother liked it very much and Milly was wild to join, and we are giving them an old playroom, because it is larger than the room they were using, and now you have the whole story."

"I shall be glad to help," he replied, "so suppose we go down to the room and I will see what I can do."

That settled, they stood on the steps, Edith twisting the tendrils of the creeping plants that covered the outer walls of the detached room that stood in the middle of their beautiful garden, round little projections that would help them in their upward climb.

"Violet says this is an ideal place for the work, with nature all around. Mother thought perhaps the children would be a nuisance on Sundays—for that is when they come, but they are not, indeed, she always keeps her window open that she may hear their songs."

Oliver whistled. "Why have you all kept it so close?" he asked.

"We did not know you would care," she replied, "and besides, you are always away on Sunday."

"And I never thought you would care," said Oliver, "for such things."

"Perhaps I would not have, once," said Edith, slowly—"but I didn't know," she added impulsively. "I think it was Theosophy I was waiting for, for really, Oliver, deep down in my heart I know it is true, and it is such a grand, ennobling thought to rest upon—that you are an immortal soul that has been gaining experience life after life down through the ages—just think of it, we have lived in the East and in the West and on continents long buried, and we are here now, possessed of all that vast knowledge, and can become conscious of it if we but will."

"Why do we not possess it now consciously?" asked Oliver.

Edith's eyes softened and deepened in expression as she answered, "Because we have been so *selfish*, the door through which we enter is small and low and narrow, but on the other side the joy and peace and love of selfless serving is boundless—can't you feel it must be so, for perfect love can have no thought of self, for 'God is love,' and we are God—and God is all!"

There was a hush, then a little bird near by broke into song.

"Edith!" called her mother from her window, "will you bring me in a few sprays of mignonette when you come?"

"A few drops do not make the monsoon, but they presage it," quoted Oliver to himself, as Edith went to gather the flowers, "for these ideas are abroad in the land, and have taken root in widely different hearts and minds, even to my limited knowledge. Heavens! what a change there will be when men have learnt the reality of Universal Brotherhood—and in the signs of the times it is written large—it is coming."

A Fragment

from *Thanatopsis* by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

SO live that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan that moves
 To the pale realms of shade, when each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Art Music and Literature

The Difference Between Ancient and Modern Art

WHAT is the true difference between ancient and modern art? That there is a fundamental difference can hardly be doubted, as it can hardly be open to question that ancient art was endowed with a vitality and a power to satisfy which is largely denied to more modern productions. Had the ancient Masters of Painting and Drama a clearer vision of human need, had they a truer view of the essentials of human nature to which alone all enduring work must be addressed? We believe that this is so. We believe that there are two kinds of Art, that which appeals to the ideal and that which addresses itself to the passionate and the transitory. Perhaps the latter does not deserve the name of Art, but it is the present will of the world that it should be so called, even to the exclusion of the other. Coventry Patmore expresses a shrewd answer to our question as to the difference between the old and the new. He says:

If we compare ancient with modern art, and the minds and manners of our far ancestors with the minds and manners of the present time, it can hardly fail to strike us that the predominant presence of *peace* in the former and its absence in the latter constitute the most characteristic difference. . . . It is the peace of which St. Thomas says "perfect peace and joy are identical" and is the atmosphere of a region in which smiles and tears are alike impertinences. In such art the expression of pain and pleasure is never an end, as it almost always is with us moderns, but a means of glorifying that peace which is capable of supporting either.

If this is true, and it appears to us to be so, the ancient masters were sufficiently strong to resist a popular clamor for the artistic deification of the unrestful and even the base, or else they worked among and for a people who made no such demands, and who asked from their teachers, not the bread which perisheth, but the bread which gives life eternal.

And yet, even today when all ideals seem to be submerged, we hold that there is that in humanity which can be tempted forth to greet the true and the beautiful. We will even go further and assert our conviction that there is in mankind an undercurrent of resentment against those who minister to the base and the unworthy, even though they receive those ministrations with a momentary acclaim. The "still, small voice" is a fact in nature, and nature asserts that her normal state is a state of calm and of peace, and that all storm must soon wear itself out and become exhausted. The condition of peace is the only true condition of strength, and the "still small voice" is the loudest sound in nature because it comes forth with the strength of the persisting peace which is the equilibrium of all things, the balance point of all movement. The art which represents this eternal balance, this eternal peace, must share in the immortality of its subject, and we believe that there is hardly any section of the community which will not respond to its touch when for a moment there is a break in the hurrying clouds of the passion storm and the silent white stars shine through. If we had not this belief, neither should we have the courage to work.

There is room in the world today for a truer art than it has known for ages. There is room too for courage, faith, and hope, for these things are needed by the artist who will cut through the anchor cables of convention, of doubt and of fear. Seed time and harvest shall not fail him who can put his hand upon the purpose of being, who can spread the white sails of his soul to the winds which come from heaven, and which are under the control of a changeless and a protecting law. S. C.

Specimen of Hindu Fable Literature---the Ass and the Jackal

ONCE an ass struck up a friendship with a jackal. They broke through the hedge of a cucumber garden and ate what they liked in company together. One night the ass spoke proudly and said, "Behold, son of my sister, how clear and fine the night is! Therefore I will sing a song."

But the jackal said, "My dear fellow! What's the use of this noise? Thieves and lovers should work secretly. Beside, thy musical powers are weak. The watchman will find us and kill us. Let us rather eat the cucumbers."

"Alas!" said the ass, "Thou livest rudely in the forest and knowest not the magic power of music." And he sang of music's charm.

"True," said the jackal, "But thou dost not understand music. It will end in killing us."

"What!" cried the ass, "dost thou think I do not understand music? Listen, then, and I will show thee that I know; there are seven notes, three octaves, twenty-one intermediates. Thou seest that I understand music. Why wilt thou prevent me from singing?"

"Sing, then," returned the jackal, "But wait till I get nearer to the gates."

Then the ass began to bray most fearfully. The watchman, who had been asleep, came rushing up and beat the ass and hung a wooden drag about his neck; but the

jackal escaped. And when the watchman had gone away again, the jackal cried from afar to the ass and said, "Uncle, thou wouldst not quit. Now thou wearest a new jewel as a reward for thy song."—From the *Panchatantra*—Translation by BENFEY

A New Play With Musical Illustration

"PELEAS et Melisande," the new work produced very recently at the Opera Comique, Paris, and which has provoked so much discussion among musicians and critics, is a musical setting by Debusey, of a libretto based on the play of Maeterlinck. The work is remarkable for the form in which it is conceived. There is not the faintest approach to an "air," so-called, throughout the entire opera. The action of the piece unfolds itself to the accompaniment of the orchestra, which seeks to express not only the different emotions and sentiments of the personages in the drama, but also the atmospheric effects, murmuring of the breeze, appearance or disappearance of the moonlight, etc. All this carried on continuously without the slightest intention of a "phrase," the end of the act being the only interruption to the stream of harmony. The vocal parts are written without any attention being paid to the characteristics of the singing voice. Of melody, so far as the vocal parts are concerned, there is not the slightest pretension. In fact, the same results would be obtained exactly if the singers were to declaim their parts instead of singing them, provided they kept the pitch of their voices quite distinct from the tonality of the orchestra and fitted their words to it. There is no intimation of Wagner in any respect in the harmonies. It is a play with a continuous musical illustration. The music is curious, poetic and delicate.—*American Musician*



LANDSEER'S LIONS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON

LANDSEER'S LIONS—These are two of the huge stone lions that face outward from the Trafalgar monument. The humorist, Theodore Hook, once collected a large crowd of people in the square by declaring that he saw one of them wink an eye several times in quick succession as he stood gazing upon it.

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

An Ancient Sacred City in Mexico

AT the congress of American archæologists soon to be held in New York city some recent startling discoveries in Mexico will be given to the public. Some who are familiar with the investigations at Monte Alban by Senor Batres, declare that from the Zapotecans may have sprung originally the culture of Egypt, and that they sustained commercial relations with the Chinese for many centuries.

Monte Alban is located about fifty miles from the famous ruins of Mitla. The discoveries made by Professor Batres, for many years conservator of archæological monuments of the Republic, have been officially recognized by President Diaz and the Mexican government.

The chief discovery was that of an ancient sacred city more than one mile in length. As has ever been the case, throughout the ages, with cities dedicated to sacred uses, this was "set upon a hill." In the center is a splendid temple which Professor Batres has named the "Temple of Pharons," that is, the "Temple of Priests." In his opinion it was the community home of members of a religious order.

The city itself is one vast burial place, and is filled with innumerable relics, ornaments of gold and silver as well as bronze, all of which show expert artisanship. There are many specimens of beautifully carved jade of a kind found only in China. There are bells, necklaces, bracelets, needles, and images, which may or may not have been idols.

The broad base of the Temple of Priests is, in shape, a truncated pyramid of solid masonry. Steps at each side lead to the floor and on that floor or base stands a double temple, the walls slanting at an angle facing north and west. Great tablet stones, traced with hieroglyphics, mark the corners. One side of this double temple faces east, the other, west.

Surrounding the central temple, are about sixty smaller temples of similar architectural form, the slanting walls of each covered with *bas relief* traceries of men and animals, as well as hieroglyphics. Each of these is a sepulcher, some containing but one skeleton, others many. The skull of each rested upon a plate, indicating a curious but apparently universal burial custom. Even the columns of the temples are covered with hieroglyphics.

In the work of excavating this city little more than a beginning has as yet been made. But the Mexican government, in its wise appropriation of \$50,000 yearly for work in the archæological field, gives tacit assurance that Professor Batres will be enabled to continue his exploration unhampered by lack of means. While on many points there is yet room for conjecture, Professor Batres has settled one or two questions already. One is that the Zapotecans did not come from Yucatan, as is commonly believed. Innumerable relics taken from this city are unmistakably Egyptian, others just as unmistakably Chinese. In the opinion of some archæologists the civilizations of both Egypt and China rose out of the still more ancient civilization of prehistoric America. There are many evidences in this sacred city which indicate that this is really the case.

But how did the ancient Zapotecans reach Egypt and China, in the first place, across a vast and unknown sea? Professor Batres believes that they crossed by means of the great island Atlantis, now no longer mythical, and that their migrations from the mother country, America, took place before the deluge by which Atlantis was submerged. One of the strangest things about this sacred city at Monte Alban is the indisputable evidence that it was, perhaps six or eight thousand years ago, *deluged and destroyed by a flood*. Yet today it rises 6700 feet above the sea level. All of which brings to the mind many questions which even our archæologists cannot answer.

STUDENT

Interesting Discoveries in Wisconsin

FURTHER evidences of the enormous antiquity of the American continent have recently been unearthed in Big Bend, Wisconsin. Within the last month Lafayette Ellarson, while leveling a small hillock upon his farm with the intention of placing a building upon the site, struck what was apparently a heap of stones. Mr. Ellarson, who has made quite a study of ancient mounds, examined the heap carefully and had the surrounding soil cleared away. The pile of stones

proved to be a vault, measuring about six feet each way, the stones having been carefully cemented together with a kind of clay. Within the vault he discovered two skeletons, one of a human being at least *eight feet high*, the other that of a child. Beside the larger skeleton was a clay vessel, the cover of which was a large shell, much larger than any ever known to be found along the Great Lakes, and *bearing a curious resemblance to those found near the Gulf of Mexico*.

Near the smaller skeleton was found a turtle's shell, and in each of the tiny hands was grasped a sea-shell. There were also beads and a curious red stone pipe on one end of which was the tracery of a starfish. The pipe was filled with tobacco, which appeared to be none the worse for its sojourn of centuries.

Only an expert archæologist could estimate the age of this mound with even approximate correctness. The discoverer's father, who settled upon the land in 1836, once questioned his Indian neighbors about it. One who claimed to be 108 years old said that it had always been there and nothing more was known about it by the Indians than by the white men.

STUDENT

Archæological Discoveries in Mexico City

FROM an article in the *Scientific American* we gather the following notes: The remains of an Aztec temple were unearthed last winter in the city of Mexico, which is the site of Tenochtitlan, the ancient Aztec city.

Some years ago Senor Batres, the archæologist, made a map of this city from various data collected from records since the Spanish invasion in 1519.

Last winter the rebuilding of a palace led to the discovery of the temple, huge stone images, and smaller objects of great interest.

The first discovered was a monolith weighing several tons, representing a tiger incumbent, or ocelot, ready to spring. Its mouth is open, showing huge teeth and a part of its tongue, and great round eyes give it a ferocious look. On each side of the head is a mane like the pendent part of the head-dress of the Egyptian sphinx.

Further excavating brought to light another rock sculptured to represent a serpent's head, which corresponds with two others previously discovered, which were the corner pieces of the great wall inclosing the great Teocalli, within which are said to have dwelt 7000 Aztec priests. Besides the great pyramid rising in the center, upon which they made their human sacrifices to the war god, there were seventy-eight chapels devoted to the worship of special deities.

The incense-gum discovered, though centuries old and resembling bone, burned with a perfume when lighted.

H. T. E.

Secrets of a Cave in Shasta County

A PRESS dispatch from Berkeley, California, says: "So important are the recent discoveries of the University of California geological department in the Limestone caves on the McCloud river, in Shasta county, that Professor John C. Merriam, head of the paleontology work, will join Student Assistant Eustace Furlong, who is on the scene digging into the precious deposits of bones he has found. Professor Merriam believes that Furlong has discovered a "fissure cave" and to fill this crevice in the earth has taken thousands of years. In this case the discoveries will lead back to an indefinite period, and the successive layers of soil and gravel will prove a veritable store-house of geological curiosities."

The Osage Indians and their Chief

THE Osage Indians have just elected a new chief, and their choice has fallen upon James Bigheart who is said to be the wealthiest Red Man living. His extensive oil properties have endowed him with a fortune of about \$3,000,000, but notwithstanding his riches, when at home he lives in a tepee among his people on their reservation in Oklahoma. He is a man of considerable education, speaking good English, and when away from the reservation complying with the white man's customs in every respect. Such a man as this ought to wield a great influence for good among the people who have now elected him as their chief.

STUDENT

Philippine Island Views

THE house of a native chief on Ca Dung Dung island, one of the Smalley group, which lies thirty miles east of the Sulu Archipelago. Ca Dung Dung is the most remote of the Philippine Islands over which fly the stars and stripes.



BUN BUN, the native village on the northwest corner of the island of Jolo, where a public market is held every Friday, which is attended by the inhabitants from all over the island.

A NATIVE VINTA or canoe with outrigger, on a voyage between the islands of Jolo and Mindanao. The natives of the Philippine Islands are great travelers, always on the go, visiting and trading in the most remote parts of the archipelago.

CHIEF TOLOWRY, chief of police of the island of Jolo, and his family. Mrs. Tolowry appears to have a much fairer complexion than the other members of her family, but this is due to a native cosmetic, or paste, instead of a natural fairness.

PROF. MAX MULLER'S last gift to the world **Max Muller's Last Words on Reincarnation**

has appeared in the form of the eighteenth volume of his essays. In some respects this is the most remarkable of all his works, containing as it does his controversy on the subject of Theosophy and, yet more startling, his avowed adhesion to the teaching of Reincarnation. So gratifying is this statement of belief on the part of a writer so thoughtful, so popular, and one who has laid the world of literature under so deep a debt, that we reproduce here the few words in which it is enshrined:

I cannot help thinking that the souls towards whom we feel drawn in this life are the very souls whom we knew and loved in the former life, and that the souls who repel us here, we do not know why, are the souls that earned our disapproval, the souls from whom we kept aloof in a former life.

Max Muller was in many respects an opponent of Madame Blavatsky, with whose teachings he was somewhat acquainted. But who can doubt that it was the work of Madame Blavatsky which made this public avowal possible, and that it was her strenuous life which made the idea of Reincarnation a familiar one to western minds?

We cannot refrain from yet a further quotation from this essay, and we give it with the hope that these wise and tender words will leave an enduring mark upon the thought of all who read them. They are the philosopher's farewell to the world, until his own hopes shall be realized and he is once more drawn back to those whom he loved. He says:

Let us remember that if our love is the love of what is merely phenomenal, the love of the body, the kindness of the heart, the vigor and the wisdom of the intellect, our love is the love of changing and perishable things, and our soul may have to grope in vain among the shadows of the dead. But if our love, under all its earthly aspects, was the love of the true soul, of what is immortal and divine in every man and woman, that love cannot die, but will find once more what seems beautiful, true and lovable in worlds to come as in worlds that have passed. This is very old wisdom but we have forgotten it. Thousands of years ago an Indian sage, when parting from his wife, told her in plain words, "We do not love the husband in the husband, nor the wife in the wife, nor the children in the children. What we love in them, what we truly love in everything, is the eternal Atman, the immortal Self," and, as we should say, the immortal God, for the immortal self and the immortal God must be one.

STUDENT

Captain Dreyfus and General Galliffet

THE Dreyfus case is not yet quite dead. The usual vitality of injustice accompanies it, and is likely to do so yet awhile. Captain Dreyfus himself now contributes a letter to *Le Radical* with regard to renewed charges by General Galliffet. He says:

A few weeks ago General de Galliffet said to our friend, M. Joseph Reinach, who authorized me to make any use I liked of the remark: "The bordereau is Esterhazy's work, and he had two accomplices. As for Dreyfus, he never had any relations with Germany, but someone whom I cannot name told me at Marienbad that Dreyfus had been in the service of Russia."

Captain Dreyfus naturally demanded of the general upon what this conviction was based, properly supposing that it must rest upon something more solid than the unsupported statement of an unnamed person. To this Galliffet replies in the orthodox manner to which the *affaire* has accustomed us, that his victim is merely trying to reopen the case and concludes: "I will not follow him in the operation. By signing his petition for pardon he acknowledged himself guilty."

The whole story reminds us irresistibly of the trial scene in *Alice in Wonderland*. The general admits that the whole of the evidence upon which these weary years of wicked cruelty were founded is entirely false, but nevertheless Dreyfus is guilty because—someone told him so.

The notoriety of Galliffet's early years is sufficiently great. Why add to it by the folly of senility?

STUDENT

A More Enlightened View of Poetry

IN an age when we have people writing of "the depth of a Pasteur and the poetic fancy of a Tennyson," and poetry is defined in a school text-book as

The product of an excited and a creative imagination, with a primary object to please, and expressed in the form of verse,—

In such an age it is consoling to find here and there a perception of the true nature of the art. The following extracts are from an article by Bliss Carman in *The Chicago Tribune*:

The poet ought to be and must be a normal man—not an average man, but a normal man, with all the best powers and capacities of manhood in him. . . . The idea that a poet can ever be a mere bystander, an onlooker at life, seems to me too palpably impossible to need refutation. And I cannot believe that any great prophet or poet ever trod the earth who did not know the pinch of life at first hand, its actual bleak necessity, its terrible pathos and tremendous joy, its wonderful yet elusive significance. Nor do I believe that one for whom all the necessities and comforts and luxuries of life are provided, from the cradle to the grave, ever can know these things. . . . If poetry is what history declares it to be, the voice of revelation, the finest utterance of human wisdom, the basis of religion and the solace of sorrowing mortals, if it teaches us how to live, how to be happy, how to love the right and appreciate the beautiful and perceive the true, if it illumines the dark problems of existence and heartens us upon the difficult path to perfection, then surely we may well consider how best to encourage it and preserve it and make its influence prevail in the commonwealth.

STUDENT

same kind that is felt by one who is paying a visit to a foreign country for the first time after long years of life in a village.

The explanation is simply that things are done here in the right way, and not in the wrong way, and that those who have a momentary control or supervision are saved ninety per cent of the usual labor and anxiety by their knowledge that there are here no jealousies to be consulted and reconciled, no prejudices to be humored, and that every comrade would just as cheerfully carry chairs in and out of the Temple as play the leading role in the drama. So far as this goes it is of course the same thing in many of our lodges, certainly in all of the successful lodges, otherwise they would not be successful.

Our space is getting very short, but it would not do to omit mention of the usual Sunday night meeting in the Isis Theatre, San Diego.

The delegates saw for themselves the vast throngs of regular attendants at these services, and the concourse of people who come to hear the Leader speak. They know now better than ever that Theosophy is one of the great forces of the world, and the greatest of them all, and no unusual insight is needed to see what the end of it shall be.

Certainly our guests did not have an idle minute from the time they came to the time they went away, and they had the gratification of knowing that their presence did not interrupt any department of work. To cease work and to make holiday has no doubt its occasional good features, but it is not what our comrades came to see, and to have done this would simply have defeated the success which has been achieved. The work went on exactly as before for all practical purposes, and because our welcome was thus unaffected and sincere we have all attained, residents and non-residents alike, the thing for which we all sought. None the less we proved that play is also a part of a wise work. An afternoon was devoted



Aryan Temple and Loma Homestead as seen through the entrance to Camp Welcome

to baseball, a visiting team being opposed to a resident team. The only result which was much talked about was the laughter and good feeling.

On another occasion a few hours were devoted to athletic sports, and here our guests very conclusively proved that sound minds produce sound bodies, and that mental agility finds its corresponding physical expression.

As has been said, this is not intended to be a description, but only a cursive and anticipatory record. If it were possible now to publish a verbatim report of the Leader's speeches it would be unnecessary to say anything more at all. All the results which have now been so inadequately mentioned would then be understood better without words than with, and our readers would see in a moment the amount of force and the kind of force which our friends have taken away with them. In one point at any rate they have our very cordial sympathy.

On their return to their Lodges they will be asked to give an account of their stewardship, and then they will be in trouble indeed, for they will neither know what to say or how to say it.

A fitting conclusion to the Congress was a procession of all members to the Amphitheatre, bearing the national flags of the world. In this the children participated, and on arrival a very simple service was performed. All really great things are simple, and so it transpired that to the eyes of all of us the Amphitheatre became

the greater stage of the world, and upon that stage we saw all the nations and peoples, who had forgotten their differing languages in the common tongue of Brotherhood. We saw the flags of the world side by side, and as they were all above the clouds we knew nothing about their relative heights. We only knew that here at any rate the Spirit of the World was one of Peace, that all men were brothers, and that a little child shall lead them.

OBSERVER

From *The San Diego Union*, Monday, September 1, 1902

THEOSOPHISTS AT ISIS THEATRE

One of the Raja Yoga School Boys on the Patriot Fathers of the United States—Other Speakers

ISIS THEATRE was again well filled last evening at the regular meeting of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. There was a very interesting program throughout; the different addresses by lady students of Loma-land were listened to attentively and applauded appreciatively by the big audience. The musical numbers by students of the Isis Conservatory of Music were as splendidly rendered as they always are, and as thoroughly enjoyed, while a vocal solo by Mr. E. A. Neresheimer was a welcome innovation.

Master Hubert Dunn of the Raja Yoga School of Point Loma, presented the first address, on "America." He said he thought every boy had a feeling that America was destined to be a great nation, destined to do great things for humanity. Its early history was a history of heroes and of heroism. It was founded by men who had left their homes to obtain freedom of thought and worship. A nation which had such love of human liberty, such strength and devotion poured into it, was surely fitted to achieve great things.

The fathers of the nation, having themselves suffered from the lack of justice, had learned humanity's need of justice. They were men of nobler and higher ideals, who had endowed their nation with a constitution under which it were possible to carry out the loftiest plans for humanity.

Master Dunn spoke of Washington, of Paine, of Roger Williams, and of other patriots of early days. "Although I am an English boy," said he, "I feel that I—and everyone who believes in the higher liberty of mankind—are true Americans."

In the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma, he said, the children were trying to live up to the higher ideals of true freedom, and were thus doing their part to help America achieve her true destiny.

There was a quiet dignity of bearing and lack of self-consciousness in delivery on the part of the youthful speaker that—quite apart from the fine sentiments expressed—won the audience from the start, and he was heartily applauded.

Mrs. W. T. Hanson followed with a very interesting paper on "The Necessity for Energetic Women." One of the very first necessities of the time was for energetic women who realized that upon them rests the future of humanity, she said. Women were needed, she thought, who could and would put their shoulders

to the wheel. There was no place at present for sluggish minds and weakly bodies—such could not be helpers in the onward march, only hindrances. She congratulated the women of Loma-land for the splendid example of the modern energetic woman which they had always before them, and to whose matchless energy and devotion they owed the rare privileges of leading the true life of women.

Co-operation between women and men is needed, but the word "obey" should be stricken out of the marriage contract. Women are crushed by the false ideals of modern life, and made to believe that in marrying they surrender body, mind and soul and become the slave of man.

Mrs. Hanson paid her respects to the slovenly woman who drives her husband from home by her untidiness, and to the vain and silly woman. There was much to be thankful for in the athletic woman, she said, who had come to replace the doll woman. As to Theosophical women, it was their place, their highest duty, she thought, for them to stand as living examples of the high ideals and nobler purposes taught by their philosophy and religion.

Miss N. Herbert spoke next, on "Higher Standards." Theosophy is a living force that has come into the world demanding higher and truer standards of living, she said. Theosophists have seen the vision of the world as it should be and will never rest until the narrow and false standards of the present are superseded by broader and more enlightened ones—not until all children had the opportunity to grow up, as have those of the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma, no longer slaves either to fear or to their own lower natures.

The last speaker of the evening was Miss Lester, whose subject was "The Need of a New Type of Woman." We have the literary, the artistic, the professional woman, the woman devoted to her home, and the one devoted to public affairs, but what is needed now is the well-rounded woman who is fitted to fill her place in all of these things—to do her full duty in any and in all walks of life.

On next Sunday evening, Mr. J. H. Fussell and Dr. Herbert Coryn will present addresses on subjects of timely interest.

Some Loma-Land Notes

SUNDAY morning—and the students are just returning from the morning meeting in the Aryan Temple. Loma-land, as usual, is bathed in sunshine.

Always the sea's voice is heard, like the dim-wrought background of some rich painting, so low, so half-perceptible, that one is rarely conscious of perceiving it at all. Among the bird notes the whistle of a mocking-bird is distinguished.

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 14

Students



Path

Eternity

by JOHN G. WHITTIER

The following beautiful poem was published in the *New England Review* in 1831, and was signed "Adrian," a name often used by the poet in his early writings.

BOUNDLESS Eternity! the winged sands
That mark the silent lapse of fitting time
Are not for thee; thine awful empire stands
From age to age, unchangeable, sublime:
Thy domes are spread where thought can never climb,
In clouds and darkness, where vast pillars rest.
I may not fathom thee: 'twould seem a crime
Thy being of its mystery to divest,
Or boldly lift thine awful veil with hands unblest.

Thy ruins are the wrecks of systems; suns
Blaze a brief space of ages, and are not;
Worlds crumble and decay, creation runs
To waste—then perishes and is forgot;
Yet thou, all changeless, heedest not the blot.
Heaven speaks once more in thunder; empty space
Trembles and wakes; new worlds in ether fit,
Teeming with new creative life, and trace
Their mighty circles, such as others shall displace.

Thine age is youth, thy youth is hoary age,
Ever beginning, never ending, thou
Bearest inscribed upon thy ample page,
Yesterday, forever, but as now
Thou art, thou hast been, shalt be: though
I feel myself immortal when on thee
I muse, I shrink to nothingness and bow
Myself before thee, dread Eternity,
With God coeval, coexisting, still to be.

I go with thee till Time shall be no more,
I stand with thee on Time's remotest verge,
Ten thousand years, ten thousand times told o'er;
Still, still with thee my onward course I urge;
And now no longer hear the endless surge
Of Time's light billows breaking on the shore
Of distant earth; no more the solemn dirge—
Requiem of worlds, when such are numbered o'er—
Steals by: still thou art moving on forevermore.

From that dim distance would I turn to gaze
With fondly searching glance upon the spot
Of brief existence, where I met the blaze
Of morning bursting on my humble cot,
And gladness whispered of my happy lot;
And now 'tis dwindled to a point—a speck—
And now 'tis nothing, and my eye may not
Longer distinguish it amid the wreck
Of worlds in ruins, crushed at the Almighty's beck.

Time—what is Time to thee? a passing thought
To twice ten thousand ages—a faint spark
To twice ten thousand suns: a fibre wrought
Into the web of infinite—a cork
Balanced against a world: we hardly mark
Its being—even its name hath ceased to be;
Thy wave hath swept it from us and thy dark
Mantle of years in dim obscurity
Hath shrouded it around: Time—what is time to thee?

TRUTH is the summit of being; justice is the application to it of affairs. All individual natures stand in a scale, according to the purity of this element in them. The will of the pure runs down from them into other natures, as water runs down from a higher into a lower vessel; this natural force is no more to be withstood than any other natural force. A healthy soul stands united with the just and the true, as the magnet arranges itself with the pole, so that he stands to all beholders like a transparent object betwixt them and the sun and who so journeys towards the sun, journeys towards that person. EMERSON

Opportunities

HOW many people ever stop to think—What is an opportunity? How many grasp their opportunities, and how many pass them by, saying, "This chance will come to me again"?

After one becomes a student in Loma-land one's eyes gradually open and one sees many ways of helping to make a better world. Student life is a great opportunity and every day here is full of lessons. One who wishes to become a true helper of humanity must learn, first of all, to live and work in harmony with the Law.

We learn many times by experience that the only way to become perfect is through doing our daily duties faithfully. We are too apt to say, "I haven't time to do this today, so I will put it off until tomorrow." This is a great mistake. We ought to seize every opportunity that comes; only then will we be given more useful work to do.

We can see, by looking into the lives of the great men and women of the past, that they did not sit idly by waiting for a chance to do something great. Our own lives and the lives of others could be made happier if we only learned to seize our opportunities as they come to us. If all of us will think seriously on this subject we will find in our hearts as well as in our minds an answer to many of our questions, and thus we will become better men and women. ANNIE HARRIS

Where the Soul May Anchor

Like unto ships far out at sea,

Outward and homeward bound are we.

FROM the cliffs overlooking the sea, its crested billows dashing against the rock-ribbed shore, I saw a vessel with all sails set, sailing calmly and steadily outward.

While I watched its steady movement a deep calm fell upon me. I wondered, for it was hard to understand whence came this peace. Came it from the blue sea, or the rugged rocks, or the calmly-sailing vessel? Or is it that the soul of Man and Nature are one? It must be so.

Life is so full of lessons and the soul, like a sailing vessel, is out on a long voyage. When a ship returns home she expects to find a pier and a harbor in which she may drop anchor.

So with the soul. Such virtues as a steadfast determination, an uplifted purpose and a high resolve, construct an invisible but substantial pier, a sure foundation for the soul's anchorage. A STUDENT

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

COMRADES: Those who are trying to live a higher life often notice that worse failure than ever seems to follow upon an increased effort. Even the common circumstances of life seem to conspire against one who is actively fighting for his spiritual life.

Then discouragement comes, and that effort is not repeated for a long time.

But the fight should have been taken up with a better consideration of its consequences. It is easy enough, and quite unheroic, to drift and float. He who fights, even seeming to fail, remains *the man who fought*. Whatever his present plight, he is never again among the herd of those who have not tried; and sometime the force that made him draw sword once, will inspire him to do it again.

Every first sincere effort has within it the indestructible seed of ultimate victory.

It is not, from all points of view, correct to think of oneself as a unit. He who tries to separate himself from his quondam boon companions and live the higher, richer life, will certainly awake their hostility. And so with and in the individual man. He who tries to mount will now have against him *that* in his nature with which he previously lived as one, as himself. He has now got an intelligent *opponent*, trained into intelligence by association with himself. And feeling itself deserted and in danger of completer desertion; able itself, too, to assimilate and use some of that very energy which the man is calling out in himself; it proceeds to fight for its life.

So the man feels all disturbed. He thinks he must have gone the wrong way to work, or the disturbance had not been. He stops his efforts, and the meditation out of which they grew.

Between two harmonies lies a transient discord. If we shirk the discord, we shall never gain the new and richer harmony.

SOME LOMA-LAND NOTES

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 11

Not a few of the students pause a moment upon the Temple steps to drink in the beauty of the landscape and of the great ocean, and to reflect a bit upon the marvelous transformation that Loma-land has undergone.

Less than three years ago this Hill—which is a Sacred Hill—was covered with chaparral, gorse and stubble. Today it is almost a Paradise. A city has been set upon it, a city in which community life is being lived along ideal lines. Things are a-building now-a-days. Homes, studios, bungalows, school-rooms are being erected as rapidly as may be. The large new School of Domestic Economy, glass-enclosed, has just been completed. Every day this is being rendered as home-like as palms, potted plants, flowers and daintiness itself can make it.

Near by is Karnak, already quite ancient in this land of new and sudden growth, for it was builded nearly three months ago. Every night the lamp in its central glass dome is lighted, adding one more to the beacons which are an unique feature of home life in Loma-land.

The Student Bungalows near the mulberry rows east of the Homestead are beautifully situated in the midst of gardens, and others are soon to be built in other

parts of the grounds closer to the sea. There are many hundreds of students all over the world who are waiting to come. But this cannot be until homes are provided, and although building goes on apace, the pressure is out of all proportion to the accommodations.

Another beautiful home which has been leased is nearing completion. Just east of the house itself, which is rarely unique and beautiful, is a private music studio. The ceiling is dome-shaped, one of Nature's own secrets, making the acoustic properties superb. The grounds about "Yerba Santa Cliffs," the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Spalding, are being landscaped and beautified in many ways. Westward the Student's Home—the first one to be built on Esotero—stands as one of ideal simplicity. Other homes will soon be erected.

The City Beautiful where the children live is also growing, for another Group Home is nearing completion. These Group Homes with the children's Music Temple and the building which is now used for the Industrial Exhibits are picturesque in their extreme simplicity. And not far from them looms up Loma Homestead, the pioneer building, and the one best loved of all, so many and so sacred to the older students are the associations connected with it. On every hand one witnesses expansion and feels the magic of growth. OBSERVER

Isis Conservatory of Music

of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Personal applications and inquiries received every Saturday by the Secretary at

San Diego Branch 1940 B St.

HOURS 9 A. M. TO 4 P. M.

Full particulars sent by mail on application, address

J. H. FUSSELL, Secretary and Treasurer

Isis Conservatory of Music Point Loma, Calif.

The Chadbourne Furniture Co.

W. L. FREVERT, Manager

We aim to carry an entirely up-to-date stock of house furnishings, and, for style and variety of goods, cannot be outdone in Southern California. We are glad to show visitors through our extensive store-rooms.

STORE-ROOMS

SIXTH & D STREETS

San Diego, Cal.

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be one season or another. Paint will set tougher during the winter, and of course that gives durability. One point favoring winter. There are others favoring summer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so often as houses painted with any other paint, because it has more body to withstand action of the elements. There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per gallon.

☞ We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.

WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS

7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

Irish Census Figures

A glance through the new census report of Ireland reveals some interesting statistics. The centenarians in 1901 numbered 497 (194 males and 303 females), as compared with 578 in 1891 and 690 in 1881. The commissioners state that only one in every 1,000 males aged from 15 to 20 and seven in every 1,000 females of that age were married. Spinsters aged 20 and upward were relatively most numerous in the County of Dublin, where they amounted to 52.2 per cent of the total number of females of those ages, and were proportionately fewest in Kerry, in which county the percentage was 33.1. The proportions of husbands in every hundred males aged 20 and upward ranged from 36.2 in County Kildare to 56.2 in the county borough of Belfast. In the county borough of Dublin the percentage was 47.3.

In the County of Dublin 34.6 only of the females aged 20 and upward were married, while in Mayo the corresponding percentage was 50.3. A summary of the general results of the inquiry as regards the conjugal conditions of the people shows that the decrease in the proportion of married persons noted in 1891, as compared with 1881, still continues; that the highest proportion of married persons is in Connaught, and that the natural increase in population in Ireland is at present very small.

The Roman Catholic clergy, which numbered 3,502 in 1891, showed an increase of 200 in the decade. The indefinite and non-productive class is returned as containing 2,494,958 persons, or 55.96 per cent of the population, as compared with 54.39 per cent in 1891. It embraces persons without a specific occupation, persons retired from business, those returned by rank, degree or property, inmates of almshouses and lunatic asylums, and children (1,332,080 of the whole class being under 15 years of age).

Large numbers of persons of 15 years of age and upwards who were in previous census tabulated as "students" are included in the foregoing class. The information with regard to the permanently diseased is very exhaustive. For instance, the causes of blindness during the decade are given as smallpox, 128 cases; measles, 46 cases; scarlatina, 25 cases; fever, 45 cases; influenza, 27 cases; ophthalmia, 194 cases; rheumatic affections, 18 cases; aneuriosis, 12 cases; cataract, 409 cases; consequence of childbirth, 11 cases; mechanical injuries being responsible for the remainder. The number of paupers in workhouses was equal to 96.5 in every 10,000 of the population, as against 90 in 1891.

There were relatively more paupers in workhouses in Munster than in any of the other provinces, the proportion being 132.3 in every 10,000 of the population. Prisoners in prisons and bridewells represent 10 in every 10,000 of the population in Leinster, 4.2 in Munster, 3.8 in Ulster and 2.4 only in Connaught. The military quartered in Ireland on census night,

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, President
G. B. GROW, Cashier
W. R. ROGERS, Assistant Cashier

Every facility and security offered to our patrons and the public generally. Collections and exchanges on all points.

KELLY'S LIVERY POINT LOMA COACH LINE

Special Coaches for Select Parties
arranged by telephone

DEALER IN FIRST-CLASS HORSES

THIRD & F STS., PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

THE Lion Clothing Co. CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"
STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

Electric Laundry

NELSON SNYDER, Proprietor

16TH & I STREETS

TELEPHONE BLACK 731

No Saw Edges on Collars and Cuffs

GEORGE T. VERNON
Tailor

1110 FIFTH STREET - SEFTON BLOCK
Telephone Black 1912

ENTERTAINMENT
by Children of the

Raja Yoga School
EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON
in the
Aryan Temple, Point Loma
Tickets 50 cents

Bank of Commerce
841 FIFTH ST., bet E & F Sts., SAN DIEGO

Capital, \$100,000
Reserve & Undivided Profits, \$46,837.23

R. M. POWERS, President F. W. JACKSON, Cashier
GRAHAM E. BABCOCK, Vice-President C. L. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—R. M. Powers, Graham E. Babcock, J. F. Sinks,
A. H. Frost, Chas. T. Hinde, U. S. Grant, & F. W. Jackson

General banking business transacted. Exchange drawn direct on all principal cities of United States and Europe. Prompt attention given to collections.

EDWARD M. BURBECK

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Copper Plate Engraving & Printing
Steel Dies, Crests, and Monograms
Largest & most varied stock of Books
and General Literature in the City

1051-59 FIFTH STREET, SAN DIEGO

“Burbeck’s Big Bookstore”

Toys Games Souvenirs Office Supplies City and County Maps

“Where Rail and Tide Meet, There Cast Anchor”

Investors, Speculators, & Real Estate Dealers

GET IN ON THE
GROUND FLOOR
AT SAN DIEGO
EARLY

San Diego is the Open Door to the Orient & Investors now will be Capitalists later

CAN'T YOU SEE THE HAND OF DESTINY?

- 2700 miles saved in encircling the globe via this port
- Three Transcontinental Railroads heading for this Harbor
- The Commerce of the Southwest and of the Pacific is being concentrated at the Bay of San Diego
- Look out for Big Developments; the Market is active now

If you want to Buy or Sell here, address **D. C. Reed**

Established 1870

Ex-Mayor of San Diego

1901, numbered 21,235, or 47.6 to every 10,000 of the population.

From the census returns for County Dublin it appears that the city or county borough of Dublin covers an area of 7,911 state acres, or 0.04 per cent of the total area of the country. The number of persons in the city of Dublin according to the census of 1891 was 268,650, and according to the recent census 290,638 (140,388 males and 150,250 females), or 8.2 per cent more than in 1891.

The number of distinct families in the city at the time of the late enumeration was 59,263, the average number of persons in a family being thus 4.6. The number of inhabited houses was 32,031, showing an average of 8.6 persons to each house. The number of tenements of one room in the city was 21,747, comprising 3,278 cases in which 1 room had only 1 occupant; 13,230 where 1 room had 2, 3 or 4 occupants; 4,576 cases in which there were 5, 6 or 7 occupants, and 573 cases where the occupants exceeded 7 in number, including 47 cases of 10 persons, 13 of 11 persons, and 6 of 12 or more persons in 1 room.

Of the total population of the city in 1901 81.8 per cent were Catholics, 14.3 per cent Protestant Episcopalians, 1.4 per cent Presbyterians, 0.8 per cent Methodists, and 1.7 per cent members of other religious denominations. In 1891 Catholics formed 82.2 per cent, Protestant Episcopalians 14.4 per cent, Presbyterians 1.4 per cent, Methodists 0.7 per cent, and members of all other denominations 1.3 per cent. Of the population of the city as then constituted the number of children attending school in 1891 was 31,891, or 45.2 per cent of persons aged 5 years and under 20; in 1901 the number was 46,535, or 55.4 per cent of the persons aged 5 and under 20.—*Chicago Record-Herald*

The Price of a Dispensation

A fresh illustration of the worldliness and corruption of some Roman Catholic ecclesiastics is reported from Granada. Two couples were engaged to be married, and, as the parties were in each case related, it was necessary, according to Roman Catholic law, to obtain a dispensation. The matter was therefore laid before the proper authority at the archiepiscopal palace, and the applicants were informed that the fee which they would have to pay would amount to a considerable sum. They and their relatives considered the charge exorbitant, but were nevertheless prepared to pay it. When, however, they went again to the palace, they were informed that the archbishop, having ascertained that they were people of means, would not consent to the proposed marriages unless the fee were doubled. This was too much even for the good Catholics, and they consequently decided to content themselves with civil marriage. When the priests heard of this they offered to marry them for nothing, if only they would desist from their purpose.—*The Christian World* (London)

Ruling Vice Strong in Death

Tales of the prison-house generally come from chaplains, and are supposed to be edifying. Not altogether consoling, perhaps, from that point of view, but interesting to students of all-round human nature is a little episode which lately happened at the grimest jail in the London district. In the prison infirmary was a man who had served many successive terms for theft, and who was now wasted away and at the point of death from consumption. How he lingered on was a puzzle to the doctor, who, with his stethoscope, leaned over him for a last time. As he did so, he saw a tremulous shadow of a hand raised to his waistcoat pocket, and his watch abstracted and put under the dying man's pillow. It was the thief's last effort; a smile of triumph passed over his face and he was dead.—*Chicago Record-Herald*

SEARCHLIGHT

NO. 6

Special number issued to the public

CONTAINING A FULL REPORT OF THE

**Great Debate
on Theosophy
& Christianity**

HELD AT THE OPERA HOUSE, SAN DIEGO, CAL.,
ON SEPTEMBER 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, AND
OCTOBER 6 AND 13, 1901

SEVENTY-TWO PAGES

Notwithstanding the increase in the cost of publishing, owing to the largely increased number of pages, the price remains the same as heretofore

FIFTEEN CENTS

The
Theosophical Publishing Co.
Point Loma, Cal.

You will need a copy for yourself and several copies to send to your friends. The edition is limited.

An Address
by Katherine Tingley
in the Opera House
at San Diego, Sunday
evening, March 16th
1902

Neatly printed and bound, containing half-tone illustrations of the Opera House, Loma Homestead and the Aryan Temple. This is the first public address of Katherine Tingley after her purchase of the Opera House, and in it is outlined broadly her plans for the beautiful theatre and its occupation by the Isis Conservatory of Music. Sent post paid for TEN CENTS.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Souvenir Postal Cards
of Loma-land

PRIVATE MAILING CARDS, PRINTED ON
FINEST IVORY-FINISH CARDBOARD
13 different half-tone glimpses of Loma-land on which to send your Brotherhood Thoughts all over the world. A stream of them should be kept in circulation by every member.

2 for 5 cents (postage 1c extra) . \$0.06
50, postpaid, for 1.00
100, “ “ 1.50

Sent assorted unless ordered with specifications. Order from
THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The New Century

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Two Dollars; other countries in the Postal Union, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; payable in advance
Single copy, Five Cents

Communications for the Editor, manuscripts, reports, books and periodicals for review should be addressed, "Katherine Tingley, Editor *The New Century*, Point Loma."

The editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

Articles will not be considered by the editor unless signed by the author and marked with the number of words contained. In no case is manuscript returned.

Address all Business communications, including subscriptions, and make all remittances (in bank drafts or money orders, payable to The New Century Corporation) to "Clark Thurston, Point Loma, Cal."

To comply with recent postal regulations, all Post-Office money order remittances should be made payable at San Diego. The remittances, as well as all other mail, should be made to Point Loma, as usual.

Entered at the Post-Office at Point Loma, Cal., as second-class matter Nov. 30th, 1901
Copyright, 1902, by Katherine Tingley

Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

Secret Transmission of News

THE London *Spectator* has an article on the mysterious ways in which non-Europeans receive news from very long distances, in advance of the quickest means of transmission known to Europeans.

Many instances are given. For example, at the time of the disasters in Afghanistan in 1842, it was reported in India that the whole British army had been annihilated, except one man, several days before the Europeans received the news. The death of the Ameer of Afghanistan was known in the bazaars in October, 1901, well in advance of the official news.

In Wilson's *Behind the Scenes in the Transvaal*, we read:

Again and again have Kaffirs reported events hours and even days before the news could possibly have got through by the ordinary channels.

The writer in the *Spectator* thinks the Boers employed Kaffirs to keep them posted as to British movements, and continues:

The Use of Unknown Forces

We believe that during the New Zealand war it was equally impossible for the British troops to carry out any movements unknown to the natives, who were always fully informed and prepared to meet them. . . . The attempts of daring travelers to penetrate into Tibet without permission

have usually failed, for however carefully they may have arranged their plans, they are always met at the most unexpected places by the Thibetan guards, who make them prisoners or compel them to return.

As to explanation, the writer thinks:

While we may admit the probability of easily explained means of communication in certain cases, it seems not improbable that there may be not one but several modes of communicating intelligence to a distance, which were known to the ancients, but the knowledge of which has not descended to, or has not yet been re-discovered by, the scientific men of modern Europe, though this knowledge may well have been perpetuated among some of the descendants of ancient races whom we are too apt to despise as "savages" or "niggers."

The Moon as An Agent

The heliograph was employed by the Arabs to transmit intelligence from city to city throughout their empire nine hundred years ago.

Cornelius Agrippa's passage about communicating by the moon is quoted as follows:

If anyone shall take images artificially painted, or written letters, and in a clear light, set them against the beams of the full moon, whose resemblance being multiplied in the disc and caught upward, and reflected back again with the beams of the moon, any other man that is privy to the thing, at a long distance, sees, reads, and knows them in the very compass and circle of the moon.

Finally the opinion is expressed that there is nothing more miraculous in these means of communication than in the magnet, the X-ray, etc., but only more unfamiliar, and that:

Other cases of abnormal perception of events may possibly be due to the imperfect

Some Forgotten Faculties

working of faculties usually in abeyance in our ordinary waking state, but which may be, as has been conjectured, faculties which the human race enjoyed at an earlier stage in the history of man, but which have since fallen into disuse; or possibly dawning faculties which will become fully developed in future races of men; or, thirdly, faculties in what we may call a larval condition, which do not pertain to our present life at all, but to some other stage in our existence, though potentially present, or on rare occasions partially active.

Western science is very competent in things which can be done by machinery, but it is not an adept in the use of that best of machines, the human organism, which it abuses so badly. The older races have better bodies and need fewer external appliances.

H. T. E.

Professor Virchow Dead

PROF. RUDOLPH VIRCHOW, the scientist, whose theory of cellular pathology has been of immense value to medical science, died on September 2d, at his home in Berlin. Prof. Virchow has been one of our greatest reformers; politically he has always been active, and uncompromisingly liberalist. Because of his political views he was, in 1849, expelled from his Chair in the Berlin Hospital Charite, a position which, in 1856, he was invited to again accept, with honors of additional powers. And the fact that Raumer, who expelled him, was the very man who finally invited him to return, instances but one of the many curious readjustments which are brought about by Karmic law.

It was after that occurrence that Virchow completed the scientific discoveries that made him famous. Yet his interest in German politics increased and, when about forty years of age, he became a member of the house of deputies in the Prussian landtag. At about the same date Bismarck became minister, and their political skirmishes in the reichstag were at one time the talk of the people.

Virchow was born in 1821 at Shivelbein, Pomerania. He studied at Coslin, later at the University of Berlin. He was deeply humanitarian in spirit, all his work, political and scientific, being done from a desire to help humanity. In this respect he presents a striking contrast to many of our modern scientists and reformers.

Another Gospel Manuscript

ANOTHER Gospel Manuscript has been discovered by Mrs. Gibson in the ancient library in Sinai. Noticing a vellum volume on one of the shelves she examined it and found it to consist of Arabic sermons and accounts of various martyrs. Closer examination, however, showed that these records were written over some more ancient writing which, by the aid of a re-agent was still decipherable, and was found to be a Peshitta version of the Gospels. The date has not yet been fixed, but there seems good reason to believe that an important discovery has been made. Curiously enough, one of the superimposed sermons thus written upon a gospel manuscript partially erased for the purpose was intended to teach that "no man may alter the least value of anything which our Lord has said in the Holy Gospel."

As an illustration of divine truth buried under dogma this is perhaps the first on record, but not, unfortunately, the last. STUDENT

Ancient Fauna of Scotland

DURING the excavating of ground near the north bank of the river Dee, in Scotland, a pair of horns belonging to an extinct variety of deer, and some ribs of a red deer were brought to light. "The antlers," writes a correspondent, "are wonderfully perfect and denote an 'imperial,' probably a very ordinary stag at the time, but such as is now quite unknown in the highlands. It has been suggested that the stag probably walked from Germany on dry ground, a presumption quite in accordance with the extensive deposit which had swallowed him up. The horns were found at a depth of 15 feet in close blue sand and clay. Their thickness at the coronet is 8 inches, the length 35 inches, while the brow antler measures 12 inches."—*London Sphere*

THE illustration on the cover page of THE NEW CENTURY this week shows a glimpse of the Mesa Grande, with Warner's Hot Springs in the distance, in San Diego county. The latter place is the ancestral home of the Warner's Ranch Indians. The photograph is by C. W. Jackson of San Diego.

Life and Not Death

IN studying life from the stand-point of Theosophy one cannot but be impressed with the erroneous views of life that so largely prevail.

It is plain that they are the cause of much of the misery we see around us. Take the vital question of death—one that affects us all. This natural process of nature, looked upon in the light of Theosophy, loses all its terrors, much of its sorrow, *all* its hopelessness and despair.

What is the truth about Life and Death? *Life is continuous*, for man is the Soul, the Higher Mind, "that which in thee knows for it is knowledge, is not of fleeting life, it is the man that is, and was, and evermore shall be, for whom the hour shall never strike." The body dies, and the matter of which it is composed goes towards making other forms, other bodies, but the informing Soul lives on as a conscious being. Many, many times, through the ages, have we incarnated, now in this nation, now in that, as best suited to the soul's requirements. Humanity is on earth for a purpose, practically for the fulfillment of the command most familiar to us in the words of the Teacher of Nazareth, but equally the command of all divine teachers, "Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect."

It has needed heroic work, and great self-sacrifice on the part of the three mighty Teachers of our own day to turn the thoughts of men upward, to impress the glorious fact of their divinity upon them, to attune the advanced thought of the age to the key-note of *Life*, and not *Death*. But this has been done, and the pioneers of the new hope rising in the hearts of men, feeling the freedom and the joy of the old truths restated and demonstrated to them by those heroic souls, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley, feel a gratitude and devotion to them that is unspeakable.

What are these old truths? They are few and simple, but as active factors in the world's life, they had been well-nigh forgotten. Today the words and deeds of these Great Ones have made them living, potent forces in the lives of thousands.

Briefly stated: Man is a living Soul, within a physical animal body. What he sows, he must reap; Universal Brotherhood is a fact in nature; the ultimate end of humanity is perfection—complete and conscious union with the Divine World-Soul. So we are here on earth with a task before us, and the power to accomplish lies within us. Not all at once do we achieve, but step by step, during earth life after earth life, reaping the effect of past evil and ignorance, in pain and limitation, of past good in joy and expansion. That we have sown a mixed crop of grain and weeds, is clearly indicated in our present characters and circumstances. It lies in our hands to do better, for in the soul resides the power of choice, and the *will* which makes it possible for us to live up to our aspirations. It is therefore quite erroneous to say, "A man has only one life to live," and "a man can die only once." He has only one immortal and therefore continuous life as a *Soul*, but many, many earth lives, with rests in diviner spheres, between his incarnations, that the soul may be strengthened. And when our dear ones lay down their mortal bodies, they are but withdrawn from our outer life for a time, and we shall surely meet them again, as we have met them in this life not for the first time. Nor in our inner life does the tie ever break, though our false ideas of separateness blind us to this truth. But the heart knows, and the heart and not the head, has been in all ages the symbol of the spiritual man. "Ye are all sons of God," and the "kingdom of heaven is within you," so in the light of Truth, it lies with us to choose to live in the sunshine of Life, and not in the shadows of Death. E. I. W.

Read at a Public meeting, of Lodge No. 1, Australia, July 6th, 1902

Demonstrating the Earth's Rotation

THE rotation of the earth is about to be demonstrated in Paris by an experiment like that tried by Foucault fifty years ago. A simple pendulum, a cannon-ball on a wire seventy-five yards long, will be suspended by a needle-point bearing from the dome of the Pantheon. This will be set oscillating in a plane, and the plane of oscillation will remain immovable in space while the earth rotates. Thus there will be relative motion between this plane and the ground, and the line traced on the floor by the pendulum will be found after 15 minutes to be crossing the original line at a small angle. H. T. E.

Hail! A Friend!

FAR through dim space and time I see thee, radiant, majestic, encompassed in peace.

Naught can dim the steady flame, burning with star-like brightness in thine still, still eyes.

Well, well I know no thought of me will ever pass within thy thought. Yet, in my heart a silent voice breathes forth—"truest friend."

Yea, to mortals only are friends not true; unless they, thought in thought, on one another dwell.

A shadowy thought of thee as friend to self?—a veil is drawn—thy radiance grows dim. When I stand by thy side? mine eyes will have the stillness of thine, and no thought of thee or me shall dim the brightness of the burning flame.

We will not speak of what you are doing, or what I have done. Nay, we will look with still, still eyes o'er nature's realms, sending swift shafts of light! answering a call—from nature, to herself.

And yet to mortal vision thou art cold.

Deep, deep must be the sorrow, ere thy hidden depths of heart be known.

And know? If to self thy sympathy be drawn? then wilt thou retreat—seeming colder than before—thou, thou who art all heart! Changeless! Immortal!

Hail! Hail! Hail!

A. P. D.

Purple Robes at English Coronations

PURPLE has always been the coronation color of English monarchs. There have, however, been exceptions to this rule. Richard II and Henry VI were both attired in white satin robes at their coronations. Richard II was murdered in Pontefract Castle and Henry VI met a similar fate in the Tower of London.

The only other exception was that of Charles I who, at his own express desire was also robed in white at his coronation, although he was urgently reminded of the fate which had befallen the only two monarchs who had hitherto been so attired. Twenty-three years later, almost to the day, when his decapitated body was borne to the grave during a blinding snow storm, there were not wanting those who remarked on the tragedy which had closed the life of the third "white king." STUDENT

Driftwood

☞ The peculiar light-rays emanating from radium can be seen through a metallic screen. It is inferred that radium can be used to discover whether the retina of a blind person is healthy.

☞ Dr. Sellim, who is exploring in Palestine on behalf of the Austrian Academy of Sciences, has discovered the walls and gateway of an ancient Temple of Solomon in the neighborhood of Janohah [or Janum, in Samaria]. Dr. Sellim has drawn up an accurate plan of his discovery which is of very great importance to archaeologists.—*London Sphere*

☞ Even archaeology is not a modern invention, and the ancients had other ancients older than themselves. When the tumulus at Carnac (Brittany) was opened in 1875, and the remains of a Roman villa found, a number of pre-Celtic relics were discovered arranged on some shelves like the objects in a museum. The Roman owner had evidently been an archaeologist himself.

☞ Education must train character as well as sharpen the intellect. By character we mean *the power to say No*—the trained power of knowing where, or why, or how, to say No.—HON. MICHAEL SADLER, in an address before the National Educational Association, Minneapolis. [To which we might add that *saying No* must include *feeling No* against the clamors of the lower nature.]

☞ The *Scientific American* gives an account of the artificial diamonds of M. Moissan. They are almost microscopic in size, but are genuine crystallized carbon, having the characteristics of natural diamonds. The process consists in dissolving carbon in iron (melted in the electric arc), and cooling it under pressure. Nature has advantages in the way of enormous pressure and plenitude of time which will not be easily imitated.

☞ There is in the Royal Museum in The Hague, Holland, a curious old document describing the adventures of Henry Hudson, a navigator in the service of the Dutch East India Company. He it was who discovered the river to which he gave his name. A passage in the document reads as follows: "The natives, or Indians, on his first coming there, regarded the ship with mighty wonder, and looked upon it as a sea monster, and declared that such a ship or people had never been there before."

Art Music and Literature

The Cathedral Builders of Long Ago

A VISIT to an old-world English Cathedral city with its air of quiet respectability, its sleepy streets, its decorous, leisurely clergy, focusing its atmosphere of somnolent peace at the cathedral close, irresistibly calls up the picture of the more stirring times of the past when the great edifice arose from the hearts of the people as naturally as a flower expands from the bud.

In the days—few alas!—of the inspired architects of the finest buildings we now reverence, the whole people took a keen and living interest and a pride in their art-life. It was no exotic, no curious luxury of life to be trotted out on special occasions. It was a part of the life of the people, as countless anecdotes testify. The architects cared so little for fame or the applause of posterity that we can hardly ascertain the names of more than a very few with any certainty.

They were simple men, working for the love of their art and trying to bring the freshness and living qualities of Nature into the town.

To compare our modern buildings with the great works of the past is a depressing occupation, but it should act as an incentive for us to awaken to the fact that we have lost something—that our system of education is on wrong lines in many of the essentials for the formation of strong, self-reliant characters who can think for themselves. Without appreciation no one will continue to produce and so it is clear that the people of the latter middle-ages, though deficient in many things that we think essential, such as reading and writing, had a deep and true understanding of the soul of art—felt its message—and were as delighted by the completion of some great work of painting, architecture or sculpture as we are by the launching of some battleship or the discovery of some new explosive.

There is no reason that we should return to the exact ways of the past, even if it were possible, but in our systems of child-training, we can keep before us the best things that our ancestors possessed. Under Katherine Tingley's educational system which is designed on simple and natural lines, the appreciation and understanding of nature grows spontaneously and art is seen to be no external, artificial invention, but, like music, a part of life itself.

The new style of architecture which is rapidly growing up at Point Loma, is coming in the exact manner that would be expected from the realization of Theosophy as a living power in life. Each new building that is erected here under the creative eye of the Leader of this movement, bears the stamp of perfect fitness and takes its place, in color and form, in the landscape, not as if it had been planted down on the surface of the ground but as if it had grown naturally in harmony with the sunshine, the flowers and the breeze. Not only in general effect but in detail, the same fact is seen—appropriateness and simple unforced beauty growing spontaneously out of the needs of the case—guided by a master hand that is not trammled by the conventions of the schools or the dead weight of the past, but which has at command the same understanding of the unity of man and nature that made the Egyptian and the Greek Temples living things—native to their soil. CASHEL

Decadent Art Due to Ecclesiastics

MUNICH'S decadence as an art center is treated in a serious manner in a recent article in the Milwaukee *Sentinel*. After speaking of the influence of William Kaulbach and Carl Piloty, both of whom made Munich famous among artists, the article refers to the publication of a pamphlet recently in that city by Herr Eduard Engels as having stirred up a veritable hornet's nest about its daring originator. It is in the form of answers to a "Rundfrage" or circular letter, from no fewer than thirty-three eminent artists scattered over Germany, the majority of them, however, residing in Munich.



POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY

WESTMINSTER ABBEY would be more accurately described as one of the world's possessions than as belonging to any one nation or people. Especially is this true of that portion of it known as Poets' Corner. Art and literature are not conscious of national boundaries, nor can they ever be a national property. Their proper commemoration is the world's care, as it is the whole world to which they have appealed and which they have sought to benefit.

Poets' Corner is the most beautiful and the most peaceful spot in Westminster Abbey. It is truly a Valhalla of the mighty in English literature and art and a fitting memorial of the continuous efflorescence of many centuries. To enumerate the mighty dead who lie within its shades is unnecessary in these days of travel and knowledge, but it can hardly be an exaggeration to look upon Poets' Corner as one of the links which bind together the old world and the new.

The question was, "Is it a fact that Munich is in danger of losing her position as first and foremost of German art centers? Almost one-half say unequivocally that Munich is falling behind.

While such a shifting of leadership might have interest only to artists as a general proposition, yet when one begins to look for the cause he finds that it is the same cause that has laid its palsy hand on all progress, stifled literature and invention and "burked" education.

This cause is given in the words of an American art critic who some time ago declared that Munich was on the down grade:

Munich is a famous center for such arts and industries as supply churches with bronze work, wood carvings, frescoes and stained glass. Protestant as

well as Catholic churches are largely equipped from her shops. But if we examine the nations and ages in which a fruitful upspringing of art occurred, we find that they were nations and ages in which the monarchical and ecclesiastical spirit were absent or at a minimum. Such was Greece in its great art epoch; such was Italy at the renaissance; such Northern France when Gothic architecture bloomed; such was Holland when she produced Rembrandt and the great Dutch landscapists; such France, in the present century, since she achieved leadership in the arts. Is not this the one key to Munich's failure?

Undoubtedly ecclesiastics and monarchs have done much to keep art alive, particularly in times of trouble when wealth remained in few hands but their own. But they have done more than any other two classes of men to force the fine arts into blind alleys whence there was no outgoing. Ecclesiastics must resist change and art must always change. They must, as a rule, oppose the advance of intellect. Art must ever follow that advance.

Some Facts About of the "Gita Govinda"

ONE of the most celebrated compositions in Sanskrit literature is the poem *Gita Govinda* by Jayadeva of the Twelfth century, A. D. It is a sort of Oriental opera in narrative, written in a truly dramatic style, portraying the struggle of the soul amid human passions and the final attainment of supreme spiritual happiness. It is in many ways like Solomon's Divine Song. Divided into twelve short cantos, it contains more than twenty lyrical gems and is arranged for musical accompaniment.

It is said that the German poetical rendering by Ruckhart is the most satisfactory translation that has yet been made.

BUT, indeed, we prefer books to pounds; and we love manuscripts better than florins; and we prefer small pamphlets to war horses.—ISAAC DISRAELI

Truth Will Prevail

A WISE and good Teacher of men once said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away but my word shall never pass away," which was to my mind another way of saying "Truth will prevail." Theosophy teaches us that apart and beyond all systems of religion and philosophy lies the truth about life itself in its pristine purity; and the mighty Laws of Life are ever at work whether we heed them or not. There is a science of life, and there have always existed those who know that science. Truth will prevail, because it is eternal and indestructible. Theories upon life and the various departments of life, may grow like mushrooms in the night to shrivel into nothingness under the rays of the day-bringer, the light-giver; opinions of the hour burst like the soap bubbles of our childhood's days, but the great underlying realities exist for ever!

Many of us now realize, and many more will, as the weeks and years slip by, that the present period is one of *unveiling*, of spiritual and mental enlightenment. Not a few old land-marks have already been engulfed in the on-coming tide of a better knowledge of the past history of humanity. It becomes impossible for thinking men and women to rest content with the ideas of their childhood. The demand of humanity has been for *more light*, and that *Light has come*.

For those who are earnestly seeking help in unraveling life's problems Theosophy with its splendid common-sense explanations, its magnificent ideals, comes as an oasis in the desert to the thirsty pilgrim. What can be more glorious and inspiring than to know we can become perfect beings, perfect in love and wisdom; that not a flower that blooms, a bird that flies, an animal that breathes, a human soul incarnated in the flesh, but is here for some wise purpose, and that purpose is *discoverable* by the one who sets strenuously to work to discover the kingdom of heaven, which, to again quote a wise Teacher, "is within you." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all these other things will be added unto you."

That man or woman who becomes "one with his Father in Heaven," or in whom the better self, the *divine self*, is active becomes one of the helpers of the race, a spiritual teacher learned in the lore of the Book of Life, wherein is written the past and the future history of mankind. And the records of the knowledge that these "Sons of God" transmit to men have been called the "Bibles" of the world. In the past the Scriptures of the world have been looked upon as quite distinct from each other. Not until the advent of Theosophy in the Nineteenth century, heralded by that great Soul and heroic pioneer H. P. Blavatsky, were our minds turned to the study of these isolated fragments as parts of a whole and to discover under the wrappings of each, so to say, the one truth.

Truth will prevail, has prevailed through the ages, because it is part of life itself. The laws of life are not apart from humanity; we are happy when we obey them, and are sad, unfortunate, and bitterly disconsolate when we disobey or fight against them.

Liberty but not license is ordained for man, and as H. P. Blavatsky once said, "A fact is as awkward for a man to run against as a pitchfork." One basic fact which, as a race, we have run against is Universal Brotherhood. Another law of life which we have neglected to apply practically to our every-day lives is, that what we mete to others will be measured again to us. The neglect of this fact is largely due to the absence of consideration of a third and forgotten truth—Reincarnation. Not remembering that we, being immortal souls, have countless lives on earth, our bodies alone being perishable, we have come to "imagine a vain thing," that a man or woman may do a deed and escape the result. Limiting our vision to one earth life, we point to the prosperity of notorious evil doers, or the—what we consider—undeserved misfortunes of the upright, and complain of the want of justice in the world. But let us enlarge our view, look upon all the unexplainable events and changes in our lives as the result of causes sown in other lives, and hope and confidence take the place of puzzled despair. "Teach to eschew all causes, the ripple of effect as the great tidal wave, thou shalt let run its course," is the teaching given in a very ancient scripture.

Humanity has slowly been learning, through its age-long failures and mistakes, the lesson of its responsibility. Indications of this may be seen in the present tendency of people to think for themselves, I mean that kind of thought that St. Paul spoke of when he advised "to prove all things and hold fast to that which is true," and not to accept things on

blind faith on the word of another, be they labeled "religious" or "scientific."

The Truth will stand that most searching of all tests, time. When the Galilean Teacher said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and that he would be with his true disciples to the end of the world, he expressed a truth which Theosophy shows to be part of the great scheme of evolution; that the Great Helpers of the Race never leave us, and incarnate at fitting times for "the preservation of the just, the destruction of the wicked and the establishment of righteousness." And such a time is the present time when to each of us goes out the call, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." H. P. Blavatsky was the pioneer of the new time, William Q. Judge's mighty work for Brotherhood brought the Golden Age nearer to our comprehension, while Katherine Tingley, in her inexpressibly great work for humanity, is demonstrating the power of the human soul in a way that is unmistakable to all who come into contact with that work. The unselfish are attracted by it, the selfish are repelled. But the everlasting verities are manifesting before our eyes. Man is divine in his higher nature, a God, with the power and knowledge of a God as his heritage and reward for unselfish service to the race. Justice rules; Universal Brotherhood is a *fact* in nature—Truth will Prevail!

E. I. W.



IN THE CANYON ABOVE EAGLE'S NEST, SAN DIEGO COUNTY

Sea Weed

by CORNELIUS GEORGE FENNER

A WEARY weed, tossed to and fro,
Drearly drenched in the ocean brine,
Soaring high and sinking low,
Lashed along without will of mine;
Sport of the spume of the surging sea,
Flung on the foam, afar and afar,
Mark my manifold mystery—
Growth and grace in their place appear.

I bear round berries, gray and red,
Rootless and rover though I be;
My spangled leaves, when nicely spread,
Arboresce as a trunkless tree;
Corals curious coat me o'er,
White and hard in apt array;
'Mid the wild waves' rude uproar
Gracefully grow I, night and day.

Hearts there are on the sounding shore,
Something whispers soft to me,
Restless and roaming forever more,
Like this weary weed of the sea;
Bear they yet on each beating breast
The eternal type of the wondrous whole,
Growth unfolding amidst unrest,
Grace informing with silent soul.

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

Greek Archaeological Discoveries in Crete

WE have already drawn attention to the amazing archaeological discoveries which have been made in Crete, and which go so far to justify and to substantiate the claims of Greek antiquity. We have now received some additional particulars which still further enhance the importance of this research and the results which will follow.

The Cave of Psychro has now been fully cleared out and examined. This is the *actual Holy Dictæan Cavern* in which, according to Hesiod and Virgil, the Supreme Deity was nursed. This was the scene of the union of Zeus with Europa, and from here Minos gave the Law unto the people after communion with God. There still stands the sacrificial altar, and piled from five to seven feet deep are the libation vases, weapons and statuettes which were offered by a devout people. The lower part of this marvelous cave opens up still further wonders in the shape of a vast cavern running far into the heart of the mountain and containing a maze of stalactite pillars. In the mud at the bottom were found enormous numbers of images, gems, and household utensils. The slits in the pillars had obviously been used as convenient receptacles, for they were filled with votive offerings of axes and trinkets. There can be no question that this cavern was actually the Holy of Holies itself, and into its depths Minos descended alone, bringing forth with him the supreme gift of Zeus, the Eternal Law by which the people were to be guided and governed.

It is hard to assign a relative importance to discoveries so rich and so varied. Not least, however, is the library, which remains practically uninjured for our examination and instruction. This library is in the form of clay tablets, somewhat similar to the Babylonian, but with two distinct types of characters, one hieroglyphic and the other linear. The majority are of the linear variety, executed in an elegant script strongly resembling European writing. Of these inscriptions over one thousand have been found. They were originally contained in coffers, secured by clay seals, on which were impressed the marks and the countermarks of the responsible librarians. There can be little doubt that we have now within our hands the actual palace archives, and while we must necessarily wait with some patience for their decipherment, it is not unreasonable to believe that we shall soon be in possession of authentic history which will open for us a new era of knowledge in all that concerns this earliest Greek civilization. S. C.

Civilization that Flourished Before the Pyramids

IN Utah have recently been discovered evidences of a civilization antedating that which gave to the world the Pyramids and the Sphinx. Dr. Kekeler, now in Salt Lake City, an archæologist who has made researches in many lands, says:

In my opinion there are cities in Central America which antedate the Pyramids and which prove that a mighty civilization existed here thousands of years before the Sphinx was known. In the course of time this civilization was carried eastward to Egypt, India and other lands.

Dr. Kekeler has discovered statutes of men and of animals, which have on them hieroglyphic characters quite similar to those found in the ruins of the most ancient of Asiatic cities. In many Western states and in Lower California, have also been found evidences of prehistoric races and of a glorious prehistoric civilization. When our archæologists have given to these localities the attention they merit our knowledge of antiquity will be enormously widened. STUDENT

Inscriptions of the Early Hindus

THE Hindus were familiar with the art of making letters as early as the Seventh century. These letters were at first used only for cut inscriptions, not for written compositions. Ages before palm leaf was scratched and lettered the chiseled rock was known in India. The most sacred literature of India was committed to memory by specialists who devoted their lives to learning and to preserving the traditional literature. Years later when writing was known, it was considered wrong to vulgarize sacred writings by working them out in visible form. The best part of a Hindu scholar's mind is his memory.

Excavations at Ephesus Again in Progress

THE excavations at Ephesus, begun no less than forty years ago by Mr. Wood for the British Museum, are again in progress, though under different hands. More and more, of the greatest interest, is coming to light.

Ephesus was the meeting-point of early Greek with still earlier Asiatic culture. Its origin was Asiatic, but the first Greek conquests are only just beyond the domain of definite history.

Asiatic tradition assigned the foundation of this most celebrated city of antiquity to the "Amazons," who were the first priestesses of the religious cult of Artemis, the goddess of spiritual nature—among the Greeks, Diana. As well as the Amazons, we hear of the mysterious Pelasgi, those people who were the prehistoric Romans, the prehistoric Greeks, possibly the prehistoric Spaniards; even, it may be, Celts, Cornishmen, the Welsh and the Irish. At any rate they were fabled to have sailed along the Mediterranean and up the west coast of Europe, and to have been mighty magicians; preserving and sowing, it may be, the seeds of the fruit of a civilization of which not the breath of a memory lives in history.

Yet it is by means of excavations such as these at Ephesus, and the others in Greece and about Rome, that we may hope to get some light upon that which is otherwise in darkness, save for the glimmer of tradition.

