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THE COMING LIGHT.

**HIGHER THINKING, HIGHER LIVING,
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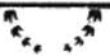


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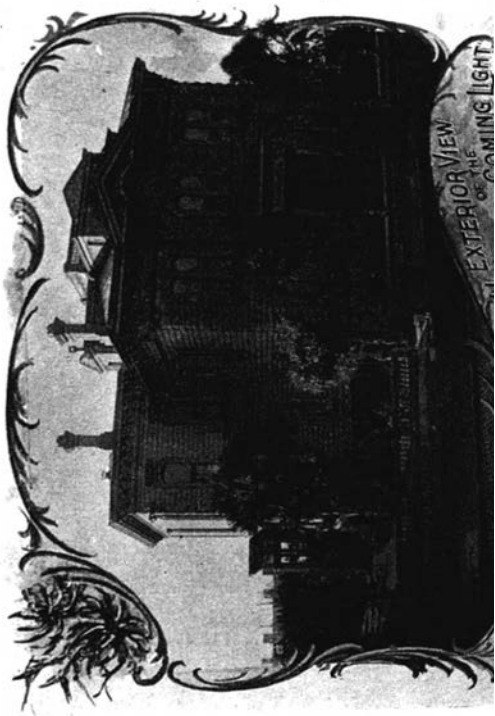
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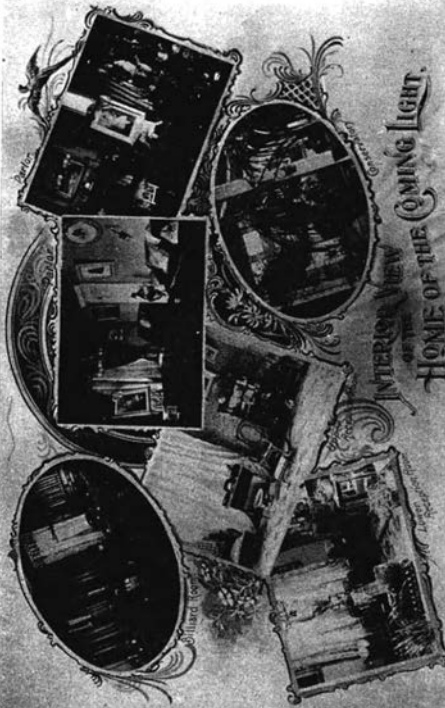


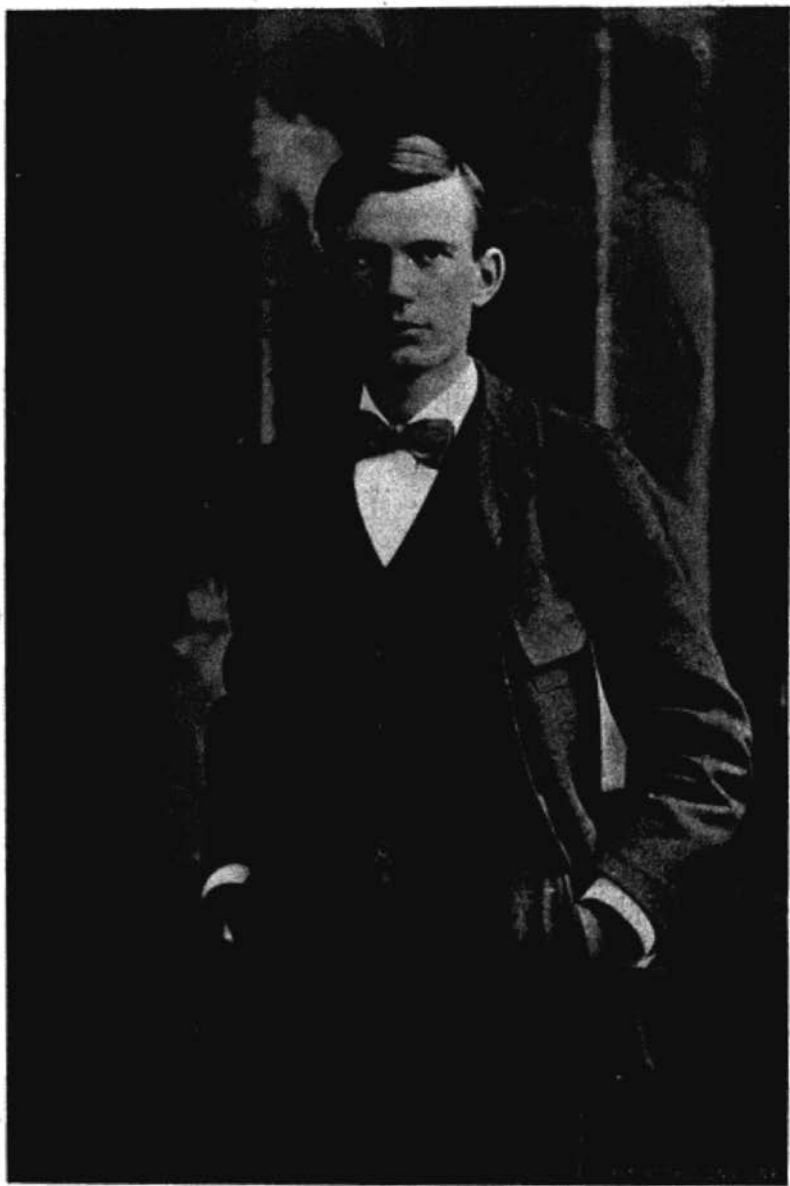
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JOHN H. MARBLE.



VOL. 2.

MARCH, 1898.

NO. 4.

HUMAN RIGHTS.

BY JOHN H. MARBLER.

AN English writer has invented the phrase "blessed words" to describe those stock sayings which are in everybody's mouth, which everybody appeals to as authoritative, but of the meaning of which no one has any clear or definite idea. Almost the entire political vocabulary is made up of such "blessed words," beginning with "liberty," and going through the list of, "law and order," "rights of property," "freedom of contract," and the like. Originally these words and phrases were rich in meaning. Only good words degenerate into "blessed words," and serve as masks for rascally meanings. They are still filled with light for the dark places in the social structure if all who use them will take the trouble to forget them as meaningless conventionalities and to then re-learn them for what they really are, names of real and vital things.

Perhaps no phrase has been so thoroughly reiterated from any real meaning as the phrase "human rights." It is used by every school of thought, and by every party. It has been uttered so often that we no longer hear it, just as we always fail to hear too familiar sounds; or, if we do hear it, we compare it with the facts of life, smile at the simple-mindedness that uses it, and leave it to continue a "blessed word," hiding and confusing thought, instead of expressing and revealing it.

Human rights! What do the familiar old words mean? What are "human rights?" What is the essential point in which they differ from "human wrongs?" What is the determining principle in any discussion of them? Are they hap-hazard? or do they depend upon the mandate of God? or are they subject to the will of man? A preacher told me once that God could just as easily and just as well have made all the wrong things to be right and all the right things to be wrong, if he had pleased to do so. Was the preacher's view correct? Many people regard statute-keeping as the summing up of all the virtues, thus implying that human law is the test of right, and merely repeating the preacher's dictum with man's will substituted for God's will. Is that view correct? Are human rights creations of human law? Do they depend upon majorities? Are they changeable and changing?

Again: Are human rights a sort of property, which some may have and others may lack—indeed, which some by having may deny to others, by the very fact of having them, as when kings had what was called the right to rule, or as when slave-holders had what was called their right to their property, or as when landlords have what is called their right to charge other people for working-place and living-place on the earth?

These questions, and others like them, underlie the entire political and social problem. Upon our answers to them depend the results of all our labors in social economy. This is the starting point. Here direction will be determined.

It seems trite, at first, to say that human rights are those things which are right for human beings. But wait a little. Let one more question be asked and answered; and then see whether this truism, this almost platitude, is not the key to a whole world of righteous meaning.

First, then, What is "right?" It is but summing up the Law and the Prophets, the discoveries of the scientists and the inspirations of the seers, to say that "right" is that which makes for life. It is always the description of a relationship between two or more things. It says of the relationship that it harmonizes with and aids the growing principle of the universe, life, in its operations and unfoldments. Right, then, is the test of human rights;

and life is the test of right. Disease is bad; health is good. Stupidity and ignorance are bad; wisdom is good. Mourning is bad; joy is good. Poisons in the body are bad; strong, sweet food is good. Such are easy problems in ethics.

In the same way, in determining between human rights and human wrongs, we must say that the phrase "human rights" describes those relationships of human beings to human beings, and of human beings to the Everything Else which is commonly and correctly called the universe, which make for life and against death and those partial deaths, disease, deformity, ignorance, misery, despair, and gloom.

Human rights, then, are not dependent upon human laws for their nature, nor are they—so far as we can see or discover—mere arbitrary fancies of deity. They are two-fold in their nature—conditioned both by the nature of man and by the nature of the universe outside of man. Webster says that right is that which is in harmony with "the will of God and the constitution of man." Call God by any name your view of him and his nature requires, and this definition will still be found to mean that right is that relationship between man and the universe outside of man—and, of course, between man and man—which harmonizes with the nature of both, and bases the life of one upon the limitless resources of the other.

This makes it clear that, just as human rights are not dependent upon human laws for their nature, they are dependent upon them for their establishment in actual being. Slavery was wrong; it was always wrong; no amount of human law could ever make it right. But it remained for social action in law to abolish slavery and establish the equal rights of human beings to the possession of themselves. The forces of life and light and growth stand always ready to aid man in establishing the new society of life and light and growth. Let man deny them and controvert them, and they are as ready to rot and crush and kill him. They will consent to be formed into parks and fertile fields and homes, or into festering garbage-heaps, desolate wastes, and slums, with equal willingness and certainty. Human beings do not, cannot, make human rights; but human beings must establish human rights if they are ever to have form and reality on the earth.

CO-OPERATION OF CHILDREN IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY ALICE R. STOCKHAM, M. D.

SO FAR as I understand life I see no reason to make any distinction in the education of boys and girls. Whatever is good in the way of education for a boy is good for a girl. If he needs outdoor sports and athletics to ensure robustness, alertness and endurance, she needs them for the same reasons. If she requires sewing, knitting and embroidery to educate her in nicety, precision and attention to details, he needs them also. If the maiden needs music and painting to open the finer perceptions of the soul, to cause her senses to respond to the quickening of the intuitions, none should withhold them from the boy as well. The sooner we see life from one standpoint, from one outlook, leaving out the distinctive lines of sex, the more rapid our advance on the road of progress. I know in each girl and boy there is a "gender sense," as a recent writer terms it, and we may come to the time when we will think that education includes the guidance of this gender sense as much as the guidance of the sense of hearing or sight. But back of the gender sense is the creative force, the life force that is evinced in all the manifold manifestations of our natures.

In most families the housework is the thing in hand in which to give this creative force expression, and therefore it is wise to train both boys and girls in the household arts, making a study of it so that the work in hand will be best adapted to the progress of mental development. The child's own desire usually furnishes the key to the situation. Among the first things the little one wishes to do is to carry and fetch. He is proud and happy to bring mama her thimble, paper, twine, indeed anything needed and within the scope of his power. I have seen children less than two years of age serve fruit, nuts and candy at a lunch, and children under five can be trained to wait upon the table. Anything that is done among people and for people is more easily grasped;

for the social side of the child's nature is appealed to in this way.

Do not say that all this is troublesome and takes too much time. What it does for the child is the first consideration. It may be easier, and take less time, to make the bed of a child three years of age than to teach him to do it; but if the lesson is given while making your own bed, or while dressing yourself, you will not mind the time and very soon the little one is accomplished in his lesson and it has done for him much more than the mere training in labor. It may be easier to wash the silver and glasses at first than to train a child of five or six to do the same, but the lesson he learns in application and helpfulness is compensation for all trouble in the training. The good housewife or the thrifty girl may object to the child of seven or eight musing around in the flour to make cake or biscuit, but the joy in seeing the result of a little careful teaching in this line is pay with large interest for any trouble taken.

My theory is that at an early age children have a desire to create, a desire to imitate their elders in occupation. If this desire is met by instructing them in the work they desire to do they learn readily, while if they are put off with toys and dissipating plays, at a later age they show no liking for the same employment, and, too, it is learned with difficulty. Of course drudgery and also compulsion are to be avoided. It is difficult to suggest detail, but suppose it is dish washing. Do not give a small child a large quantity of dishes to wash. Let one take the silver, another the glasses, another the table dishes; or let one wash and one wipe while the mother is clearing up and putting away. Or one washes one day and another the next, changing frequently enough to hold the interest.

Unity and harmony should be the key note. One helps with the chamber work, one takes care of sitting room and parlor, etc., serving thus the whole round of household needs. As they advance in years each should have obligations for which he is responsible. In this way he grows to feel the unity of the whole, he realizes the co-operative spirit. By wise planning and careful adjustment a family of five or six, living in a flat or small house, unitedly perform all necessary labor. The domestic machinery is

operated without the friction of a foreign element, is run far more economically, while the common interest in plans and details cements the entire family in a closer union. By studying the best ways of doing, and at the same time by the adoption of simple living, a family co-operating as above suggested finds leisure for recreation, the pursuit of knowledge in new lines, and also to enter into fields of philanthropy and helpfulness to others.

The co-operative plan in the home, where each and all share in the duties and responsibilities, is distinctly educative. It is manual and technical education, but it is more than both of these; it is early training in attention, concentration and application. It teaches the importance of order and system, a place for everything, a time for the performance of special duties. It trains the eye and hand to a quick response to the mental message, it gives a poise and self-reliance to character, rendering it easier in all the future to meet life's duties and necessities; but most of all it instills an idea of comradeship and altruism; a spirit of loving helpfulness is developed in each and all.

It may seem to place too great stress on this domestic service, but it should be remembered that in the children we have a great storehouse of untrained power, tremendous energy demanding ways and means for expenditure. We may build institutions of learning better adapted to direct this energy, but so long as we do not have them, and have appliances and needs at hand in the home, as a matter of economics as well as justice to the child, these means should be utilized. A home ordered after this suggestion prepares children for ready adjustment in business, in co-operative schemes, in ability to found and preside over homes.

Bear in mind that the child is always to be considered. As you prepare a curriculum in the school adapted to the child's development and needs, so you arrange the home with equal care. It is not so difficult as it may seem. The parent must first be filled with Divine Unity in all things, and must know the possibilities of every child; then in the spirit of love and wisdom one readily accommodates the plans of operation to the child's growing needs. Fröbel has demonstrated very plainly that all true

education must be founded upon the divine in the child. He says, "God created man in his own image; therefore man should create and bring forth like God."

To do the best for the child, home education, like school education, must be founded on the Divine Law of Life as taught by Fröbel. *We must set the seal of God upon the child.* We must know that in his deepest nature he is divine, that our business as educators is to bring forth this perfection of his by natural inheritance. As Fröbel sought to correct errors of conduct by calling forth the good, so we are learning to overlook the mistakes and errors of children and call forth their innermost nature, to recognize the union of their souls with the universal Source. As light displaces darkness so love overcomes error. Are the child's thoughts and activities bent upon destruction? Turn them into ways of construction. The Divine life in the child makes him a born creator. His ceaseless activity indicates that his creative energy should be directed into channels of usefulness. With thoughtfulness and care, fill every hour with plays and pursuits that interest and educate, that delight the heart and satisfy the mind.

The life in the home must be optimistic. Slam every door in the face of fear and open them wide to joy and gladness. Let every morning be greeted with song and praise, let every day be closed with peace and thanksgiving.

The discovery that the Kingdom of Heaven is in each soul, illuminates every path and most of all brightens the life at home. This brightness fills every heart. Parent and child respond to its influence and radiate the same to all who come within the household. Living the Divine Life we set up a contagion of health and happiness disseminating joy and gladness to all.

MUSICAL TECHNIC ARRAIGNED.

BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

IT has been said, "Artists are born, not made." This is true; and yet without development, or education, we could have no great composers, and executive musicians. To what extent the technical side of music should be cultivated is a question of the utmost importance, as it involves an expenditure of much time which might be more profitably employed. Many persons take up the study of music, though they are naturally almost devoid of real musical instinct, because they think if they can only play or sing fairly well it will be so easy to make a good living and get into the best society. That is the reason why thousands of persons go to schools of music determined to remain there long enough to get some kind of testimonial from the institution where they spend their time and money. It might as well be conceded first as last that only comparatively few persons have the natural qualifications to become real musicians or poets.

It is a very debatable question whether too much time spent upon counterpoint will not prove a hindrance to the development of the power of musical composition; and the same doubt will obtain with regard to technical work for the practical pianist or vocalist. Some of our greatest musicians have spent very little time on the technical part of music. If Chopin had carried out his intention of devoting three years of his life to the study of piano technic with the materialistic Kalkbrenner, the probability is that his heaven-inspired genius would have been so dwarfed that his immortal works and original style would never have been given to the world. Or if Beethoven had not been inspired with a power far in advance of his contemporaries, he would not have left those wonderful tone productions which were not understood in his day, and will not be fully appreciated by musicians and amateurs for centuries to come. I know a musician who has had his share of success as a teacher and artist, who would never have written one of his technical studies if he had not been confined to

his bed by rheumatism, when not in the mood to write anything more inspiring than a technical work. His technical studies have helped many to develop their pianistic powers, but, no matter how perfect the technic of a player may be, technic, pure and simple, is only a means to the end, and not the end itself.

It seems to me an offense equal to a crime to use the sublime preludes and fugues of Bach for strengthening the fingers, as I once heard a celebrated pianist in Germany recommend. I could not have been more shocked if he had said that every evening after dark he went about strangling every living thing he came in contact with. For my own part I have never found any method or machine so efficacious as the simple—milking of a kicking cow, of which I became the fortunate owner on my arrival in Los Angeles. I think it sheer nonsense for piano players to be so solicitous about their hands that they feel unable or unwilling to do any manual work. Playing upon the piano or organ requires good strong hands. Piano playing, especially, should depend upon the variability of *touch* and the damper pedal. I have no use for the so-called soft pedal. Any pianist who has not enough sensibility in his temperament, susceptibility in his touch, and music in his soul, to make the piano sing its softest tones without using the soft pedal, is lacking in the principles of positive and negative which I teach in the first lesson to beginners.

Playing and singing should go hand in hand. I feel almost a contempt for a player who says, "I can't sing. I have no voice," and something akin to the same emotion when a singer says, "Oh! if I only could play enough to play my own accompaniments." It seems such a one-sided, angular, development in both the player and singer; when no composer, worthy of the name, would be satisfied to produce only instrumental music, or exclusively vocal music. The musical nature of an instrumentalist is sorely neglected when the poetry of song is omitted. Martin Luther inspired as much enthusiasm in the days of the Reformation with his grand old hymn, "A Strong Fortress is our God," as he did in the highest flights of his impassioned oratory. Let us do all we can to cultivate the singing power within our souls. If

our orthodox friends can be believed, we shall be expected to be ever ready with the harp in our hands and the song in our mouths, and that will necessitate a combination of the powers already referred to.

Some musicians spend the most of their lives in talking about the wonderful method of teaching playing or singing, of which they are the unequalled exponents, for a certain consideration per lesson. The result of too much talk is generally the unsatisfactory progress of the pupil. All arts are best taught by example. Being perfectly *natural* in the use of the hands or voice is the sure indication of a good teacher.

Speaking of technic, Liszt said to me, "it comes *quickly* or *never*."



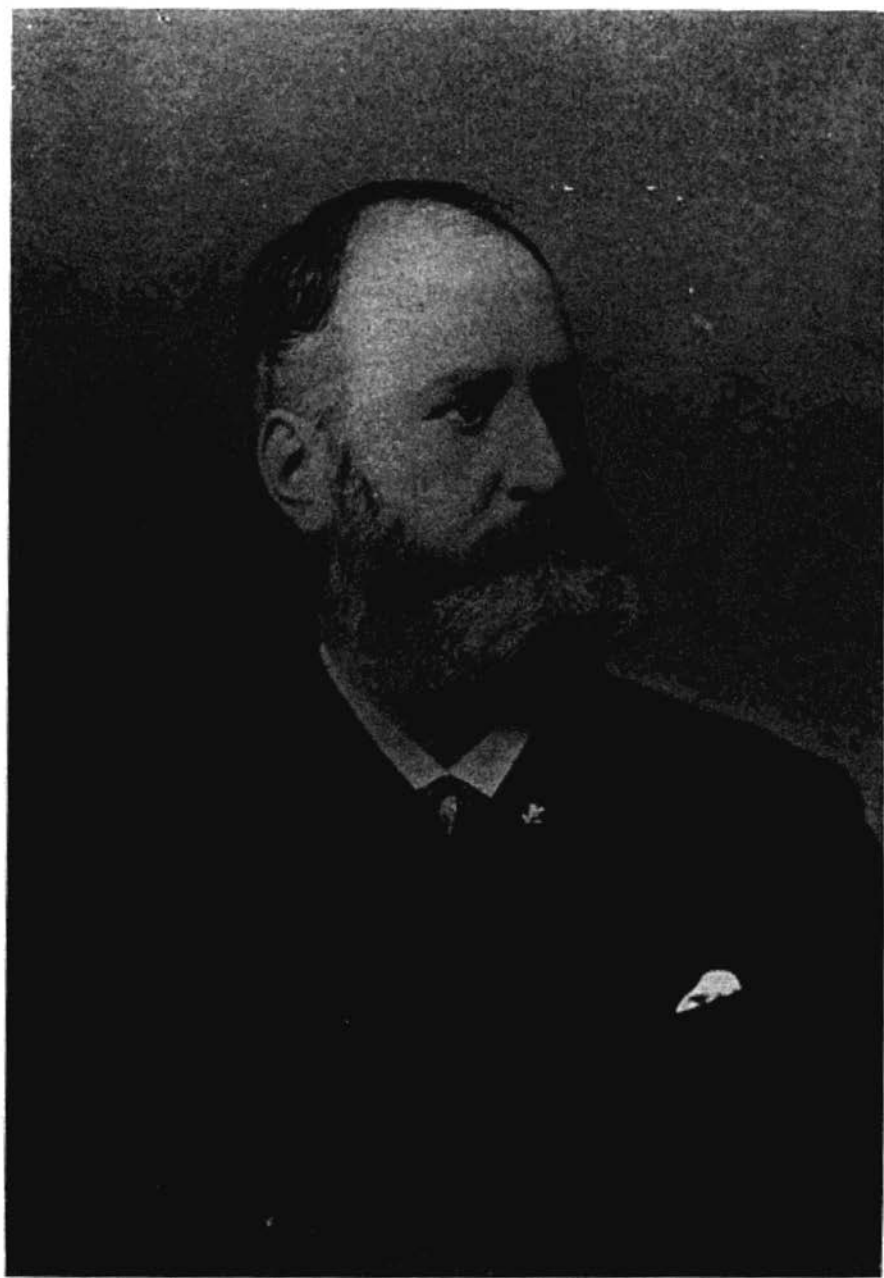
AT THE CORE—WHOLE.

By DR. LAURA M. SMITH

Oh, I am glad that I was born into this world!
 I am glad that I was conceived, and born, and that I am here!

There is a great red rose on my bush by the door.
 It is beaten and blown by the wind.
 Its leaves are blown by the wind, and bruised and torn on the edges.
 But up it stands, staunch in the centre, magnificent!
 Straight from the earth, firm-rooted,
 Shaking its fragrance to the sky,
 Waving its great glad heart to Heaven!

I have been blown by the wind.
 I have been bent and bruised by the great fresh air.
 (I shall be every day of my life.)
 I will sway and swing, I will toss and turn—
 But by the living God' *Nothing* can down me!
 I will stand up, staunch in the centre,
 Firm at the root,
 Waving my great glad heart to Heaven,
 Thanking God that I got into this mysterious, exquisite, ravishing universe,
 That I was conceived, and born, and that I am here!



PROF. CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

THE JEWELLED STAFF.

BY EMMA J. WHITTIER

THERE is a Jeweled Staff called the Good Law. It is beyond price, its gems shining for all, and since the world began there never was a time when it was not.

But there have been long periods when it seemed lost to men because, as intellect grew keen and intuition dim, it could not be perceived. Intellect alone cannot discern it, nor the senses five, nor the emotions. Neither can it be described nor pointed out; it must be seized.

When memory of it became confused in thought with various human formulas, as the periods rolled along, men in great numbers began declaring there was no help vouchsafed to man, and never had been; and others said there were no gods, else would they have given staffs, visible and tangible, to lean upon throughout life's journey. And there was great contention.

But a few who walked uprightly and with ease declared they were supported and their steps directed; yet their companions said it was not so, for they bare nothing in their hands. And those who said they were assisted could not pass over their support to their companions because these could not see and grasp it. Nevertheless they did lean upon the Jeweled Staff, though not yet fully recognizing that it was such. For the Good Law is ever present, and has been from the first to those who could discern it. So there have been much stumbling and much going astray and great suffering.

However, strength came through conflict; the pricks and wounds were sore to bear but did cause men's eyes to open at the last and thus they cast about to find where they had erred; and they inquired of scholars as to what had been done in times before; whether ancient sages had written of any words spoken by gods to men. After much mistaken advice and many consultations,

these scholars tell to comparing emblems dug from the ground, and strange marks found upon stones and images, and also writings upon curious materials in far countries where multitudes had lived in forgotten times. These things increased upon their search, testimony from one source supporting that from other sources and all fitting together like mosaics in a pattern. And there were whispered strange reports. It was even said the Jeweled Staff had been regained as it was brought by gods to men; that it was still as good and strong as ever and that it never had been wholly lost. It only had been screened from those who would have used it but to evil ends, waiting the time when it might be again entrusted to the world. For time unfolds in cyclic periods large and small, and what belongs to one of these cannot be used in safety in another one. Just as to our babes we would not give sharp tools, nor to a man insane with anger entrust delicate instruments.

Still it was said that many men in all times had leaned upon the Staff, a few being aware of it, but most believing that they walked by their own strength unaided. There had been various written and spoken precepts among all the nations, rules of life and worship, and all had borne some part of the Good Law; but it could not be recognized among so many words, as men had lost much of the early insight given to them. Now this loss was not wholly by fault of their own, since the way in which they were obliged to pass to reach the goal lay through a dense expanse where many dangers were. Indeed the astronomers have said that when a certain tract in space is reached, never yet touched upon, at which time also a corresponding advance in man's development shall be attained, this insight into higher things will be regained. In this way it has come to be really believed by many that the Jeweled Staff, the Good Law, is at this present time within the reach of all who earnestly inquire, within their reach not through interpretations one added to another, not to be thrust upon them by authority, and surely not a gift through sufferings of another. Whether strong or weak, each one must exert himself in order to get that which is suited to him, and only by using what he has at every turn will he be able to attain to more.

A child may bear the Staff; in truth many of the little ones bring it with them when they come to us, and when they hear it spoken of they recognize it. They lean upon it and it bears them up and, sending out great branches, bearing leaves and blossoms, shelters them from all the ills of life; its tendrils twine themselves about them and they become one with it. For it is a living staff, not a dry branch; life throbs and flashes through its every part; love shines through every gem, waiting an opportunity to bless. Youth grasps it and, walking on, his steps are steadied, his vigor is not wasted, his eye turns toward the goal steadfastly. The maiden's way is made a joy, her thoughts are true and strong, and folly stands afar off when the Jeweled Staff is in her hand. Maturer life, also, need not be without relief from errors. Results of past departures from the path are borne with sweeter fortitude, knowing the Law, and eagerly is pointed out the way toward the one light.

But even so, if one should grasp this Jeweled Staff seeking to seize upon the jewels and barter them for common goods, it turns a serpent in his hand and sends the poisoned drops through every vein. Another, if he thinks to show his prize and boast his newest acquisition, it turns to ashes in his grasp and buries him from sight. To him who makes pretense, knowing not what it is but imitating those who know, it proves a hollow reed, gives forth a hollow sound, and falls to dust.

But the aged wise who have passed years in searching for the Law, hungering for the truth, find the Jeweled Staff a welcome support, comforting, cheering, enlightening the understanding, making wise the heart, clearing the vision by casting off the mists of doctrine that have long made the Giver of the Good Law appear an unjust tyrant, whereas, since injustice cannot live and tyrants are not wise, the great Source of all life, and all wisdom, and all good cannot be such.

Use is one Jewel of the Staff. If it be left unused, or carried as an ornament, it shrinks away. It should be leaned upon trustingly, and its helpfulness made known to all who can receive, freely offered to all. "Ask, knock, search." "The yoke is easy

and the burden light." "Accept the woes of life. Chafe not at karma." "Let not the fruit of action be thy motive." The real can never be destroyed; only the false can come to naught. Hate, jealousy, revenge, perfidy, avarice, these cannot endure; they cause their own destruction. The Good Law gives assurance that never a holy thought, a gracious deed, an impulse toward the true, can be annulled.

Unlimited compassion another Jewel is, stooping to aid any in need, whispering of the light ahead that never fades. Give ye help to fellow travelers, showing them to so bear present burdens that they bring not greater to their lot, showing how one may reap suffering sown by his own hand in ignorance and yet be joyful, knowing the wisdom of the All. "As ye sow so shall ye reap, hence as ye are reaping ye have sown." And further says the Law, if another be in danger or distress and you pass him by in scorn and help him not in thought or deed, in good time his ills fall upon you, for in that way alone you learn compassion. "Inaction in a deed of mercy becomes an action in a deadly sin." And if you wantonly give pain to any life, that pain bends back to you. "To live to benefit mankind is the first step."

Especially the Good Law dwells upon the truth that in our own being must the evil be subdued. "Strangle thy sins and make them dumb forever." Yield the lower to the high, the false unto the true, the fleeting and shadowy physical unto the will purified and held parallel with Will Divine, the Giver of the Jeweled Staff to men.

SINGLE TAX—WHAT IT IS, AND WHERE IT IS.

BY JOSEPH LEGGETT.

THE term Single Tax has but recently found its way into the dictionaries and encyclopedias of our language. In the Century and the Standard dictionaries it is defined with sufficient accuracy for ordinary purposes. But it is impossible to gain an adequate comprehension of the Single Tax from a mere definition of the term. The words Single Tax were first used as a heading for an article written by Thomas G. Shearman of New York, which was printed in the *Standard* on May 28th, 1887. Henry George and his disciples were at that time considering the adoption of a name for the doctrine enunciated in "Progress and Poverty," and the title of Mr. Shearman's article was, by common consent, accepted generally. The name thus chosen has probably served the purpose as well as any that could have been selected. It indicates how, by a method already in use, the fundamental principles of the doctrine can be carried into practical operation. As an appellation for a system of taxation it indicates the fact that its adherents propose, in lieu of the multitude of taxes now levied, to collect all taxes needed for the support of government from a single source, land values.

But the Single Tax is not merely a fiscal measure or scheme of taxation. It is a philosophy, the great underlying principles of which are the practical recognition of the Creator's equal care for all men, the equal right of every individual to the use of the earth, and the law of service which ordains that no man shall command the service of another, except by rendering an equal service in return. As a system of philosophy its corner stone is equal and exact justice to all. Its end and aim is to secure equality of opportunity to all.

The Single Tax is, however, more than a philosophy. It is a

great practical cause. It is in this aspect that the Single Tax is most interesting, and at the same time least known. Most fairly well informed people now understand what the Single Tax as a proposed fiscal reform is, and its fundamental principles as a philosophy are now quite generally understood. But very few even of the best informed people have any idea of where the Single Tax is, or of the practical results which it has already attained. The reason for this is easily found. The great aim of the adherents of the Single Tax cause has been to effect a change in thought. What the world needs now more than anything else is clear, earnest thinking. It is confused thinking that has tied us up in the tangle from which we are striving to free ourselves. And there is no other way out of the dilemma we are in except by thinking.