We speak of *the Temple at Ephesus* as, with equal error, we speak of *the Temple at Eleusis*. We know now of at least *three* successive Temples occupying the same area at Ephesus. Of the characteristics of the third we know now a good deal; of the second much less; of the first, almost nothing—not even whether it were the first, which is not probable. The ruins of the third were completely out of sight in the overlying mud.

But time is bringing to light many strange things in these later days. If we may make two predictions, they will be that during the next few years the craze for foreshadowing the perspective of traditions, of antiquity, and of history, will receive its quietus: and that impending discoveries will compel an infinitely greater respect for legends and traditions, as the fanciful embroidered caskets of *fact*. K

The Zapotecs of Mexico—Discoveries by Prof. Seville

THE mine of archæological records which has been found in Mexico has just furnished another addition to our knowledge of the ancient civilizations which preceded the appearance of the Spaniards. Professor Marshall N. Saville of the American Museum of Natural History, has now returned from an exploratory journey, during which he has paid special attention to the Zapotecs, that ancient race which was as distant and as different from the Aztecs as from the Mayas of Yucatan.

The chief scene of Professor Saville's labors was in the neighborhood of the town of Oaxaca. The very numerous mounds with which the vicinity is covered, and the occasional chance discovery of fragmentary works of art has long indicated this district as one worthy of archæological attention, and the results in the present case are certainly surprising in their interest and variety.

The mounds in question are of various shapes and sizes, and it was speedily discovered that the external form was a trustworthy clue to the contents. The pyramidal mounds disclosed temples with firm foundations and columns, while those rectangular in shape were tombs. Within the tombs were found portions of skeletons painted red, and numbers of incense burners and jadeite beads. The human teeth which came to light were decorated by the insertion of pieces of hematite.

The most remarkable tomb was found at Xoxo. Its floor was covered with food utensils and censers, and the bones which it contained were all painted red. The walls had evidently been decorated in colors and then covered with stucco, on which pictures were painted in black, but most of this decorative work had fallen to the ground and been lost. Over the doors were hieroglyphic inscriptions of a kind hitherto unknown, and of which the decipherment may throw some additional light upon this claimant to archæological research and interest. STUDENT

COLONEL SWEET, of the Twenty-third United States Infantry, and staff, in consultation with the native Moro Chief on the island of Ca Dung Dung, P. I.—Photo by C. W. Holmquist



A GROUP of Japanese girls on the island of Bungoa in the Sulu archipelago. There are many Japanese on the islands, and most of them are of the better class.

Some Previous Coronation Incidents

THE English Coronation has revived the records of some previous ceremonies of a like nature, and among them are some incidents that have their humorous aspects. Thus it is related by Pyrme in his account of the coronation of James II:

When the Champion Dimock let off his horse to kiss James II hand, after that he had challenged anyone that durst question the king's rights to the crown, as the custom is, the Champion in moving toward the king, fell down all his length in the Hall when, as there was nothing in his way that could visibly cause the same; whereupon the queen said, "see you, love, what a weak champion you have." To which the king sayde nothing, but laught, and the Champion excused himself, pretending his armour was heavy, and that he himself was weak with sickness, which was false, for he was very well, and had had none.

There were not wanting many who, in later years, recalled this incident in the coronation of James II, and saw in his unhappy fate the fulfillment of the augury provided by the "weak champion."

A somewhat similar contretemps happened at the coronation of his successors, King William and Queen Mary. On this occasion the glove of the Champion could never be found again after it was thrown down.

At the coronation of George III, Lord Effingham, the Earl Marshal, forgot to provide himself with the great Sword of State, so essential a part of the ceremony. A substitute had therefore to be hastily borrowed from the Lord Mayor. Lord Effingham, on being severely blamed by the king for his oversight, made matters very much worse by replying in his confusion,

It is true, Sir, that there has been some neglect; but I will take pains that the next coronation shall be regulated in the most exact manner possible.

The coronation of Queen Victoria was originally fixed for June 26, but it was postponed for two days on the discovery that the former date was the anniversary of the death of George IV. The day was heavy and dull, but as the procession was on its way the sun suddenly burst gloriously through the clouds, and from that time onwards a belief in "Queen's weather" became popular, a belief that certainly received increasing justification through all subsequent years. C.

Sound and Form

AN illustration of the correspondences between sound and form may easily be obtained by anyone who can contrive a simple piece of mechanism. A sheet of thin, strong paper is tied tightly over the large end of a common tin trumpet. If a pinch of fine sand is now placed in the middle of the paper and a note sung into the lower end of the trumpet, the sand will be found to have grouped itself into a sound picture and each note will produce its own separate record. Some of the pictures resemble flowers, others assume animal forms, and some are like birds. The variety of shape is almost endless. The correspondences between sound and color have also been demonstrated with equal scientific certainty, and when we remember the close connection between mental states and sounds and colors, it will be seen that science is on the verge of a tremendous discovery.

A MOUNTED PATROL of the Twenty-third U. S. Infantry, under Captain Hines, stationed at Jolo, P. I., and engaged chiefly in escort duty for the Sultan of Sulu.—Photo by C. W. Holmquist



Power of Scent in Animals

MR. KEARTON, the naturalist who hunts with a camera instead of with a gun, and so gives us pictures of life instead of death, has been writing on the power of scent among animals, and some of his illustrations go far to increase what we already know on this subject.

He maintains that the scent of the Fulmar petrel is so keen that if its egg be touched, or even breathed upon, by a human being, it is aware of the fact and will abandon its nest. He states that he and his brother examined some nests and touched the eggs for the purpose of noting the nature of the soil underneath. A few days afterwards when he returned with the intention of photographing the nests he found that every egg was gone, and he supposes that they had been forsaken because they had been touched, and were then destroyed by the hooded crows.

The well-known scent of the wild duck is also cited. In the eastern counties of England it is necessary for hunters to take with them a piece of burning turf to hide the human smell. The indifference of the birds to the burning turf is due to the fact that peat has been largely used for fuel throughout the district. STUDENT

The Role of Dust

NATURE has her own gigantic postal system conducted under our very eyes; and we hardly notice it.

She has been lately effecting large shipments of material from the desert of Sahara to Europe, shipments that may amount to millions of tons.

Early last year "yellow snow" fell all over Northern and Central Europe. More recently "bloody rain" fell in Italy. The color in both cases was due to dust floating in the air and borne from Sahara.

If only those particles could have told something of their history; of what they had seen; of the long vanished sea and the navies that sailed thereon; of the peoples and successive civilizations—gone by these ages and ages—whose habitations this very sand helped to bury against the discoveries, perhaps, of this very century! If only they could have brought to our boiling and feverish west something of the peace and silence of the place whence they came!

It may be that they do both. Only we are not yet finely tuned enough to recognize that subtle sense of the mystery and magnitude of the vanished past which is nevertheless stealing upon the modern consciousness and modifying modern ways of thought and belief.

* * *

But dust discharges humbler functions than to psychologize us with the records of our own past. To dust we owe the condensation of cloud into rain, the droplets forming about the solid nucleus. To dust we owe our colored sunrises and sunsets; the diffusion of light through our chambers; and the storms that equilibrate the unequal tension of electricity in the earth and in the clouds.

So dust is something more than a microbe carrier. And even as such nature steadily cleanses and disinfests it—by sunlight, by ozone and by electricity. C.

Everett, Roxbury and Beacon. The Cambridge Lodge, however, still holds in addition a weekly members' meeting in Cambridge. The members of this Lodge give good attendance, attention and help to the Union meetings in Boston, as do also the members of the other suburban lodges.

These Union meetings have for several months been presided over by the presidents of these Lodges in turn; but noticing that the unity and harmony heretofore prevailing at these very important meetings of so many members was being destroyed and that a feeling of separateness between the lodges was springing up, as well as noticing a lack of previous preparation for the meeting on the part of some, the president of the Boston Lodge called the several presidents together and laid these facts before them, and with their assent and hearty approval it was decided that he should again take full charge of these meetings, settling upon the following plan and program for carrying them on, viz:

- 1 Opening exercises—Singing Lotus songs, a short reading from the Gita, recitation of precepts (used in the Lotus Groups) and Gayatri, in concert.
- 2 Reading of minutes of last meeting.
- 3 Business—Reports of committees, unfinished business and new business.
- 4 Roll-call, reading of greetings from absent members, and collection.
- 5 Reading of a few Yoga Aphorisms by a member and then a short talk about them for the help of all (10 to 15 minutes).
- 6 Reading of Point Loma news from THE NEW CENTURY or Path by an-

other member (10 to 15 minutes), and then the reading, by still another member, of an article from either of the same magazines.

7 Closing exercises—"Children of Light," or "Truth, Light and Liberation," or "America," or a few silent moments with best thoughts for the work.

In this way these meetings are made devotional and instructive; they facilitate the necessary business of the work here; they keep the members in touch with the great Heart Center (in calling their attention to what is going on there) by reading the reports of so much of the work as the Leader sees fit to publish; and they give the members that opportunity to become familiar with the platform (by each in turn being called upon to take part in the meeting) which will help to make some of them speakers and readers at public meetings.

These meetings are intended to be the uniting force which keeps the members of these various lodges together and makes of Boston and vicinity a strong center. By this means also the burden of maintaining the headquarters here can be lightened, and perhaps in time, when members of suburban lodges realize how much their work depends upon the keeping of the Boston Headquarters, they will give even better attendance, attention and support to the Boston meetings. It is, however, the endeavor of the president of the Boston Lodge to make these Union meetings as helpful to all members as possible, as well as to keep the general interest centered in Boston. Respectfully submitted,

August 26, 1902

W. H. SOMERSALL

The Angel of Peace

FOR weary month after month, year after year, has the implacable spirit of cruel war been hovering over the Empire, stirring up deadly strife between two brave peoples, striking down from time to time with its fell spear the flower of their manhood, and the bright hope of those who loved them. And as that sable-winged angel of death, with outstretched, reeking sword, brooded over each stricken field, each deadly conflict, where man met man in life and death struggle, each thrust of that lethal weapon left the anxious wife a widow, the child an orphan, or the parent mourning and desolate. And so, like a great hideous vampire, its noisome form ever manifest, its outspread wings ever flapping over the doomed, unhappy sphere of strife, it continued its relentless course, sweeping the land with the fell besom of destruction, making the garden a desert, the homestead a very ruin and desolation.

But the cruel and relentless spirit held not supreme sway. For when the stress of the conflict was over, and the field was strewn with the bleeding and the dying, then those heroes who, an hour before had fought to the death, now vied with each other in assuaging the sufferings which perhaps they themselves had caused; now giving their last drop of water to a wounded enemy; now covering him with their own cloak; now tenderly ministering to him while he is passing through the cold, dread valley of the shadow.

But at length the reign of that malevolent specter comes to an end, and we can hear the beating of the wings of the bright Angel of Peace; the ghoulish, evil phantom has fled, and the beneficent spirit of concord and amity has taken his place; foe grasps the hand of foe; not now in the deadly strife, but in the clasp of friendship and brotherhood, and those who the day before would fly in fury at each other's throats, now sheathe the sword and are ready to extend the right hand of friendship and fraternal regard; enmity and animosity are laid aside, and a staunch and sincere friendship take their place. For none can appreciate bravery like the brave; none so highly esteem valor and daring as the intrepid and the gallant. And now that the blast of war no longer ravages that bright new gem in the British crown, and that grand emblem of liberty, of progress, of equity and of prosperity, the glorious British flag, waves undisputed over the land, may the angel of peace and brotherhood ever hold sway; and may the country, no longer rent in strife and discord, advance in wealth, in affluence, and in continually increasing prosperity.

But would that the advent of the Prince of Peace were hastened, when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks. But until that halcyon day we must ever battle with our spiritual foes.—From *The Behar Times*, of Bankipore and Bhangulpore, India



THE SOUTH SAN DIEGO SCHOOL HOUSE

The Bounty of Earth

THE poets, ancient and modern, so often call the earth "bounteous" that the word has almost lost its meaning in its frequency, and we forget how exceedingly true it is.

Watch the growth of a single melon seed. In two or three days its sproutlets appear; in two or three more it is a plant; in two or three weeks it can cover as many square yards as it has lived days.

And scattered through the leafage are the great fruits, richly seeded, and every seed ready and anxious to repeat the parental program.

It is all commonplace enough, so commonplace that we forget to wonder, forget to think how intensely charged with expectant life must be that dead looking brown-gray powder we call earth. And in our egotism we forget too that it is to the seed that the bounty comes, and only indirectly to us.

The life is always waiting. It only seems to lack initiative; it must have a hint where to go, an idea of what to do. This hint and idea are the seed. "Come this way," says the seed; "I have work for you to do. I will be the spot where you can meet the sun-life."

A seed seems to be just that, a point where sun-life and earth-life can blend into a third and higher life. And it contains the pattern according to which this third life shall energize.

The earth-life, it would seem, cannot flow without water; water frees it and vehicles it, doubtless by dissolving the substance, little by little. Pure water will not carry an electric current; there must be something in solution.

K.

AND but for our surface and distracted lives—lived here for the most part in the senses—we should never have lost the consciousness of our descent into immortality, nor have questioned our resurrection and longevity.

But as, in descending, all drink of oblivion—some more, some less—it happens that while all are conscious of life, by defect of memory our recollections are various concerning it; those discerning most vividly who have drunk least of oblivion, they more easily recalling the memory of their past existence. Ancient of days, we hardly are persuaded to believe that our souls are no older than our bodies, and to date our nativity from our family registers, as if time and space could chronicle the periods of the immortal mind by its advent into the flesh and decease out of it.—*Alcott's Tablets*

"THE gods, like strangers from some foreign land, assuming different forms, wander through cities, watching the injustice and justice of men."

Students



Path

You and Today

by ELLA WHEELER WILCOX in *The Century Magazine*

WITH every rising of the sun,
Think of your life as just begun.

The past has shrived, and buried deep,
All yesterdays; there let them sleep.

Nor seek to summon back one ghost
Of that innumerable host.

Concern yourself with but today,
Woo it and teach it to obey

Your will and wish. Since time began,
Today has been the friend of man!

But, in his blindness and his sorrow,
He looks to yesterday and tomorrow.

You, and today! A soul sublime
And the great judgment hour of time.

With God himself to bind the twain!
Go forth, I say, attain, attain.

The World Is Asking

THAT the methods of education adopted at Point Loma are not vain and fanciful, is proved by the fact that the world voices the need for such methods.

In *The World Today* (August), is an article called "The Three H's in Education," by W. M. Beardshear, ex-President of the National Educational Association. The three H's are head, heart and hand, and are in contradistinction with the three R's. We quote a few passages:

Many of the teaching profession have taken up their work for the little ready money there is in it, rather than from the love of learning and a love of life with their ceaseless unfolding of wondrous possibilities. True education is not merely to give us material progress and supremacy.

The heart sees farther than the eye, feels more deeply than the hand, and understands more profoundly than the brain. The heart is the seer in the kingdom of life.

At present we are bound too much by the mechanics of our profession and have stiffened by the whalebone of preconceived rule. Welcome method, hail system of pedagogy, commend convention and hasten interchange of ideas; but, as in the hallelujah chorus of the Messiah, rise all with reverent heads in honor of the heart in education.

Athletics, says our writer, have been carried to an excess that destroys their real usefulness as a component of all-round education, wasting time and resources and injuring the constitution. He speaks for the manliness and self-restraint which physical culture and contests rightly give, and points out that any brutality evinced in public life in after years, will have been caused, not by physical discipline, but by excesses and unmanly rivalry in sports.

The most crying need of the times is for the higher education of our teachers and people. . . . Descartes, an apostle of literary humility, writes: "Those who wish to know how to speak of everything and to acquire reputation for learning, will succeed most easily if they content themselves with a semblance of truth, which may readily be found." Too sadly, many of our educational folk "know how to speak of everything," but few of them know how to speak everything of anything.

H. T. E.

Reticence of Learning

THE late Lord Acton is described as the most learned man in England. He had collected a private library variously estimated at 60,000 to 100,000 volumes, and is said to have read and remembered every book he had. He was a student of medieval and modern

European history, and people are lamenting the fact that his vast lore was not bequeathed in any writings. He was always checked in his productions by the wish for still more study.

The opinion is expressed that, while scholarly reserve is most admirable in such an age of ignorant volubility, Lord Acton overstepped the mark in not producing any work at all. And certainly he seems to have allowed the faculty of acquiring information to grow from a useful power to a blind passion.

The library has been purchased by Mr. Carnegie and presented by him to Mr. Morley, the English statesman, who will probably treat it as a public trust. The cost of accommodating the books is placed at \$100,000.

H. T. E.

A Broadminded Churchman

CANON HENSON, whose outspoken sermons on the lines of a liberal theology have provoked so much comment and antagonism, seems little inclined to recede from his position, if we may judge from a sermon which he has just delivered in London on the subject of the clergy and laity. He said that the constant tendency of the clergy had been towards holding the Christian laity away from advance in religion, giving to them what he would call a saving minimum of spiritual attainment, and then stopping their progress, and so sacrificing the welfare of their pupils to the extension of their own authority as teachers. *The clergy ought not to forget the scandalous and suggestive fact that the general judgment of civilized communities has finally associated clericalism with an anti-social hostility to intellectual progress.* They ought no more to seek merely the perpetuation of their own authority, but rather the advance the people committed to their charge.

STUDENT

"The king, a self-crowned king is he
Who from desire and fear is free."

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

An Alpine Reverie

DEAR COMRADES: After a long tramp through heat and dust we reach the highest point and stand upon the brink of the great precipice, pine clad toward its lower slopes where it is not so steep. As we look across the deep valley to the majestic cliff opposite, snow crowned and seemingly close at hand in the pure, transparent air, we feel that this vision of beauty and the thoughts evoked by the grandeur of the scene will never leave us. The clearness of the purple shadows, the brilliancy of the white and gold of the sunshine as it falls on glittering snow peak or rocky escarpment, the melodious tinkling of some distant bell or echoing sound of horns, carry the soul for the moment high above the petty concerns of the common life, freeing it from the taint of earth. We long to make our dwelling-place in these bright regions.

But a stray butterfly, a messenger from the lower levels, looking out-of-place amid these rocks and snows, flutters by and reminds us that below lies our home and our duties in the green valley of human life. The gentle haze of distance gives it a charm which hides the sordid details, and as the discordant cries of conflicting selfish interests, the petty strifes, die out before reaching these heights, we feel the deeper heart-tones, the tragedy and the strength of human life and begin to faintly realize the immense compassion of those who so love their fellow men that they ever strive to lift humanity's burden of sorrow and ignorance.

We may not leave the struggling life of men and flee to the mountain top until the work we have to do for them demands the change. No mere selfish desire to escape the pressure of the outer life must lead us from the homes of men into the wilds. The shortness of breath and the inevitable mountain-sickness which attack the overhasty climber would soon drive us back. Unprepared, unsupported, we could no more live apart than the nature-lover could remain in the high altitudes without shelter and comforts brought from the lowlands.

Life in the high, impersonal region of the soul is for all men and we must strive ardently and constantly to gain it. As we do our daily duties fully, with pure love for mankind as our guiding star, we shall become helpers of humanity in a very real sense. Then, having learned to know ourselves, we shall understand Nature too, and becoming more closely linked with mankind the "stillness of the mountain top" will be ours by right.

IDRONE

A Chinaman's Gratitude

It was only a worthless Chinese laundryman, named Tong Jack, living in Cambridge, Maryland. He set up his laundry in a building next to Mr. James A. McAllister's house. Mr. McAllister did not like it, but he recognized his neighbor's rights, and when the boys teased and annoyed the Chinaman Mr. McAllister drove them away and stopped their interference with his peaceable business. Tong Jack had prospered in his humble business, when Mr. McAllister was taken sick. Tong Jack constantly sent flowers and delicacies to him, and when he died the poor man's grief was intense. He hired thirty carriages for the funeral that all might ride, and himself walked behind the hearse to the grave, all clad in mourning white. And some people think that the Chinese have no gratitude and are hardly human.—*The Independent*

Isis Conservatory of Music

of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Personal applications and inquiries received every Saturday by the Secretary at

San Diego Branch 1940 B St.

HOURS 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

Full particulars sent by mail on application, address

J. H. FUSSELL, *Secretary and Treasurer*

Isis Conservatory of Music Point Loma, Calif.

The Chadbourn Furniture Co.

W. L. FREVERT, *Manager*

We aim to carry an entirely up-to-date stock of house furnishings, and, for style and variety of goods, cannot be outdone in Southern California. We are glad to show visitors through our extensive store-rooms.

STORE-ROOMS

SIXTH & D STREETS

San Diego, Cal.

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be one season or another. Paint will set tougher during the winter, and of course that gives durability. One point favoring winter. There are others favoring summer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so often as houses painted with any other paint, because it has more body to withstand action of the elements. There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per gallon.

We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.

WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS

7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

THE YOUNG KING IS POPULAR**Dignified but Democratic—Possessed of Strong Character**

Associated Press Dispatch

NEW YORK, Sept. 10—One of the most constant questions one hears today, says a Paris dispatch to the *Herald*, is "what is the King of Spain doing, how is he developing, and what impression is he making on his country?"

A gentleman who has lived many years in Madrid and whose business is to watch the development of matters in Spain says:

"The young king is earning large popularity. If left alone he will be more popular still. Left to his own way he loves to go everywhere, to talk to the people and to hear what they have to say. There is no country more democratic than Spain, and its king, to be popular, must mix with the people.

"The young king is full of dignity. While he loves to mix with the people to try to understand and make friends with them, he never for one moment loses sight and sense of his position and what is due to himself.

"But he is very often surrounded by old generals, who do not go with the times and do not understand the needs of the country. He has plenty of character and lots of good will and energy."

Social Instinct of Ants

A swarm of *formica pratensis* was closely pressed in its nest by an army of the same species, and crowds of alarmed defenders issued from the entrances of the nest and flew to take part in the fight. Like Satan, the tempter of old, I placed near them a beautiful drop of honey on a piece of paper. At any other time the honey would have been covered in a few instants with ants gorging themselves; but this time numerous working ants came upon it, tasted it for scarcely a second, and returned to it restlessly three or four times. Conscientiousness, the feeling of duty, invariably prevailed over gormandism, and they left the honey to go and be killed while defending the community. I am bound to own, however, that there are ants less social in whom gormandism does prevail.

Compared to the manners of other sociable animals, and especially to those of man, the manners of ants exhibit a profound and fundamental aggregation of facts of convergence, due to their social life. Let me mention devotion, the instinctive sentiment of duty, slavery, torture, war, alliances, the raising of cattle, gardening, harvesting, and even social degenerescence through the attraction of certain harmful means of enjoyment.

It would be ridiculous and erroneous to see in the fulfillment reasoning, the result of calculated reflection, analogous to ours. The fact that each is fixed and circumscribed within one species, as well as the fatalistic character it has in that species, proves this superabundantly. But it would be as grave a mistake to refuse to recognize the deep natural laws that are concealed under this convergence. Is the case different as regards our actions though they are infinitely more plastic and more complex individually? I do not believe it.

I have been unable to give more than a short sketch of the social life of ants. Let each one study it for himself, and he will experience in doing so the deep enjoyment that comes from sounding the secrets and laws of nature, while at the same time he will enjoy the most delightful satire upon human wretchedness, and will perceive at least the main lines of a social example that we ought to be able to imitate, though we cannot do so, on account of the too large dose of egotistical and ferocious instincts that we have inherited from our ancestors.—*International World*

Bad shepherds destroy their sheep.—HOMER

Clerical Demonstration

PARIS, September 8—A dispatch from Les Nevin, department of Finisterre, says a religious festival which is being held at Rolgoet is becoming an important clerical manifestation. Thirty thousand peasants from all parts of Brittany attended an open air service today. The bishop of Quimper and 300 clergy, headed by a cross and banners, marched from the church to an altar erected on a plain and decorated with French flags. A priest who preached in the Breton language, after violent allusions to the recent closing of the unauthorized schools, concluded with saying:

"The *Freemasons* are seeking to drive God from the schools. They will soon send the priests to the scaffold. Never will Bretons be such Frenchmen. They will prefer chains, prisons and death."—*Los Angeles Herald*

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, *President*
G. B. GROW, *Cashier*
W. R. ROGERS, *Assistant Cashier*

Every facility and security offered to our patrons and the public generally. Collections and exchanges on all points.

KELLY'S LIVERY POINT LOMA COACH LINE

*Special Coaches for Select Parties
arranged by telephone*

DEALER IN FIRST-CLASS HORSES

THIRD & F STS., PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

THE Lion Clothing Co. CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"
STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

Electric Laundry

NELSON SNYDER, *Proprietor*

16TH & I STREETS

TELEPHONE BLACK 731

No Saw Edges on Collars and Cuffs

GEORGE T. VERNON
Tailor

1110 FIFTH STREET - SEFTON BLOCK
Telephone Black 1912

ENTERTAINMENT
by Children of the

Raja Yoga School

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON
in the

Aryan Temple, Point Loma
Tickets 50 cents

Bank of Commerce

841 FIFTH ST., bet E & F Sts., SAN DIEGO

Capital, \$100,000

Reserve & Undivided Profits, \$46,837.23

R. M. POWERS, President F. W. JACKSON, Cashier
GRAHAM E. BABCOCK, Vice-President C. L. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—R. M. Powers, Graham E. Babcock, J. F. Sinks, A. H. Frost, Chas. T. Hinde, U. S. Grant, & F. W. Jackson

General banking business transacted. Exchange drawn direct on all principal cities of United States and Europe. Prompt attention given to collections.

EDWARD M. BURBECK

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Copper Plate Engraving & Printing
Steel Dies, Crests, and Monograms
Largest & most varied stock of Books
and General Literature in the City

1051-59 FIFTH STREET, SAN DIEGO

"Burbeck's Big Bookstore"

Toys Games Souvenirs Office Supplies City and County Maps

"Where Rail and Tide Meet, There Cast Anchor"

Investors, Speculators, & Real Estate Dealers

GET IN ON THE
GROUND FLOOR
AT SAN DIEGO
EARLY

San Diego is the Open Door to the Orient & Investors now will be Capitalists later

CAN'T YOU SEE THE HAND OF DESTINY?

- 2700 miles saved in encircling the globe via this port
- Three Transcontinental Railroads heading for this Harbor
- The Commerce of the Southwest and of the Pacific is being concentrated at the Bay of San Diego
- Look out for Big Developments; the Market is active now

If you want to Buy or Sell here, address

D. C. Reed

Established 1870

Ex-Mayor of San Diego

Alligators Nearly Exterminated

Persons who visited Florida a few years ago and saw the rivers, swamps and bayous literally teeming with thousands of alligators will be surprised to learn that these large reptiles are fast becoming extinct. The constant and wholesale warfare that has been waged against them has thinned them out so completely that, unless a halt is soon called, their total extermination is a matter of time. While they were formerly numerous as far north as Georgia, they have gradually become extinct until now they are found in great numbers only along the coast line of the extreme southern states. In Florida they are practically extinct, with the exception of Manatee, Lee, DeSoto, and Dade counties. In the Everglades the species have probably been more numerous than in any other portion of the world, for the reason that it has been well-nigh impossible to get to them. In this almost impregnable swamp nature has defended them so well that if a hunter succeeded in penetrating it and killing his game he was frequently unable to secure it.

It was not until the hide of the saurian became a factor of commerce that its extermination began in earnest. The skins, when tanned, make excellent leather for the manufacture of such articles as trunks, traveling bags, purses, pocket-books, and all kinds of leather novelties. Books are also bound with it, and it is even used for upholstering chairs. Dade county, on the east coast of Florida, sends to market about 50,000 skins annually, while the number from the counties on the west coast reaches fully 125,000 each year. There is one firm in New Orleans that handles over 50,000 skins annually.

In addition to the wholesale slaughter of large alligators for commercial purposes, a feature of recent development is the preparation of young ones for the summer trade. Dealers pay \$15 a hundred for the little reptiles while they are from five to ten inches in length. They are disemboweled, pickled in a preserving solution, stiffened by the insertion of wires into their bodies, stuffed with sawdust and then varnished. They are mounted on pin cushions, pin and jewelry trays, paper weights, etc., and retailed at an average price of fifty cents each. One firm in Florida sells every winter thousands of these little stuffed "gators" to tourists, and as many more thousands every summer at northern resorts.—*Indianapolis News*

The Boomerang

Some German scientists have been experimenting with the boomerang, that curious weapon which is so formidable in the hands of the Australian aborigine, but which seems to be so ineffective elsewhere. The presence of some Australian natives gave an added interest to the investigation. The boomerang is a slender, crescent-shaped instrument, usually about two feet long, two or three inches wide and a quarter of an inch thick. On the occasion in question the boomerang was thrown straight into the air to a height of about three hundred feet. It then flew straight away, turned sharply to the left and returned in a curved line to its starting point, still preserving sufficient force to impart a considerable injury. An opinion was formed that its curious properties lie in the accentuated curve in the middle and the unequal length of the two arms which must, however, be made of equal weight by means of unequal thickness. The fact remains, however, that it is only the Australian native who can successfully use it. C.

The Hopping Rheumatism

"Yes," said the old man. "'Peared lak he wuz give over inter de han's er Satau, en Satan 'flicted him wid de hoppin' rheumatis'. Fust it wuz in one place, en den it wuz in another; but he went ter prayin' ter be relieve of it, en one day, whilst it wuz a-hoppin' fum one j'int ter another, it hopped into his wooden leg, an' he pulled off de leg, an' th'owed it in de fire, en it en de rheumatis' wuz teetotally consumed."—*Atlanta Constitution*

SEARCHLIGHT

NO. 6

Special number issued to
the public

CONTAINING A FULL REPORT OF THE

**Great Debate
on Theosophy
& Christianity**

HELD AT THE OPERA HOUSE, SAN DIEGO, CAL.,
ON SEPTEMBER 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, AND
OCTOBER 6 AND 13, 1901

SEVENTY-TWO PAGES

Notwithstanding the increase in the cost of publishing, owing to the largely increased number of pages, the price remains the same as heretofore

FIFTEEN CENTS

The
Theosophical Publishing Co.
Point Loma, Cal.

You will need a copy for yourself and several copies to send to your friends. The edition is limited.

An Address
by Katherine Tingley
in the Opera House
at San Diego, Sunday
evening, March 16th
1902

Neatly printed and bound, containing half-tone illustrations of the Opera House, Loma Homestead and the Aryan Temple.

This is the first public address of Katherine Tingley after her purchase of the Opera House, and in it is outlined broadly her plans for the beautiful theatre and its occupation by the Isis Conservatory of Music. Sent post paid for TEN CENTS.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Souvenir Postal Cards
of Loma-land

PRIVATE MAILING CARDS, PRINTED ON
FINEST IVORY-FINISH CARDBOARD
13 different half-tone glimpses of Loma-land on which to
send your Brotherhood Thoughts all over the world. A
stream of them should be kept in circulation by every member.

2 for 5 cents (postage 1c extra) . \$0.06
50, postpaid, for 1.00
100, " " 1.50

Sent assorted unless ordered with specifications. Order from
THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

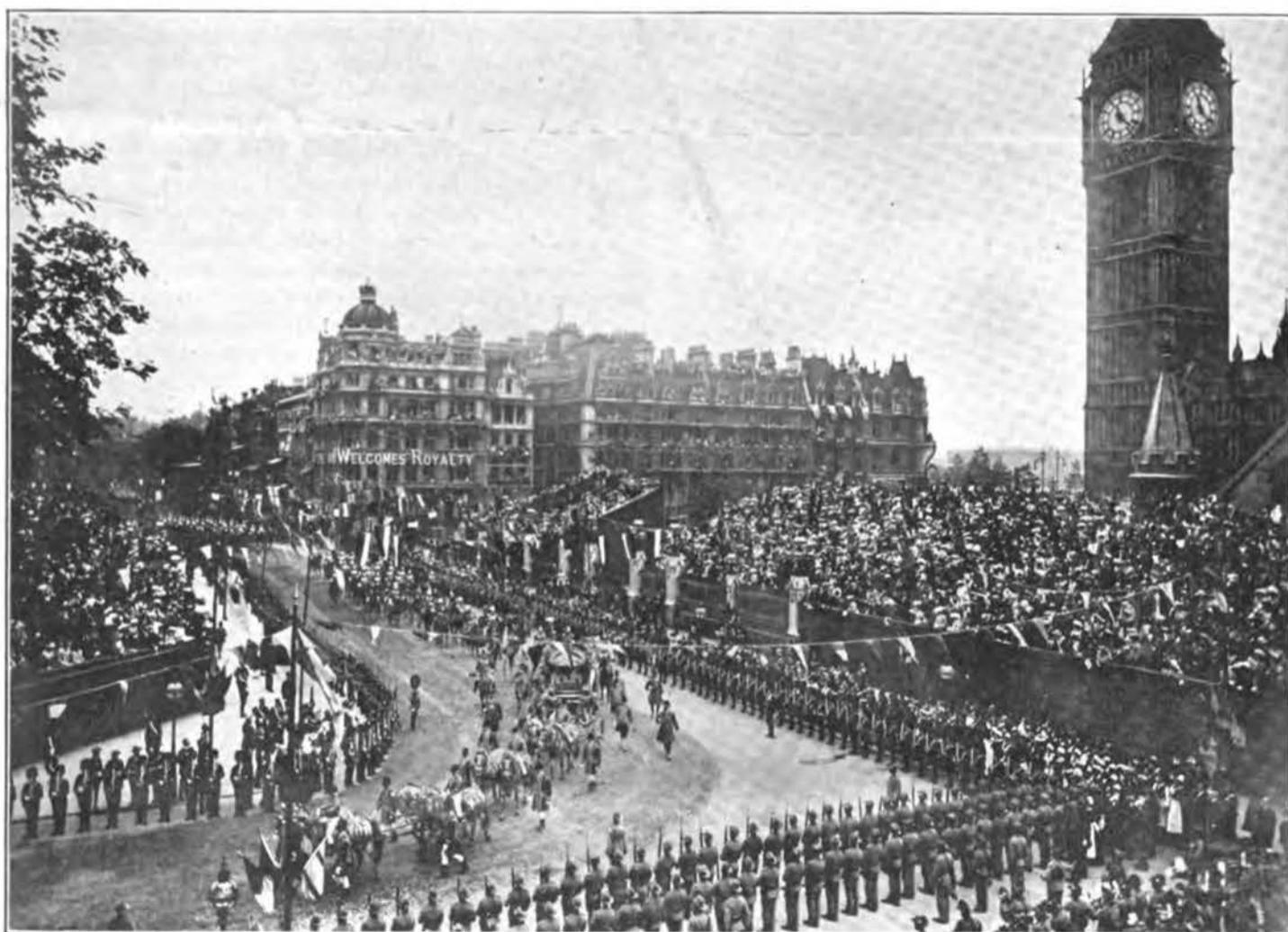
The New Century



Year \$2

Point Loma, San Diego, California.

Copy 5¢



The New Century

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Two Dollars; other countries in the Postal Union, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; payable in advance
Single copy, Five Cents

Communications for the Editor, manuscripts, reports, books and periodicals for review should be addressed, "Katherine Tingley, Editor *The New Century*, Point Loma."

The editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

Articles will not be considered by the editor unless signed by the author and marked with the number of words contained. In no case is manuscript returned.

Address all Business communications, including subscriptions, and make all remittances (in bank drafts or money orders, payable to The New Century Corporation) to "Clark Thurston, Point Loma, Cal."

To comply with recent postal regulations, all Post-Office money order remittances should be made payable at San Diego. The remittances, as well as all other mail, should be made to Point Loma, as usual.

Entered at the Post-Office at Point Loma, Cal., as second-class matter Nov. 30th, 1901
Copyright, 1902, by Katherine Tingley

Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

Spain's Youthful Ruler

EVERYTHING in this world depends upon the point of view. Certain newspapers still continue to entertain the public with sensational accounts of King Alfonso's alleged "escapades." Those who read these accounts will do well to reflect that they emanate from people whose ecclesiastical views the young king has dared to antagonize. Does not this fact explain the situation?

A recent account has the following headlines: "Priests are Horrified. Boy Monarch Mocks at Holy Relics and Scouts Traditions of the Church." The very newspapers which give heartrending accounts of his cruelty to his mother, his supposed adventures in questionable places and among questionable people, his waywardness (?) with his ministers, etc., state that,

The most serious of his offenses is his skepticism concerning sacred relics of the holy apostles and patron saints,

Skeptical of "Holy" Relics

which relics were duly exhibited to him during his recent travels in Spain. Now, there are people who consider immoralities and extravagances (such as those with which the young king is charged), worse than skepticism concerning holy relics. There are people who consider that the life lived is of more account in the eternal order of things than mere professions, religious or otherwise. And it is altogether likely that people who value purity of life would comment upon the young king's attitude in quite a different tone.

It is said that the Spanish army is filled with agnostics, that heretical ideas have even penetrated the court and affected some of those with whom the young king is surrounded. In that, perhaps, lies one explanation for the king's exceedingly liberal views. However, taken at the last analysis, is it not difficult to entirely condemn the king's opposition

Could Not Escape Criticism

to the very counsels which have succeeded in placing Spain before the world as a nation humiliated, bankrupt, all but ruined? It is impossible that young Alfonso should escape criticism. That would not be in the order of things, as the world goes. The man or woman who dares to step out in defiance of the established order of things, becomes the target for self-seekers. That such a person may be right and the established order of things wrong signifies nothing, save that in such cases the persecution is more subtle, more persistent and more bitter. That has been the case all through the ages. The average newspaper reader, in blindly accepting extravagant, if not malicious statements, without thought or investigation, becomes an ally of the very forces that seek to tear down rather than build. We are our brother's keeper, in an even greater degree than the most philosophic among us recognize. And even our mental attitude,

if we persistently mistake gossip for truth and fiction for fact, does grievous work in tying the hands of the young king. Even his enemies admit that he is broad-minded, generous and eager to learn the real needs of his people. Spain might do worse than show him loyalty. G.

Physical Exercise

HOW long will it be before men recognize that they die long before they need? *Want of physical exercise* must certainly count as one of the few primary causes of death—primary in the sense of affording the basis for the presence of the visible disease which alone appears in the statistics. The average business man takes *no* exercise. When this fact dawns upon him, and he is seriously out of health, he takes a course of somebody's "system"—elaborate contortions of various kinds done in his own bedroom.

But even that helps, and when he has secured some benefit from it and brought himself to what in the deepness of his darkness he calls "health," he stops it. The typically healthy body is that of a child—and not even of *all* children. Alert in movement, rejoicing in movement, quick in sensation, rapid in recovery from injuries, full of vivid feeling, a very harp of nature—such is the healthy body.

And it should be long years ere that standard wanes; its decline should be painless, gentle, uniform, not clouding the mind, not blunting the higher ranges of thought or feeling. Death should be an unanxious, disease-less, uniform cessation of all the machinery.

Much of this could be attained, and the average life perhaps doubled in length, by right physical exercise alone.

At Loma-land the Greek games in which that people universally participated are being revived. It will be accounted a disgrace to a man to have a bad or uncouth carriage of himself. Singing, natural in childhood, will remain natural and spontaneous in later years—as it is now among some of the simpler peoples. Garden work will be given its proper place in life, and a new structure of cities will make it universally possible. But these things, and many an other, belong to a new conception of life, one that will reach the world—and is reaching it—through Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood. K.

The Meaning of a Coronation

A CORONATION is a symbol, and it is surprising that so few of the English and American comments upon the coronation of King Edward have touched on that.

The meaning of ceremonial is but little understood in our day, and therefore its power is gone well-nigh.

True ceremonial is the rendering visible of what was invisible, the exteriorization of an inner process. And in turn it renders that inner process more real. Often enough, it is frivolized and shorn of its meaning, disconnected from anything real; and, even when real, participated in by those who see and feel nothing.

The English coronation symbolized the laying, by a people, upon one man, the duty of carrying out some part of their highest and noblest and most spiritual aspirations, so far as his office permitted: and it expressed the intention of the man concerned, to make that great attempt: and the coming upon him of the moral power to do so.

Does any one who knows the people, and the man, and the essence of the ceremony, suppose that *no* added vision was given from the millions of centering minds, operating in part through the ceremony and in part directly; that there was *no* growth of soul, as the central figure felt the pressure of all the people upon him and saw his great duties in a clearer light than is thus given to any save the very, very few in history?

We think that the memory and conception of the meaning of it all will not fade, either from the people or the man; that both will be found to have achieved, because of it, a new dignity; that the influence of this ruler will override the ignobler elements among his own advisers; and that he will grow into a great factor for the promotion of brotherhood and the general welfare of humanity in and beyond his vast Empire. K.

The Coronation Procession

THE illustration on the cover page of *THE NEW CENTURY* this week shows a street scene in London during the procession of the King and Queen and their escort to the coronation services at Westminster Abbey.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Mothers of the Nation

A FRENCH author and novelist, the most prolific of his day, and one who has done no small work in unraveling the subterranean causes of human fate, is preparing a new novel of which the central intention is the emancipation of women. He believes that the necessity for such a work has been demonstrated by the Dreyfus case, in which he himself took no inglorious part, and herein he does not refer so much to the incidents of that trial as to the deeper social condition of which it was an index.

How, he seems to ask, can we look forward to the attainment of religious liberty so long as the mothers of a nation have been educated in an atmosphere of dependence which is the very negation of religious liberty, so long as the women of a community are dominated by religious influences which have identified themselves with a selfish political and social power? How can we expect the men of a nation in whose hands the executive functions must largely rest, to pursue ideals of freedom to which they are already opposed by a pre-natal tendency which is continued and increased through the early years of home education, and which culminates in the domestic forces of adult and married life? If it fall to the lot of the husbands and the fathers of a nation to bring to accomplishment the ideals of the mothers and the wives, how pre-eminently is it our duty to see to it that those ideals are formed in freedom from influences which are not soul given, and which are indeed opposed to social well-being and to the natural aspirations of a nation.

National Apathy to a Grave Danger

If the work which the French author has set himself to perform be well and truly carried out, we trust that his book will be as widely read in America as it will be in Europe. We believe that the injustice of a Dreyfus case could not *at present* be repeated in America *in so concentrated and impudent a form*. We are none the less sure that the anti-human forces of which this case was an epitome are just as actively malignant in America, are just as relentless and determined, and that with us they are stimulated and encouraged by a national apathy which refuses to awake to a condition of which we have had here, so far, no very visible illustration. We are equally certain that those forces could find no such effective ally as a continued unwillingness on the part of our women to take the lead along a path of liberated ideals, instead of being themselves led along that other path which is strewn with those unworthy ideals which the manhood of the nation is already translating into the domain of almost unalterable tragedy.

The fate of a nation is not decided by political conventions nor by ballot boxes. These things are but the signatures of national ideals, and of these ideals, divine or base as they may be, the women of the nation are the creators or the channels.

STUDENT

Natural Products Necessary

M. BERTHELOT, the celebrated French chemist, is again allowing the "scientific imagination" full play, in his predictions of those times when all food will be manufactured in the laboratory, and humanity, emancipated from toil, become happy. Just as agriculture supplanted hunting, so chemistry is supplanting agriculture. But we have not yet observed that humanity toils any the less than when it ploughed more, or than when it hunted. Even supposing all our food could be made quickly and with little labor, should we not be wanting other things that would call for human labor, the minister of human luxury?

Again, we cannot see that chemistry supplants agriculture as agriculture supplants hunting. The fruits of the earth are better for man than the offering of Cain; but how can manufactured stuff improve on the fruits? Progress does not continue indefinitely in a straight line, and it is possible that man may become as barbarous in one direction as another. He can improve and work up nature's products, but he cannot supplant them.

M. Berthelot, however, admits that the idea of tabloid meals is a delusion. The human body, he says, must have bulk as well as quality in aliment.

H. T. E.

America a Missionary Nation

A New York contemporary contains an article entitled "Our Missionary Destiny," from which we make the following extract:

If ever a nation's origin predicted a missionary character that nation is America. The dominant idea that set the flagship of Columbus was a religious idea. More intelligently the hand on the wheel of the Mayflower was the hand of a great Christian purpose.

Missionary enterprise will probably never become exhausted, but it will undergo such changes as to lose all identity with the activities which today are carried on under that name. The spread of wider and more tolerant religious conceptions will yet usher in the day when missionaries will go forth into other lands in order to learn as well as to teach, and when we shall awaken to the fact that the essentials of religious truth are the heritage of the whole world and not of a part only. A single facet of a diamond owes its beauty to its proportionate position among the other facets, and not alone to its own inherent power of shining, and when we have learned to receive light from elsewhere as well as to communicate our own brilliance, missionary zeal will play an important part in the world of religion.

In the meantime we render no small homage to that aspect of missionary work, by the instrumentality of which yellow fever has been destroyed throughout the Island of Cuba, and our admiration suffers no abatement from the fact that the men who did this work were appointed by the government without any reference whatever to their dogmatic opinions or to their adhesion, or non-adhesion, to any particular church. A tree shall be known by its fruits, and in this case the fruits appear to us to be of surpassing excellence. The sanitary missionaries having admirably performed their work, may now give place to the agricultural missionaries, and thus we shall gradually see the war stains wiped away and hopeful prosperity take the place of despair.

In this best of all ways America will fulfill her destiny as a missionary nation.

STUDENT

Coal and Its Substitute

IT has been calculated that the world's total consumption of coal *per annum* is now 663 millions of tons. Manifest as it is that *that* cannot go on for ever, one is apt to ask—And then? Transmutation of sun, heat and light, of wind and wave and river motion, into electricity? Or something at present entirely unthought of?

There is a good deal of force "lying around," if one knew how to get at it!

The writer has more than once seen mushrooms force their way through a thick concrete pavement, splintering it along radii of many inches from their point of emergence—mushrooms!

If one could only tap the measureless fountains of energy in this mighty living magnet of ours!

But to be more practical, it has been found that an acre of eucalyptus trees, entirely uncultivated, in places with the most moderate of rain-falls, will yield steadily at least twenty tons of wood annually. Specialists say that there is ample wood-bearing area on the earth's surface to supply the equivalent (annually) of one hundred and sixty thousand millions of tons of coal, in wood.

C.

Mosquitoes and Disease

ANOTHER grave charge has been brought against the mosquito. With that of causing the spread of yellow fever our readers are doubtless familiar, but the ubiquitous insect seems now to be equally guilty of producing elephantiasis.

Dr. Vernon Lyman Kellogg, head of the Entomological Department of Stanford University, has just returned from Samoa where he has been carrying out a series of experiments into the nature of the *Fallaria*, a small worm which lives in mosquitoes and which produces elephantiasis in human beings. Nearly half the native population of Samoa is afflicted with this terrible complaint, and we sincerely hope that the researches in question will have the effect of lessening a scourge so prevalent and so distressing.

STUDENT

Art Music and Literature

Music of Some of the North American Indians

MANY students of Loma-land have had the pleasure of hearing the beautiful renderings of Zuni Indian music by Mr. Troyer, who has made a life-study of the subject; and they will be interested to know that other musicians are working in the same field.

Frederick R. Burton of Yonkers, New York, and Arthur Farwell of Cambridge, Massachusetts, have transcribed and harmonized Indian music, particularly that of the Ojibways.

These melodies are so ancient that their origin is unknown to tradition. Some of the songs are in double rhythm with drum accompaniment, and some are rhythmically free and unaccompanied.

There is no recognition of musical harmony, and in many cases a single brief idea is repeated indefinitely. The scale is of five notes, the fourth and seventh intervals being omitted.

Mr. W. E. Brigham, writing in the *New York Evening Post*, says:

Mr. Burton used to wonder whether the Indians would welcome or resent the employment of harmony with their melodies, and he put the question to test one evening when they had assembled for social relaxation after a performance of "Hiawatha." First he asked them to sing one of their own lyrics in their own way. They did so, in unison, repeating the melody three times. Then a quartet of whites sang the piece in English as Mr. Burton had previously re-arranged it. The Ojibways were greatly excited. They clapped their hands and split the air with their falsetto shrieks of pleasure, and when the quartet had sung the harmonized version again the Indians surrounded him, asking eagerly if he thought they "could learn to sing it that way."

Any music which offers an escape from the rather tedious sameness of Western major and minor modes, regulation rhythms, and conventional harmonies and phrasing, comes as a relief. It affords a temporary freedom from too familiar feelings and opens a world of new wonders. While Western music reminds one of the garish colors of civilized appurtenances, Eastern and other ancient music recalls the quiet and indeterminate shades of a more natural and less cultured art.

Is there not, in H. P. Blavatsky's *From the Caves and Jungles of Hindustan* a disputation between an Eastern and a Western on the contrast between Indian and Western music, in which the westerner praises his beloved military band and the easterner with courteous dignity stands by his native nature-music?
H. T. E.

ARE we put in training for a love which knows not sex nor person, nor partiality, but which seeks virtue and wisdom everywhere? One day all men will be lovers, and every calamity will be dissolved in universal sunshine. An acceptance of the sentiment of love throughout Christendom for a season would bring the felon and the outcast to our side in tears, with the devotion of his faculties to our service.—EMERSON

"GREAT sorrows have a gigantic power of enlarging the soul."

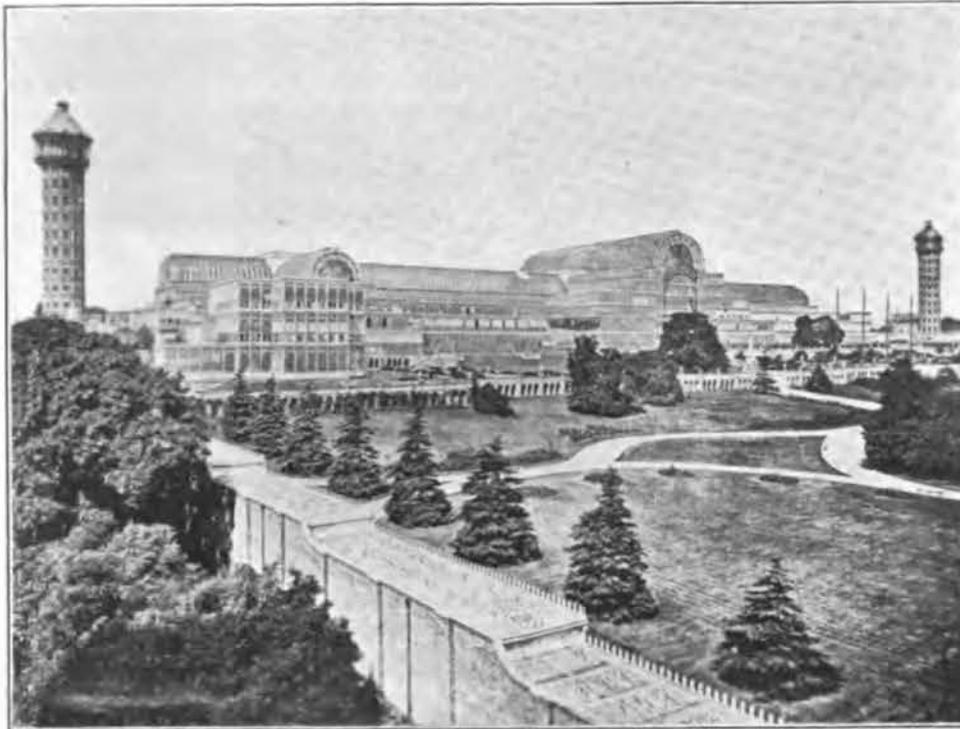
The Extinction of Dramatic Art—The State Theatre

THE opinion of Richard Mansfield on matters theatrical is certainly entitled to all the attention which it is likely to receive. This eminent actor has expressed the belief that "the art of acting is diminishing every day and bids fair to disappear entirely," and that "the newspapers are largely responsible for this condition."

Mr. Mansfield has but expressed a sentiment which must be equally shared by many who have the true interests of the drama at heart. Dramatic art, like all other art, must deteriorate in exact proportion to its adulteration by commercialism and by self love and, of these, the press of today is pre-eminently representative. The actor who is compelled to stand or fall by the breath of popular applause must necessarily put upon one side his own ideals and become the slave of popular prejudice, and very often, indeed, of ignoble and vulgar passion.

There are some European governments who rightly consider it to be of supreme importance that the people should always have an opportunity of witnessing the highest type of drama, and this is regularly provided at subsidized theatres, which are thus made absolutely independent of public applause and financial anxieties.

In fulfilling a mission such as this a government is performing its highest functions in support of public order and public morality, and is doing much to prevent the social diseases which other governments are fruitlessly endeavoring to cure. State penitentiaries and much more creditable.
S.



THE CRYSTAL PALACE, LONDON, ENGLAND

THE CRYSTAL PALACE was the scene of the first great international exhibition and was constructed for that purpose from the design of Sir Joseph Paxton. It is therefore a memorial to what may be legitimately considered the first organized attempt in modern times to bring together the nations of Europe on a common ground of commercial and artistic emulation. Hopes were freely expressed at the time of its inception that through the influence of the first exhibition warfare would soon become a thing of the past, and although we know how rudely such hopes were speedily dissipated, no small measure of benefit must certainly have accrued from the fact that universal peace was presented as a possibility to the minds of men in general. The Crystal Palace is now situated at Sydenham in the South of London. Constructed entirely of glass, its prominent position and vast dimensions make it one of London's most beautiful landmarks. It is now devoted to special exhibitions and to popular amusements of many kinds, for which its immense and beautiful grounds admirably adapt it.

STUDENT

subsidized theatres are much cheaper than penitentiaries and much more creditable.

Musical Instruments Secured by Emperor of Germany

THE emperor of Germany has just presented to the Royal School of Music of Germany, the renowned Snoeck collection of musical instruments, which he recently purchased and brought up to Berlin from its home in Ghent. This collection has been considered for years the most valuable of its kind and was much sought after by art dealers in all parts of Europe as well as this country. There are over twelve hundred instruments in the collection, many of them being of great rarity and priceless value.

The price which the emperor paid for the collection, \$50,000, is extremely low, and would not be accepted were it not for the fact that the collection was to find a permanent place in one of the national institutions. This is obvious, in view of the fact that there are over one hundred old master violins in the collection, for which such prices as 10,000, 40,000 and 60,000 marks have been offered.

Practically every form of musical instrument ever used is in this collection, including trumpets; so-called bell trees, used on Turkish Janizary instruments; flutes of all descriptions, made of ivory, glass, steel and bronze, such as Mexican and Peruvian flutes; numerous Minnesinger harps, pocket violins of ivory and ebony, etc.—*Music Trade Review*

The Danger Threatening St. Paul's Cathedral

THE fall of the Campanile of Venice and the likelihood of other Venetian buildings following its example, and the insecure condition of St. Paul's makes us forcibly realize the perishable nature of many of our most treasured structures. The Pyramids are among the few works of man that seem able to defy the hand of time. With respect to the condition of St. Paul's the *London Daily Mail* publishes the following opinion of an expert:

The danger in which St. Paul's Cathedral is placed by reason of unstable foundations, has not been exaggerated. It would be difficult to exaggerate the serious nature of the circumstances. He entirely agrees with the serious warning which it is understood Mr. Somers Clarke, the architect of the cathedral, has conveyed to the cathedral authorities.

There is no doubt that the repairs of the large and formidable cracks which have appeared above the portico will be easily made, but, however the authorities may attempt to minimize the exaggerated reports that are current, it seems certain that the cost of placing the building upon a secure foundation will be very great. It is said that the subsoil has been deprived of its moisture by drainage and in drying up has slightly shrunk. When Sir Christopher Wren commenced to build in 1675 he naturally did not anticipate the conditions of today. He thought the system of foundations which sufficed for the old Gothic cathedral would be adequate for the new structure.

St. Paul's as Wren left it and as it stands today is a far nobler structure than it would have been if carried out upon the original design, which consisted of a great rotunda surrounded by a wide aisle, but had no structural choir or nave. The central dome was to be double and surmounted by a curious tall spire. Fortunately this design was abandoned, though somewhat to Sir Christopher's annoyance.

St. Paul's is frequently compared with St. Peter's at Rome, but Wren's church has the great advantage that it looks its real size. This is owing to the division of the exterior into two stories with two orders of columns. St. Peter's, on the contrary, is utterly dwarfed by the colossal size of the single order of columns of its portico. In fact it is quite difficult to realize that St. Peter's dome would easily cover the dome of St. Paul's and have room to spare, for to the eye there is little or no difference in their apparent heights. The genius of Wren has created in St. Paul's the noblest specimen in England of architecture in its decline; but, in spite of his opinion of "the Gothick Rudeness of the old Design," we shall always deplore the loss of the original church with its magnificent spire, which reached a greater height than the celebrated steeple at Salisbury.

STUDENT

In everything thou wilt find annoyances but thou shouldst well consider whether the advantages do not predominate. — MENANDER



THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, PARIS

Venice

by HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

WHITE swan of cities, slumbering in thy nest
So wonderfully built among the reeds
Of the lagoon, that fences thee and feeds,
As sayeth thy old historian and thy guest!
White water-lily, cradled and caressed
By ocean streams, and from the salt and weeds
Lifting thy golden filaments and seeds,
Thy sun-illuminated spires, thy crown and crest!
White phantom city, whose unrodden streets
Are rivers, and whose pavements are the shifting
Shadows of palaces and strips of sky;
I wait to see thee vanish like the fleets
Seen in mirage, or towers of cloud uplifting
In air their unsubstantial masonry.

* * * * *



WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE THAMES

and the form of the music was also dictated; but notwithstanding these restrictions, Sir Hubert's Anthem bears the stamp of originality, and it is an exceptionally fine and noble example of modern Church music. The acclamations of the Westminster boys who, by tradition, possess the privilege to shout "Vivat Regina Alexandra!" and "Vivat Rex Edwardus!" as the King and Queen reach the choir stalls, are incorporated in the music, and on Saturday the shouts produced a dramatic effect. The Procession with the Queen being considerably in advance of that of the King, the Anthem had to be repeated from the place of the "Vivats!" to the King, an extended opportunity being thus afforded of enjoying the soul-stirring music.

The Litany being omitted, the choir was next engaged in the Introit, "O, Harken Thou."—English newspaper account of music at the coronation of King Edward VII

The present City of Mexico is thirteen feet above the old level.

The Music at the Coronation of King Edward

THE exceptional care and attention bestowed on the selection and preparation of the music were fully repaid by results. The King had intimated his desire that the music should be by British composers, and that unnecessary elaboration and repetition of words should be avoided, and Sir Frederick Bridge, to whom, as organist of Westminster Abbey, the musical arrangements were entrusted, carried out his Majesty's wishes in a singularly happy manner.

The original scheme embraced English Church music extending over five centuries, but the subsequent omissions, which included Tallis's Litany, dating from about 1552, caused only four centuries to be represented, but from this period a selection was made that it would be difficult to surpass for excellence and appropriateness to the occasion.

The choir was constituted of the choristers of the Chapels Royal, St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, supplemented by a large number of vocalists, many of whom were artists of repute. They were located in the galleries nearest the organ, and as it was impossible for many of the singers to see Sir Frederick's beat, who conducted on the screen facing the orchestra, Sir George Martin of St. Paul's Cathedral, and Dr. Joseph C. Bridge of Chester Cathedral, lent assistance as sub-conductors, and severally repeated Sir Frederick's gestures to the Cantori and Decani choristers. The orchestral players had been carefully chosen, and twelve trumpeters and three side-drum players were engaged for the fanfares, which formed an important feature of the ceremony. Finally, the services of Mr. Walter Alcock were secured for the organ.

The service commenced with Sir Hubert Parry's Anthem "I was glad when they said," sung in procession as their Majesties walked up the nave. The words of this Anthem are prescribed by tradition on such occasions,

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

The Ruined Cities of Arizona

THE time is not very far off when American archæologists will receive some of the recognition which is due to those who have done no small work for the glory of their country.

Prominent among such workers are Mr. Bandelier and Mr. Cushing, to whose labors we are indebted for much of our knowledge of the ruined cities of Arizona, and for the preservation of those ruins from hands more destructive than those of time.

Fifty miles from Phœnix, in Arizona, these ancient cities lie well-nigh buried beneath the desert sands. An eminent English archæologist commits himself to the statement that they were occupied eight thousand years ago. If he has erred at all, it has been on the side of caution, as there are many indications which would justify us in assigning to them a still more remote antiquity.

America of today need not be ashamed of these early peoples who ploughed so deep a furrow upon her soil. A population of fifty thousand persons must have inhabited each of these cities, and there is abundant evidence that they were not merely conquerors of the rugged nature around them, but that they also knew something of the science of communal life and of the personal subordination which must ever be the basis of such an existence.

These ruins cover an area of ninety square miles, and we can today examine for ourselves the irrigation canals, of which the largest is sixty miles long. They brought their construction timber a distance of one hundred miles, and their temples show the facility with which they quarried and carved the stone of the district.

The houses appear to have been built in large communal blocks, 300 or 400 feet square, and several stories high. Each such block seems to have had its common cooking conveniences and water supply, and this alone proves the existence of a very considerable degree of civilization. The relics which have been discovered are very numerous, and consist chiefly of pottery, implements and precious stones. Many inscriptions have also been found, but these seem to be entirely of a religious character and give no historical indications. Mr. Bandelier tells us that religion seems to have been the main purpose of life among these people and not merely an incidental feature. Every detail of their existence appears to have been based upon some religious observance or rite.

The dwellers in these cities must have been eminently pacific in their nature. No weapons have been found, and the evidences of fortifications are altogether insignificant.

It need hardly be said that research and investigation have been hampered if not altogether stopped by lack of funds. If remains possessing one-hundredth part the interest attaching to the ruined cities of Arizona were found in any part of Europe, unlimited financial aid and protection would be forthcoming from the governments concerned. STUDENT

A Prehistoric Skull Found in Kansas

THE human skull which has been found at Lansing, Kansas, promises to be of unusual importance from an archæological point of view. The position in which it was found has led Mr. M. C. Long, the curator of the Kansas City Public Museum, to assign it to the Glacial period, and in this opinion Professor S. W. Williston of the Kansas University fully shares. This would give to it an antiquity of about 35,000 years.

This remarkable relic was discovered by two farmers who were engaged in digging a tunnel at Lansing, for storage purposes. It was found embedded in the solid rock of which it was at first supposed to be a part. Its shape indicates a very low order of mentality, there being practically no frontal development whatever, while the jaw is of unusual size and power.

This is stated to be the first prehistoric skull which has been found in America, although some few specimens have been unearthed from time to time in Europe. We hope that so startling a find will give a needed impetus to archæological research, and that the history of America may yet be enriched by the inclusion of much that is now buried in the clouds of antiquity. C.

Concerning the Origin of the Gypsies

MUCH light has recently come to hand on the origin of this most interesting people, and the path of their wanderings is approximately known.

They are migrated Jats, and their wanderings have extended to nearly every civilized country in successive small waves of which the earliest must have been entirely prehistoric. The Jats are the people of the Sindh in northwestern India, the first Aryan settlers, who made a prehistoric occupation and invasion of the valley of the Indus.

Since the Jat language is a pure Sanskrit, it is natural that the Gypsy language should show its Sanskrit origin. Curiously enough it is the Welsh Gypsy whose speech is the nearest to Sanskrit.

Gypsy blood forms an appreciable element in the Spanish; a curious link, not without significance, between the Spaniard and primeval Indian.

It is clear that the Gypsies represent one or more of those waves from East to West which, beginning in prehistoric times, have left their traces in universal myth, legend and tradition.

M. S. Geffrey says (in *La Science Illustrée*, quoted in *Literary Digest*):

We are witnessing the end of a great transformation begun ages ago. The bands of Gypsies are in reality only the tail-end of civilization. . . . Wave after wave, the races have passed over our territory, some without becoming fixed, others leaving sporadic islets, and finally some that formed stable and important settlements.

The study of legends and remains may yet show that the further back in (now) "prehistoric" time were these waves, the more do they appear to have left a civilized and not a barbarous home and parentage, and the more of that home civilization did they bring with them.

But the traces of it all are at present overlaid, though a new light is slowly emerging. K.

Egyptian Graves Reveal Their Secrets

HUMAN remains recently unearthed at Girga, in Egypt, says the *Chicago Tribune*, consist of a continuous series extending backward over at least 8,000 years. The bodies are so well preserved, owing to the dryness of the atmosphere in the region and to the perfection of interment, that not only can the hair, the nails, the ligaments be made out, but also the muscles and the nerves. In almost every case the brain also is preserved, and the climax has been reached in two cases where the eyes, with the lens in good condition, are present, and in others which show the limb flexures and great splanchnic nerves. There are now unearthed a series of later prehistoric graves ranging throughout the first fifteen dynasties, others of the eighteenth.

The Descendants of the Aztecs in Mexico

DR. ALEX HARDLICKA has been commissioned by the American Museum of Natural history to undertake a journey to Mexico with a view to investigating the present existence of the Aztecs. He has now returned from his mission and reports his conclusion that the direct descendants of the ancient Aztecs are today to be found in the natives of the state of Morelos. While their knowledge and their civilization have of course disappeared, their physical characteristics are unchanged. Dr. Hardlicka further points out the existence of records of an Aztec migration to the region which they now inhabit near Cuernavaca, and that while their arts and sciences exist no longer, the reed and wooden houses which they now inhabit are identical in form and construction with those of their early history.

Ancient Skeleton Found Near San Miguel, Cal.

AN Associated Press dispatch from San Miguel, Cal., says that word has recently been received there of the accidental discovery of a probably prehistoric human skeleton on a ranch fifteen miles from that place. John K. Alm blasted a rock weighing from four to five tons, which he intended using for the foundation of a building. As the rock burst the skeleton was revealed, with folded arms, the bones well preserved and the shape of the trunk very distinct, indicating a man of ordinary height and build.

The Stone of Scone

THE stone which Jacob used as a pillow during his vision of the heavenly ladder, and which he afterwards set up as a memorial of the event (*Genesis xxviii*), has long been traditionally identified with the famous stone of Scone, which serves as the seat of the English coronation chair, and which has been so often described of late. Strangely enough, historians have of late not taken unkindly to this statement, and but recently the Royal Academy History of Spain published the following account of the stone's wanderings as being not altogether impossible:

After the death of Jacob his descendants continued to preserve the stone as a valuable relic. When the children of Israel had to cross the Red Sea the stone proved too heavy for transportation. The Pharaoh of the time had a daughter named Secta, who was given in marriage to a Greek, Hayshckes. These two were given the stone, which had acquired a reputation as a talisman, as a wedding present, and when they subsequently left Egypt took it with them to Spain, where they founded the city of Brigantia. Their descendants emigrated to Ireland, carrying the heirloom with them, and here the sacred history of the stone led to its being employed as the coronation seat of the Irish kings.

It was used in this capacity for several hundred years, and from Ireland the stone was carried to Scotland by invading armies, and there, too, served as the coronation seat.

Finally, when England and Scotland came under one crown, the now-called stone of Scone was brought to Westminster Abbey, where it may be seen in the seat of the battered old coronation chair. In Ireland the stone was preserved at Tara, the capital till the end of the Sixth century, and the assumption that the ark of the covenant and the tables containing the Mosaic law might have made the journey with the stone, has induced a Mr. Groome to make explorations in the vicinity. His excavations so far have met with no success, and Earl Russel, who owns part of the estate, has forbidden him to dig on his property.—*Milwaukee Free Press*



INDIAN-HEAD ROCK, CHATSWORTH PARK, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CAL.

The Worship of Idols

OR how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and behold a beam is in thine own eye.—*Matthew vii: 4*

Idolatry is considered by Christian nations to be the distinguishing crime of those whom they are pleased to term "heathen." It is considered that the worship of a form, image or representation of divinity, is the height of ignorance and folly—not to say blasphemy.

The presumption is, of course, that the Christian nations worship "the true God," in spirit and in truth. The "heathen" also consider that they worship the "true God" through images, or symbols representing His different manifestations. To these representations they offer sacrifices involving the expenditure of much time, energy and personal possessions. As devotion is the test of one's faith, and self-sacrifice is the test of devotion—the heathen tried by these tests prove the sincerity of their beliefs.

If the Christian nations are tested by the standards of devotion and self-sacrifice, there will stand disclosed—not the God they say they worship—but the god or gods they really worship.

Both heathen and Christian teach that the "true God" is Infinite, and both know that false gods are finite.

Both admit that "the true God" is that Divinity in whom ALL creatures live, move and have their being.

Yet one derides the other. As Christians let us ask ourselves the question, "Do we worship the true God?"

Each individual can answer by what he knows in himself and sees in others. The test question will be, "What is the object of my life's devotion and sacrifice?" By the answer will he know whether he worships the "true God," or idols. R.

Do Plants Really Think?

AFTER a long course of observation and experiment Dr. Thomas Gentry believes that plants do think, and certainly some of the facts which he advances go far to prove his contention. He points out that if the slender radicle of a plant on its way through the soil encountefs an obstacle, such as a stone, it stops before touching it and alters its path to one parallel with the obstruction, but never comes into contact with it. Again, if there be in the immediate neighborhood a worm burrow or some natural crack in the soil, the root will seek it out and take advantage of it, following the line of least resistance. Then again, there are the flesh-eating plants, which seek and select their food very much as does an animal, rejecting and ignoring substances for which they have no liking. As an experiment some fragments of food were placed within half an inch of the leaves of one of those curious plants. Within forty minutes the leaves had perceptibly moved towards their food, and in a little more than an hour it was secured and devoured.

STUDENT

Decline of Religious Journalism

THE decline of religious journalism devoted to church interests is emphasized once more in the announcement that the New York *Evangelist* has been merged with *Christian Work* and will cease to exist as a separate journal. To those who have been directly interested in this particular field of journalism the announcement caused no surprise, though *The Evangelist* was, under the guidance of Dr. Henry M. Field as editor for a long time, a prosperous and influential journal. This decline of the old-time religious journalism is looked upon by many conservatives as a sort of calamity, growing out of a decline of interest in church affairs, yet such is hardly the fact. Rather is it due to a change of journalistic conditions and a change in the ideas of the readers of religious publications. Religion is no longer looked upon as a thing apart from life, but as life itself. As a consequence, the religious journal must deal broader than formerly or expect to soon become defunct. In time, even the broader of the religious journals will find it hard to live unless they become secular in almost everything but name.—*American Printer*

than she loves America. Alas! it needs it more. And she declares that there is a rare quality of patriotism in the Cuban nature that can scarcely be paralleled today among the peoples of the world. It is inherited from ancestors who carried in their hearts the ideal of freedom and who died that it might be realized. It is a higher patriotism, which is as sacred and impersonal a thing as pure devotion.

Today, as often before, the Leader spoke of Emilio Bacardi, mayor of Santiago, whom she holds up to the children, again and again, as a true patriot. It was Mayor Bacardi who rendered her such service at the time of the first Crusade. It was he who established as a perpetual holiday the day chosen by Katherine Tingley for a Cuban Liberty Day festival. It was he who assisted in the selection of the Cuban children brought here one year ago, and he has been, verily, a father to them. To Mayor Bacardi and his good wife more of the present success is due than any one is aware of.

Few can interpret the curious workings of that law which sometimes links the destinies of widely different nations. It was to America that Cuba looked for help in the hour of her deepest despair. It is The Universal Brotherhood, an organization founded in America and with an American woman at the head which today has extended to the Cuban people a helping hand along lines of true education. And is it not significant that the very heroes, for whose beloved people this organization is caring, are, in a sense, fighting in its defense today?

El Cubano Libre, a newspaper founded by Cespedes & Maceo, has stepped boldly out in defense of this educational work and has thrown down the gauntlet to its calumniators. The gems of philosophy one finds in its editorial columns indicate a spirit which is one with principle and higher patriotism.

* * *

One of the most encouraging features of this work for Cuban children has been the hearty co-operation of their parents and friends. It is to be expected that children born under conditions of stress and sorrow, as were most of these, and having grown up under the shadows that fall darkly upon the trail of any war, would have many imperfections. And it is not to be expected that any system of education could possibly eradicate all of these in one short year. This, with one or two exceptions, the friends in Cuba have fully realized, and the baseless rumors set afloat by enemies have had little effect. All children in the Raja Yoga School are treated alike. The millionaire's child fares as does the homeless or unfortunate one. If there is special attention given to any, it is given to the Cuban children, for they have been, before this, so peculiarly deprived. The best blood in all Cuba is in this school, yet all classes are represented. And that the Cubans are "Children of Promise" no one who is familiar with the Raja Yoga School can doubt. For there is something in the Cuban nature which makes rare use of opportunities. If Maceo, a descendant of slaves, a man who, when he enlisted in the Cuban army, could not write his own name, can develop into a marvel of knowledge and generalship, with almost no opportunities, what may not be expected of the children of that fair Island when given the rare chance of a complete education on right lines?