The Single Tax has deeply affected and influenced the thought of the English speaking world since the first publication of "Progress and Poverty" in the year 1879. Primarily, it has wrought an almost complete transformation in the thought and character of the millions of men and women who have accepted its doctrines. It has brought light and hope to minds once dominated by darkness and despair. It has broadened and humanized minds once narrowed by cynicism and hardened by pessimism.

But the Single Tax has also affected thought in a more public way. It has more deeply influenced the public thought of Great Britain than that of any other country, although there is no country in which the English tongue is spoken, where its influence has not penetrated. And it is a remarkable fact that it is in the most active-minded and progressive communities that this influence has been most strongly felt. In London, the great intellectual and financial center of the British empire, the great municipal campaigns of 1892 and 1895 were fought and won on what we should call a Single Tax issue. In Glasgow, a city universally admitted to be blessed with the highest and best type of municipal government ever yet known, in November, 1896, after a Single Tax campaign that lasted all summer, elected 75 councillors, 49 of whom were pledged to the principle of the Single Tax. After the

council organized it adopted a Single Tax resolution asking the Imperial Parliament to confer upon municipalities power to apply the principle of local option in taxation. Inside of six months from the passage of this resolution by the Glasgow council, 62 other public government bodies, city, town, county and parish councils, etc., followed Glasgow's example by adopting a similar resolution. In the year 1897, the council of Rhymney, an important town in Wales, adopted a similar resolution, and before the end of the year 140 other governing bodies in England and Wales had followed suit by adopting similar resolutions. The Liberal Party Conference, (corresponding to the National Conventions of the great parties in this country) held at Newcastle in 1893, inserted a Single Tax plank in its platform, which it reaffirmed at the conference held at the same place in 1895. The General Council of the Scottish Liberal Association, (corresponding to our National Committees), at its meeting last November, unanimously adopted a resolution in favor of giving a foremost place in the Liberal programme (platform) to the taxation of land values. The Metropolitan Radical Federation of London recently adopted a similar resolution. The British Trades Union Congress has, at every annual meeting held for the last eight or ten years, adopted a Single Tax resolution. And the Trades Union Congress of the Dominion of Canada has, at its last two annual meetings, followed its example. For several years past upwards of one thousand lectures each year on the land question have been delivered in England and Wales, under the auspices of the English Land Restoration League, and the Land Nationalization Society. The Liverpool Financial Reform Association, having a membership of about three thousand, and branches in most of the leading cities of England and Scotland, is thoroughly committed to the Single Tax. Since the last general election in England, the following members of Parliament have been returned at the bye-elections, on a Single Tax platform: Richard McGhee, for South Louth, Ireland; John Morley, for Montrose Burghs, Scotland; Capt. Pirie, for Aberdeen, Scotland; Capt. Sinclair, for Forfar, Scotland; Col. Cameron, for the Bridgeton Division of Glasgow, Scotland, and

A. Bilson, for Halifax, England. The London *Daily News* said last year: "The next Liberal government will carry through the taxation of land values."

Owing to the less complicated structure of their governments, and to the democratic character of their people, it is easier for a change of thought in the various colonies of Great Britain to translate itself into practical legislation, than it is either in this country or in England. Hence it is that it is in British Colonies alone that the Single Tax has passed beyond the field of discussion into the field of practical legislation. New Zealand led the way in 1891 by exempting from taxation for colonial (State) purposes all personal property and improvements on land up to the value of \$15,000. Two years later the Statute was so amended as to exempt all improvements. In 1896 an act was finally passed by both Houses of Parliament, after being twice rejected by the Upper House, which gives to counties, towns and cities, power to determine by a popular vote what property they will tax or exempt from taxation for local purposes. In 1897 the town of Palmerston North by an almost unanimous vote decided to exempt all personal property and improvements on land from taxation for local purposes.

Two years ago the colony of New South Wales took the first step in Single Tax legislation by imposing a small tax upon the unimproved value of land. Premier Reid, in his last budget speech, which was enthusiastically received, said: "Two distinct advantages had been achieved by the land tax, namely, the establishment of sound prosperity of the colony, and the fixing of the price of land at its true value." On a recent visit to this city, Mr. John Hindle, a merchant of Sydney, and a former member of the Parliament of New South Wales, said: "This tax on land values is producing good results, not only directly but indirectly. The feeling among owners of large tracts and valuable ground in the cities is that the penny-a-pound tax means a great deal more than that. They regard it as an entering wedge destined to split the monopoly log."

In British Columbia and in the Northwest Territories of Can-

and some slight steps have been taken in the direction of Single Tax legislation. In Maryland an act of the legislature under which the village of Hyattsville several years ago attempted to apply the Single Tax principle in local affairs, was declared unconstitutional by the courts. And an act of the last legislature of the State of Washington which exempted \$500 worth of personal property and \$500 worth of improvements on land from taxation, met with a like fate. In the latter State, however, a constitutional amendment providing for local option in taxation is now pending before the people, and will be voted on at the election in November next.

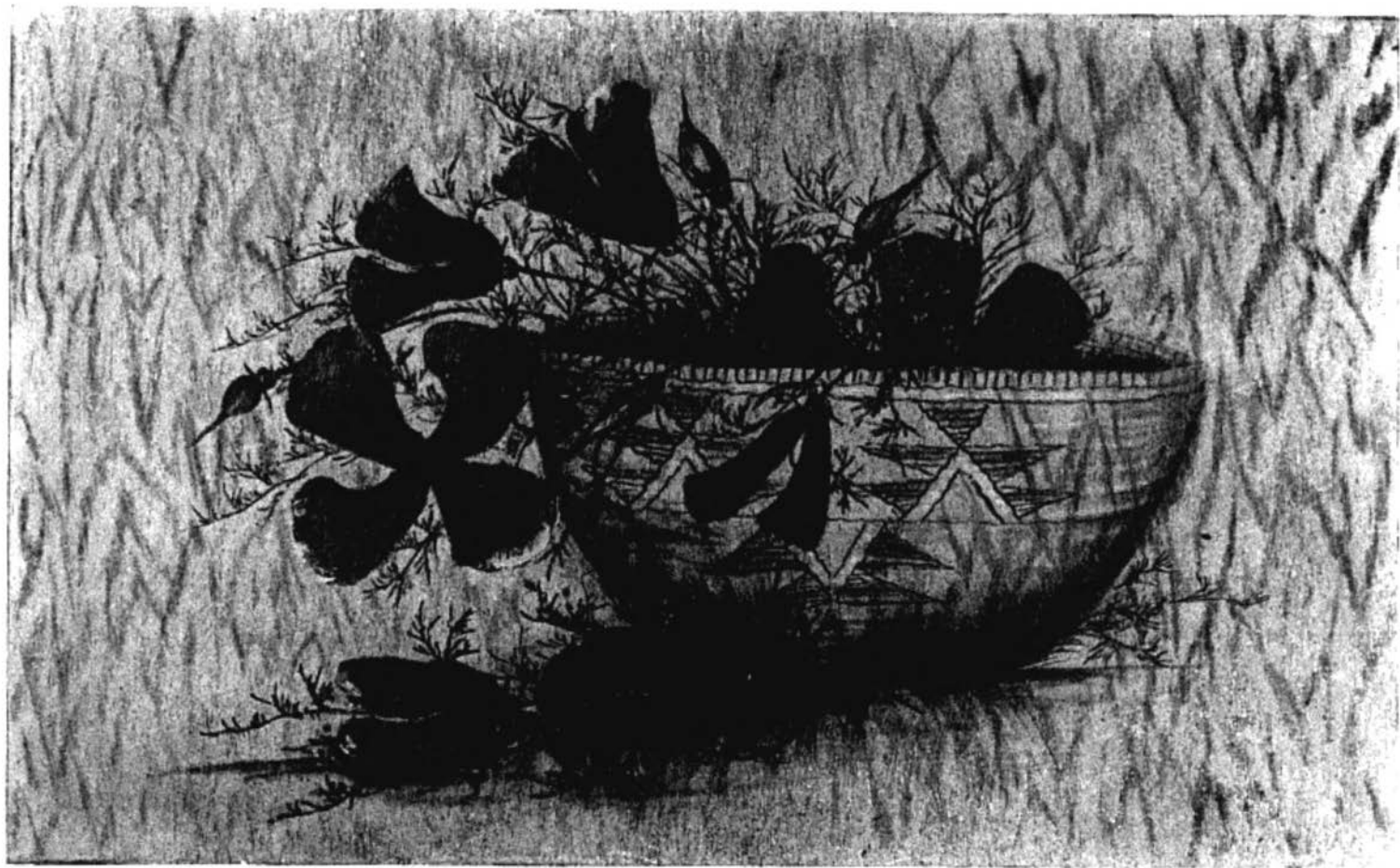
The practical effects of the discussion and agitation of the Single Tax are by no means limited to those countries or States in which there has been legislation on the subject. Important results have followed the change in thought effected by such discussion in States and countries in whose Statute books not a line of Single Tax legislation has yet been written. About the year 1880, "Progress and Poverty" was published in England and immediately found millions of readers among all classes in Great Britain. Prof. Thorold Rogers says that in 1879 the rent of agricultural land in England reached its highest point, and averaged forty-five shillings an acre. It had risen 26½ per cent. during the preceding twenty-six years. In 1896, Mallock, an apologist and defender of landlordism, said that the incomes of the landowners of England had fallen 14 per cent. between the years 1880 and 1896, and that those of the landowners of Scotland had fallen 13 per cent. in the same period. Nearly two years ago, Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, the most eminent of living scientists, said that the great landlords of England were then manifesting an anxiety to evade the coming revolution by getting rid of their land. Yet wages have been rising in England since 1880, notwithstanding the fact that machinery is still monopolized, and that the gold standard is still maintained. The Single Tax explains why wages rise when the amount of rent absorbed by the landlord falls.

The reports of the State Controller of California furnish some striking facts for consideration in this connection. In 1871

the date of Henry George's first publication upon the land question, which may be said to have started the Single Tax discussion in this State, the personal property of the State constituted 32.17 per cent. of the entire assessed property in the State. In 1897, it amounted to only 12.97 per cent. of the whole. And it is falling at the rate of nearly 1 per cent. a year. In 1896, it was 14.84 per cent. Here is a remarkable instance of the effect of changing the thought, even where there is no change in the legislation, of a people. The State of New York shows the same tendency, though not to so marked a degree. And as the proportion of personal property and improvements assessed for taxation in this State has gone steadily down, that of the land values has gone up, until now it is nearly two-thirds of the entire amount of property assessed. If this tendency proceeds unchecked the Single Tax will be practically reached without any change in the laws, and the assessment and collection of the tax on personal property will soon cost more than it will yield. And the drift and tendency of thought in reference to the taxation of the products of labor is all one way from one end of the English speaking world to the other. When the whole current of thought on any important practical question gets set in one direction, it is absolutely irresistible. The advent of the Single Tax cannot be much longer delayed.



YUCCA IN NATURE.



YUCCA IN ART.

YUCCA AND ITS USES.

BY CORA A. MORSE.

WHILE traveling through the mountain deserts of Southern California a few years since, I observed a scraggy growth, half plant, half tree, covering the sandy soil as far as the eye could reach.

This strange production of the great Mohave desert interested me, all the more because it bore a flower here and there upon its ungainly branches. Making many inquiries of my fellow travelers, all to no purpose, a quiet, pleasant-voiced man finally replied:

"That is the *Yucca Brevifolia*. It seems a perfectly worthless product but doubtless has its uses if they were once discovered. Remedial uses, perhaps," continued he. "I quite accept the Indian's theory that all plants were made for man's use in some physical emergency."

"You are a physician, are you not?" asked I.

"Yes, these many years, and covet the native botanical knowledge of the Indian. I might then discover the use of the yucca and in so doing make the world wiser for having passed through."

We parted at the next station. Having no one to talk to, my mind kept drifting to the "yucca," acres and acres of which spread in every direction. "'Tis not a fig tree cursed and done with blossoming," thought I, "and yet 'why cumbereth it the ground?'" Night fell upon the desert, and in sleep all thought of the desert, the yucca and its probable use, faded from memory; for the morning brought visions of a paradise we were all unprepared for.

While visiting in Los Angeles last summer my attention was called to a rare piece of art. Trying to unravel the mystery of

the substance upon which the picture was painted, I was informed that the material was yucca.

"There is a factory here," said my friend, "where they manufacture all sorts of things. Would you like to go there?"

The desert, the yucca, the doctor of eighteen years ago, were in a moment as clear to my mind as though they were among yesterday's experiences. "Yes, indeed, let us loose no time," I joyfully replied. Accordingly we repaired to the only yucca factory in the world. Almost as a genius tiptoes about while on the verge of discovering the final feature that is to perfect some wonderful machine, I went cautiously into the factory, which is a medley of wheels, small engines, and unique machines.

The genial manager, Mr. E. Densmore, informed us that the yucca was considered a worthless product until 1892, when he discovered its many advantages for surgeons' splints, for which it has seemingly been designed by nature. The logs of yucca are brought from Hesperia, in the Mohave desert, cut in lengths required (18, 24 and 30 inches long), the bark is taken off and the logs shipped in car loads. On its arrival at the factory it is put in a rotary veneer lathe, which revolves the log, while a knife, the length of the log, slowly approaches the center of the log, cutting a veneer or shaving, which may be continued until the log is reduced to a diameter of four inches, which is the diameter of the dogs holding the log. It has been found necessary to give the knife a reciprocating endwise motion while cutting, in order to get a smooth surface. It is then cut into sheets of required dimensions, and when dry is put through a sand-papering machine, when it is ready for shipment. The thickness is governed by the relative motion of the log and the screws that move the knife towards the center. Many of the logs are full of blemishes and these are sometimes undiscovered until much cutting is done, when, like the damaged marble discarded by the sculptor for a flawless piece, these sheets are thrown aside and sold to the farmer to wrap around the young fruit trees to protect them from the ravages of the festive rabbit. So much for the uses of the refuse yucca.

For the physicians' use the smooth sheets are placed in a die and cut and pressed to shape, and are fashioned to fit almost any part of the body; among them were fore-arm splints, ankle, patella, radial and palmar splints, beside the angular and inter-osseous. The great advantage of these splints, over those usually used, is the fact that they are extremely light, very strong, porous and opened grained, allowing free passage of heat from or air to the fractured part; antiseptics can be used without removal, as it saturates readily, thus avoiding displacement of fracture. The fiber has stiffness longitudinally but easily conforms to the desired shape laterally. It can be cut to shape with the scissors as easily as so much felt, and for this purpose can be purchased in sheet form. It is so cheap that new splints may be made instead of cleaning and preserving old ones. Its light weight is its greatest recommendation. The railroad surgeons everywhere are using these in preference to any other kind and claim to have saved many amputations thereby.

And now spread before us were the polished sheets of the finer grained wood on which the artist works out the ideals of mind and soul. Everything, from a picture 2x4 inches to a screen for the parlor, can be outwrought. Brown and old blue shades blend as harmoniously with its creamy surface as the notes in the chorale universal, while the more brilliant colors stand out in bold relief and compel admiration. My lady's needle is here called into use, the material being so soft and porous as to admit of beautiful embroidery in the delicate or more pronounced shades of silk, wool or chenille. Dainty picture frames, circular or square, connected by bright ribbons, form a charming decoration. Blotters, scrap-books, booklet covers, and the endless variety of small furnishings that make home life attractive, are shaped from this pliable material. An ingenious woman can create a whole wonderland of beauty with some yucca, a needle and thimble, and some silk or chenille. And any artist with brush and the power pushing from above, behind, below, which the world bows before and names genius, can portray *living* pictures with this living, vital, contribution from nature's garden for a background.