OBSERVER

Natural and Artificial

MAN is rapidly becoming terribly independent of the rest of animated nature, thanks to his skill in synthetic chemistry. The simples of the herbalist, among which were no doubt many useful remedies, have been rendered unnecessary by the achievements of the laboratory, which produces "principles" far cheaper than they can be extracted from the plants. Indigo, madder, sugar, alcohol, and other substances can now be prepared from the elements that compose them without reference to the plants that first introduced them to our notice. And now even the silk worm is about to be dethroned. The so far inimitable product of that insect analyzes into fibroin and sericin, with a little wax and a dash of mineral matter. Sericin, which is the most important ingredient, since it supplies the distinctive gloss of silk, has been successfully synthesized, and we may shortly expect to be asked on inquiring for a yard of silk, whether we prefer the genuine product of the silkworm or the synthesized article.—*London Daily News*

But we doubt whether the artificial products are really the same as the natural. They may have the same "chemical composition;" they may be produced by putting together the elements into which chemists have analyzed the natural products. But may there not be in the natural products elements which escape the eye of science and cannot be weighed or appreciated by scientific devices.

Extracts like quinine, considered by science to be the essentials with the accidentals removed, have not the same virtues as the original bark. Food extracts are not the same as the original food. There is a life-force in natural products that cannot exist in the laboratory imitation, though its chemical composition may be the same. It is the difference between a live body and a corpse.

Man is not so independent of nature after all; the further he gets away from her the more diseased and infirm he becomes. STUDENT

From *The San Diego Union*, Monday, September 15, 1902

THEOSOPHISTS AT ISIS THEATRE

The Sermon on the Mount and Teachings of The Universal Brotherhood

"The Young Man and His Needs," by One of the Young Students of Point Loma—Splendid Music

THERE was a good attendance at the meeting of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in Isis Theatre last evening, two very interesting addresses and an exceptionally fine musical program by the Isis Conservatory of Music. Every number of the latter was roundly applauded, and the speeches were followed closely, the audience showing their approval by frequent applause.

"The Young Man and His Needs" was the subject of the first address, presented by one of the young students of Loma-land. Some extracts from it are as follows:

"The life of the young man of the present suffers from the lack of a guiding purpose; there is no strong and sure principle, no certain faith at the back of him to govern and give a meaning to all his doings. We live in a complicated age in which culture is widely diffused and diversified. There is much learning, but little wisdom. Human energy scatters itself over a large field of enterprise and pursuits. It is an age of opinions and cults and fashions in thought. The young man finds himself endowed with many faculties which have been just sufficiently stimulated by education to wake them up without satisfying them, and at times he pauses to ask himself what is the meaning of it all.

"Religion in its present state offers no solution to the earnest and thinking man, and yet he can find no definite and positive faith to replace it.

"I want to speak of the new vistas of enthusiasm and high resolve that open out before a young man when he begins to catch the real spirit and import of the Universal Brotherhood idea of life. To begin with, one gradually learns the great central purpose of human life and discovers what is the true guiding motive and inspiration that binds together all the scattered elements of our character and gives to our existence a meaning and an object. Through Theosophy the truths which are vaguely hinted at in religion become actual workable facts having a bearing on real life and able to solve the problem of our own career for us. At Point Loma we learn that man has been in the past and can be in the future a much greater and happier type of being than he is in his present condition. We learn that man is first and foremost a Soul, and that the end of life is to express the powers of that Soul. The life of the Soul is a life of peace and joy, of infinite fullness and never ending possibilities. But the life of the senses, which is the life almost exclusively cultivated in the world, is a life of dissatisfaction and restlessness."

The Rev. S. J. Neill of Point Loma followed with an address on "Theosophy and the Sermon on the Mount"—in many respects a striking and significant essay and one that seemed to please the audience immensely. "The Sermon on the Mount," said he, "is full of interest as being the longest recorded address given by the founder of Christianity. In it, surely, if anywhere, we should find what is the spirit of Christianity, and to it we should look for the religion of Jesus rather than to the Epistles, or to the creeds. As Theosophists it should be of additional interest to us, the present Leader of The Universal Brotherhood having affirmed, several years ago, that the Sermon on the Mount is pure Theosophy. We can see for ourselves that the teaching of Jesus is part of the Ancient Wisdom Religion, and that between modern ecclesiasticism and the Sermon on the Mount a great gulf is fixed.

"Well would it have been for the world had it kept close to the Sermon on the Mount, the 'celestial sphere music' of Jesus. Had it done so then the church would have been led naturally to the teachings of Theosophy as now revealed. There would have been no great gaps, no abrupt pauses in the orderly course of religious evolution. There would not have been the strife, the persecution, the terrible bloodshed which have been a disgrace to our humanity. There would have been no dark ages. And if the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount ruled in the world today, the world would have Universal Brotherhood; the world would be far advanced in wisdom and compassion and it might have been possible for the great Guides of Humanity to entrust to our keeping, for the good of all, mighty secrets of nature which, if given in the present condition of the world, would probably be seized upon and monopolized by a few to the injury of the rest of humanity.

"The Sermon on the Mount is entirely undogmatic. It is wholly different from a creed and from a spirit which formulates a creed. The dogma of substitution is not found in the Sermon on the Mount and never could have been formed out of it. Jesus teaches that profession and action must correspond. He teaches us to be genuine, to be true to the very core. We are to be rather than seem to be.

"Church history is full of the struggle for wealth, fame, temporal power. The Sermon on the Mount is essentially Theosophy; both teach the divinity of man, the law of Karma, the law of compassion—the doctrine of the heart as opposed to the eye-doctrine. Both are non-credal. Credalism differs from Christianity and from Theosophy as much as the poisoned waters issuing from chemical works differ from the limpid mountain spring."

Students



Path

The Singers

by LONGFELLOW

GOD sent his Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth, with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;
Through groves he wandered, and by streams
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market-place,
And stirred with accents deep and loud
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers three
Disputed which the best might be;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the Great Master said, "I see
No best in kind, but in degree;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony."

Humanity Has Slain Nature

"**N**ATURE, the great mother, is the highest, the most beautiful." And Humanity, like Orestes in *The Eumenides*, has slain her. So, though he did it at the command of Apollo, he is cursed with pains and penalties.

Nature is conscious; with a consciousness that is the root, container, and goal of the consciousness of her creatures.

In her is wisdom, past that of any mortal; or how could she grow a seed from a cell, a plant, fecund itself with seeds, from a seed?

There is action, giving impulse to the manifold activities of every creature.

There is peace, which is the undertone in the natural joy of all her children. For even man has joy till passion blurs it.

She is eternal; and though their life, which is herself, comes and goes, and rises and falls, in her creatures, yet as herself it ceases never.

What wonder that the ancients worshiped her as Isis, Diana, Artemis, Ceres? That they held sacred festivals in her honor, and in her name ate of her produce, thinking that it was with herself (if they would), that they communed as they ate and drank?

They knew that the natural is the spiritual, and the spiritual the natural.

Her very self is man's soul, the sacred Temple of Apollo; yet to achieve his *individual* existence he had to "slay" her, separate out his individual being from the conscious whole, and so, losing wisdom, wander through the wastes; and then back to her heaven: so having rebecome herself, yet also holding forevermore his won self-hood. WORLD-MYTH

THE distinguished body of scientists known as The British Association meets this month at Belfast. It was there that the late Prof. Tyndall made his famous presidential address at a former meeting, when he said that matter contained the promise and potency of all life. Among the papers to be read is one by Mr. E. S. Hartland on the Stone of Destiny at Tara and the appointment of kings by augury.

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

DEAR COMRADES: Why is it that we sometimes make the mistake of fancying that to travel along the Path is rather laborious and sometimes not wholly pleasant? In our better moments we harbor no such notions, for something within our own hearts tells us they are false. In our honest moments we admit that, if the soul's journey be a difficult one, it is only so because we are weighted down with old traps and mental bundles that should have been left behind. The experienced traveler can make a trip around the world with little more than a suit-case, for he knows that the pleasantest journey will be ruined if he has to carry a lot of useless baggage. Is not the analogy plain? Do not nine-tenths of us groan and struggle under a load of useless mental baggage of some kind? And then we wonder why the Path is "hard," and why we make such feeble headway and why we are so "useless"! It is the same old cry. Point Loma is a great school. It is the world-center for the study of human nature. Out in the world we have little chance to learn what human nature really is. So overwhelmed are we by the whirl of affairs and of disappointments, we have no chance to become acquainted with ourselves. Here in Point Loma, in the quiet and peace of things, we are given that chance. And what discoveries we make!

We find we have latent strength on some lines; we discover in ourselves many points of weakness whose existence heretofore we did not suspect. And then, if we dislike to be really honest, we will sink down and cry: "It is so hard to live in Point Loma, for all one's weaknesses are so brought out. How unworthy I am! How weak I am! How useless I am! Surely the life here is not for me."

Nonsense! Your weaknesses have not been brought out. They always were out and others could see them plainly enough all the time. You did not see them because you were so driven with worry and strain that you never once looked yourself squarely in the face.

Life in the world, particularly life that is shadowed by constant trouble or by persecution, leads us to strengthen certain parts of our natures at the expense of others. For example, we may acquire patience, but in acquiring it we will be so indiscriminate that ours is a mistaken patience. Here at Point Loma all our weaknesses may be strengthened if we will. And this might be easily and quickly accomplished if we were not so weighted with mental luggage. We come to Point Loma bringing with us all the psychological influences of our old environment. And when we find we cannot take a single step under such a load, the logical recourse is to throw it off. Some—a few—have the courage and the strength to do this. Many of us hug this luggage of psychological influences more tightly and resort to subterfuge. It is only one of the little tricks of the lower nature, and fortunate are those who early discover it. Such as these open the gateway to opportunities indeed.

Life in Point Loma is not like life out in the world. If it were Point Loma would have no possible excuse for existing. Here there is no deceit. No student feels obliged to leave his duty to pass little pleasures that he does not mean. Here there is no pell-mell chase after sensation, and the person who prefers to perpetually oscillate between the two poles of sensationalism and mental nausea will be exceedingly lonely at Point Loma. Fortunately, there is a guiding hand in the Theosophical movement, and such as these give us no anxiety because they are gently denied admission. Here life is strenuous, full and beautiful, and the indolent meet many surprises. Here the personality is of no account save in so far as it is the helpmate of humanity, and those who are looking for prominence or for petting or for adulation are destined to look in vain. Here life is true and sweet and simple, and if you prefer some complex whirlpool of sensation, go right back into the world. You will find it there.

Comrades, let us be honest with ourselves and no longer evade the issues in our own natures. *Feel, know and do.* A COMRADE

FRRIENDS IN COUNSEL: From this marvelous center of world-wide activities—Point Loma—although we are not a person, but only a corporate body, yet, we are happy that we are able to announce that we shall soon begin distributing "*The Mysteries of the Heart Doctrine*," that we must needs whisper it through the columns of *THE NEW CENTURY*, if they will accord us the space, which we truly hope they will. Faithfully, always,

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

H. T. PATTERSON, Assistant Manager

A Boy's Story of Ulysses

EVERY boy ought to know something of the story of Ulysses, for he was not only one of the most famous warriors who ever lived, but there is also something in the accounts of his many wonderful fights that seems always new, as though he were still living in the world and giving us examples of how a real man ought to behave.

Now after the City of Troy was taken by the Greeks under the leadership of Ulysses, and Helen had been set free from her captivity, Ulysses and his men sailed away intending to return to their homes, and it was upon this journey that some of his most wonderful adventures took place. But nearly all the difficulties which beset them on that voyage were caused rather by their own folly than by the natural dangers of the sea. Although they were among the bravest men who ever lived, some of them were also very fond of pleasure, and they had to learn by experience that courage alone is not enough and can never secure real victories unless it is supported by wisdom and by discrimination.

In spite of the rough weather which they encountered, and which made it difficult for them to steer the ship, they would still have had a successful voyage had they not been beguiled by this love of pleasure. Thus, at one place Ulysses sent some of his men ashore to get fresh water. The inhabitants of the place seemed to be very friendly and gave them fruit to eat which had the effect of making them forget all about their duty, their friends, and their mission, so that they wanted nothing more in life than to be allowed to stay upon that land and to eat the fruit which had been given to them. But when Ulysses heard of it he ordered them to be bound hand and foot and brought back to the ship, for neither persuasion nor argument would avail in the least with them.

And so they sailed away from that land until they arrived upon the shore of the country where the Cyclops lived, and here they must needs again leave the ship to explore this new territory and to make themselves acquainted with the inhabitants. Now the Cyclops were giants, cruel and terrible to look upon, having only one eye, and that in the middle of their foreheads. When Ulysses and his men landed they were all away from their homes, but the travelers, finding one of their caves, entered in that they might examine it. While they were thus engaged, and unsuspecting any danger, the Cyclops appeared, and his frightful appearance so terrified them that they hid themselves in the darkest place they could find and waited for some means of escape. Great was their alarm when they perceived that his first action was to roll in front of the cave a stone so enormous that their united strength would have been useless to move it, and this being done he turned around and at once perceived where Ulysses and his men were hidden. He fiercely called them forth and questioned them, and although Ulysses claimed to be under the protection of the gods, he would listen to no argument and forthwith killed two of them and instantly devoured them. At this horrible sight the hearts of Ulysses and his friends sank within them, but they

again took courage when the monster laid himself down and fell asleep. And now it occurred to Ulysses to take his sword and slay the giant while he slept, but on reflection his better judgment dissuaded him from this plan, as the impossibility of moving the heavy stone would expose them to certain death from starvation. When the Cyclops again awoke he made his fire, and selecting two more of his prisoners he subjected them to the same fate as had overtaken their comrades on the previous night. This done, he went forth from the cave to pasture his flock, many of which shared the shelter of his abode, carefully replacing the stone in the entrance and leaving Ulysses and his friends to meditate on the rash imprudence that seemed likely to put an end forever to their voyage and to their conquests. But when they were alone Ulysses selected a long stake from the firewood piled within the cave, and shaping upon this a very sharp point, he laid it aside until his plan should be ready for execution. When the day was done the Cyclops returned as before, driving his sheep in front of him. As before, he closed the mouth of the cave with the stone and then once more devoured two of his wretched prisoners and laid himself down to rest. As soon as everything was quiet Ulysses seized the stake which he had prepared, and heating the point of it in the fire, he drove it with great force into the Cyclops' eye and blinded him. The monster filled the air with his cries of pain and laid about him on every side to catch those who

had inflicted this injury upon him, but they cleverly avoided him. Nearly frantic with pain, he rolled away the stone, and going outside into the cool air he sat he sat down at the entrance in order that he might catch anyone who attempted to pass him. But Ulysses had thought also of this, and he at once proceeded to catch the sheep who were struggling to reach the open doorway. Tying them together in threes, he fastened one of his comrades to the under side of the middle one of each set, and so the giant, groping among them as they passed forth, felt only the woolly backs of the sheep and did not suspect the ruse which had been played upon him. So Ulysses and all that were left of his men came forth in safety and gained their ship. Then Ulysses from the deck taunted the Cyclops, showing him how his inhumanity had been his ruin, saying to him: "If any ask of thee who gave to thee that unsightly wound upon thine eye, say it was Ulysses, son of Laertes. The king of Ithaca am I, the waster of many cities."

And when the monster heard these words and perceived that his prisoners were indeed escaped from him, he was so enraged that he ran to the shore, and, seizing an enormous stone, he hurled it in the direction from which the voice came. The stone missed the ship but so prodigious was the wave which it raised that Ulysses and his men were nearly carried by it back again onto the land. So Ulysses passed again upon his voyage, and of his adventures with Æolus, the Master of the Winds, and many another adventure like unto it, we must tell some other time.



FOREST GATE, CANNINGTON AND BOW LOTUS GROUPS
on an outing in Goffing Forest, England

"COME along, Amy," shouted Godfrey as he started running in the direction of the stream, carrying his new yacht. Amy lingered by her mother's side beneath the fruit trees, that were then covered with blossoms.

"Mother," she said, "the apple blossoms make me think of a dream I had last night."

"What a lovely dream it must have been," replied her mother, smiling.

"Yes, it was very beautiful," said Amy. "I dreamed that I was looking up to the sky where I saw a great light shining, so dazzling that I could scarcely look at it; and then, there fell a—a—dome-shaped shower of petals falling, to the earth, and then I woke up. Somehow, mother," she continued after a short pause, "apple blossoms al-

A Child's Dream of Apple Blossoms

ways make me think of the Spirit of Dawn, which always seems to be offering something, and"—she added, looking dreamily puzzled—"what it offers is so beautiful, just like—a—breath somewhere that one feels, but cannot hold and cannot quite understand. It is offering something all the time but we cannot receive it, at least not always, even though we may wish to do so. How is it, mother?"

"Well," replied her mother, "perhaps it is because our longings differ in their nature, from the nature of what it has to give."

"When we look at apple blossoms we never think of the beauty of a particular blossom, we only get the feeling of purity and beauty. The sight makes us think only of what is pure and beautiful, and all it has to give is of that nature."

"You see, when we strongly desire a thing there usually comes the

GEORGE T. VERNON
Tailor

1110 FIFTH STREET - SEFTON BLOCK
Telephone Black 1912

ENTERTAINMENT
by Children of the

Raja Yoga School

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON
in the

Aryan Temple, Point Loma
Tickets 50 cents

Bank of Commerce

841 FIFTH ST., bet E & F Sts., SAN DIEGO

Capital, \$100,000

Reserve & Undivided Profits, \$46,837.23

R. M. POWERS, President F. W. JACKSON, Cashier
GRAHAM E. BABCOCK, Vice-President C. L. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—R. M. Powers, Graham E. Babcock, J. F. Sinks,
A. H. Frost, Chas. T. Hinde, U. S. Grant, & F. W. Jackson

General banking business transacted. Exchange drawn direct on all principal cities of United States and Europe. Prompt attention given to collections.

EDWARD M. BURBECK

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Copper Plate Engraving & Printing
Steel Dies, Crests, and Monograms
Largest & most varied stock of Books
and General Literature in the City

1051-59 FIFTH STREET, SAN DIEGO

“Burbeck’s Big Bookstore”

Toys Games Souvenirs Office Supplies City and County Maps

“Where Rail and Tide Meet, There Cast Anchor”

Investors, Speculators, & Real Estate Dealers

GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR AT SAN DIEGO EARLY

San Diego is the Open Door to the Orient & Investors now will be Capitalists later

CAN'T YOU SEE THE HAND OF DESTINY?

- 2700 miles saved in encircling the globe via this port
- Three Transcontinental Railroads heading for this Harbor
- The Commerce of the Southwest and of the Pacific is being concentrated at the Bay of San Diego
- Look out for Big Developments; the Market is active now

If you want to Buy or Sell there, address

D. C. Reed

Established 1870

Ex-Mayor of San Diego

Preacher Charges a Plot

A special dispatch from Oshkosh, Wis., to the Chicago Tribune says:

The Rev. Thomas Clithero of Portage, once a prominent member of the Wisconsin Methodist conference, will present sensational charges at the meeting of that body at Milwaukee tomorrow.

Mr. Clithero asserts that he has been the victim of a malignant persecution; that when he was preaching he was deprived of his right to preach; that when he obtained secular employment as express agent his enemies secured his dismissal; that his wife joined his enemies and that they had him incarcerated in an insane hospital for five months when he was perfectly sane; that he was made a delegate to the general conference to quiet him; and many other charges.

Mr. Clithero gives quotations from letters by Bishop Andrews, the Rev. H. P. Haylett, the Rev. W. H. Chenoweth, and the Rev. J. H. Nelson to corroborate his charges.

One of these writers claims that “a secret society” is to blame for the trouble, while another declares that “there is a depth of cold-blooded villainy and satanic scheming in the case that would match the stories of Spanish Jesuitism.”

In closing, Mr. Clithero says of the Methodist conference:

“A brood of greedy cormorants, attracted by the odor of corruption, are clasping the church with their crooked hands, and fattening upon her flesh. The eagles are gathering about the prospective carcass of Methodism, screaming with delight in anticipation of a feast, and no man frays them away. If these things be not so, who will make me a liar and my speech nothing worth?”

Remarkable, if True

A remarkable fact is mentioned in the report of the fatal Alpine accident to Dr. Largin. He fell from near the summit of the Nadelhorn, and when his body was discovered at the foot of a couloir both boots were missing.

The curious fact that persons who fall great distances often lose their boots in the descent has not yet been explained. In mining accidents in Cornwall this strange fact frequently occurs. A case last year was that of a man who fell 120 feet down the Polgreen Mine. During his fall both boots (which were tightly laced) came off, and were discovered in the shaft fathoms above him. No reason for this has ever been offered. At the same time, the experience of a coroner may be added, as he gave it at an inquest last week. This was, that in all cases of suicide which had come under his notice the persons had first removed their boots before putting an end to their existence. Even this fact, however, would not explain all the cases of bootless falls.—*London Daily Chronicle*

Volcano on Stromboli in Full Eruption

A dispatch from Rome, dated September 9, says: “The volcano on Stromboli island is in full eruption and is throwing up great columns of fire and torrents of stones. The island is shrouded in smoke. Mount Vesuvius is showing signs of activity.”

Stromboli is the northernmost of the Lipari islands, in the Mediterranean, off the north coast of Sicily. Its area is eight square miles. It is wholly of volcanic formation and has a constantly active volcano, 3040 feet high, with an extinct crater on top but an active one on the side at the height of about 2150 feet. On the east side of the island is the small town of Stromboli. The population of the island is placed at 500 persons.

It was announced from Naples, September 7, that large volumes of flames were issuing from the crater of Mount Vesuvius the previous evening.—*Los Angeles Herald*

SEARCHLIGHT

NO. 6

Special number issued to the public

CONTAINING A FULL REPORT OF THE

Great Debate on Theosophy & Christianity

HELD AT THE OPERA HOUSE, SAN DIEGO, CAL., ON SEPTEMBER 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, AND OCTOBER 6 AND 13, 1901

SEVENTY-TWO PAGES

Notwithstanding the increase in the cost of publishing, owing to the largely increased number of pages, the price remains the same as heretofore

FIFTEEN CENTS

The
Theosophical Publishing Co.
Point Loma, Cal.

You will need a copy for yourself and several copies to send to your friends. The edition is limited.

An Address

by Katherine Tingley
in the Opera House
at San Diego, Sunday
evening, March 16th
1902

Neatly printed and bound, containing half-tone illustrations of the Opera House, Loma Homestead and the Aryan Temple.

This is the first public address of Katherine Tingley after her purchase of the Opera House, and in it is outlined broadly her plans for the beautiful theatre and its occupation by the Isis Conservatory of Music. Sent post paid for TEN CENTS.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Souvenir Postal Cards of Loma-land

PRIVATE MAILING CARDS, PRINTED ON FINEST IVORY-FINISH CARDBOARD 13 different half-tone glimpses of Loma-land on which to send your Brotherhood Thoughts all over the world. A stream of them should be kept in circulation by every member.

2 for 5 cents (postage 1c extra) . \$0.06
50, postpaid, for 1.00
100, “ “ 1.50

Sent assorted unless ordered with specifications. Order from
THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

FIRST EDITION---NEARLY READY

THE MYSTERIES OF THE HEART DOCTRINE

ONE of the MOST INTERESTING & COMPREHENSIVE WORKS on THEOSOPHY EVER PUBLISHED

Issued by KATHERINE TINGLEY, Leader and Official Head of THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD Organization, and by Members of her Cabinet

Over 350 pages Specially written to meet the needs of Inquirers Beautifully illustrated

This edition is limited to 1,000 copies, and will be sold at the previously advertised price of \$1.25 for cloth bound and \$1.00 for paper. After the First Edition is exhausted the price will be raised to \$2.00 for cloth binding and \$1.50 for paper, for it has been found impossible to prepare this book on the basis originally planned at the price first quoted.

The Theosophical Publishing Company, Point Loma, California

The
LEADING REAL ESTATE BROKER in SAN DIEGO IS

E. J. Carter

964 Sixth Street, San Diego

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE LOCATING IN SAN DIEGO
CITY OR COUNTY, CALL ON OR
WRITE TO HIM

RUDDER'S
NEW RESTAURANT

& GRILL

NEWLY FURNISHED FINEST IN THE CITY

CORNER FOURTH & PLAZA
SAN DIEGO - - - CAL.

Strahlmann-Mayer Drug Co.
PHARMACY GRADUATES
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, etc.

Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Recipes carefully prepared

CORNER FOURTH & D STREETS
Telephone Main 424
CORNER FIFTH & C STREETS
Telephone Black 856

AT

Bowen's
DRY GOODS STORE

Will be found a full assortment
of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Tea
Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Wrap-
pers, Silks and Dress Goods . .

W. O. BOWEN 1043 FIFTH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Yaquis Are Good Workmen

B. H. Donnell, of the commercial department of the High school, returned yesterday from a two-weeks trip to Mexico, where he went for the *Sunset Magazine*. Mr. Donnell had an entertaining trip, although he found the weather almost too warm for comfort. He visited all of the principal cities of the state of Sonora, Mexico.

Mr. Donnell says that the thing which impressed him most is the large amount of American capital that is being invested in Sonora. A large number of Americans are in the country developing it. At the one mining camp, Minas Prietas, 250 men from this country are at work. Americans are not only mining and prospecting but are also invading all of the cities, where they are carrying on brokerage, commission and other business.

"All the progress that is being made in the country," says Mr. Donnell, "is by 'gringos' or foreigners, in whose wake the natives follow in their leisurely way. There are many opportunities for American push and energy. The false reports concerning the Yaqui war and the accounts of a dreadful state of affairs have kept many from going in. As a matter of fact, there is not much excitement in the Yaqui country. Occasionally the Mexicans find a rebellious Yaqui and kill or shoot him.

"Every foreigner to whom I talked said the Yaquis were the best workmen in the country. They are hard workers, are trustworthy and can be depended upon to follow to the letter instructions that have been given them. I heard several Americans say they would rather have one Yaqui to do work than four Mexicans. The Yaqui women, whom the Mexicans have been deporting to Yucatan and Jalisco, are also hard workers, are virtuous and intelligent."—*Los Angeles Herald*

Royal Life Savers

King Oscar of Sweden, at Stockholm the other day, while out in his yacht pulled off his coat and helped to save 23 women and children who had been cast into the water by the collapse of a bridge. Prince Henry of Prussia also assisted, a few days ago in rescuing several victims of a yachting accident.

DIVORCE was established in Germany in 1875. From 1881 to 1885 the annual number of divorces was about 8,000, while of late years it exceeds 10,000. In England divorce was established in 1857. During the years 1852-1862 the annual number was about 200, in 1894 about 550, in 1898 about 650. In Austria, where only non-Catholics can apply for a divorce, the number of demands for divorce increased twenty-five per cent in four years and in Belgium about twenty per cent in four years.—*Reynolds' Newspaper*, London

If you are difficult to satisfy, I ask you to inspect our before hire or carriage not perfect-



come in & LIVERY ing a team that does ly suit you

FRED FANNING
PROPRIETOR

Fifth Avenue Stables

Tel. Red 351 SAN DIEGO Cor. 5th & B Sts.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF SAN DIEGO
UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

CAPITAL PAID UP \$150,000
SURPLUS & PROFITS \$50,000

J. GRUENDIKE - - - PRESIDENT
D. F. GARRETTSON - - - VICE PRES.
G. W. FISHBURN - - - CASHIER

DIRECTORS—J. Gruendike, Geo. Hannahs, J. E. Fishburn, G. W. Fishburn and D. F. Garrettson

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO
FIT YOUR EYES TO SUIT
YOU. WE HAVE A SPECIAL
PLACE SET APART
FOR OPTICAL WORK,
CONTAINING ALL THE
MODERN INSTRUMENTS
USED IN SIGHT TESTING
IF YOU NEED GLASSES,
HAVE a PRESCRIPTION to
FILL, or FRAME to REPAIR

we give you the best work obtainable in San Diego

JENKS

826-828 5th street

Graduate Optician

The New Century

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Two Dollars; other countries in the Postal Union, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; payable in advance
Single copy, Five Cents

Communications for the Editor, manuscripts, reports, books and periodicals for review should be addressed, "Katherine Tingley, Editor *The New Century*, Point Loma."

The editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

Articles will not be considered by the editor unless signed by the author and marked with the number of words contained. In no case is manuscript returned.

Address all Business communications, including subscriptions, and make all remittances (in bank drafts or money orders, payable to The New Century Corporation) to "Clark Thurston, Point Loma, Cal."

To comply with recent postal regulations, all Post-Office money order remittances should be made payable at San Diego. The remittances, as well as all other mail, should be made to Point Loma, as usual.

Entered at the Post-Office at Point Loma, Cal., as second-class matter Nov. 30th, 1901
Copyright, 1922, by Katherine Tingley

Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

All Desire Success In Life

SUCCESS in life is a thing for which we all wish, however much our ideas of success may vary from one another. Even if we view success in life from a somewhat broad standpoint we are yet brought face to face with the fact that out of the thousands of people with whom we are brought into contact, only a very small proportion, perhaps far smaller than we suppose, have met with any real success at all. The vast bulk would certainly have to admit that they had attained to none of the heights which they had in view when they started, and such have been compelled to modify their views of success, or else have settled down into a mere routine of action which is not very far removed from hopelessness or despair.

It is not our purpose at the moment to put forward an ideal success in life which, from its very idealism, would seem to be unattractive to the world at large. To judge from those examples of wise Teachership which have come immediately before our view, it would often seem better rather to indicate the next step than to fruitlessly exhaust ourselves in sketching a vista which, for the majority of men, is not yet in sight. A wise Teacher will do this with the conviction that a succession of such steps will eventually culminate in all possible attainment and success.

Now, it would appear that a vast number of men approach what is called the battle of life, with such preconceived opinions as are in themselves almost the promise of defeat. They look upon themselves as having been set down in the midst of hostile conditions which it is their mission to brow-beat, if not to cheat, into subservience. They regard themselves as having been endowed by nature with varying qualities or weapons, and that this variation of equipment depends upon causes which are either unknowable or which have no concern for them.

It Need Not Be a Battle

It is sufficient for them to perceive that inanimate nature is allied with humanity in resisting their progress or hindering their success, and this not so much from avowed malice as from a supposed incompatibility between the success of one man and that of another. Much will have been done if we can persuade ourselves that the "battle" of life need not be a battle at all, and that we ourselves have imported the element of conflict by our refusal to make ourselves acquainted with the conditions under which life is carried on. As well might a traveler complain of the hardships of his journey because he persists in forcing his way through a bramble hedge instead of passing through the gateway which stands open at his side.

The first step then to a successful life, is to recognize that there is a Science of Life, that there is, in other words, a right way of living and a wrong way of living, and that the laws by which life is governed

We Must Recognize the Law

are as readily ascertainable, and more so, as are those other "laws" which the material scientist investigates in his laboratory. There is no such thing as chance, there is no such thing as fate, or destiny. All these are but names which we have agreed to give to causes which we do not understand. But they *are* causes, and the first step to their control is to recognize them as such. That we are born with such and such qualities and characteristics is not the result of chance nor destiny. It is the result of cause, and cause to which we have ourselves given birth, and which we can at any moment modify or change. Wherever there is a failure in life, that failure is due to ourselves alone, although the mistake which induced it, the cause of the failure, may not at once come within the purview of modern philosophy. We have done something or other in the wrong way. Had we done it in the right way we should have succeeded and not have failed. Napoleon said once,

Conform to the Rules of the Art

All the great captains have performed vast achievements by conforming with the *rules of the art*.
If we conform with the "rules of the art" of living, we, too, shall perform vast achievements.
The art of living is the only real wisdom, and real wisdom comes from the recognition of law. He who knows this has no other concern than to place himself parallel with the law, knowing then that all the currents of nature are setting with his course and not against it. Nature is not antagonistic to those who work with her. It is only those who seek to swim against her stream of evolution who are cast upon the rocks, and this is not the deed of the stream but of the swimmer. One moment's recognition of nature shows to us our due place, and how far we have got out of that place by past deed and thought, and so have won for ourselves the disabilities which we now ascribe to fate and chance.

Success Lies Not in the Ephemeral

When we have once attained to a recognition of Law and to the chain of cause and effect through which it manifests, we shall begin at once to look at life from a new point of view, and to ask ourselves if success really lies in the attainments which we have set before us. We shall apply new tests to success, and we shall at least see that nothing is really worth aiming at which will be brought to a close by death. The necessities of daily life will then seem so small that we shall wonder how we could have ever doubted of possessing them, and we shall see that to those who have attuned their lives by thought and aspiration, nature gives all life's necessities as freely as she does the air, and as bountifully. Then with minds unchained and liberated we shall begin for the first time to live and not merely to exist. We shall have solved the problem of the successful life.

S. C.

Journalistic Slanders

IT seems that there has been quite an epidemic of "fake news" in the papers of late, for some of the journals are protesting against these impostures. The stories about quarrels between the Queen of the Netherlands and her husband are now said to be pure fictions, on the authority of Hon. Stanford Newel, United States minister to The Hague, who declares there never has been a cloud to mar the domestic felicity of the royal couple.

The stories about the German Crown Prince being in love with an American girl, and of a Dr. Russell Wilson having been condemned to death in Nicaragua for filibustering, and other stories mentioned, are also pure fabrications. Surely there is an opening for a scrupulously accurate and honest paper. If not, then the public must be the ones who are to blame.

H. T. E.

Crossing the San Bernardino Mountains

THE illustration on the cover page of THE NEW CENTURY this week gives a very graphic view of mountain scenery in San Bernardino County, Southern California, at the point where the Santa Fe overland route winds out through the canyons onto the Mojave Desert. The scene is near a station called Summit, in Cajon Pass, at an elevation of nearly 4000 feet. At this point in the pass the railroad is protected from landslides by terraces cut in the mountain side and then bulwarked by heavy timbers.

Real Progress in Cuba

THERE are many signs that Cuban nationality has already developed a public spirit and a public morality which will carry it onward to success in spite of all adverse conditions which may seem to threaten its external well being. Of this Mr. Charles M. Pepper has recently given several striking illustrations, and they are such as to give renewed confidence to every one who wishes well to the young Republic. Mr. Pepper tells us that grave fears were entertained that disturbances might ensue from the large number of plantation hands who were out of work, but that the people have shown so much patience and restraint that all apprehensions on this score have now disappeared, and every class of the community is looking forward to the assured trade revival which promises comfort and prosperity.

Other signs of a like nature are equally gratifying. Thus we are told of the efforts which have been made to renew the bull fights which ceased under American influence, but Cuban public opinion has been too strong, and the proposals have been negatived, not by enactment, but by the moral sense of the community.

One other similar illustration may be given. A scheme was started to restore the lottery system which was so mischievous a feature of the old regime. President Palma, supported by a strong national sentiment, allowed it to be understood that he would veto any bill which might be passed for such a purpose. We are justified in assuming that no such bill could be passed, but the action of the president has prevented even its presentation.

With such evidences that the Cuban Republic possesses the asset of a moral public opinion, there are certainly no fiscal or other circumstances which need cause any dismay to the patriots and the friends of Cuba.

Wild Pulpit Fancies

IT is not strange that earnest religious people deplore the decadence of some of the churches, in view of the utterances of pulpit mountebanks and blatherskites that constantly find their way into print. Here is an example from a sermon recently delivered by a Kansas preacher:

If a little sparrow were to dip its bill in the Atlantic ocean and take one drop of water, and then take one hop a day across the country and put that drop in the Pacific ocean, and then hop back to the Atlantic, one hop a day, and continue this until the Atlantic was as dry as a bone, it wouldn't be sun-up in hell.

The difference between the silly hyperbole of the Kansas man and the flights of fancy often heard from Christian pulpits is only a matter of degree. The propensity of ministers to describe heavenly or hellish scenes that they cannot possibly know anything about is very general. Such fantastic imagery jars the patience of intelligent auditors and excites ridicule. It is an unquestionable fact that sensational preaching has been largely instrumental in the decrease of church attendance in recent years. Strange and even preposterous fancies may be well enough in their proper places, but the pulpit is not the place whence to level them at people endowed with plain common sense.—*Los Angeles Herald*

The Shah of Persia

THE Shah of Persia, Mozaffer-ed-Din, who recently arrived in England, is 49 years old and the second son of Nasr-ed-Din, the late Shah so well known to the English. He follows in the progressive footsteps of his father, who was the first Persian monarch to visit Europe.

He was educated by both Persian and European tutors and showed early signs of capacity as a ruler.

As Governor-General of Azerbaijan, a northwestern province, he ruled mildly, and devoted himself to study and artistic pursuits. In 1896 the assassination of Nasr-ed-Din brought the present Shah to the throne, and he took pledges to bestow on his subjects religious liberty and personal freedom. So well did he carry out his promises that it is said that never before have Persians of all sects and religions enjoyed so much liberty and happiness.

He has reduced taxation and founded a seat of learning at Teheran, and the humblest of his subjects has access to the throne to state grievances.

Public Brutality

A SHORT time ago we commented upon a particularly horrible lion fight in which a number of Los Angeles residents were concerned. That human ferocity is by no means confined to the western coast is now evidenced by reports which reach us from Chicago and from New York. In the former city two negroes fought a duel in the open street in the presence of a crowd of spectators. One of these ruffians was killed on the spot, and the other was badly wounded. From New York comes the account of a somewhat similar performance. Three men fought in the street with knives before a crowd of onlookers, with the result that one was killed then and there, and another one was fatally injured.

The significance of these events is not so much that desperadoes should settle their disputes in such a manner, but that sanguinary conflicts of this nature should be witnessed by passers-by without any very apparent effort to stop them. They seem indeed to have been welcomed by the spectators as interesting occurrences which it would be a pity to prevent, very much as gladiatorial displays were welcomed in a Roman amphitheater.

When shall we grow ashamed of glorifying the present age at the expense of times that have passed? If we are to imitate and to surpass the ancients in their barbarities, let us also try to emulate their virtues.

STUDENT

Birds and Electric Wires

AN English contemporary has received a letter from its Naples correspondent which contains some remarkable information as to the sense power in birds. The correspondent in question was informed by the engineer in charge of some extensive electric works that the birds of the neighborhood never settle on the wires that conduct the force to the city while the current is running. "We always switch off the current," he says, "from noon till 1 P. M. every day. A few moments after noon the wires are crowded with birds, but a few minutes before 1 o'clock they all fly away, and never attempt to sit on the wires. If by any chance we are obliged to keep up the current after mid-day, the birds are there ready to settle, but on approaching the wires they fly away again. It seems that they know when a wire is conveying electricity. Even the flies seem to know. You will never see a fly settle on a wire carrying a current."

Driftwood

- ☞ Rule yourself, or somebody else will rule you.
- ☞ "Why are the little birds so sad in the morning? Because their little bills are all over dew."—TENNYSON
- ☞ Learn to sing so as to promote the general harmony, not to get yourself heard or to avoid being heard. Thus you will discover a new and larger joy, and also do your own part much better.
- ☞ An old negro coming in from hoeing in the fields one very hot day was heard to exclaim: "De sun am so hot, an' de cotton am so grassy, dat dis darkey b'lieves he am called to preach."—*The World Today*
- ☞ Lord Kitchener has gone to India as commander-in-chief of the British forces there. He is always a storm-bird, and it may be that the British authorities have awakened to the possibility that the breath of the enemy may be blowing that way, now that nothing more can be done with South Africa.
- ☞ There is a movement among the French Catholic clergy to place church dogmas more in tune with modern science. Its leaders are Cardinal Perraud, Archbishop Mignot, and others of considerable eminence, yet the movement is said to be by no means in favor at headquarters. Indeed it is noticed that those who take part in it do not advance in the church.
- ☞ In *Temple Bar* (London) is the following story of a traveler who, in passing Tennyson's house, asked whose it was. "Nobody's in particular," the driver replied. "But whose is it?" "Mr. Tennyson's." "Do you call him nobody? He is a great man!" "He a great man! Why he only keeps one man, and he don't sleep in the house."
- ☞ Roundness of character and evenness of growth are best assured by cultivating various sides of one's nature at various times and in their proper seasons. Thus also we escape affliction over the failure to maintain a continuous effort in a single direction; for we learn to lay aside each task for a time in full confidence of being able to renew it, and to occupy ourself during the interval with another duty.

Art Music and Literature

The Ways of Nature and Art

IN Nature the general absence of sensationalism, the quietness of her beauty, make a firmer impression upon the mind than her occasional violent effects. Even though the vivid colors, the flashing wings and gorgeous flowers, the azure skies and dazzling sands of the tropics fascinate the eye by their brilliancy, there is a great mass of quiet color which keeps the whole in harmony.

And, after all, though we speak of the "blue" sea, the "green" grass, etc., none of the colors in Nature are simple, crude tones such as the pigments in our color-boxes.

Examine a scarlet geranium or any other intensely vivid flower and you will find it to be composed of a number of quite sober shades of red, some delicate grays and only a moderate amount of pure vermilion. Then the "blue" sky or sea is still more varied in color, a multitude of delicate gradations of purples, greens and grays unite to produce what we call blue. At the times when Nature seems to throw prudence to the winds, and launch forth recklessly, as in the glory of some gorgeous sunset, if we look carefully we shall see that her richest effects are produced mainly by subtle contrasts of color. Hide the glowing rosy or golden blaze in the sky with the hand, and immediately the distant hill or cloud which seemed, by contrast, to be a pure purple, resolves into an almost neutral gray.

Look at a butterfly's wing, and we are compelled to admire the marvelous reserve of Nature's designer. Some butterflies, such as the *fritillaries*, are remarkable for possessing lustrous, metallic spots on the wings, and the way in which these rarer features are made precious by subtle gradations and contrasts is a revelation in design. It seems as if an intelligent mind were at work.

The highest art in music, painting, architecture and the rest, is one with nature in this: it avoids sensationalism, though it is able to focus its whole intensity of color or interest with extreme force when required. Good art never shrinks. It never wastes its superlatives, nor brings out its ultimate resources, its reserve forces, unless absolutely necessary.

One of the loveliest dreams of color and mystery of flashing gold and jewels is St. Mark's Duomo, Venice. Who that has seen this priceless heirloom from the remote Middle Ages can ever forget the quiet, rich dignity of the coloring of the facade with its immense mosaics and shafts of precious marbles! And the interior! somber, yet not gloomy, opulent with ruby and pearl and gold, every tone placed as lovingly as Nature arranges the colors of the butterfly. And amid all the richness and glow there is nothing startling, nothing abrupt or extravagant.

In great pictures we find the same quality. You feel that there is a great force in reserve, that all the goods are not in the window, to use a homely illustration. Through the ages we find the decadence of art almost invariably shown by an increase in sensational ostentation.

The history of the Gothic style of architecture, the early purity of which degenerated into a voluptuous, over-ornate, *flamboyant* style, is a good example of what appears to be an universal tendency.



THE TOWER BRIDGE, LONDON, ENGLAND

THE TOWER BRIDGE is London's newest piece of river architecture, of which the erection was imperatively demanded by the exigencies of Thames traffic. Until its completion there was no bridge nearer the sea than London Bridge and the enormous quantity of shipping which congregated at the London Bridge wharves necessitated the particular form of drawbridge which is shown in our illustration. The effect of the new bridge has been very marked in relieving the strain upon the other bridges and has moreover proved an immense convenience to the riverside population on both sides of the stream. The Thames banks have a beauty of their own, in spite of mist and the grime of centuries. To this beauty the new bridge adds very considerably.

STUDENT

In our own day the passion for personal advertisement has reached such a pitch that sensationalism in art is found everywhere. All who have visited Genoa will remember the remarkable sculptures in the Campo Santo, concrete examples of modern want of reserve. The carvings on the tombs are marvelously skillful *tours de force* and the sculptors have strained all their resources in their efforts to make the spectator gasp with astonishment at their dexterity and audacity.

To quote from an over-enthusiastic article just published:

No description could ever render a tithe of justice to the magnificence of the statues which abound. . . . The statues are photographs in marble—life-size and life-like—and so intensely realistic that it would scarcely surprise one if they turned round and commenced to speak. Every detail is considered, down to the pattern of

the lace upon a woman's shawl, the style of a man's hat, and the folds of his overcoat as it rests over his arm.

How different from the broad and stately method of the Greeks and of the great sculptors of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth centuries, who subordinated all superfluous detail to the main impression.

Most people feed their artistic perceptions upon the pictures in the illustrated periodicals and the advertisements in the streets, for these are always with us, and constantly exert their hypnotic power, while a visit to a fine-art gallery is a rare event. As the ephemeral art of the journals is so largely sensational, the public has become used to such work and will inevitably demand it in more permanent creations. We must get back to Nature's methods, and strive to encourage the art which will not cater to the appetite for sensationalism but which will grow into our affection by its quiet power, seriousness and genuine inspiration.

Great art has the same foundation as has strong character among men and women—it is a manifestation of the soul; and its influence is similar; how much great work has been done by the steady, calm persistence of firm, devoted souls who moved "without haste, without rest." As we purify our lives and strengthen our natures we shall prepare the way for and become ready to understand the higher Art of the future.

CASHEL

The Death of Artist Jehan Georges Vibert

THE art world is the poorer by the death at Paris of Jehan Georges Vibert. Vibert was probably as well known in America as he was in his own country, very many of his works having found a home here and a popular welcome which is the lot of very few modern painters. Vibert's work was of the humorous kind. He loved to represent church dignitaries in such a manner as to raise a smile but without inflicting pain upon even the most sensitive religious mind. Four of his best pictures are to be found in the Wolfe collection in the Metropolitan Museum. Other works privately owned in America, are: "The Cardinal's Menu," "The Committee on Moral Books," "Why Comes He Not?" "The Priest Burning the State Papers," "The Church in Danger," "Gulliver and the Lilliputians," and "Toreadors Entering the Arena."

At the time of his death Vibert was sixty-two years of age, and had just published a magnificent volume containing a reproduction of all his pictures. This will now be received with a peculiar and added interest.

STUDENT

Why Do We Wait?

WHY do we wait till ears are deaf
Before we speak our kindly word,
And only utter loving praise
When not a whisper can be heard?

Why do we wait till hands are laid
Close-folded, pulseless, ere we place
Within them roses sweet and rare
And lilies in their flawless grace?

Why do we wait till eyes are sealed
To light and love in death's deep trance—
Dear wistful eyes—before we bend
Above them with impassioned glance?

Why do we wait till hearts are still
To tell them all the love in ours,
And give them such late meed of praise,
And lay above them fragrant flowers?

How oft we, careless, wait till life's
Sweet opportunities are past
And break our "alabaster box
Of ointment" at the very last!

Oh, let us heed the living friend
Who walks with us life's common ways,
Watching our eyes for looks of love,
And hungering for a word of praise!

—British Weekly

The Potent Present

by ETHNE

HYP.—Hast thou e'er reflected
How much lies hidden in that one word *now*?

VICT.—Yes, all the awful mystery of life!

—LONGFELLOW

"IT is always 'now,'" cried Vera Jones pettishly, as she threw down the book she was reading and picked up her sewing.

"What else would you expect it to be?" laughed her sister Violet, as she checked the busy whirl of her sewing machine to examine her work. "You know what I mean, well enough, it is much work and very little play for us; I am tired of this everlasting grind and mean to strike out a line for myself."

Vera and Violet were step-daughters in a large and not very wealthy family, and as their stepmother was a delicate woman a goodly share of the sewing fell to them, but Violet might truthfully have replied that she usually did her own share and half her sister's, too, but she wisely refrained from adding fuel to the fire, for when Vera was "upset"—that condition on which so many pride themselves as an evidence of sensitiveness instead of want of self-control—words were useless, and she silently turned again to her work with a heart-throb of pity for the unnecessary obstacles that her sister was placing in her path by her bitter discontent.

The two girls were summoned to their father's study. "Your Aunt Graham has written to me, asking for her sister's children to come to her, and offering to provide for you both for the rest of your lives. I should prefer to keep my daughters with me; she is an eccentric old lady and never spoke to your mother after she married me, since she had set her heart upon her making a great match, but she is a wealthy woman and can give you more than I could ever hope to, and so I think it is only right to give you your choice."

"Mine," said Violet, "is easily made. "I do not think mother and the children could do without me."

"I shall go, Father," Vera said, "I should like to see something more of life than this dull little place allows."

Ten years later a girl stood in one of the principal book stores of a big city choosing some birthday cards, and came upon these words: "Hast thou e'er reflected how much lies hidden in that one word *now*?"

"Yes, all the awful mystery of life?" The present surroundings faded from her sight and she saw in memory the little workroom and heard again her sister's rebellious complaint. How many things had happened since that day; how little she had heard of Vera since she had elected to leave her home; was she happier now?

"If Aunt's offer had not come I should have tried to go on the stage," she had told her, "I cannot stand this humdrum life." Then they

had stood together at the threshold of a choice that had proved "the parting of the ways."

The sound of voices recalled her to herself and she handed her choice of cards to the attendant to tie up for her and turned her attention to the new comers, an elderly lady and two young ones. Violet noted their tired eyes and bored expression, the mass of frills and flutters, chains and scents, the artificial ring of the high-pitched voices, in the voluble chatter which echoed through the shop; then the faint color in her cheeks deepened and her eyes grew bright with recognition as she centered her gaze upon the elder of the two girls, who turned suddenly full toward her, and their eyes met. "Violet!" "Vera!" and they clasped hands. The other girl nodded a careless good-by, and with a curious look at Violet left them. Mrs. Graham's face softened too, as at Vera's "Aunt, this is Violet," the girl came toward her with a tender smile on her face.

"Child," she said, "you are the living image of your mother. Why did you not come to me?"

"My duty lay elsewhere," she answered simply, "but I am glad to meet my own mother's sister at last."

"What are you doing in B——?" Vera broke in.

"Bernard lives here now. He is married, you know, and his wife is a dear little woman; I am staying with them. Lottie, the baby of your home days, is ten years old, and the others old enough to help, or away from home, and so I can easily get away for a visit and besides mother is much stronger."

"How you can have existed for ten weary years of that humdrum existence I cannot conceive," exclaimed Vera. "And you don't look a day older than when I last saw you. Vegetating seems to have that advantage."

"Vera," she answered, "you are *quite wrong*. Duty lovingly performed is *never dull*. I have not *vegetated*, I have *grown*. I doubt if your life, with all its outward variety, has been fuller than mine. It is not *where we go*, but what *we feel and do* that makes life dull or bright for us, and your face tells no happier story to me than it did in the little old work-room of long ago. There are two sides to every picture, and we can gild the commonest and most humble duty with the gold of love, for love is the great transforming magician!"

"My dear, you are quite a philosopher," said her aunt dryly, and she rose from her chair, and then she and Vera broke into exclamations of welcome to a clever-looking young man who had approached them unperceived.

"When did you return, Ralph?"

"Dr. Thornton, you are quite a stranger."

Violet turned away to receive her parcel with the uncomfortable feeling that the newcomer had overheard her speech to her sister, from the twinkle in his eye as he bowed to her, and she hastily made her adieu.

"Violet, you little know what a tonic those brave words of yours to your sister were to me; a young moneyed man does not, as a rule, see the highest side of womanly nature and he is apt to become skeptical of the 'ministering angel' as an actual reality, however much he may hold to the ideal deep down in his heart, and I can never feel grateful enough for the happy chance—but I forgot, there is no such thing as 'chance' in *your* philosophy."

"Do not say *my* philosophy, there is no element of haphazard in the *true* philosophy of life, Ralph; all the sages have told us that, but we have been very slow and stupid as to applying the teaching to our lives and action."

"True, oh queen, and since we have not this life that seed sowed, we thank you for the reaping of this blissful crop of fortunate circumstances?"

"May it please your majesty," she answered, "one of love and helpfulness, and Ralph, does it not drive home to one, since all the deeds and thoughts of our past have made our present what it is, the circumstances of our lives, and the inner power of our characters to deal with and make right use of those circumstances, the *infinite* importance of *Now*—for therein lies the result of all the past, the promise and potency of all the future?"

"NEARLY the whole secret of great hearts lies in the word perseverance."

The Young Man and His Needs

Read by a member of Senior Boys' Club of Loma-land, at a Sunday evening meeting in Isis Theatre

I WISH to say a few words about the life of the young man of the present day, to show in what respects it is lacking and how the ideals and methods of life held and carried out in The Universal Brotherhood at Point Loma can supply those wants.

The life of the young man of the present day suffers from the lack of a guiding purpose; there is no strong and sure principle, no certain faith at the back of him to govern and give a meaning to all his doings.

We live in a complicated age in which culture is widely diffused and diversified. There is much learning, but little wisdom. Human energy scatters itself over a large field of enterprises and pursuits. It is an age of opinions and cults and fashions in thought.

The young man of today finds himself endowed with many faculties which have been just sufficiently stimulated by education to wake them up without satisfying them. He finds himself in a world rich and overflowing with variety of interests and activities.

But, if he is a reflecting man, he will at times pause to ask himself what is the meaning of it all? For, though there may be some whose natures are satisfied by a purposeless drifting along the easy currents of conventional life, and others to whom the effort to make money quickly may seem a worthy ambition; still I know well how many there are who feel that this rushing, complicated modern life has somehow lost the key to the meaning of existence, and that there must surely be some higher use and aim for the wonderful powers and faculties and aspirations of man than just to make money in order to spend it on luxury and sport, or to lead a humdrum and purposeless existence.

Such young men as these find themselves without an outlet for their energies, and thus they too often fall a prey to the snares of dissipation in its numerous forms—not from viciousness but from want of purpose. Religion in its present state offers no solution to the earnest and thinking man, and yet he can find no definite and positive faith to replace it. So he wavers about among the various fashionable modes of thought in search of some workable science of life.

I think we know pretty well the condition of things I am trying to describe, and so I will go on to speak about the ideals and methods followed in The Universal Brotherhood, which I have found to be capable of giving a real meaning to life and making it worth living. I want to speak of the new vistas of enthusiasm and high resolve that open out before a young man when he begins to catch the real spirit and import of The Universal Brotherhood idea of life.

I do not mean that any new creed or theory is taught, to simply add one more to the hundreds that already exist. It takes something more than that to produce the effect I have mentioned. I mean that there is a real practical philosophy of life or art of living, which is not only taught and accepted intellectually, but carried out and made workable in daily life by the people living there.

To begin with, one gradually learns the great central purpose of human life, and discovers what is the true guiding motive and inspiration that binds together all the scattered elements of our character and gives to our existence a meaning and an object.

And one learns this from observation of the lives of the people by whom one is surrounded and by entering into and sharing their experiences.

For through Theosophy the truths which are vaguely hinted at in religion become actual workable facts having a bearing on real life and able to solve the problem of our own career for us.

To take one instance. In the world we are taught to look upon the accumulation of wealth, the progress of mechanical invention and the contrivances of luxury as the chief objects of human ambition and energy. The civilized man of modern pattern is held before us as the crowning glory of human progress for us to imitate. But at Point Loma we learn that man has been in the past, and can be in the near future a much greater and happier type of being than he is in his present condition. We learn that man is first and foremost a Soul, and that the end of life is to express the powers of that soul.

The life of the Soul is a life of peace and joy, of infinite fullness and never ending possibilities. But the life of the senses, which is what is almost exclusively cultivated in the world, is a life of dissatisfaction and restlessness. In the world we must consider all our faculties from the ready-money point of view. All our best powers are only so much

marketable material. Few have sufficient leisure from the demands of the competitive life to devote to the cultivation of higher tastes and arts. And even when these things are cultivated it is for the most part only as objects of pleasure.

At Loma-land a collective effort is being made to bring about a higher condition of life and create a better type of humanity. No one can look abroad on modern life and say that humanity as a whole is happy or prosperous. This merely illustrates the old story that happiness must be sought within; for if circumstances and material resources and arts and sciences *could make us happy*, surely we ought to be so in these times. But there must *first* be health—health of body, health of mind, and health of spirit; and modern humanity has



DOWN THE GRADE BETWEEN JULIAN AND BANNER, SAN DIEGO COUNTY, CAL.

none of these. At Loma-land we will show you how to attain all these kinds of health, and therefore how to be a joy to yourself and to your fellows.

The prime secret is Brotherhood, and by this I do not mean ordinary charity nor any of the usual cut-and-dried communistic systems of living. For Brotherhood, as I understand the word, does not mean just an equal distribution of earnings or a common agreement to co-operate in a purely animal existence of satisfying the needs of the body.

Brotherhood is a new spirit that takes possession of one, filling one with the feeling of belonging to everybody and being a member of the great human family. Without Brotherhood a man gets wrapped up in his own little personal concerns and his own well-being fills his thoughts and crowds out the sympathetic interest in the general prosperity. With Brotherhood life takes on a new and glowing color and one's interests expand. There appears a new purpose in everything one does.

At Loma-land we learn to live according to nature's laws of health and so we are able easily to overcome those infirmities of habit and health which are making the lives of so many young men almost intolerable. If wrong ways of living increase at the present rate it will soon be impossible to live at all. People of great ability, who had lost all power of work and all interest in life through the false ways of living in which they had been brought up and which had ruined their health or led them into a blind alley, have come to Point Loma and are now rejoicing in the use of their powers, which they thankfully consecrate to the service of other men who may be in need of similar help.

I am afraid I cannot find words to give you a proper idea of what it means to a young man to adopt our ideas and methods. But I can assure you that the eloquent language of facts declares that somehow we have the key to life, and that we can turn it from a struggle into a blessing. If anyone will sit down and just ask himself seriously what

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

From *The San Diego Union*, Monday, September 22, 1902

THE RAJA YOGA CHILDREN

A Great Crowd Listens to Splendid Choral Singing at the Isis Theatre

"Theosophy for the Young," an Address by a Raja Yoga School Boy—Beautiful Decorations—Loma Homestead Choir

ANOTHER of those rarely beautiful spectacles by the Raja Yoga School children of Point Loma was given in Isis Theatre last evening, to an audience which filled the house to the very limits, even after the top gallery had been thrown open. It was an appreciative crowd, enjoying to the fullest the splendid feast for mind and soul presented by the children, and applauding heartily every number, as well as the sentiments expressed in the two addresses.

As early as 7:15 o'clock the street in front of the Theatre was rendered impassable by the crowd in waiting, and by the time the doors were opened the crowd reached quite thickly to C street and almost as far north as B street.

A very pleasing and quite new arrangement of the stage and proscenium impressed the audience most favorably, in spite of the fact that its anticipations were keyed high by the previous effects produced by the artistic decorators and designers of Point Loma. The chief feature of the decorations were pampas grass plumes. These, mingled with a wealth of potted palms, garlands of smilax and many white blossoms, with here and there a spray from the pepper tree, made a most beautiful and harmonious background for the classically-costumed students.

Mrs. Katherine Tingley was present, occupying one of the boxes in company with Mr. Tingley, and in one of the other boxes were Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Spalding of Point Loma.

The first number on the program was given by the children alone—a chorus entitled, "Arise." It was most beautifully and effectively sung, and with a very rare unison of voice, as though the great, sweet sound came from a single throat. All the choral singing was in splendid tune and time, but it was especially marked that the Raja Yoga children sang with a most remarkable unity.

"Golden Slumbers" (Foote) was another choral number by the children, as was the "Distant Chimes" (Glover) which was finely illustrated by an accompaniment of chimes. These numbers were followed by a connected song series in which the Raja Yoga children were assisted by the Loma-land choir of male and female voices, and also by the Ladies' choir of Loma Homestead. With the addition of the older voices the stage was crowded with singers, and the great strains of harmony that were sent out through the house were most effective. Each of the three numbers was greeted with prolonged applause.

It was, however, distinctly a children's service, and in conformity with this end the first address of the evening was presented by one of the Raja Yoga school boys—a very manly, dignified, clear-spoken lad, whose every word could be heard in every corner of the theatre. "Theosophy for the Young" was his title.

"Many people seem to think that Theosophy would be a far too difficult thing to teach to children," he began.

"But of course, this is not so, because Theosophy is the truth. Every child knows about Theosophy until it has been petted and spoiled and has had all its good thoughts driven out of it. The effect Theosophy would have upon children would be to create a deep longing in their hearts to help suffering humanity. But, then, of course, that might not do for some people because it might force them to give up their selfish ways. Some children grow up having nothing higher or nobler to occupy their minds than their own likes and dislikes.

"One of the things that has such a bad effect on children is fear. Theosophy teaches children to fear nothing. It is a mean thing to teach children to obey for fear of punishment. A child should be taught to do right because it loves to do so, and not through fear of a person who is stronger than itself. Theosophy teaches children to rely on themselves so that when they grow up they will not have to ask somebody else what to do, but will go right ahead and do their best. Theosophy also teaches children to have gratitude for every good deed that is done, because if a child has gratitude it cannot be selfish or unkind.

"Children should be taught what real courage is. People who are really courageous are those who have conquered their own passions, for it is far more courageous to refuse to strike a person who insulted you, than to lower yourself to that person's level by retaliating.

"Children should be educated so that they are honorable in everything they do. You can always distinguish anybody who is trying to lead a pure life by the way they carry themselves, or if they look you straight in the eye. There are many people who have tried to do good, but by some little weakness that was not overcome in their youth, they have failed, because they were not educated properly when they were children. It is not natural for men to live in big cities, all crowded together, while nearly half the population are in misery, and hundreds

of children growing up in the grime and smoke of big manufactories, many of them grinding out their lives in the rattle and jar of machinery without so much as once enjoying the happiness that is natural to children.

"It is time for man to awake to his nobility and protest against the injustice and cruelty in the world. But all this cannot be done until we awake to the responsibility of the education of children. I see no way to bring the new sweet life to little children unless fathers and mothers and all who love them dare to set aside their opinions and look into Theosophy, which is, in simple words, divine wisdom. Theosophy has made me find the joy of life. I would love to share it with you."

"A New Name—to Him that Overcometh," was the subject of the second address, a very interesting essay dealing with a text in Revelation, and read by one of the young lady students.

Loma-land and the World

BUILDING THE CITY—The sound of the hammer is seldom absent from Loma-land and the new city grows apace. If one were to return to us today after an absence of a few months, among the many new buildings which would demand attention would be the latest children's bungalow which stands out in front of the others upon the crest of the Hill. It is the largest of all, and perhaps, in its way, it will be the most important. It is a model of what all houses, those of children as well as adults, ought to be. The paint is hardly dry upon it, but we can enter and inspect the drawing room and library combined, the dormitory in which by an arrangement of screens every child has its own room with the little decorations of flowers, etc., which make all the difference between a house and a home. Here too is the kitchen, for this will be a home of domestic economy, a place in which the older children will be taught in every sense of the word to fill the wider positions which await them in the world. Here they will hold their receptions in which serious conversation will take the place of gossip, for the real, natural child prefers the former to the latter. Here is the piano, for music is in itself a true conversation. Here indeed is everything in miniature for miniature people, and everything ideal and perfect.

AN INTERNATIONAL CHILD-HOME—It will be truly international and representative of the great outside world, for in addition to American children, we have Cubans, English, Irish, French, Swedes and Danes. Almost as we write the new home will be occupied, and its activities will afford the material for many an "Observer" note in the future. Like all true education this work will teach the teachers as much as it does the children, and the teachers make no secret of their opportunities. And it is only a beginning. At this moment Dr. Van Pelt and others are in Cuba and soon they will return with more children, always more children, for in every true work to stand still is to go backward.

THE GRATITUDE OF CUBA—It is almost needless to speak of the gratitude of the Cuban people and especially of that section who bring the highest intelligence to bear upon the well-being of their country. Some of the best blood that is to vitalize the blood of Cuba is being trained at the Raja Yoga school at Point Loma, and it is the pride of the Leader and of all comrades to give to the young nation all that shall make it truly wealthy in the future.

AND OUR GRATITUDE—Our gratitude is none the less sincere. It is great in proportion as we have worked for the Brotherhood of Men and for the wisdom which that implies. With our own eyes we shall see the triumph of which we have hardly dared to think.

That all members of The Universal Brotherhood are partaking of the new life there is no question. While the students from all parts of the world are gathered at Point Loma for the outgoing of some of their best energies to help humanity, they are also receiving, from their comrades everywhere, encouragement in many ways.

SWEDEN is doing a noble part. There are many active members there who possess heroic qualities of devotion such as tend to advance our great Movement. Germany, too, is doing her part. Letters from the comrades there always bring new evidences of steadfastness that point to great results for the spreading of the Wisdom Religion.

IRELAND—the land of the gods—is awakening and while the members there, led by Brother F. J. Dick, are energizing the public mind by their acts of noble service, there are some outside the ranks who are touched by the new life and are laying bare the truths of life, and in so doing are pointing to the errors of the age, many of which imprison the best interests of dear old Erin.

Letters from Brother H. Crooke, the President of The Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood in England, are full of enthusiasm for the work there, which has played no small part in the onward march of the Theosophical Movement.

AUSTRALIA, too, is keeping up the pace, and America, while doing her part, should make a greater record in the coming year. OBSERVER

Camp Karnak, Loma-Land

THE "Insubordinates" of Camp Karnak have forsaken their tents and gathered themselves together under one roof in a wonderful and beautiful house like unto no ordinary house whatsoever.

In looking at the interior of this literary Home one is reminded of the man who said he could not see the forest on account of the trees; one sees the central room or hall and the rooms of the students all at once, for all is open throughout. The separate rooms are only separate when the lattice blinds are let down, and then they are not separate, because the blinds are transparent, and do not hinder sound; so the blinds are mostly left up and the house and the hall and the separate rooms are one. As is the outer so is the inner, as is the house so is the dweller therein. The dweller is the literary staff composed of separate students who are, however, only separate "when the blinds are let down" and then one can easily see through, for they are in one body, whether they like it or not.

"There is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed" is here practically exemplified, any one may at any time see what is going on in any part of this dwelling.

Thus the building of a house in Loma-land is an object lesson on the building of a house (or body) for the soul to dwell in. No whitened sepulchres are wanted here, no houses of fashion with the Queen-Anne front and the Mary-Anne back.

And from a crowning lantern on the roof top shines a light at night, and at each door watches a faithful hound. These having fought many battles are now agreed to divide the piazza between them, and are ready to combine their forces against outside power that may encroach upon their "sphere of influence."

And there is no smoking in this house! And after nine o'clock at night there is silence. Now I am wondering how this house would have struck me as a residence if I had been offered a room here a few years ago, but I can not get back there, I can not think that this life in Karnak house is not just perfectly natural and what I always wished for, and yet, pushing memory back into the remote past of a few months ago, I remember feeling sad and even resentful at the idea of having to leave my little tent, the abode which we had chosen in preference to being shut up in a closed dwelling. For a tent is a whole house to oneself, with that delightful sense of having only a strip of canvas between one and the stars. But we soon realized the advantage in our new abode, for a tent is an isolated dwelling and it fosters egotism, or at least a bad kind of individualism.

Still there is a unity in camp life that overbalances this individualizing effect of the solitary tent dwelling, there are the common duties in connection with the meals, and the camp fire, which tend to break down the barriers of personality and prepare the campers for the closer and more unified life of such a house as ours.

Our Teacher has led us gently along a path that brings us nearer and nearer to the place where *personality* disappears, where the masks and veils and blinds of conventional life become so transparent that it is not worth while to use them, where the pilgrim finds that even hypocrisy has outlived its usefulness, and where one may as well be honest with one's self since one's character is open to the inspection of one's comrades all the time.

And again I say I cannot find anything remarkable in our life in Karnak house, because it is so perfectly natural and simple that

it feels as if it was always so. Once more we learn to trust our Teacher's wisdom, for once more we find the change that had appeared to us as an ordeal or a trial to be undergone or a sacrifice to be made, is but one more holiday time that we shall be very loth to leave when the time for the next "ordeal" comes.

Once more we see how each house that is put up here is a picture lesson in the science of true Life, a practical application of the most profound occult philosophy, a lesson in the art of making Theosophy a living power in our lives. Here on this Hill the visitor may see the gradual unfolding of the plan of *Life as it should be*, and they see that it is possible, and practicable, and desirable, very simple and far more beautiful than the common life of the world today.

And we who are in the midst of it all grow with its growth, and scarcely mark the changes that are taking place in our own natures, so anxious are we to reach the point at which we can lose all memory of our personal selves and see the plan of the New Humanity and our place in the work that lies before us when we are worthy to be called Helpers of Humanity.

At present the men of Karnak spend a part of their time in excavating the basement of the house for the accommodation of trunks, boxes, etc., and also for bath-room, and the excavated earth is being thrown out to make a terrace which will ultimately become a garden, and some take charge of the newly-planted pepper trees that line the way to the School of Antiquity grounds. And at night each one shares in the

duty of guarding the bungalows of the sleeping children of the Raja Yoga School. These hours of quiet solitude are very peaceful and beautiful, one is very near to nature in these strolls on the crest of the Hill in the moonlight or the twilight or the dawning. Every phase of moonlight becomes familiar and how beautiful is the moonlight on the ocean, or as the great golden disc flares up over the mountains and glows above the sleeping city and the bay, and slowly pales and dwindles as she rises higher in the heaven, till her light is pure and silvery and gleams across the ocean in long ladders of light to the foot of the hill, and the light on the roof of Karnak looks red and warm as it stands up there in the track of the silvery moon on the ocean. To get near to nature for some part of the day is to get a touch of a broader and fresher life than is possible for those who are compelled to work all day in the study or the office. I think that it is due in a great measure to this constant contact with nature that the students who share this life are able to work so steadily, and yet grow younger and more vigorous all the time, and the harder they work the younger and stronger they grow.

There is such virtue in the breath of nature here in Loma-land, and I think that the dwellers in Karnak have such privileges as have not fallen to the lot of any literary staff in the world for many ages, it may be, not since they lived in that older Karnak, when Egypt was a lamp to the world, and her temples were homes of Wisdom and Science.

May they be worthy of their opportunities.
STUDENT

No man is secure in appearing abroad but he who would willingly lie hid at home.

No man securely speaks but he who loves to hold his peace.

No man securely governs but he who would willingly live in subjection.

No man securely commands but he who has learned well to obey.—THOMAS A KEMPIS



WEST FRONT OF THE CAMP KARNAK BUILDING, HEADQUARTERS OF THE LITERARY STAFF OF LOMA-LAND



THE KARNAK BUILDING FROM THE NORTH SIDE

Students



Path

The Distant Hills

by CAAN EMIR

OVER the hills, the distant hills,
I see the morning's rosy gleam
And all my soul with rapture thrills
To catch the far off rising beam.

The shadows flee, and look! Behold
The Shining Ones that come and go!
Their brows are bound with pearls and gold---
Their robes are white as virgin snow.

By their glad faces will we ken
The messages of love they bear---
And "Peace on earth, good-will to men,"
Comes pealing through the ambient air.

The walls built up through ages past
By craft and fraud, by guile and lust,
Shall bow their stony ramparts vast
And crumble to their native dust.

And o'er this free and leveled way
The Shining Ones shall come and go,
With faces fairer than the day
And lit by Love's eternal glow.

Over the hills, the distant hills,
The Torch of Progress brightly gleams
And all my soul with rapture thrills
As o'er a wakened world it streams.

In an Hour Ye Know Not

THE new light which is coming into the world brings with it a new interpretation to all old truths. There are many who are feeling that new light even though they admit it unwillingly and as something which militates against the prejudices which have for so long masqueraded as revelations. There is a something moving abroad in the world of thought which is gathering up the tangled threads of misunderstood creeds, unraveling them with strenuous, patient hands and presenting them to human minds as newly illuminated truths which have to do with the eternal *now*, and not with a vanished past. Voices which we have thought to be but echoes from antiquity are ringing in our ears insistently, refusing to be silenced or explained, demanding to be received as facts in a new order of consciousness. Humanity is looking forward expectantly, refusing to give of its vitality to any idea whatever which is not born of present need and a future attainment.

In an hour when ye know not the Son of Man cometh. Here truly is a hope for the individual and for the world. The "Son of Man" has been waiting but for our invitation, until we shall have learned to set our house in order and to expel those other guests with which it can have neither part nor lot. This we are learning to do through suffering. Indeed we have already learned in great part, and now as individuals, and in a larger sense as a community, we are passing through a period of disillusionment, of blankness, and even what may seem to be like a period of death. We are finding that all these things which we believed to be replete with happiness, are instead full only of regrets, that wealth and comfort and power and position have their little day and pass away, and that we are left standing face to face with emptiness, or mournfully regarding a place in which only the dead remain to mock us with their deceptions. That place is full of the dead, full of the dead, of dead hopes and joys, of dead pleasures, of dead delights, dead because their own unworthiness was the very seed of death. Well shall it be for us and for the world if we perceive that out of death comes life, and that only out of that silent tomb of death can the "Son of Man" arise. The Son of Man is the Soul which has stood at the background of

our minds for these many ages. It has watched the panorama of our hopes and fears, our sincerities and our hypocrisies, our pursuits and our defeats. Never was patience like unto this, never was love like unto this. It has been despised and rejected of men, but never has its voice failed us when we have stopped for a moment in our career of folly, never has its light ceased from its steady burning over our wasted lives, over the moaning waters of our sorrows.