The accompanying cuts, showing yucca in nature and yucca in art, were drawn by THE COMING LIGHT artist. The former, enlarged from a small picture used by the yucca company as advertising matter, is a perfectly true representation. The latter is from a picture sent by Mr. Densmore as part of my Christmas cheer.

This evolution from the worthless plant of the desert to the comforter of the maimed and bruised, the inspirer of the artistic and constructive faculties of mankind, prophesies the evolution of the worthless human plants, floating about upon the dead sea of ignorance, awaiting the discoverer of their use to help them become comforters and inspirers to their fellow men. Some one has asked and answered the question, "and what *is* a weed?" "A plant whose virtues have never been discovered."

THE COMING LIGHT.

BY O. T. FELLOWS.

Across the future's sky so fair
A scroll of light I see unfurled.
Behold, thy hope is written there,
O wretched, lost and ruined World!

Look up, thy night of dark eclipse,
In cloud and mist, has rolled away,
And souls of light, with joyful lips,
Proclaim the dawn of freedom's day.

Awake, arise from slumber deep,
The night is passed with doubt and gloom:
The new light gilds the mountain steep,
The Christ is risen from the tomb.

Good will to all that live and breathe,
Ring out, glad song, with chiming bells!
The sword shall rust within its sheath
And dust lie thick in prison cells.

Despair no more, for come it must,
And brotherhood shall rule the world,
With love to banish all distrust,
And flags of war forever furled.

THE REFORMER IN GENERAL.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

OF COURSE the Reformer in Particular will at once decide that I do not mean him. He will probably pass along this article to someone of less exalted aim. He has his own pet project for saving the world; and the idea that Reform itself is subject to certain rules of common-sense upon which its success must depend, has not yet been evolved by his inner consciousness.

The time has now come, I think, when reform enterprises for saving the heathen from hell must begin to die out. Missionaries have long served as outlets for a great deal of unpractical enthusiasm and useless endeavor. If a savage gave up his idol, stopped eating his brother man, and called himself a Christian, the direct object was gained. The next step was to civilize him; induce him to go to work so as to have something to sell or exchange for clothes; in a word, to introduce him to the world of commerce. It was assumed that a man civilized was happy, and a savage most miserable, so a change was to be wrought in the name of God and religion.

Human benevolence is no less ready to-day than in any past age, but it is growing wiser in its objects. Men have discovered that they need not go very far away to find plenty of philanthropic work. Misery and suffering, enough to engage every spare thought and call for every spare dollar, are close at hand. Men, women and children in this country suffer far more, and live more hopeless lives than the savage in Africa or in ocean isle. And the true patriot is beginning to study and to think, till he has learned that our present civilization is tending down hill. He has discovered that industry, sobriety, prudence and inventive genius, lift a nation to a certain point, when, under the law of competition,

it begins to lose all it has gained, and to return to the old slavery and suffering. He has discovered that neither religions, priests nor gods can stop this process; that it belongs to the system itself. So the question of questions has become for the thinker this—can the system itself be changed, and civilization be preserved?

Suppose we could to-day reach a nation of savages hitherto unapproached, a nation cursed with ignorance, superstition and laws of blood. We undertake to win them to the arts of industry and the enterprises of commerce. Now let us watch the process. At first the huts become houses. Schools spring up. Intelligence spreads, comforts increase, and manhood develops. That nation wins peace by its strength; it gains wealth by its commerce. Inventions are encouraged, and forces of nature discovered and put to use, till one man with a machine can do the work of a thousand. Now let us observe closely. Generations have died one after the other. Centuries have rolled by, and the uphill for that nation has become downhill. A few have grown rich. The masses have become poor. Dissipation increases, because industry and virtue lose their reward. Presently in mines and factories we discover a wretchedness unknown to the savage. It is master and slave, only with the names changed; the result is the same. We thus learn that man gives the name of 'civilization' to a process which works in a spiral, like the thread of a screw. At first it winds up, and the nation grows; then it winds down again, and the nation dies. It is the law of commerce, so far at least as we understand the word, that it first takes the savage and makes him a man. Presently it takes the man and makes him a slave. In savage life there are few to rule, and many to serve. Through civilization and commerce we work back to exactly the same conditions.

Is it a wonder that men who realize that this is thus far the outcome of human history are taking anxious thought as to whether it must be always so? Can we marvel that there are noble souls in the world determined to stop this downward turn of the screw, or perish in the attempt? This is called for in the era in which we are now living. The spiral is turning downward now. We are already on the declining grade. And we know that

neither millionaire nor pauper is to blame. Nor is it merely a question of temperance or intemperance; of industry or vagabondage; of virtue or vice. Therefore sweet charity and loving sympathy will never work recovery: they are like dew on the morning flower, good for an hour, and then lost. The difficulty inheres in the very system. So it is the system itself that must be changed, or it will go on repeating the weary round.

We have many a society, and many a reformer, working on the problem. Some, full of despair, want to overthrow everything and begin again, just to give the bottom a chance to come to the top. Others think that the murder of a few masters—a bloody struggle for a few hours—will right matters. There is also many a worker who expects to force the screw to ascend by strikes and the organized power of trades unions. But this era is marked as never before, by a far more bold and hopeful thought—that *the very system may be changed*; that it is possible to think out, or dream out, social arrangements, so skilfully planned, that the spiral shall never ascend. Political and social equality are counted as possibilities, although it is acknowledged that individuality must remain untrammelled. The dream is that a system may be devised that shall encourage human nature to its greatest development, and yet maintain freedom for all alike. And when I said that missionary efforts for foreign lands will probably die out, I meant that those who have been willing to help the savage escape hell, are to find full occupation in this grand attempt to make a whole nation happy. The hell of another life will be left to take care of itself. It is the hell of this life from which salvation is now needed.

Some reformers are demanding that our government shall be entrusted with greater powers, and exercise authority in a much wider field. With a jealousy born of much sad experience, our fathers sought to limit governmental power as much as possible. And the fact that to-day so many are willing and anxious to increase its authority shows how radical is this change of thought and feeling. It is even proposed to destroy State sovereignty, at least to a great extent, and by so much to render the central gov-

ernment more powerful. We all acknowledge that some change is necessary to avoid destruction. The conservative who wishes things to remain as they are is no longer listened to. But we are all concerned in endeavoring to avoid any such change as would end in failure by establishing a governmental despotism. And I propose to point out the true starting point for every intended reform.

The whole question of nationalistic reform, involving as it does an entire change in the world's conception of progress, must rest upon an individual basis. It demands at every step the right man in the right place. Many an attempted reform has failed because the leaders were not true patriots, but kept their own interests first in view. The political maxim, "to the victors belong the spoils," has given motive to many an attempted change in the name of reform, and when the spoils of office were gained the reform died. Yet if we purpose any political change that involves a government with increased duties, responsibilities and powers, honest and competent leaders become the first necessity.

Now Lord Palmerston used to say, "every government will be as rascally as the people will permit it to be." In other words, the moral level of the people determines the level of the government. And herein is the point I want to make. In any radical change that it is proposed to make in our present system, everything depends upon the people. The leaders will be of them, and from them; and whether they use the nation, or the nation uses them, will depend on the moral and intellectual level of the voter. It is no merely enthusiastic mob that can win success in this giant battle with a system that has all recorded human history on its side, and where experiments must be made with care and progress gained one step at a time.

Take any city in our land and the crafty politician rules. His power is the power of whiskey and tobacco. It is in the guise of good fellowship that he wins his control. He will have to be reckoned with first of all. If he perceives there are enough of us sufficiently in earnest to shape votes, he means to have a voice in the ticket, and get to the front as soon as possible. It is only the

true man who can hope to escape his crafty and debasing influence. Without self-mastery the voter will yield to the social glass; the "hail fellow well met" greeting will lead him right into the trap. Labor will suffer, and suffer cruelly before this battle is won; but those who are "self-masterful" will become the true leaders, and help many a weaker brother to bear his burden. I repeat, and I say it with my whole soul, that success in this, or any other real reform, must come through sustained effort that will prove impossible to those not trained to self-mastery. In other words, we must deserve success before it is possible to win it.

We must remember also that any real national reform cannot be gained until we have woman's full co-operation. Every club, society or gathering that means to work for national reforms can only go one step at a time. And the very first step is to share membership, office holding and responsibility with woman. The new civilization, if it be gained, must be founded on equal rights and adapted duties. Man and woman must become one in a sense never yet grasped or dreamed of by the religious mind. And every male reformer in the country should pledge himself to himself to vote for woman's political equality just as often as the question is raised. That is an excellent starting point for every would-be reformer, for women are going to suffer, and also to serve, as much as men in this battle against all human experience. And there is no civil office for which woman is physically adapted that should not be as open to her as to man.

True reform does not need to incite a battle of class with class. The reformer must remember that he is proposing to set aside every traditional method of social and national success. His basic truth must be "justice to all," and then friends will gather round. Anything that savors of injustice to any will drive the whole question from the polls into the battle field, where the victor, triumphing through force, dictates his own terms to the conquered. Last of all it remains to be said that when the right leaders are discovered they will need great experience and caution to avoid mistakes; and poor human nature will too often carry self into high places. But if the rank and file are men and women struggling to a higher manhood all must come out right in the end.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF AMERICA.

BY JANE A. ROULSTON OF SEARSPORT, ME.

"It being one chief project of that old deluder, Satan, to keep men from the knowledge of the Scriptures, as in former times by keeping them in an unknown tongue, so in these latter times by persuading them from the use of tongues, that so at least the true sense and meaning of the original might be clouded and corrupted with the false glosses of deceivers: to the end that learning may not be buried in the graves of our forefathers, in church and commonwealth, the Lord assisting our endeavors, therefore, etc."

THE above is the preamble of a law, passed in the Massachusetts legislature of 1647, wherein it was ordered that every township containing fifty families should organize a free school in which children might be taught to read and write, and every township containing one hundred families should set up a school in which boys might be fitted for Harvard college.

The involuntary smile provoked by the crude wording and exaggerated religious zeal of the preamble passes quickly away as the true significance of this law dawns upon the thoughtful mind. Many and various are the documents which Young America holds proudly before the eyes of the wondering world in witness of the wisdom and patriotism of his ancestors, but not the Declaration of Independence itself has exerted a mightier influence upon the development of this great country than has that half-forgotten law, passed in the Massachusetts legislature of 1647; for out of this has grown the school system of America with all its virtues and all its faults.

It might easily have been foreseen that schools founded upon the idea embodied in the above quoted preamble, would, of necessity, be somewhat hampered in their work by religious bigotry; and so at first it proved. But in the very clause that lays this ban of dogmatism upon the school is found the germ of its emancipation; for it is hardly presumable that a race, trained from

infancy to read and to think, could for many generations bow beneath the sway of creed and dogma. And so it happened that upon the very spot where our Puritan forefathers laid the foundation of what they supposed to be an enduring faith, sprang up, less than two centuries later, the school of free thought so dominant in the land to-day.

In comparing the public school of primitive New England with its lineal descendant, the present elaborate educational system of America, it is necessary to remember the vast changes in all departments of education which the last two centuries have brought forth. Great as has been the improvement in our schools since the old colonial days, yet this improvement has not been steady and continuous. There are points all along the road where retrogression, on certain lines, seems to have set in. There is certainly a marked contrast between the modern "First Reader," with its interesting pictures and well-graded sentences, and the old "New England Primer," (now held as a literary curiosity) by means of which good principles were instilled into the mind of the youthful Puritan, together with his A B C's. In learning the letter "A" this unfortunate baby is also instructed that

"In Adam's fall
We sinned all."

A somewhat discouraging beginning, but not the less likely to impress the letter firmly upon the startled infant mind. At the end of the alphabet things look a little brighter:

"Xerxes did die,
And so must I."

Is gruesome enough, but is quickly followed by a hint at redemption through good example:

"Young Obadiah
David and Josias,
All were pious."

And last of all comes a real relief:

"Zaccheus he
Did climb a tree
His Lord to see."

Not even the somewhat dubious object of the exertion could quite

divest this rhyme of all interest. Zaccheus had, at least, the pleasure of the climb.

It is probable, too, that the zealous John Cotton's "Milk for Babes," which is said to be somewhat solid for bottle food, does not compare very favorably with the pleasant story books and histories with which the young people of to-day are regaled. But the common sense of our ancestors soon discarded the "Primer," and the "Milk for Babes" does not appear to have been very generally imbibed. We find no traces of its use, unless, as I sometimes think, it may have been one of the causes of that epidemic of child hysteria known as the "Salem Witchcraft." There was always a shrewd sense mingled with the austerity of the Puritan mind (except in aggravated cases of Quakers and witches), and it was not long before the district schools had evolved a course of learning not to be despised. Reading, writing and arithmetic were pretty well taught. History, algebra and even a little geometry were added later, and, at a period when university education was much less general than now, the country schools of New England were sending out good practical mathematicians and men of much general information.

In spite of its dubious beginning, the "Reading Book" of the transition period of the district school was the triumph of the system. "For truly, it was 'a well of English undefiled.'" Grand poems from Isaiah and the Psalms were here reproduced—with wonderful bits of Shakespeare and grand rolling passages from "Paradise Lost." Now it is impossible for even the most stupid and careless child to mouth his Milton. Such words are to be *spoken*, and the child will either roll them forth, or stand abashed before them. The book also contains fine bits of classic prose and some of the poetry of a more modern period, followed by the fiery eloquence of our Revolutionary orators and statesmen. "Reading in concert" was one of the exercises of the school; and often the wayfarer on a lonely country road would come suddenly upon a sound of clear child voices, reading in perfect unison and with wonderful expression, such words as these:

"Awake ' Awake ' Put on thy strength, O Zion '
Put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city!"

Or the rebellious angels "Ruining from Heaven" would be the theme and the stern young voices told how

"Nine days they fell, confounded chaos roared,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall."

Again it was "Marco Bozzaris" and the clear tones trembled with the words

"Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath!
* * * * *
And thou art terrible."

Then the voices rang out triumphant

"But to the Hero, when his sword
Hath won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word
And in the hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be."

Many a boyish cheek that flushed with enthusiasm at these heroic words has since lain cold upon the battle field. They made brave soldiers, those boys of the district school.

Another favorite for concert reading was "Bingen on the Rhine." What matter if they *did* pronounce it Binjin? Not the less sweetly

"Up the pleasant river and down the slanting hill
The echoing chorus sounded through the evening clear and still."

How much American literature owes to the reading book of the past will never be understood. But in my mind abides the firm conviction that the great wave of eloquence and song that swept over our land during the middle of this century had its source in that now discarded volume. The course of study pursued in these district schools was not systematically arranged nor was it supplemented by the modern improvements in school buildings and apparatus. The rude-built schoolroom nestled close against the rough old woods whose tall dark pines overtopped its unpretending roof. The desks were roughly hewn. The books were plainly bound. Bees flew in and out through the broken window panes and buzzed over the heads of the children as they bent above their tasks. Fragrance of flowers and voices of birds

flowed in from field and forest, and far in the blue distance the great world called to them. How the children of New England have obeyed that summons, let the nations of the earth attest.

A few weeks ago, I took occasion to examine the school books of a little grammar-school friend of mine and must confess that I was startled by the number and scope of the volumes which her strap contained. The reading book particularly attracted my attention. It seemed to be a condensed treatise on English literature, containing short sketches of the lives of the best-known English authors with extracts from their works especially adapted to the young. An admirably arranged and very valuable book. But, in its beautifully printed pages, I looked in vain for one passage of grand melodious English, for one outburst of pure inspiring thought. The happy possessor of the pretty book confided to me some of her troubles. "I am 'number one' now," she said, "but the 'next girl' is sure to get my place soon, for *her* mother will let her sit up till *eleven* and sometimes *twelve* o'clock, while I have to go to bed at *ten*." And as I looked into the anxious little face upturned to mine, and noted the thin fingers nervously clutching the formidable array of volumes, I found myself repeating, *apropos* to nothing,

"Young Obadiah
David and Josias,
All were pious.

I have often heard my father say that he learned his English grammar entirely from Milton and the Bible, construing passages from "Paradise Lost" and from the "Proverbs" and the "Psalms." There may be objections to this method, but I cannot conceive of a finer language exercise; and often, when listening to speeches and debates from the lips of some of the college-bred men of our time, men who hold degrees from our leading universities, I have been impressed with the very obvious fact that they had *not* learned their English from Milton and the Bible.

The scope of the school system of the United States is very great, and the partial success to which it has attained is really marvelous. That systematically graded and closely related schools

have been established in almost every nook and cranny of this vast land is in itself not the least of American triumphs. The faults of cramming and overcrowding and the mistakes of methods and text books will, in good time, adjust themselves, as did the errors of bigotry and asceticism so remarkable in the first stages of the development. The reaction against the classics in high grade schools and universities is a healthy sign of this; although, like all reactions, it inclines too far the other way; for it would be a most flagrant error to bar Latin and Greek from American institutions of learning. Indeed, the tendency to do this has already had an undesirable effect upon the culture of our colleges. But this danger is not great and even now the tide is setting back into the proper channel.

There is, however, one great evil hanging over our public schools which as yet shows no sign of abating. The natural development of a wrongly constituted economic system has placed the public schools in the hands of politicians, more or less corrupt, who make the sacred duty of choosing teachers and books a mere matter of low barter, thus weakening the efficiency of the instruction and vulgarizing the relations between teacher and pupil to such a degree that the highest function of the school is almost lost. This evil is not inherent in the system itself but comes from without, and from without must come the remedy.



Yours truly
Francis King

MAN THE CREATOR OF HIS OWN WORLD.

BY REV. FRANCIS KING.

MAN'S ADAPTABILITY.—The adaptability of man determines his end. Man was made "in the image of God" and given "dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every creeping thing upon the earth." He is the king of beasts and the king over beasts. He is adapted to have dominion over the beast and he has filled the sphere of his divine prerogative in ruling the brute creation.

But in the exercise of his powers man goes farther. He has learned and is learning more and more, to control the elements. As he reaches out and sways the sceptre of divine right, he finds his powers ever increasing and his kingdom ever extending. He begins to realize that he is indeed a god in the flesh; that in truth he was made in the image of God; that there is no limit to his attainments, nor end to his creation—*his self-creation*.

Man has been pushed on by fate to climb the upward spiral of progress. He looks back and rejoices at his achievements, but they are as nothing compared with that to which he shall yet attain. While he superstitiously bowed his head and bent his knee, darkness covered his intellect and soul. When he arose as a man and aspired to the dignity of a god, he dispelled that darkness, or emerged from it and stood forth on the borders of life and was ready for his work as a god, a creator. He has come into a knowledge of the operation of the great forces in the external world, by a conscious or subconscious knowledge of the operation of these same forces in the internal world, the world within himself, the microcosm. By putting himself in harmony with the laws of the universe, the creative and destructive forces of life

become his servants to use at will. In part he has already learned to use these forces and a marvelous transformation of life is the result.

How do we create?—By the utilization of the faculties, powers and resources within. "The active operation of the forces without, and their phenomena, have their counterpart in the forces within and their results. Cosmos is an harmonious system, the result of repeated divine acts, constructive and destructive. Man, the image of God, employs the very same power, and utilizes the very same forces, in his creation as the Creator in His universe. It is indeed the individualized God in the organism of a human being that manifests itself, according to the character and unfoldment of that organism. That manifestation will be made in creative acts, constructive or destructive. It is the same Principle of Life operating in all. But each separate human organism is the product of evolution and heredity: hence the varying character of the medium will affect the impulse of the Principle of Life. The impulse of the Principle of Life proceeding from the Creator is to manifest itself in every individual, and through every individual, in the highest degree of expression in harmony with cosmic life. But the individual colors or changes, pervert or destroy the impulse according to his or her character or condition of unfoldment. Upon this peculiar relationship of the higher man with the lower man, rests the doctrine of the freedom of the will and individual responsibility.

What are our creations?—Our creations are the objectified expressions of our thoughts. As the Creator manifests himself in the universe by the phenomena of life and death—cosmos and chaos—and rejoices in all his works, so we rejoice in the work of our own hands. By the law of life and death we create or destroy. We are moved upon by the impulse of the Principle of Life to activity. Our acts are the results of our thoughts. Thoughts are the soul of expression and produce definite forms. These thought forms exist in living reality in the mental world and are beings which inhabit our creation. They draw their life and sustenance from us. If they are exalted, worthy and beautiful, they

glorify our lives and deify our characters and dwell in order and harmony in our cosmos. If they are base, vile and unworthy, they work in us no exaltation of character, but voraciously feed upon and absorb the virtue of our lives and become the demons which torment us, and in the end destroy us. Thoughts projected on the lower plane, and moulded in matter, continue in material expression according to the degree of the intensity and order of vibratory energy producing them. Great works of art, painting, sculpture, poetry, invention and architecture, attest the strength of soul and mind which gave them birth. All productions endure or pass away according to the law of survival, that is their own fitness to survive or perish.

We build or create well, or poorly, according to the strength or weakness of our characters, and the degree of our enfoldment. We build to-day what we may be obliged to destroy to-morrow. We destroy to-day that we shall be obliged to build better, hereafter. Geological structure typifies the process of man's creation. Through one period after period of progress or enfoldment we pass, collectively and individually. One period of experience succeeds the other, so that our creation to-day is the result of successive lives and deaths, building and destroying, that we may produce a more enduring creation with a higher order of life.

The law of creation is motion. Every movement of the body, every utterance of the voice, every glance of the eye, every thought of the mind, sets up motion. There is a definite result of such motion. Every motion is constructive or destructive. It either makes for life or death to another and by reflex action makes for life or death to ourselves. There is no escape from this law forever. Repeated action in a given direction intensifies the result. An influence is exerted upon another which is lasting, and so a great chain of unending causes is formed. The individual who constructs such a life of complexity finds himself completely involved in his own world of creation. Soon or late he must give himself as a sacrifice to his own world. He must go on forever adjusting, destroying and rebuilding, destroying and rebuilding. As he proceeds his creations ever assume higher form or lower

character. He will be exalted more and more to deity, or dragged lower and lower by the demons of his own creation.

Nothing is ours, saving that which we have produced. We live only in our own world, not the world of another. We are moved upon, to be sure, by impulse of the Principle of Life, and operated upon by suggestions of others, but we ourselves must send forth the fiat. It shall be, or it shall not be. That which is without appeals, and can only appeal, to the corresponding same within. All motion proceeds from centers. We are the centers of our own world. Everything which has a place or part in our conscious world, first had its expression in the universal life within us.

Knowledge is the fruit of experience. Experience is aggregated experiment. Every experiment is a part of the formative process of a complete production. An artist produces a beautiful painting. It may adorn the walls of the art gallery of his world, but it is not ours, nor can it appeal to us before we have learned color, shades, lines, light blending, form and figure. Nor is it until we have cultivated artistic taste, skill and execution, that we can live in or understand the artist's world. What is true of one phase of life is true of all. Nothing will suffice, less than a symmetrical unfoldment of all the faculties of body, mind and soul. There is no place to stop, short of perfection.

How shall we attain to the highest creative power in this world?
-- By coming into harmony with the laws of our being; by subjecting the human organism to the perfect control of the Principle of Life. The Principle of Life would express through the human organism the highest type of creative power on this plane, but the defects, errors, darkness, and undeveloped conditions of that organism interfere, pervert or destroy. We must learn to control the five mediums of expression, viz: the movements of the body, the touch, the voice, the eye, and the mentality. This can be done through careful drill, by aid of systematic methods. All these mediums must be trained to give forth Harmonic Vibrations. Harmonic vibrations are constructive—life giving.

The two great processes of generating, creative power, are passivity and concentration. In passivity all the active, positive

forces are suspended, while the mind and soul become a passive, receptive, sensitive center of impression. In concentration the positive forces are aroused and the creative agencies, electricity and magnetism, are utilized in shaping those impressions, giving them actual form and projecting them. No person can be truly successful unless able to enter both conditions. The operations of the laws are simple when understood, with always definite and unvarying results. The study of man, the creator, and of his creative powers, is the greatest, first, and last of all studies.

THE WRECK

BY LUCY SHERMAN MITCHELL

Chide not with too much bitterness, e'en though
 The boat has drifted into waters dark;
 Perchance the oar was broke, or quite too frail
 To be of use in such a heavy gale—
 Or, compass lost, there was no chance to mark
 The way she went;—chide not, you do not know.

Speak not too harsh a word: some arms are weak—
 And often it may hap the barque of life
 Was built too heavy for the hands to guide
 Against the strong and ever-strength'ning tide
 That tended toward the shoals where sin is rife,
 And forced a landing that she did not seek.



OUR VALENTINE.

THE COMING LIGHT received a valentine which is likely to be shared by the whole world. Prof. Carlvle Petersilea, formerly of the New England Conservatory of Music, whose portrait and word picture of music, from the critic's standpoint, appear in this issue, sent us a magnificent piece of music, set to our New Battle Hymn of the Republic. The spirit of '76 and the ring of the coming time speak in every note. The hallelujah of the chorus begins like the distant murmur of the ocean and ends with a mighty swell which echoes and thrills, as the hearer is carried along the song billows of each succeeding verse to the majestic chorus again. We hope to publish it soon and help to "start the world along" with its living vibrations. Aside from the vital character of the music, which is a strength and an inspiration, the delicate thought of the gracious giver filled our hearts with joy and filled THE COMING LIGHT office with a halo which surrounded all the force employed therein, from the editors to the printer's devil. All throats voiced the glad refrain and work grew lighter, success seemed nearer, and humanity dearer than ever before. Do you remember the picture of the waiting people who, almost breathless in their eagerness, counted the minutes until the Liberty Bell rang out the blessed tidings of a free people in 1776? Do you remember the great shout of emancipation that followed the first stroke of the old bell? Yes, you

remember, for its vibrations are still stirring the world. Are you aware that millions are waiting to-day with just as intense anxiety to hear the first bell-note of the larger freedom that is to gladden all hearts? Do you know that California is to send that first note of emancipation which shall

"Sweep from sea to sea
Until the shining heavens sing it
This sweet message of the free?"

There are those who *do* know it, and who are working with untiring zeal to that end. THE COMING LIGHT is the beacon flaming from the watch tower. The workers, from its quartette of editors to its Petersileas of harmony and song, are of one accord in the absolute certainty of the mission of THE COMING LIGHT. Bare your heads and bend low in listening attitude. The rope is in the bell-ringer's hands, the messenger has been dispatched to carry the welcome word, "Ring." The air will soon be pulsing with the sound and every tongue repeat the story that "Freedom's hosts are born." This pledge, dear reader, is *your* valentine.

WAR. !

THIS matter of war between the Great Powers is becoming a weariness. For many years the headlines of the newspapers have announced, about once a week, that a tragedy of conflict was impending, that Europe was to have its rivers turned into blood, and that no one could foretell how the fifth act would terminate.

But instead of tragedy we have had only farce, and begin to think that this is all we shall ever have. The Big Boys of Europe seem to delight in bullying the little fellows, and do not hesitate to cuff the ears of here and there a principality, or now and then a semi-barbaric tribe. But when the bullying empires stand face to face, they content themselves with a scowl, say "shoo" at one another, then hide behind the corner of a continent or an island of the sea, and that is an end of the threatened war. Indeed the great nations seem to have a deferential respect for one another's prowess, and venture no more than a few brave manœuvres and some diplomatic growls and then subside into quiet.

It is just as well so. War is not the best thing for this world any more. And the people generally are coming to feel, we imagine, that the truth about war is well told in the following rhymes. The origin of them is not known, but they were printed in Moore's Almanac for 1829, under the head of "Monthly Observations." They run thus:

"Whene'er contending princes fight,
For private pique or public right,
Armies are raised, the fleets are manned,
They combat both by sea and land.

When, after many battles past,
Both, tired with blows, make peace at last.
What is it, after all, the people get?
Why, taxes, widows, wooden legs and debt."

SPHINX RIGHTS AND OUR RIGHTS.

WE appreciate the exceptional honor of a promised series of communications from *The Sphinx*. But let not *The Sphinx* imagine that we are disposed to apologize for asking questions, as if we were trespassing on her incontestible rights. We no longer recognize, out in this frontier world, any of the ancient and traditional prerogatives. Long ago we did away with the "divine right of kings;" and many other anciently registered claims, pretensions, special privileges, immunities, tenures and warranties are getting to be very shaky in our day—among them the title of *The Sphinx* to exclusive sovereignty over the Empire of Riddledom. It is not just that one party should have the eternal privilege of putting all the conundrums, and the other party be forever racking brains and cracking skulls in trying to guess them.

Besides, it must be admitted that many *new* questions have arisen since *The Sphinx* set herself up in the riddle business. While the desert sands have been accumulating over the monuments of Egypt, and the sands of time have been burying her ancient institutions out of sight and memory, a new human world has come to be, and it stands to-day confronting a whole line of interrogation points. And especially out in this western hemisphere, where problems have grown as thickly as weeds, and

some of them with the proportions of Sequoias. We have questions both to ask and to deal with, that never troubled Egypt, and we claim the right to formulate them in a way fitting to modern exigencies.

And besides this again, we would have it understood that this is Yankeedom, in which THE COMING LIGHT has appeared. It is Brother Jonathan's very own and proper home. And Brother Jonathan is both by nature, and by his own independent volition, an exceptionally inquisitive chap, a born-and-bred questioner of gods and men and things. In one pocket he carries his famous jack-knife; in the other a big bundle of interrogation points. He will insist upon, and boldly exercise, the right to use both.

But if *The Sphinx* really wishes to join in *with* us, and ask questions, we will give her opportunity in our columns.

DEMOCRACY NOT YET REALIZED.

THE COMING LIGHT is no pessimist. Neither will it ignore stubborn facts and "cry 'peace' when there is no peace." We cannot shut our eyes to the threatening fact that popular government is in greater danger now, than at any recent period. While we have been carelessly thinking that the extension of the suffrage in Europe prognosticated the near approach of Democratic rule for the civilized world, there has been a fatal worm at the root of the tree. Representative government has proved a failure, so far as the liberty and happiness of the people is concerned. Representatives do not represent, but *misrepresent* the people. The great mass of legislation is for the benefit of the classes, and against the welfare of the working masses.

One cause of this misrepresentation is found in the fact that a large per cent of all elected officers are chosen by a minority of the popular vote. Pluralities elect, not majorities. The majority is powerless. It is not represented. From President to Supervisor, minorities elect. But the most potent cause is the venality of the people, who are so evenly divided on party lines that a few votes turn the scale either way. The powerful corporations are

thus able to purchase enough votes to elect the men of their choice for executive or legislative positions. And this practice of purchasing votes is becoming more flagrant every year.

No bad system will ever correct itself. We must have something new. What shall it be? Democracy! "The government of the people, by the people and for the people." We have no such government. Ours is of the people, *by* the plutocrats and *for* the plutocrats. A true government can be reached *only* by proportional representation and the initiative and referendum. When the people, as a whole, vote upon their laws, the occupation of the vote buyer will be gone and minorities will no longer rule.

J. S. L.

THE HIGHER WANTS.