Is there yet room for the power and for the peace of the soul? In an hour when we know not it will claim its heritage if we but look for it, acknowledge it and make ourselves ready for its light. It is no small gift which it has been waiting to confer. It is the power of God, and the beauty of God and the joy of God. It is godlike art, and godlike poetry and a knowledge within which lie the heavens and the earth. It is the right hand of fellowship with all the mighty ones who have gone before, and it is the winged majesty of will which opens to us the treasures of nature, which laughs at death.

Are these little things? They are the divine rights of humanity when it shall recognize its other half, which is divinity. That divinity rises up out of the fire of sorrow which consumes all that is base, it awaits us on the other side of the tomb in which we have buried the follies of Self, its hates, its passions and its fears.

STUDENT

God thought—
A million blazing worlds were wrought!
God will'd—
Earth rose, while all creation thrill'd!
God spoke—
And in The Garden love awoke!
God smiled—
Lo! in the mother's arms, a child!—*National Magazine*

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

DEAR COMRADES: There are times when the light of the sun is clouded and the light of the stars has failed. There are times when our whole horizon is filled with the gloomy vision of some past mistake, insignificant in itself, but enormous and so terrible in its results. There are times when we well know that we cost the Helpers of Humanity much more than we are worth. There are times when, try as we will, we find it impossible to shake off a crushing regret, a regret so deep that it touches the hem of despair.

Such times come to us all, more frequently to some of us than to others. What is our duty? Sackcloth and ashes avail us not at all. All the mourning in the world will not change the past. The mistake has been made, it is irrevocable. We might have avoided it all, *at such little cost then*. Now we cannot undo the error though we have worlds to give. What is then to be done?

Are we Warriors, or are we only playing? If we are Warriors, let us remember that the true Warrior looks not backward but ahead. He burns his bridges behind him. That is the secret of his power to win. That is why he is able to carry his standard even into the very citadel of the enemy's domain. And we, as students, must do the same. *We must burn our bridges behind us*, and march ahead, straight forward, heads up, not down. We may examine the past error as a general may examine the map of a route over which he has just passed, simply to gain information which, at some future time, will be of service. That is one thing and to go back into the atmosphere of old mistakes, grieving, fretting, filled with vain wishes and half mad with futile regrets—that is quite another. To allow ourselves to get into the atmosphere of past errors, actually in thought living them over again and *wasting precious time in doing so* is an insult to the Master, an insult to our own souls and a deliberate prostitution of the principles we profess to serve. And the student who conquers the tendency to do this may do more for humanity than one who transmutes a passion or dominates a vice. As Krishna said to the despondent Arjuna,

It is disgraceful, contrary to duty and the foundation of dishonor.

There is such a thing as mistaken conscientiousness, and it is unto those who are guilty of that unwisdom that William Q. Judge said:

Then regret nothing, not even the greatest follies of your lives. Regret is productive only of error. Assert to yourself that it is not of the slightest consequence what you were yesterday, but in every moment *strive for that moment*. The results will follow of themselves.

H. E.

Courage

OH friends, be men, and let your hearts be strong,
 And let no warrior in the heat of fight
 Do what may bring him shame in others' eyes;
 For more of those who shrink from shame are safe
 Than fall in battle, while with those who flee
 Is neither glory nor reprieve from death.—HOMER

FOR be sure our hearts would lose
 Future years of woe,
 If our courage could refuse
 The present hour with "No."—ELIZA COOK

A MAN of courage is also full of faith.—CICERO

The Magic Words

ONCE upon a time there lived a little boy named Jean who was very fond of music, but the violin that he had was old, for had it not been his father's? and it would squeak, and always seemed dreadfully hard to keep in tune. And Jean grew discouraged and said, "Oh dear, there is no use in trying, I can't make music," and then he stopped trying and grew very unhappy.

One day a little fairy all dressed in violet was dancing around and found Jean, and thought, "Why here is a little boy, who ought to be making music, he looks very unhappy. Perhaps we can somehow touch his heart strings somewhere so he will want to make music again."

Just then Jean's Uncle Ned came in cheery and bright, and called out, "Where's Jean? I want him to go to the country with me for a little while."

And Jean with a bound of delight made preparations for this journey that he had so long wanted to take. The little fairy came along too, for he had work to do and wanted to keep close watch of his opportunities.

Oh, the delight of it all to Jean; the flowers, the trees, the birds, the long happy days that were never long enough. One day Uncle Ned sent him to the woods to see why the water from the brook had stopped flowing through the pasture land, and as Jean followed the stream along cool green hedges, and through yellow fields of grain to the edge of the woods, he thought never before had the birds sung so gladly, nor had the flowers looked so fresh and bright, nor had the wind ever before seemed to breathe such peace and contentment.

Bending over the brook, he thought he saw a little light quiver in the stream, and rubbing his eyes he looked again, and there before him stood our little Violet Fairy.

"Well, who are you?" said Jean.

"I'm a little fairy that great hearts use sometimes to make the world better. But I know who you are, you are Jean, and I was wondering if you could hear the music everywhere?"

"Why yes," said Jean, "it is everywhere!"

"Why do you not make music too?" asked the fairy.

"Oh," replied the child, "because I cannot. The old violin squeaks and seems never to go right."

"But," said the fairy, "down in your world they say 'a good workman never complains of his tools,' and in our world we say, 'do your best.' If you put the two together perhaps when you go back you can make music too."

"All right," said Jean, "but will you come too?"

"Yes, I will come and be with you every time you 'do your best,'" answered the fairy.

"Oh, that will be fine," answered Jean, and when he went back to his home he commenced again on the old violin. Many times he grew tired, but the fairy's words would always come into his mind, and so he persevered. The music became more and more beautiful with every effort.

And when he grew older and played it sometimes seemed as though all nature was breathing her beauties of sound through the old violin.

And the fairies? They had a festival in fairy-land when they heard Jean play, for they knew it was their magic words of "do your best," that had called forth all this beautiful harmony and had perhaps been the means of healing some wound or stilling some pain in this suffering world of ours.

M. A. M.

Setting Free the Sunbeams

"FREDDY, you can't come fishing, you know you can't! You're a naughty boy to cry like that," said Jim as he and his chum stood, rods in hand, impatient to be off.

"I'se not naughty, I'se not naughty!" screamed Freddy.

"Come along, Hal," said Jim, "he'll be all right when we're out of sight."

"Poor little chap," remarked Hal as they moved away. "Never mind, Freddy," he shouted over his shoulder, "You'll come when you're a big boy." A heart-broken wail was the only reply.

The garden gate shut with a bang! They were gone.

Freddy stood for some minutes choking down his sobs, then turning quickly ran toward the open door of the tool shed, through which he disappeared.

By-and-by his mother came out with her sewing, and sat down on the garden seat. "Freddy is very quiet," thought she. "I wonder where he is?"

Presently Freddy came out from the shed, carrying a wooden spade and a small watering-pot, and walked straight to his "own" garden, and began digging vigorously, with a look of determination on his tear-stained little face. At last the hole was deep enough, and quietly laying down his spade he took the watering-pot and filled it at the pipe, then set it down again by the hole and came running to his mother.

"Why! what is the matter, dear?" said she, as she noticed traces of tears on the flushed face; but Freddy took no notice.

"Come, mov'er, I'se dug a hole. Want to g'ow big, quick, like ye f'owers. Come and put water on me!"

"What do you mean, dear?" said his mother, looking utterly bewildered.

"F'owers g'ows quick when 'oo water yem, quicker yan 'itty boys. Want to g'ow a big boy an' go fishin'. Come, mov'er, I'se dug a hole!"

Slowly it dawned on her. "Dear little one," she murmured below her breath, as she drew him close to her side, and bent over to hide the smile that played tenderly on her lips. "Freddy will grow a big boy very soon," said she aloud.

The pleading blue eyes regarded her wistfully. "F'owers g'ow quick when 'oo water yem!"

"Why," she continued, smiling, "if I were to put water on Freddy and leave him out in the garden all night, he would take cold and perhaps die; then he would never go fishing—but something else makes the flowers grow, too."

"What?" asked Freddy, brightening.

"Sunshine. Just look at the beech tree. How big and strong it is! and it is all because of the sunshine. Look! there is Davis clearing the walk, gathering all the broken twigs. He is going to burn them."

"Bonfire!" ejaculated Freddy. "Come an' see it mov'er."

"Wait until he has the heap ready. Do you know, Freddy, there is sunshine in all these broken twigs? Yes, sunshine!"

"One day, when these little twigs were growing on the beech tree, and had fresh green leaves on them, some little sunbeams came and danced over them, danced so merrily; but soon they stopped—they found out they had work to do; even they, the little sunbeams, could help a big, big beech tree grow bigger. You see, the beech tree wanted food to eat, but what it wanted was united fast with something else, and it couldn't get it. And the sunbeams found out that they could separate these things, and so give the beech tree its food; but, they could only do it by giving up all that they loved—their merry dancing, their warm shining glow—they would not shine any more, at least, not for a long, long time; and all the while they couldn't shine they would be imprisoned inside the tree. But they never thought of not doing it, so they gave away their golden glow—they separated and placed it between the things that were united fast—and so the tree got its food; but the little sunbeams lost their light and remained imprisoned, waiting for another light to come and set them free, and it is just going to happen to these little twigs now. Davis is going to free the little sunbeams!"

"How, mov'er!" asked Freddy, all excitement.

"See, he is doing it now! Come, see how they burn! How the flames are dancing! Do you feel the warm glow and see the flames shining? These are the dear little sunbeams, rejoicing, so happy to be free again."

A. P. D.

FIRST EDITION---NEARLY READY

THE MYSTERIES OF THE HEART DOCTRINE

ONE of the MOST INTERESTING & COMPREHENSIVE WORKS on THEOSOPHY EVER PUBLISHED

Issued by KATHERINE TINGLEY, Leader and Official Head of THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD Organization, and by Members of her Cabinet

Over 350 pages Specially written to meet the needs of Inquirers Beautifully illustrated

This edition is limited to 1,000 copies, and will be sold at the previously advertised price of \$1.25 for cloth bound and \$1.00 for paper. After the First Edition is exhausted the price will be raised to \$2.00 for cloth binding and \$1.50 for paper, for it has been found impossible to prepare this book on the basis originally planned at the price first quoted.

The Theosophical Publishing Company, Point Loma, California

The
LEADING REAL ESTATE BROKER in SAN DIEGO IS

E. J. Carter

964 Sixth Street, San Diego

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE LOCATING IN SAN DIEGO
CITY OR COUNTY, CALL ON OR
WRITE TO HIM

RUDDER'S
NEW RESTAURANT
& **GRILL**

NEWLY FURNISHED FINEST IN THE CITY

CORNER FOURTH & PLAZA
SAN DIEGO - - - CAL.

Strahlmann-Mayer Drug Co.
PHARMACY GRADUATES
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Per-
fumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, etc.
Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Recipes carefully prepared

CORNER FOURTH & D STREETS
Telephone Main 424
CORNER FIFTH & C STREETS
Telephone Black 856

AT

Bowen's
DRY GOODS STORE

Will be found a full assortment
of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Tea
Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Wrap-
pers, Silks and Dress Goods . . .

W. O. BOWEN 1043 FIFTH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

To Learn Self-Control

"A teacher at the Hampton school in Virginia," says *Harper's Weekly*, "tells of a Cherokee boy, a student at the school, who recently died, and among whose papers was found one on which was written: 'My reasons for coming to Hampton: 1 To develop all my powers. 2 To help my people. 3 To learn the idea of self-control.'"

"Likely enough there was in this a tincture of boyish sentimentalism, or a touch of that egotism which leads to the out-pouring of crude intensities on the pages of diaries. Yet a boy would be better so than dull and soggy—and a good deal better so when he has thought deeply enough to elevate the idea of learning self-mastery as one of the important purposes of his school life. It occurs to us that this young Indian suggests the desirability of a department of self-control in all our institutions of learning. Putting his ideal in contrast with the deplorable exhibitions of a lack of self-control made by some of the men who are among the most conspicuous—generals and statesmen and captains of industry, for example—the necessity of adding exercise in self-control to the curricula imposed upon American youth becomes obviously desirable. If sundry eminent citizens of this country had enjoyed such training, how much happier life would have been for them and how much less disconcerting for some of the rest of us! Seriously, the Indian boy in his aspiration for himself set a fine example for the masterful Anglo-Saxon."

Degenerate Christianity

A Leighton Buzzard correspondent sends the following: "No little excitement has been caused in the town of Leighton Buzzard, Beds, during the past week by a series of remarkable farewell gatherings conducted by the Rev. G. Dyer, a Methodist minister, until within the last few weeks connected with the local Wesleyan circuit. After serving in the Wesleyan ministry for nearly thirty years, the reverend gentleman severed his connection with Methodism at the recent Manchester Conference, and was reported to have gone to America to join in Christian work with his relative, Mr. Booth-Clibborn, the American Salvationist leader. To this statement Mr. Dyer gives an unqualified denial, and states that it is his intention to start an undenominational church in Hull, where he hopes with the help of many true friends to plot against the world, the flesh and degenerate Christianity. The reverend gentleman possesses a powerful personality, and has enlisted the sympathies of a large section of the Nonconformists in the town, including many prominent Wesleyans. Christianity of the present day, he asserts, possesses a correct orthodoxy that has lost its vitality, and rather than hear the Gospel preached without the true ring, he has thrown up what would have been a comfortable competency and struck out alone with nothing but God."

If you are difficult to satisfy, I ask you to inspect our before hire or carriage not perfect-



come in & LIVERY ing a team that does ly suit you

FRED FANNING
PROPRIETOR

Fifth Avenue Stables

Tel. Red 351 SAN DIEGO Cor. 5th & B Sts.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF SAN DIEGO
UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

CAPITAL PAID UP \$150,000
SURPLUS & PROFITS \$50,000

J. GRUENDIKE - - - PRESIDENT
D. F. GARRETTSON - - VICE PRES.
G. W. FISHBURN - - - CASHIER

DIRECTORS—J. Gruendike, Geo. Hannahs, J. E. Fishburn,
G. W. Fishburn and D. F. Garrettson

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

**WE ARE IN A POSITION TO
FIT YOUR EYES TO SUIT
YOU. WE HAVE A SPEC-
IAL PLACE SET APART
FOR OPTICAL WORK,
CONTAINING ALL THE
MODERN INSTRUMENTS
USED IN SIGHT TESTING
IF YOU NEED GLASSES,
HAVE a PRESCRIPTION to
FILL, or FRAME to REPAIR**

we give you the best work obtainable in San Diego

J E N K S

826-828 5th street

Graduate Optician

FOR UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The New Century



Year \$2

Point Loma, San Diego, California.

Copy 58



The Cause and the Cure of Disease

WHAT is called the progress of mankind is often more apparent than real. It can never become real until we gain some control over our lower nature. We are constantly hearing of the wonderful discoveries of medicine and surgery in the alleviation and cure of some diseases, but at the same time disease does not diminish in quantity and its cause remains untouched. Vice in its many forms, the drink and morphine habits, idleness, pride, neglect and gluttony, stalk unhindered, and while the symptoms, in the form of ailments, alone are tinkered with, it is not reasonable to suppose we can develop into the superb, god-like race we ought to be if we resolutely determined to accomplish this great end.

Medicine is engaged upon an endless combat with endless foes. One disease is banished from our midst, hydra-like another dread disorder rises in its place. Today it seems as though while sanitation and bacteriology were defeating the enemies which preyed upon lung and alimentary canals the ranks of disease are to be recruited from foes whose stress falls chiefly upon the brain and upon the spinal cord.—*The Lancet*

Exactly so. We are seeking in the wrong place for the cure. Disease is not an accident falling upon us in a fortuitous manner. Its incidence is covered by law, but until the marvelous patience and energy shown by our great pathologists is directed into a higher channel than merely the exploration of the byways of disease, such as bacteriology, in which the ultimate roots will never be found, the medicine will remain the empiric, unscientific art it now is. The excess of specialism today is no good sign, for the true physician should be broad minded, of wide sympathies and have some knowledge of the causes of the sufferings of humanity. Until the true nature of man is better understood than at the present day, we can expect but little improvement in the public health, and this understanding can only be found by studying our natures upon the common-sense lines of Theosophy and carrying out the principle of Universal Brotherhood in its fullness. H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge gave the impulse now objectivized in The Universal Brotherhood Organization which, under Katherine Tingley's skilful direction, is spreading far and wide the knowledge of how to control the passions by an educational system new and effective in principle and in method. So there is hope for the hopeless, and at Point Loma a body of self-controlled and healthy people are being trained to fight the good fight against sin, pain and disease of all kinds. SALUD

Hopelessness of Revivalism

THE Wesleyan Methodist Conference in great Britain has issued to its churches a pastoral in which it says that the most urgent need of the times is a great spiritual movement issuing from a revival of religion in the broadest and truest sense evangelical:

Evil can only be dethroned by the accession of good; Mammon, with its attendant vices of self-indulgence and cruelty, will only be cast down when Christ reigns. The Methodist people are therefore entreated to offer unceasing prayer that God will of his great mercy bestow such a spiritual revival upon the world.

What an instance of the universal impatience for a release from the appalling conditions of modern life, coupled with a total lack of conception as to how it is to be done. They can think of nothing better than flogging the dead horse of revivalism and giving one more desperate squeeze to the exhausted wine-press. And there is a feckless appealing for external aid that recalls the fable of Hercules and the wagoner. There are other ways of resisting Mammon besides praying to a deity; but suppose the deity were to take his supplicants at their word, and, in his dealings, neglect to distinguish between Wesleyan Methodist Mammon and other kinds of Mammon!

Further, the churches are told "to live as a missionary people, seeing to it that wherever the empire-builder of trade goes, there also is to be found the messenger of Christ." H. T. E.

A Dignified Address

THE general postoffice at Calcutta has to grapple with some quaint addresses, says the *London Chronicle*. Here is one, which is literally translated from the Persian on the cover:

If the Almighty pleases—let this envelope, having arrived in the city of Calcutta, in the neighborhood of Calootolah, at the counting-house of Sirajooden

and Ilahdad, merchants, be offered to and read by the happy light of my eyes, of virtuous manners and beloved of the heart—Meean Shaikh Inayut Ally, may his life be long. Written on the 10th of the blessed Rumzan, Saturday, in the year 1266 of the Hegira of our prophet, and dispatched at Bearing. Having without loss of time paid the postage and received the letter, you will read it, and having abstained from food or drink, considering it forbidden to you, you will convey yourself to a Jaunpoor, and you will know this to be a strict injunction.

A Drought-Stricken Continent

AUSTRALIA is kept back in the march of modern progress largely by the terrible droughts that afflict such vast areas of the continent. A correspondent to the *London Daily Chronicle* gives some personal experience of these droughts. He writes:

I have only just arrived in this country from the most drought-stricken State of the Commonwealth—Queensland. . . . No statement, however alarming, could possibly exaggerate the condition of the interior and extreme western districts of Queensland, and the whole of the north-west of New South Wales.

The affected part covers hundreds of thousands of square miles, an area so vast that only those acquainted with colonial life can form any conception of its immensity. This area in ordinary seasons forms magnificent pastoral country, but now, after six years of drought, a scene is presented closely resembling the Sahara. Large stations at one time carrying thousands of head of cattle have been abandoned, and the owners have been forced to seek work in the coastal towns. In your issue of January 13 you publish some "appalling statistics" given by a traveler through the drought-stricken parts. "For hundreds of miles," he says, "nothing was to be seen but the skeletons of the cattle that had perished. On one station 24,000 head of cattle had been reduced to 200, and on another out of 40,000 only 2,000 were left." I am personally acquainted with many such instances, but it would serve no purpose to detail them. A squatter close to where I lived told me that it was costing him £200 a week simply to feed and water his stud stock.

An Experiment in Social Economics

EARLY last month the English Institute of Journalists held their annual conference at Birmingham. One day the members visited the model village built for his employes by George Cadbury, proprietor of one of the most important English daily journals. In response to a vote of thanks and appreciation "of the great economic revolution he was endeavoring to carry out," Mr. Cadbury, in reply, said they were trying to solve the question upon which the future of the country depended. For forty years he had worked in the slums of Birmingham, and he was convinced that it was impossible to raise the tone of the people whilst they were living in such surroundings. One part of the population of this country was becoming physically feeble, and this was one of the facts which all who loved their country had to face. If some of our factories were removed into the country, and every man had his garden, and if around him was land which could not be built upon, we should soon improve our race physically. The experiments which he had made showed that men who had never had a garden before took to them "like ducks to water." In that neighborhood a new suburb had grown up, and already they were becoming slums. This state of things could never be remedied unless the law made it impossible for any more rows of houses to be erected without gardens.

Driftwood

☞ Heavy rains in India have annulled all possibility of a famine.

☞ The British forces engaged in South Africa, from first to last, were 448,000. Of these about 21,000 came by their death on the field, or subsequently.

☞ Query—Why do the "Women's Columns" of our journals contain matters of dress and cookery only? Are these the only things in the cosmic order interesting to those for whom these columns are written?

☞ The Paris branch of the League to withhold taxes from the Government, as a protest against the suppression of unregistered (Catholic) schools, has not achieved a burning triumph. It contains one chemist, one publican, one leather cutter, etc.

☞ This story is usually told of Hegel, but according to the *London Daily News* its rightful subject is Boehme, mystic and shoemaker: "Certain disciples came to him on his deathbed, imploring him to expound a passage in his philosophical system. 'My dear children,' said Boehme, after wrestling in spirit for a time, 'when I wrote this I understood its meaning, and no doubt the omniscient God did. He may still remember the meaning, but I have forgotten.'"

☞ Commenting upon the recent burning alive of a negro at Winchester (Tenn.), by a mob, for robbery and murder, the *Knoxville Journal and Tribune*, after describing the hideous scene, says in its issue of August 29th: "Many of those who were present on that terrible Sabbath afternoon, participating in that terrible event or consenting to it, are Bible readers and church members. It seems to be time and labor lost to try to keep the country from relapsing into barbarism. Every man who participated in this awful, revolting savagery, degraded himself and proved himself a dangerous member of the community."

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Artificial and Natural Education

IN the common language of the world, the man who "has his own way" is the selfish man, because that way is supposed to be in conflict with the ways and wishes of other people. This is probably because we have been born and reared in such an atmosphere of competition that we can hardly imagine any movement that does not imply the stepping upon some one's toes. Perhaps in our modern crowded and cramped civilizations this is actually so. By cramped and crowded we do not mean any reference to physical numbers, but rather to the limited range of ideals to which the bulk of humanity is pressing, and which necessarily implies a good deal of crowding upon the road and a good deal of unmannerly and unbrotherly jostling. This very conflict and crowding is not really due at all to a desire to have one's own legitimate way, but rather because our systems of education *have not allowed us to have our own way*, but have rather imposed upon us ways that are not our own, artificial and darksome ways. Humanity has been driven into by-paths and lanes, and has almost forgotten the existence of nature's horizon and the broad, fruitful, sunlit planes upon which all men might walk in brotherly companionship and freedom. Progress does not imply a kicking of the heels in front of us, nor a climbing over the bodies of those who have fallen. These things indicate a rout and not

Perfect and Absolute Liberty

an advance. When once a whole generation of children have been educated along right lines we may find that the world is far more densely peopled than it is today, and that yet there is no cruel competition, and that a far more rapid progress than now is quite compatible with order and with kindliness.

The education to which we refer is not one in which there will be no restraint, but rather one in which all restraint is upon those subsidiary features of the child nature which are themselves an obstacle to movement and to freedom. The main feature of such an education will be the *allowing of a child to have his own way*, and the removing of all those obstacles which prevent the true child nature from finding its perfect and absolute liberty. Other features of such an education will be the supplying to the child of mental tools, and the liberated dexterity to use them.

Very much of the education of today is entirely the reverse of this. It is in the direction of enslavement and not of liberation. The main idea seems to be to compress the child natures into one common mold, so that a given number of children may be turned out as much alike one another as may be. In too many quarters the great object of life and of education seems to be to "get one's living," and for this certain characteristics, faculties and powers are supposed to be needed. Every part of the school curriculum has its money value in the world. Each department of knowledge is communicated because at some future period it will be exchangeable for a given amount of money. Even what is called moral education is weighed in the same debased balance, as being something which will be necessary to keep the child afloat at a certain level of society.

The Cash Value of Education

All this is labor lost, pitifully and destructively lost. Wise educators, and they are very few in number, know well that if a child be allowed, in the best sense of the term, to *have its own way*, there will be no easier task than the getting of a living, and we need trouble as little about it as flowers in the sunshine worry about the condition of their roots. The very purity and strength of their growth are sufficient guarantee that their natural absorptive power will gather all they need from a willing nature. They will be so much an integral part of nature that all her nourishment, upon all her planes, will be theirs.

What we would ask of education is not an encouragement to grow, or an incitement to grow, but simply *a permission to grow*. We would ask of it to clear away the hindrances to growth, to guard the tender shoots from outside attack, with a full and perfect confidence that the manner of growth, and the direction of growth, will be well and duly cared for by a power which needs no interference, and which will attract the child mind upward and onward as the sun in mid heaven stretches down shining hands to help every blade of grass.

STUDENT

Wolves in Sheep's Clothing

FEW sayings have enjoyed a greater pulpit popularity than that in which the Founder of Christianity warned his followers against the deceptions of those whose nefarious projects would be effectually hidden by their garb. We might add that a more needed caution was never given, nor one which has been more misunderstood and neglected.

It would be hard to over-estimate the strange and fatal power of a pretension. Only when we succeed for a moment in escaping from the psychology of public deception can we at all understand and appreciate the sway which it holds. There seems to be hardly any limit to the actions which it will hide, as though the mere avowal of an exalted aim became a curtain so opaque as to effectually conceal a whole policy of behavior of which every act is the negation and the denial of that aim.

We are perfectly willing to hold out our limbs for the fetters so long as he who puts them upon us reiterates the word "Freedom" sufficiently loudly and sufficiently often. We will tolerate and even welcome any injustice so long as the perpetrator soothes our ears with a beautiful platitude. We gaze placidly upon the most frightful cruelties so long as the men who are turning the thumb-screw or rack murmur to us soothing sayings about an "age of enlightenment" or the "sanctity of human life."

Wolves in Politics and Churches

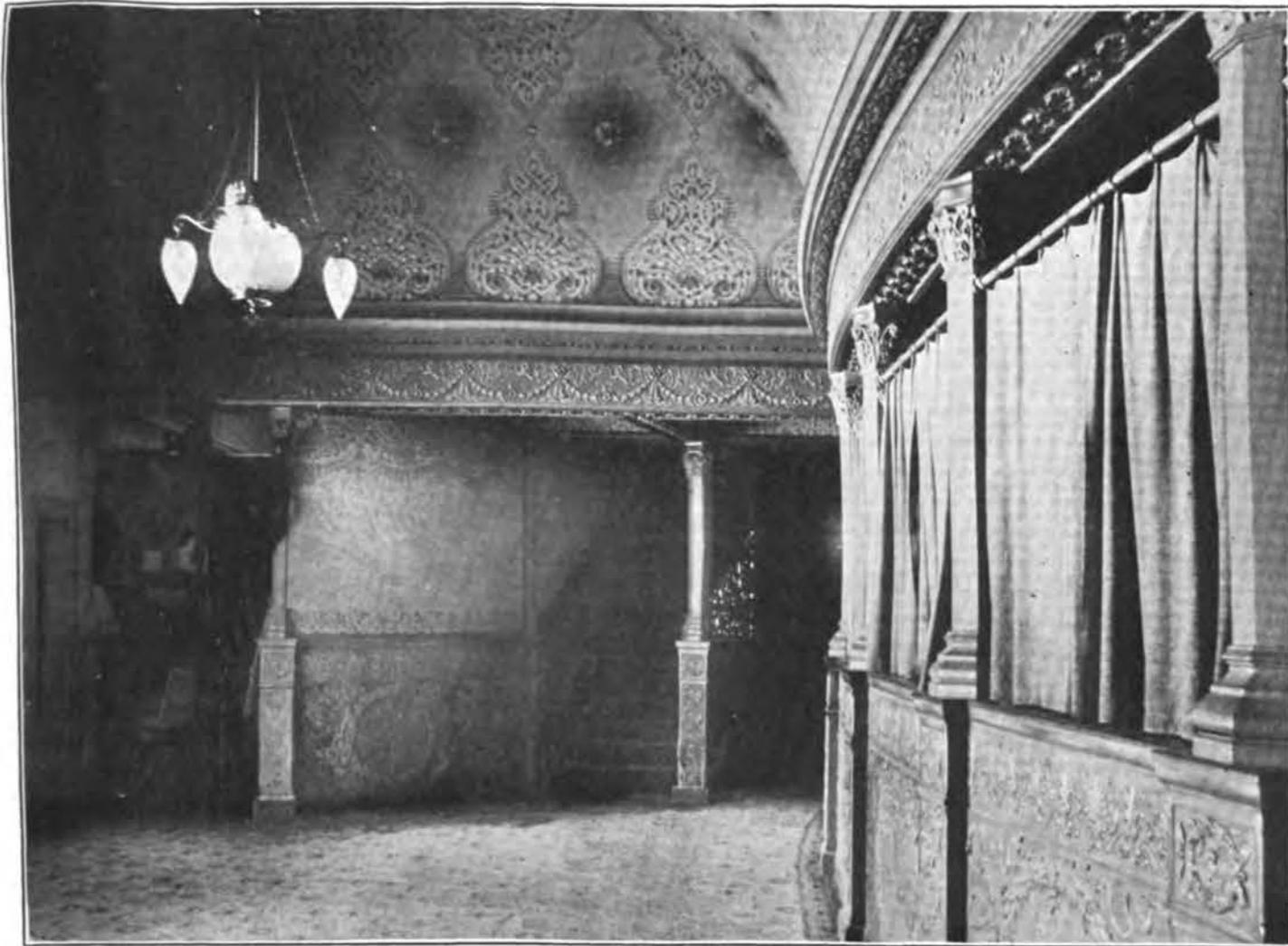
As a nation we are hypnotized by platitudes and narcotized by unmeaning sentiment. The wolves hardly need any longer to don the sheep's clothing. Their discordant bleating is sufficient by itself. In the name of national autonomy an infant nation is delivered over to political parties and to swarms of theologic sectaries. The hardly disguised wolves invade our politics, our churches, our commerce and our homes, and we are willing that it should be so if only the correct formulas are whispered to us.

What hope is there so long as pretension is the only passport to confidence, so long as words can conceal or palliate the deeds which are their very antithesis? Indeed there is but little hope until we learn that actions themselves must be rung upon the counter and their metal proved to be pure or base. Then words will no longer hide the moral leper marks and we shall isolate moral disease as we now do the far less harmful diseases of the body. Of what avail is it for the physical leper to assert his good health while his whole body bears frightful witness to his malady? How much ought his pretension to avail the moral leper while his every act proclaims his corrupt intention and design? STUDENT

The Care of Criminals

THE Prison Congress at Philadelphia has attracted a number of eminent authorities from all parts of the country. The chief topics for consideration are the general improvements which it is possible to make in the condition of the prisoners. The conviction is gradually coming home to the community that its criminals are not the isolated social phenomena which we have so long supposed them to be, but rather the results of errors which have permeated the whole nation, and from which the whole nation is suffering. It is easy to draw an arbitrary line which shall separate criminals from non-criminals, and such a line may have its many advantages, so long as we remember that it is an arbitrary line, and that it does not necessarily correspond with the line which is drawn by the moral law. A legal code must perforce pay a greater regard to visible acts than to invisible motives and tendencies, and only by remembering the existence of the latter can we import an ever greater measure of justice into our penal systems. Such remembrance will keep our judicial scales tilted always on the side of mercy, and only in this way can we learn to realize more and more the extent of our own responsibility for the criminal and the share of that responsibility which the whole community must bear.

"As above, so below." To get an idea of the stages above you, compare your present position with the stages below you.



A View in the Foyer of Isis Theatre, the Beautiful San Diego Play House Recently Purchased by Katherine Tingley

It is in Isis Theatre that the Public Meetings and Entertainments by the Students of Point Loma are now held

THERE were once artists in the world who produced works so palpitating with truth that they have been endowed with an immortality which will be denied to most of our modern labor. We may perhaps say that these artists were content to translate their ideals into color and marble, that they were uncontaminated by money values and by the applause of a money age, and in so saying we shall doubtless explain very much and perhaps all.

It is, however, not so much our object to account for the great art deeds of antiquity as to express our belief that these works, and all that have followed them, will sink into insignificance when a real Soul-knowledge has given to us the power not only to understand of what art really consists, but to wander at will through the unseen treasure chambers of the Beautiful and to select therefrom whatever our manual skill can translate to the eyes of humanity. This is no dream of a faraway Utopia, but a power to which we may even now aspire, and attainment will as surely follow a reasoned aspiration as day will follow night.

We must learn to invade the domain of art, indeed all interior domains, with something of the scientific spirit which has wrought such wonders in material knowledge. The instruments will not be the same, but they will be far more precise and unerring. We must ask ourselves whence comes the artist imagination, what is the source of the pictures which float before the artist vision? It is not enough merely to take that which comes, to sit receptive of the gifts from above. This is not an age of dreams, but an age of endeavor, an age of pursuit, and it may be that by effort we can enlarge the gateway through which the visions pass; it may be we can penetrate to their abode, and so seize upon them before they have become soiled in their passage downward to where we sit awaiting them.

The ancient sages taught that everything which exists, that everything which ever can exist, is already in the Soul atmosphere around us and that the individual soul can go out freely and, by the power of a Spiritual Will, can take whatever it desires, molding, shaping and fashioning it. If then we knew the laws of the Soul we could claim by it an art power, a musical power, or a poetic power a thousand times greater than anything which the world now knows. Our power of vision would

The Source of Art

be unlimited, and our power of accomplishment would be limited only by our ability to express, and even this would be transformed and exalted by the Soul saturation of the physical.

An aspiration towards the Soul needs, it may be, a mental effort to start it, but once that aspiration has been set afloat the Soul will receive it and respond without the aid of the mind. The Spiritual Will will accomplish its mission and will then present to the mind what it has obtained. The Soul power and the Spiritual Will are enabled to work by their liberation from the bonds of the selfish personality, and so the surest aid that we can give them is by compelling the mind and the personality to resolutely do their duty to their fellow men and so to draw away the stifling curtain from the Soul and allow it to accomplish its mission. The artist who Wills to receive a Soul picture which he will then translate on to canvas, or into marble, will best get what he desires by a strenuous service to his fellow men, in the full assurance that behind the drudgery, behind the physical fatigue of his service, the Soul is toiling for him and will presently give him something for his hands to work upon. There can be no more willing servant than the Soul, but it is also masterful and must have its own conditions. The gates must be opened for it or it will not pass out. The selfish sentinels of the personality must be removed and otherwise occupied in worthy work, but the Soul will not sleep and will presently flood the purified mind with all beautiful things which it will translate in the manner for which it is best fitted—music, poetry or art. Inasmuch as a single erring thought will for the time lock the doors of the Soul, so a single aspiring thought will unlock them. We live so much in a world of time and space that we find it hard to imagine a world in which these things do not exist. We measure all attainments by time periods and we cannot very well get away from a time phraseology, and so we will say that a single instant, rightly employed, will disclose to us the City Beautiful, in which we shall not be guests but owners. One glance within that City and we shall know the science of its attainment always and at will. We shall understand the secret of work and how we must labor in two places at the same time, the Soul in its place and the Mind in its place. And so will be born into the world a new art, a new music, a new literature.

mented as though they had been much interested in our loss. The people are so affectionate, so tractable and so peaceable that I swear to your highnesses that there is not a better race of men nor a better country in the world. They love their neighbor as themselves, their conversation is the sweetest and mildest in the world, cheerful and always accompanied by a smile."

Those who know these people at the present day can testify to the fact that long years of cruelty and of oppression have not deteriorated the qualities which so commended themselves to Columbus and the large-hearted humanity of the Cuban leaders is sufficient proof that they merit now, as much as they did then, the eulogies which were bestowed upon them.

As Katherine Tingley has said, the Cuban people are eminently poetic and imaginative. None other could preserve so undaunted a front through the many years of dark repression. Poetry and imagination are not yet understood as mainsprings of high endeavor and resolve as once they were and it may be that in a work-a-day world which has so largely lost its ideals, the Cuban character is somewhat misunderstood. Poetry and imagination, as human characteristics, are shy of oversight, and their exterior may sometimes belie them, but no one who has gone among the people of Cuba with the touchstone of human sympathy has ever failed to find a response from those to whom suf-



COURTYARD OF INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE HEADQUARTERS IN 1899

fering has taught the power of sympathy and its supremest value.

From a comprehension of Cuban character and a vivid sympathy with Cuban aspirations has sprung the devotion with which Katherine Tingley, the Leader of The Universal Brotherhood Organization, has extended her aid and her counsel in mitigation of the confused anxieties which must ever follow upon the footsteps of a war.

Not without reason has it been said of her that she too, in some past existence, must have been a sharer in Cuban nationality, and an integral part of the people whom she has championed and aided. Never for an instant has her faith in their future wavered, nor has she ever doubted that they will triumphantly override all perils that may await them, with the courage and the fortitude which have so signalized the past. Her enthusiasm has been born of foresight, and every day brings some further proof that her con-

fidence has not been misplaced, and that the autonomy of Cuba must more and more develop the character which will make of it a great republic, and give to it the dominance which its people have earned.

With a perception which has been as accurate as it has been sympathetic, she has recognized the often unexpressed aspirations of the Cuban people, and has offered to a constantly increasing number of their children the protection which they needed and the education of which they so well know the value.

Belonging as she does to that old Puritan stock



MORRO CASTLE FROM THE HARBOR, SANTIAGO

which dared everything for America in its early days, she can bring to the Cuban people a sympathy which is more than a sentiment, and an aid which has no touch of self-seeking. *She asks nothing from the Cubans except the efforts which will realize their own aspirations. The institutions at Point Loma are her own creations. These, and the institutions she is about to erect in Cuba are at the service of Cuba, without a thought of return, of payment or of recompense.*

In the wider service of humanity Katherine Tingley calls no people her own except those who need her help, and she has declared that her best efforts are for Cuba, and that so far as nationality can be conferred by sympathy she is knit to the Cuban people by ties which are stronger than those of birth.

Nor have her efforts failed to call forth the unstinted appreciation of many whose patriotism has been illuminated by a rare intelligence. Emilio Bacardi, whose love for Cuba has grown ever stronger through long years of exile and imprisonment, incurred in his country's defense, has met her and her workers with both hands open to welcome as they have ever been open to supply the needs of his people. The occasion has not even yet shown to how great an extent he has served the cause of his persecuted country.

Believing as does Katherine Tingley that Senor Bacardi is not an isolated example of the wise patriotism which she so much admires, but that he is rather a type of very many whom opportunity will call to the front, it is small wonder that her faith in

the future of Cuba should be so strong, and that it should call forth her utmost energies and her most effective help. In the darkest hour of the night Emilio Bacardi never wavered nor grew weary, and the day which has now dawned upon Cuba shows him as ever, alert and vigilant, to serve the cause of those for whom he has not been afraid to suffer.

No less enlightened has been the attitude of some sections of the Cuban press. So long as there are journals such as *Cubano Libre*, which are glad to open their columns to whatever makes for the national well-being, the forces which move upward and onward will not be inarticulate nor unheard.

If the people of Cuba will have it so, the days of her dependence upon outside help, of her need of such help, are already numbered. *There is a force (to quote again from Katherine Tingley) in concord which is greater than that of battalions, and a united nation is a surer protection against aggression than many armies.* The world today takes every nation upon its own valuation, and the dignity of a people, its self-repression, and the purity of its existence are forces potent alike for justice and for defense.

The vision which ever stood before the eyes of Maceo and of his compatriots has not gone down into the grave, nor can the grave ever stifle or silence the soul of a patriot. Maceo and his heroes live today in the purity of their devotion and they yet speak to the hearts of those who have come after them. Assuredly



ANNEX TO THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE HEADQUARTERS IN 1899

they yet gaze upon the pictures of freedom by which they were sustained and for which they fell, the pictures which are now illuminated by success. Who shall doubt that the forces which they called forth from the abysses of sorrow stand today as an army of triumph with their faces made glorious by the sunshine?

The memory of the men who died for Cuba is a living inspiration today. Their superb heroism is as great a defense of their country now as it was upon the battle-field.

The true heart of the American people, mindful of its own struggles, looking backward upon the surmounted perils of its progress and forward to the battles yet to be, pulsates a benediction upon the Cuban nation. But the greater benediction will come from a source higher than can be manipulated by men.

VIVA CUBA

CANON HENSON, whose outspoken sermons on the lines of a liberal theology have provoked so much comment and antagonism, seems little inclined to recede from his position, if we may judge from a sermon which he had just delivered in London, on the subject of the "Clergy and Laity." He said that the constant tendency of the clergy has been towards holding the Christian laity away from advance in religion, giving to them what he would call a saving minimum

A Broad-Minded Churchman

of spiritual attainment, and then stopping their progress, and so sacrificing the welfare of their pupils to the extension of their own authority as teachers. *The clergy ought not to forget the scandalous and suggestive fact that the general judgment of civilized communities has finally associated clericalism with an anti-social hostility to intellectual progress.* They ought no more to seek merely the perpetuation of their own authority but rather the advance of the people committed to their charge. STUDENT

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

Neolithic Remains in Crete

SOME reference has already been made to the marvelous archæologic discoveries in Crete, and to the excavations which have been carried out in and around the ancient Palace of Minos. Some additional information has now been received in reference to those still earlier remains which were found upon the same site, and which are shown to belong to the pre-Mycenean period of Crete, and to have constituted a very extensive Neolithic settlement. The remains were found in a layer of light clay under the later but still prehistoric buildings. These former must in themselves represent a vast period of time, being composed, as they are, of the disintegrated remains of generation after generation of mud and clay huts with their platforms. This clay stratum was of an average thickness of nearly six yards, and its materials seem to have been much used for the foundations of later buildings. Within this clay an abundance of early implements was found, mainly consisting of hand-made pottery, very much of it inlaid and decorated with taste, and sometimes ornamented with colors. Other implements were made from greenstone, serpentine, diorite, hematite, and other substances. Among these were over three hundred axes, in addition to chisels, hammers, and other tools. Another notable find was that of numerous human images of clay and marble, some of them showing no mean workmanship.

With the resumption of excavations we shall hope to be placed in possession of fuller information as to the nature of these discoveries and of their probable age. There is, perhaps, no discovery of modern times which has furnished a more startling evidence of the antiquity of man. The excavation of the Palace of Minos is in itself sufficiently startling, and carries us back to an almost undreamed of past in human civilization. Now we are face to face with the fact that underlying these remains are the traces of still other races of men whose history was probably as uncertain to the inhabitants of the Palace of Minos as it is to us today, and probably just as perplexing.

STUDENT

The Excavations at Tara Have Been Suspended

WE are pleased to hear that the excavations at Tara, where stood the famous Hall of the ancient Irish Kings, have been suspended, but not before a great deal of damage had been done, from the archæological point of view. The owner of a portion of the ground believes that Noah's Ark is concealed beneath the surface, and hence these excavations. They have, however, been fruitless, except for the discovery of the remains of a prehistoric settlement which must have occupied the site long before Tara's buildings came into existence.

According to ancient manuscripts, Tara's Hall was 900 feet square and contained one hundred and fifty sleeping rooms, each of them capable of accommodating sixty soldiers. We are told also that the Palace usually contained "one thousand guests daily, besides princes, orators and men of science, engravers of gold and silver, carvers, modellers and nobles."

It is to be hoped that the efforts which the Irish Society of Antiquarians is making to save this historic site will be crowned with success.

STUDENT

THE monolith known as Cleopatra's Needle was cut from the granite quarries of Syene in upper Egypt and was erected in the temple of Amen at Heliopolis in 1560 B. C. Fifteen hundred years later it was removed to Alexandria and placed in the Temple of Cæsariem. The Khedive of Egypt presented it to the United States in 1877.



ROMAN ARCH AT LINCOLN, ENGLAND, BUILT 22 YEARS B. C.

Before Britain Was an Island

MANY records are being unearthed of that prehistoric time when the British Isles, strictly speaking, did not exist, when Britain was a part of the Continent of Europe, and miles of grassy plain stretched where now sweep in straits and sea. In those days the whole land stood some six hundred feet above its present level, and over it wandered the horse, the auroch, the bison, the Irish elk, possibly the reindeer, certainly the woolly rhinoceros and the mammoth. It was doubtless a land of full pasturage, covered with a net-work of swiftly flowing streams. The Ice Age was just passing away and of that

day relics are now being found by archæologists. In Suffolk, in the gravels of the Thames, in Cambridgeshire and other places, the bones of many of the immense herbivorous animals of that period have been found. Beside these bones lay the rude weapons and implements used by man himself. The first flint weapon of this age was dug up about two hundred years ago near London near the bones of an elephant. A tracery of a mammoth was also found. At present this work is only in its beginning.

STUDENT

The Ancient Origin of the Name "America."

IT is interesting to recall certain remarks made by H. P. Blavatsky on the subject of the name of our continent and the bearing of that name upon its ancient history; for the statements and predictions of our great Teacher are not mere speculation, but have a way of being verified step by step by subsequent scientific discoveries and admissions, though the credit for the ideas is not usually bestowed in the right quarter.

Of the name "America" she writes: "It may one day be found to be more closely related to Meru, the sacred mount in the center of the seven continents, according to the Hindu tradition, than to Americus Vesputius, whose name, by the bye, was never Americus at all, but *Albericus*, a trifling difference not deemed worth mentioning till very lately by exact history."

She goes on to give her reasons. Americ, Amerrique, or Amerique is the name in Nicaragua for the high land or mountain range between Guigalpa and Libertad, in the province of Choutales. The Northmen who visited the continent in the Tenth century (see Torfæus, *Historia Vinlandiæ Antiquæ*), a low, level coast thickly covered with wood, called it *Markland*, from *mark*, a wood. The *r* had a rolling sound as in *mar-rick*. A similar word is found in the country of the Himalayas, and the name of the world-mountain, Meru, is pronounced in some dialects as Meruah.

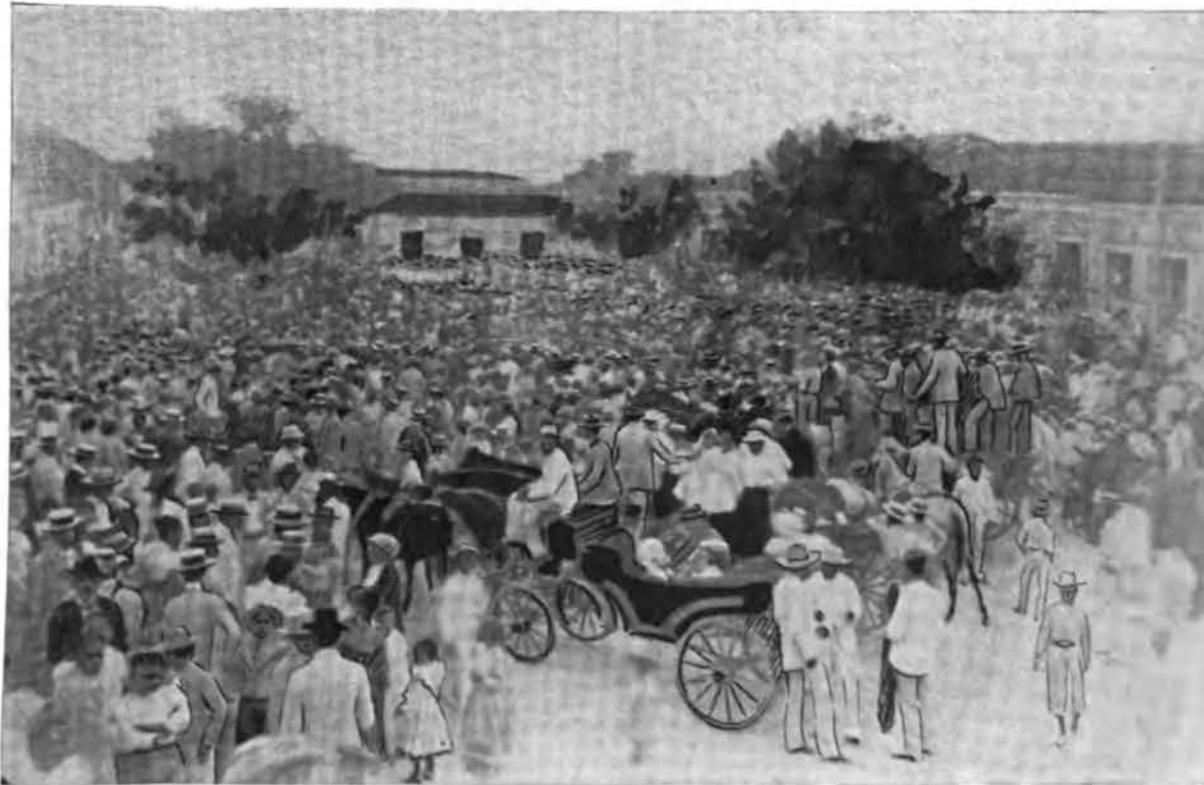
Alexander Wilder says: "It is most plausible that the state of Central America, where we find the name *Americ* signifying (like the Hindu Meru) great mountain, gave the continent its name. Vesputius would have used his surname."

Speaking of the connection of America with the lost continent Atlantis, H. P. Blavatsky points out that Atlante is not a Greek name and its construction has nothing of the Grecian element in it. It could not have originated with Plato. De Bourbourg shows that *Atlas* and *Atlantic* have no satisfactory etymology in any known European language. But in the Nahuatl or Toltec language we find the radical *a*, *atl*, which signifies water, war, and the top of the head. From this comes a series of words, such as *atlan*. A city named Atlan existed when the continent was discovered by Columbus, now an unimportant *pueblo* named Aclo.—(Baldwin, *Prehistoric Nations*)

STUDENT

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California



PLAZA DEL DOLORES, SANTIAGO DE CUBA—First festival of Cuban Children's Liberty Day, established by Katherine Tingley on her first visit to Cuba at the close of the war, and made an annual public holiday by proclamation of Mayor Emilio Bacardi. To commemorate the occasion the children planted trees on the plaza—one in honor of Cuba and one in honor of America

From *The San Diego Union* of Sunday Morning, September the 28th, 1902

FROM POINT LOMA TO SANTIAGO DE CUBA

Raja Yoga System to be Established in Cuba—More Cuban Children Coming to Loma-Land

FROM Point Loma to Cuba is a long stretch of space, even as the crow flies, but for several years the Raja Yoga School, founded by Katherine Tingley on Point Loma, has made the distance—at least from Cuba to Point Loma—seem much less than its number of geographical miles.

San Diegans have seen the bright Cuban boys and girls of the Raja Yoga School—the orphans of Cuban patriots—both on and off the stage of Isis Theatre, and thousands of visitors to the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma have seen the same happy, laughing, bright-faced little seniors and senioritas at work and play—until Cuba has been talked of and heard of and her children seen so much of, that the little isle on the other side of the continent has seemed to be quite a near neighbor of San Diego.

And now San Diego and Point Loma are to be brought nearer to Cuba through the genius of the same good humanitarian workers who have made Cuba a close neighbor to San Diego—Mrs. Katherine Tingley and her students of the International Brotherhood League.

Under the auspices of this league and by direction of its officers, there are now to be established in Santiago de Cuba branches of the Raja Yoga school. This league is one of the departments of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and the following letter from its secretary-general, Mr. F. M. Pierce, to the editor of *Cubano Libre*, one of the leading daily newspapers of Cuba, gives a graphic outline of this new and important feature of Katherine Tingley's humanitarian and educational work:

“EDITOR *Cubano Libre*—Walter T. Hanson, President International Brotherhood League, member Katherine Tingley's Cabinet, and Mrs. Hanson will arrive in Santiago about October 18th. Both are also trustees of International Lotus Home of which the Raja Yoga School is a part. They visit Cuba to establish for Cuban children high class unsectarian schools for general education, music, science and industrial arts. One department of these schools will be for the free education of selected children. All teachers not Cubans will give their services voluntarily without financial recompense. Cuban children now being educated in the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma who receive certificates for ability and honor from Katherine Tingley may have the privilege of becoming salaried teachers in these schools. This is one of the many privileges which will be accorded to children whose parents or guardians have appreciated the unselfish work done for Cuba by the Raja Yoga School.

“Specially trained teachers will be sent from Point Loma to personally take charge of these schools, the first one of which will be erected in Santiago. Mr. Hanson is authorized to begin building at once.

“A part of Katherine Tingley's extended plan for Cuba in sending her representatives there at this time is to begin a work she outlined to Hon. Emilio Bacardi in Santiago just after the war, when she said that Cuba, in order to sustain its permanent independence, should have the broadest education for its promising children. This is needed to enable her to take a lofty place among the nations of the world.

“The patriotism of Katherine Tingley is not limited to any one country, and her disinterested love for Cuba has been proven again and again since the time she gave substantial aid just after the Spanish war, to many starving and sick Cubans.

“Shortly after the arrival at Point Loma of the Cuban children, she found that a certain small number could have been educated in Cuba practically to the full extent of their capabilities, thus leaving the large majority free to advance more rapidly, and she would have returned them at once had it not been for the unsettled condition of the country and the fear that they would suffer.

“Now that Cuba has its independence and the International Brotherhood League will immediately establish schools there, she proposes to transfer these few children back to Cuba, thus affording an opportunity to applicants of other nationalities who could not heretofore be admitted, and for such Cubans as may come from time to time who can be most helped by the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma.

“It should be borne in mind that the larger number of children at the Raja Yoga School are Cubans, and this has created much surprise among the people of other nationalities.

“A large number of applications from America and other countries have been refused because Katherine Tingley gave preference to the Cubans on account of their recent great suffering. And it is an encouraging fact and an honor to Cuba, that her efforts have met with great gratitude from all who have been interested in sending Cuban children to Point Loma.

“F. M. PIERCE,
“Secretary-General of the Universal Brotherhood”

Those who have specially watched the growth of things Theosophical, over on “the Hill,” as well, indeed, as almost everybody in San Diego, have noticed—with not a little local pride, perhaps—the splendid growth of the Raja Yoga School, which was founded on Point Loma about two years ago. Almost every month has witnessed the erection of a new building to accommodate the rapidly increasing number of pupils, and the month now closing has been no exception to the rule. On the contrary, the improvements during September have been most important, including the erection of a large two-story glass refectory, one large group house completed and other group houses under way. These improvements and enlargements have been made especially to accommodate a further number of Cuban children, who are being brought to Point Loma for free education.

When interviewed upon this subject yesterday, Mrs. Katherine Tingley said that her representatives are now in Cuba considering the applications which had been made by Cuban parents and guardians to have their children educated in the Raja Yoga School.

Mrs. Tingley said that the Raja Yoga School was first established only for orphans, and that such always have the preference over any other children. Recently, however, a department had been added for a limited number of children whose parents are living. For some time now, the school had been crowded to its utmost capacity, and a very large number of applications from all parts of America had been received to have children entered in the department in which payment is made for tuition by the parents or guardians. But all the pupils, whether orphans or children of wealthy parents, are treated exactly alike, and are under the same system, and anyone visiting the school cannot distinguish the difference between the child of a millionaire and one who receives free education. It is the rule that orphans or half-orphans shall have exactly the same attention shown them as others,

and their interests are to be guarded by the institution even after they have finished their education and left the school, so that they shall always have the institution to turn to in time of need.

Those most enthusiastic over this unique and admirable system of education are the parents who have placed their children in the Raja Yoga School. The majority of these are Americans who, although having the means to select the best schools in America, give their preference to the Point Loma institution.

AT the meeting of The Universal Brotherhood Organization in Isis Theatre last evening, Mr. H. T. Patterson, one of the older students at Point Loma, presented an address quite out of the beaten track, even as Theosophical addresses in Isis Theatre go, and of a positive, declaratory nature which pleased the audience immensely and elicited its frequent applause. His subject was "Stemming the Tide."

"There is an impetus and a rush in terrestrial affairs," he said, "never before known, so far as we have ken. Wealth is increasing, population is increasing, disease is increasing, insanity is increasing, suicide is increasing, pauperism is increasing."

In his introductory remarks he had spoken of the strong tides in the ocean, bays, rivers, and in the affairs of men historical and contemporaneous, graphically picturing the force of seen and unseen tides in nature and in history by anecdotes familiar in kind at least, to everybody.

"Who, now, is stemming this great tide in the affairs of men?" he asked.

"The churches? You know they are not.

"Education? Alas, that, too, fails to accomplish what it was once hoped it would.

"Ethical culture? That has been laid away in the cold storage house of popular apathy.

"Do we, in the same apathetic spirit, admit our inability to suggest an answer?"

"No!

"A ship is coming into port. The dangers of the open sea are past. But, as the sailor knows, greater dangers are now at hand, and the ship must have a pilot. Tremendous tides are running.

"Shall I tell you a secret?"

"Do you imagine that the local affairs at Point Loma engross all the attention of Katherine Tingley? Do you suppose that The Universal Brotherhood Organization, as an organization, fills the scope of her heart's desires? Do you think that these Sunday evening meetings; the kindly recognition given her by San Diego; the development made by her students in music and in many other ways, satisfies her?"

"Again. Do you believe that the head of any nation, the head of any trust—that any statesman, any ecclesiastical body, any scholar, any scientist, is on the bridge and piloting the vessel into a safe harbor?"

"No, you know it is not so; and I will tell you who it is, if you have not already guessed—it is Katherine Tingley!"

"My friends, we at Point Loma are a very earnest, a very determined and a very confident body of people. We know exactly what we are aiming at. We propose to aim correctly and we know how to do it. We have come from all walks of life. We know much of people and their ways. We have had every opportunity of studying Katherine Tingley, and we know that it is by helping her to the extent of our ability that we shall do our share in stemming the tide.

"We are not iconoclasts; we are not vandals; we are not ruthless destroyers,

It has been conceded by some of the best educationalists in America that the Raja Yoga School is producing some remarkable results in the training of children. To see them at their play and studies one can easily realize this. If this school continues to enlarge its departments as it has in the last year, its buildings will cover many acres of ground on the crest of Point Loma, where there are already twelve large family group houses with the Aryan Temple as a central building for musical and school recitations, and where are given the children's dramatic performances.

From *The San Diego Union*, Monday, September 29, 1902

THEOSOPHISTS AT ISIS THEATRE

A Striking Address by One of the Older Students at Point Loma

Says that Katherine Tingley Is Piloting the Ship Into a Safe Harbor—The Man on the Hillock

but we are re-formers. Just as Katherine Tingley took a plain building and—wasting nothing that had been done—re-formed it into the beautiful Loma Homestead; just as she built the Aryan Temple in close conjunction thereto, so will she through her work, aided by her workers, re-form the lives of men and women and, above all, of the children, making them pure, noble and divine. Just as she covered the interior of the Homestead with a beautiful dome, and the interior of the Temple with an even more beautiful one, so will she be instrumental in enabling all to re-form their lives, that both exterior and interior, social, civic, spiritual, shall be beautiful and divine.

"In spite of the mighty on-rush of the current the tide is being stemmed; the port is not far away."

Without the slightest approach to oratorical effect, Mr. Patterson made these statements in a very clear, frank manner and with the simple force and dignity of one who believes his own words while realizing fully their significance. They were endorsed by the audience with repeated and spontaneous applause.

The first address of the evening was given by Miss A. Bolting who, under the title of "Limitations of the Human Mind," drew a very vivid picture of a good many easy-going people whose self-complacency enables them to believe that they have reached the highest mountain.

"He gets on a foothill and says, 'this is the top of the world,'" she said. "In his egotism he questions not if there be a higher hill to climb—greater observation points. He is quite satisfied that, as he chanced to think only of this particular hill, there can be no other—at least none worth his attention. And if it chances to be a pleasant hillock he placidly ensconces himself in his own desires and revels in comforts and pleasures, calmly viewing everything from his limited radius of observation.

"This is the man who takes ample time for research; studies diligently, reads interestingly; discourses upon ethics, philosophy, and religion, as they appeal to him, and do not interfere with or disturb his comfort.

"If he should learn of a means to ameliorate the vice and woe of the world he might for a moment lend his attention. But if in the next moment it should dawn upon him that he might have to take off his coat, lay aside his most flattering garb of personality, sacrifice the gratification of his desires and stand shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart with his fellow men in the great battle of humanity's freedom, he would slyly glance at his hillock, snuff the aroma of indifference and luxury and calmly, yet with an uneasy and perhaps guilty conscience, settle back into the solace of his own delusion."

Aside from these two very interesting addresses there was a splendid program of instrumental music by students of the Isis Conservatory of Music. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Daughters of Loma-land and, as is their most pleasing custom, the stage and proscenium were very beautifully and artistically decorated.

Green Uniforms for American Soldiers

"THE Boys in Blue" will be merely a tradition after January 1st—the "boys in green" succeeding them. General Miles and many other distinguished officers objected to this change; but our Irish War Department, with Secretary Root (a student in Boss Tweed's law office, and attorney for Tweed during the "Boss" trial), with the advice and assistance of Adjt.-Gen. H. C. Corbin, now a Roman Catholic; Judge-Advocate General Davis, a Roman Catholic; Surgeon-General O'Reilly, a Roman Catholic; the new commander-in-chief of the Philippines, Davis, a Roman Catholic; and last—but not least—Gen. Brady, an Irish Roman Catholic—decided that the blue had outlived its usefulness, and must therefore be retired. The chairman of the board which decided the matter was the aforesaid Brady, who has just returned from the Philippines, and will be made a major-general.

All our literature and art—story, song, and painting—in praise of the "boys in blue," must now be relegated to oblivion. "The Wearing of the Green" is to be the popular thing in the future. Soon may follow the changing of "Old Glory" from red, white, and blue, to red, white, and green.—*American Citizen*

An Examination of Leibnitz' Skull

AT the Congress of Anthropologists at Dartmund on August 6th, some interesting particulars were given as to the skull of Leibnitz which has lately been examined. A restoration of the wall of the church in Hanover where the great freethinker was interred brought the skull and some of the bones to light. The identity of these was confirmed by their size, the shape of the skull compared with portraits, indications of gout, and other evidences. Leibnitz had declared himself to be of Slavic origin and the Slavic type was discernible in the curve of the jaw and the small size and capacity of the skull. This pointed to a brain weight of only 1300 grams.

The conclusion reached, which is supported by the fact of Gambetta's small skull, is that size of brain has no necessary relation to amount of intelligence.

H. T. E.

THE tide of human life rolls on.

Nations rise and crest the waves; then fall—their glories live to mark the onward swell, that moves by will unceasing—to the timeless shore—Eternity.

A. P. D.

To a Child

O CHILD! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city! on thy head
The glory of the morn is shed,
Like a celestial benison!
Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land.—LONGFELLOW

Cradle Song

SWEET babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace.
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

Sweet sleep, with soft down
Wave thy brows an infant crown!
Sweet sleep, angel mild,
Hover o'er my child.—WILLIAM BLAKE

The Without and the Within

"MURIEL," said Susie, "I think this is the strangest world I have ever lived in." Kathleen's eyes twinkled merrily. "Do tell us what the others were like, Susie."

"I think," repeated Susie, with slow deliberation and utterly ignoring Kathleen, "I think—this is the very strangest. What we can't see makes what we do see; and if what we can't see wasn't there we wouldn't see anything—there wouldn't be anything to see. This isn't a real world at all—it doesn't belong to itself."

"Susie," exclaimed Eva, "don't think so many somersaults all at once." "I don't think somersaults," returned Susie, gravely. "We just can't see what touches the seed and starts it growing, and if it wasn't for what starts it, it wouldn't grow. And Muriel said motive made blood, and I just think that that power which creates something is far greater than that which is created." "Perhaps," said Kathleen, "the other worlds you"—"Kathleen! don't tease," interrupted Muriel, "I think we all know what you mean, Susie, and I believe Meg would say you were quite right." "Meg says it isn't much use talking, and listening and reading about all that love and thought can do. At times we do know what they can do, and it wouldn't be so very hard to keep on knowing it, and not forget. Then Meg says we would begin to know, to really know, something of our own greatness. And if we were accustomed to always do our best we would find it easier to think and act what is true; then we would be getting behind the surface of things and starting in the right direction." "Meg asked me," continued Muriel, "if I thought a house was real, and I said 'yes.' And she said that it wasn't quite so real as the design in the mind of the architect who planned it; that the bricks and stones only outlined the invisible design, which was built up of many thoughts; and although most people think only of the house when they see one, still it is only a little copy of the beauty that was in the architect's mind and they never think of that at all—at least not very often. And then the house stands so still! But the thoughts in the architect's mind go on building and planning new designs, becoming greater and grander all the time. Of course Meg says that everyone knows this without being told; but, Meg says, we can learn a whole lot from it, if we think it over; that thinking about the surface of things is pretty much like the house always standing in one place. And Meg says we would soon find out that it is a waste of time to get so carried away with the appearances of things. And, Meg said, when you go home just look round the room and see how many things have come from that something that started the tiny seed growing."

A. P. D.

All Living Things Are Souls

"MISS WINNIE, you must leave him," said the impatient Bridget. "He's dead and gone. Its no use taking on like that as if he was a Christian gone to heaven!" said she indignantly.

"Why shouldn't God take him to heaven?" sobbed Winnie, refusing to be drawn away from the lifeless body of her pet—a little terrier.

"Hush, you mustn't talk like that!" reproved Bridget, solemnly. "You know quite well dogs can't go to heaven. God did not give them souls; and, if you say these things, you won't go either."

"If Fido has no soul I don't want to go to heaven," retorted Winnie, passionately. "I won't go! I don't want to see God! He could just as well have given Fido a soul. I'd just tell him so!"

"Holy Mary!" gasped Bridget, devoutly crossing herself as she gazed in horror on her small charge. "Miss Winnie," said she in slow condemning emphasis, "you are the wickedest child that has ever been born on God's beautiful earth!"

"I don't care," returned Winnie. "God made me, too!" she added with ready defiance.

Uncle Tom, who had been an unobserved spectator of the scene, now sauntered up to them and with a nod, dismissed the maid, and stood looking at his small niece with an amused twinkle in his eyes. "So, little woman," he began, "you could make a better attempt at a universe than God, eh?"

Winnie maintained a stubborn silence.

"But suppose God did give everything a soul," he continued. "I think he did." Winnie looked at him, then came slowly to his side and took his hand confidently.

"Just look at the flowers," said he, as he led her quietly away to the other side of the garden. "How beautiful they are this morning. See how the buds have opened since yesterday. They must have been very busy growing all the time, to express themselves. They must be very beautiful within to have so much beauty to express. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," replied Winnie.

"And we helped them, too," he went on.

"Look at the tulips that were drooping last night, and we watered them and now they are fresh"—he smiled. Winnie was on her knees bending over them, caressingly. "I feel them breathing 'thank you,' Uncle Tom," said she, glancing up at him with bright eyes.

"That is because there was love in your heart when you helped them," he replied.

"It is through that feeling that you know that they are saying 'thank you.' That is how they talk, but if the beautiful feeling hadn't been there you wouldn't hear them.

And as we go on loving and helping them they evolve to something higher.

"And so it is with animals, Winnie. You helped Fido to grow towards something greater. You taught him to be gentle, and you loved him so that you made his little heart beat with love in return."

"Yes," assented Winnie, with a suspicious quiver on her

lips. "You know," he continued, "that is how we, too, become greater, ready for heaven. Wise people, great teachers, come to the earth, and it is love in their hearts that brings them, and they guide the great human race through love, to something higher. They strengthen what is best and noblest in our hearts, so we may express what is beautiful within ourselves, and as the wise ones help us, so we go on helping the animals and the flowers—everything in nature—so, you see, we are all helping one another all the time through love, and you know love never dies."

"I like your God," said Winnie.

A. P. D.

MANNERS must adorn knowledge, and smooth its way through the world. Like a great, rough diamond, it may do very well in a closet by way of curiosity, and also for its intrinsic value, but it will never shine, if it is not polished.—CHESTERFIELD



A LOMA-LAND LOTUS BUD

A Question of Metaphysical Geography

Lob Nor, the lake in Central Asia about whose exact location there has been so much controversy, seems to be one of those lakes which change their position from time to time. The drifting of desert sands, aided in some cases by the filling up of basins by precipitation of the salts, causes these migrations. Huc, in his *Travels*, gives a story of the migration of the Koukownoor, or Blue Sea, in Thibet. According to tradition it once occupied the site of Lha-Ssa, but one day it traveled by a subterranean march to its present bed.

Sven Hedin confirms the ancient site of Lob Nor as given by tradition, but says that it had dried up. Whether the name goes with the water or remains behind in the original site is a question for metaphysical geography.

LET a man practise the profession which he best knows.—CICERO

It does not become any man to say "This will not happen to me."—MENANDER

Isis
Conservatory of Music
of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA
Personal applications and inquiries received every Saturday by the Secretary at
San Diego Branch 1940 B St.
HOURS 9 A. M. TO 4 P. M.
Full particulars sent by mail on application, address
J. H. FUSSELL, Secretary and Treasurer
Isis Conservatory of Music Point Loma, Calif.

The
Chadbourne Furniture Co.

W. L. PREVERT, Manager

We aim to carry an entirely up-to-date stock of house furnishings, and, for style and variety of goods, cannot be outdone in Southern California. We are glad to show visitors through our extensive store-rooms.

STORE-ROOMS

SIXTH & D STREETS

San Diego, Cal.

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be one season or another. Paint will set tougher during the winter, and of course that gives durability. One point favoring winter. There are others favoring summer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so often as houses painted with any other paint, because it has more body to withstand action of the elements. There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per gallon.

We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.
WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS
7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

Says Stories of Alfonso Are False

The derogatory stories published about the young King of Spain are incorrect, according to Miss Agnes B. Wilson, who arrived here on the Teutonic yesterday, says the *New York Tribune* of recent date. Miss Wilson, while abroad, was presented to the King of Spain, and took part in the flower festival at Madrid at which the King was present.

"These stories about the young king's eccentricities," said Miss Wilson, "are not true. He is a very sensible young fellow, and perfectly charming. At the flower festival it is the custom of the people to throw bouquets at each other. I threw four at the king, and he threw the same number at me. I have them in my trunk as keepsakes, and treasure them highly.

"I again met the king at a royal garden party. I was with a party of Spanish people and our carriage stopped in front of the royal box. Although a boy, the King shows great dignity at public and official functions, but at the flower festival this was all abandoned, and he was a child again. One morning the king arose at 6 o'clock and surprised his soldiers by ordering out the guard. He was much incensed at finding a lack of military order at this early hour, and warned the officers that they would have to be more strict in the future.

"The king is as bright a boy as I have ever seen, and there is no truth in the stories that he has a weak mind or treats his mother cruelly."