ONE of the hopeful signs is the unyielding ethical demand made by the leading minds in our ranks. It is clearly seen, by these modern seers, that no permanent success can be achieved unless the great principles of justice and right are made the potent factors in our program. There must be a distinct consciousness and avowal of these principles of moral obligation or we shall utterly fail. We must as positively and emphatically affirm that man has a soul as that he has a body. And while the bodily necessities are primary, so far as the individual is concerned, the ethical are the primary ones when we come to the collectivity; for, the principles which rule the collectivity,—the social man,—determine the possession or non-possession, by the individual man, of the means to supply the primary needs of his animal nature. These principles are crystalized into institutions and laws. Their ethical character must be our first study. If they are morally just, we have no right to complain. We must submit. If they are unjust, then they must be abrogated and right ones take their place.

But, as said before, we are more than beasts. We are intellectual, moral, esthetic beings. Our noblest, our most imperative wants issue from our higher nature. Our most lofty pleasures are entirely discredited from the mere ease of the animal nature.

These needs must be provided for, or our rights are denied and trampled upon. There must be no uncertain sound to our proclamations on this point. When money-bloated employers propose to allow us only what is needed to supply the physical wants, we must rebel at once. We are souls! We have soul hunger. We demand that our hunger be appeased.

J. S. L.

NOTES.

The question naturally arises as to whether or not the course of studies in our city schools should include lessons in the Principles and Practices of School Directors. Much is said now about making our education in the common schools a fitting for the practical side of life. Some of our pupils are likely to rise by and by to the dignity of a place on the school board. Why not give them an insight into the methods by which the shrewd director may so easily serve the public interests with one hand and put money into his own pocket with the other. This appears to be one of the modern industries, and as profitable as a Klondyke claim. If the school urchin is duly instructed in the fine points of this art, he will have (in)visible means of support, and avoid the danger of falling into vagrancy—which might easily happen, in hard times, if he were trained only in some ordinary and honest trade.

After we had penned the editorial on "War" this cloud began to rise in the eastern horizon, threatening the peace that has so long obtained between the United States and Spain. At the present writing it is impossible to forecast with certainty whether the fierce storm of conflict is to break upon us or the sky will clear again. It does seem certain that these hours are critical, and the crisis may be precipitated by some merest chance, or freak of fortune. The Spanish mind is sensitive, the Castilian heart inflammable, and the Americans are by no means of a phlegmatic temperament. Hence, after the strain upon good feeling which the last few months have brought, it would take but little to incite both countries to that pitch of frenzy which easily forgets the horrors of war and marches grimly forth to conflict. But if peace is possible without shame, let us have peace. And yet we ought not to forget that one of the shames which we must avoid is that of leaving Cuba, poor, distressed, struggling, heroic Cuba, friendless. Long ago we should have given our hand to the patriots of this unhappy isle, and taken the risk of war in the interests of a great principle and an unquestionably noble cause.

If we have war with Spain, we suggest an opportune use for the fenderless cars of San Francisco. Let us load them upon ocean transports, ship them to Havana and Madrid, and turn them loose in these capital cities of our enemy. Some representative of the Market Street Monopoly should be sent along with them to see that the Spaniards do not clap fenders on them for at least two years to come. Then let all our warships be called home, and our militia be permitted to pursue their usual vocations, while the Mission Street Electrics, and the Cable Line Dummies put in their deadly work and grind up the entire Spanish nation under their wheels. Uncle Sam could afford to allow the monopoly 50 per cent a year on all its watered stock. Enough would be saved in this way to materially reduce our lingering war-debt. And meanwhile our little children, our mothers, wives and daughters, and the citizens of San Francisco generally would enjoy a period of immunity from the dangers that now threaten them on all our principal streets. And, moreover, this would give the needed time for determining the momentous question of what kind of a fender shall be placed on the cars, when, covered with Spanish blood and decked with the trophies of triumph, they come back to roll majestically through our streets again.

One of our San Francisco pastors said in a recent sermon: "All music is sacred, no matter if it be in an underground resort; it is simply put to a bad use." So too, it might well be said, all human nature is sacred, even when found in the slums. It is simply warped out of shape and pushed out of place, by the rude thrusts and unscrupulous elbowings of a hard, cruel and selfish world, which clings to systems of industry and social order which inevitably bring into existence the underground resort and all the other abominations of slum life.

The many friends of James G. Clarke, whose letters of inquiry are daily reaching us, must cultivate a little more patience. The publication of his unpublished poems has not been abandoned, but ways and means are being carefully considered in order to bring out a satisfactory work. All who will send in their names as subscribers in advance of the publication will receive the book for \$1.00, the price thereafter will be double that amount. Send all names to Mattie R. Havens, 830 Belview ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

A series of articles from several gifted authors will ere long run through our pages treating Socialism from an evolutionary standpoint, beginning with the "joys and sorrows of an atom," and ending with the unity of life everywhere. A feast of fat things is in store for our readers.

NEEDS OF THE HOUR.

IF TWO words only were to be given with which to express the *Needs of the Hour* those two words would be "fewer slaves," or, in the positive form, "more freemen." I do not refer to the material conditions which surround the people, but to the serf-like spirit which makes the material condition of slavery possible. This spirit is on every hand. We see it expressed in the attitude of the employed toward his employer, in his respectful submission to indignities thrust upon him in every form. We hear the prompt, meek, half-frightened, "yes, sir," to the brutal, dictatorial, overbearing command of the employer or overseer. We hear the silent, unquestioning agreement of the hired with the assumption of the hirer, "you are my property, sir." He cringes under these indignities, yet answers promptly, "yes, master," lest he be dropped by the wayside and left to find another master or die.

The other side of this serf-like character is expressed by the overseer or the master himself. It has become a truism that wherever you find a tyrant, you find in the same individual a coward. And in the same ego you will find a serf, for cowardice and tyranny are serfdom. Therefore, the man who makes the slave cringe is himself a serf but not yet a slave, for he is on the other side of the material conditions and therefore dictates rather than obeys. But let a force superior to his own present itself, and see how quickly he will bow the head in compliant acquiescence. He, in his turn will answer, "yes, master."

Seeing this to be true, it seems to me that we are a nation of serfs and slaves—few, very few freemen. Our heritage from the bond slave of the past, speaks in every word we utter against right and justice. Our silence also speaks, sometimes louder than words. The man, or the woman, who sees the great industrial machine crushing the children, the mothers, the fathers of a nation—yes, a world—and keeps silence, is tainted with this fear-

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ful heritage, for he loves servile peace for himself, rather than right and justice for all. On the other hand the man or woman who speaks, trying to palliate conditions that are, voices the same inheritance, for no freeman ever compromised a right, or made terms this side of justice. If this nation is to stand, or life on earth be worth living, such abject fear must be overcome and men be ready to stand with the workers toward the light. What if it be a dangerous position. The danger is no greater to you, a stalwart individual, than to the little pinched-faced butcher-shop cash-boys, or the sweat-shop children, or the news-boys, or ragpickers' babies. They face death continually from very helplessness. You would be facing death like a man instead of, as at present, slowly decaying like a coward. You would be conscious that at least your strong frame was helping to build an industrial machine which would contain and maintain all in its structure instead of running riot over their helpless forms. Lift up your heads, and if the heavens fall, speak for the right. If you do not know the truth, rest not in your search until you find it, lest you find yourselves in that weak, sluggish, unclean condition creatures always find themselves in when they fear to face the right.

But some will say "what of public ownership of industries and the natural means of production, proportional representation and the referendum, that the people may speak the word? We must have different conditions before we have different men." Verily, then we are lost, for it takes men and women to secure these and every other change necessary for a better life, and unless they are forthcoming, what can we hope for, what can we possibly get? Workers for the coming change are few. Men and women rush in every other direction than to their support. To be sure there are many ambulances gathering up the wounded, helping to bury the dead, trying to help the dying, but not for one moment do they turn to look at the great machine with a thought of stopping its work of destruction.

They are afraid.

Where are our freemen?

MATTIE L. MARBLE.

MESSAGES



NANTUCKET, MASS.

Enclosed find one dollar for subscription to your magazine, in case you are opposed to vivisection. If you do not feel opposed to it, must ask you not to put my name on your subscription list, but accept the dollar to help on your good work. I could not countenance magazine or paper which in any degree favors vivisection, and you will excuse me for expressing myself frankly.

M. F. C.

Your name is on the subscription list, dear girl, and we are glad to form the acquaintance of one who stands so firmly by her convictions of right. There is no excuse, nor has there ever been, for the crime of vivisection. Nothing has been learned by it that in any way benefits the scientific world. If the human mind is too dense to discover the laws of life in perfect living creatures, it is not keen enough to recognize them in maimed and dying ones. Medical colleges tolerating vivisection are a moral menace to civilization, turning loose upon the public their graduates whose finer feelings are callous, and who do not hesitate to recommend surgery for every trifling malady. The hospitals of the world are evidence of this fact. Women by the thousands are mercilessly butchered in these institutions, and our cemeteries are crowded with the victims of successful (?) operations. Doctors themselves are not as secure as they might be about the future of this wholesale slaughter, which passes as skilled surgery, all because the majority of the human family are so ignorant of *real* men and *real* women that they have no conception of the "spirit that maketh

alive." They cling in desperation to materialistic methods of cure for their troubles, mental and physical, even to the extent of laying down their lives. And though they find them not again they consent to the sacrifice yearly of more and more of their kind to the Devil of Experiment, whose brain is psychologized, and whose heart is hardened, by training in the vivisectioning rooms of the temples of Esculapius, and for whom there can be no apology but thoughtlessness and ignorance.

We are disciples of light, life, and love, and believe only in the "life which generates," "the blood which circulates," and in humane methods of dealing with man or beast, in all emergencies however extreme.

STANFORD, CONN., Feb. 14, 1898.

I am hungering for the higher truth. Your reply to the Kansas sufferer is magnificent. It has cast a new light upon my path and doubtless many others have hailed such a truth as a spiritual stimulant. There is a grandeur and majesty in the idea which immediately spiritualizes all the great evils. E. L.

The Message Department is not a failure so long as some heart is comforted, some soul strengthened and stimulated. The clasp of the friendly hand, the smile in the hungry eyes, the wave of recognition reaching me these hundreds of miles are some of the things that make life worth all it has cost. Peace be unto you and to all the world!

ALAMEDA, CAL., Feb. 8, 1898.

I have read your "New Battle Hymn" and imbibed the inspiration that fills your editorial, "Our New Dress." I can never be mistaken in a sentence you write. Everything bears your brand. I am helped up the hard places and am made alive by this word-magic. Am puzzled, as I have been all my life, when reading the contributions from every earnest mind. Where do these words of power come from? Education is not a factor in it, thousands are educated but give nothing to the world. I long to understand something of the world these poets and prose writers live in and to comprehend the inspiration that wields a pen to write such messages as the "Mother's Greeting" and such allegories as "It is I, be not afraid." Can you throw some light upon the subject and help me to understand? M. L. M.

LET US UNDERSTAND.

What is that? A hand seems to stroke my hair—a cool,

pleasant hand. My brow had been feverish all night, and in dreams I had been bathing it in the cool water that flowed below the spring at the foot of the hill, just back of my grandfather's orchard.

I had been a child again through all the dream hours until, half awakened, I sensed my heated brow, and in fancy felt the cool water wash the weariness and the worry all out of life by soothing the brain. A sense of happiness stole over me at last, and I slept two restful hours, forgetful of all things. Light ineffable fell about me, and something touched my hair like a cool hand. "What is that?" my soul cried out. "Whose hand caresses me?" Like unto water which drops slowly through a filter until a vessel or bottle is full, so, filtering through my whole being, I felt the answer: "It is the hand of God."

Silently as a spectre might move, I turned in the direction of the voice, and into a flood of moonlight which enveloped my bed, and spread over the floor a carpet of snowy, glittering sheen. Every piece of furniture, every picture and mirror, every book and article of wearing apparel, was hung with moonlight draperies, ethereal as cobwebs, yet tangible as the things o'erspread by its lustrous folds. The shoes I had worn all day were filled with the light, and seemed in their whiteness too sacred to profane again by walking in them.

This lovely reflection of whiteness—stillness, almost breathlessness, recalled Longfellow's "Bridge," to mind. No wonder, thought I, that the sweet singer gathered lessons from the water and the moonlight, when my attic room is such a sublime picture.

It had been thus a thousand times before, in my room, but my soul was only half conscious heretofore of the supernal beauty. I had never been fully awake, perhaps, until now. I had never appreciated my attic chamber. And I had not understood why the nights and the early mornings are the hours of my inspiration, when I can best talk to my great big family, the world. I began to see the reason that the night hours softly cover my brain with drifting thoughts like snow flakes, to scatter around when I stir and come to mental consciousness again; or like the leaves that fall from the maples in autumn, cover the ground under them and

warm it for a time, then are lifted by the moaning wind and scattered into nooks and crannies where there are no maples. I begin to understand as never before where the inspirations originate.

It is five o'clock in the morning. I hastily robe myself and sit where I can see the outside world, and O, 'tis glory in my soul!" as the wonderful picture, bathed in cloudless light, greets my vision. Yes, I understand! The changes from positive to negative, from the electric forces of day to the magnetic forces of night, which govern the ebb and flow of tides; the interchange of currents; the passing of the old into the new; the line where the foot of day touches the head of night; the mount of transfiguration where the soul transcends the body and its physical environments, and shines through it, luminous as the moonlight; the place "where the soul and the body unite," where Ella Wheeler Wilcox locates the seat of our heartaches, and which poets of all ages have recognized as hallowed ground, where none but angels tread, and none but the purified roam—all have been revealed in this moonlit scene, this snowy room, this touch upon my hair. I have sat for hours and listened to the ocean's speech, trying to understand; I have loved the melody of the morning air through the leaves of the forest, and tried to comprehend their language; I have risen long before the sun, many a morning, to watch the swelling throat of the mocking bird as he sang out his great joy to the world, and tried to understand his story; I have wonderingly looked into the face of my own happy baby in the early morning, when, kicking and crowing, she smiled her delight to be alive; I have said "my bran new baby," "new every morning," and my heart has swelled with emotion, but—I did not understand.

This morning, the ocean's speech, the bird's song, the baby's smile are plain. My stupid brain has at last caught the message. The same interchange of electric and magnetic currents that swing the planets in space, giving all creatures their night and day; the magnetism and demagnetism of the earth, which is but the helix of the great battery, to which the sun is the positive and the moon the negative electrode—these also set the currents of ocean a-quiver, and resolve themselves into constant speech, that proclaims forever the glory of transfiguration from inertness into

motion and life. The dying day, as it slowly lies down out of our sight and consciousness, is caught in the arms of its lover, the night, and the embrace is the hour of transfiguration. All creation feels it. The ocean rolls the tidings upon the beach. The leaves are a-flutter, and hold converse for hours while thrilled with its revelations. The birds' throats burst into song with the joy of it. The light of its divine recognition gleams from the baby's eyes. And only we, who have strayed so far from the father's house, fail to understand; though the dyastole and systole of the heart and lungs are proclaiming forever, as long as the physical life exists, that the glory on the mount of transfiguration sweeps ever through them and forces *speech* in their constant motion, which is as intelligent as the thoughts which emanate from our brains;—but we have not understood.

O, the universal life, how it touches me this morning! Every atom of my body is breathing it in. I *am* the ocean, the bird, the trees, the baby. I am *all* things condensed and concentrated. I am transformed, transfigured. I am my father's own. Because I am, so are you; and this is why and how the world is kin, from ant to angel, from grain of sand to pole star. They all know the same mount of transfiguration, the same hour of transformation from the old to the new, in the daily increase of energy, the renewal of life; and we are one inseparable bundle of fragments tied together into unity by God's own hand, sharing consciously or unconsciously the same experiences, because we are under the same everlasting unailing law.

Yes, I understand, and speak as one having authority. Isn't the glow from the mount of transfiguration visible in my face? Doesn't the fire and warmth of it reach your hearts? Through the moonlight flooding my room, has not the voice of God spoken, and the hand which touched my hair been interpreted? Through the gray dawn just appearing, do you not see the truth of Cowper's comforting assurance that "Behind a frowning providence he hides a smiling face?" As the last lingering rays of moonlight give place to the dawning sunlight, do we not recognize the hem of the garment universal, whose touch means life evermore? And aren't you glad we all understand?

SATURDAY'S CHILD

By EVA V. CARLIN.



"The child that is born on a Sabbath day
Is lucky and bonny and wise and gay;
Monday's child is born to health;
Tuesday's child is born to wealth;
Wednesday's child is fair of face;
Thursday's child is full of grace;
Friday's child is loving and giving;
Saturday's child must work for his living."

"THE Golden Age" childhood has been called by some modern writer, looking back at it through the vista of intervening years; and a golden age of growth and gladness and glory it should be for every child.

Of late there has been a great deal of attention paid to the child, so much so that literature and art make patent the fact that the child is henceforth to be written with a capital C. A wide-

spread awakening of intelligent interest in childhood is finding varied expression; there are societies for the scientific study of child-culture, where are discussed the traits, the beauties, the needs and the tendencies of childhood in those years when the young mind is being most deeply stirred,—when the seeds of thought are dropping silently down into the secret places of nature, those wonderful years of spiritual exploration and discovery when the spirit is finding itself, when every incident inscribed on the child's brain grows deeper with years, when the child is learning the secrets of beauty and power and knowledge, in the possession of which lies the mastery of life. An eminent educator, Wm. T. Harris, makes the suggestion that child study should take up the case of the neglected child who lives the life of a street Arab, and make a thorough inventory of his capacities and limitations and learn the processes by which he has become so cunning and self-helpful, though at the expense of growth in intellect and morals. (I do not find anywhere, however, the idea of the total elimination of the neglected child entertained as a possibility.)

I do not forget that we are thought to be the most charitable people on the whole round globe. Blessings on the kindergartens where children, surrounded by truth, purity, beauty and harmony, may be kept clean, sweet, gentle and kindly. "The Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there He put the man He had formed." So runs the story, deeply freighted with the parable of life. A garden for the new-born soul, bright, warm, joyous, where the sour crabs and thorny wildings of humanity may be turned into sweet and gracious fruit! I do not forget the vast machinery of our public relief organizations, the multiplicity of church benevolences, the endeavors to provide homes for the dishomed waifs of the world, the cooling dew of private beneficence; all these, I take it, are attempts to interpret the scene on the Judean plain nineteen centuries ago, when the Teacher set a little Child in the midst, and pointed to him as the key by which man must enter the Kingdom. But take the entire pitiful result at its best, and there is a miserable degradation of the temple of humanity that merits the fine lash of holy scorn. We offer petty, conventional charities as substitutes for equities; we throw a few

crumbs to the sufferers when the cries of want become too loud to be ignored or hushed; we look with indifference, sometimes with complacence, upon the inequalities of life as seen at our own doors and shadowed forth in the chronicle of daily events; and, dominated by short-sighted selfishness, we regard the immolation of childhood in wage-earning toil as one of the things that must be.

"Saturday's Child" is no mere figure of speech. He is a million and a half strong in the United States. He is engaged in continuous toil under the strenuous conditions of a competitive system. He is deprived of all that makes life bountiful and free. He is surrounded by such conditions that he *cannot* grow up to good, strong, decent citizenship, therefore he is a menace to the State. He is overworked and underfed. He is the victim of vice, want and disease. He is a bondman to greed. He works longer hours and under viler conditions, because his power of resistance is less; he forms no trade-unions, goes on no strikes, wages no boycotts. He stands in the attitude of a legitimate chattel of the parent or guardian in some States, where are made agreements, significantly known as "iron-clad contracts" between large corporations and parents, releasing the employers from all liability in case of accident to the child. Saturday's Child is impoverished physically and mentally. The work he does is of a kind that leaves him 'grown to maturity' knowing no more than when he began, and with the years that should have prepared him for life's work gone in hopeless and profitless toil. Posterity will reap a terrible harvest from our seed-sowing in the lives of the children of the social cellar.

Read the following man-made conditions by which thousands of tender, budding souls are surrounded, and tell me if there is any rational sanction for the practice of child-labor. And, though, as yet, all these evils are not present in their full severity in California, remember that you cannot disentangle the solidarity of the race—there is no injustice to a single member, even a waif of the world, that does not in some way injure all the rest: "Little lads from 7 to 14 years of age run all day in the glass works of Alton, Ill., for the earnings of the blowers depend largely upon the speed of the children who fetch and carry. The blowers would prefer

boys of legal age, but the company is unwilling to employ boys old enough to insist upon more than forty cents per day. The heated atmosphere and the continuous running render this toil most exhausting. There is no legal limit to the hours of labor, nor any restriction upon night work, nor any discrimination in favor of employing older boys at night."

Boys work all night in rolling mills where nails are made. It is the tradition of the two above-mentioned occupations that their trade life is, and always has been, among the shortest for adults. In San Francisco and Oakland may be found little fellows, no older than the California law allows, (which permits a child of 10 years of age to labor ten hours per day) carrying heavy trays of meat all day; there is no cessation of toil; on Saturdays their hours are from six in the morning to eleven o'clock at night. In laundries, the only limit to the hours of work of children seems to be the limit of their usefulness; their little fingers are expert at marking, though they are found at the dangerous machines too; but marking is one of the branches of laundry work which lengthens the day at both ends. "In stock yards, boys, under 14 years of age perform some of the most revolting parts of the labor. These children stand all day in water ankle deep, used to carry off the refuse, the air is sickening; work in itself harmless becomes ruinous for children by reason of the dreadful environment." Peddlers of fruit, flowers and other wares often begin work at five and six years of age; they are found on the street and in saloons, at midnight and later. In the fruit canning season, little children may be seen in San Francisco Chinese cellars, one over the other, lighted artificially, working clear round the clock from six to six, standing in slush and water, peeling and cutting fruit.

"The Little Crooked Gang" is the name of a club of children between the ages of 8 and 12 years who are employed in a manufacturing establishment of St. Louis; the urchins are not *crooked* in the criminal sense of the word, but each has been maimed in some form or other. Employers often explain that the machines do not necessarily mutilate children, because "the children never get hurt until along toward night, when they get careless;" in other words, until they are worn out by too-long continuous toil, and have consequently lost the power of attention.

How long shall the oppression of Saturday's Child endure? So long as we put him to base labor, bind his thoughts, blind his eyes, blunt his hopes, stunt his body, steal his joys and blast his soul, it shall be to our national shame and undoing.



??????

STRANGE!

Three flashes of light in the sky of the Occident! ! !

One in December!

Another in January!

A third in February!

And this last flash writing on the western sky, as if with a pencil of light, the question, *What is Life For?* !

Somebody, evidently, on that far-off rim of the world, has taken to putting riddles to mankind!

It is preposterous!

It is unendurable!

It is a trespass on primitive rights!

That is *my* function.

Am I not *The Sphinx*?

Have I not originated, and thus far guarded, all the enigmas of the world?

Mine is the Kingdom of Mystery and Labyrinth, and it antedates the Deluge!

I will surrender to no descendant of Noah, my venerable prerogative!

If there are questions to be asked, puzzles to be put, problems to be proposed, I shall assert my immemorial rights and propound them myself.

What is Life For?

That is *my* question.

It begins at the beginning.

It was the first conundrum that I ever proposed.

I asked it of Adam and Eve, and they went on munching their forbidden apple.

I put it to Cain, and he ran away into the land of Nod, married a wife and built a city.

Perhaps that was intended as his answer, but it is not the true one.

I propounded the question to the builders on the Tower of Babel.

That is what confused them.

I have proposed the selfsame riddle to every human being since.

No one has guessed it.

A poet in America has declared that I once "bit my thick lip" and talked with him about the problem; that I said to him as follows:—

"Thou art the unanswered question;
Couldst see thy proper eye,
Alway it asketh, asketh;
And each answer is a lie.
So take thy quest through nature,
It through thousand natures ply;
Ask on, thou clothed eternity:
Time is the false reply."

I said no such thing.

That poet went on to allege the following absurd things about me, as happening on the same occasion:—

"Uprose the merry Sphinx,
And crouched no more in stone;
She melted into purple cloud,
She silvered in the moon;
She spired into yellow flame;
She flowered in blossoms red;
She flowed into a foaming wave;
She stood Monadnock's head."

All this is calumny!

I have never "risen," nor "melted," nor "silvered," nor "spired," nor "flowered," nor "flowed," nor stood."

I am here, where I have ever been, recumbent in Egypt's desert sands, the solid, immovable, perpetual stone enigma of the world, the incessant, insistent, irrepressible interrogator of the human race.

I have been!

I am!

I shall be!

What is Life For?



I have always thought that more true force of persuasion might be obtained by rightly choosing and arranging what others have said than by painfully saying it again in one's own way.—*Ruskin, in Fors Clavigera.*



"Think you Truth a farthing rushlight to be pinched out when you will
With your deft official fingers, and your politician's skill?
Is your God a wooden fetish, to be hidden out of sight
That his block eyes may not see you do the thing that is not right?"

—*Lowell.*

False rights contrive very easily to put actual armies in the field. There are murdered Polands at the horizon.



Let us again, in the loudest possible voice, repeat the lesson of the just and the unjust, of right and usurpation, of sworn truth and perjury, of good and evil, of *fas et nefas*; let us display all our old antitheses, as they say. Let us contrast what ought to be with what actually is. Let us dispel all confusion touching these things. Bring light, ye that have it! Let us oppose dogma to dogma, principle to principle, energy to obstinacy, truth to imposture, dream to dream,—the dream of the future to the dream of the past,—liberty to despotism. We shall be able to stretch ourselves at full length and smoke out the cigar of fanciful poetry, with the soft blue sky over our heads, on the day when the sovereignty of a king shall be exactly of the same dimensions as the liberty of a man. Until then, little sleep; I am distrustful.

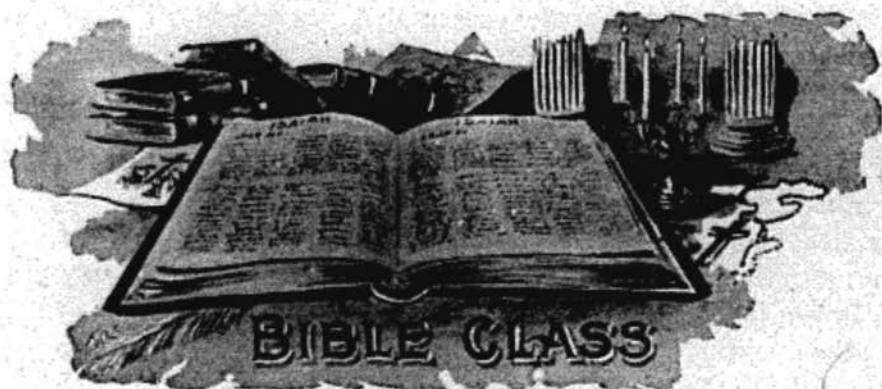
—*Hugo.*

I affirm that this is the lesson of our history,—that the world is fluid; that we are on the ocean; that we cannot get rid of the people, and we do not want to; that the millions are our basis; and that God has set us this task: "If you want good institutions, do not try to bulwark out the ocean of popular thought, educate it. If you want good laws, earn them." Conservatism says: "I can make my own hearthstone safe; I can build a bulwark of gold and bayonets about it high as heaven and deep as hell, and nobody can touch me, and that is enough." Puritanism says: "It is a delusion; it is a refuge of lies; it is not safe; the waters of popular instinct will carry it away. If you want your own cradle safe, make the cradle of every other man safe and pure.

—*Wendell Phillips.*

"Why do we prate of the blessings of Peace? We have made them a curse,
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its own;
And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse
Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his own hearthstone?

—*Tennyson.*



NATURE'S MEANINGS.

NATURE A REVELATION. The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language; their voice cannot be heard. But their line is gne out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

God left not himself without witness, in that he did good, and gave you from heaven rains and fruitful seasons, filling your hearts with food and gladness.

DEITY IN THE STORM. The voice of the Lord is upon the waters; the God of glory thundereth. The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty. The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh in pieces the cedars of Lebanon. The voice of the Lord cleaveth the flames of fire. The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness; the Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh.

GOD IMPARTIAL IN NATURE. He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust.

ALL NATURE WORKS FOR AND WITH MAN. The earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the revealing of the sons of God. For the creation was subjected to vanity, not of its own will, but by reason of him who subjected it, in hope that the creation itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God.

To them that love God all things work together for good.



The temple that I frequent is the turquoise dome of the sky. I sell my rosary, and all the holy names around it, for that wine which fills creation's cup. I have turned the prayers of the pious to happy songs. The earth is all enchanted ground. Thine it is, Thou Wisdom Supreme, with its light and shadow, its ebb and flow.—*Omar Kheyam (Persian)*.

The earth is our Mother. May thy hills and thy snow-clad mountains—may thy waste and thy woodland, O World, be pleasant. Unwearied may I dwell on the many-colored world.—*Avartha Veda (Hindu)*.

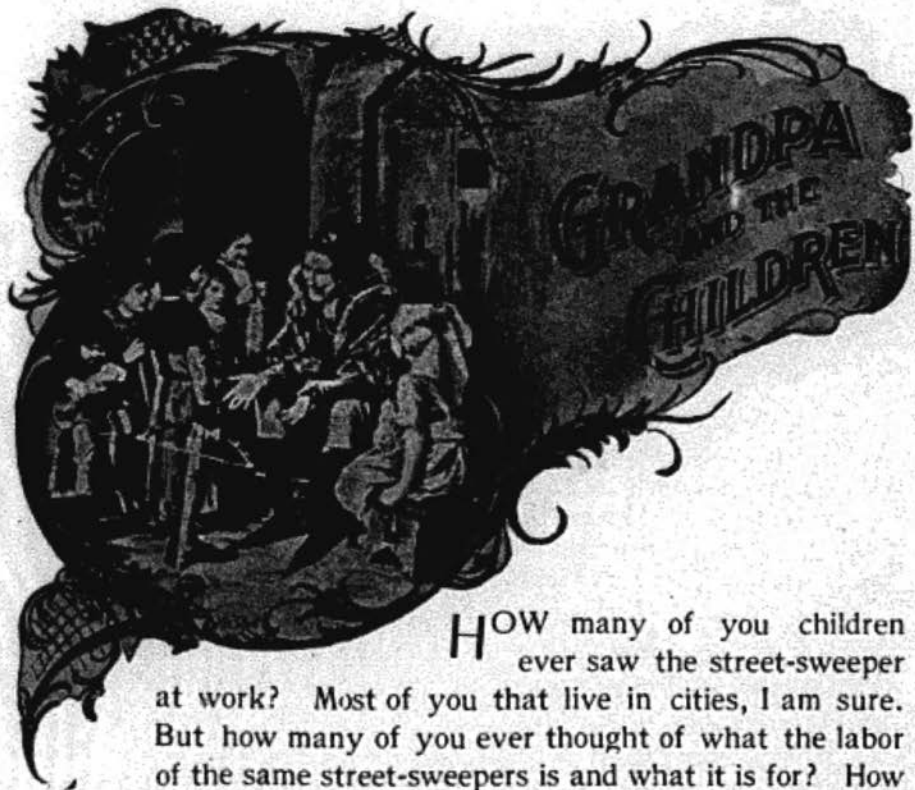
Behold the Dawn approaching from the East. Evil Shadows depart; health comes with her glow. The purple-tinted radiance streams into every dwelling, and the sacred mother unseals the eyelids of her sleeping children. Over sea and land she passes swiftly, restoring all living things to consciousness. The bird rises from its nest, and man passes to his task. Now let all pure flames ascend; let the Dawn kindle sacred fires in every dwelling.—*Rig Veda (Hindu)*.

Reverence that which is best in the universe; and this is that which makes use of all things and directs all things.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

Let us adore the supremacy of that divine Sun, the Godhead, who illuminates all, who re-creates all, from whom all proceed, to whom all must return.—*Rig Veda (Hindu)*.