Russia's Drink Monopoly

In the general moral progress of the peasantry the Russian drink monopoly, which now embraces all European Russia, is a very important factor. The monopoly has increased the number of drink shops by about six-sevenths, but it has failed to decrease consumption and has led to increased street drinking, illicit distilling, secret selling and other abuses. In its immediate purpose it has hitherto failed. But one of the accompanying measures is likely to play a very beneficial part in Russian social development. That is the institution of boards of guardians of public sobriety. The function of these boards is to create counter-attractions to drink; and each board has a branch and a district representative, so that there are now in Russia about 20,000 persons whose chief duty is to fight the drink evil. The boards have established all over the country thousands of tea-houses, cheap dining-rooms, temperance inns and shelters for workmen; and they have built or subsidized hundreds of "people's theatres" and lecture halls. In these halls—and sometimes in the open air—lectures are given upon the evils of drink, upon hygiene, history, literature and domestic economy. The boards also occupy themselves with the free distribution of pamphlets against drink, and in favor of wholesome living.—*Los Angeles Herald*

The Baconian Myth

There seems to be no obvious connection between Ampleforth Abbey and the Shakespeare controversy. In the current number of the *Ampleforth Journal* the Rev. J. C. Almond, who is not unknown in Liverpool, utilizes the early history of the Abbey in order to drive another nail into the coffin of the Baconian theory. Mrs. Gallup's typographical argument has been reinforced by an alleged proof based on the watermarks in the early editions of Lord Bacon's works. Mr. Harold Bayley, to whom Mrs. Gallup owes this assistance, has made a close examination of these watermarks, and has come to the conclusion that they are Rosicrucian symbols. It follows, we suppose, that the Rosicrucian fraternity gave their help to the industrious but secretive Bacon, and hence he was able to write the works of Spenser, Greene, Marlowe, and others besides those of Shakespeare. Unhappily for Mr. Bayley, one of the inscriptions which he regards as a

"cabalistic jumble" is "Dvalegeard." This, as Mr. Almond points out, is simply Dieu-le-garde, or Dieulouard, "the foreign birthplace of our Abbey of Ampleforth." At Dieulouard there was a paper factory, and from this source Bacon's printers appear to have secured supplies. That is the whole mystery.—*Liverpool Mercury*

His Strong Point

Willie had swallowed a penny and his mother was in a state of much alarm. "Helen," she called to her sister in the next room, "send for a doctor, Willie has swallowed a penny!"

The terrified boy looked up imploringly. "No, mamma," he said, "send for the minister."

"The minister?" exclaimed the mother.

"Yes, because papa says our minister can get money out of anybody."—*Pittsburg Bulletin*

SILENCE! the great empire of silence! it alone is great; all else is small.—CARLYLE

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, President
G. B. GROW, Cashier
W. R. ROGERS, Assistant Cashier

Every facility and security offered to our patrons and the public generally. Collections and exchanges on all points.

KELLY'S LIVERY
POINT LOMA
COACH LINE

*Special Coaches for Select Parties
arranged by telephone*

DEALER IN FIRST-CLASS HORSES

THIRD & F STS., PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

THE
Lion Clothing Co.
CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"
STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

Electric Laundry

NELSON SNYDER, Proprietor

16TH & I STREETS

TELEPHONE BLACK 731

No Saw Edges on Collars and Cuffs

FIRST EDITION---NEARLY READY

THE MYSTERIES OF THE HEART DOCTRINE

ONE of the MOST INTERESTING & COMPREHENSIVE WORKS on THEOSOPHY EVER PUBLISHED

Issued by KATHERINE TINGLEY, Leader and Official Head of THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD Organization, and by Members of her Cabinet

Over 350 pages Specially written to meet the needs of Inquirers Beautifully illustrated

This edition is limited to 1,000 copies, and will be sold at the previously advertised price of \$1.25 for cloth bound and \$1.00 for paper. After the First Edition is exhausted the price will be raised to \$2.00 for cloth binding and \$1.50 for paper, for it has been found impossible to prepare this book on the basis originally planned at the price first quoted.

The Theosophical Publishing Company, Point Loma, California

The
LEADING REAL ESTATE BROKER in SAN DIEGO IS

E. J. Carter

964 Sixth Street, San Diego

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE LOCATING IN SAN DIEGO CITY OR COUNTY, CALL ON OR WRITE TO HIM

RUDDER'S
NEW RESTAURANT
& **GRILL**

NEWLY FURNISHED FINEST IN THE CITY

CORNER FOURTH & PLAZA
SAN DIEGO - - - CAL.

Strahlmann-Mayer Drug Co.
PHARMACY GRADUATES
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, etc.
Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Recipes carefully prepared

CORNER FOURTH & D STREETS
Telephone Main 424
CORNER FIFTH & C STREETS
Telephone Black 856

AT

Bowen's
DRY GOODS STORE

Will be found a full assortment of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Tea Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Wrappers, Silks and Dress Goods . .

W. O. BOWEN 1043 FIFTH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Commerce of Galveston

The Galveston News of September 1 contains a synopsis of the commerce of the port of Galveston for the trade year just closed, and shows in spite of the unprecedented hurricane which visited Galveston in 1900 that business is being conducted on a greater scale than ever before. Galveston's total cotton receipts for 1901-02 were 2,090,710 bales, against 2,177,983 bales for 1900-01. Galveston's bank clearings for the year just closed amounted to \$372,238,800, compared with \$360,369,000 for the preceding year. During the season of 1901-02 the total shipping business of the port of Galveston was valued at \$260,837,354, against \$246,567,247 for the preceding year, showing an increase of \$14,270,107. The resumption of business on such a scale would have been impossible if Galveston were not the most accessible and economical port for an enormous traffic. Galveston is the natural outlet for more than one-fourth of the area of the United States. The county of Galveston has voted to issue bonds to the amount of \$1,500,000 for the purpose of securing funds to build a concrete seawall around the Gulf front of the city. This wall is to be 17 feet above mean high tide. It is to be 17 feet thick at the base, with a piling foundation, the depth of which will be 30 to 50 feet, thus insuring the wall against undermining. The top of the wall will be five feet thick. Filling behind the wall to its full length will extend back 150 feet, and will be paved with bricks, so as to give more strength to the wall and at the same time afford a magnificent driveway. The people of Galveston have already subscribed for over \$1,000,000 worth of the bonds. It is estimated that in 15 to 18 months the wall will be completed, thus positively insuring Galveston's safety against the fiercest hurricane yet known to mankind.

The state legislature has donated to Galveston a portion of the state tax for a period of two years for the purpose of raising the grade of the city. The next legislature will be asked to continue this donation of part of the state tax for an additional period of 15 years. This request has already been endorsed by the Democratic state convention.

THE parish priest of Treguier, in Brittany, objects to a statue of Renan in that town. He writes to the mayor that the street containing the statue will become odious and deserted. He also gives the appalling assurance that "as long as I live no procession shall pass through it, nor shall the Holy Sacrament even be carried near the square where the statue shall stand."

ONE of the funniest things in the world is to see a woman cry, not because she wants to, but because she thinks she ought to.— *Atchison Globe*

If you are difficult to satisfy, I ask you to inspect our before hire or carriage not perfect—



come in & LIVERY ing a team that does ly suit you

FRED FANNING
PROPRIETOR
Fifth Avenue Stables
Tel. Red 351 SAN DIEGO Cor. 5th & B Sts.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF SAN DIEGO
UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

CAPITAL PAID UP \$150,000
SURPLUS & PROFITS \$50,000

J. GRUENDIKE - - - PRESIDENT
D. F. GARRETTSON - - - VICE PRES.
G. W. FISHBURN - - - CASHIER

DIRECTORS—J. Gruendike, Geo. Hannahs, J. E. Fishburn, G. W. Fishburn and D. F. Garrettson

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO FIT YOUR EYES TO SUIT YOU. WE HAVE A SPECIAL PLACE SET APART FOR OPTICAL WORK, CONTAINING ALL THE MODERN INSTRUMENTS USED IN SIGHT TESTING IF YOU NEED GLASSES, HAVE a PRESCRIPTION to FILL, or FRAME to REPAIR

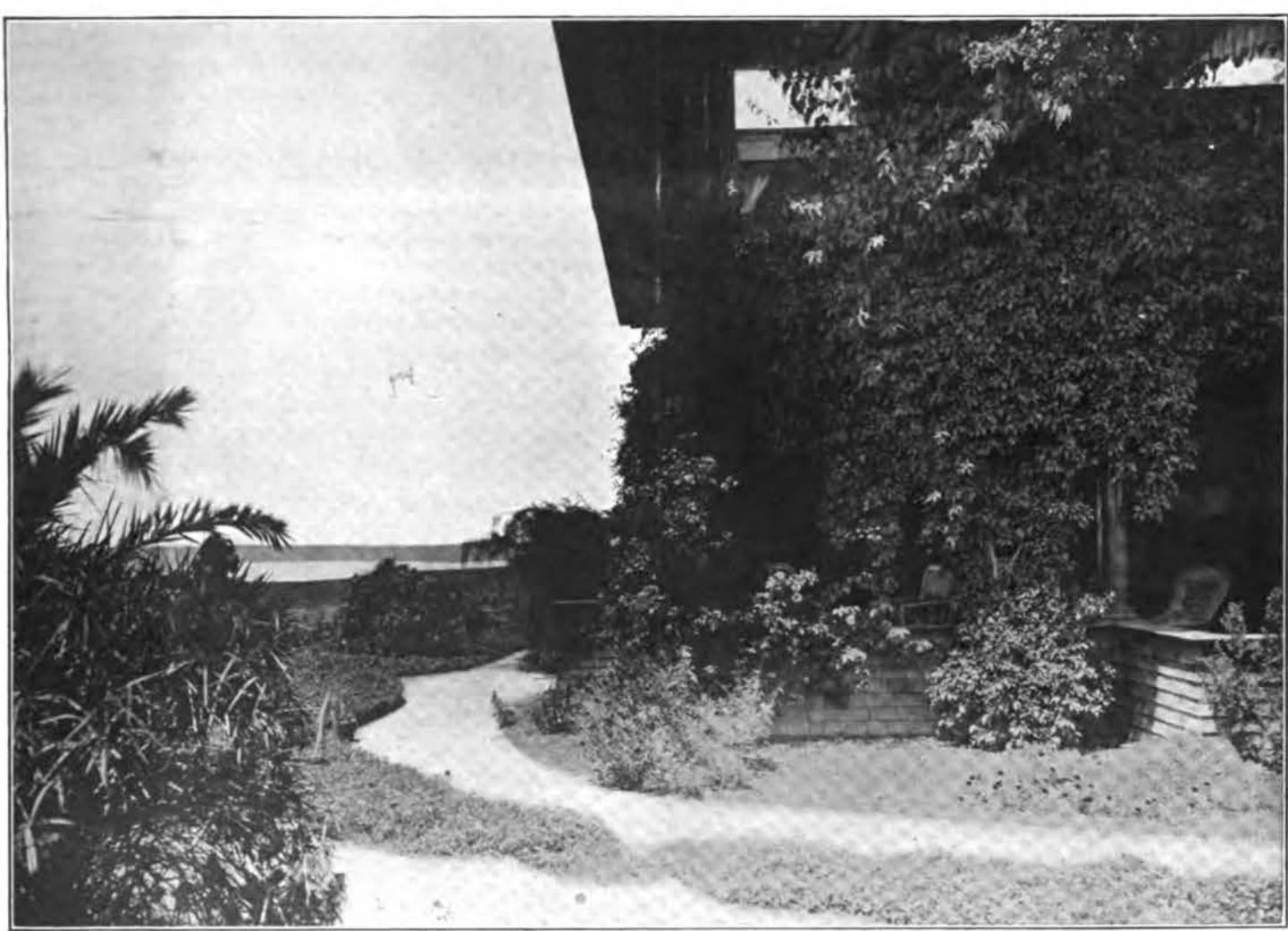
we give you the best work obtainable in San Diego

J E N K S
826-828 5th street Graduate Optician

The New Century



Year \$2 | Point Loma, San Diego, California. | Copy 52



Transplanted Russian Zealots

THE Russian sect of Doukhobors, which was transplanted in Canada in consequence of persecution by the home government, seems to be undergoing rapid change in its new conditions. Judging from the accounts, we should say that its peculiar qualities are in a state of violent fermentation, which has produced an exaggerated form of the symptoms that will pass off and leave the people normal and in agreement with their new surroundings. The intense and gloomy emotionalism of a semi-Oriental country does not find a congenial home in Canada, where practical Western materialism is the very atmosphere. The *Boston Transcript* says:

Fully 4,000 Doukhobors, who settled in the Yorkton district, Northwest Territory, will starve or freeze to death, or be on the verge of starvation this year, if the Dominion Government does not take active steps to prevent their present religious mania from going further.

They think they have no right to enslave the lower animals, so they cannot till their fields; nor can they use animal products for food or clothing. Religious mania has made them oblivious to hardship and careless of the future.

Nearly every one of the Doukhobors was seen clad in the lightest of cotton garments. . . . In many of the houses visited a bag of flour was the only food visible. . . . Men originally strong were gaunt, hungry wrecks; and on a recent trip to Yorkton for flour a dozen big men, harnessed like mules to a heavy wagon, almost fell by the roadside through exhaustion and starvation. . . . They have made absolutely no provision for the future; and, what is perhaps worse, the religious mania that possesses them is becoming more intense and is spreading.

This gentle Christian sect has been seized with a conviction ruthless in its fierce, so-called consistency. They have released their animals, renounced eggs, milk, wool, and leather, and are trying to live on bread and water, cotton-clad, in a rigorous climate.

One writer thinks this is a reaction from the wave of materialism which swept over them when they first came. Doubtless it is the old fierce zeal making a last desperate flicker as the irresistible force of circumstances compels the new people to adapt themselves to their surroundings.

They will learn that their old faiths and practices were a special form induced by the tyranny of the Russian government and the atmosphere of the Russian country; and that a less gloomy and spiritual, and more practical and light-hearted, spirit is needed on this continent.

H. T. E.

The Hague Court--Its First Case

THE case between Mexico and the United States under arbitration at the Hague Court presents several interesting points.

Perhaps the chiefest of these is that this is the first case to be placed under that tribunal by the contending parties. It is hardly one that could ever lead to war, but it may serve as precedent for the settling of some other—not yet on the horizon—which *might* otherwise do so.

Certain sums were once given to the Jesuits for the carrying on of their work in California.

But about the close of the Eighteenth century the Pope suppressed that holy organization. Whereupon the Mexican government, to which California then belonged, took over these sums, agreeing to pay 6 per cent on them to the Catholic Church.

After California became part of the United States, the latter government claimed that this 6 per cent should be paid to the church in California, that is, in United States territory. The Mexican government, on the other hand, maintains that the sum should be paid to the church in its dominions, which do not include California.

The case would of course never have arisen had not Clement XIV suppressed (or tried to) the Jesuits, in 1773. In the following year they forged a couple of briefs practically repealing the edict of suppression. But they could not succeed in saving this particular bit of their accumulated wealth. Nor did they regain it when Pius VII in 1801 annulled the edict of suppression of his predecessor. The funds stayed in the hands of the Mexican government, administered by it for the Catholic Church.

The dispute dates from 1848.

K.

The Death of Emile Zola

THE death of Emile Zola is a loss to the whole world, however much our regret may be tempered by the knowledge that the contagion of his example will not die with him, and that his memory will animate those who come after him.

We have never doubted the existence of a spirit of justice which seeks to saturate the minds and the affairs of men, however much they may seem to flout it and to deny it. How irresistible is that spirit of justice, which is but another name for the great law of evolution, the work of this man within the past few years is a witness, inasmuch as it made of him the eloquent spokesman for truth and righteousness when his land resounded with the open advocacy of fraud and falsehood. France will know how to venerate the memory of a hero, and how to do homage to the man who braved scorn and exile that he might befriend the friendless and aid the oppressed.

Zola lived long enough to see the splendid vitality of France assert itself, and to know that his work was not in vain. That work would indeed have been lost had there not been throughout France the old chivalry which made her great and kept her great, the old loyalty to freedom which her enemies have never been able to crush. He knew how to call forth the noble from among the base, and he never doubted that the long tide of victory would sweep away the sand-built barriers of a cruelty which dared to hide behind the semblances of law and to speak aloud in the name of the French people.

A Tribute of Love to a True Patriot

A FEW days ago the city of Cleveland, Ohio, was the scene of the unveiling of the statue of Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot and statesman. He devoted his life to the dissemination of liberal ideas which brought about the declaration of independence of Hungary and the abolition of serfdom in that country. His efforts to liberate his countrymen received the hearty assistance of the American people who some fifty years ago gave Kossuth their physical and moral support.

In the introduction to one of the biographies of Kossuth, published in 1852, Horace Greeley said:

Of the many popular leaders who were upheaved by the great convulsions of 1848 into the full sunlight of European celebrity and American popular regard the world has already definitely assigned the first rank to Louis Kossuth, advocate, deputy, finance minister, and finally governor of Hungary. . . . At first we pause to wonder how this dweller by the far Danube, this Hun, this almost Asiatic, had learned those great truths which we have supposed discoveries of Jefferson and the special properties of our republic; but pausing we discover that this child of Attila has not merely imitated our fathers in their immortal declaration, but that what with them were figures of rhetoric, or, at least, abstractions, are with him living and practical verities. They declared all men rightfully born free and equal, but left 1,000,000 of their own countrymen in slavery; he grappled boldly with serfdom and abolished it.

Vivisection

WE do not know what country has the misfortune to count one Professor Pawlow among her sons. This man conducts experiments upon dogs, of which one is described in *La Revue*:

The gullet of the animal was cut in sections and fixed to the neck, so that when it ate, the food merely fell to the ground, and the stomach was divided into two parts, one where no food was allowed to penetrate, the other into which was put the food necessary to keep the dog alive.

Driftwood

☞ Virchow lived to a ripe old age on five hours' sleep a night.

☞ Forest fires have been raging in Arizona and Colorado. Large tracts of land are being devastated.

☞ The chemistry of the most ancient period had reached a point which we have never even approached.—WENDELL PHILLIPS on *The Lost Arts*

☞ Nonconformist friars are the latest religious novelty in England. They are to be known as "Brothers of the Common Life"—the name of a once well-known Catholic order, whose most celebrated member was Thomas a Kempis. It is intended to take the simple rule of St. Francis of Assisi for a model, and the distinctive dress is a plain black gown and cape. Vows will be terminable and renewable and no denominational restrictions are to be made. The Nonconformists, it may be explained, are the opposite pole to Roman Catholics.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Our Place in the Universe

SIR OLIVER LODGE is doing a worthy work in enlarging popular conceptions of life throughout the universe and in breaking down barriers which have been built by an intellectual self-esteem and ignorance. His recent lecture on "Our Place in the Universe" is especially remarkable for breadth of view and a complete freedom from scientific intolerance. He pointed out that what we see and know is presumably but a very minute portion of what there is to see and know.

Wherever life is possible on the earth, there we find it, and might it not also be possible on other planets? On this planet man is the highest form of life, but there is no reason whatever to suppose that man as we know him is the highest form of life throughout the universe. Some people suppose that science is opposed to the belief that there are higher forms of existence than man. So far as he understood science it had no right to negative anything of the kind, and had never done so. When a man did not know he had no right either to assert or to deny. What he wished his audience to understand was their own place in the universe and that they were an intelligent, active and helpful part of the cosmic scheme. Whatever improvements were to be effected in the world were to be done by us, by mutual co-operation and mutual helpfulness. In this way we should co-operate with divinity in the process of evolution.

If Sir Oliver Lodge is a prophetic type of the scientist of the future we shall hear little more of the conflict between Religion and Science. Of the conflict between Science and Dogma—religious and otherwise—there can be but one outcome.

STUDENT

Russian Advance in India

THE great Russian newspaper, the *Novoe Vremya*, makes a curiously and unexpectedly candid remark anent the intentions of its Government with respect to India.

Great Britain proposes to build a little railway eighty-two miles long, between Quetta and Nushki, in Baluchistan, within her own territory.

The newspaper in question objects to this railway on the ground that it will threaten the probable path of Russian advance on India.

The British government of India is not ideal. But were that country ever to be governed by Russia as Russia now governs her own population, India might well think she had hardly gained by the exchange.

But it is interesting to have so frank an avowal of intention.

ENGLISHMAN

Conditions at the North Pole

LIEUTENANT PEARY has returned from his polar expedition without having reached the North Pole, as have also Baldwin and Sverdrup; while various expeditions are exploring Antarctic regions and projects for further enterprises in both directions continue to be made. The record northward is Abruzzi's $86^{\circ} 33' 49''$.

Is there land at the North Pole? Many scientists think so, and H. P. Blavatsky, supported by a mass of tradition to which she refers, asserts it. The "First Race" was located at the North Pole, in times when the relations between terrestrial motions and bearings provided a habitable climate there. For the earth's axis of rotation did not always make a large angle with the plane of the ecliptic as now, and has been in all possible positions relative to that plane, including coincidence therewith. Geologists and astronomers have investigated these questions, and paleontologists find in the Miocene plants of Greenland evidences of warm climatic conditions there.

Tradition says that a portion of the first dry land, having detached itself from the main body, has remained since then. A journey of seven months' duration, says Oriental legend, will bring him who is possessed of Solomon's ring, to such a land if he keeps on journeying north.

The wandering songsters of Persia and the Caucasus maintain that far beyond Caucasus is a great continent concealed from all. It can only be reached by people having certain magical appurtenances, which are

One Spot Free of Commercialism

named. Says H. P. Blavatsky: If the Greeks knew, in the days of Homer, of a Hyperborean land . . . which the later Greeks and their classics have vainly tried to locate by searching for it beyond Scythia, a country where nights were short and days long, and beyond that land a country where the sun never set and the palm grew freely . . . who told them of it? . . . Their tradition must have descended to the Greeks from some people more ancient than themselves, who were acquainted with those climatic details of which the Greeks themselves could know nothing. Even in our day science suspects beyond the Polar seas, at the very circle of the Arctic Pole, the existence of a sea which never freezes and a continent which is ever green. The archaic teachings and likewise the Puranas—for one who understands the allegories of the latter—contain the same statements. Suffice then to the strong probability that a people now unknown to history lived during the Miocene period of modern science at a time when Greenland was an almost tropical land.

Evidently the teaching, of which these are a few scattered notes, is that there exists at the North Pole the remnant of that First Continent where an early race dwelt in the clement seasons of an astronomical past. Also that that remaining spot is still habitable. (H. P. Blavatsky also speaks of a "fountain of life" at the North Pole). And finally that it is not attainable without the possession of certain attributes not possessed by the normal modern man, and described by Oriental tradition in the (for such purposes) exacter language of symbolism. And certainly, as to this last point, it would seem that a necessary qualification is the power to live independently of the ordinary vital necessities. Thus perhaps has wise Law placed a selective barrier in the way of the invasion by the unfit of lands where their presence is not needed.

H. T. E.

Health and Shouting

A ROYAL commission on the physical training of children has been sitting in Scotland. Much evidence of great value was forthcoming, and it fits into some other figures which are also to hand.

The well-known physician, Sir Lauder Brunton, said that "the town populations were deteriorating through the want of fresh air and exercise. He would trust mainly to nature; and for every hour spent in school he would set the child free for a quarter of an hour's play, in which it should shout and scream as much as it liked."

It will be remembered that Mr. Cantlie, a London surgeon and authority on hygiene, said long ago that it was impossible to find a pure Londoner of the third generation, so deprivative to health is life in that (and of course other) great cities. But London is not the worst of British cities. The London boy's "expectation of life" is six years longer than that of the Glasgow or Manchester boy; but four years shorter than that of the country boy.

Translating these facts into a general idea for the world's great cities, we can understand what a vast waste of human life is everywhere going on. And much of it could be remedied by a simple application to our schools of the suggestion of Sir Lauder Brunton.

K.

Irrigation in Egypt

THIS year the huge irrigation works on the Nile are to be thrown open for use, and a very practical piece of work will thereby be done in the furthering of Egypt's progress from the industrial western point of view, whatever may be thought of the destruction of remnants of ancient grandeur. Egypt, having no rainfall, is dependent on the Nile and on well-water, which, even though it might be conveyed in irrigating canals, had to be lifted to the required level. As this lifting was done by *shadoofs* (buckets swung on huge levers) the amount of human labor necessary was immense.

But the dam at Assouan, which has a capacity of over a billion tons, and other barrages, will supply enough water at a high level to feed the crops and tide over winter.

The dam is a huge wall built across the Nile at Assouan, and has sluice openings to let flood-water through. It is one and one-fourth miles long, 130 feet in maximum height, and has over a million tons of masonry. The engineer is Sir Benjamin Baker.

H. T. E.

AUNT MARGARET sat at her desk in the bay window, busily engaged with correspondence.

Her face was radiant. Her blue eyes fairly sparkled and although she was no longer young, as the years judge, her presence expressed both youthfulness and joy. There was in her face the sweet radiance of happy childhood together with that serenity which rarely descends upon the personality until youth has long passed.

Aunt Margaret was something of an enigma. "How Miss Milburn can take so much interest in a lot of crippled children is more than we can understand," was the common dictum among her neighbors. But Aunt Margaret was joyful when her neighbors were sad. She was serene when they were perturbed, for her life was filled to the brim with the joy of caring for "her children."

On the day in question, Aunt Margaret had just returned from a visit to the home which she had established for the care of crippled children. It was situated in a charming spot near the sea and month after month witnessed sad little faces entering its doorways and faces rosy and plump going out. To many of the dwellers in the slums of the city which lay so near, Beechwood was all their heaven and Miss Milburn was a guardian angel. The slums of a great city are lightless places and this institution was very like a lamp revealing the path to very many who otherwise would have lost their way. Children whose ailments were so serious as to make it impossible for them to play about, or possibly even sit up in bed were the envy of all their healthy companions, for their suffering was a passport to the sunlit porches of Beechwood.

Miss Milburn sat a moment in silence as she finished the last letter. "Oh! Aunt Margaret! what shall I do?" In came Emily, her niece, whom she had cared for since her mother, Miss Milburn's favorite sister, had passed away.

"What is it, dear?" said Aunt Margaret. Edith had fallen upon her knees in a fit of weeping, resting her head upon her aunt's lap as if she were a tired child. "Tell me! Perhaps I can help you. Is it about Charlie, again?"

Emily looked up, a world of gratitude in her eyes, for her heart was aching and who but her Aunt Margaret ever seemed to understand? Ever since the days when she wept over broken dolls and torn pinafores, Aunt Margaret had always comforted her; for Aunt Margaret always understood.

"Yes, auntie, it's about Charlie. I don't know what my duty is. I cannot marry a man whom I do not respect. Yet I love him, too, and I long to help him."

"Well, dear," said Aunt Margaret, and then she became silent, stroking the nestling head upon her lap.

"You know, auntie, when I promised to marry Charlie, I did not know him at all well. He is wealthy and papa was willing. And I didn't think about looking below the surface, as you say. I thought he must be honorable and pure, right from Oxford as he is, and such a chum of Ned's. But when poor old Mrs. Martin came to me and told me; O, I cannot bear it," and again the impetuous girl buried her face in her hands.

"Yes, I know, dearie," said Aunt Margaret.

"And then I went to Charlie about it, auntie, and told him about poor Mrs. Martin losing all her money, and about her little grandchildren. Why, auntie, they didn't have shoes last winter and we never knew, just because she lost all her money in the syndicate—and Charlie formed it and controls it. I felt that he could not be to blame, and would be glad to give her all the money she lost, and the Smith's and Wyburn's, too. Charlie is so wealthy, auntie! And when I asked about it, oh! he looked at me so changed! He even laughed, Aunt Margaret, and said, 'What can a woman know about business?' Then I urged him. I told him about little Olga who didn't even have nourishing food last winter when she was so ill with fever, about Mrs. Martin herself and how she suffered from rheumatism for lack of warmth and proper clothing. I don't know about business, auntie, but surely there is some great mistake, Charlie took her money, all she had saved for years and years, and then he sent her word that it was lost! I asked him about it, and Aunt Margaret, he wouldn't answer any of my questions. He just said 'Nonsense, my little girl mustn't trouble her head with business matters! Come, let us have some music!' But I had no heart for the music and the next day

The Path of Duty

I told him that I could not be his wife and I could not feel bound by a promise given before I knew him."

"That closes the matter, does it not, dearie? Life should look bright, not sad, today."

"No, auntie, today he writes me and talks about my duty to him and to my father, because dear papa wants me to marry him and, somehow, doesn't understand. And he talks of honor and about the promise I made and all. Auntie, I must do what is right, no matter what it costs. What is my duty? Tell me!"

Aunt Margaret, as often, was for a few moments very silent. She looked out towards the sea, and a mist gathered in her large blue eyes. "Come Emily, forget all about yourself for a little while. Go back in thought with me to the time when I once stood, where you now stand, dear, at the parting of the ways. I loved, as you do, one who was not worthy the love of a true, pure woman, such as you will some day become. I had given my promise in a thoughtless moment, and I found that I had been unwise. There was that in his nature and in his life which I could not accept. Oh! how I longed to see him realize this! I would have given my life, gladly, to save him from some tendencies which, if unchecked, would, I well knew, ruin all his better qualities. But he did not wish to change. He, too, thought my pleadings were just 'a woman's whim.' He, too, talked of my sense of honor, trying thus to hold me to a promise I had blindly made. He, too, felt he knew what was my duty better than I could know.

"Dear little girl, life was very sad for me then. It was a pivotal point in my life. Then did I learn that the battle of the ages may be fought within a single human heart. It seemed to me that the sky had turned to ashes and sunlight had failed. I loved all that was best in him and I felt that all the nobler qualities in his heart would be, must be, a part of my life forever. More than all I longed to help him. There I stood on one path—it was the true path, Emily, and I knew it—and there he stood on another, a path which I knew led only into the shadows and which something in my own heart would not let me follow. Think, Emily, what was my duty? My own womanhood would not permit me step down to the level of his weaknesses, he refused to take a single step upward toward the level upon which I stood. I did not cut him off; he did it himself."

"Were you ever sorry, Aunt Margaret?" questioned Emily.

"Well, dear, for a long, long time I was very sad. It seemed as if life had lost all its sunlight. I was very selfish, then, I am sure," she said with a smile. "But I am not unhappy now. My whole life is one long joy and I know that all the lives to come will be joyful. I found before long a true philosophy of life, a philosophy of Brotherhood. It gave me a basis on which to build. It held the promise that all my dreams would some day be realized. And through it I learned that the happiness I dreamed of as a girl was not the real thing, but that real happiness, pure joy can only come when one forgets oneself in thinking about others.

"Now, cheer up, Emily dear! What wouldn't you give to be as happy as Aunt Margaret?"

"And now I shall be, auntie, for you have answered my question."

There sounded a tap-tap of the big bronze knocker on the hall door. In a moment the servant entered. Miss Milburn's face flushed as she took the card from the tray. "Show the gentleman into the drawing-room, Jane, and say that I will be down in ten minutes."

A year later Aunt Margaret was out on the great lawn, looking out toward the sunset and the sea. She was no longer Miss Milburn, but Lady Margaret Payne. Beside her walked a man whose face, furrowed with past stress and sorrow, still had the clear, happy look of a child. "I thought it hard, Margaret, when you sent me away. Now I see that you saved me. Never, never can I repay. I thought you cruel then. Now I realize that yours was the truest kindness. It was the greatest lesson of my life."

"It was a lesson which I needed, as well," replied Aunt Margaret, smiling.

"And I," said Emily mischievously, as she came to announce tea. "If you had not given Uncle Frank just the lesson he needed, I am very sure I should not be so happy today. Tomorrow, we go to Beechwood to see 'our children' and Uncle Frank shall go with us." E. V. A.

There Is Peace on the Deep

DRIVING the other day by the seashore, we felt the sense of peace and relief that the gentle, ceaseless lapping of the waves always brings. Humanity is always attracted by water, be it the shores of the vast Pacific or the dirty canal-bank in a city. It is the spirit of the water they feel and share; for the water is great force, living and feeling, and no scrutinizing and analyzing by science of its physical presentment can take away our sense of its reality.

And what is it that this mighty soul tells us when we listen to its voice? What is the mood we so love to catch from her and share with her? It is a mood of eternal, unalterable calm, serenity, repose, tranquil grandeur. It conveys to us the knowledge of such a changeless, peaceful depth in our own soul, to which we might ever return after turmoil, and wherein we should always find consolation and new hope.

"There is peace on the deep." Let not anxiety and dark passions insult the majesty of our own peaceful soul. Let us bear within us the ocean's mighty volume of untroubled dignity and repose, and ever return thereto after our wayward wanderings.

Then we shall ourselves become waters of peace to other souls, and be sought by the anxious ones in quest of consolation.

And those whose nature expresses rather the passive than the active phase of life might find herein a hint of their possibilities; for might they not so live, so think, and so feel that their very presence alone would be a benediction? STUDENT

How Does the Spider Bridge a Chasm?

OUR note, of some issues back, asking how the spider manages to extend a line across a canyon, was noted in the *Scientific American*, but without suggesting an answer.

A correspondent to that paper now makes a suggestion which leads to the surmise that the spider might lay a line along the ground and then, climbing the shrubs, drop a line upon it from above and so haul it to the required position. This explanation obviates the difficulty as to how the spider could climb the bush with the thread without getting it entangled. The same correspondent also mentions the case of a web across a river, 250 or 300 feet across, and explains it by adding to the above explanation the surmise that the spider ran across the water (as it is known they can). H. T. E.

The Ways of Science

THE turn of the corpuscular theory of light has come round again. It has been out of order and untrue for a long time; but light having become identical with electricity and the latter being (now) composed of corpuscles, it follows that the former is also corpuscular. However, in one and the same sentence it is said that electricity consists of the corpuscles, or that these ultimate corpuscles of matter carry each a charge of electricity, or that the corpuscles do not really exist, and the only reality is the charge they carry—like Alice's cat, which, vanishing, left naught but a grin.

And now the phlogiston theory is stirring in its grave. K.

WHAT does it signify your being bounteous in words if all real aid be dead and gone?—PLAUTUS

The Ways of a Lemon Tree

THE other day, in studying some lemon trees and their fruit, I came upon a phenomenon which must, I should suppose, be of a very unusual character.

Several lemons had been hanging ripe for at least a year upon one of the trees, and had been showing no other sign of activity than a gradual increase of size.

At last I cut one of them open, and behold! a little plant was within, a little tree, rootlets, stem and leaves! All the seeds had disappeared; the pulp was dry; but the little plant must have achieved its development and leafage practically without air. At that opportune moment the fruit should have fallen upon damp soil and its rind decayed. Then the little embryo could have gone ahead.

Was this an attempt on the part of the lemon to achieve a higher level of evolution in its reproductive arrangements?

A friend suggests to me that it was trying to symbolize the silent and unobserved evolution of the spiritual man within the physical.

I object to his hypothesis, on the ground of the imperfection of the symbol; for the physical man does not have to decay and die before the spiritual can manifest itself.

To which he replies (a), that you cannot expect too much of a mere lemon; and (b), that in the

immense majority of cases the spiritual man does have to await the death of the physical for its full manifestation.

Be that as it may, I cut open another lemon. At first glance, though it had also been a year ripe on the tree, the pulp looked fresh and normal. But on closer examination it turned out that all the seeds had disappeared, dissolved, not a trace left. However, it was a very large and fine looking lemon. . . .

My friend spoke up again, and said he was now certain that the tree was a symbologist. For were not many men large and fine looking externally, but internally quite barren of seeds spiritual or mental?

There are other lemons of this tree, and in due course I will cut them open and report anything interesting. If I find another plantlet I will photograph it and send the picture to THE NEW CENTURY. LIMONIUS

The Partridge and the Rabbits

A WRITER in an agricultural newspaper points out the excellent understanding which seems to exist between partridges and rabbits.

Finding a wounded partridge, he took it home with him in the hope of restoring it to health, and placed it in a large enclosure in which some tame rabbits were kept. The wounded bird, with every sign of terror, instantly retreated to the further extremity of the enclosure, but it became at once tranquilized and unconcerned at the sight of the rabbits who were quietly feeding, and thenceforth it remained contentedly in their company. It was evidently accustomed to regard rabbits in the light of a danger barometer, while recognizing that they were in themselves perfectly harmless.

THE five largest meteorites known are those of Bemdego, Brazil, five and one-third tons; San Gregorio, Mexico, eleven and a half tons; Chupaderas, Mexico, fifteen and two-third tons; Anighito, Greenland, fifty tons, and Bacubirito, fifty tons.



THE LEWIS RANCH, SAN DIEGO COUNTY, CAL.

The Coming of Spring

The following nature poem was written by CHARLES OF ORLEANS while a prisoner in England

THE time hath laid his mantle by
Of wind and rain and icy chill
And dons a rich embroidery
Of sunlight poured on lake and hill.
No beast or bird in earth or sky,
Whose voice doth not with gladness thrill,
For time hath laid his mantle by
Of wind and rain and icy chill.
River and fountain, brook and rill,
Bespangled o'er with livery gay
Of silver droplets, wind their way.
All in their new apparel vie,
For time hath laid his mantle by.

H. T. E.

Some Wild Theories as to Man's Birthplace

NEWS reaches us of a paper, read before the Berlin Anthropological Society by Professor Schoetensack, on a new theory that Australia was the cradle of the human race. The human race emanated from a single spot, and that spot was not Asia, but Australia.

But Haeckel has said (*Pedigree of Man*, page 73):

Probably Southern Asia itself was not the earliest cradle of the human race; but Lemuria, a continent that lay to the South of Asia, and sank later on beneath the surface of the Indian Ocean.

Haeckel regards the Australians as the direct descendants of the Lemurians. So Professor Schoetensack's theory is not so new after all.

When we read the evidence for this theory we find it is rather of the kind that is raked in and worked up to make it fit a preconceived hypothesis, rather than of the kind which is impartially collected and examined without preconception.

Early man, we are told, was too feeble to cope with wild beasts, so he must have been nurtured in a land where there were none.

The northern or southern extremities of the globe could not have been the cradle of the human race, says this theory, neither could any part of the globe where ferocious animals abounded. For in the former case the cold would have destroyed life before the brain was sufficiently developed to invent means of making fire; and in the latter mankind would have been unable to exist in the face of his natural enemies, save in the trees.

So we are forced to the supposition that these early stages were passed on an island free from carnivorous beasts, not far from the equator. But that can hardly have been a small island, since man would require more nourishment than so limited an area could afford.

Dr. Schoetensack supposes that at some remote epoch, where there was land connection between Sumatra, Java, Borneo, and Australia, by way of Timor and New Guinea, the ancestors of the human race, still perhaps arboreal in habitat, were cut off by the changes in the earth's surface, which made of Australia a continent, and that then occurred the opportunity for these reasoning creatures to develop their flat feet, their hairless skin, their brain, and other human characteristics unmolested by carnivorous foes.—*New York Times*

All based on the idea that man gradually evolved from the animals. A nursery wanted for him to grow strong in.

The Professor supports his theory by reference to the variety of types said to be found among the native Australians, which he considers to indicate that they were parents of the other races. Traits of negroes, Mongols and Europeans are found, in habits and implements. The earliest European, he says, had marked Australian characteristics.

Thus the garden of Eden takes a southward trip.

In the writings of H. P. Blavatsky much will be found about the earlier races of men; and, so vast is the scheme of human history she outlines, that, as we have often said, no modern scientist ever traces more than a detail of the pattern. Hence the number and conflicting nature of the theories, which, instead of competing, should rather be pieced together.

The first point to be noticed is that the native Australians, and other low types, are *by-products* of the human race, thrown off by humanity as a consequence of its early mistakes. Reference is here made to the teaching that the anthropoid apes and the lower types of humanity were descended from man and not *vice versa*.

The next point is that Australia is the relic of the ancient continent of Lemuria, whose existence is conceded by Haeckel and A. R. Wallace, whereon flourished the Third great Race, 700,000 years before the Eocene period. The relics of that once great race are to be seen in the aborigines of Australia.



A BIRDSEYE VIEW OF SAN DIEGO LOOKING TOWARD THE BAY FROM TWELFTH AND C STREETS

But we have not space to quote further. We will therefore say once more in conclusion that, until the evolution of humanity is considered from the spiritual point of view, and from the mental point of view, as well as from the purely physical viewpoint, nothing but fragmentary and incomplete hypotheses can be forthcoming. H. T. E.

The Clapton Messiah

FURTHER details of the proceedings of the man Pigott, pastor of the "Agapemonites" of Clapton, London, who claims to be Jesus Christ, tell of his public announcement of his alleged identity in church on September 14th.

A large crowd assembled, but by far the greater part was unable to gain admission, and behaved in a very disorderly manner outside, mobbing the Messiah on his way to and from his carriage.

Inside Mr. Pigott announced himself and delivered a good deal of verbiage on love, repentance, and his mission. He said:

It is not now as pastor of this church that I stand before you. I stand before you as that one who has come again, the Son of Man himself, come in my own body to bless my people, come to receive my people to myself, come as a quickening spirit to give everlasting life to all flesh.

The non-elect among the audience interrupted the Messiah with much laughter and strong language. H. T. E.

Changes in the Great Lakes

IT has been known for a long time that the levels of the great North American lakes are changing, and it has now been ascertained that either the northern and eastern shores are rising, or that the southern and western shores are falling. The former levels of Lake Ontario are indicated by ancient terraces, and on the north-eastern shore these terraces are at an altitude of 350 feet higher than the southwestern shores. On the northwestern shore of Lake Ontario the waters at present are rising at the rate of about six inches per century, and at Milwaukee and Chicago there is also a marked rise in the water level amounting to as much as nine or ten inches at the latter place. At the present time Chicago stands but a very little way above the normal lake level. C.

A Genuine Meteorite

AMONG the relatively small number of genuine meteorites which are known to be in existence is the large stone which fell at Bacubarito on the Rio Sinaloa. It was unearthed by a plough, and enough of its bright surface was disclosed to convince the finder that he had discovered a silver mine. It was carefully excavated and was found to have cut a clean bed for itself in the porphyry rock upon which it rested. Its dimensions are: Length, 13 feet 1 inch; width 6 feet 2 inches, and thickness, 5 feet 4 inches.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

Preparing for the Fall IN its immediate contact with the outside world the fall is the busiest time at the Point, and if past seasons are any criterion of what is immediately before us, we may anticipate a period of unusual activity. When first our grounds were thrown open for inspection we were embarrassed by the numbers who took advantage of our invitation. Residents and visitors alike poured out to Point Loma, and as every crowd contains a certain proportion of those whose curiosity sometimes exceeds their discretion or decency, it was not always easy to maintain the legitimate privacy of some parts of the grounds or even of the domestic buildings. Cases of actual ill intent have never been very numerous, although in certain instances the hostility of a certain class of clerical visitors developed into a curiosity which was stigmatized as bad manners. The institution of a guide service became therefore as much a matter of convenience to our visitors as of protection to ourselves, and these guides by their energy and by their courtesy have certainly justified their existence.

Necessity for Guides The institution of guides is practically a development of a service of watchers which from the very first was imperatively demanded by the fact of our distance from fire and from police aid. The fence which surrounds the Homestead grounds is so called from courtesy rather than from its utility and serves for little else than to indicate a geographical boundary and keep out rabbits. So far as protection or restriction goes, a paint mark on the ground would be just as efficacious. Ordinary prudence and the large numbers of children required us to exercise at least the ordinary watchfulness which is devoted to the public grounds and buildings of our cities, and the increasing interest of the public in the work which we are doing has made it necessary that we should still further organize and extend the service of guides.

The duties of these guides are, however, confined to those which are implied by the name. They are not expected to answer questions as to our philosophy or to start a debate on the roadside, nor to render any other information which can be obtained, accurately and concisely, from our literature which is at the service of all who wish to obtain it. Those who sincerely wish to know what we are doing find that many of their questions are answered by what we have to show them, even without the literature.

Necessary Changes Experience, which teaches so much, has shown us the advisability of some changes which will therefore be brought into operation at once. Admission to the Homestead grounds has hitherto been obtainable between the hours of 10 and 4. The gates will henceforth be open from noon until 4 p. m., and we are satisfied that this change will not diminish the convenience of our visitors, while it will give the guides a needed time of rest.

An alteration in the charge for admission has also become advisable. Hitherto this charge has been ten cents for the grounds and for certain portions of the buildings, and fifty cents for those who have wished to witness the children's play, the proceeds being devoted to helping orphan children. Henceforth the general admission price to the grounds will be increased to twenty-five cents, and that to the Children's Play will be decreased to the same amount. We find that this change will be more advantageous in every way, and that it will enable a larger number of child-lovers to see and understand something of our methods of training and of education. Children accompanied by their friends will be admitted free.

Another small change in our regulations has been necessitated by circumstances. Visitors will in future alight from their teams at the main gates and ascend the short hill on foot. For them it will mean a walk of two minutes, and for us it will mean added security to the children, whose houses and playgrounds are entirely open to the road. On two occasions unmanageable teams of horses have broken from control and have seriously threatened the safety of the little ones. In one instance a pair of horses rushed straight at one of the school houses, providentially turned aside at the last moment, and was only brought to a standstill in a canyon so narrow that the wheels of the carriage were touching on both sides.

Triumphs at Isis Theatre No record of progress would be complete without a reference to the Isis Theatre and its Sunday evening meetings. To understand what has really been done here it is necessary to go back for a year or so and recall our experiences at that time. To adequately describe the meetings then would be to run short of adjectives to qualify the gatherings of today. Let us take the Sunday the children were present, and that always means the top notch in public enthusiasm. It shows itself by a street crowded half an hour before the doors open, by the almost instant occupation of every available seat and every inch of standing ground, and by an attention which does not flag from first to last. A year ago the feeling was one of interest certainly, but of an interest which was disturbingly inclined to flicker out at every interlude. Today the vast audience is held from first to last, and there is as much willingness to be taught by the children as to be charmed by the music. The

knowledge which comes from years of study cannot teach as much as can the untutored mind of a child. Only the foolish among us become discouraged by their own apparent unfitness. The wise among us remember and understand the injunction to become as little children, and in this way to wed the wisdom of the child to the intellectual learning of the man. Music and children work ever in the harmony which belongs to both, and that the harmony of effort is so perfect is due largely to the man who conducts in public the melody which upon the Hill he has worked so hard to call forth. E. A. Neresheimer sees in his labors of today very much of the fruition of the devotion which called him to the side of W. Q. Judge when there were so few who sought that place. He sees something of the harvest which comes from these many years of patient toil, the harvest to which he has been directed by his abiding loyalty to the past and to the present.

That our audiences at the Theatre are getting something which their deepest nature demands is shown by their comments and their conversation. That hard-headed business men should come again and again with increasing appreciation is sufficient proof of what the work is doing, and a sufficient promise of what shall be done all over the world. Those who are young today will relate with pride, in the years to come, that they were present at the early meetings in the Isis Theatre, that they too helped by their presence, and were helped by, the greatest work of the century.

The Work in Cuba The work of establishing branches of the Raja Yoga School in Cuba has already begun. Dr. Van Pelt, the Superintendent of the Schools at Point Loma, is there at the present time with some of her workers. She writes that there is a great need of an effort in this direction, and that the citizens of Santiago are naturally delighted with the advantages which this work offers to their children.

These people of Cuba, who have endured so much persecution, are keenly alive to the importance of establishing a broad system of education in their country, and the fact that most strenuous efforts have been made by a clique of clericals to destroy our humanitarian work, and to deprive Cuba of the help which it needs, has aroused the good people of Santiago to a most enthusiastic expression of gratitude to Katherine Tingley for what she has already done, and they promise her their most hearty co-operation.

One of the first to come to the front in the true spirit of helpfulness is the Honorable Emilio Bacardi, the present Mayor of Santiago, who has donated land for the purpose of our humanitarian work. This property, it is said, is situated about seven miles from the City, on one of the most beautiful spots on the Island.

The I. B. League The International Brotherhood League being unsectarian and non-political is well adapted to do a great work in Cuba. It is most beneficent in its purposes. In its establishment of departments of education on lines of science, art and industry, one can readily see the enormous advantages that it will be able to confer within the coming years. In the struggles of Cuba to maintain its position as a young Republic it has naturally much to contend with at the best, and it is a monstrous affliction to the people of Cuba to see its best interests overshadowed by the spectre of bigotry in the shape of religious fanatics and unprincipled agitators. Work of this kind has energetically begun and it is disintegrating in its tendencies. "How long, O Lord, how long," will the laymen in some of the American churches, who are represented by this class, remain silent and permit this work to go on in the name of Christ?

We are surely guilty of no exaggeration when we say that the hypnotism of bigotry is a curse to any people, and it is our hope that the Cuban nation will by this time have learned to be diligent in protest against anything that comes to their country to hinder the greatness of the future which awaits it.

The New Sanitarium The new hospital which is to be erected immediately will be a distinct feature of the Point Loma landscape and will certainly add to the architectural beauties which are becoming so numerous. While sufficiently distant to be entirely self-contained and distinct, it will form one of the many buildings as remarkable for their appearance as for their utility.

The land which has been purchased for this purpose lies southeast of the Homestead, upon the other side of the great boulevard, and commands an unsurpassed view of the ocean, the bay and San Diego with its environs, as well as of the School grounds. It would be impossible to imagine a situation more invigorating or one better calculated to bring the curative magic of nature to those who need it.

The buildings themselves will be entirely novel in their structure and adapted in every possible way for the purposes for which they were designed. The appliances will represent the last word of medical and hygienic science, and there can be little doubt that a beneficent future awaits this latest addition to the buildings upon Point Loma. It is needless to say that we wish it every success.

Students



Path

O, Chivalry of Labor

by GERALD MASSEY

O, NEVER sit we down, and say
There's nothing left but sorrow!
We walk the wilderness today,
The promised land tomorrow.

And though age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain today,
And harvest comes tomorrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like a sheathed sabre,
Ready to flash out at God's call,
O chivalry of labor!

Triumph and toil are twins; and aye
Joy suns the cloud of sorrow;
And 'tis the martyrdom today
Brings victory tomorrow.—*Selected*

Imagination as a Force

IMAGINATION shares with *Will* the lot of being more talked of than used. They are the negative and positive of consciousness on its creative side.

For consciousness has, of course, its creative and receptive side, its active and passive. And its active side is the dual force Imagination-Will.

This is the side of which modern life stands so desperately in need. We lie in the passive, the sensual, the sensuous, the passion-swept states. Many men who seem to be in the utmost activity, leading the "strenuous life," are really in no such condition, essentially passive, swept on by some strong wind of whim or desire or passion.

We often say "dormant passion," not realizing the truth of our words, namely, that the man is being-dominated by the passion, and is not really a doer, of himself, at all.

The active side of consciousness, the Imaginative side, once fully aroused, will go on acting in its own potent way when the more mechanical part will be occupied in some of the commonplace works and duties of life, shoveling earth, adding figures and so forth.

The product of Imagination and Will in their co-action, is the coming to pass and to be of what is imagined.

We know no other way to will, no other way to call it into action, than to imagine something and hold to the imagination. That is our part; the will is already there. It is like the color in a pigment, inseparable.

The great men, the world-movers, have had an imagination and lived in and by it.

The common-place man, the "cheap-souled" man, is merely he who has never awaked his imagination. He does not even live in the actual, but only in the shell and rough rind of the actual.

Faith is imagination, and imagination faith; the Valhalla Bridge to the soul, to heaven, to the gods, to the transfiguration of life. For the soul will answer to the imagination a man makes of it. The imagination makes a robe which the soul will use till such time as the man can make a better.

Imagine something splendid for the future of humanity, not putting it too far away—for that is watering the wine—and you are making that more possible and nearer every moment.

VIRCHOW, great scientist as he was, was more than that. His science had not absolved his humanity. In 1889 he brought in a motion in the Prussian diet calling upon the government to take the initiative for a general disarmament, preceded by a reduction in the European armaments.

Ancient Myths and Their Meaning

WHAT a mine of knowledge is lost to modern culture by a failure to understand the symbolic language of myths!

With a solemn dullness that ill befits an age priding itself on its sense of humor, these allegories have been taken literally and the ancients thereby classed as childish ignoramuses.

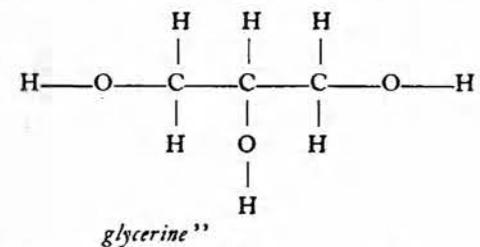
What a picture of infatuated vanity is that of the man of science, chuckling in his imagined enlightenment over the foolish superstitions of some ancient race whose figurative language and veiled allusions he has failed to understand! Ought he not to be classed with the solemn mathematician who suggested to the poet the amendment, "Every hour a man dies, and one and one-sixteenth is born;" or with the man who, after reading Rider Haggard's novel, *King Solomon's Mines*, said he believed it was all a pack of lies?

True, nowadays some of the allegories are being taken allegorically but the improvement is not much better, for now it is supposed that the ancients took all that trouble in order to record the movements of the heavenly bodies and the phenomena of the seasons.

Doubtless the firmly rooted preconception that the ancients were ignorant has prevented our scholars from ever dreaming that they could have had a science of life even equal to ours—much less therefore vaster and more luminous than ours. Hence the myths found everywhere could only be explained on the theory that they were barbarian guesses at truth or nursery tales passed on from race to race, or by the still more cumbrous theory of solar and lunar myths. When the universal language of myth and symbol becomes better understood a vast mine of knowledge will be opened up. And then too it will be seen why such a form of language was employed, namely because it is universal, because it conveys meaning more aptly than words do, and because it hides wisdom from the vain and foolish.

H. P. Blavatsky in *Isis Unveiled*, in reply to scientific scoffs at ancient symbols, retorts with a modern chemical formula.

"How ridiculously absurd!" will exclaim a learned modern chemist. Well, the disciples of the great Hermes understand the above as well as a graduate of Harvard University comprehends the meaning of his professor of chemistry when the latter says: "With one hydroxyl group we can only produce monatomic compounds; use two hydroxyl groups, and we can form around the same skeleton a number of diatomic compounds. Attach to the nucleus three hydroxyl groups, and there result triatomic compounds, among which is a very familiar substance:



If some solemn scientist of the remote future were to excavate a mound and unearth a piece of prehistoric paper bearing the above formula and its explanation, what would he make of it?

However symbolism, as used by ancient Teachers, has this advantage, that it can only be interpreted by those who have the keys. And, since these keys are accessible only to the pure and unselfish, the knowledge is safe against misuse. It will be regained in proportion to the race's advance in moral worth.

H. T. E.

"This is a child's school, but it takes
A man to go through it.
"This is a man's school, but it takes
A child to go through it."

SOME observations have recently been made in order to determine the speed at which birds fly, and the results are certainly astonishing. The Rev. E. T. Daubeney, of Market Weston, states that the Northern Blue Throat migrates from Egypt to Heligoland in the space of one spring night of nine hours duration. The Virginian Plover performs its journey of 9600 miles between Labrador and North Brazil at a speed of 636 miles per hour. This amazing rapidity can only be attained at such a height from the ground that the resistance of the air is at its lowest.

POOR, patient little Eddy!

He could not run about like other boys, his back pained him so; he had to lie on a couch nearly all the time.

"Day-dreaming, Eddy?" said his mother, pleasantly, as she came into the room carrying a huge bunch of roses.

"Oh!" exclaimed Eddy, holding out his thin little hands for the flowers. "Arn't they beautiful! Shall I tell you my day-dream, mother?" he continued, looking up eagerly. "It was about a boy and a flower."

"Yes, dear," replied his mother smiling, and she took up her sewing and sat down beside him.

"A boy," he began, "a big boy, was walking along a street, in a city. He was a very nice, poet-boy—he wrote poems. But he could not get anyone to take them—nobody seemed to want them; and that made him sad; because he was trying to tell people about all the beautiful things he loved. You see, he felt sorry for them, so many looked worried, and sad, and tired; and he thought they might be happier if they could only know and love the things he wanted to tell them. And as he walked along he was filled with pity and love, and he longed that his heart might float away, and give all he wanted to give, without being seen, so that no one would know it was only a poor poet-boy who was helping them. Then he thought perhaps they might listen.

The Poet Boy's Wish

"And mother," said Eddy, flushing with excitement, "that longing, that beautiful feeling, floated from his heart, shining like the

sun! It floated away, away; and as it passed people, their minds stopped for a minute to wonder—they remembered they had forgotten something, they didn't know what? and that wonder-thought was the beginning of a great quest! the quest for the beautiful! And the shining feeling floated on until it came to a place where a trailing plant was growing on the ground.

Such a beautiful green plant! like a sea of green, it looked so fresh and cool! and it entered the heart of the plant. And by and by blossoms came out, yellow blossoms, golden yellow! and the shining feeling smiled from each flower!

"And every one who saw these flowers felt something stir within them; and the feelings it stirred never went to sleep again, and they began to love and long for the beautiful! so the poet-boy's wish came true. Was it not a beautiful day-dream, mother?"

"Yes, dear," said the mother, scarcely able to repress the tears.

"Do day-dreams come true, mother?"

"Yes, my boy, all noble dreams are realized sooner or later. Your day dream is true now, but only those who can see with the inner sight know how true it is."

A. P. D.



A CUBAN LOTUS BUD

A Recent Letter from South America

Brother John R. Beaver and family of Valparaiso, Chile, who had been visiting Point Loma, sailed on the steamship *Peru* from San Francisco.

STEAMSHIP PERU, August 9, 1902

WE are about to arrive at Acapulco, Mexico, the first port where there is any security in the postal service, so I am taking the opportunity of sending you some word of our progress. As you know we left San Francisco on the 1st, about midday, and have had the most propitious weather all along, but the heat for the last three days has been oppressive—85 and 90° in the shade does not sound so very hot, but the moisture along with it is simply too much for calm endurance—and this will last till we reach Ecuador, about a fortnight hence. However, these things have to be borne, and they might be very much worse.

We took particular note of the latitude while a few hundred miles off San Diego. Just at that part the coast line curves inward, and as the ship's course lies straight for the Cape at the extreme end of the Lower California Peninsula, the distance off the coast at the height of San Diego is perhaps the greatest on the whole run.

Mazatlan was the first port we touched at. This is a port on the West



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY AND HARBOR OF MAZATLAN



STREET SCENE IN MAZATLAN, WEST COAST OF MEXICO

ing districts. It has no railway communication with the interior, but it has a horse tramway and is lighted by electricity. One of the views shows the harbor, which is little else than an open roadstead, the other is of one of the principal streets.

We subsequently touched at San Blas and Manzanillo, two places of such little importance that views were not obtainable. Entering the latter port we had a good view of Colima volcano, smoking away like a great calcining furnace. It is somewhere about fifty miles inward, but it towers well above the intervening ranges, being estimated at 10,000 feet high. The smoke is also plainly visible from the steamer by naked eye. This is no new eruption but has been active for many years. The city or town of Colima is at its foot, and is a place of 20,000 inhabitants. It is connected to Manzanillo by railway, but is otherwise isolated from the other parts of the country. It has struck me as rather strange that Mexico, being so near the United States, is so undeveloped and seems to be so backward in modern conveniences. Of course it is quite likely that the East Coast is better off in this respect. Acapulco, which we are approaching, may be interesting, in which event I shall go ashore and shall secure some more photos to send to Loma-land, but will have to send them from a following port, as we do not stay very long at any one place.

Later we touched at ports in the Republics of Guatemala, San Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Colombia, Ecuador and Peru. Sincerely yours,

JOHN R. BEAVER

Coast of Mexico, situated at the mouth of the Gulf of California. It has a population of about 18,000, and is supported by the copper, silver and gold mines in the surround-

GEORGE T. VERNON
Tailor

1110 FIFTH STREET - SEFTON BLOCK
Telephone Black 1912

ENTERTAINMENT

by Children of the

Raja Yoga School

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON
in the

Aryan Temple, Point Loma
Tickets 50 cents

Bank of Commerce

841 FIFTH ST., bet E & F Sts., SAN DIEGO

Capital, \$100,000

Reserve & Undivided Profits, \$46,837.23

R. M. POWERS, President F. W. JACKSON, Cashier
GRAHAM E. BABCOCK, Vice-President C. L. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—R. M. Powers, Graham E. Babcock, J. F. Sinks, A. H. Frost, Chas. T. Hinde, U. S. Grant, & F. W. Jackson

General banking business transacted. Exchange drawn direct on all principal cities of United States and Europe. Prompt attention given to collections.

EDWARD M. BURBECK

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Copper Plate Engraving & Printing
Steel Dies, Crests, and Monograms
Largest & most varied stock of Books
and General Literature in the City

1051-59 FIFTH STREET, SAN DIEGO

“Burbeck’s Big Bookstore”

Toys Games Souvenirs Office Supplies City and County Maps

“Where Rail and Tide Meet, There Cast Anchor”

Investors, Speculators, & Real Estate Dealers

GET IN ON THE
GROUND FLOOR
AT SAN DIEGO
E A R L Y

San Diego is the Open Door to the Orient & Investors now will be Capitalists later

CAN'T YOU SEE THE HAND OF DESTINY?

- 2700 miles saved in encircling the globe via this port
- Three Transcontinental Railroads heading for this Harbor
- The Commerce of the Southwest and of the Pacific is being concentrated at the Bay of San Diego
- Look out for Big Developments; the Market is active now

If you want to Buy or Sell there, address

D. C. Reed

Established 1870

Ex-Mayor of San Diego

FIRST IRON VESSEL

Its Construction Was Derided and Its Builder Ridiculed

It is interesting to note that it was as early as the year 1809 that Robert Dickenson, the eminent inventor, first suggested to the admiralty a scheme by which the old wooden ships of the royal navy were to be gradually replaced by vessels built of iron, and thus make the English fleet incomparably stronger than any combination that could be brought together by foreign nations.

The proposed innovation was promised due consideration, and in 1830, twenty-one years afterward, the conclusion arrived at by the admiralty was that iron vessels would be practically useless in the line of action and totally unmanageable in a storm. Absurd as the assertion now appears, it was, nevertheless, ardently supported by Dr. Lardner, a scientific authority, who said the idea was perfectly chimerical and that there was about as much chance of an iron boat reaching New York as there was of its voyage to the moon.

A fierce storm of invective and derision was waged against all who had the temerity to hold an opinion contrary to that of the admiralty and its “scientific” supporters. But Thomas Wilson, a young Scotch boat builder, ignored the bigoted opposition, and in 1816 commenced to build a boat of iron at Fasken, Scotland. She was named the Vulcan. Her dimensions were 60 feet in length, 12 feet in breadth and 5 feet in depth. All the plates, rivets and angle irons were made over the anvil by Wilson and his blacksmith. The plates were fixed perpendicularly, or boiler fashion, and not horizontally, as in modern iron ships. The boat was specially constructed for the passenger service on the Monkland canal, and plied between Port Dundas and Loch No. 10.

When the Vulcan was being built Wilson was severely ridiculed by the craftsmen on the canal—which ran close to his yard—who, when passing, would drop small pieces of iron into the water and sarcastically inquire if he expected his boat to “soun.” As soon as it became known in the neighborhood that an iron boat was being built, the villagers came down to the yard and gazed open-mouthed at the phenomenon. In a short time deputations of the skeptically inclined began to intercept the builder on his way home and endeavor to point out the foolishness of the undertaking. When the Vulcan was nearing completion Wilson was one morning surprised to find them coming down to the water’s edge with pots and pans to try the buoyancy and once and for all convince themselves that iron would float.

After the boat was launched she proved so great a success that the representatives of the Forth & Clyde Company commissioned Wilson to build several other similar barges for their cargo and passenger traffic.

The Vulcan, passing ultimately into other owners’ hands, was broken up after being in use over sixty years. It is said she could have continued to do good service for many years, so remarkably sound had she been built, but she was considered obsolete for trading purposes, having been superseded by more modern boats.—*Scientific American*

Mt. Chullapata in Eruption

News has just been received at Lima, Peru, that Mont Chullapata, eighteen miles from Celedin, has been throwing out volcanic dust and smoke for the last fortnight. Loud noises are now heard thirty miles away as the result of the volcano’s action. There have been several earthquakes around the mountain, and great chasms have been opened in the sides of the volcano.

At Quito, the capital of Ecuador, a severe earthquake shock was felt September 25th. It was followed by a violent storm. No damage was done, but the people of the capital were greatly alarmed.—*Press dispatch*

SEARCHLIGHT

NO. 6

Special number issued to the public

CONTAINING A FULL REPORT OF THE

Great Debate
on Theosophy
& Christianity

HELD AT THE OPERA HOUSE, SAN DIEGO, CAL.,
ON SEPTEMBER 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, AND
OCTOBER 6 AND 13, 1901

SEVENTY-TWO PAGES

Notwithstanding the increase in the cost of publishing, owing to the largely increased number of pages, the price remains the same as heretofore

FIFTEEN CENTS

The
Theosophical Publishing Co.
Point Loma, Cal.

You will need a copy for yourself and several copies to send to your friends. The edition is limited.

An Address

by Katherine Tingley
in the Opera House
at San Diego, Sunday
evening, March 16th
1902

Neatly printed and bound, containing half-tone illustrations of the Opera House, Loma Homestead and the Aryan Temple. This is the first public address of Katherine Tingley after her purchase of the Opera House, and in it is outlined broadly her plans for the beautiful theatre and its occupation by the Isis Conservatory of Music. Sent post paid for TEN CENTS.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Souvenir Postal Cards
of Loma-land

PRIVATE MAILING CARDS, PRINTED ON
FINEST IVORY-FINISH CARDBOARD
13 different half-tone glimpses of Loma-land on which to send your Brotherhood Thoughts all over the world. A stream of them should be kept in circulation by every member.

2 for 5 cents (postage 1c extra) . \$0.06
50, postpaid, for 1.00
100, “ “ 1.50

Sent assorted unless ordered with specifications. Order from
THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

FIRST EDITION---NEARLY READY

THE MYSTERIES OF THE HEART DOCTRINE

ONE of the MOST INTERESTING & COMPREHENSIVE WORKS on THEOSOPHY EVER PUBLISHED

Issued by KATHERINE TINGLEY, Leader and Official Head of THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD Organization, and by Members of her Cabinet

Over 350 pages Specially written to meet the needs of Inquirers Beautifully illustrated

This edition is limited to 1,000 copies, and will be sold at the previously advertised price of \$1.25 for cloth bound and \$1.00 for paper. After the First Edition is exhausted the price will be raised to \$2.00 for cloth binding and \$1.50 for paper, for it has been found impossible to prepare this book on the basis originally planned at the price first quoted.

The Theosophical Publishing Company, Point Loma, California

The
LEADING REAL ESTATE BROKER in SAN DIEGO IS

E. J. Carter

964 Sixth Street, San Diego

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE LOCATING IN SAN DIEGO
CITY OR COUNTY, CALL ON OR
WRITE TO HIM

RUDDER'S
NEW RESTAURANT
& **GRILL**

NEWLY FURNISHED FINEST IN THE CITY

CORNER FOURTH & PLAZA
SAN DIEGO - - - CAL.

Strahlmann-Mayer Drug Co.
PHARMACY GRADUATES
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Per-
fumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, etc.
Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Recipes carefully prepared

CORNER FOURTH & D STREETS
Telephone Main 424
CORNER FIFTH & C STREETS
Telephone Black 856

AT

Bowen's
DRY GOODS STORE

Will be found a full assortment
of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Tea
Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Wrap-
pers, Silks and Dress Goods . . .

W. O. BOWEN 1043 FIFTH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

The Suppression of Religious Establishments

In notifying the prefects of the determination of the French Government to suppress the 2000 establishments in charge of non-authorized congregations, M. Combes has taken upon himself a task which proves that he is not wanting in courage, says the *London Daily Chronicle*. Although the minister of the interior in France is supposed to enjoy a kind of central supremacy, he soon learns that the fate of the government lies in the good will of the local functionaries who are outwardly at its beck and call. The Goblet cabinet fell to pieces because its chief dared to propose the abolition of sub-prefectures which, in the opinion of experienced French politicians, are useless and costly incumbrances. This time M. Combes goes farther. The last elections have proved up to the hilt that the prefects are nearly all deeply imbued with reactionary sentiments. Their social surroundings are aristocratic. Their wives visit the chateaux of the district, and the bishops encourage them to co-operate in works of charitable frivolity. Reports have been sent in to the government which indicate that in certain departments the ultra-Republican candidates in official favor were coldly supported and sometimes secretly opposed. Over sixty prefects are suspected, and many of these will be either dismissed or transferred to non-political posts. Drastic measures of this kind may not commend themselves to those who are unfamiliar with French public affairs. One can only say that if they had not been adopted at least three times since the founding of the Third Republic the regime would have gone to the wall. The ideal of the present cabinet is to laicise the state—an achievement which, considering the influence of clericalism in France, is prodigious. Probably no statesman grasps this fact more firmly than M. Combes, who has all the technical subtlety of an ex-ecclesiastic.

LET not thy spirit fail thee. The undaunted doeth best in every enterprise even though he come from realms unknown.—HOMER

HYPOCRISY, by acquiring a foundation of credit in smaller matters, prepares for itself the opportunity of deceiving with greater advantage.—LIVIOUS

LET us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

In general, treachery, though at first sufficiently cautious, yet in the end betrays itself.—LIVIOUS

For he used to raise a storm in a teapot.—CICERO

If you are difficult to satisfy, I ask you to inspect our before hire or carriage not perfect-



come in & LIVERY ing a team that does ly suit you

FRED FANNING
PROPRIETOR

Fifth Avenue Stables

Tel. Red 351 SAN DIEGO Cor. 5th & B Sts.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF SAN DIEGO
UNITED STATES DEPOSITARY

CAPITAL PAID UP \$150,000
SURPLUS & PROFITS \$50,000

J. GRUENDIKE - - - PRESIDENT
D. F. GARRETTSON - - - VICE PRES.
G. W. FISHBURN - - - CASHIER

DIRECTORS—J. Gruendike, Geo. Hannah, J. E. Fishburn, G. W. Fishburn and D. F. Garrettson

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO FIT YOUR EYES TO SUIT YOU. WE HAVE A SPECIAL PLACE SET APART FOR OPTICAL WORK, CONTAINING ALL THE MODERN INSTRUMENTS USED IN SIGHT TESTING IF YOU NEED GLASSES, HAVE a PRESCRIPTION to FILL, or FRAME to REPAIR

we give you the best work obtainable in San Diego

J E N K S

826-828 5th street

Graduate Optician

The New Century

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Two Dollars; other countries in the Postal Union, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; payable in advance
Single copy, Five Cents

Communications for the Editor, manuscripts, reports, books and periodicals for review should be addressed, "Katherine Tingley, Editor *The New Century*, Point Loma."

The editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

Articles will not be considered by the editor unless signed by the author and marked with the number of words contained. In no case is manuscript returned.

Address all Business communications, including subscriptions, and make all remittances (in bank drafts or money orders, payable to The New Century Corporation) to "Clark Thurston, Point Loma, Cal."

To comply with recent postal regulations, all Post-Office money order remittances should be made payable at San Diego. The remittances, as well as all other mail, should be made to Point Loma, as usual.

Entered at the Post-Office at Point Loma, Cal., as second-class matter Nov. 30th, 1901
Copyright, 1902, by Katherine Tingley

Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

The True Messiah

THE true Messiah, for whom the world so anxiously waits is surely that Spirit of Love or Joy or Brotherhood which it has lost.

Could this be restored and made once more effective among men, a new Golden Age would dawn.

For this Spirit is the very essence of life and happiness, and is the one reality. Without it the world would perish of inanition. Life without it is intolerable, impossible.

This Spirit is self-evident and self-sufficing; its presence is enough and needs no logic or reasoning to buttress it. By it the vexed problems of life are answered with a triumphant yea!

All philosophers and sages have borne witness to this glorious reality, which they have glimpsed amid their wanderings.

It is a jewel which doth light up the heart, and make it strong to support all sorrow and ill fortune with cheerfulness, knowing that it is in itself of so lasting a quality as to subjugate all things and events unto its compelling way.

The Spirit Revealed

Everyone who has lived strenuously has had moments when this spirit has revealed itself and shed the vision of a life all peace and joy and beauty.

He has glimpsed that summit where supreme power and wisdom and happiness blend into one glorious

reality. But the conditions forbade the perpetuation of such bliss.

The great problems before us are what relation this spirit bears to our ordinary life, how we can have it always with us, how humanity has lost it, and how it can regain it.

In solving these problems there is work for the artist, who yearns to understand the essence of beauty and the conditions for its realization and expression.

There is work for the musician, who will recognize this Spirit under the name of Harmony. There is work for the lover of man, work for the idealist (the *practical* idealist) of every shade and color.

The Practical Idealist

Thus we shall all work together—not for a theory, but for a love cherished in the heart. We shall be inspired—not with any weak and changing motive

of curiosity or vanity, but with a quenchless ardor to attain and realize.

How did humanity come to lose this source of life and happiness?

Surely it was that selfsame spirit of Love that led the fiery Soul of man to enter upon his mission of light-bearer to the lower worlds, to clothe himself with vestures of matter, and to take up coarse tools of physical substance. It was through devotion that man stepped out into the dark.

And the same spirit carries man on through the dark valley out to the light again.

The opposite of Love is Fear, and under Fear can be summed up

The True Worker

all the dark brood of errors that keep man away from his home.

"Perfect love casteth out fear," we are told; and we can express the same truth with many other words.

True nobleness casts out all narrowness and limitation. The true spirit of beauty overcomes all nausea and disgust.

Selfishness is Fear under one of its names. It is distrust of the sufficiency of the larger life and a clinging to the little life of self. It is one of the false lights that men run to when they lose sight of the true sun. Whenever the truth is proclaimed to men there are powers of darkness ever ready to substitute base imitations, which lead men astray and disappoint them, and which sully the sacred names of truth.

The *practical* question, How to get to work? is the one that alone interests us. And what more can be done than to gather together a few people who in various ways have felt the reality that exists deep in man's nature and whose manifestation is in store for the world? Such people will work ceaselessly through any drudgery toward their goal, because in that work is their only life; in that work is a truer joy than any the world knows of. There is no cant or self-questioning about a man who is running with food to a starving family; the facts of the case fill up his whole outlook. And this is the true attitude of the Universal Brotherhood worker.

STUDENT

The Name "America"

IN THE NEW CENTURY for October 5th we wrote a note on the origin of the name "America," maintaining that it had ancient origin connected with the earlier history of the continent, and not due to Vespucci, one of the alleged discoverers.

Since writing that note we see some information on the same topic in the *Scientific American* (September 27th). A Jesuit priest is said to have discovered a map of 1507, with the name America. Such a map has long been sought for as a confirmation of the passage in Martin Waldseemuller's *Cosmographia Introductio* (1507), where he proposes to call the country after *Amerigus Vesputius*. The writer in the *Scientific American*, however, recounts the two facts that Waldseemuller in his second map does not give the name "America," and speaks of Vespucci as "Albericus Vesputius." The first fact he attributes to a desire on the part of Waldseemuller to give Columbus credit, but the other circumstance—that of the substitution of Albericus for Amerigus—is conveniently ignored. Thus the matter is left as before. We have still the same evidences of an earlier local derivation of the name, and nothing further to support the theory that the continent was named after Albericus Vesputius. Perhaps the man took his name from the country, after the fashion of such men as Scipio Africanus, Chinese Gordon, etc.

H. T. E.

Another Elixir of Life

THE secret of perpetual life has been discovered so often that it is with something of a shock that we note the persistence of the obituary columns in our newspapers. The latest claimant is a gentleman in Washington, who professes to have found a method whereby the atoms of our bodies can be continually replaced and perpetual physical life in this way be assured. This striking information he is willing to communicate—for the customary consideration—in typewritten form to preclude the possibility of error, and in such a way that persons of the most ordinary intelligence can fully comprehend the instructions.

If the gentleman in Washington relies for support upon persons of "ordinary intelligence" we imagine that his clientele will not be large. It is, however, unfortunately true that the intelligence of a great many people is far below the average, and these will doubtless communicate with Washington, not forgetting to enclose the "consideration," without which the atoms of their bodies cannot expect to be renewed.

We are informed that this eminent discoverer relates many curious incidents which have attended the application of his theory. We do not doubt it. We too can relate many curious incidents of human credulity and folly, of which the foregoing is the most recent.

STUDENT

San Diego City and Harbor

THE illustration on the cover page of THE NEW CENTURY this week shows a limited view of San Diego city and bay, looking southwest over North island and the extreme south end of Point Loma.

Indigestible Religious Pabulum

A CHICAGO clergyman has been trying to solve the question why the great mass of people refrain from church attendance. He deserves credit for his effort, and particularly for his new departure in striving to learn the cause of religious apathy instead of merely affecting wonder at it, after the manner of the average minister. The Chicago man took the practical and commonsense course of addressing a note to a large number of Chicago workingmen. Many responses were received, and now the enterprising minister has substantial data wherewith to work out the problem of non-attendance at church.

It is the joint opinion of a large proportion of the Chicago respondents to the minister's inquiry to which attention is now called. That consensus was to the effect that "in the modern sermon the gospel is presented in an indigestible manner." If that judgment is correct it is not strange that people at sight of a church are inclined to follow the example of the priest and the Levite of Scripture, who "passed by on the other side."

It is evident that if the ministers hope to whet the religious appetites of the masses, they must offer spiritual food that is not only digestible but palatable. They cannot expect to turn the people churchward by such offerings of husks as the prodigal son was forced to consume in his wanderings. They should rather offer some toothsome inducements as the milk and wild honey that made the Israelites yearn for the promised land.

There is reason to believe that the Chicago workingmen's estimate of the average modern sermon fits the judgment of the great mass of people in all communities. A large percentage of present day sermons are not only unpalatable and indigestible but non-assimilative as well. Instead of the spiritual husks that are so commonly distributed from the pulpit, the ministers should take the hint thrown out at Chicago, and serve instead such alluring pulpit pabulum as will attract sinners as a molasses barrel attracts bees.—*Los Angeles Herald*

Fashions in Foods

THERE is something false and artificial about the whole systems of fashions in the daily fare. Foods should be fresh, well cooked and daintily served, not forgetting simplicity withal. Breaking bread in common has a time-honored flavor of friendship, as though only the nearest of outer ties were welcomed at the family board. But the simple sincerity of sharing the daily bread with congenial natures has given way to elaborate displays of gastronomic fireworks. The natural flavors are lost in the complexity of sauces, stimulating condiments and false flavorings. Nature's taste is considered bad form.

We ask our friends to dine—supposedly because we love them—and we forthwith prepare for their digestive downfall by a rich and elaborate mixture of the menu. Hospitality is interpreted to mean indigestion, and the feelings of the host are hurt if the guest refuses to be sacrificed. According to the conventional standard, hunger is not privileged to ask for food or surfeit to refuse it.

The courteous custom of entertaining is worthy to survive, but the friendship should not be subordinated to the food. Making the supply of needful nutrition a social function is a mistake. It thus becomes a sort of celebration of the physical appetite which is not elevating in its influence. The purpose of eating is to replace waste physical tissue and to furnish force for the instrument operated by the spirit during its stay in matter. In this light, dining has the significance not of a carnival but of a service. To eat calmly, quietly, moderately, with confident faith and the desire for renewed strength in doing one's duty, must result in absorbing with the food the beneficent forces of nature. An invitation to even a dinner of herbs in this spirit would be offering to share with the loved friend the best you had to give. L. R.

A Personal Devil

A RELIGIOUS contemporary inserts a letter, one column and a half in length, which is intended to prove the existence of a personal devil. We had supposed that this controversy, in its cruder forms, had long ago met with a merited death, and that the theologic world, in its broader aspect, was now content to recognize the evil powers which are on the earth, to trace them to the selfish tendencies which

are a part of every human being, and to counteract them by the infusion of altruistic thought.

Only to those minds who have never made self-examination a part of their religious teaching can the spectre of a personal devil, in the sense in which that expression is ordinarily used, present its tattered and outworn terrors. To every man who has looked within himself for a solution to the problems of joy and sorrow and sin, comes the recognition that he himself is indeed the dwelling place of a demon as well as of a God, and that within his own mind is the battle-ground whereon all victory must be won or lost. To such an one come no more the problems of theologic infancy; both heaven and hell are drawn from a misty future into the realities of the present; all religion is centered in the duty of the day and of the moment, and all regrets and fears wither into nothingness in the strong light of hope.

How much discussion we could save ourselves by thought which had broken away defiant from the shackles of convention. It was said that the truth shall make us free. Is not the reverse of this equally a fact, that only into minds self-liberated can the pictures of truth be cast?

STUDENT

The Associations Law in Switzerland

THE government of Switzerland, finding itself confronted by the same problem as the French in regard to the religious orders, has promptly adopted the same remedy. The Federal Council has just promulgated a decree which is even more severe than the proceedings which are being carried out by the French government. It reads as follows:

The establishment in Switzerland of the congregations and orders noted in the following list is interdicted in virtue of the article 52 of the Federal Constitution, which says: "It is forbidden to found new convents or religious orders and to re-establish those which have been suppressed. The article applies to the subjoined: The Cistercians, at the Chateau of Hohnberg, St. Gall; the Ladies of Nazareth at Crans near Uyon; the Carmelites at Bex; the Nuns of Jesus Christ at Montreux; the Carmelites at present at Vasselin, the Oblates of the Assumption at Branois near Sion; the Chartreux at Saron and Loueche; the Missionaries of Our Lady of Salette at Massongex; the Clarisses at Monthex; the Society of Marie Reparatrice at Monthex; the Nuns of the Holy Family at Siene; the Carmelites at Monthex. A term of ninety days is allowed these societies to regulate their affairs in accordance with this decision. The Cantonal governments of St. Gall, Vaud and Valais are charged with the execution of this decree and they are to present a report to the Federal Council."

It will be observed that this is in no way in the nature of a new law but is simply an effort to enforce the laws which already exist.

Driftwood

☞ British coal-miners have contributed \$5000 in aid of the strikers in Pennsylvania.

☞ In the Pyrenees there is (said to be) an echo which leaps from rock to rock and translates itself into Spanish as it crosses the frontier.

☞ In the race between Achilles and the tortoise, it was Achilles who led "the strenuous life"—but it was the tortoise who got there.

☞ Of the three types of musical instruments existing among primitive peoples, the drum always comes first, next the pipe, and lastly the lyre.

☞ Let us begin with continuity and to it superadd strenuousness. If we begin with the strenuous it is pretty apt to become the spasmodic.

☞ Sir Henry Thompson says there is no need for people to go to Strasbourg to get *pate de foie gras*. No small number have *foie gras* inside them of their own making, *secundum artem*.

☞ In one part of London the death rate is 13 per 1,000; in another part it is 30 per 1,000. Cause of difference—the overcrowding of the latter part, in which every year, of every 1,000 people, 17 die of bad air.

☞ A clergyman who had done a little study of Theosophy tried to quote the celebrated cabalistic formula of evolution. He got on very well at first, but habit suddenly got the better of him. This was his version: "The stone becomes a plant, the plant an animal, the animal a man, and man—a miserable sinner!"—*The Theosophical Chronicle*

☞ A machine for separating gold particles from desert sand has been invented by Dr. Elmer Gates of Washington. It weighs 3000 tons and gathers up the sand as it (the machine) runs over the desert. The gold is separated by electrostatic attraction, and 12 to 18 cents worth per ton is the amount found. It costs only 2 cents per ton to extract this.

Art Music and Literature

The Forms of the Beautiful in Time and Space

CONSIDER music as being placed above the arts properly so called, as a peer of that higher art which *creates* those untold varieties of the beautiful that are perceived by our sense of vision. It stands in the same relation to time that the latter stands to space; it exercises the same functions in time that the latter exercises in space. Like those of the latter its creations are absolute manifestations of the beautiful—are things—they exist for their own sake—they are because they are; in the purely human arts, on the contrary, we find but *imitations* of what already exist in nature, or *descriptions* of things and actions. And now, in conclusion, let me give a short resume of my fundamental theory of music.

By the study of physical sciences we find that the universe is governed by laws; further investigations show that these laws are subservient to great principles.

One of these great principles is the principle of beauty. Beauty is manifested in three great forms; the moral, the intellectual, and the physical.

These three classes of the beautiful present great analogies, are closely interlinked, and exercise a strong reciprocal influence upon each other.

The physically beautiful is manifested either in *things in space* or in *things in time*. The beautiful in things in space is opened to us chiefly by the organ of vision; the beautiful in things in time chiefly by the organ of hearing.

In visible nature beauty is a direct emanation of nature itself, which has developed it from the original voidness without admitting of intervention. Here man can do naught but imitate the beautiful.

In the beautifying of audible nature, however, nature has reserved but an inferior part for its own unaided self; it has supplied the laws under which the development was to take place, but left the development itself chiefly to the absolute control of man. *In time, therefore, man creates the beautiful.*

But as in time the science and art of music do for nature that which in space it does for itself, the vast importance of music in the cosmos, is self-evident.

The forms of the beautiful in time and space are, however, not separate and distinct things with no connection between them, as they appear to be; but on the contrary there are the strongest and most positive real analogies between them, arising from the very great fundamental analogies existing between time and space themselves.

Beauty is perceived in both by the same means—vibrations—and by instruments that have strong analogies between them—the eye and the ear.

Beauty is produced in both by very similar means. The identity of tones and colors has long been discovered, and I hold that there is the same identity of forms and rhythms. The straight line is manifested in dual metre, the curved line in triple metre. False rhythm, whether we use the word in the wide or in the narrow sense, is equivalent to want of symmetry in things in space. The principles that are manifested in the forces governing the universe—gravity, centrifugal force, and attraction—are likewise manifested in the internal government of music.

And, lastly, the spiritual perception of the beautiful in both visible and audible nature is identical; namely, as states of mind.

As a final result of my speculations, I hold that music is not accidental and human, but "Dynamical and Cosmical."—From *What Is Music*, by I. L. RICE, 1875

Materialistic Conception of Realism in Art

REALISM in Art stands, in the minds of ordinary people, for truthfulness and sincerity as opposed to the fictions with which idealism deals. But then the ordinary person's standard of truth and test of sincerity must be considered before accepting this use of the term.

For we are all psychologized in our youth by ideas that we get from these loosely used expressions and from accepting them along with their popular interpretation and without stopping to see if they are at all what they pretend to be. Thus we have grown up perhaps with the idea that

a certain class of art work was *realistic* and consequently truthful, honest, and sincere, while another class of art work was to be regarded as fictitious, fanciful, unreal, and untrue because we had accepted its classification under the head of idealism.

The ordinary person lives entirely in the sensations of the mind and body, knows no world other than that of matter, and accepts that world and those sensations as real and indeed the only possible reality.

Thus realism to the ordinary minds means simply materialism, and a most narrow and cramped form of materialism; for an ordinary person honestly believes that things are what they appear, and no more and no less, and in no way different from what they ap-

pear to be to him. If anyone sees things differently and so represents them, the other will think either that the representation of such things is insincere, and that the artist is "idealizing" or that there is something wrong with his powers of perception. This is no exaggeration, and so this kind of people use the term *realism* to describe all such works as portray the world they live in as *they* know it. And as such persons are very many in the world and, being quite satisfied with their simple way of looking at things, are very positive and dogmatic, they succeed in establishing any idea they adopt on a very solid basis, for what can be more solid than ignorance?

The higher kind of minds, more sensitive and subtle, are usually also more receptive and less positive, and these will accept such a term merely as a convenient term, to classify certain works in a way that will be generally intelligible.

But in accepting the term *realism* they unconsciously accept a large part of the ideas associated with and become psychologized by the popular mind into accepting the fatal error that materialism and realism are identical.

The result of such an error is to close the mind to all the higher and brighter and more beautiful aspects of life and the world we live in that the soul is constantly trying to reveal to the mind of man; or if these are not wholly shut out of the mind, they are only allowed to come in as visitors on the same footing as dreams or fancies, or fictions.

Once that the popular interpretation of *realism* is accepted by the mind, it will follow unavoidably that *idealism* is a fitting term to express all that is not merely material, and, being contrasted with *realism*, it must necessarily mean that all else is false and fanciful, and unreal. So from youth the artist is probably unconsciously educated to distrust his own higher nature, to disbelieve the truths revealed by the visions which that higher nature is constantly displaying before his mind, and thus to make his mind less and less receptive to these impressions from within.

It is time to protest against this use of the term Realism. The age of mere materialism is passing and we have need of new terms for



AN ARTISTIC SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA RAILWAY DEPOT GARDEN

Reprinted from *The San Diego Union* of Sunday, October 12, 1902

Katherine Tingley's Success

AND ITS SECRET

by E. A. NERESHEIMER, chairman Cabinet UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD Organization

TO fully comprehend the magnitude of the work connected with the Organization of which Katherine Tingley is the head, we should have to know its full history, and that knowledge could only be gained through an acquaintance with its different departments and the championship of its most active and its oldest workers. The enthusiasm among these is unbounded. It is born of the knowledge of the results which have been obtained and from the trust which they have in the Leader and in the principles which animate her.

It is nothing short of marvelous to think how H. P. Blavatsky started this work twenty-seven years ago in New York, as a stranger in a strange land. From its inception up to the present day, there have never been any dissensions among the true followers of Madame Blavatsky and the faithful members, but on several occasions it has been found necessary to separate from the Work certain individuals who had joined the Society. When not recognized and encouraged in their Theosophical work, their disappointment and chagrin has led them to decry the Society which they had hoped to utilize for their own selfish purposes.

In the opinion of the oldest members the first step to the success of Katherine Tingley was when she made her great Crusade around the world, in order to study the conditions of the different branches in Europe, India, Australia, etc. She soon discovered that changes were needed, and on her return from her tour she began to encourage many of her workers, who had not heretofore been prominent, and to discourage some who had for many years forced themselves to the front. This led to further action in America on the same line, and here she became aware that The Theosophical Society was in danger of being used as a political engine by a certain class of fanatics, who proposed to make Theosophy and the teachings of the Society subservient to politics and self-interest, and one of these has since blossomed out in the English-Boer difficulty as a traitor to his country. As it happened, the politics were of a kind which menaced the best interests of America. Another element which jeopardized the Society was composed of a few who sought to use Theosophy as a cloak to their own hidden vices.

When a certain number of these obstructionists discovered that Katherine Tingley was opposed to their action and behavior, they made an effort to create dissension and to gain control of the whole Society, which caused immediate action on the part of the members throughout the world in a new expression of loyalty. The convention at Chicago in 1898 immediately followed, when Katherine Tingley outlined an enlarge-

ment of the work by merging The Theosophical Society into The Universal Brotherhood Organization. This act was in itself one of her greatest victories. It placed the work that H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge had established, upon a solid foundation, firm and impregnable in its strength. It also placed the archives and property where they could not be diverted from the purposes for which they had been accumulated, and it freed all the branches throughout the Organization from being a prey to the machinations of any who would use them to carry out their own personal schemes.

At the convention referred to were representatives from all parts of the world, and when Katherine Tingley's superb plan was presented to them in the form of a resolution, the enthusiasm of that great body expressed itself in the loudest acclamations of approval. There were but fifteen dissentients, and the fact that by their own acts they had rendered themselves powerless to further hinder the work was the cause of great rejoicing among the faithful. As nearly all of this minority were desirous of being leaders, we can imagine what the result of their action has been in the little cliques of dreamers and theorists which they have formed, if we judge them by the animus they throw out against the one who has defeated their ambitious schemes.

This crowning work of Katherine Tingley has put new life into the organization; every member seemed fired with a zeal such as they had never known before, and from that day the general work of the movement advanced with great rapidity. Today there are thousands upon thousands who are in sympathy with Katherine Tingley's efforts who before had never even heard of Theosophy or who had looked upon it as a fantastic and unpractical theory.

Success upon success has followed Katherine Tingley's labors—the formation of the International Brotherhood League, as a part of The Universal Brotherhood, which did such colossal work in Cuba as the most practical expression of Theosophy—the hospital work among the soldiers at Montauk after the Spanish war; aid given during the famine in India; the establishment of THE NEW CENTURY of which she is editor; enlarging the magazine *Universal Brotherhood Path*; forming children's groups throughout the world, where hundreds of children are taught the simple philosophy of life; Boys' and Girls' Clubs; great congresses in England, Sweden and Point Loma; the School of Antiquity; Isis League of Music and Drama; establishment of women's work; gaining possession of Madame Blavatsky's old house at 19 Avenue Road, London, and making it the European center for the Theosophical So-

ciety and Universal Brotherhood, and the establishment there of a Raja Yoga School; the International Lotus Home at Buffalo; "Do Good Mission," in the tenement district of New York city; securing the property at Point Loma; building the Homestead, Aryan Temple, Amphitheatre, children's group houses and family houses. At this international center are the headquarters for various activities, including silk culture and other industrial departments of the Raja Yoga School for children.

Another great achievement was the purchase by Katherine Tingley of the Isis Theatre, one of the largest transfers of property ever made in San Diego. Here are held every Sunday evening with crowded houses the meetings of the Aryan Theosophical Society and the educative public work and entertainments of the Raja Yoga children, also the Isis Conservatory of Music and free vocal instructions to the masses every Sunday.

Added to all these successes are the three crusades of the International Brotherhood League to Cuba and the bringing back of Cuban children for free education at Point Loma.

Her last public effort is the establishment of free schools in Santiago, Cuba, which at the present time are being rapidly advanced by her representatives whom she has recently sent there.

All these triumphs have come to the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood since Katherine Tingley succeeded William Q. Judge six years ago and we who know her best say without hesitation that they are but the forerunners of still greater successes in which the city of San Diego and the state of California will participate.

People ask what is the secret of her success. The malignity of her disappointed enemies expresses itself in the nauseating phrase of an outworn superstition, "she is a hypnotist and exercises the black art." Among these are the dissentients who have been already mentioned who, gathering together others like-minded to themselves, pursue a calculated policy of wrecking and express their animosity by every unprincipled method.

We pause to recall how some of these very people were separated from the organization for exercising that very hypnotic influence over others with which they now charge her. Katherine Tingley has made the prevalence of these forces one of the chief planks in her public propaganda of warning, having detected that the pernicious practices in question were actually creeping into the lodges during the serious illness of Mr. Judge. The story that Katherine Tingley was a hypnotist was started by a broken-down adventurer whose family she had saved from starvation, who eked out a miserable existence by giving lessons in hypnotism and who became her lifelong enemy because she refused to endorse his writings and because she condemned his behavior to his family, and his many other unprincipled practices. Her husband would long ago have sent this man to prison as a blackmailer had it not been for his wife and family. It is a fact that this

story, coming from a source so tainted, from a man who was excluded from their houses by all respectable people, has now been spread throughout the world by the agency of yellow journalism until it has at last been picked up by a professed follower of Christ, a cleric of your city, to serve his own animus, hoping to strike a blow at her work in Cuba and in this city and throughout the country. Such people as this cherish the idea that their ridiculous statements will frighten away investigators from her work and destroy the support of her followers, but her friends, those within and those without the organization, know that the secret of her success lies in her knowledge of and sympathy with human nature; her unselfish devotion to the best interests of humanity based upon her insight into the laws governing human life, and her marvelous ways of applying them for the greatest good of the greatest number. Above all this she is an inspiration to all her workers by her sublime trust in the Universal Law. She is absolutely fearless, and once seeing that a course of action is right, nothing will swerve her from it. Her enemies assert that she demands homage and exercises despotic sway as an unapproachable aristocrat. Every student can say with me, from constant association with her, that she is unpretentious and retiring, ever seeking the good of others and forgetful of self, and that she sets an example to all by her untiring energy, working day and night without thought of even her actual physical needs. There are thousands of others who can tell their heart story of the strength and the light which she has brought into their lives—men and women in prison and in the unfortunate walks of life. In the successes which Katherine Tingley has attained for The Theosophical Society and for many outside of it, she has not been unmindful of her neighbors. Since her sojourn in this part of the country, she has not only been winning success for The Theosophical Society, but for the city of San Diego as well, and in this connection we would note the fact that in challenging the different enemies to her magnificent work, from the pulpit to the yellow journal, she has challenged the greatest enemy to the future of the people and the city of San Diego. From what we have seen of her beneficent influence in this community, we prophesy that in this her power will bring success.

I and those who are with me are conscious of our inability to express in words the feelings of affection and gratitude by which we are animated and encouraged. We have sought for many years to learn the secret which will bring happiness to humanity. Through her we have been directed upon that path of practical and enduring work which has shown to us the true meaning of Theosophy—the knowledge of the divine power which rules the universe. We are determined that so long as life lasts we will continue to express this gratitude in the only form which she values, an undeviating devotion to the service of humanity, and to the principles of compassion.

E. A. NERESHEIMER,

Chairman Cabinet Universal Brotherhood

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

The "Lansing Skull" and the Earliest Races

THE "Lansing skull," which was found by a farmer at Lansing, Kansas, last February, is the subject of a paper by Professor Upham in the *American Geologist*. He considers it to be the oldest proof of man's existence on this continent.

Man in the Somme valley and other parts of France, in southern England, made good palæolithic implements fully 100,000 years ago, according to my estimate of the length of the ice age. When the earliest men came to America cannot probably be determined. It was during the glacial period, or possibly earlier. The Lansing skeleton affords probably our oldest proof of man's presence on this continent; but it is only a third, or, as I think more probably, only about an eighth, so old as the flint hatchets of St. Acheul and other localities of the Old World.

It will be noticed that the theory still prevails that man originated in the Old World and spread thence to the New. This assumes a much less antiquity for man than H. P. Blavatsky asserts. Science admits that continents have sunk and risen during geologic time, but does not carry the existence of man far enough back for that to count as a factor in his origin and distribution.

H. P. Blavatsky, however, in the lore to which she introduces us, speaks of earlier races of men who peopled the continents that have sunk. In such a vastly extended scheme the status of the "Old World" as a land of beginnings is lost; and the "New World" assumes an antiquity that belies its present title.

But H. P. Blavatsky does not limit her outlook by a theory of evolution purely physical. She does not regard lower types of humanity (living or fossil) as antecedent in growth to present humanity, but as by-products, thrown off from much more advanced races. The relics of such ancient races have not yet been found except in isolated cases, but will be forthcoming in the near future. The possibilities of exploration have at no time been limited to the particular results achieved at any particular epoch in scientific history. The sciences of geology and anthropology have grown and may yet grow.

With regard to the greater antiquity of the relics found in Europe, we may observe that Europe has been very much more thoroughly ransacked than America; and that the recent history of American achæology gives promise of its future possibilities. There is time yet to dig.

The Lansing discovery gives us much definite knowledge of a glacial man, dolichocephalic, low-browed, and prognathous . . . doubtless contemporary with the equus fauna, well represented in the late pleistocene deposits of Kansas. . . . He was also the contemporary of the late palæolithic men of Europe.
H. T. E.

Glimpses of Ancient and Modern Races in Russia

HARRY DE WINDT, the explorer, has recently arrived from his overland journey from Paris to New York. He went by the Siberian railway to Irkutsk, near Lake Baikal, and then struck northwest, traveling by horse, reindeer and dogs over some thousands of miles to East Cape on Behring Strait. Most of this country was bare and uninhabited, and the cold reached from 40° to 78° below zero.

Some food was obtained from the villages, inhabited by wretched natives crowded in tents and suffering from small-pox; but the travelers also found it necessary to defend themselves against these people when the latter were drunk. The people inhabiting the northeast corner of Asia are the Tchuktchis, these and other Siberian tribes being of the same squat, flat-nosed type as the Lapps and Esquimaux, and being classed with the Turanian race.

Mr. de Windt crossed Behring Strait to within five miles of Alaska where he had to disembark and finish the passage on the ice.

Of the Russian exiles in Arctic Siberia a truly terrible account is given, which the explorer is sending to St. Petersburg, feeling sure the authorities there are not acquainted with the facts.

Quite 50 per cent of these exiles die raving mad, either from solitude or the depressing wildness of the country. These terrible conditions, added to the floggings and cruelty, lead to suicide and awful despair.

Much gold is reported from places in Siberia, and this accounts largely for the energy with which the Russians are pushing on their railway.
H. T. E.

Homes of Cave Dwellers in Arizona Mountains

IN the Sierra Ancha mountains of Gila county, in the central part of Arizona, a region of remarkable scenic beauty, are abundant evidences of the occupation of races that far antedated any of the tribes now known in the southwest. Far up on the sides of fully a score of canyons are the ruins of veritable cities, built in limestone clefts and shallow caves, where defense could readily be made against the marauder. In the pure, dry air of the region much of the timber flooring of the several-storied, cement-built homes of these ancient peoples is still preserved, though of wood that now is practically extinct in the southwest—a species of cypress, which cannot be found within 100 miles.

Far above the cliff dwellings, on the very ridges of the pine-covered mountains, have been discovered a number of caves, probably of natural origin, yet enlarged and hollowed by the hands of men of a race now extinct. One of these caves, of L shape, appears to have been a sacrificial temple, for the walls are scorched and in some places the rock is almost fused by the fierce flames kindled long ago. Beneath the sand-covered floor were found a large number of small urns filled with carbonized bones of human beings, who, possibly, had been offered in sacrifice to some Moloch-like demon deity.

Another cave, practically a tunnel of cylindrical shape, has been discovered, running 100 feet or more into the mountains, ending in a well that the explorers did not care to investigate, save by demonstrating its considerable depth by means of dropping stones into it.

The latest discovery was made only a few weeks ago by William McFadden, a well-known cattle man. Behind a large clump of bushes he found the entrance to a cave of immense size, which had been subdivided by the ancient people into eighteen large rooms. At the extreme end an air shaft of artificial construction rose to a connection with some natural crevices far above. The floors are of clay, hard packed and smooth. In one of the rooms was found a human skull, possibly carried thither by some wild beast in later times.

The Apaches, the oldest of the present tribes in Arizona, are well acquainted with the location of many of these caves of prehistoric occupation, but fear to linger in their neighborhood, telling weird tales of spirit fire dances by night and of ghosts that issue from the caverns and vanish before the dawn.—*New York Tribune*

Ancient Relics Recently Found in New Mexico

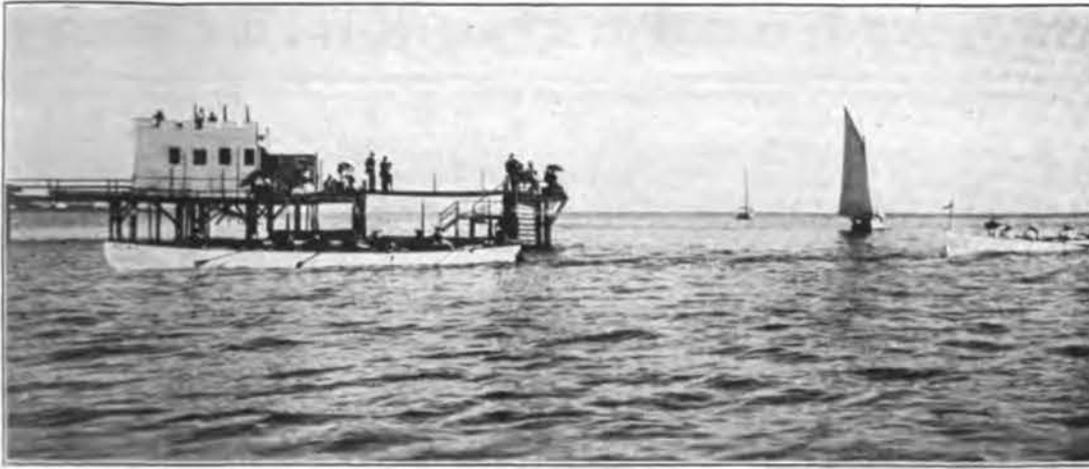
AN old Indian pueblo has come to light 35 miles south of Las Vegas, New Mexico (says the *Los Angeles Herald*). It was uncovered by the action of the water in an arroyo or ditch, which laid bare the hillside and revealed the stone walls of some ten or twelve houses, about 50 feet below ground. A flood or landslide probably caused the burial, as a stratum of mud different from the soil around covers the ruins; but the Indians can only give the bare tradition that there was a prosperous village there several hundred years ago.

A peculiarity of the skulls is that the foreheads project farther out, by about two inches, than in the normal skull of today.

It is believed that these walls are only preliminary to the more extensive buildings of a village that would be found by tunneling into the hill; and it is hoped that interesting and valuable relics may thus be unearthed.
H. T. E.

Ancient Christian Manuscripts

A FIND of very interesting manuscripts is reported from Damascus. Certain scholars having reason to believe that valuable documents bearing reference to the early Christian Church were stored in the vaults of the Jamiand Kebar Mosque, made application to the Sultan for permission to make an examination, and after a delay of over a year this permission has been granted. The resulting discoveries have been taken to Constantinople, and are found to include various portions of the Old and the New Testament in the Syriac language, among them being the translation of a portion of St. Paul's epistles. To these latter a special value is attached, from the fact that they are written in the dialect which was in use during the life of Christ.



A CHARACTERISTIC BOATING SCENE ON SAN DIEGO BAY—The Zlac Rowing Club of young ladies leaving their boat house at the foot of H street, San Diego, for a row down the bay

Cheap History Books

A WRITER in the *Westminster Review* propounds a scheme whereby, he believes, nations and empires can be saved from the disintegration and destruction which otherwise await them. He has in fact discovered a national Elixir of Life.

His plan lies in the preparation of a cheap history of ancient and modern times which every boy must master before being allowed to leave school. In this way the destroying hand of time would be averted.

We believe that the fallacies underlying this proposition are apparent and numerous. If the world were governed by reason, illuminated by experience, there would be some hope for the suggested remedy. But the nations are at the present time governed mainly by passion and by prejudice, and they are therefore the easy dupes of ambition and greed which cares nothing for the common welfare but only for itself. Nations do not rush into warfare—from the horrors of which the writer draws an admirable moral—from a reasoned conclusion that war is the lesser of two evils, but usually from an eruption of the national lower nature which laughs at expediency as loudly as it does at morality. The cheap history book will not prove a barrier to the lava floods of hate and jealousy. Moreover we already possess many cheap history books and, from what we know of their contents, the "remedy" is largely the cause of the disease.

We assume however that the new history book is to be different from its forerunners. Our author's suggestion that it receive government publication is, to say the least of it, distressing in its simplicity, and that a government history should be an antidote to the war fever is so startling an idea that we feel it requires more time for its consideration than we can well afford to give to it. When the governments of the world become truly representative of the best and ripest thought of the world, we will willingly regard them as moral agents of the highest order. As they are at present constituted, subject as they are at present to an intrigue which is a menace to the well-being of humanity, we believe that they are not qualified to undertake the moral training of a guinea pig, still less to inculcate into the young those feelings of international fraternity which alone can avert the decay of nations and abolish the cruel miseries of war.

In all this we infer nothing against the value of history as a moral and educational agent. But the true historian must not be a special pleader for particular ideas, for particular sets of opinions, nor for the rights or virtues of particular nations. It cannot be contradicted that the greatest historians the world has known have shown so much bias and so much prejudice that their works are valued more as literary monuments than as narrations of fact. We arise from the perusal of two different histories of the same period, it may be the period of a great struggle, with a curious conflict in our minds. The facts recorded are identical, but the inferences are different, because *each is the work of a special pleader, of an advocate*. We believe that the true historian has not yet got to his work, and that when he does, the world will be surprised by the destruction of a good many idols.

STUDENT

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life! The evening beam that smiles the clouds away and tints tomorrow with prophetic ray.—BYRON

Some Light on the Age of the World

A SPECIALLY interesting communication was made at a meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh the other day by Professor Alexander Agassiz of America. The professor devoted his attention to the subject of coral reefs, with special reference to the theories of their erection, says the *London Chronicle*. He himself has been an indefatigable explorer of reefs in the Indian, Pacific and Atlantic areas, and the main purport of his address was to convey to the society the ideas he had been led to formulate concerning the manner in which the circular reefs, or "atolls," come into existence.

Darwin in 1843 showed that as coral could only grow at a limited depth we had to take into account the sinking of land as a factor in the production of barrier reefs and "atolls." As the original land sank the corals, being afforded fresh foundations, grew upward. Darwin's views were disputed by Sir John Murray of the Challenger expedition, and others. They contended that "atolls" are built upon foundations of submarine origin and that no subsidence of land is necessary for their erection.

The circular form of the "atoll," which incloses a lake-like sea area, is attributed to the erosion or wearing away of the coral substance by sea and chemical action. To this view Professor Agassiz subscribes as the result of his investigations.

Here are a few figures which appear worth considering in connection with the views of Sir John Murray and of Professor Agassiz: Taking 150 feet as the greatest average depth at which reef-building corals can live, how much material in the shape of marine deposits, chiefly contributed by chalk animalcules, and what extent of time would be required to bring a foundation up to within the requisite distance of the surface to afford a base of operations for the coral polyps? Sixteen tons of chalk are contained in a layer of sea water 700 feet deep and a mile square, and this material may be utilized by the chalk animalcules for shell-building purposes. If this amount of chalk were precipitated over a square mile, the layer it would form would be less than .0001 of an inch thick. The tenth of an inch would at least be the outside limit.

How long would such an agency take to build up a base of coral rock from the sea depths? Heilprin's calculation throws some light on the problem. Every year the accumulation on the ocean bed would not exceed 1-9000 of an inch in thickness, giving us one foot of thickness in about 100,000 years. Then, if we suppose that a foundation has to be built up from a depth of 600 feet to the limit of coral life, we would require seventy-five fathoms of material at least, and at the rate of accumulation just given such an erection would require 45,000,000 years for its completion:

THE cure for all the ills and wrongs, the cares, the sorrows, and the crimes of humanity, all lie in that one word "love." It is the divine vitality that everywhere produces and restores life. To each and every one of us it gives the power of working miracles if we will.—L. M. CHILD

WHAT is difficulty? Only a word indicating the degree of strength requisite for accomplishing particular objects; a mere notice of the necessity for exertion; a bugbear to children and fools; only a mere stimulus to men.—SAMUEL WARREN



CROSSING THE GREAT DIVIDE

An Invincible City

THE city which the poet saw in his dream was "invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth," because it was "the new city of friends." The cities and the nations of today usually seek invincibility in other ways than this, but perhaps the dream of the poet conveyed a sounder lesson in the art of defense than is to be found in all the books of military tactics that have ever been written.

A few years ago we might have put the poet upon one side, with a kindly hand, as a seer of millennial visions, and so have passed on to more material defenses than those of mutual friendship.

But the world moves, and the work that has been done at Point Loma has arrested the attention not only of the "men of good will," but also of scoffers, who have been brought face to face with a force which is not within their knowledge of nature.

The power of Friendship has commanded the respect which comes from *success*, a success which has quietly brushed aside all those other forces of obstruction and destruction upon which the world has been accustomed to rely. It has swept them away with as much unconcern as the waves upon the shore sweep away the sand castles and ramparts which the children have built to resist them.

Those who have wielded this all-preserving force of friendship, whether as leader or as led, are not the possessors of a secret power which they are using for self interest or for self-glorification. They have no other aim than to make known to the very uttermost every part of that knowledge which would confer new triumphs upon a city, or upon a nation, as surely as it has upon an organization.

In putting forward a philosophy of Friendship, or of Fraternity, nothing whatever is held back, and to the success which it has brought, which it will always bring, there are no hidden formulas, no secret passwords.

In one of those moments of inspiration which prove his true rank among men, Carlyle says:

How were Friendship possible? *In mutual devotedness to the good and the true: otherwise impossible except as armed neutrality, or hollow commercial league. A man, be the heavens ever praised, is sufficient for himself: yet were ten men united in love, capable of being and of doing what ten thousand singly would fail in.* Infinite is the help man can yield to man.

Friendship then is only possible upon a certain plane, the plane of "the good and the true." All else is "armed neutrality," or "commercial league," which do not give the multiplied strength which comes from a unison of love. The commercial leagues, the social leagues, the leagues

I dream'd in a dream I saw a city, invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth,
I dream'd that was the new city of Friends:
Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love; it led the rest;
It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city,
And in all their looks and words.—WALT WHITMAN



A hitherto unpublished view of the EGYPTIAN GATE, through which, in the distance, is shown LOMA HOMESTEAD, the ARYAN TEMPLE and some of the CHILDREN'S BUNGALOWS
This is one of the early photographs, taken before the growth of the Homestead Gardens

of self interest, which go to make up the systems of today are the combinations which need the defense of gunpowder and of soldiers, which breed weakness instead of strength, and which are the parents of poverty and competition. The combinations of fraternity need no such forces for their protection. The subtle forces of nature fight for them and they draw wisdom from the fount of wisdom.

The city or the community which becomes touched by the spirit of fraternity must become great in its State or in its Nation. It is something of a wrench to tear oneself away from the old standards of strength, from the old bad ideals of mutual relationship, but there can be no hesitation if we realize the existence of a Law of Progress, which has been called the Law of God.

Is not the world yet sufficiently miserable, sufficiently diseased, sufficiently insane, to prove the uselessness of resistance to that Law, or can it be that *the habit of unbrotherliness* is become too strong to be broken by Reason and Light?

If that is actually so, then humanity is doomed and the Law will plough it under.

Here in this western land we pride ourselves on a mental freedom from convention and custom. Let us prove it by climbing out from the rut of "armed neutralities" and "commercial leagues," and by laying hold of the ideals of social progress which give life and power.

If we, the people of San Diego, have the strength to do this, we shall make ourselves worthy of the future which awaits us. We shall make ourselves great in the councils of our nation, and we shall deserve the benedictions of humanity.

STUDENT

MR. MAETERLINCK, whose hold upon the popular mind seems to be increasing, contributes an article on the "Foresight of the Future" to an English review. He believes that our conception of time is the entirely erroneous product of the brain, and that we are separated from the knowledge of the future only by the infirmity of our minds. Speaking of Time, he says:

In itself it is almost certain that it is but an immense, eternal, motionless Present, in which all that takes place, and all that will take place, takes place immutably, in which Tomorrow, save in the ephemeral mind of man, is indistinguishable from Yesterday or Today.

All this is very interesting, especially to Theosophists, whom it powerfully reminds of the teachings of Madame Blavatsky, which were given to the world before Mr. Maeterlinck began to write at all. STUDENT

Student



Path

Genius

by FLORENCE WILKINSON in *The Criterion*

WHAT seest thou on yonder desert plain
 Large, vague and void?
 I see a city full of flickering streets;
 I hear the hum of myriad engine-beats.
 What seest thou?
 I see a desert plain,
 Large, vague and void.

What seest thou in yonder human face,
 Pale, frail and small?
 I see a soul by tragedy worn thin;
 I read a page of poetry, of sin.
 What seest thou?
 I see a human face,
 Pale, frail and small.

What seest thou at yonder dim cross-roads
 Beside that shattered inn?
 Untraveled possibility
 The inn of splendid mystery.
 What seest thou?
 I see the dim cross-roads
 Beside a shattered inn.

Spiritual Continuity

ALL who would lift the burden of the world must seek, and get, continuity of aspiration. The days must not repeat each other, but mount, each upon the shoulders of its yesterday. Aspiration must add itself to aspiration.

In all that is done, to lift the burden of the world, must be the pressure. What else is worth doing? what else yields a satisfaction which does not fade? What else will transfigure the monotonous days of routine?

It is not so much that anything must be forcibly "renounced;" it is the doing in a new way of all things that are done at all. Then the unnecessary and the hindrant will begin to fall away of themselves.

It is of no use to wait for opportunities of work imagined as better than those now present. If it were true that opportunities did not fit the present powers and aspirations, then must nature be senseless and the soul impotent in its grasp on the chains of circumstance.

Continuity consists in not waiting for the periods of aspiration and light to come round of themselves, we know not when nor why; in not letting them depart without a struggle to hold them as long as possible, to stretch them out.

The full vision of life is not got by waiting upon chance, by waiting for a blessed concurrence of mind and soul and body in one clear chord. That only comes as the reward of many efforts made to call out the light, efforts in unpromising and depressed hours to create the state that at other times came about of itself.

With every such effort a change is made, or begins to be made, in the currents of circumstance that make up our lives. For these are induced currents, so to speak, that correspond to the primaries which we create within. It is a fact that circumstances then begin more than ever to conspire together to educate us in power. All the gates will lead to paths of new opportunity. We must prepare for outer changes, for we are beginning to call them up, to compel, to create them. And into them, when they do come, we must carry the same light. There is something all-dominating in us, if we will let it play. Its power is so astonishing that we doubt even when we see it, turn away, and become again negative to our lives. We say "curious," "coincidence," "providence," and will not see the exact fit of man and circumstance.

Of course the dominator is the soul. When one recognizes that he may become an instrument of the soul, its hands and feet and mind, to

that degree he becomes the soul and becomes therefore controller of that which formerly controlled him.

Spiritual continuity is the key.

ENAVA

A Minor Matter

IN the present state of racial evolution, however high the motive with which we offer a helping hand, we yet, in some degree, taint every thing we touch. In the giving of ourselves to others—not having learned how to separate the lower from the Higher Self—our giving is not alone of our best. The duality of one's nature and one's limitations operate to make their efforts not only a help but a hindrance. Our personalities, in a measure, permeate those whom we most closely contact; and the friend who seeks our sympathy may find it mixed with disturbing elements.

Shall we therefore hold ourselves aloof lest we create unpleasant Karma? Not so. If a comrade asks for help—if indeed we but sense his silent need—we should honor this claim upon our nature. We travelers up the mountain of truth are bound together with the tie of brotherhood. If a comrade grow dizzy in the light air or his foot slips on the perilous path, when you see his outstretched hands grasping for support, be quick to steady them with your own. Yours may be none too white or pure with their travel stains. But even an undesired touch of grime is a lesser evil than to fall bodily into the mire, or to slip over the precipice. Whether he stand or fall, by virtue of the common tie, we go with him. "Inaction in a deed of mercy becomes an action in a deadly sin." Moreover the action of helpfulness toward the after-coming comrade entitles the actor to the greater strength and kindness of the comrades and helpers further up the line.

The faults of the flesh are but the travel stains upon our hands. These are minor matters if one but "keep the heart with diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." The flesh cannot long remain unclean if the heart be kept quite right. To shield the weak spots of our younger brother or to enfold the human failings of our elder with the mantle of charity, is to hide a multitude of our own sins.

L. R.

LET nothing disturb thee,
 Nothing fright thee;
 All things are passing;
 God never changeth;
 Patient endurance

Attaineth to all things;
 Who God possesseth
 In nothing is wanting;
 Alone God sufficeth.

—from the Spanish by LONGFELLOW

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

DEAR —: Your letter just received, addressed to me at "Loma-land, Santiago!" And it came direct, which shows that the names San Diego and Santiago carry an association of ideas that link California and Cuba together indissolubly, with a tie such as New England can best furnish—for did not your letter come straight from dear old Massachusetts, filled with the very heart of home and the family?

So your letter tonight was especially interesting to me, as it seemed to carry outside and above the life of our own particular family of which you wrote, this great feeling of the union of nations as one splendid family.

Surely we, as Americans, feel a specially tender relationship with Cuba, resembling as it does the children of our family, who so greatly need our care and love, and inspire us to live up to our highest possibilities, because they so quickly follow our example, and we want them to grow up to finer, nobler types of manhood and womanhood than we ourselves have attained.

I smiled at your list of "plans," so carefully laid for all the family, now flitting in all directions, to regather at Thanksgiving, remembering of yore the repeated disappointments of your plans—always getting disconnected. But the fundamental fact remains that there is to be a family reunion.

Here, we are all so busy keeping in line with the grand Plan of this City of Work, that no one can stop long enough to think what he will do next week or next month, and so we learn to live in the eternal Now, and we are discovering in it the real plan of the Home, that gives to Loma-land, endowed with New England energy, the power to uplift Cuba and bring all nations into the family reunion of the "American Thanksgiving." With love to all the family, Yours, — — —

Frances and Catalina

A True Story of Two Girls in a far Southern City, by AUNT LOUISE

ONCE upon a time there lived a little girl whose name was Frances. She had big blue eyes and curls that looked like tangled sunbeams. She lived in a far away city in a land where children play snowball every winter. Her mamma was an invalid. One day the doctor said, "Mrs White, you need a change of climate," and the very same day papa said, "Let us spend the winter in Old Mexico."

So, within a short time, this little girl with her papa and mamma found herself in a train going southward. At last they reached a little town not far from the great City of Mexico, which is many, many hundreds of miles away from Point Loma, I assure you. They went to a quiet hotel in the suburbs, where the flowers bloomed and birdies flitted by the windows, and where poor mamma could have rest and quiet.

Frances used to go nearly every day to the park just across the street, so near that her mamma could see her from the window. But one morning she went to the farther edge of the park, then across the street, then past some houses and across another street and then she concluded to go back to the hotel. But, alas! Frances was lost.

Pretty soon she became frightened and then the tears came into her eyes. She walked on and on and at last she was sobbing. All around were little adobe houses quite different from those near the hotel. People all about were talking and talking and talking—and dear little Frances felt oh, so lonely! for she could not understand one word. You see, they were talking Spanish.

Suddenly a little black-eyed girl came towards her from a doorway of her adobe home. She was just as big as Frances and ever so much happier. She held out both hands beckoning Frances to come to her.

"¿Que quiere Vd?" Frances did not understand, of course, but she dried her tears, for she knew the little Mexican girl was a "truly friend."

I wish you could have seen them as they stood looking at each other in that adobe doorway, Frances so fair and blue-eyed, with white dress, pretty shoes and a pink sash; the other little girl so dark and yet so pretty, bare-footed, bare-headed, dressed in an old, old dress, that must have been worn when it was new, by somebody much larger.

"¿Como se llama Vd?"

Frances laughed outright at this. It did seem so funny. She could not understand her, of course, yet in a moment she replied, "My name's Frances, Frances Brown. What's yours?"

"Yo Catalina," said the little Mexican, and then they were acquainted.

Catalina's mother sold trinkets of featherwork and of silver to the guests of the big hotel, and as Catalina sometimes went with her she had learned just a wee bit of English. So she and Frances managed beautifully.

"I'm six years old, Catalina," said Frances, "How old are you?"

"¿Yo? Seis!" and at that they both laughed again.

Catalina showed Frances all the trinkets that were in the big basket that stood in the corner of the room. They took them out, oh! so carefully, and played store.

By and by Catalina's mamma returned. She started when she saw Frances for she had seen her before at the hotel, and she knew, of course, that Frances was lost.

She did not even stop to put down the basket of unsold trinkets which she carried, but began talking as fast as could be to Catalina. And Catalina talked too, just as fast.

Frances laughed, for she had quite forgotten how to cry. She couldn't understand a word they were saying of course. It made

her think of the sound the wheels made behind Grandfather Brown's big mill when the water was low.

At last, however, Catalina's mother took Frances by the hand and went out of the door with her and into the street.

Frances held Catalina by the other hand, so of course Catalina went along.

They hurried to the big hotel where poor mamma was, nearly distracted with anxiety.

Frances had been gone two hours. You may imagine how happy mamma and papa were to see her again. And Catalina's mother? I think she was even happier. I saw her when she went into the hotel, just a poor, tired, Spanish-Mexican woman.

And I saw her when she came out. She was almost beautiful and almost straight. I am sure she had grown taller. Her arms were full of roses, her face was smiling and her step was quick. And Catalina? Bless me, she had a real Paris dolly in her arms, a dolly that could say "Mamma" and "Papa," that could open and shut its eyes; a dolly that had a blue silk dress and a pink hat with a pink feather in it! Why, Buds and Blossoms, in all her life Catalina had never been so close to a real dolly before. How happy she was!

Every day after that Catalina's mother came to the hotel and Catalina came with her. She and Frances became the greatest friends.

"We're truly sisters, aren't we, mamma?" Frances said one day, and mamma answered, "Yes, dear, we are." But mamma was not thinking of Catalina when she said that. She was thinking of Catalina's mother.

When the Earth Cries

THE gurgling, murmuring brook ran rippling past the large, flat stone, where Tony and Madge, minus boots and stockings, lay idly watching the stray minnows as they darted merrily by.

"Don't lean so far over, Tony, you will fall in," said Madge, who was resting her elbows and supporting her chin in her brown little hands. "Tony," she remarked again, "where do rivers and brooks come from?"

"From their source," replied Tony, promptly.

"Oh, I don't mean where they rise, but where the water comes from to make the source?"

No reply. "Can't you think, Tony?"

"Can't you?"

"Yes, but I want you to help."

"All right, you go ahead and I'll chime in."

"Well, began Madge, meditatively, "but I don't quite know where to begin. I can't think whether water comes from the sky or from the earth. You see, when it rains then the water comes from the sky, but the sun took it there from the earth, and I can't think where it can belong. I wonder where tears come from Tony? Have we a sky inside our heads?"

"Don't know," answered Tony, whose eyes were gleefully following the movements of an adventurous minnow.

"They come from somewhere, and I don't think we can have a well in our heads, do you, Tony?"

"No."

"Tony, I wonder, could thoughts be our sky? You know tears never come unless we have been thinking thoughts of pain to make us cry. Tears must come out of thought, Tony, and feeling happy dries them away, just like the sun! Perhaps we have a kind of thought-sky, where happy feeling is the sun.

"I say, Tony, do you think the earth could cry tears? Some people call the earth 'Mother Earth,' and, you know, the earth lives in the sky,



On the Homestead Grounds, Point Loma -- Raja Yoga Children going for a bus ride



A Good Picture of Malita, the Children's Friend and Playmate at the Homestead, Loma-land

too, as well as the sun, and teacher says the sun is full of life, so perhaps the earth is full of life, too; then it would feel, because everything that has life feels. So, I expect, the earth does cry sometimes. That might be where some of the water comes from. I expect she gets sad and cries a little when she thinks of all the wickedness and pain she has to carry while she ro-ro-ta—whirls round the sun.

"Perhaps, too, that is why she feels solid, and not all shining and light, like the sun. But very likely she laughs and is happy, too, some-

time—perhaps the little brooks are joy tears.

"The sun doesn't need to cry at all, because sun people are all beautiful and always giving happiness, so they are not wicked and so they never have any pain. "I expect," she added after a pause, "that some of the water does come from the earth."

"I expect so," agreed Tony.

"Let's wade again," exclaimed Madge, and slipping down the side of the stone she splashed into the water. A. P. D.

STEINWAY PIANOS

Stand pre-eminent They have no peers
They are in a class by themselves

There are Steinway Pianos that sell for ten, fifteen and thirty thousand dollars. The same instruments in point of construction, tone, durability, action, and in fact everything but case and decorations, can be bought for a mere fraction of the prices paid for Steinway Art Pianos

GEO. J. BIRKEL CO.

SOLE REPRESENTATIVES

LOS ANGELES SAN DIEGO
345 347 South Spring Street 1025-1031 Fifth Street

The Chadbourne Furniture Co.

W. L. FREVERT, Manager

We aim to carry an entirely up-to-date stock of house furnishings, and, for style and variety of goods, cannot be outdone in Southern California. We are glad to show visitors through our extensive store-rooms.

STORE-ROOMS

SIXTH & D STREETS

San Diego, Cal.

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be one season or another. Paint will set tougher during the winter, and of course that gives durability. One point favoring winter. There are others favoring summer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so often as houses painted with any other paint, because it has more body to withstand action of the elements. There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per gallon.

We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.

WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS
7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

Electric Laundry

NELSON SNYDER, Proprietor

16TH & I STREETS

TELEPHONE BLACK 731

No Saw Edges on Collars and Cuffs

Spain and Her Losses

Spain at one time swayed the destinies of Europe. The following are the possessions she has lost:

- 1609—The Netherlands.
- 1628—Malacca, Ceylon, Java and other islands.
- 1640—Portugal.
- 1648—Spain renounced all claim to Holland.
- 1648—Brabant and other parts of Flanders.
- 1649—Maestricht, Hetogubosch, Breda, Bergen-of-Zoom and many other fortresses in the Low Countries.
- 1659—Ronsillon and Cardague. By the cession of these places to France the boundary line between France and Spain became the Pyrenees.
- 1668—Other portions of Flanders.
- 1672—Still more cities and towns in Flanders.
- 1704—Gibraltar.
- 1704—Majorca, Minorca, Ivica.
- 1791—The Nootka Sound Settlements.
- 1794—St. Domingo.
- 1800—Louisiana.
- 1802—Trinidad.
- 1819—Florida.
- 1810-21—Mexico, Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chili, Argentine, Uruguay, Paraguay, Patagonia, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, San Salvador, Hayti and numerous other islands.
- 1900—Cuba, Porto Rico, Philippines.

The above is taken from the interesting book, *Cuba, its Past, Present and Future*, by A. D. Hall. Mr. Hall describes Cuba as "one of the most beautiful and fertile countries on the face of the globe, but man, in the shape of brutal Spain, has done everything he could to ruin the gifts Nature so lavishly bestowed."

He further says, "The Cuban leaders are men of high intelligence and lofty purposes, and they know what reforms must be instituted. Some one has said that 'love of liberty is the surest guarantee of representative government.'

"Surely these men have shown their love of liberty in the fullest degree, and have proved themselves fitted in every way for self-government."

In the next issue of THE NEW CENTURY will be an article headed, "What Was America's True Mission to Cuba?"

STUDENT

Palma Says Cubans Are Not Ungrateful

An Associated Press dispatch dated New York, October 15th, quotes a *Tribune* dispatch from Havana as follows: President Palma has denied in emphatic terms reports that the Cubans are displaying ingratitude toward the United States, or that they are now indifferent to the outcome of the reciprocity question. "We have always been grateful to the United States," he is quoted as having said, "and this feeling of the Cubans will never change. It is also our desire to have the closest commercial and political relations, principally commercial, with the United States. The cabinet is now engaged with me in consideration of this treaty, and probably will come to a decision by the end of the week. It is learned there is objection to some of the provisions of the treaty, but there is no idea of rejecting it, as has been suggested."

THERE is nothing more contemptible than a bald man who pretends to have hair.—MARTIAL

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, President
G. B. GROW, Cashier
W. R. ROGERS, Assistant Cashier

Every facility and security offered to our patrons and the public generally. Collections and exchanges on all points.

KELLY'S LIVERY

POINT LOMA
COACH LINE

Special Coaches for Select Parties
arranged by telephone

DEALER IN FIRST-CLASS HORSES

THIRD & F STS., PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

THE

Lion Clothing Co.

CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"
STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

Isis

Conservatory of Music

of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Personal applications and inquiries received every Saturday by the Secretary at

San Diego Branch 1940 B St.

HOURS 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

Full particulars sent by mail on application, address

J. H. FUSSELL, Secretary and Treasurer

Isis Conservatory of Music Point Loma, Calif.

GEORGE T. VERNON
Tailor

1110 FIFTH STREET - SEFTON BLOCK
Telephone Black 1912

ENTERTAINMENT
by Children of the

Raja Yoga School

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON
in the

Aryan Temple, Point Loma
Tickets 50 cents

Bank of Commerce

841 FIFTH ST., bet E & F Sts., SAN DIEGO

Capital, \$100,000
Reserve & Undivided Profits, \$46,837.23

R. M. POWERS, President F. W. JACKSON, Cashier
GRAHAM E. BABCOCK, Vice-President C. L. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—R. M. Powers, Graham E. Babcock, J. F. Sinks,
A. H. Frost, Chas. T. Hinde, U. S. Grant, & F. W. Jackson

General banking business transacted. Exchange drawn direct on all principal cities of United States and Europe. Prompt attention given to collections.

EDWARD M. BURBECK

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Copper Plate Engraving & Printing
Steel Dies, Crests, and Monograms
Largest & most varied stock of Books
and General Literature in the City

1051-59 FIFTH STREET, SAN DIEGO

“Burbeck’s Big Bookstore”

Toys Games Souvenirs Office Supplies City and County Maps

“Where Rail and Tide Meet, There Cast Anchor”

Investors, Speculators, & Real Estate Dealers

GET IN ON THE
GROUND FLOOR
AT SAN DIEGO
EARLY

San Diego is the Open Door to the Orient & Investors now will be Capitalists later

CAN'T YOU SEE THE HAND OF DESTINY?

- 2700 miles saved in encircling the globe via this port
- Three Transcontinental Railroads heading for this Harbor
- The Commerce of the Southwest and of the Pacific is being concentrated at the Bay of San Diego
- Look out for Big Developments; the Market is active now

If you want to Buy or Sell there, address **D. C. Reed**

Established 1870

Ex-Mayor of San Diego

Life Retained for 3,000 Years

A dispatch from Washington, Pennsylvania, to the Pittsburg Gazette says: The Rev. R. L. Jones of Bentleyville, a retired Methodist Episcopal clergyman, has raised a dozen or more stalks of corn that present a somewhat mysterious proposition to their owner and to others in the community who have seen them.

The story goes that this corn has come from seed that were 3,000 years old, dug up by archæologists in Egypt. Mr. Jones received the seed as a present from Adam P. Hopkins of Rochester, Pennsylvania, a former resident of West Pike Run township, Washington county. Mr. Hopkins secured the seed while on a tour in the holy land.

The corn stalks in Mr. Jones' garden are 14 feet high, and the immense ears of corn are entirely too high for a man of ordinary stature to reach. The ears are, some of them, nearly two feet in length, and the grains are blood red in color.

These remarkable cornstalks have grown from seed that were dried up and shriveled until they were no larger than grains of wheat. They were found in sealed packages in Egyptian palaces known to have been covered 1,000 years before the birth of Christ.

Dr. E. E. French of Bentleyville has preserved in alcohol several worms found on the blades of the cornstalks, because of the peculiarity of their appearance. They look like diminutive horned devils, and it has been noticed that as soon as they are placed on the ordinary cornstalks they either die in a short time or manage to get back in some way to the Egyptian stalks, where it is evident they can alone secure sustenance.

Mr. Jones' corn crop has attracted many sightseers from all parts of the county, and several of the ears have been on exhibition at various fairs held throughout the county.

After printing the above dispatch the Gazette then offers the following comment:

Inasmuch as the corn of Egypt was not maize, or Indian corn, some other origin will have to be found for the Rev. Mr. Jones' extraordinary corn crop. Indian corn is indigenous to America and was unknown to the old world before Columbus discovered the new world.

Tells How Laws Are Made

Prof. Conrad E. Patzer of the Normal School addressed the pupils of the East Division High School yesterday morning on the “Manner in Which Laws Are Made.”

“Many people, and in fact the majority of them, think that a resolution is merely passed by the House of Representatives and the Senate, and receiving the approval of the President becomes a law. Our representatives in those bodies are not the ones who really judge upon the advisability of having certain laws, for this is done by select committees. These committees may recommend the resolution, or it will pass over a bridge of sighs into a dark dungeon, there to breathe its last, without the introducer being present at its death. How this means accomplishes its purposes will be readily seen when I tell you that out of the 15,000 resolutions introduced in Congress during one session, only 1,000 are favorably reported.

“With speeches it is the same way. Hundreds of the speeches which are supposed to be delivered before either the House or Senate are never delivered. The person who wishes to argue for or against a certain resolution often asks permission from the assembly to have his speech printed in the *Congressional Record*, and these requests are usually granted. Several hundred copies of the speech are then given to the Representative, who distributes them among his constituents, who are delighted to hear that their man has made a speech before Congress. Thus is the work of our great legislative body simplified and reduced in quantity.”—*Los Angeles Herald*

SEARCHLIGHT

NO. 6

Special number issued to the public

CONTAINING A FULL REPORT OF THE

**Great Debate
on Theosophy
& Christianity**

HELD AT THE OPERA HOUSE, SAN DIEGO, CAL.,
ON SEPTEMBER 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, AND
OCTOBER 6 AND 13, 1901

SEVENTY-TWO PAGES

Notwithstanding the increase in the cost of publishing, owing to the largely increased number of pages, the price remains the same as heretofore

FIFTEEN CENTS

The
Theosophical Publishing Co.
Point Loma, Cal.

You will need a copy for yourself and several copies to send to your friends. The edition is limited.

An Address

by Katherine Tingley
in the Opera House
at San Diego, Sunday
evening, March 16th
1902

Neatly printed and bound, containing half-tone illustrations of the Opera House, Loma Homestead and the Aryan Temple.

This is the first public address of Katherine Tingley after her purchase of the Opera House, and in it is outlined broadly her plans for the beautiful theatre and its occupation by the Isis Conservatory of Music. Sent post paid for TEN CENTS.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Souvenir Postal Cards
of Loma-land

PRIVATE MAILING CARDS, PRINTED ON
FINEST IVORY-FINISH CARDBOARD
13 different half-tone glimpses of Loma-land on which to send your Brotherhood Thoughts all over the world. A stream of them should be kept in circulation by every member.

2 for 5 cents (postage 1c extra) . \$0.06
50, postpaid, for 1.00
100, “ “ 1.50

Sent assorted unless ordered with specifications. Order from
THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

FIRST EDITION---NEARLY READY THE MYSTERIES OF THE HEART DOCTRINE

ONE of the MOST INTERESTING & COMPREHENSIVE WORKS on THEOSOPHY EVER PUBLISHED

Issued by KATHERINE TINGLEY, Leader and Official Head of THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD Organization, and by Members of her Cabinet

Over 350 pages Specially written to meet the needs of Inquirers Beautifully illustrated

This edition is limited to 1,000 copies, and will be sold at the previously advertised price of \$1.25 for cloth bound and \$1.00 for paper. After the First Edition is exhausted the price will be raised to \$2.00 for cloth binding and \$1.50 for paper, for it has been found impossible to prepare this book on the basis originally planned at the price first quoted.

The Theosophical Publishing Company, Point Loma, California

The
LEADING REAL ESTATE BROKER in SAN DIEGO IS

E. J. Carter

964 Sixth Street, San Diego

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE LOCATING IN SAN DIEGO CITY OR COUNTY, CALL ON OR WRITE TO HIM

RUDDER'S NEW RESTAURANT & GRILL

NEWLY FURNISHED FINEST IN THE CITY

CORNER FOURTH & PLAZA
SAN DIEGO - - - CAL.

Strahlmann-Mayer Drug Co.

PHARMACY GRADUATES
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, etc.
Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Recipes carefully prepared

CORNER FOURTH & D STREETS
Telephone Main 424
CORNER FIFTH & C STREETS
Telephone Black 856

AT

Bowen's DRY GOODS STORE

Will be found a full assortment of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Tea Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Wrappers, Silks and Dress Goods . . .

W. O. BOWEN 1043 FIFTH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Michaelmas Day, September 29th

"In the Book of Daniel the name Michael is given to one of the chief 'princes' of the heavenly host, the guardian angel or 'prince' of Israel, and as such he naturally appears in Jewish Theosophy as the greatest of all angels, the first of the four who surround the throne of God. . . . In the Western Church the festival of St. Michael and All Angels (Michaelmas), is celebrated on September 29th; it appears to have grown out of a local celebration of the dedication of a church of St. Michael either at Mount Garganus in Apulia, or at Rome, and was a great day by the beginning of the Ninth century."—*Encyclopedia Britannica*

"Michael—the protecting angel of Israel (*Daniel x: 13*), and leader of the celestial hosts, as Lucifer is of the infernal hosts. He presided over Saturn and the Sabbath."—*Royal Masonic Cyclopaedia*

"In the twelfth chapter of the *Apocalypse*, Michael and his angels overcame the Dragon and his angels. . . . Michael was denominated by the Kabalists and the Gnostics, 'the Savior,' the angel of the Sun and angel of Light. He was the first of the Æons, and was well-known to antiquarians as the 'unknown angel,' represented on the Gnostic amulets. . . . Archæological explorations have indicated him as identical with Anubis, whose effigy was lately discovered upon an Egyptian monument, with a cuirass and holding a spear, like St. Michael and St. George. He is also represented as slaying a Dragon that has the head and tail of a serpent. . . .

"In the *Talmud*, Michael is a Prince of Water, who has seven inferior spirits subordinate to him. . . . He is the patron, the guardian angel of the Jews, . . . and the Greek Ophites, who identified him with their Ophiomorphos, . . . and undertook to prove that he was also Samuel, the Hebrew prince of the evil spirits."—*Isis Unveiled*

Thus Christianity has adopted a universal symbol of one of the great cosmic powers and, having lost the key to ancient mysteries, has turned him into a calendar saint. H. T. E.

The Right to Intervene

The French press has been following closely the "armed intervention" of the United States in affairs on the isthmus and at Panama, and the article published in *La Prensa* of Buenos Ayres, Sept. 28, in which attention was called to the alleged tendency of the United States toward imperialism has evoked comment in several newspapers.

Le Journal des Debats indorses the policy of the United States toward the republics of South America. It says: "America is scrupulously fulfilling the duty imposed upon it by the treaty of 1848, and it will fulfill this duty more and more in the future as the canal is completed."

If you are difficult to satisfy, I ask you to inspect our before hiring or carriage not perfect—



come in & LIVERY ing a team that does ly suit you



FRED FANNING
PROPRIETOR

Fifth Avenue Stables

Tel. Red 351 SAN DIEGO Cor. 5th & B Sts.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SAN DIEGO
UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

CAPITAL PAID UP \$150,000
SURPLUS & PROFITS \$50,000

J. GRUENDIKE - - - PRESIDENT
D. F. GARRETTSON - - - VICE PRES.
G. W. FISHBURN - - - CASHIER

DIRECTORS—J. Gruendike, Geo. Hannahs, J. E. Fishburn, G. W. Fishburn and D. F. Garrettson

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO FIT YOUR EYES TO SUIT YOU. WE HAVE A SPECIAL PLACE SET APART FOR OPTICAL WORK, CONTAINING ALL THE MODERN INSTRUMENTS USED IN SIGHT TESTING IF YOU NEED GLASSES, HAVE a PRESCRIPTION to FILL, or FRAME to REPAIR

we give you the best work obtainable in San Diego

J E N K S

826-828 5th street

Graduate Optician

The New Century

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Two Dollars; other countries in the Postal Union, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; payable in advance
Single copy, Five Cents

Communications for the Editor, manuscripts, reports, books and periodicals for review should be addressed, "Katherine Tingley, Editor *The New Century*, Point Loma."

The editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

Articles will not be considered by the editor unless signed by the author and marked with the number of words contained. In no case is manuscript returned.

Address all Business communications, including subscriptions, and make all remittances (in bank drafts or money orders, payable to The New Century Corporation) to "Clark Thurston, Point Loma, Cal."

To comply with recent postal regulations, all Post-Office money order remittances should be made payable at San Diego. The remittances, as well as all other mail, should be made to Point Loma, as usual.

Entered at the Post-Office at Point Loma, Cal., as second-class matter Nov. 30th, 1901
Copyright, 1902, by Katherine Tingley

Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

Yellow Journalism Rebuked

IT is with a real sense of refreshment that we reprint a portion of the editorial which appears in the October issue of *Out West*. The signature of Charles F. Lummis is becoming an increasing power in the west, an increasing terror to evil doers and an increasing protection to the weak. We need hardly express the hope that this particular issue, and indeed all future issues, will be widely read, not alone because of their marked literary ability, but also because *Out West* is one of the redeeming features of Californian journalism!

The evil to which Mr. Lummis calls attention—an unbridled and a licentious press—is one about which a sane public opinion is altogether undivided. The uncleanness of yellow journalism has no defenders except those who are themselves unclean. It is a growth which is entirely dependent for its support upon its own aggressive and debased self-interest, and a public apathy which has no leisure for anything except to be amused.

The Gold Lies Hidden

Our confidence in the future of California and in the innate strength of its people is intense and unshakable, because it is founded, not upon appearances but upon what we know to underlie those appearances. Yet year by year California becomes more and more the rendezvous of the world and how can we expect the casual visitor to base his opinions upon anything deeper than his eyes will disclose to him, how can we ask him to believe in a moral worth which appears to be denied by the chief features of our literature? Are we content that the home-going thousands of visitors should look back with regret to the days of California's rough infancy, when the brutalities of a frontier life were redeemed by a sledge hammer justice and when chivalry to women was greater than the love of gold? Will they believe that Californian journalism reserves its impudent brutality for Californians, and that they themselves are secure from the knife of the moral murderer?

The Remedy Is at Hand

We who know that the true heart of California is not one of self-interest only, must yet appeal to those more visible forces of self-interest, and ask if it be for the well-being of the State that this Garden of America should be known in other lands as possessing no better means of redress than the revolver, for foul wrongs done in the light of noon. In this way is California even now spoken of in the great organs of foreign public opinion.

The outside world is short-sighted and censorious, and judges the moral malady of a day as though it were the rooted disease of centuries. It is because we know well that yellow journalism is but the malady of a day that we are confident of a remedy. Even the public apathy which allows this Upas tree to grow has some aspects of nobility at its foundation. We have become so hypnotized by the sound of liberty, that our

eye-sight for tyranny is a little in danger of atrophy. We do not readily see that the standard of freedom is being grasped by those who wave it as ostentatiously as ever, but who would betray their state and their country as readily as they would the reputation of its women, and for the same consideration—money.

When the people of California wake up—and such articles as that of Mr. Lummis is evidence that they are doing so—they will clear their territory of yellow journalism as effectually as they are now doing of the comparatively harmless rattlesnakes and coyotes.

* * *

The following are extracts from the editorial referred to in *Out West*. Speaking of a certain weekly paper published in California, which printed "a vile paragraph and a lying one about a San Francisco young woman of good family and good character," Mr. Lummis declares: "It printed it for purposes of blackmail. But instead of the usual tribute of money it got lead. Two male friends of the girl's family called on the owner and head of the paper referred to, thumped him, and on his flight shot him—inadequately, for he is getting well. And of course such an incident has been a text from Sausalito to East Cheap.

"There are several papers which make their living as this paper does; there are still persons—some of them human themselves, and not immaculate—who resent the blackguarding of a woman; and there will always be people hasty to index themselves rather than the event in discussion of it, according as God hath given them heads. But soberly, there is something worth reflection, even in these disreputabilities.

"What are we to do in certain contingencies? Does Civilization have to take all the Man out of men? Is there no line beyond which 'polite conduct' ceases to be a virtue? When a gentleman debauches your wife, are you to take it out in praying for him; or in giving him a haughty stare of unacquaintance on the street; or in suing him for damages? When a rake—or a reporter—blasts your daughter's life, is it to be 'Father, forgive him, he knows not what he does'? If a dog assails a woman not of your blood, but one you know and revere, is it your part to go home and dictate a letter to the Dog-Catcher advising him that really such brutes should not be let run loose? In a word, how far do education and culture absolve us of the duties every quadruped recognizes—and every biped that is not acutely refined?

"The Lion is no advocate of mobs. The only soldiering he ever did was when he volunteered against the mob that got more thoroughly shot to pieces than any other in United States history. He has no regard for dueling, laughs in the face of the 'code,' and avoids fisticuffs whenever he can without forfeiting the respect of the man that shaves him. He has even come to believe that war is something to avoid when it's just as easy. But if the man who fights, he knows not why, and because it is his only argument for whatsoever case, be a fool and a brute, the man who won't fight when he *does* know why—well, he is several pegs lower than the dumb animals. God never made a creature He didn't design should fight at the proper time, and He gave them the wherewithal, and the sense of using it.

"It is well to bear in mind—and most of us have to weigh it for ourselves at times—that many things tend to get mixed in with our virtues, and to be counted as part of them, that do not belong there at all. It is easy for a person to fancy that it was his refinement which kept him out of a quarrel, when in fact it was only his timidity—and the same is true of society. The frowning upon chronic violence is sane and right; but the indiscriminate condemnation of the Last Argument, ever, anyhow, is another thing. It derives more from cowardice than from culture. and whatever man or woman has red blood, and keeps the self-respect that is the universal heritage of every healthy member of the animal kingdom, knows that there are, or may be, times and cases wherein anything less than physical protest is immaterial, incompetent and unmanly. Probably even the most cultured and cautious still feel a little stir of contempt in their hearts when they see a man suing for money for the ruin of his home, or standing by and saying 'please don't' while some ruffian strikes a woman. And while some of them are so far gone as to fancy these feelings are survivals of Original Sin, to be smothered from their nice hearts, they err. It is the last call of human nature in them—the human nature that was good enough for God to make.

"Now in greater or less degree, the question comes home to all Americans: 'What are you going to do about it?' If some vulgar

blackmailer takes it into his head to defame your wife or daughter or sister or mother, what then? Sue him? It is notorious that libel suits against newspapers, good or bad, are absolutely fruitless. There are in some states fair libel laws; but in no state is it possible to get justice as against a newspaper. You can't fight them. They not only beat you in court; they make you ten times worse off than you were made by the original libel. Decent papers realize this giant's power and try to use it decently; but from the very nature of news publication it is inevitable that there shall sometimes be injustice done; and there is no way of undoing it altogether. Even the best apology of a respectable paper for its mistaken assertion that you are a thief cannot gather back into the bottle the smoky afrite it loosed. To indecent papers, this state of affairs is their capital stock. They need no equipment but a dirty mind and a heart insensible to shame. The law in fact, though not by intention, protects them in blackmailing.

"What, then, are you going to do? Grin and bear it, lest more dirt be thrown? Let it pass that the woman you are in honor bound to protect—if we wish to limit it, and do not have a little notion that a man is in honor bound to protect *all* women—has been published as infamous? Submit to her disgrace, because it isn't nice to have personal encounters, particularly with low scrubs?

"Leaving aside the specific case, in which certainly the standards by which decent journalism is judged do not at all apply, the logic, 'Better let it go and swallow your injury, because if you stir it up you will make it worse' is peculiarly a newspaper gospel—for their victims. They do not employ it for themselves. If anyone even questions their divine right, they fight to the end of the chapter. But if the Blood Royal of the press does an injustice, the mere human being who is hurt had better pretend he likes it, lest he be mutilated altogether. This is one way of looking at it; and beyond any doubt, the fact that resentment would only bring down on the head of the already defamed woman an irreparable avalanche of dirt has very commonly deterred men who were men enough to stand any other consequences. But it does not seem to me the sort of argument a respectable paper should use. It better befits the blackmailer. And while at present the woman does suffer more for being championed—either with fists or in a lawsuit—it might occur to a prophet that if any considerable number of men made it their creed that printed defamation of women had to stop, at whatever cost—even of violations of etiquette—it would presently come about that women would be safer not only from the original attack, but from further outrage because that attack was punished.

"If, also, respectable journals would not think it incumbent on them to take up the disreputables in case of a clash, and make common cause with them against the 'common enemy,' the public; if they would not regard the overtaking of a jackal as an 'attack on the profession'—the days of the blackmailer would be over. It will also hasten that desirable time if we can get rid of our own absurd superstition that type confers a peculiar sanctity upon the man who uses it, or upon the words he says in it."

Esterhazy Leaves the Jesuits

PRESS dispatches from Vienna announce that Count Eugene Esterhazy has created a sensation by retiring from the order of the Jesuits and commencing legal proceedings to recover his fortune of \$175,000 which he gave to the Society of Jesus on joining it in 1885. Esterhazy will be remembered as the one declared by experts to have been the forger who manufactured the papers upon which the whole of the Jesuitico-clerical conspiracy against Captain Alfred Dreyfus was carried out by the leaders of the anti-Semitic league in France a few years ago.

Driftwood

☞The air from limestone caverns is being used at Luray, Virginia, in place of mountain climate, for the treatment of lung complaints. It is uniform in temperature and remarkably pure and free from dust and germs.

☞The recently fixed system of taxation of natives in the Transvaal includes a tax of \$10 for each wife over one that any native may have. Suppose this tax—of course *mutatis mutandis*—were levied in the great cities of civilization!

☞Sverdrup, one of the recently returned arctic explorers, has achieved much success in scientific investigation. He has mapped out the region of the coast of Ellesmereland (west of the north of Greenland) and discovered a large island to the north of Peary Island.

The Death of Mr. John Kensit

THE English papers have brought to us detailed reports of the violent attack on Mr. John Kensit, who has been so actively engaged in an anti-Ritualist Crusade. The injuries inflicted being complicated by pneumonia, have since proved fatal.

It seems that Mr. Kensit and his followers have been alarmed at what they believe to be the Ritualistic and Romeward tendencies of the English Episcopalian church, and have protested in such a manner as to lead to street disturbances and riots. During one of these disturbances in Liverpool, a chisel was thrown at Mr. Kensit, inflicting a wound to the eye, from the consequences of which he is now dead. The whole story is a very lamentable commentary upon the violence which breeds violence, and of methods of reform which do but defeat themselves.

Whether the Ritualist party in England is actually intending an approach to Rome we are not called upon to judge. It is however evident that Ritualists and Catholics have now taken up a common ground of resistance to those who believe that there is such an intention, and who express that belief in a menacing manner. The whole incident suggests a parallel to recent events in San Diego, where we have seen a coalition between the Catholic Priest and the representatives of theologic opinions which are the very antithesis of his own, for the purpose of defeating a humanitarian propaganda which they declared to be antagonistic to Christianity.

In this case the exponent of Catholicism, having once expressed his views, has maintained a not undignified silence, and in this his example might have been worthily followed by some of his Protestant colleagues with more advantages to themselves than they have so far gleaned. Theologic errors have never yet been rectified in a street fight, and never will be, and the disputant who calls to his aid the passions and the hates of the lower nature has prejudged his case and ensured his own defeat. There is in every community a body of thoughtful people whose opinions must in the long run assert their natural and proper weight, and these are apt to harden their hearts against a cause which provokes passion or riot. We are loth to believe that Mr. Kensit's assailant was a representative of either Ritualist or Catholic opinion, or that he himself was pursuing methods which meet with the approval of the learned and dignified representatives of English Protestantism. The cause which Mr. Kensit wished to support remains exactly where it was before, but with the added weight, for and against it, of a cyclone of popular hate and rage and revenge which it will take long to assuage. To the evil which has been done there is no counterbalance of good, unless the blood which has been shed is efficacious in persuading both the attackers and the attacked to amend their ways and deal with theologic problems by other methods than those of the prize ring.

What would Christ have done?

STUDENT

General Smith's Appointment

DISPATCHES from Washington state that General James F. Smith, formerly of San Francisco, California, has been appointed a member of the Philippine commission to succeed Bernard Moses. Judge Smith is at present associate justice of the Supreme Court in the Philippine Islands. He is a prominent Roman Catholic, and it was he who accompanied Judge Taft on his recent visit to the Vatican. He was formerly collector of customs for the Philippine Islands and, it is said, has unusual administrative ability.

The Brotherhood in Cuba

Translated from *El Cubano Libre*, October 6, 1902

THE commission from the International Brotherhood League of Point Loma, at present in this city, will remain here until after the arrival of Mr. Hanson, who has charge of initiating the work of the Raja Yoga School, which the above-mentioned League proposes to establish in Cuba.

Mr. Hanson will be with us about the 18th of this month, and after that date the commission referred to will return to Point Loma and will take with them a few children, preferably orphans, for the purpose of educating them there.

Diverting Dam on Boulder Creek

THE illustration on the cover page of THE NEW CENTURY this week shows a picturesque bit of canyon scenery on Boulder Creek, San Diego county, at the point where the diverting dam deflects the waters of the creek into the Cuyamaca flume.

Art Music and Literature

The Art of Life—A Broader Definition

DO we not limit too much the meaning of the word "Art"? In its widest meaning, art should be the *expression of feeling in work*.

Two musicians play the same piece, with the same accuracy, the same tempo, and the same adherence to the marked shading; but their renderings move you in widely differing degrees. One has passed something of the essence of himself into it, his feeling; the other has not. One is an artist; the other a mechanician.

A man is an artist in any given work when it is through that work that his feeling finds expression. A physician may be essentially an artist on the violin, and it is *there* that he expresses his soul. As a physician he may be intellectual, conscientious, or what not; but he will be a mechanician only, dependent on books, rules, and the mechanics of the profession. Another man whose *trade* is a violinist, may be essentially a physician. And he who is a physician and has his soul in that work, will make of it a most delicate and incommunicable art. To what is taught in the schools, he will add a use of his *armamentarium* comparable to the use by a violinist, of his bow.

The artist in color expresses his mood in what he paints. Two of them will paint a tree, and one will give a perfect picture of sleeping rest; the tree of the other will be alive and vibrating in every leaf. In both cases the tree was seized and made to express the mood of the man.

The picture by a third man, a color *mechanician*, would be simply a tree, and you would be at liberty to read into it any feeling of which you found yourself at the moment in possession. But the work of the true artist is compelling.

Probably in the inner nature of all men, behind the veil made by habit and necessity and heredity and the ills and failings of flesh, is some one line of least resistance, some one line of the world-work through which the feeling, the soul, would emerge most freely. But alas, we have direfully mixed up and confused our paths! May a new era soon disentangle them!

But though that may be so, it is nevertheless true that the real *artist in life* is he who takes what work comes to him under the law, and *makes* it a channel for his devotion, his feeling, his soul. That is the only way in which we can expose and clear the entrance to our real intimate path when in this or some other birth we are fortunate enough to meet with it.

A Story of Tissot and His Critic

AN interesting story is told of Jacques Tissot, the great French painter, lately deceased. While in England he painted a beautiful religious picture, and meeting a countrywoman, asked her opinion of his work. "It's a *chef d'oeuvre*," she replied, giving a remarkably just and detailed appreciation of the various merits of the painting. "Are you satisfied?" asked a friend. Tissot answered in the negative.

He entirely repainted his picture, working night and day. When finished, he sent again for his fair critic, who pronounced it "admirable," and remained silently admiring it with smiling criticism. "Are you satisfied?" asked his friend again when the lady had departed. "No," answered the artist, and set to work for the third time. When the Parisienne saw the new painting she gazed at it for some moments with evident emotion, and then without a word sank softly to her knees and began to pray. "Are you satisfied now?" whispered the friend. And Tissot said "Yes."—*London Tatler*

HYPOCRISY is the homage that vice pays to virtue.—ROCHEFOUCAULD

The Art of Listening to Music.

IF one would lead the new, the stronger life, he must contrive to *do* something with all of his experiences. As the river of hours flows by, he must seize something from each and make it a possession.

In listening to music, some of the profoundest experiences of life become possible. But to get them one must not lie still and passive, lapped by the waves of harmony. There is something to be *done* with these moments.

The whole personal nature is, as it were, raised in temperature, made more fluid, its currents of feeling melted. It is much more plastic under whatever impressions are possible to it. And when the music is over, the nature *sets* according to those impressions.

It is this fact that gives words their abiding power when to them fit music is married, when they are painted upon a background of tone.

The idea or definite feeling they convey is the *form*, and the music becomes the *breath* of that form, its pulsing life.

We can act for ourselves. We listeners can supply from ourselves that idea or definite feeling. Music need not, and should not, be to us a mere vague elevation or temporary dissipation of the personality.

The highest "voice," the highest feelings or intuitions of the heart, can be made to meet the music and combine with it. And when the sound dies away, and the centers of personal feeling cool and re-crystallize, they shall retain something of the pattern into which for a moment we permitted the soul, the "Master-builder" of the heart, to mold them.

We shall have achieved something permanent; and, having been positively working, instead of passive, we shall have absorbed along with the music nothing from those lower elements of our nature which it is our task to dominate. They are none the less "lower," because of the graceful dress in which the music permits them to attire themselves.

So, little by little, we shall learn the *Art of Listening to Music*.

ARPA



NATIVE BEADMEN OF ARIZONA

The Basis of Musical Principles

IN music, there is little beyond itself to which we need, or indeed can, refer to heighten its charms. If we investigate the principles of harmony, we learn that they are general and universal; and of harmony itself that the proportions in which it consists are to be found in those material forms which are beheld with the greatest pleasure, the sphere, the cube, and the cone, for instance, and constitute what we call symmetry, beauty, and regularity; its principles are founded in geometrical truth, and seem to result from some general and universal law of nature, so its excellence is intrinsic, absolute, and inherent, and, in short, resolvable only into His Will, who has ordered all things in number, weight, and measure.

Seeing therefore that music has its foundation in nature, and that reason recognizes what the sense approves, what wonder is it that in all ages, and even by the least enlightened of mankind, its efficacy should be acknowledged; or that, as well by those who are capable of reason and reflection.—From Sir John Hawkins' *A General History of the Science and Practice of Music*

IF every family made music a necessary factor in the home it would prove a benediction. In music the voice of the heart finds expression. In the grind of life this voice is closed in, suffocated, and the human mind is debarred that touch which is needed to inspire it to love the true and the beautiful, to look heavenward, to aspire.

BE a philosopher; but amidst all your philosophy be still a man.—HUME

The Heart Touch

IT was the last day of the exhibition opened by the members of the Brush and Pencil Club, a strong little league organized among the students of the Art Academy. The sales had been closed, the prizes distributed, and most of the students had already departed. A few remained "to straighten up." Helen and Madge were making tea in the alcove. Two of the young men were taking down the pictures. "I must congratulate you, Miss Hammond," said Frank Overton, as he unfastened a water-color with a card marked "sold" in one corner and the name "H. Hammond" in the other. Frank had won the first prize himself and could afford to be magnanimous. He usually won. So keen was his knowledge of anatomy and so icily accurate his draughtsmanship, it was not worth while to be even jealous of him.

"Thank you, Mr. Overton," replied Helen. "It begins to look as if I should some time study with Merson after all. Won't you have another cup of tea?" and they discussed for a moment the committee's decision.

Helen Hammond had entered the academy two years before. She was a general favorite, although something of an enigma. Her work was conscientious, and one instinctively felt that, in spite of her comparative lack of technical training, it was big with promise. She chafed at many of the conventionalities which hem in student life. Said the girl with whom she worked, easel to easel, "Miss Hammond is brimful of the queerest ideas!" "Art for art's sake" was the studio shibboleth, of course. "Nonsense!" said Helen one day to Madge, "art should exist for humanity's sake! I can't tell you how my heart goes out to these models that come from nobody-knows-where. I long to know something of their lives. They must sorrow and love just as we do. Yet we paint away at them and when they are tired out, fainting, perhaps, dismiss them with a dollar or two, and forget that they exist. Do you know, Madge, I feel as if every day I were building barriers between the world's life and my own." No wonder Madge thought her queer! Yet a tide is always strong, and in spite of all that her heart would have led her to do, Helen drifted with the rest toward the same old ideal—a year in a Paris studio, in the *Quartier Latin*, perhaps, where one climbs seventeen flights "for a skylight" and, if the purse is light, lives in a fireless room.

The spring term had just begun. It was Wednesday morning and the class was waiting. Savarin should have been there an hour before. It was excessively annoying! The teacher appeared at the door. "No class this morning. Savarin had an accident; leg crushed, I believe. I'll try to get Guglielmo tomorrow."

Savarin was a professional model, an enormous, broad-chested Italian who had made a good living in the Paris studios before he came to America, three months before. He was a favorite with the students for many reasons. In the first place he understood his business. When the time-keeper said *reposez-vous!* at the end of twenty minutes, the day they tried him, he smiled. He was used to standing an hour. When he chose he could rival, in appearance, the little anatomical man of Michael Angelo. The demonstrator used him at the anatomy classes twice a week, and altogether Savarin was invaluable.

As was the custom when a model disappointed them, the students made up a sketch-class, each one taking turns posing for ten-minute sketches—all but Helen.

"What's the matter, Helen? you look like the mother of sorrows," said Madge.

"I'm tired," was Helen's reply as she left the classroom and made her way to the clerk's desk. "Savarin's address? Certainly, ma'am. Too bad about him, isn't it?" Helen wrote the address in her note-book, left the building and boarded a west-bound car. Soon she alighted at a dingy side street. There were saloons on every corner, and children playing in every doorway.

Where *did* so many children come from? She stepped over them and around them, turned the corner, and passed into an alley called a street only out of courtesy. At last she reached Savarin's home, No. 126. God! what a hole! The viaduct ran directly overhead, darkening the entire block. Few strangers would have ventured into that place in the daytime; no one would have risked it at night.

Savarin's home consisted of two rooms, with a single window between them and a single door. In that doorway stood a woman, a child of six clinging to her skirts, her face the picture of despair. It was Graziella, Savarin's wife. Helen knew her; she had been up to the studio once or twice to pose for the portrait class.

"Graziella, I've come," said Helen, simply. The woman did not understand her words but she read the young girl's heart and she brushed half a dozen children aside, allowing Helen to enter.

Straight to the disheveled pile at the farther corner of the room Helen went. Such a room! The sunlight had never once shone into it and of daylight there was little more than a semblance.

Savarin was groaning. The doctor had just left. "What is it, Savarin?" and Helen was on her knees at his side.

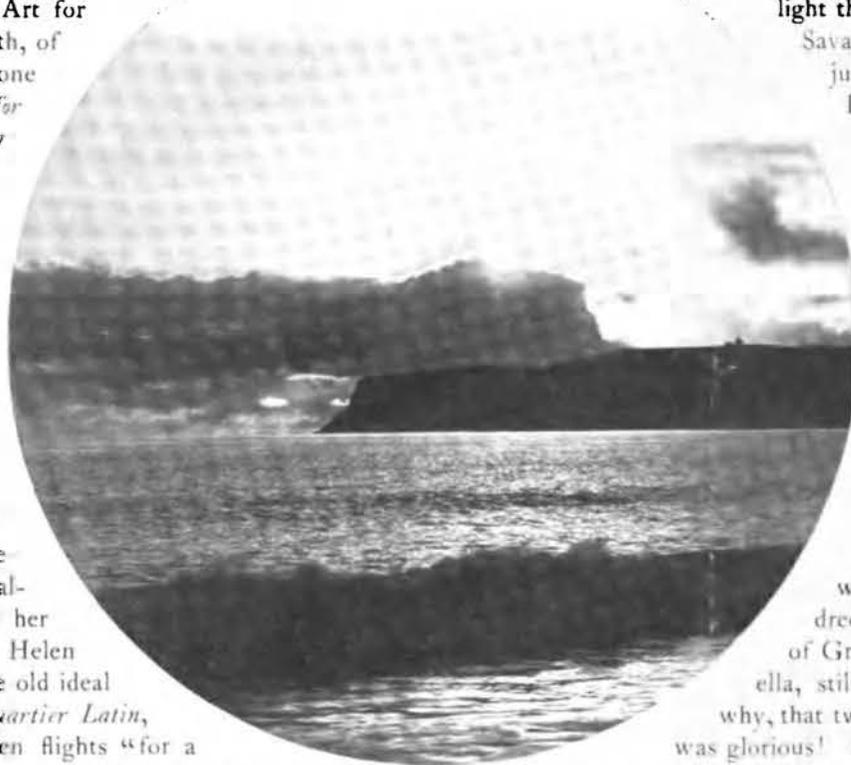
The man turned, and as he recognized her in the dim light his face, set hard with fear and pain, softened. Helen could not speak Italian. The man could not speak English, but they "managed" on studio French. He made Helen understand that the doctor was coming again, and then—the ambulance, the hospital and the knife. And what would become of Graziella and the nine children? "Oh, if I hadn't sold that water-color!" thought Helen. She had the money with her then. It was only two hundred dollars, to be sure, but the problem of Graziella and her nine children—Graziella, still beautiful and only twenty-seven—why, that two hundred would solve it entirely! It was glorious! She made Savarin understand, and he made Graziella understand, that the family would not suffer during the weeks when he must be idle. And Helen, with barely a dozen phrases at her command, killed out in Savarin's mind that dread of the hospital which is so universal among the desperately poor.

"Mariana," she said, "can perhaps earn something as a model." Graziella knew the word and started.

"No, not *l'ensemble*, Graziella, just portrait, and I'll look after her myself." Graziella looked at her husband, who nodded. There is something fine in the characters of these foreign women. A certain type of American women may be induced to pose nude, and even allow their daughters to do so—but an Italian woman, the poorest in all a city's slums—*never*.

Three months passed by. Helen's money had disappeared and with it her dream of art study in Paris. But she was all happiness. Savarin's limb had been saved, and he was back in the studio again. Best of all, he was, thanks to Helen, no longer living in that hole under the viaduct. He had become, as models go, prosperous.

It was the last week in June, the week of the great contest for the scholarship, a scholarship that meant one year of art study in Paris and six months of travel on the continent. It was to the Art Academy



A POINT LOMA SUNSET

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

A Word on Archaeology and Its True Purpose

THE archæological notes in this publication are inserted, not as mere scraps of curiosity and interest, but with a definite purpose.

This purpose is to illustrate the progressive fulfillment of H. P. Blavatsky's prophecy, that research would speedily confirm the teachings she outlined as to the past history of man and the earth.

To ordinary antiquarians archæological discoveries are material for the framing of hypotheses, according to the inductive method pursued by modern science. In pursuance of this method of investigation it is necessary to make provisional theories and to enlarge and modify them from time to time as new facts require.

Often, however, the archæologist has already some preconceived theory of the past history of man, such, for instance, as that derived from Darwinism; and into such theory he strives to make his facts fit.

We also, as students of H. P. Blavatsky and the wisdom she taught, have preconceived theories; but these are far more liberal and far-reaching than those of modern science and their source is also very different.

The teachings of H. P. Blavatsky as to cosmic and human antiquity are based on the unanimous testimony of ancient wisdom as recorded in the records and myths which she cites and compares.

The existence and genuineness of such a system of knowledge has been recognized by not a few scholars and students of history; and its completeness, its self-consistency, and its uniformity throughout all variations of race and epoch, are the proofs of its reality.

It is in the light of such a system, then, that we study the data of antiquarian research. And each fact, as it comes up, is seen to fit into its place like the pieces of a puzzle, and to bear its due relation to the other parts and to the whole.

With modern science, however, new facts often find no place within the limits of the prevailing theory; and either an additional theory has to be made, or a new one substituted, or the facts have to be filed down, or the theory stretched.

Modern science loses much by its disregard of the results of past labors in research—a disregard based on vanity and contempt of the ancients. Hence infinite time and labor are wasted in slowly arriving at results which have already been reached, and which could have been utilized had not self-sufficiency prevented.

I should be a fool if I tried to elaborate a system of (say) spherical geometry, when I could shorten my labors so much by studying a textbook on the subject. In the same way modern science is doomed to expend vast toil in making mistakes that have been made before, and in finally arriving, by a tedious and wasteful process of error and correction, at the same results as the ancients reached. It is preferable to start by assuming a theory which is consistent in itself, and which is supported by the unanimous testimony of tradition and record, and which explains observed facts; rather than, rejecting all past results and opinions, to begin again and try to make theories from the facts alone.

Not the least recommendation of H. P. Blavatsky's teachings is that they reconcile, include and combine all the diverse and sundry departments of modern science, which usually are found to be in conflict.

The chronological limits demanded by geology are not the same as those required by Darwinism; and the astronomical theories again have their own scale of time. Moreover in each department are subdivisions represented by various authorities.

In the system we advocate it will be found that the conclusions indicated by geological data fit in exactly with the teachings as to the antiquity of the human race; and that in all directions the parts combine into one harmonious whole.

The gist of this system may be described as its assertion of the vast antiquity of humanity and the existence of very advanced civilizations in the past, with types of men who were markedly our superiors in knowledge, wisdom and strength.

And the new facts which are now so continually coming to light all tend to confirm this assertion; for they oblige science continually to enlarge its views and to admit ever more and more the prowess of the past.

H. T. E.

Discoveries in Mexico and What They Prove

MENTION has already been made in these columns of the assertion of Senor Leopold Batres, general inspector of archæological monuments in Mexico, that the Egyptians and the prehistoric inhabitants of Mexico belonged to the same race and that the ancient Americans first came from Egypt. This opinion he has arrived at after years of the most careful archæological research in Mexico.

He has found, among other examples, an obelisk that is almost duplicated by the obelisks of Egypt, even to the character of the inscriptions, and doubtless many other facts and discoveries to be given to the public shortly, will appear to corroborate Dr. Batres' views.

In advancing this theory Dr. Batres has taken a step immensely in advance of the stand taken by many archæologists. Yet we predict that a further step will become necessary as archæological explorations continue and archæological knowledge increases. *We hold that not only were the prehistoric inhabitants of both Egypt and America contemporaneous, but that America was the great primeval home from which migrated to Egypt certain adventurous colonies becoming the Egyptian race.* There is nothing in any of the discoveries made up to date to disprove the theory, but on the contrary everything to confirm it.

More than this, there exist records, exact and indisputable, of the very days when such migration took place. But while the existence and nature of these records are known to the few they will never be given out to the world until the world is more ready to receive them than it is at present. It is a far reach from the days of Atlantis—for it was undoubtedly across Atlantis that a portion of the ancient Americans migrated to their home in Egypt—but our archæologists are certainly making tremendous strides towards spanning it.

All this is a singular commentary upon the way in which the great law of progress presses into service even those who, by their mental attitude, work against it. When Madame Blavatsky wrote of ancient America as the source of all the great civilizations of the past, the ancient Land of Light, she was mercilessly scoffed at by scientists as "a dreamer." However, what were to the world in general the dreams of yesterday are becoming the realities of today. Members of the very scientific bodies which held this Teacher up to ridicule are today establishing, by the discoveries which they so strenuously make, the truth of the teachings which she advanced. Every year brings additional proof of the fact that H. P. Blavatsky spoke as one who had authority and not as a mere scribe.

STUDENT

The Fallen Campanile—A Disregarded Warning

THE Campanile of St. Mark's in Venice would seem, from some particulars in the *Scientific American*, to have had every inducement to fall which official negligence could contribute.

An architect, Luigi Vendrasco, had been warning the authorities ever since 1878, but his warnings were disregarded, he was snubbed for appealing to Queen Victoria, and finally he was removed to another town. On the very day of the catastrophe he wrote, "The Campanile has but a few hours to stand."

Some of the bricks were very old and of astonishing hardness, far antedating the building itself. One bore an imperial stamp of the reign of Antoninus Pius; others showed prints of the feet of domestic animals and fowls that had walked over them before they were burnt. They ranged in age from the first century B. C. to mediæval times, and the older ones had been taken from Roman edifices at Aquileia. H. T. E.

In the Ruins of Nebuchadnezzar's Palace

THE explorations of Dr. Koldenberg and his discoveries in the ruins of Nebuchadnezzar's palace at Babylon, are creating the deepest interest among German Orientalists. Dr. Koldenberg declares that the tiling he has found surpasses in fineness of glaze and lustrous beauty anything that modern art has attained, and he has written that he is convinced that he will find further specimens proving that even in the time of Abraham, and earlier, art had reached a high point of development on the plains of Mesopotamia.—*Exchange*



ON THE SHORE AT OCEAN BEACH, JUST NORTH OF POINT LOMA

The Study of History

ANY clear-minded person who will take a look through the books of so-called history administered to our children, must certainly become aware that they do but purvey the veriest shell of the lives of nations.

And even this they convey disproportionately in respect of the relation between its parts. Thus in a little book of this kind, which we recently examined, of 150 pages, the battles of Cressy, of Naseby, and of Waterloo, each received about four pages, amounting altogether to a twelfth of the book! And two of them were so set and described as to stamp the child's mind indelibly with the idea that Englishmen and Frenchmen were of innate necessity, *enemies*. Books of American history often also contrive to convey the same impression with respect to Americans and Englishmen. No small factor in creating the quarrels that may hereafter disgrace the world, will be these books.

A real history will try to depict the inner life and consciousness of nations, the causes that made them great, the causes that reduced them to insignificance. Nations go up or down according to whether or not they obey the immutable laws of life.

Why, for example, is India where she is; why Spain; why the English-speaking races where *they* are?

Is it not because India, in her search for spirituality, for the inner causes and essence of being, in her favorite doctrine that the sensuous world is illusion, lost her grip on the concrete? The active pole of spirituality is right action *in and on the concrete*, the external. To attempt to reach the other *only*, the passive and contemplative, is to miss both, to lapse into a useless and dreamy psychism and to cease to be an actor in the tide of life. Strictly, it is the ceasing to live.

An opposite danger confronts the English-speaking peoples. Their intense energy in the external, the concrete, gave and gives them their front place in the acting world. But that same absorption in the external may go too far; is producing a concentration of attention on wealth, on luxuries, on external pleasures and modes of gratifying sensualism, on foods, drink and clothes.

So in that way, as well as in the opposite, the national hold on life, the national mainspring of life, may be weakened. And the danger is becoming urgent.

Other nations have gone down hill because, remaining in a sense religious and in touch with the inner life, they have handed over their birth-right—their right to positive action in spiritual life—to priesthoods. In respect of that they have developed the belief that all is being well done *for them*. From that standpoint they have let their attention wander outward, and their powers be frittered away in the purely trivial.

It is with such causes and effects as these that histories should deal, and it is perfectly easy to make them vivid and comprehensible to the child.

In that way his study of history will become a vitally valuable element in the formation of his own character.

POLITICUS

The Theology of Fear and Damnation

FROM *The Australian Herald* (Melbourne) we gather that a "simultaneous mission" has been conducted by two American ministers whose names, Dr. Torrey and Mr. Geil, are curiously appropriate, in their suggestions of heat and insincerity, to the doctrines they preach. Says the *Herald*:

We blame the churches for having prepared the ground for the seeds of such teaching. Many of the clergy must know better, and we fear that some have taken part in the mission for appearance' sake only, and while secretly disapproving in their hearts of Dr. Torrey and Mr. Geil.

We believe in the Bible, in Atonement, in Hell, but not in Dr. Torrey's utterly antiquated and immoral and unspiritual conceptions and representations of these.

The following extracts from the *Southern Cross*, the organ of the mission, are quoted:

My subject, said Dr. Torrey, is Hell and who is going there; or Hell: what sort of place it is and how to avoid it.

I think I have some claims to be a scholarly preacher, and I want to say tonight that I believe in the orthodox hell.

While I cannot be positively sure that the sun will rise tomorrow morning, I am absolutely certain that there is a hell.

Hell is a place of physical anguish. . . . "Destruction" means ceaseless torment. . . . There will be much physical anguish of the intensest kind. . . . The wicked will be raised with bodies.

Hell is a place of ceaseless remorse. . . . Hell is a place of ever-increasing degradation, baseness, and vileness of character. . . . Hell is a place without hope.

It is the law of sin to sink deeper and deeper. Now just let that go on for all eternity, in a world where there is no moral restriction, and the best man there is out of Christ will be viler than the vilest wretch that slinks through the purlieus of your city. The best woman in the room tonight out of Christ . . . will become lower than the vilest woman there is in Melbourne. What a prospect it is of a bottomless pit where you go down . . . getting viler and viler and viler through all eternity. That is hell.

It is impossible to read this without feeling that the preacher is reveling in the scenes he depicts and enjoying the sensation of communicating what he has engendered in his own decaying mind.

What is it that lends his pen such graphic power and his tongue such confidence of knowledge? How does he know that "hell is a place of ceaseless remorse?"

The conclusion is inevitable, that his own life holds some kind of a ceaseless remorse—and he is determined that others shall share it. We do not deny that the orthodox hell is to him "the real thing," for it is quite likely that he has lived so long in the mental picture of it that to his hopelessly diseased mind it is just as real as the suggested blow is to the hypnotized subject or as snakes are to the victim of delirium tremens. The man deserves our commiseration, for he is self-hypnotized to an extreme degree. But it will not do to become sentimental over him, for a man who advocates such a doctrine is as dangerous as a leper. A mind so diseased is worse than a plague-spot, for the contagion of his disease spreads even to the atmosphere in which he lives.

We can dimly guess what must be the inner character of a man from whom such stuff can proceed; and we may conjecture that it was the possibility of such natures as his that Christ foresaw when he described the "hell" in which the persistently selfish man lives.

It is not credible that a healthy person could even imagine such doctrines; and to account for their existence in the world we must postulate a form of insanity, not officially recognized as such, produced by strong drink and debauchery.

H. T. E.

MRS. SYNGROS, a wealthy American lady, has furnished the money for constructing a fine boulevard to connect Athens with its seaport, Piraeus. The cost is nearly \$60,000. Heretofore there has been nothing but a wretched highway, making travel by any vehicle a matter of great discomfort.—*Saratoga Sun*

CHICAGO educators are pleased by the success of a novel adjunct of the public school service. The innovation is called the "parental school," and its special function is the reformation of truants. It is explained that "The discipline and the course of instruction contemplate not the punishment of truants, but the transformation of truants into pupils interested in their studies." An indication of the success of the parental school is seen in the fact that the number of cases of habitual truancy last year was 722, against 1173 the previous year. But those figures relate only to confirmed truants. The total number of truants rounded up in Chicago last year was 6814.

Chicago's unique truant school is a matter of public interest in Los Angeles, because of the flagrant truancy here. The problem of compelling unwilling youngsters to attend school is one of the most difficult that educators have to deal with. It is of vital importance, however, as it reaches much farther than the question of the truant's education. Truancy is one of the stepping-stones to a criminal career and it should be treated accordingly.—*Los Angeles Herald*

The above editorial points out another of what may be styled the diseases of modern life. It has this in common with all diseases, that while it exists it *does not have to exist*. If it continues without let or hindrance, it will be but a question of time when the whole social body will slip gracefully into the final stages of disintegration and decay.

Educators, students of our social problems, and even our politicians, recognize this fact, and the establishment of what are termed "parental schools" are frankly acknowledged to be remedial agents. They will be efficacious exactly in proportion that the teachers in these schools understand child nature and child needs.

That neither parents nor teachers understand the real nature of the children entrusted to their care by the Higher Law—or any other law for that matter—they themselves are sometimes the first to admit. The nearer our truest educators approach a real knowledge of the child, the more conscious do they become of what they do not know.

The fact is, if schools and homes were what they should be there would not be a single truant in existence. If the life of the home and, more especially in this connection, the life of the school were what it should be, the child would grow up in an environment which exactly suited its needs. He would no more think of running away from it than the fledgling would consider the advisability of tumbling out of the mother nest before its eyes were open. Truancy would have no more attraction for him than the diet of a chronic invalid would have for a person in normal health.

The fault is not with the child, but with the parent and with the school. Of course, the child does not help matters by playing truant. He merely makes a bad matter worse. But in this he shows quite as much wisdom as many of his elders. Many a grown person has floundered out of the frying-pan into the fire, and certainly truant children should be pitied rather than blamed.

Many things are coming to birth these days and one of the most important is a new ideal in education, an ideal which recognizes the child to

The Treatment of Truants



A HOME AMONG THE LIVE OAKS OF COTTONWOOD VALLEY, SAN DIEGO COUNTY

A New National Anthem

The following national anthem was written recently by HON. H. BELL of New York City, a member of the New York legislature, who passed his early years in California. There is a certain hopeful majesty in the lines that indicates a higher than the common ideal. The poem has a universal touch and one feels that the author could not have been thinking of merely one country when he wrote it, but of all. It is our intention to set the lines to music:

OUR country's flag, flag of the brave,
Forever float, o'er land and wave;
Forever float, to free and save.

Flag of the true, flag of the brave,
Emblem of joy and faith and love,
Emblem of home and heaven above,
O, holy flag, flag of the free,
We bless the living God for thee.

The warp and weft are man's heartstrings,
And woman's trust—such sacred things,
Made into thee, through weary years,
Flag of our life and love and tears,
Thy stars are hope's stars, from the sky;
The blue, the blue depths' harmony;
The white, the light of freedom spread;
Thy red, the blood of martyrs shed.

Great flag! proclaiming heaven's decree
And message to all men, "Be free!"
Help of the weak, strength of the right,
On every field, where wrong is might,
Symbol of man's redemption, hail!
Symbol of God's salvation, hail!
We lift our souls in praise to thee,
O flag of God and liberty!

Flag of man's prayers against despair,
Flag of free schools, free press, free air,
Free church, free men, free earth, free sea,
Mercy and peace, humanity,
Flag of the North, South, East and West,
Mainlands and islands far and blest,
For evermore be thou unfurled
As freedom's banner of this world.

Hope of mankind, Old Glory, be,
The oppressed release, all races free,
Form pole to pole, from zone to zone,
Such is thy way, lead on, and on,
Guide on, flag of man's brotherhood,
Guide on, flag of God's fatherhood,
Lead on, across earth's seas and sod,
O flag of man! O flag of God!

be a divine soul—and then handles him as if he were one. That ideal, translated into actual practice in our schools, would make them places in which the soul would find and welcome the environment which it needs, places in which the body and mind would become trained and plastic instruments by which the soul may do its work, Temples, in very truth, of the Holy Spirit. And what does the soul love? Is it not

music, music everywhere, and sunlight, joy and peace, color and all those things which belong to the higher nature rather than the lower? More than all does the budding soul demand that wisdom on the part of teacher and mother that shall lead the little child to realize his divinity, his soul power, and shall teach him *how to control himself on right lines*.

Mere cramming of the brain with information has graduated more than one man into the penitentiary, for one who lacks moral balance or whose moral fibre is nothing but pulp is a more dangerous factor in society when "educated," than when ignorant, and wrong methods of education only make still more slippery the pathway down which such an one travels. When our educators understand human nature, when they have within their hearts, not merely within their heads, a true philosophy of life, then our schools will become what they ought to be, and the truancy problem will solve itself by disappearing.

STUDENT

The Song of the Week

DEAR COMRADES: Life is a daily song in Loma-land. On Sunday one seems to hear it unusually clear and strong and true—it cannot be described. Its melody lifts one above the whirl of daily events into a life that is as broad as the ocean. Then does one feel the power and presence of the soul. Then does one realize the soul's ability to handle the vexed problems of the affairs of men. When one begins the week with the keynote of this song sounding in one's whole being, the six days that follow each Sunday seem like the corresponding tones of the scale, by means of which the daily life expresses itself in song. At times there are sudden and strange inharmonies because, perhaps, a sharp is heard where the tone should have been merely natural. Then, at times, another note will become unexpectedly flat and we become suddenly conscious of things being in the wrong place. But when Sunday comes all the tones have again blended, as it were, into a seventh tone, which is harmony. A ringing joy is in the heart, a still higher keynote is sounded. That is why every week is a surprise and a benediction to the students in Loma-land. How long will it be before the exquisite harmonies of life in Loma-land will reach the hearts of all the nations of earth?

OCTAVIA

The Crusader in Cuba

Translated from *El Cubano Libre*, October 3, 1902

YESTERDAY the members of the International Brotherhood League of Point Loma, who are now in Santiago, went on an excursion to Cuabita. Our worthy guests were given a most cordial reception at the beautiful country seat of Senor Emilio Bacardi, at which place were discussed the plans relative to the establishing of a school, according to the announcement in Mrs. Tingley's message, which was published in *El Cubano Libre*.

The members of the commission returned from Cuabita filled with delight and wonder at our country.

AN American, Dr. C. O. Hood of Beverly, Mass., is the appointed dentist of the German emperor.

PROFESSOR Henry S. Graves, head of the Yale school of forestry, will leave early this month to take charge of the work in forestry in the Philippines.

It is not lack of opportunity that keeps the majority of men in mediocre or inferior positions in life, but the lack of ability to see and grasp the chances when they appear.—*Los Angeles Herald*

STEINWAY PIANOS

*Stand pre-eminent They have no peers
They are in a class by themselves*

There are Steinway Pianos that sell for ten, fifteen and thirty thousand dollars. The same instruments in point of construction, tone, durability, action, and in fact everything but case and decorations, can be bought for a mere fraction of the prices paid for Steinway Art Pianos

GEO. J. BIRKEL CO.

SOLE REPRESENTATIVES
LOS ANGELES 345-347 South Spring Street
SAN DIEGO 1025-1031 Fifth Street

The Chadbourne Furniture Co.

W. L. PREVERT, Manager

We aim to carry an entirely up-to-date stock of house furnishings, and, for style and variety of goods, cannot be outdone in Southern California. We are glad to show visitors through our extensive store-rooms.

STORE-ROOMS

SIXTH & D STREETS

San Diego, Cal.

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be one season or another. Paint will set tougher during the winter, and of course that gives durability. One point favoring winter. There are others favoring summer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so often as houses painted with any other paint, because it has more body to withstand action of the elements. There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per gallon.

We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.

WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS
7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

Electric Laundry

NELSON SNYDER, Proprietor

16TH & I STREETS

TELEPHONE BLACK 731

No Saw Edges on Collars and Cuffs

Eating in Old Times

The Romans took their meals while lying upon very low couches, and not until the time of Charlemagne was a stand used, around which guests were seated on cushions; while the table only made its appearance in the Middle Ages, bringing with it benches and backs. The Greeks and Romans ate from a kind of porringer; during a portion of the Middle Ages, however, slices of bread cut round took the place of plates. The spoon is of great antiquity, and many specimens are in existence that were used by the Egyptians as early as the Seventeenth century B. C. The knife, though very old, did not come into common use as a table utensil until after the Tenth century. The fork was absolutely unknown to both Greeks and Romans, appeared only as a curiosity in the Middle Ages, and was first used upon the table by Henry III. Drinking cups—in the Middle Ages made from metal, more or less precious, according to the owner's means—naturally date from the remotest ages.—*Western Mining Herald*

Catholic "Democracy"

A "Catholic Democratic League" for England is launched in *The Universe* "to put all Catholics who are willing to work for the good of our holy religion" in "a position to find some fruit for their toils." The League's program embraces among other things, the attempt to remove the Royal Accession Declaration against the Mass from the Statute-book; to remove remaining Catholic disabilities, even the disability as to the Sovereign's religion; to help, so far as is possible, to place as many Catholics as possible in positions of public influence, as Members of Parliament, of school, urban and parish councils, of boards of guardians, public inspectorships, and other offices; to benefit every mission where the Catholic Democratic League may have influence, and work that mixed marriages, leakages from the Church, and other evils sprung from former Catholic laxity may be less and less frequent; to adopt a firm Catholic attitude to any future questions that may concern the Church.

Wingless Birds of New Zealand

The kiwi is the sole remnant of the wonderful race of wingless birds that once roamed all over New Zealand, the gigantic skeletons of some of which have been found in such numbers that almost every museum in the world possesses one or more of them.

The kiwi is about the size of a partridge, has a rather long neck and a curious bill about four inches in length. Its wings are quite undeveloped, and its feathers have a sort of unfinished character, which may be supposed to represent Nature's early efforts in that direction before the close, rich plumage of the modern bird was "evolved."

Wanting the means of flight, the kiwi has been almost exterminated, and with it also have gone, or nearly gone, all the other feathered denizens of the woods. The invasion of their haunts by the white man has been their destruction.—*Selected*

How Big Was the Slate?

The old church of the ancient cinque-port of Winchelsea in England has a young rector; and he is very vexed with the visitors who write their names and initials on the ruins. He has therefore had a slate and pencil hung up in the porch, and written above it these words: "Notice. Those visitors to this church who are under the delusion that other people like to see their initials, are requested to use this slate, which is provided for the purpose, and not to scratch them on the tombs and monuments. Should something more permanent be required, the verger will find a suitable stone, and will provide nails and knives in order that a permanent record of the visit of such important people may be handed down to future generations.—J. D. H. PATCH"

Two Kinds of Preparedness

THE English colonial secretary recently said that "he did not think the country would ever submit to the expenditure necessary in order to be fully prepared for every emergency." History does not show that to be "fully prepared," down to the last button on the last uniform, is necessarily a guarantee of triumph. There is another kind of preparedness which does not manifest in buttons or uniforms or guns.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, President
G. B. GROW, Cashier
W. R. ROGERS, Assistant Cashier

Every facility and security offered to our patrons and the public generally. Collections and exchanges on all points.

KELLY'S LIVERY

POINT LOMA
COACH LINE

Special Coaches for Select Parties
arranged by telephone

DEALER IN FIRST-CLASS HORSES

THIRD & F STS., PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

THE Lion Clothing Co.

CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"
STETSON HATS
MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

Isis Conservatory of Music

of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Personal applications and inquiries received every Saturday by the Secretary at

San Diego Branch 1940 B St.

HOURS 9 A. M. TO 4 P. M.

Full particulars sent by mail on application, address

J. H. FUSSELL, Secretary and Treasurer

Isis Conservatory of Music Point Loma, Calif.

GEORGE T. VERNON Tailor

1110 FIFTH STREET - SEFTON BLOCK
Telephone Black 1912

ENTERTAINMENT by Children of the

Raja Yoga School

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON
in the

Aryan Temple, Point Loma
Tickets 50 cents

Bank of Commerce

841 FIFTH ST., bet E & F Sts., SAN DIEGO

Capital, \$100,000
Reserve & Undivided Profits, \$46,837.23

R. M. POWERS, President F. W. JACKSON, Cashier
GRAHAM E. BABCOCK, Vice-President C. L. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—R. M. Powers, Graham E. Babcock, J. F. Sinks,
A. H. Frost, Chas. T. Hinde, U. S. Grant, & F. W. Jackson

General banking business transacted. Exchange drawn direct on all principal cities of United States and Europe. Prompt attention given to collections.

EDWARD M. BURBECK

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Copper Plate Engraving & Printing
Steel Dies, Crests, and Monograms
Largest & most varied stock of Books
and General Literature in the City

1051-59 FIFTH STREET, SAN DIEGO

"Burbeck's Big Bookstore"

Toys Games Souvenirs Office Supplies City and County Maps

"Where Rail and Tide Meet, There Cast Anchor"

Investors, Speculators, & Real Estate Dealers

GET IN ON THE
GROUND FLOOR
AT SAN DIEGO
EARLY

San Diego is the Open Door to the Orient & Investors now will be Capitalists later

CAN'T YOU SEE THE HAND OF DESTINY?
—2700 miles saved in encircling the globe via this port
—Three Transcontinental Railroads heading for this Harbor
—The Commerce of the Southwest and of the Pacific is being concentrated at the Bay of San Diego
—Look out for Big Developments; the Market is active now

If you want to Buy or Sell there, address

D. C. Reed

Established 1870

Ex-Mayor of San Diego

World's Headquarters UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD Organization, POINT LOMA, California
Meteorological Table for the week ending
October the 20th, 1902

OCT.	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
14	29.932	65	57	61	59	0	N	8 1/2
15	29.840	65	58	63	60	0	NE	6
16	29.780	66	56	57	57	0	NW	9
17	29.770	65	56	59	57	0	W	3 1/2
18	29.818	66	58	61	58	0	E	gentle
19	29.800	67	58	61	59	0	W	4
20	29.840	68	57	61	58	0	N	7

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

The Sun Is a Faithful Servant

Man's most faithful and tireless servant is the sun. Although there has been much talk of late years of harnessing this "glorious orb," the fact is it has been in harness and diligently at work from the creation of the world down to the present time. But the genius of man is destined to bring about still greater results than are now apparent. Several more or less practical plans of utilizing the sun's rays have been invented, but none so perfect, so full of promise as the great sun motor now engaged in storing up the sun's heat at the Pasadena ostrich farm in California. By the sun's heat water is boiled, the steam working a powerful engine capable of pumping some 1400 gallons of water in a minute.

From the distance the California sun motor looks like a huge open umbrella inverted, and with a piece sawn off the top. It is balanced on a high steel framework, and is set at such an angle that it will catch the sunbeams on its 1788 mirrors. Each of these mirrors measures two feet in length and three inches across, and reflects the sunshine on to a long cylinder, corresponding to the handle of the umbrella, which holds about 100 gallons of water. The boiler is made of steel, covered with a heat-absorbing material.

The hot, persistent California sun that shines almost every day in the year, when reflected from the mirrors on the boiler causes such a heat that it is possible to obtain 150 pounds of steam pressure in one hour from cold water. When the machine is made ready for work—a task for a boy, who has merely to turn a crank until the indicator shows that the sun is truly focused on the mirrors—it will move around so that its face is kept turned to the sun all day without further manipulation under the force of an automatic engine. The boiler is automatically supplied with water, a safety valve releasing the steam if the pressure should become too great.

All day, every day from an hour after sunrise to a half hour before sundown, this tireless heat concentrator keeps its shining face turned to the sun, storing up energy which may be put to almost any use. It works under the powerful California sun as well in winter as summer.—Selected

Clergyman's Strange Pact

In order to obtain possession of a plot of land for the enlargement of the Methodist Episcopal church of Stratford, Connecticut, Rev. Royal W. Raymond, pastor of the church, has signed a contract to listen for ten hours to a dissertation on "Science, Nature and Religion" by Thaddeus E. Peck, the owner of the land, says a Bridgeport (Conn.) dispatch to the Philadelphia Press. Mr. Peck, who does not believe in revealed religion, thinks he has a fair chance of converting Pastor Raymond because, according to the contract that has been duly signed, sealed and delivered, Pastor Raymond is obliged by the terms of the document to be an "attentive, honest listener."—Saratoga Sun

WHY should anyone lose self-control? It is like giving up a sword to an enemy.—MARIE CORELLI

SEARCHLIGHT

NO. 6

Special number issued to
the public

CONTAINING A FULL REPORT OF THE

Great Debate on Theosophy & Christianity

HELD AT THE OPERA HOUSE, SAN DIEGO, CAL.,
ON SEPTEMBER 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, AND
OCTOBER 6 AND 13, 1901

SEVENTY-TWO PAGES

Notwithstanding the increase in the cost of publishing, owing to the largely increased number of pages, the price remains the same as heretofore

FIFTEEN CENTS

The
Theosophical Publishing Co.
Point Loma, Cal.

You will need a copy for yourself and several copies to send to your friends. The edition is limited.

An Address
by Katherine Tingley
in the Opera House
at San Diego, Sunday
evening, March 16th
1902

Neatly printed and bound, containing half-tone illustrations of the Opera House, Loma Homestead and the Aryan Temple. This is the first public address of Katherine Tingley after her purchase of the Opera House, and in it is outlined broadly her plans for the beautiful theatre and its occupation by the Isis Conservatory of Music. Sent post paid for TEN CENTS.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Souvenir Postal Cards of Loma-land

PRIVATE MAILING CARDS, PRINTED ON
FINEST IVORY-FINISH CARDBOARD
13 different half-tone glimpses of Loma-land on which to send your Brotherhood Thoughts all over the world. A stream of them should be kept in circulation by every member.

2 for 5 cents (postage 1c extra) . \$0.06
50, postpaid, for 1.00
100, " " 1.50

Sent assorted unless ordered with specifications. Order from
THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Stanford
NOV 18
1902

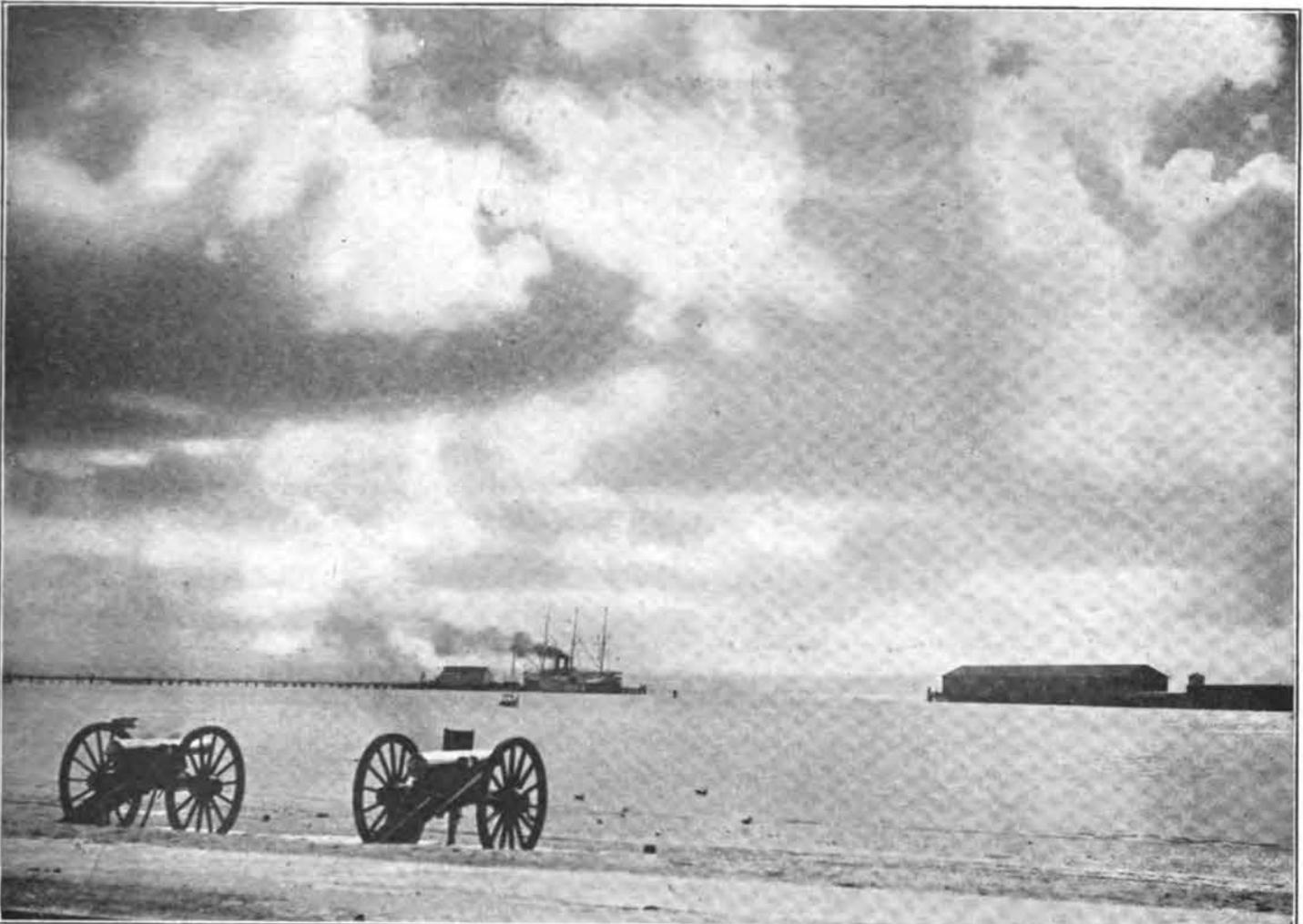
The New Century



Year \$2

Point Loma, San Diego, California.

Copy 5¢



Vol. V

NOVEMBER 2, 1902

No. 51

Tea, Coffee, and Tobacco

THERE is always more or less discussion going on, from a *medical* standpoint, about the action of tea, coffee, and tobacco. It is from another standpoint that I have an idea to suggest. All have their uses, but their ordinary use would appear to be an abuse.

All three of them have a tendency to make life, for the time being, more vivid.

Few or none of us have our consciousness tuned to nature. With none of us has consciousness its morning glory and energy setting in with sunrise, creative like a god's; its noonday intensity, carrying forward all that the morning began; its sunset peace when the lights pass from its physical to its spiritual fields.

But if we lived rightly, we should get those phases, each in its way a necessary part of life.

And in our instinctive attempt to get them, we begin the day with tea or coffee to get an imitation of that splendid dawn of energy which should come of itself, because of our correspondence with nature. Those of us who are unwise, follow the first meal up with tobacco, partly to the same end, partly for the gratification of the sense of taste.

In our present civilization, our current interest of vitality, payable from hour to hour, is small; simply because, being out of touch with nature, we have nothing from her with which to supplement our small individual capital.

And by the early-morning use of the three herbs named, we have gathered up into the first hour or two a head of vitality which we have robbed from that which we shall want for the middle of the day. Hence the lassitude of midday and the loss of interest then in plans that look so glowing in the morning.

If we repeat our sin at midday, we have yet more thoroughly depleted the deadly later hours of the afternoon.

To repeat the thing a third time at dinner is to do a double harm. Not only are we drawing upon the energy of the following morning, but in stimulating physiological and purely mental consciousness for the evening, we are destroying the chances of the *spiritual* phases that those hours might present. And sleep is consequently so deadened that impressions from the soul cannot, as they should, be registered in the memory or impressed on brain. Sleep is a part of life, and the rebuilding that goes on during its hours *might* be done under the superintendence of the soul; but is not in the main.

I think the above is true of all the three drugs. But tobacco stands a little apart from the other two. Its moderate use produces a concentration in the flow of ideas. This may be all right; indeed the use of all three may be all right for special occasions of need. But in this use of tobacco, we are calling in extraneous aid to do what the *will* ought to be trained to do. And so we are neglecting a chance of training the will.

These views are of course purely personal. PHYSICIAN

A Year of Vulcanism

THE stupendous eruptions of Pelee and La Soufriere have struck the imagination of the most superficial observer of the times; but it needs the more careful eye of the statistician to take an estimate of the lesser and sporadic phenomena which have contributed in at least an equal degree to make this summer a notable one in the history of cataclysms.

The *New York Times* makes a list of such events from April 10th to September 23d, and it comprises a continuous series of some sixty different outbursts, including volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, tidal waves, etc.

A consideration of the proportions of the earth, when correctly drawn to scale, sets great difficulties in the way of a purely dynamical theory of these phenomena. The analogy suggested is rather that of a nervous tremor in the skin of the earth. We find ourselves unable to think of the phenomena apart from their obvious psychical concomitants, to which they bear the relation of effects to causes.

There are invariably disturbances in the moral atmosphere of the world, strange meteorological conditions, and uncanny feelings in connection with these cataclysms. Modern science will find the words "electrical" and "magnetic" valuable adjuncts to an explanation which shall fit the facts fairly well without being too subversive of customary "scientific" views. H. T. E.

A Beautiful Tribute

THE concluding sentences of the funeral oration of Dr. C. D. Cleveland, made in honor of his wife, Estelle Trezevant Cleveland, as he stood at the head of her casket buried in the floral tributes of friends, just before the cortege proceeded to the Crematory of Odd-fellows' Cemetery, in Los Angeles, were as follows:

And now, dear Estelle, we must sadly pronounce our last farewell! We commit thee to the refined and ethereal dissolution of all sovereign heat: that heat which is the soul of the Sun, and the progenitor and life of the Universe. Thou shalt mingle with the immortal elements of the opulent and magnificent Globe, from whence, in mystery, excellence, and beauty, thou didst find thy origin.

In the endless procession of creation, may thy similitudes oft reappear on the earth, in the ages that are to come, to adorn and illumine society, and to augment and multiply the refinement, virtue, and intellectuality of our glorious, attractive, and wonderful World.

Not That Esterhazy

PRESS dispatches from Vienna announce that Count Eugene Esterhazy has created a sensation by retiring from the order of the Jesuits and commencing legal proceedings to recover his fortune of \$175,000 which he gave to the Society of Jesus on joining it in 1885. Esterhazy will be remembered as the one declared by experts to have been the forger who manufactured the papers upon which the whole of the Jesuitic-clerical conspiracy against Captain Alfred Dreyfus was carried out by the leaders of the anti-Semitic league in France a few years ago.

In the foregoing item which appeared in THE NEW CENTURY last week the latter sentence is a mistake. The Esterhazy of the Dreyfus case was *Major* Esterhazy of the French army. The Esterhazy referred to above belongs to the Austrian family of that name and is, I believe, no relation or connection whatever. The French Esterhazy never had any fortune. He mainly lived on . . . and quite lately was in extreme destitution in London. EDITOR

The Weight of the Universe

LORD KELVIN, the eminent British physicist, is said to combine in an unusual degree the faculties of speculative imagination and practical ability. And he has certainly ventured upon a task suited to his powers. For he has *weighed the Universe*.

What a combination of gravity with sublimity lurks in the bare words!

Of course he did not actually use any scales; for, like Archimedes, he would have had nowhere to stand. But, assuming the laws which define the relation between mass and motion, and taking as data the computed distances of stars, it was possible to arrive at some kind of estimate of the weight of the whole. This he puts as equal to one thousand million suns.

The Paper Age

WHAT would our civilization do without paper? Think, if you can, of a Twentieth century without books, devoid of magazines, destitute of newspapers! Think of your office without paper for ledgers and telegrams and letters! Think of a parcel without paper!

And is not this substance a very type of the superficiality, the lightness, the transience, of the age? All our undertakings and achievements look very well—on paper. It is certainly a matchless medium for securing quick results that are not required to last, and hence its indispensability to the present age. H. T. E.

Driftwood

- ☞ Only live fish swim up stream.
- ☞ A loyal heart is one of the Occult Powers.
- ☞ When you bury an evil habit, do not keep visiting its grave.
- ☞ In the opinion of the Navajos all sickness comes from violation of the tribal laws.
- ☞ When a man is wrong and won't admit it, he always gets angry.—HALIBURTON
- ☞ Goethe once said as he looked at a brilliant landscape through a bit of purple glass: "This must be the tone or color which will encompass heaven and earth on the day of Judgment."
- ☞ An effort is being made to secure for large California cities juvenile criminal courts, so that juvenile misdemeanors may be tried without mixing children with adult criminals. This plan has been successfully tested in the East.

Art Music and Literature

The Sublime Idea of Egyptian Music

THE Chinese and Hindoo systems never spread beyond the limits of their proper countries. Though based on high and noble conceptions, they were too deeply impregnated with local ideas ever to become generally accepted. Wonderful as they were, yet how inferior were they to the magnificent system of the Egyptians, based on that fundamental theory of unparalleled grandeur which made music the *symbol of the whole cosmos!*

The Egyptians compared the seven tones of the diatonic scale to the seven planets. They originated the sublime idea—which subsequently pervaded all antiquity, the middle ages, and even left its traces in modern times—the idea of the harmony of the spheres. Music was no longer a manifestation of terrestrial forces, or symbolical of terrestrial governments—it came to be considered a manifestation of the celestial, of the spirit which regulates the universe.

Harmony was no longer restricted to earth—it came to be the ruling principle of all Nature. The gods were the means through which the knowledge of music was imparted to man.

Osiris invented the flute; Isis the sacred songs. Thot was teacher of the science of Harmony, and of the nature of tones as well as of the system of constellations.

Their instruments, as numerous paintings and monuments attest, were rich in number and remarkable in construction.

Of the details of the system we have, however, but a sparse account. All we know is, that the seven tones of the scale are manifestations of the principle which produced the seven planets—Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, the Sun, and the Moon; and that the ratio between the lowest tone and the highest was the same as between Saturn, the most distant planet, and the Moon, the nearest.

Yet as they were good mathematicians, and, in fact, the inventors of geometry, it is highly probable that they were the discoverers of the mathematical properties of music—that they found the laws which refer pitch to the length and weight of the material. This supposition is strengthened by the well-known fact that Pythagoras was for twenty-two years a member of the College of Priests at Thebes. That, at all events, their systems and theories of music must have occupied a considerable portion of their studies can hardly be doubted. Among their sacred books, amounting in all to forty-two, two entire ones are devoted to music.

The Egyptians were the first to designate music as physic for the Soul, and consequently to ascribe to it pathological virtues. They were also, probably, the first hymnographers, and formed the models of all hymns of future times, whether Hebrew or Greek. Moses, as well as Pythagoras, was an Egyptian priest.—From *What Is Music?* by I. L. RICE

The First Sermon Preached in New England

A LITERARY discovery of great interest has been made in the library of the late Dr. Claudius B. Webster of Concord. This consists of a copy of the first sermon ever delivered in New England. The preacher was Robert Cushman and the sermon was preached at Plymouth, Mass., on December 12, 1621. The subject was "The sin and danger of self love" and the text "Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth."

Martin Harvey on the Present Day Drama

MR. MARTIN HARVEY, the eminent actor whose presentation of the "Only Way" made so profound an impression upon all who saw it, is about to visit America, where he will certainly receive the welcome which is always given to serious and dignified dramatic art, however much the foolish and the vicious may seem for the moment to be in the ascendent. Interviewed before his departure Mr. Harvey spoke with regret of the flippancy—and he might have used other and stronger words—which characterizes the drama of the present day. He is however an optimist, and he believes that he can see signs of the swing of the pendulum and the restoration of something more worthy and permanent. The decadence of the public taste has

of course served to discourage the best writers from doing their best work and devoting their genius to the production of plays which shall educate instead of debase, and tranquilize instead of inflame. In Mr. Harvey's hopes for a revival of the best dramatic art we heartily participate.

If dramatic managers had but the courage to lead instead of being led, they would not be without their reward.

The craving for novelty, and unwholesome novelty, is not universal. There is a large section of every community which would welcome the educative forces of

the drama if they were allowed to do so and there is a still larger section which can easily be weaned from the baser forms so current today. Nor need we wait for the play writers of the new age. Antiquity will help us here as elsewhere, and Æschylus and Shakespeare are as young today as ever they were.

STUDENT



The Use of Beauty in the Art of Life

THE perception of beauty is one of the paths to the soul. Beauty in nature, as one looks at it, like beauty of music as one listens to it, can be left in the sensuous personal consciousness and toyed with or reveled in, there.

Or it can be carried to the soul, and made into an act of worship. Nothing is permanently achieved that is of value unless this is done. Two or three minutes at sunrise, at sunset, or in the evening, thus spent daily, whether in city or country, will effect undreamed-of changes in the elevation of consciousness.

Such moments are cumulative. They spread into the consciousness of other hours like a drop of color in a vessel of water. Gradually the mind opens to the soul, and that means the coming about of a profound peace and the exorcism of the demons of anxiety, unrest, desire, and selfishness. The dark places of our being become flooded with the eastern and western hues. The needs of humanity, its future, and the way to serve, become known.

We become responsive to the breath of the aspiration and thought of past ages and races. It is about us always, but the minds of men of our race have for long been closed to it.

The victory is achieved when we can preserve that consciousness through the hot noon and the long day with its turmoil and pressure of work. The beauty of that which is beautiful produces a harmonizing effect on nerve and brain, transmitted by the eye and ear. That makes the opportunity to reach to the soul, the real self.

ORION



ONE of CUBA'S
MARTYRED
HEROES

GENERAL
ANTONIO
MACEO

Protection of Our Wild Animals

WHEN America was first colonized it had a fauna unequalled in extent by that of any continent, but the march of civilization has inevitably brought many types near to extinction.

General sentiment and State legislation have successfully operated to stem the destruction of plumage and song birds, and these are likely to continue thriving. But the larger animals must inevitably succumb to the extension of conditions that are hostile to them, except in such preserved regions as the Yellowstone Park, where there are Government herds of buffalo, deer and antelope.

It is thought that the work of the Forestry Bureau in preventing forest fires that are due to negligence, will be effectual in staying the wholesale destruction of native wild animals from the drought and the scarcity of food inevitably following upon the burning of immense tracts, as well as from actually perishing in the flames.

STUDENT

Most Southerly Town on the Globe

THE most southerly town on the globe is Punta Arenas, on the Straits of Magellan in latitude about 53. The name means "Sandy Point," and the town lies on a low flat plain, with a background of snow-covered mountains and a generally dreary aspect.

Originally a convict settlement, it is now a Chilean port and coaling station for vessels passing through the straits. The population numbers 9000 souls.

Punta Arenas is very isolated from the world, being 2000 miles from the nearest town. But it is described as a live business place with a quiet, orderly population.

The scenery round the coast and among the islands off the southern horn of the continent is most magnificent though almost arctic. The Andes run down into the sea and rise out of the water; here sea and mountain meet in the fullest meaning of the term.

H. T. E.

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

The Civilization at Knossos, the Home of the Minotaur

THE discoveries in Crete to which we have already drawn some attention in these columns continue to be the subject of much research and speculation on the part of archæologists. The latest report from the British School at Athens records some further results of Mr. A. J. Evans' excavations, which now indisputably establish the fact that a civilization of the highest order existed in Crete at least two thousand years B. C. We have now a description of the labyrinth which figures so largely in ancient story, the abode of the sacred Minotaur, the great human-headed bull. This labyrinth is of enormous extent, entirely covering the hill upon which it stood, and descending by a series of halls and towers to the shores of the stream which ran below. Of this labyrinth Dædalus says that it was "so artfully contrived that whoever was enclosed in it could by no means find his way out unassisted."

The inscribed tablets which have come to light in such numbers are being slowly deciphered. The Cretan Government is fully alive to the value of its archæological treasures, and allows none of these tablets to be taken from the island. The labor of decipherment has therefore to be undertaken on the spot.

High artistic ability was certainly a marked characteristic of the civilization of Knossos. One of the frescoes bears a very fine picture of a girl, whose head-dress is identical with that depicted on the tomb of Rekhmara at Thebes, and this is but one of many evidences that this ancient Cretan civilization was Egyptian in origin. The importance of this conclusion to our knowledge of prehistoric Greece can hardly be overestimated. A marvelous gaming board has also been unearthed, made of gold, ivory and crystal, and a not less suggestive find is that of a clay matrix which was obviously used for counterfeiting purposes.

Further light is thrown upon the origin of the Greek alphabet by the discovery of a number of small bone articles bearing inscriptions, among which nearly all the letters of the Greek alphabet can be identified.

Commenting upon the fact that no evidences of fortifications of any kind have so far been discovered, the report says:

It seems to have been a palace of secure peace, of luxurious baths and polished dancing floors, inhabited by princes, who took their pleasure in leading a life of luxurious ease, surrounded by a court of ladies . . . the men with hair as long as that of the women and almost as elaborately dressed. . . . Knossos was the seat of the just and mighty Minos; it was also the abode of the Minotaur. What overwhelmed this city of "Live at Ease," and burnt its walls and towers? The conquering Aryan from the north probably; but we do not know. Who the Minoans themselves were we hardly know.

Dr. Boyd Dawkins, the distinguished craniologist, has examined some protomy-cenacian dolichocephalic skulls which Mr. Hogarth unearthed, and finds them to possess characters which point unmistakably to the fact that their possessors led the artificial life of a highly civilized people.

STUDENT

The Indian Census Shows an Increase

THE Indian census which has just been issued discloses some remarkable figures. The total population of British India is 294,360,356 showing an increase in spite of famine of 7,136,925 upon the return of 1891. The increase however is to be found only in British Territory, for in the native states there is a decrease of 3,585,938, and this decrease is almost entirely due to plague and famine. Thus in Baroda, the present population is 944,058, whereas in 1891 it was 2,415,396. In Rajputana the population has sunk from 12,016,102 to 4,619,055. It would be hardly possible to find a more striking tribute to the power of sanitation.

The religions of India also furnish some remarkable figures. The number of Hindus is given as 207,146,422, Mohammedans 62,458,061, Buddhists 9,476,750, and Christians 2,023,241. Of the Christians, nearly one-half are Roman Catholics. There are also 18,228 Jews.

The present census contains no statistics of those unable to read and write, but the figures of the last census, that of 1891, are interesting. No less than 118,000,000 males and 127,000,000 females at that time were unable to read or write, and we may roughly assume that these figures hold good at the present day. The expenditure on famine relief last year was over \$20,000,000.

STUDENT

Twentieth Century Enterprise in Exploration

THE *Milwaukee Daily News* gives a summary of many of the numerous explorations that have been, or are being, made in the fields of archæology, geography, geology, etc., which gives a vivid idea of the remarkable interest and energy now being given to unraveling the past history of humanity. The two poles are being visited by many expeditions.

In Africa, L'Enfant has penetrated the Niger for almost 1000 miles in a steamer, and Captain Monteil is laying a telegraph line from Southern Tunis to Lake Tchad, across Sahara. Count de Segonzac has penetrated into the forbidden parts of Morocco, in the guise of an Arab.

In Asia Minor, the Imperial German Archæological Institute is excavating the site of the ancient temple of Gordium in Bithynia, connected with the legend of the Gordian knot, and proof is said to have been found that the city flourished 1500 years B. C. German private capital has purchased the greater part of the peninsula of Miletus for exploration, and classical remains outrivaling those of Pompeii are being unearthed.

The Mesopotamian valley is being desecrated by the railroad engineer and may his profane hand be guided by the more reverential care of accompanying archæologists!

These railroad engineers also have enabled the world to learn something at last about the mysterious and notorious devil-worshippers of Asiatic-Turkey, who dwell in the hills east of Mosul on the Tigris, near the ruins of Nineveh. The Turks call them Extinguishers of Lights. They are Kurds and recognize two forces only in the world—the good and the bad. Arguing that the good cannot do anyone harm, they worship the bad, in order to propitiate it.

The chemical examination of Babylonian copper and bronze articles has convinced the explorers that the Babylonians understood the art of making bronze out of an alloy of copper and antimony at least 5000 years before Christ.

Dr. William Hein of Vienna has ventured into Southern Arabia, the land of independent kings, who have never recognized the rule of Turkey.

The French explorer, De Morgan, who has been excavating in Susiana in Persia, has found, not one buried city, but a half dozen of them, one on the top of the other. The conquerors, as they succeeded each other there, had the amiable habit of destroying everything and building their own city according to their own tastes, on the ruins.

The French have organized in Madagascar a local cosmopolitan Academy to explore that great island in the interests of the various *ologies*.

H. T. E.

Has the Aepyornis Become Extinct?

THE local French Academy, which has been founded in Madagascar, expects to settle the question whether that gigantic bird the *Aepyornis* still stalks living through the unexplored interior of the island.

This bird is now only known in the sub-fossil state, and through its sub-fossil eggs, which are the largest eggs known (12¼ by 9⅞ inches).

The fauna of Madagascar shows a connection with Asia rather than with Africa, and points back to Lemuria, the continent on which the Third Race flourished.

Sclater asserted, as long ago as between 1850 and 1860, on zoological grounds, the actual existence in prehistoric times of a continent extending from Madagascar to Ceylon and Sumatra.

STUDENT

The Colossus of Memphis

THE Colossus of Memphis is a statue of Rameses II, which has been raised by the British from the bed of the Nile, where it had lain for centuries. It is believed to have been one of a pair adorning the portals of a temple of Pthah. The height of the perfect statue must have been fifty feet, the head piece alone being nine feet high.

Rameses seems to have scattered his own features in stone far and wide over the empire which he so strenuously governed for sixty-seven years, some 3,000 years ago.

The rock-hewn temple of Ips-Ambul in Nubia has on its facade four portrait-statues of Rameses II seventy feet high.



THE CITY OF NOGALES, which lies half in Arizona, U. S., and half in Sonora, Mex., International Avenue, the boundary line between the two Republics, running through the city

A BROAD, comprehensive title, is it not? seeing that nearly all of you here present probably have in your minds a firm conviction of this state's chief need and the best way to supply it. And these needs are all directed by your personal views of the case so that the remedies are most diverse, ranging from another transcontinental railway to a national irrigation scheme with innumerable variations between the two, embracing improvements both political and commercial.

Now the very diversity of the remedies proposed shows that the treatment is being applied to the symptoms and not to the disease. The root of the matter has not been reached, the diagnosis has not gone deep enough. Let us do a little probing.

Granted that this state needs increased facilities to transport its vast and perishable food products to eastern markets. Granted that vast portions of its available agricultural land lie idle for need of water development. Granted that it needs factories, harbor improvements, better roads and countless other things. Why does it not get them, seeing that the need thereof is so patent? Is it want of money? The banks are full of it seeking investment. Is it men? The unemployed are always with us. Is it ignorance of what is wanted? Every one of us who thinks along these lines can suggest a dozen good things worth the doing. Well, what is it? Is it not the lack of unity of purpose due to the lack of recognition that there must be unity of interest.

In the early history of a country, the fewness of the pioneers, their common obstacles to be overcome, and the great number of these and their continual upspringing draw these pioneers together; they act as a body, the interest of one is the interest of all, so that no man builds or works for himself alone except in so far that helping the community helps himself. Then follow those who travel the path hewn out by the pioneer, not to thank the pioneer for the path, not to say to him by your hewing I am benefited therefore I will help you, but to trade selfishly thereupon and the barter and trade of the business world arrives, where the interest of the seller and buyer are placed opposite one another instead of side by side. The boom era comes with its vast array of misrepresentations and fictitious values, then the reaction and the final settling of things to a level. What has San Diego gained? What has any part of California gained by the "taking in" of the tenderfoot? Nothing but that the coming tenderfoot arrives on the coast warned by former victims of the lies he will hear and the schemes that will be engineered to sell him. The country is full of deserted places, half finished buildings, townsites with only the survey posts to mark them out, monuments to men's efforts to rise on other men's falls. It is nothing you say—the tale of the centuries all the world over. Why then the trouble must be the same—for no man of any morality, no man worthy the name of man can admit that these things should be—that man should prey on his kind as a means of livelihood. The world's real need must be a remedy for this state of things—all international, all national, all state, all community—yes, and all individual troubles come from one cause and seeing that cause is a lack of recognition of a common interest—the trouble must be selfishness, a false sense of separateness. So that the deep-lying disease of California is this sense of separateness—a belief that the interests of the north are not those of the south, that those of one town are not those of another, that those of one individual are not those of his neighbor. The ramifications of trade should be an object lesson of the fallacy of this. The modern business house has dealings with practically all the world, directly or indirectly. Can it be independent of its mark-

What California Needs

Read at Theosophical meeting in Isis Theatre Sunday evening, Oct. 26th, by A. D. ROBINSON

ets for purchase or sale? Is not this recognized, partly, unconsciously in the trend of business to combinations, selfish and separate combinations, it is admitted, but straws show which way the wind blows,

and into men's minds is growing the perception that the interests of at least certain classes are identical, and this idea is the beginning of the breaking of a light that the interests of *all* are the same.

The need of California is the recognition that brotherhood is a fact in nature, and to live up to it to the best of its ability. And its privilege is great, for The Theosophical Movement that is pledged to demonstrate that Brotherhood is a fact in nature, has its Headquarters in her borders, and from that Center is ever going out the helpful, strong thoughts of earnest, right-thinking, right-living men and women, headed by their great Leader, Katherine Tingley. Shall this beautiful State, with its resplendent beauties of valley, hill and sea, its wealth of fruit and flowers, its men and women who ever live in the warm sunlight of an eternal summer; shall it refuse to have its heart warmed, shall it cling to the fallacy that I am not my brother's keeper? Can its people be less bounteous than nature around them, will they not give as they receive?

Do not be deceived; this is not a mere sentimental doctrine, it has at its base a fact in nature. In time the working of the law would force men to see it and act on it, but the mission of Theosophy is to spare the world untold woe, by calling out the fact and repeating it again and again so that much may be left off the tale of calamities.

Is there any one but has to admit that if brotherhood ruled the actions of men in their dealings one with another, every one's condition would be vastly improved? What marvelous changes would follow the confidence men would have in themselves and their fellows. You think, Oh! I cannot act thus unless Jones does. Act thou and your attitude forces Jones. One man consciously in the right is stronger than ten in the wrong. You people of San Diego, here, what could you not do to leaven your city with the spirit of brotherhood if it shone forth steadily in yourselves. Oh this beautiful city with its unequalled pictures of sea and mountain, its unique climate, its great natural advantages, what is it doing? Sitting down waiting for a boom, patiently bearing the reputation of being dead, when its possibilities are infinite? You citizens thereof, do you realize that you have week after week the true way of progress pointed out to you? Do you realize that with the Brotherhood life among you your city would build up, not boom, and become a modern Athens? Do you realize that what San Diego as well as California and all the world needs for its progress along all lines is Brotherhood? That you think along brotherhood lines is evidenced by your being here, but thoughts, powerful as they are, fail of their fruition unless action follows.

IT is not without a sense of relief that, in this age of hurry and system, one hears of the calm and leisurely methods of an older civilization; although our aspirations should rather be after the more perfect repose and simplicity of future wisdom than after the resting places of past history. What an ungodly and nerve-wrecking rush is a modern printer's composing room, with the operators working at the top speed of their trained ability! The Chinese newspaper in San Francisco has eleven thousand different types, and the compositor strolls about the cases in a dignified manner, carefully selecting the types he requires. A small paper takes the labors of eight or nine men for twelve or thirteen hours.

In the Raja Yoga School, Point Loma



READING THE THERMOMETERS AT THE METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATORY



CUBAN BOYS TAKING OBSERVATIONS AT THE METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATORY



A CLASS IN TELEGRAPHY—CUBANS LEARNING THE MORSE ALPHABET



YOUNG VIOLIN MAKERS—CUBAN BOYS RECEIVING INSTRUCTION IN CARPENTERING

How We Influence the Animals

“OH Meg!” said Susie, “I have just been thinking that cats grow like the people they belong to.”

“Susie!” exclaimed Eva, “how can you think such a thing?”

Susie flushed crimson.

“But Meg,” said she apologetically, “I couldn’t help thinking it, because I just saw and knew it somehow. You know, a woman lives quite near to us, and she scolds and scolds, and always looks cross, and she has a cat and it is just like her. You can never play with it. How it looks at you, keeps you away, even when you want to stroke it. And,” she continued, gaining more confidence, “I went visiting with mother yesterday, to friends of mother’s, nice, thoughtful people—that is what mother says—and they have a cat. A whole lot of people were there. But oh, it was such a lovely cat! it looked so wise and kind, and so like mother’s friend—not quite like her, you know, Meg, but just something the same, and I did want to ask someone if they didn’t think so too. But mother will never allow me to talk when I go visiting, so I couldn’t. But Meg,” and Susie gave a little laugh, “just as I was thinking about it, a lady said, ‘Oh pussy! how like a sphinx you are.’ So she must have thought a little bit like me, for her to say that, so I didn’t need to ask about it then.”

Meg put her arm round Susie, and drew her a little closer to her side. “What you say, dear, is quite true,” said she, gravely. “Our thoughts

are written all about us, and they become impressed on the people around us, and on the animals, and even on the flowers. When thoughts are pure, flowers grow more beautiful, and animals more gentle and kind. But we have selfish thoughts sometimes, and you know selfish thoughts always come from the animal part of our nature, and the nature of animals is just the same; it is really all one nature, united—just as all that is pure and beautiful is united in the feeling of beauty.

“So when we are selfish, and give way to cross feelings and desires, we strengthen and make the whole animal nature more animal—in people as well as in animals—we can’t help doing it in both, because animal nature is all one. But when we do all we can to put aside what is impure and selfish, and long for what is beautiful and pure, then we help the whole animal nature. So when everyone longs for the pure and the beautiful,” said Meg, with a smile, “then Susie won’t see any more cross feelings in cats.”

A. P. D.

“MY father is very rich,” said little Earl, as he walked by the side of his nurse. “All this land is his, and this house, and stable, and the lake.”

“My father is also rich,” said the nurse-girl, as she looked up to the sky and away over the fields and woods. “The green fields and meadows are all His, the blue sky and golden sun, the cattle on a thousand hills—all these are His.”

“And who is your father?” asked Earl.

“He is the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth,” was the good and gentle answer.—*Selected*

GEORGE T. VERNON
Tailor

1110 FIFTH STREET - SEFTON BLOCK
Telephone Black 1912

ENTERTAINMENT
by Children of the

Raja Yoga School

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON
in the

Aryan Temple, Point Loma
Tickets 50 cents

Bank of Commerce

841 FIFTH ST., bet E & F Sts., SAN DIEGO

Capital, \$100,000
Reserve & Undivided Profits, \$46,837.23

R. M. POWERS, President F. W. JACKSON, Cashier
GRAHAM E. BABCOCK, C. L. WILLIAMS,
Vice-President Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—R. M. Powers, Graham E. Babcock, J. F. Sinks,
A. H. Frost, Chas. T. Hinde, U. S. Grant, & F. W. Jackson

General banking business transacted. Exchange drawn direct on all principal cities of United States and Europe. Prompt attention given to collections.

EDWARD M. BURBECK

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Copper Plate Engraving & Printing
Steel Dies, Crests, and Monograms
Largest & most varied stock of Books
and General Literature in the City

1051-59 FIFTH STREET, SAN DIEGO

"Burbeck's Big Bookstore"

Toys Games Souvenirs Office Supplies City and County Maps

"Where Rail and Tide Meet, There Cast Anchor"

Investors, Speculators, & Real Estate Dealers

GET IN ON THE
GROUND FLOOR
AT SAN DIEGO
EARLY

San Diego is the Open Door to the Orient & Investors now will be Capitalists later

CAN'T YOU SEE THE HAND OF DESTINY?

- 2700 miles saved in encircling the globe via this port
- Three Transcontinental Railroads heading for this Harbor
- The Commerce of the Southwest and of the Pacific is being concentrated at the Bay of San Diego
- Look out for Big Developments; the Market is active now

If you want to Buy or Sell there, address **D. C. Reed**

Established 1870

Ex-Mayor of San Diego

World's Headquarters **UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD** Organization, POINT LOMA, California
Meteorological Table for the week ending
October the 27th, 1902

OCT.	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
21	29.848	65	58	62	60	0	N	5
22	29.824	65	55	62	58	0	E	7
23	29.736	68	58	61	60	0	N	8
24	29.744	67	54	58	57	0	SE	11
25	29.846	66	53	57	56	0.13	E	6
26	29.860	61	54	59	59	0	N	3
27	29.842	64	53	56	56	0	W	light

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

President Eliot on the Common Schools

While President Eliot of Harvard is not wholly free from the imputation of fault finding, his arraignment of the public school system of the country at the meeting of the State Teachers' Association of Connecticut, has been voiced by other sincere friends of popular education in the United States. As complete and practical an expert in the science of sociology as Jane Addams of the Hull House in Chicago, expressed the opinion not long ago that the system of public education in this country was not equal to the demands of the times, and that it failed to equip the youth of the land for the work which a large majority of them are called upon to perform. That is to say, that, while the sort of education which the boys and girls of the present period obtain in the common schools equips them for the duties of clerks and stenographers and typewriters, it does not train them for the most intelligent fulfillment of the manual tasks in which so many young men and women are called upon to engage.

There is a hint of this limitation in the declaration of President Eliot, that if the common schools had been conducted along the proper lines for the last generation such industrial wars as the country is constantly experiencing would be impossible.

With all of President Eliot's inclination to be hypercritical, there is a plain note of an honest and sincere purpose in his observations about the common schools. There has been too much of a disposition on the part of the public to regard the system of free education in the United States as perfect and as being so generous and benevolent as to be rather beyond the reach of cavil.

This spirit of grateful appreciation is admirable in its way, but it should not prevent the people from getting the full value of the large amount of money they expend on their schools. What is known as a common school education should be practical and serviceable in the highest degree. The course of instruction ought to embrace those things which can be made most available to the largest number of pupils. Higher training can be obtained by those who are willing to strive for it in the academies and colleges.

There is no call for stuffing or cramming in the common schools. The complaint is prevalent that pupils are overtaxed with studies which are not strictly rudimentary and that much time is thus wasted which should be devoted to a more thorough mastery of essential branches. It is quite possible to discuss this matter and to investigate it in a spirit of complete toleration and fairness, and the desirability of doing so becomes apparent when educators of the distinction of President Eliot take the position which he assumes.

It is well to remember, too, that unquestioning satisfaction with any system is not calculated to contribute to its highest usefulness and success.—*Kansas City Star*

AT AN EDITORIAL OFFICE: *Poet*—I have here a spring poem, which I venture to offer you for acceptance. *Editor*—Thanks; may I trouble you to throw it into the waste-basket as you pass?

SEARCHLIGHT

NO. 6

Special number issued to
the public

CONTAINING A FULL REPORT OF THE

**Great Debate
on Theosophy
& Christianity**

HELD AT THE OPERA HOUSE, SAN DIEGO, CAL.,
ON SEPTEMBER 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, AND
OCTOBER 6 AND 13, 1901

SEVENTY-TWO PAGES

Notwithstanding the increase in the cost of publishing, owing to the largely increased number of pages, the price remains the same as heretofore

FIFTEEN CENTS

The
Theosophical Publishing Co.
Point Loma, Cal.

You will need a copy for yourself and several copies to send to your friends. The edition is limited.

An Address

by Katherine Tingley
in the Opera House
at San Diego, Sunday
evening, March 16th
1902

Neatly printed and bound, containing half-tone illustrations of the Opera House, Loma Homestead and the Aryan Temple. This is the first public address of Katherine Tingley after her purchase of the Opera House, and in it is outlined broadly her plans for the beautiful theatre and its occupation by the Isis Conservatory of Music. Sent post paid for TEN CENTS.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Souvenir Postal Cards
of Loma-land

PRIVATE MAILING CARDS, PRINTED ON
FINEST IVORY-FINISH CARDBOARD
13 different half-tone glimpses of Loma-land on which to send your Brotherhood Thoughts all over the world. A stream of them should be kept in circulation by every member.

2 for 5 cents (postage 1c extra) . \$0.06
50, postpaid, for 1.00
100, " " 1.50

Sent assorted unless ordered with specifications. Order from
THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

University

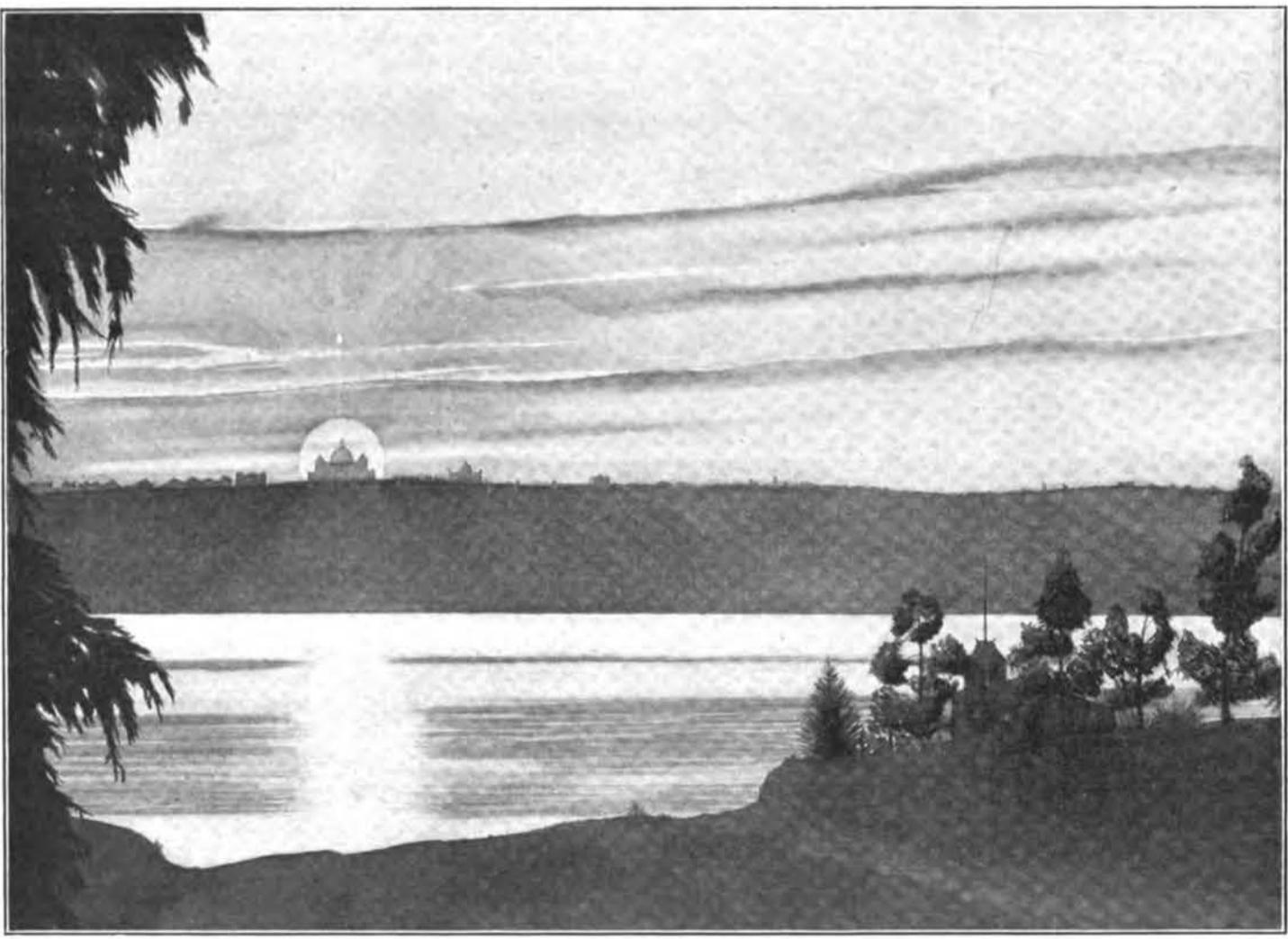
The New Century



Year \$2

Point Loma, San Diego, California.

Copy 5¢



From *The San Diego Union* of Thursday morning, November 6, 1902

THE DETENTION OF CUBAN CHILDREN

The Latest Information Regarding Their Forced Stay at Ellis Island

Katherine Tingley Makes a Statement—Prominent Cubans Indignant at Authorities' Interference—Cablegram to Their Minister

EDITOR UNION: On November 4th I received information from Cuba that the people who were interested in having the eleven Cuban children now at Ellis Island come to the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma were very indignant over their detention, and that some prominent people had cabled the Cuban minister at Washington to demand their release at once. The following is an exact copy of their cable:

We, the undersigned, speaking in the name of our people, demand that the eleven Cuban children be instantly released and returned to the control of Dr. Van Pelt to proceed to their destination or to return in her charge to Cuba, as Katherine Tingley, head of the Raja Yoga School, shall direct. Should Katherine Tingley deem it more wise that they return to Cuba, we shall place them in the school at Santiago, which her representatives are here working to establish, much to our content and satisfaction. We desire most that the children proceed to Point Loma in charge of Dr. Van Pelt without her being subjected to any meddling, outrageous interference whatever. If Katherine Tingley does not now consent to receive them at Point Loma, then Dr. Van Pelt will return with them to Santiago, but we will not allow these children to be made catspaws to the spite of the enemies of Katherine Tingley who is a tried and proven friend of humanity, nor will we permit Cuban interests to be sacrificed to the subtle self-interest of her slanderers. We recognize that in her opening the way for these children to go to the United States she was endeavoring to bring about a better mutual understanding between the best hearts of the great nation and of those in Cuba.

Through long oppression and persecution we have come to appreciate work that tends to human progress, and we know that we are voicing the sentiment of all true Cubans here. We protest against the outrages perpetrated against Katherine Tingley, the noble benefactor of Cuba. We protest against the unwarrantable detention of our Cuban children in a cold climate, and their incarceration by the Immigration Board through the pressure of a professed humanitarian body, calling themselves the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, while en route via New York to receive free and unexcelled American education offered them by Katherine Tingley, at Point Loma, California. We have received proof of the benefits which she has, during the past two years, conferred upon a large number of Cuban children in the Raja Yoga School.

We feel a just indignation that others of our children now going to participate in these advantages should, through the action of American authorities, be made a prey to the ecclesiastical enemies of Katherine Tingley, and to the political charlatans who seek to destroy her work for Cuba, and make political capital against Mayor Bacardi and the . . . party by creating unfriendly feeling between Cuba and America. We have already cabled at length to the Cuban Minister at Washington, asking his protest to the Board of Immigration, and we send him now a copy of this message.

Signed: FRANCISCO SANCHEZ, Civil Governor
EL CUBANO LIBRE [daily newspaper]
BRAVE BORREOSO, Senator
FRANCISCO ORTIZ, Acting Mayor, Santiago

After the above information was confirmed, I telegraphed the following to Mr. A. G. Spalding, at New York:

I am cabling Acting Mayor Ortiz at Santiago to let the eleven Cuban children remain at Ellis Island until we should have time to fight this affair out on principle, for only in this way could they uncover hidden enemies to Cuba and America.

I then cabled Acting Mayor Ortiz my desire, and later received a telegram from my New York representative, in substance that they would leave the matter in my hands. Tonight Mr. Spalding wires me that a rehearing of the case took place today, and that Messrs. Gerry and Davis, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, who seemed to have full control of the Immigration Board, brought the case to such an issue that we demanded a rehearing, and, although it was explained that our evidence was 3000 miles away, we could not get the hearing put off later than Friday next, at 1 o'clock. The whole proceeding in this case was but a travesty on justice.

Mr. Spalding also stated that in his opinion it would be an injustice to have the children remain longer in that cold country, and there was every evidence that Messrs. Gerry and Davis were determined that these children should be deported, but that they were not in a hurry to do so.

Immediately on receipt of this information, I wired to Mr. Spalding and my attorneys:

Rather than to have the lives of these children imperiled one day longer by remaining in a cold climate, I request that you go to Ellis Island in the morning and present the Cuban demand for the immediate return of the

eleven children to the commissioners of immigration. You must act quickly in order that they may leave on the steamer sailing tomorrow.

After sending the telegram to Mr. Spalding, I immediately directed my attorneys to prepare a detailed statement of all that occurred from the time when those Cuban children were taken from the steamer by an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children up to their departure, and to send this statement to Mr. Frank P. Sargent, Commissioner General of Immigration at Washington.

As soon as Emilio Bacardi, Mayor of Santiago de Cuba, and Senor Ortiz, editor of *El Cubano Libre*, arrive here at Point Loma, I shall endeavor to have them go to Washington with my attorneys and make proper complaint to the government authorities.

I have in hand considerable information of interesting character that will sustain the statement made by the signers of the Cuban demand that this cruel work emanated from enemies of Cuba and America, and that the instigator of the whole affair will be traced to a person who recently lived at San Diego, aided and abetted by one of the vilest travesties of manhood that ever trod the Pacific Coast. In Cuba there are also two persons who have taken active part in this persecution, one an American missionary, and the other a Cuban political desperado.

If the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is conducted on the principles of humanity, how could creatures of the type just mentioned exert any influence on their liberally salaried officials?

I am overjoyed to think that we have already our international center established in Cuba, and that Mr. Walter T. Hanson, who is in charge of the same, will see that the eleven children that America has turned away from its door will have every possible advantage of the Raja Yoga School just started there.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

More About the Spider and His Web

THE *Scientific American* (October 18th), has another letter on this subject, which bears out what was said by "P. L.," in a letter published in *THE NEW CENTURY* for October 26th.

The correspondent kept a tame spider in a glass jar, and used to take it out at night to build webs:

One day, about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the thermometer stood at about 85° in the shade, and the air was so calm that I could not feel any current, although there was a slight movement in the air from northeast to southwest, I selected a place about twelve feet from a wire fence with green bushes in the rear. Here I had the benefit of the sunlight to observe my spider. His actions proved that he appreciated the favorable situation at its true worth. Poised upon the end of my cane, he set his spinneret in motion. I could see the web floating away with every undulation, glistening in the sunlight as it went on directly to the wire. When it caught the spider stopped immediately. His subtle sense of touch told him of his success. Forthwith he began to haul away on his cable until it was taut and fastened to the cane. Then he went over the tight web like one who loves liberty and values time. I thought he had earned his freedom, and likewise that I had gained the information which I so much desired.

WHAT may be the cause of the connection between tuberculosis and insanity is not known, but the connection does undoubtedly exist. In England nearly one-fourth of the asylum patients who die are tubercular; in Scotland one-fifth; in Ireland a third. We have not yet been told that a microbe causes insanity, nor have the vivisectors furnished us hitherto with a prophylactic serum.

Driftwood

☞ The beams of joy are made hotter by reflection.—FULLER

☞ We make many errors by regarding in detail what should be looked at as a whole. A single disaster will not much affect a general average made up of successes.

☞ The Chinese language, says a reliable authority, "is language in its most archaic form. Every word is a root, every root is a word. It is without inflection or even agglutination; its substantives are indeclinable, and its verbs are not to be conjugated."

☞ Mrs. Margaret Neve, of Rouge Huis, Guernsey, was born in May 1792, according to full documentary evidence. She has traveled extensively, and is conversant with several European languages. She learned Greek at 80. The old lady is in good health and can still read.

☞ The alarming increase of lunacy in Essex, one of the counties in which London is situated, has caused a decision to erect another asylum. Two asylums are already full, and so is an enormous one that was erected a few months ago. Talk of civilization! What is the use of civilization without men and women?

☞ Joy is the mainspring in the whole round of everlasting nature; joy moves the wheels of the great time-piece of the world; she it is that loosens flowers from their buds, suns from firmaments, rolling spheres in distant space seen not by the glass of the astronomer.—SCHILLER

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

How to Escape Misery

THE problem of escaping misery has ever occupied the attention of mankind, and the solutions are many. One is: Eat, drink, and be merry. Some of the ancients advised the escaping of it by the way of Philosophy. Others said: By means of utter passionlessness withdraw from life into Nirvana; cut loose from embodied existence. The highest is: Become absorbed in human welfare; keep an ever-burning light (of love) in your heart.

This last is the *acceptance* of misery—and it disappears in the completeness of the acceptance. The preceding one is a transcendental *shirking* of it, undertaken by the unit for himself, regardless of others, and foredoomed (because of the unity of life) to *ultimate* failure.

Pessimism as a philosophy, selfishness as a practice; these were the elements in the teaching of Swami Vivekananda, whose death has just been reported from India.

In his last lectures he asks, What is the object of doing good? And the answer is: (1st) that "that is the only way of making ourselves happy;" and (2nd) that "that is the work to be done," although "we know there will never come a time when this universe will be full of happiness and without misery." Evil is in the very nature of existence.

Therefore get out of existence; get to Nirvana. "Give up this building of mud-pies" (that is, sustaining the universe by likes and dislikes); betake yourself "to the Infinite Ocean of Existence." Never mind any one else; don't injure them; even benefit them as you pass, because that is "the work to be done," and to make yourself happy; but get out.

One ponders on the spectacle of this portly, well-dressed Hindoo, expounding to a drawing-room full of men and women, also well-fed and well-dressed, that the universe is one embodied misery and advising them, amid the sympathetic murmurs of the ladies, to become passionless, estranged from flesh, and vacate it.

Then they all go to dinner, and afterward the theatre.

On the whole, one cannot take this Neo-Vedantism and its adherents very seriously. It all has a *belated* effect. One only asks, *Why* was Vedantism thus clad in Nineteenth century garments, made elegant and cultured to modern ears, and introduced to drawing-rooms? To make it appear that you could have all the best and most *recherche* elements of Theosophy without "all that brotherhood twaddle," "table-serving," and what not? Was it part of that *anti-Theosophical* and indeed anti-human movement which in one of its forms does actually take the name Theosophy?

Problem of the Churches

AT a recent conference of Baptists in England, a paper was read by Rev. J. Archer on "Some Aspects of the Young Life in Our Churches." The difficulty, said Mr. Archer, was to keep young people in the Sunday-schools and churches, from which their craving for excitement and independence led them away. They received prizes for going to Sunday-school, and their amusement was catered for by cricket and football clubs, draughts and dominoes, dancing classes and social entertainments, but this only makes the work of keeping before them the chief objects of life more difficult. Professor Medley of Rawdon College, opened a discussion. In this matter there was a depressing sense that they had not succeeded. He thought that entertainments and rewards were not the right way to win the souls of old or young. Mr. J. R. Birkinshaw, of Bradford, said he was afraid it would sound very unorthodox, but he must ask whether it was wise to admit the young so readily to fellowship. For these young people who often have but the faintest conception of what their vows mean, *to be introduced to the voting and squabbles of the church, and many other things not fit for them*, was, he thought, a danger.

We fully agree that church "squabbles" are matters "not fit" for the young to witness; but why squabble? We would suggest that if those who talk so much about "winning the souls" of the young would try to get some idea of what the soul is, what its powers and modes of manifestation, there would be less trouble about "winning it." And the young would co-operate gladly enough.

STUDENT

To Get Something for Nothing

UPON the occasion of a recent raid on one of New York's giant gambling haunts, the police discovered in the safe a sum of \$800,000 which represented one day's play.

There can perhaps be no better gauge of the demoralization of a community than the extent to which the gambling habit has taken hold of its people. Such seizures as this show that the evil has attained to such colossal proportions as to be appalling, and unless public opinion can be aroused and educated, the outlook is indeed disheartening and discouraging.

An appeal to the commonest dictates of political economy is enough to show how destructive to commercial sanity and to commercial success is the spirit of gambling, whichever one of its many forms it may assume. It is an attempt to acquire money without making any kind of return, and to possess property for which no payment of any sort is made. The money thus used is taken from the productive and lawful occupations of the world and every unit of the community is impoverished by the process.

We need not however turn to political economy, either in its simplest or its more intricate forms, to understand the extent or the operation of the gambling poison. It is patent and undeniable. The gambler is recognized as the black sheep of the community, and however secretly he may pursue his practices, he cannot long keep secret the effects upon himself and those around him and dependent upon him, of the atmosphere of reckless excitement in which he lives.

This evil is undoubtedly one of the gravest problems of the day, for however much it may be condemned in its cruder forms, the desire to "get something for nothing" is so nearly universal that the greater number of its manifestations must always remain out of reach of the ordinary law.

STUDENT

Churchyards of the Future

THE churchyard of the future, like the funeral of the future, will be made to express the idea of *life* rather than death.

Both are often so arranged as to have a direct psychological influence for evil, to carry a potent psychological suggestion that death has extinguished in blackness the light of a human being, and that the mourning of final bereavement is the only proper procedure of the survivors.

The funeral is a gross survival of a set of corresponding ancient mystery-ceremonies, in which the unchecked and expanding *life* of the soul was symbolized. But we, whatever our words, do actually picture and suggest its *death*.

Along with the quickly growing human consciousness of the soul, which is the present consciousness of abiding life and strength and scope and divinity, will come an utter change in all our apparatus and ceremonial in connection with the dead. And all our doings around the matter of the transition called death will be made to symbolize life and to teach to all beholders and participants—and especially children—the ways of *life* and *light*.

K.

A Better Basis Needed

FROM an English newspaper we select two items which, taken together, illustrate most forcibly the lack of united purpose and the mutual thwarting in modern civilization; and which, taken separately, afford an ironical picture of the way in which such opposites may co-exist in a single printed sheet.

One is the report of a missionary society in China, detailing the courageous efforts of the missionaries to carry enlightenment into the dark places of that country.

The other is a letter on the opium traffic, by which the Indian (British Imperial) Government makes money from opium sold to Chinese, thus encouraging a habit previously unknown.

Is there not need to get at the foundation principles of human corporate life? No good effort, however noble, can be effectual in a civilization founded and built on the false principle of individualism. E.

From "The Song of Myself"

by WALT WHITMAN

RISE after rise bow the phantoms behind me,
Afar down I see the huge first Nothing; I know I was even there;
I waited unseen and always, and slept through the lethargic mist,
And took my time, and took no hurt from the fetid carbon.

Long I was hugged close—long and long.

Immense have been the preparations for me,
Faithful and friendly the arms that have helped me.
Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like cheerful boatmen,
For room to me stars kept aside in their own rings,
They sent influences to look after what was to hold me.

Before I was born out of my mother generations guided me.
My embryo has never been torpid, nothing could overlay it.

For it the nebula cohered to an orb,
The long slow strata piled to rest it on,
Vast vegetables gave it sustenance,
Monstrous sauroids transported it in their mouths and deposited it with care.

All forces have been steadily employed to complete and delight me.
Now on this spot I stand with my robust soul.

The Beginning of the Way

BIANCA was standing in the doorway of her home—if a sod-roofed hut against a hillside could be called a home. She was listless and tired. She had been up all night caring for Adelaida. She frowned as she looked into the next yard—if a mud-covered, flowerless space enclosed by heaped stones, dead branches, rusty strap-tin and old wire could be called a yard. Liseta's children were quarreling, as usual, and little Mateo was crying. This morning, for the first time, their fretting annoyed her. It was just sunrise and the shadows had not yet begun to lighten. Beyond the hilltop the sky was all aglow. Bianca did not see it for she was not in the habit of looking up.

The milkman came by on his pony, with a big can of milk slung over his saddle. The measuring-cup he held in his bridle-hand. Mechanically Bianca picked up a basin and went to the edge of the enclosure called a yard.

"How is Adelaida this morning?" Ramon's sympathy was genuine and Bianca knew it. Many times she wished that Adelaida had married Ramon, who was steady and prosperous, instead of that roving Miguel. Bianca sighed as she thought of how different it all might have been.

"No better, Ramon. The doctor said she might not come out of this sleep—oh, it is worse than death, Ramon, to see her, my little bird! The *padre* said—he said she might." A light gleamed in Bianca's eyes. She had not, then, lost hope.

"Jose left last night for the *fiesta*," she continued. "He took a gold piece. That will save my Adelaida, if anything can."

"God grant, Senora," said Ramon, as he put spurs to his lean little pony and trotted off, steadying the heavy can with his right hand.

Adelaida was Bianca's daughter, fifteen years younger only, and that is a space easily spanned. Bianca herself was still young, but her figure was bent and her face prematurely wrinkled.

When Miguel married Adelaida, Bianca spent a year's savings on the day's festivities. They went many miles away. Then news came that Miguel had been killed by the Yaquis. Adelaida fell ill of a fever and before she was strong she somehow made her way back over the hills to Bianca, and to the dark little hut which she called her home. Then she fell ill again; the fever came back. The doctor gave no hope. But Bianca was not yet hopeless, for had not Jose started just the evening before for the *fiesta*, the great *fiesta* at Magdalena? The place was forty miles distant, but he could make it by sunrise on his pony. He was there already! The thought left on Bianca's tired face just the ghost of a smile! She pictured to herself the sacred image that lay there in state, the crowd of black-robed women on their knees about it, the big box beside it into which poured gold and silver all day long. She pictured Jose slipping into that box the gold piece which she had placed in his hands just the evening before. "And then God will make my Adelaida well!" Who could doubt it? Not Bianca, for she had the *padre's* assurance, and the *padre* knew. Bianca started! An inarticulate cry burst from her lips, a cry like that of an animal in pain. Who was that com-

ing down the path, sullen, half defiant, yet wholly crushed? Jose.

He slouched past Bianca, past Adelaida, into the windowless "room" beyond, and threw himself down on the earth floor. "The money's lost, Bianca." That was all he said. Bianca was too wise to believe him. Jose had gambled before. But she was also too wise to question a man in such a mood. So she was silent.

As for Jose? He knew that he might as well have killed Adelaida with a knife. Now there was no hope for her—and he had done it—he would be the cause of her death. To be sure, he need not have come back—that is, not until the following day. Bianca would never have known, perhaps. But he could not stay away. Jose, shiftless, unreliable, who gambled now and then, who drank, on *fiesta* days—Jose, who could not even write his own name—Jose loved Adelaida. He had always been kind to Bianca. There was a heart in his breast, and that heart was breaking.

Bianca turned suddenly faint. She staggered to the doorway and then, after a moment's pause, sank to the floor. She had no chair, and, somehow, she could not stand. She looked at Adelaida; Adelaida, beautiful and not yet seventeen, for whom the doctor had said there was no hope unless she should waken from that death-like sleep. She was breathing heavily, her lips apart and eyes half open. Bianca's heart seemed to stand still. She could scarcely breathe. Something was crushing her. A heavy weight was upon her, a horrible something which she could not throw off. Her head hung forward. Her hands dropped to the floor. She sat like a woman dead. How long she sat there she could not have told you. Suddenly she started—"Is it right?" she thought, "God would not take my Adelaida away just because Jose gambled! *It cannot be.*"

Some heart message must have reached that bewildered brain. What could it have been? Did she glimpse something of a God-ideal higher than that which the *padre* pictured? Did her heart tell her of a Law higher than those precepts which the *padre* insisted upon? Did her heart speak to her of right and justice higher than that which the *padre* described by those names? Did her heart tell her of a Love which was Pure Love and would not sell itself for gold?

She rose and there was absolute dignity in her every movement. Again she turned to look at Adelaida; there was no change. She threw herself at the young girl's feet in an agony of weeping. "O, *Dios*, *Dios*, *Dios*! Save my Adelaida! Take me before her—I am old. Not my Adelaida, my little bird. O, thou whom *Dios* loves so much that He will take thee from me! O, Adelaida, thou who art my sunlight, thou who art my sky!" It was the outpouring of long pent-up grief. It was the agony of a heart that had slipped its moorings, yet feared to drift, for it knew not where lay the harbor.

The young girl moved slightly and awakened. "*Agua!*" she whispered. "*Agua!*" O, I assure you that if the Angel of the Annunciation had entered that little room there would have been less of light and joy than was bestowed by that one word from Adelaida. *Dios* had listened, *Dios*, not the *Dios* of whom the *padre* had spoken, but One who cared less for a gold-piece than he cared for a broken heart.

Bianca ran to the door. Jose was at the well before her drawing up the battered bucket with far more than his usual energy and speed.

"You, Jose," said Bianca, and Jose bent over the frail, girlish form, his cup of happiness filled to the brim, that he was permitted to give Adelaida a drink of water.

Bianca hastened to warm a little milk over the coals that were smoldering in the corner of the room, just a heaped-up pile on the earth-floor, kept within bounds by a little bank of rubbish and brick.

Adelaida was better. She drank the warm milk and then Bianca bathed her hot face and fevered hands. Jose brought a wet cloth for her head. He could not speak. Some heart-message, too, had reached his own mind. His soul, too, had slipped its moorings, and was drifting, like Bianca's, toward something Real, though he knew not what that something was. Adelaida turned over wearily and fell asleep. It was the serene, sweet sleep of a child.

"Ah, Jose, our beautiful Adelaida! Now she will get well. *Dios* has promised! I feel it, Jose. I feel it, here!" and she placed her hand upon her heart with that sincerity which renders the simplest act dramatic.

"*Dios?*" said Jose. His mind was heavy. "*Dios? Then, Bianca, there must be more than one.*"

ECHO

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

The Prehistoric Miners of America

A CALIFORNIAN mining journal draws attention to the frequent evidence of prehistoric working which is found in the mines of today, and incidentally points out that the experiences of miners would add very substantially to our archæological knowledge, if care were taken to ascertain and record them. This we can well believe, and in the same connection we are reminded of the preliminary report of the South African gold mines which has recently been published and upon which we commented at the time.

Our readers will remember the curious details which were there given of the prehistoric workers in those mines, and of the evidences which are still visible that the ancient miners obtained the precious metal in such extraordinary quantities as to make our best finds appear trifling and insignificant.

Mr. Beven, the superintendent of the Mingus mines, recently made a curious discovery while exploring some ancient caverns near Oak Creek. Striking a wall with his prospector's hammer he was surprised to find it give way, disclosing to view a human skeleton which had thus been securely walled up. In the same neighborhood a prehistoric shaft was found which had evidently been used for mining purposes. At a depth of one hundred feet the explorers were confronted by a huge boulder which seemed to have been intentionally placed there to prevent further ingress to the shaft. The explorers being without blasting materials, were compelled to leave it where they found it, but they intend to return and solve the mystery which has lain so still for ages.

Mr. W. P. Blake also contributes to the subject some of his knowledge. He points out that the miners of Arizona are but gleaners after the harvest and that in every direction the mines have already been roughly stripped by unknown hands in unknown ages. In his opinion these ancient workers were searching for the beautiful, rather than for the "useful." At the United Verde, for example, they seem to have searched for the brilliant oxides and carbonates of copper for use as paints, and also for the beautiful scales of hematite, of which pieces have been found within their dwellings. In other parts of Arizona these vanished races evidently mined extensively for turquoises, using the stone implements which have been found in profusion at Turquoise Mountain in Mohave County, and also in the prehistoric mine of the Dragoon Mountains.

It is to be hoped that some effort will be made to persuade our miners to recount their archæological experiences and to secure their record.

London Exhibition of Egyptian Antiquities

THERE is on exhibition in London a large collection of relics of great archæological value discovered by Prof. Flinders Petrie, the famous Egyptologist, and Drs. Grenfell and Hunt, during the past year among the ruins of ancient Egypt. One of the most interesting relics is a specimen of headgear very similar to the present Panama hat in style, computed to be some 2,000 years old. The last year's exploration into Egypt's past covers every historical period of the country, but the most important scientific result has been the accurate connection of the prehistoric and the historic times. An unbroken stratified series of deposits, ranging over four or five centuries of the earliest kingdoms, has been found in a town which had the ultimate fate to be inclosed as the temenos of Osiris.—*Scientific American*

The Prehistoric Ruins of Casa Grande

THE prehistoric ruins of Arizona are among the best known of America's archæological treasures, but although they were described over three hundred years ago, they are still much at the mercy of indiscriminate relic hunters, and are yet awaiting that minute examination which might do something to solve the mystery of their origin. These ruins are first mentioned by Cabeza de Vaca in 1549, and later by Francisco Vasquez de Coronado in 1694. The Pima Indians, who at that time inhabited the district, had neither knowledge nor even tradition about them. They were to them as much an enigma as they are to us.

The remains are in the form of thirteen large buildings. The largest and the finest of them, which was evidently used as a temple, stands in the center of twelve others, and it is not difficult to divine the astronomical significance of the arrangement. The inhabitants were evidently an agricultural people, as is shown by their extensive irrigating works, and their skill in the manufacture of pottery is also evidenced by the large quantities of specimens which have been found. They were also able to weave a kind of cloth for which they obtained the necessary cotton from a plant which they cultivated for the purpose.

A Guide to the Study of Egyptian Archaeology

Manual of Egyptian Archaeology, and Guide to the Study of Antiquities in Egypt.

For the use of Students and Travelers, by G. Maspero, translated by Amelia B. Edwards, 5th edition, with 336 illustrations, 391 pp. 8vo. Price, 6s (\$1.50). Grevel & Co., King Street, Covent Garden.

ONLY those who have not made even a beginning in the study of Egypt will have to be told who Professor Maspero is. Professor Maspero, upon whom Oxford has conferred the degree of Doctor, is Director-General of the service of Antiquities in Egypt. He is a member of the institute of France. It is now fifteen years since the first edition of Miss Edwards' translation from Maspero's exquisite French was published. Yet the manual still holds its place in the front rank of books of its class. Indeed, as a guide to Egyptian archæology, it still is, in many respects, unique. A fourth edition of the translation was issued by Messrs. Grevel in 1895. Since 1895 a great mass of new material has been discovered. Every year, in fact, adds its quota to the huge total of exact knowledge about the civilization of ancient Egypt, opening up remoter vistas in the depths of the country's antiquity. In the preparation of this fifth edition, it was felt that a record of these later results of research could not conveniently be introduced into the body of the work. It is given in a supplementary chapter which, however, has not been supplied by Professor Maspero himself. Certain modifications of the text of 1895 have been made, after approval by M. Maspero. It should not be forgotten that the manual has been compiled for travelers as well as for special students. Every intelligent tourist in Egypt, with an interest in the past, takes some trouble to acquire at least an outline of the country's archæology. In this manual, the entire field is described in the most attractive manner. The illustrations are admirable. Ancient Egyptian architecture is treated with accompanying drawings, under its three-fold division of civil, military and ecclesiastical. Tombs, paintings and sculpture, the industrial arts—in stone, clay, glass, wood, ivory, leather, textile fabrics, iron, lead, bronze, silver, gold, jewels—are next treated. Approached from so many points of view, domestic and public life as it was in Egypt many thousands of years ago, presents itself to the student of this volume with a singular vividness.—*London Daily News*

Prehistoric Basket Work and Indian Relics

THE ethnologic department of the British Museum has been enriched by a very valuable collection of prehistoric Californian baskets, stone implements and weapons. The most remarkable object among the basket work is a flexible cylindrical structure assigned to the Umqua Indians. On one side a number of human figures are depicted, while on the other are representations of horses and other animals. The authorities seem to agree that the basket work of existing Indian tribes is but a survival of a class of work which was once much more extensive and perfect.

Among the stone objects may be mentioned a complete set of mortars with cylindrical pestles which were obtained from graves in San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara counties, together with lance and arrowheads of chert and obsidian, of which the workmanship is remarkably perfect. A recent writer, commenting upon this collection, remarks that "collections of this kind have a special importance on account of the parallels which they furnish with the industries of the late palæolithic and neolithic ages in Europe."

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

From *The San Diego Union* of Monday Morning, November the 3d, 1902

THEOSOPHISTS AT ISIS THEATRE

A Crowded House Enjoys Rare Music and Applauds Three Strong Addresses

What a Young Lady Student Said About the Accusation That Katherine Tingley Employs Hypnotism

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Katherine Tingley was unable to be present at Isis Theatre last evening and address the large audience which filled the house to overflowing, the meeting was throughout of the keenest interest—one of the best and most interesting, in fact, barring the absence of Mrs. Tingley and the Raja Yoga children, that The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society has ever held in this city. The musical numbers were superbly rendered and the overture to "Tannhauser" and the selection from "Lachner" were roundly applauded.

After the opening musical number Mr. J. H. Fussell appeared on the stage and announced that "Mrs. Katherine Tingley has just telephoned down that she has been unavoidably detained at the Homestead by cable matters which require her personal attention. If she does not reach here by 8:30 she will be obliged to defer speaking until next Sunday, when she promises to be present, and when she will also bring the children of the Raja Yoga School down to entertain you with some of their new songs."

Although this was a disappointment to everybody in the house, it was taken with the best of feeling, and the mention of the Raja Yoga school children was heartily applauded.

There were three highly interesting addresses—the first by Miss A. Lester, entitled, "The Same Old Problem," and the last by the Rev. S. J. Neill, who was warmly welcomed by the audience. His subject was, "Watchman, What of the Night?" Both of these addresses were followed closely and appreciatively by the audience, but it remained for one of the younger lady students of Point Loma to arouse the greatest enthusiasm of the evening with an address entitled "Accusations." In this she drew some striking parallels between ancient and contemporaneous history. Among others, she instanced the case of Socrates, who was accused of corrupting the youth of Athens.

"And now the Leader of this Organization," said she, "is charged with corrupting the youth—not of this city alone, but of the whole world, because what she is doing with the children here, what you have yourselves seen Sunday after Sunday, she is doing all over the world. She is doing it right through America. She is doing it on a great scale in Cuba. If you were to visit England and Sweden and the other countries of Europe, you would find thousands of children who have not actually the advantage of her presence, but who, short of this, are being trained in absolutely the same way, and every single child of the Lotus Groups of far away Sweden, for instance, is just as near to her heart as are the children upon the Hill. You are told that she is corrupting these children. You know that is false. You laugh at the mere idea, because you have seen for yourselves, but do you recognize that there are thousands of persons throughout the world who have not seen as you have, who are not so free from prejudice as you are, and who are all too liable to believe? You know that Katherine Tingley is carrying out faithfully the meaning and the purport of her own words which you heard in this theatre. I am going to remind you of those words, some few of them. Do you remember that she said, or wrote, 'To teach the babes, the little children, their divine nature, to impress this fact upon them, is to lay the cornerstone of a healthful, happy manhood and womanhood. If mothers would spend one-half as much time in drawing out and developing the fine inner nature of their children as they do in dressing, petting, and indulging them, the new generation of men and women would be worthy of the responsibilities which are now theirs.'"

"Now there are lots of other things which are said, and some of them are so silly as to be hardly worth notice, except that they are being dinned into the ears of people in other countries, some of whom are naturally credulous, and naturally superstitious. Thus we are told that Katherine Tingley teaches the transmigration of souls, and that when we die we go into the bodies of animals. I said that this was hardly worth notice in San Diego, but I remind myself that this statement was actually made in San Diego, and was actually believed and spread about, and not by some poor half-witted people as you might suppose, but by some who themselves have the care of children. If I were to disprove all these things both you and I would grow weary, but I would remind you of one passage which bears upon this point and which comes into my mind at the moment of writing. It is this: 'How differently parents would act if they fully realized that their little ones came "trailing clouds of glory" from a great past, traveling down through the ages to the present time!'

"Do you not think this is a beautiful idea, and that the mother who looked upon her child in such a way as this would guard it and prize it more sacredly than ever before?"

"Now I am only going to mention one other point. Katherine Tingley is accused of hypnotizing us all. I suppose our thousands of comrades in Europe and Australia and India are also hypnotized. If so it is psychology on the biggest scale I ever heard of. I do not know very much about hypnotism, but I have heard and read the speeches which Katherine Tingley made in this theatre on this very subject, and her one idea in those speeches seemed to be the danger of allowing our minds to be dominated by any force whatever outside of ourselves and our own divine natures. I myself am not conscious of having been hypnotized, and I don't think I look as though I were hypnotized."

"Now, although we can laugh at childish nonsense of this kind, we have to remember, and to remember gravely and seriously, that there are very many people in other parts of the world who can easily be made to believe it. And if they are so made to believe it, it will be our fault, and we shall be responsible for allowing such a cloud of superstitious folly to grow up between them and their own good, and we shall be responsible if their children are thus deprived of the one great opportunity of their lives. It does not become me to say very much about your duties and your responsibilities, but I may speak freely of my own duty and that is to leave no nerve unstrained, no word unspoken, that might help, even to the smallest extent, in righting this wrong and undoing this injustice."

SOME OBSERVATIONS

Reports from Cuba continue to show that our comrades have not lost any time in carrying out their mission, and that their activity is taking a very substantial and tangible shape. The attacks which have been made have served merely as an advertisement, and applications from Cuban parents have been very numerous and pressing. Would that it were possible to accede to every such request, and to extend our aid in as great a volume as it is needed. So long as some selection is imperative, it must be made with discretion and wisdom, and with the consolatory knowledge that not only will the fortunate children themselves be benefited, but through them their whole nation. No education is worthy of the name which does not develop the power to help, and also the will to help, and who can question what a few years will bring to Cuba through the children who are now at the Point and those who are upon their way? To do the greatest good to the greatest number is the only motive which has guided the selection of the children whom we shall now see so soon in our midst.

There can be no greater encouragement than the expectation that the new arrivals will make the same progress as have those who preceded them. With hardly an exception they are wonderful testimonials to the fertility of the Cuban character and to the excellence of the methods which have been adopted in their training. When they arrived they had but the example of the four or five who came before them, whereas those who are now on the way will meet with a welcome from scores of their compatriots who have learned the English language with remarkable accuracy and precision, and who have acquired the happy confidence which they will help to impart to their comrades.

Upon Dr. Van Pelt has fallen no small part of the educational work at the Point, and of the even more arduous work in Cuba. Certainly it would be hard to find any one more ideally fitted for the mission upon which she is now engaged. She possesses not only the rare temperament which peculiarly fits her for the care of children, but also the knowledge and the skill of the physician, and the responsibility which attaches to her position as Superintendent and Trustee of the Raja Yoga School and a member of the Leader's Cabinet. Her previous visit to Cuba gave to her an experience which she is now turning to such advantage, and already her third visit to the Island is so near as to permit of a stay of but a few weeks at the Point.

The Lodges through whose territory Dr. Van Pelt and her charges will pass, are not likely to lose the opportunity of meeting them, and of receiving the encouragement which must be afforded to all lovers of humanity by the sight of so practical an aid to the youngest of the world's nations. The Lodges which are thus so fortunate as to lie upon the line of route will anticipate the pleasure to which we at the Point are so keenly looking forward.

While the present selection has been made from Santiago and its vicinity, upon the next occasion other parts of the Island, such as Matanzas, etc., will be represented.

The world is censorious and always more ready to blame than to praise, and Cuba is likely to receive her full share of the former. The virtue of gratitude is not yet so widely spread throughout humanity that it can afford to point out an im-

Students



Path

Will

by ALFRED TENNYSON

O WELL for him whose will is strong!
 He suffers, but he will not suffer long:
 He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong:
 For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
 Nor all calamity's hugest waves confound.
 Who seems a promontory of rock,
 That, compassed round with turbulant sound,
 In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
 Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd.

But ill for him who, bettering not with time,
 Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended Will,
 And ever weaker grows thro' acted crime,
 Or seeming genial, venial fault,
 Recurring and suggesting still!
 He seems as one whose footsteps halt,
 Toiling in immeasurable sand,
 And o'er a weary, sultry land,
 Far beneath a blazing vault,
 Sown in a wrinkle in the monstrous hill,
 The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

How Wisdom Comes

Sentences of Studied Wisdom, naught avail they unapplied,
 Though the blind man hold a lantern, yet his footsteps stray aside.

—Indian Wisdom

ANY man possessing a good memory can acquire facts and retain them, and the greater part of the learning of today thus resolves itself into an affair of memory. Nowhere is the distinction between the head and the heart more clearly shown than in the disposition and the use which we make of our facts, whether we merely carry them as a useless cargo within the head, or whether we lower them into the heart and so make them a part of ourselves.

To so many among us the path of wisdom has seemed to be a difficult one, upon which the utmost effort brings so little progress. Yet it may be the goddess is not so far away as we suppose, and that we have but to alter the method of our search to find her standing close at hand. She asks but for her own conditions to make herself known, and without these she cannot speak at all.

Have we sufficiently realized that wisdom comes only where she is invited and expected, that she sends the waters of truth only where the fitting channels have been cut for them? In the interior world with which we are dealing, one day is as a thousand years, and if for one day only we were to act and think as though wisdom stood without the door, we might find that the divine guest was actually within the portal. Have we not yet learned enough of the power of thought to know that every thought which is dissonant with our own ideal of wisdom is a further bar thrown across that door, and that the knowledge of eternal life, for instance, cannot enter the mind which is already occupied by those other, so little, thoughts which are a denial of eternal life?

The waters of truth flow only where the channels have been cut. Had we but begun to cut those channels of anticipation, should we not seem to be crowned with the dignity of a thousand ages, could any littleness come near to us, should we not be pitiful as are those who have witnessed the long sorrow of the world? Those channels are to be made by the imagination, by the power to say "Thus should I be had I the wisdom which I seek, and thus, and thus, would I look upon all things without me." Imagination flies as does light, and it cuts like a sword. It is the forerunner, the certain herald of that which comes after it. It is the voice in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight."

The Teacher can but point the way. We ourselves must walk upon it. The Teacher can communicate the fact, and if we only store it away in the mind it is but lumber, and death shall burn it and utterly destroy it. If we would have that fact become part of ourselves, and there is no other wisdom, we must *imagine* that it is already a part of ourselves, lying at the root of thought and action, permeating every branch and leaf upon our Tree of Life. In this way only can the gates be opened. In this way only can the vision come. STUDENT

The Great Forces of Nature

THERE is no lack of force to those who know how to draw it from the overflowing reservoirs of nature. We are as much a part of nature as is the ocean and the mountain, the wind and the sunshine, and are as much entitled to the sustenance of nature, to her aid and to her protection. The tree draws from the soil and from the air whatever it needs to bring its fruit and flower to the perfection of its kind, and nature denies to it nothing for which it is qualified to ask. We have that which the tree has not, a knowledge of our unfolded capacities, a conception of the forces which we have not yet developed, and we have too the instruments by which those forces may be acquired and possessed, the Will and the Imagination. The dumb appeal which is made by the tree may become in us the command which is not to be denied. We may wander through the great power reservoirs of nature and take by force whatever we will.

It was said "ask and it shall be given unto you," and if we have not, it is because we have not asked. And in so many other things it is our lack of faith, of realization, which has hindered us. The consciousness of man, which should be divine, and so peculiarly identified with that of nature, has been perverted until it has separated us from nature. We have learned to look upon ourselves almost as the antagonists of nature, wresting from her unwilling hands even the needs of the elemental life. If we can break down this barrier by even but a few minutes of sympathetic imagination we shall feel that the stability of the mountain is passing into us, the sublime strength of the ocean, and that the winds of the four quarters bring to us each their peculiar benediction. The universe is built up of Titanic forces, and it is we who hold ourselves aloof from them, and not they from us. STUDENT

Abraham Lincoln and the Clergymen

THE following authentic anecdote is related of Abraham Lincoln: Some time in September, 1862, Lincoln, then President of the United States, was waited upon by a body of clergymen. They had come clear to Washington from Chicago to assure him that Providence had vouchsafed the recent military catastrophes as "signs of His displeasure, calling for new and advanced action on the part of the President."

Lincoln waited patiently until they had concluded the delivery of their opinion. Then he replied calmly that, "if it were at all likely that God would reveal His will to anyone on a matter so intimately connected with the President's duty, it is to be presumed that He would reveal it directly to the President himself!"

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

COMRADES: We have often heard, "Help yourself, and God will help you." We well know how true is this proverb, the very essence of the wisdom of nations, wafted down to us through the ages, for every man must work out his own salvation, but do we not know more? Do we not know that universal brotherhood is a fact in nature! Do we not understand that compassion, the passing through the pilgrimage of existence with others, for others and by the aid of others, is the very basis of existence of the whole universe! Do we not realize that universal service is the Law of Laws?

We can then amplify the adage and express it thus: Help others, and God will help you. Indeed, the divine power in us and in all things is active when we do perform anything with the desire in our heart that others may be helped on their course towards the light. Let us therefore be ever active exponents of the proverb, ever remembering that every kind thought does awaken kindness in other hearts, every kind deed performed, made potent by the divine force of compassion, does become indeed a living power which is wafted to men to cheer and help them. Compassion is the sweet scented balm which goes to heal the woes of men and to soften their hearts. STUDENT

fly past me, terror-stricken, and two dogs—one a great big one, the other a small one—come rushing furiously after her, barking loudly.

Just beyond the corner was a small space between two houses, large enough for the kitten, but not large enough for either of the dogs, and there the kitten promptly took refuge. The dogs rushed up to the spot, still barking. But after a second, the large one stopped and turned away, when to my surprise I saw that the little dog was trying to drive the big one away from the kitten's refuge, instead of, as I had supposed, taking a hand himself in the poor thing's capture. Don't you think this little doggie deserves to have a great big card telling that he is a member of The Universal Brotherhood?

AUNT H.

S W E D E N—CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 11

know it well, that the old spirit lives today in Sweden as ever it did, prompting to valiant action, to swift acquisition of the true and the beautiful, and to a tenacity of preservation which scorns self interest, and which sets the things of the world upon the level to which they belong. Even though the heroism of a country may seem to be quiescent, to be asleep, so long as there are some few who know the old war cries and whose lives are made beautiful by their purity and by their strength, that nation can be aroused when the time comes, to fight new battles for new truths, and to repeat the deeds of the past in the hope and for the glory of the future.

That there are such men in Sweden we know.

STUDENT

STEINWAY PIANOS

*Stand pre-eminent They have no peers
They are in a class by themselves*

There are Steinway Pianos that sell for ten, fifteen and thirty thousand dollars. The same instruments in point of construction, tone, durability, action, and in fact everything but case and decorations, can be bought for a mere fraction of the prices paid for Steinway Art Pianos

GEO. J. BIRKEL CO.

SOLE REPRESENTATIVES

LOS ANGELES
345-347 South Spring StreetSAN DIEGO
1025-1031 Fifth Street

The Chadbourne Furniture Co.

W. L. FREVERT, Manager

We aim to carry an entirely up-to-date stock of house furnishings, and, for style and variety of goods, cannot be outdone in Southern California. We are glad to show visitors through our extensive store-rooms.

STORE-ROOMS

SIXTH & D STREETS

San Diego, Cal.

The Best Time to Paint

is when your house is in need of paint whether it be one season or another. Paint will set tougher during the winter, and of course that gives durability. One point favoring winter. There are others favoring summer, so it is about even. Houses painted with our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" do not need painting so often as houses painted with any other paint, because it has more body to withstand action of the elements. There is also a saving in the quantity required, as it is finer ground, which gives greater spreading capacity per gallon.

We guarantee our "PURE PREPARED PAINT" to be the best that can be made.

W. P. FULLER & CO.

WALL PAPER AND PAINT DEALERS

7TH & F STS. SAN DIEGO CAL.

Electric Laundry

NELSON SNYDER, Proprietor

16TH & I STREETS

TELEPHONE BLACK 731

No Saw Edges on Collars and Cuffs

Goethe's Maxims and Reflections

You can force anything on society so long as it has no sequel.

An intelligent man finds almost everything ridiculous, a wise man hardly anything.

The true is Godlike: we do not see it itself; we must guess at it through its manifestations.

To be and remain true to one's self and others, is to possess the noblest attribute of the greatest talents.

It is said that no man is a hero to his valet. That is only because a hero can be recognized only by a hero. The valet will probably know how to appreciate his like—his fellow valet.

To live in a great idea means to treat the impossible as though it were possible. It is just the same with a strong character; and when an idea and character meet, things arise which fill the world with wonder for thousands of years.

A great work limits us for the moment, because we feel it above our powers; and only in so far as we afterwards incorporate it with our culture, and make it part of our mind and heart, does it become a dear and worthy object in our life and thought.

Kepler said: "My wish is that I may perceive the God whom I find everywhere in the external world, in like manner also within and inside me." The good man was not aware that in that very moment the divine in him stood in the closest connection with the divine in the Universe.

Friendship can only be bred in practice and be maintained by practice. Affection, may love itself, is no help at all to friendship. True, active, productive friendship consists in keeping equal pace in life: in my friend approving my aims, while I approve his, and in thus moving forward together steadfastly, however much our way of thought and life may vary.

Masses of the Planets

Illustrations and analogies have their value in teaching. They often show abstractions under a concrete guise that many minds find easier to realize. The table of the masses of the planets may be written: Mass of the earth, 1; of Venus, 0.787; Mars, 0.105; Mercury, 0.061; our moon, 0.013; sun, 324,439; Jupiter, 310; Saturn, 92; Neptune, 16; Uranus, 14.

A French writer transforms these values into money as follows: The mass of the earth may be represented by \$4, of Venus by \$3, Mars by \$0.40, Mercury by \$0.24, the moon by \$0.05, Uranus by \$56, Neptune by \$64, Saturn by \$368, Jupiter by \$1,240 and the sun by \$1,297,756, approximately.

One of the best illustrations of the sort is due to Sir William Huggins. If, he says, the fare on a celestial railway train were a penny a mile the price of a ticket to the nearest fixed star would be the national debt of England. The idea conveyed is not definite in one sense; on the other hand, the notion of a magnitude indefinitely large is very forcibly conveyed.—*Milwaukee Press*

THE musical congress which recently met in Paris with the composer Charpentier as chairman, agreed to admit women to the orchestras if they became members of the union and played for the established tariff.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

EDWARD IVINSON, President

G. B. GROW, Cashier

W. R. ROGERS, Assistant Cashier

Every facility and security offered to our patrons and the public generally. Collections and exchanges on all points.

KELLY'S LIVERY

POINT LOMA
COACH LINE

*Special Coaches for Select Parties
arranged by telephone*

DEALER IN FIRST-CLASS HORSES

THIRD & F STS., PHONE RED 411
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

THE

Lion Clothing Co.

CORNER FIFTH AND G STREETS

"HIGH ART CLOTHING"

STETSON HATS

MONARCH SHIRTS

Fifteen years of reliable business in San Diego

Isis

Conservatory of Music

of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Personal applications and inquiries received every Saturday by the Secretary at

San Diego Branch 1940 B St.

HOURS 9 A. M. TO 4 P. M.

Full particulars sent by mail on application, address

J. H. FUSSELL, Secretary and Treasurer

Isis Conservatory of Music Point Loma, Calif.

fly past me, tell
one — come run
Just beyond
the kir

1ST EDITION---NEARLY READY

THE MYSTERIES OF THE HEART DOCTRINE

ONE of the MOST INTERESTING & COMPREHENSIVE WORKS on THEOSOPHY EVER PUBLISHED

Issued by KATHERINE TING'LEY, Leader and Official Head of THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD Organization, and by Members of her Cabinet

Over 350 pages Specially written to meet the needs of Inquirers Beautifully illustrated

This edition is limited to 1,000 copies, and will be sold at the previously advertised price of \$1.25 for cloth bound and \$1.00 for paper. After the First Edition is exhausted the price will be raised to \$2.00 for cloth binding and \$1.50 for paper, for it has been found impossible to prepare this book on the basis originally planned at the price first quoted.

The Theosophical Publishing Company, Point Loma, California

The LEADING REAL ESTATE BROKER in SAN DIEGO IS

E. J. Carter

964 Sixth Street, San Diego

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE LOCATING IN SAN DIEGO CITY OR COUNTY, CALL ON OR WRITE TO HIM

RUDDER'S NEW RESTAURANT & GRILL

NEWLY FURNISHED FINEST IN THE CITY

CORNER FOURTH & PLAZA SAN DIEGO - - - CAL.

Strahlmann-Mayer Drug Co. PHARMACY GRADUATES SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Chemicals, Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, etc. Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Recipes carefully prepared

CORNER FOURTH & D STREETS Telephone Main 424 CORNER FIFTH & C STREETS Telephone Black 856

AT

Bowen's DRY GOODS STORE

Will be found a full assortment of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Tea Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Wrappers, Silks and Dress Goods . .

W. O. BOWEN 1043 FIFTH ST. SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

An Australian View of Our Railways

"Americans do not seem to realize that a man cannot eat his cake and have it, too," said Sir John Forrest, Australian minister of finance. "In traveling through this country one cannot fail to be impressed with the network of railways which has made its marvelous development possible. No government could have undertaken the construction of such a gigantic system. Private enterprise made the growth of the country possible. Where individuals make enormous investments there must inevitably be combinations or trusts. Still the American people are at present engaged in denouncing trusts. I do not wish to appear as a defender of trusts, I merely wish to call attention to the gigantic work which has been accomplished in this country by enterprising capitalists. The men who are now the millionaire railway kings are the men who have advanced the United States to its great commercial importance. As premier in West Australia for a term of years I had occasion to learn how limited the amount of railways is which a government can construct. There are so many limitations to the extent of the work that a government can carry on. Of course, a limited number of lines of road can be undertaken by a government, but it would not have been possible in this country for the Government to undertake the construction of the thousands and thousands of miles of lines which show on a railroad map of this country. The public would not have been willing for the legislators to appropriate the fabulous sums of money which have been expended here in railway construction. Other great enterprises followed naturally in the wake of this railroad building. Cars and locomotives were needed to equip the lines. The companies required fuel and had to develop mines. The development of branches of industry in no way connected with railroading was made possible by the improved means of transportation."—Railway World

SIBERIA is as large as the United States and all its possessions and all Europe except Russia. It has a population of nearly 9,000,000, 97 per cent of whom are either immigrants or involuntary immigrants. All live better and enjoy more political and religious liberty than people in European Russia. It is said to be like Minnesota, where wheat, rye and vegetables grow in abundance, where there is plenty of fruit and animals graze unsheltered the year around.—Selected

A MAN can be married in Melbourne cheaper than in any other part of the world. Ministers advertise in the papers against each other. One minister offers to unite loving couples for 10s. 6d, another for 7s. 6d, and so on down to 2s. 6d. In some cases wedding breakfasts and rings are supplied!—The (India) Mahratta

If you are difficult to satisfy, I ask you to inspect our before hiring or carriage not perfect-



come in & LIVERY ing a team that does ly suit you

FRED FANNING PROPRIETOR

Fifth Avenue Stables

Tel. Red 351 SAN DIEGO Cor. 5th & B Sts.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SAN DIEGO UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

CAPITAL PAID UP \$150,000 SURPLUS & PROFITS \$50,000

J. GRUENDIKE - - PRESIDENT D. F. GARRETTSON - - VICE PRES. G. W. FISHBURN - - CASHIER

DIRECTORS—J. Gruendike, Geo. Hannahs, J. E. Fishburn, G. W. Fishburn and D. F. Garrettson

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO FIT YOUR EYES TO SUIT YOU. WE HAVE A SPECIAL PLACE SET APART FOR OPTICAL WORK, CONTAINING ALL THE MODERN INSTRUMENTS USED IN SIGHT TESTING IF YOU NEED GLASSES, HAVE a PRESCRIPTION to FILL, or FRAME to REPAIR

we give you the best work obtainable in San Di .

JENKINS

826-828 5th street Graduate Optic