Learn, O Student, the true wisdom. See yon bush flaming with roses. Listen, and if thy soul be not deaf, thou wilt hear how from out it, soft and clear, speaks to thee the Lord Almighty.—*Hajiz (Persian)*.

The world is a man, and man is a world.—*Desartir (Persian)*.



HOW many of you children ever saw the street-sweeper at work? Most of you that live in cities, I am sure. But how many of you ever thought of what the labor of the same street-sweepers is and what it is for? How many of you know what will happen if it is poorly done, and dirt left in the streets instead of being loaded into carts and taken away to the hungry fields that need just that kind of dirt to make them the right sort of growing places for grain and fruit and vegetables? Not very many of you had thought of what the old men with the long-handled brooms are really doing, had you?

Did you ever see your mothers keeping house? Of course you have. Probably every one of you this very day has been told to "not track that floor until it is dry," and to "run out of the way now so the floor can be swept."

Well, instead of keeping house, the old men with the brooms are keeping city. They are doing something for everybody, and if they do their work well every house in town will be the cleaner. The old men are really helping your mothers to keep their floors clean. For, don't you see, if the street-sweepers do their work well, there will be less dirt and rubbish and filth left in the streets.

And if there is less left lying in the streets, there will be less flying in the air when the wind blows, and less sticking to your shoes when you come home from town or school. That means, you see, that less will blow into the house, and less will be carried in by the people who go back and forth from the streets to the house. If the streets are dirty, it is harder to keep every house in town from being dirty with the very same dirt. And if the streets are frightful, as some San Francisco streets are, then no house in town can be kept really clean. You might just as well try to keep your best white Sunday waists spick-and-span clean in a coal-bin.

So, you see, the old men with the brooms are helping everybody to keep clean. But that is not the most important part of what they are doing. Did you ever have or hear of anyone having diphtheria, or typhoid fever, or cholera, or small-pox? Well, those are just other names for dirt. They are dirt that has rotted into poisons, and has made its way into somebody's body and commenced to hurt it and hinder it and make it work wrongly. The cleaner the city is, the fewer people will be sick in it and the stronger and happier everybody will be. So, the old men are doing the same work as the doctors, only in a better way. They are fighting disease while it is lying around in the streets, and sweeping it up with their big brooms, and sending it away where it can do good instead of harm.

Now, don't you think the street-sweepers are doing as useful work as anybody can find to do? Don't you think they are everybody's friends, and should be respected and treated as such? Don't you think they should have as good pay as anybody gets for any kind of work, and that they should be treated as well and made as happy as all the people they are helping could make them by really remembering and trying? Of course you do, for the child-heart is always just, and it is the child-heart I am trying to talk to.

Now, do you know how much the old men really are getting? Well, they are getting just about one-fourth as much as a policeman. That is, one of the old men has to work four days to get as

much money as a policeman gets in one day. A dollar a day—six dollars a week if they work all day every day but Sunday—that is all we give the old men for helping us all to keep clean and well.

What are you children, those of you that live in San Francisco, going to do about it? If you are honest, if you are just, if you are unwilling to steal from poor, tired-out, discouraged, helpless old men, you will see to it that the city government—which is, finally, just all the people in the city—does as much for the street-sweepers as they are doing for us all.



IDLENESS of purpose can accomplish nothing. Let your thought be definite. Give it expression, positive and well defined. It will then reach all who are in that stratum of thought and become a power to push the universe.—*Self-Knowledge*.

Right. Nothing is so potent for good or ill as well defined thought. Experiment has demonstrated that the same muscles of the body are acted upon in thinking of anything that are called into play in doing the same thing. If thought is powerful enough to move a muscle, its influence cannot be confined to its own brain. Aggregation of thought creates the moral or immoral world as surely as aggregation of cosmic atoms has created the physical world. So tangible are these creations that they become an envelope around the thinkers, from which they cannot separate themselves; they are imprisoned sufferers from physical infirmities or are forced to breathe the atmosphere of moral degeneration, from which there is no escape unless through the higher vibrations of healthy, clean thought, or else they are in a paradise of beauty and everlasting peace.

"No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear;
If life so soon is gone,
Nothing is worth a thought beneath
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies."

This is one of the dismal hymns of the past wailed by the voices in the little white church while the little melodeon creaked and wailed also. Why was all that is dark and soul-freezing brought out on these occasions instead of songs of a new earth, a new love? Such hymns are of the competitive age, an eye-for-an-eye spirit. They are of the earth, earthy.

"I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes—full enough for its cheer."

This despair in religion founded on the bitterness of competitive life has had a most fearful result. It has led high-minded souls to give up belief in the elevation of our race on the planet allotted to it. As soon as hope dies effort

ceases. Deeply imbued with pessimism by these dark thoughts—moved by them through untold power of verse and music, that omnipotent force, belief, has failed man; has dragged him down when it should have been his saviour.—*Anna R. Weeks in The New Time.*

Nor is this all. The sentiments expressed in these songs have become part and parcel of the race, and are manifested in cowardice, cruelty and hypocrisy. Even in those days when people knew no other church music there were those who in the bottom of their hearts denied such sentiments but feared to say so. These continued in their sham devotion to abhorred principles and gave life to offspring who were contradictions or cringing cowards and hypocritical slaves to beliefs into which reason never entered. Look at the race to-day as a result. Fear of some sort or other stamped on every face, from the infant in the cradle to the old man with one foot in the grave; a people who feel the throbbings of the true life within themselves, but dare not give it utterance; a people who see and hear real things yet prostrate themselves before the unreal. Held prisoners by the unseen bonds of mental and moral heredity, whose fetters they are not yet intelligent enough to break. Every reform society in the world should at once begin to sing the new time songs of Freedom, Justice, Hope and Love. Keep the very air vibrant with them, until poor humanity dare lift up its tear-stained face to the sunlight and speak the whole truth and live an honest life. Let these new harmonies roll until fear ceases to paralyze. Let our bequest to the coming people be an innate integrity, faith in humanity, hope of ultimate perfection and peace, and a love which bounds the universe.

Aside from the uses referred to in the illustrated article on Yucca appearing in this issue, an excellent soap is manufactured; also a hair tonic, skin cerate, and many other useful household and toilet preparations.—See advertisement.

One valiant friend of our cause has just sent in one hundred names. If all our friends will make a little effort we can carry out our ideals and make THE COMING LIGHT a *real* light to the world. If you cannot send subscribers send us a list of names and addresses of your friends known to be on the side of reform.



"THE COMING PEOPLE."

This little volume, by Chas. P. Dole, is the most optimistic utterance of the century. Its cheerfulness is the more remarkable in view of its subject. It deals with the social and industrial problem. Not many can even speak with serenity upon this question. It runs to partisanship with a kind of natural gravitation. It inclines to denunciation; it arouses passion; it begets fears. In a general way the point of view makes little difference. Wage-earner and capitalist are alike disposed to intemperate speech; neither can do full justice to the views of the other.

Few recognize that the economic situation is an inheritance. No class is responsible for it; it comes to us from the old feudal days; the roots of it are deep in the past, and capitalists and laborers are alike the fruits of an old system.

Still fewer can see the promises of good beneath all the social unrest—the germination of great principles and the development of beneficent but silent forces which avert radical and catastrophic change in the forms and organizations of society. That few have a hopeful word to say about the times in which we live is certain. The many are pessimistic, and the murky threat of revolution is thought to be in the air.

But with the author of this little book the "point of view" does make a difference, and he is a serene prophet of good because he believes that we are living in a "divine universe." He sees that "the work of our age is not revolution, but evolution, or growth." The former "was among the conceptions of men who thought themselves to be in a dual world, fighting the devil and his inimical forces." Now man's childish methods of overcoming evil with evil have been set aside, "like the saurian monsters for which the world has no longer use."

The book starts with an old word, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." This is interpreted to mean the kind, the gentle, the friendly, and these are the "coming people," who are to "inherit the earth." It is considered remarkable that such an utterance should be made at such a period of the world's history. It was an age of strife and blood, when human sacrifices had not ceased to be offered; when the "type of human prosperity was coarse, brutal, arrogant; when woman was a slave or a plaything;" in such an age the Peasant of Galilee "traced the deeper laws of a nobler life to come;" and to-day the whole

trend of civilization is toward the fulfilment of his vision. The peaceful sheep abide; the savage creatures "that tear each other in their slime" disappear; the man of fraud and strife is outgrown; and in his place is found the just and friendly man. The former could destroy; he was not strong enough to construct; he might compel his fellows to accept despotic rule; he could not bind cities and states together in self-government. But the precursor of the republic was the gentle and friendly man.

That "plenty of barbarism still inheres in the tissue of our civilization" is admitted. But the hopeful sign is that it is felt to be an anomaly. The tyrannical employer makes mischief. The law of competition itself works relentlessly to push him out, to replace him by a just and kind employer. So in politics. That moral laws play through the structure of society is seen in this—that upright, faithful and true men in the public service are the only type of men whom the state can afford to sustain. "As in industry, in commerce, in education, the demand is for the best," so in politics "only the best can survive." The author spares no evil, defends no iniquity, minimizes no danger, but strongly holds that "whatever is best, whatever fits the larger need * * * this the universe demands, and works to effect." The winning forces in the world are not greed and selfishness, but good will, friendliness and humanity. The want of these makes the great and real barriers. Selfishness prevents a man from seeing things as they are. The ability to see things as they are, Dr. David Starr Jordan says, is the fruit of true education. "To be selfish is really to be unintelligent; it is the survival of barbarism."

It is the play of these high laws, it is the coming of this finer and higher type of manhood into the strained social relations of modern life, that is the hopeful thing. Men are coming to see that this world is part of a Divine order; that there is no chaos; no realm where our ends can be gained by "short cuts" which ignore the well-being of others. What is the larger purpose which must underlie the universe if it is divine? It is the welfare of all.

The chapters which Mr. Dole devotes to "The Problem of the Prosperous" and "The Ideal Democracy," are worthy the most serious attention of every citizen. "Is a man prosperous? That is, has he thrown off all fear of hunger and cold and destitution? Let him know that he must needs take on himself a whole new order of larger and unselfish concerns, of cares for his neighbors, for his workmen, for the poor, for the state, for the welfare of humanity." He "must become ethical if he would live and thrive." It is not an arbitrary condition, imposed from the outside; it is a law of the nature of things, and to ignore or evade it imperils society, threatens organized industries, defeats the ends of government, and leaves the prosperous themselves at last the worst victims of the ruin their selfishness invited. The law of "the survival of the fittest" is now "transferred from the realm of outward forces to the inner and spiritual kingdom: it now becomes the pressure of human sympathy, of duty, of social ideals." It is a law that must be obeyed, if modern society is to hold together.

But it belongs to the man of toil as well as to the idle rich, and it is urged, not by some religionist in the churches, but springs out of the evolution of society itself. It inheres in the very structure of self-government. It is the lesson of manhood suffrage, and in our day of "womanhood suffrage" as well, for we can have no true democracy which does not concern the rights and interests of all. As the great republic could not have been in an era of barbarism, egotism, greed and

selfishness, so it cannot continue, except as its citizens learn to care, not simply for individual rights, but to do the duties of a citizen and of a member of the social state. We talk about the overthrow of the existing competitive system; but are we ready to handle the delicate but mighty engine of a revolutionized society? If society were reconstructed, would it run itself? The demand in the nature of things is for manhood and womanhood of the highest type. Ours is a competing race, and no device of legislation will wholly abolish competition; but we can modify it. We can secure municipal and state control of many interests and industries; we can limit corporate power, and restrain combinations for gain by wise legislation, and give to city, state or nation, new and larger functions; but after all, the great need is a certain attitude of temper. "We must achieve a social order, held together not by force or statute law, so much as by mutual respect and sympathy. We must win room for every man freely to work out his manhood. We must help all to be sharers, as largely as possible, in the world's resources."

The book is of the fairest and sanest; is free from exaggerations; looks on all sides; has in it no cant; sounds a high clear note amid the strife of tongues in the industrial world, and strongly expresses the hope and faith of a rational religion. We commend it as every way helpful to the cause of reform. A. J. WELLS.

"BURBANK'S NEW CREATIONS."—We are in receipt of Luther Burbank's 1898 Supplement of his publication entitled *New Creations*. This man seems to be a magician of the biological world, "the Edison of horticultural mysteries," as the *San Francisco Call* has named him. Mr. Burbank will take some plant of common or average quality and standing, and by the manipulation of his skill, little short of genius, will transform it and endow it with the traits of royalty in its species. This little twelve-page pamphlet presents a few of the striking results of his success in such miracles of transformation. His four new plums, the "Apple," the "America," the "Chalco," and the "Pearl"—a prune, make the mouth water in anticipation of the orchard fruits that are yet to ripen for human delectation. So again with his new hybrid walnuts, the "Paradox" and the "Royal," fit for the king of squirrels and the most epicurean of men. And then the new rose—"Santa Rosa," and the new calla—"Fragrance," already spread their odors for us through the pages of this little book of descriptions. May Mr. Burbank thrive and enjoy, as much as he causes the world to enjoy, these creations of his hand and mind, and also, we imagine, his heart, for no one can do such exceptional work without being in love with it.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Lyric of Life, by Laura A. Sunderlin Nourse, Moline, Ills. Published by Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y. Price, \$1.00.

The New Era by Charles W. Caryl, 208 California Building, Denver, Colo.

Angell Prize Contest Recitations by Emma Rood Tuttle, published by J. R. Francis, 40 Loomis street, Chicago, Ills.

The Road to Prosperity by T. W. Wood. Chas. H. Kerr, Publisher, 56 Fifth avenue, Chicago.

Many book reviews crowded out until next month.

MAGAZINES AND PAPERS RECEIVED.

The *Daily Report*, San Francisco, is one of the most attractive of the coast papers, great taste being displayed in the selection of matter filling its pages. It is

straightforward, honest, unswerving in principle, and lives up to its convictions.

The Evening Bulletin of San Francisco keeps up its reputation of being a few paces ahead of the morning news. It is breezy, bright and sparkling, while being fearless, solid and uncompromising. R. A. Crothers, proprietor.

Public Ownership, edited by Morrison I. Swift, Colorado Springs, Colo., price 50 cents per year, is a little monthly paper pursuing the straight and narrow way which the editor believes is to lead to light, life and liberty of all mankind. It is ably edited, and really offers a method of reconstruction which our reformers would do well to consider.

The Western Journal of Education, published by the Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco, price \$1.50 per year, the January number of which reached our table, contains some very interesting matter; notably the report of the California Teachers' Association and an article on Humane Education, by Eliza D. Kieth, which champions the cause of animal kind as well as that of childhood. She asks and answers some grave questions.

The Altruist, issued monthly by the Altruist Community, 2816 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo. Price 25 cents per year, is devoted to Equal Rights, Mutual Assistance, United Labor and Common Property. Phonetic Spelling is evidently part of the reform work of this community, as a column of the paper is devoted to a study or lesson in this branch of education.

The Light of Truth, a weekly paper published at Columbus, Ohio, is "an exponent of the philosophy of life," and is one of the brightest lights that penetrates our sanctum. Price \$1.00 per year.

The Banner of Light, an "exponent of the spiritual philosophy of the nineteenth century," published at 9 Bosworth street, Boston, Mass., is much improved under the management of its new editor, Harrison D. Barrett. Price \$2.00 per year. This Banner has been waving for over forty years, but its folds are as clean and white as when first unfurled to the breezes. May it continue to wave until doubt and ignorance are dispelled.

Lucifer, edited and published by Moses Harmon, 1394 W. Congress street, Chicago, Ills., is a weekly devoted to the discussion of subjects pertaining to sexology, and the development of a better human species. Price \$1.00 per year. Brother Harmon is fearless and outspoken and deserves the encouragement of all who believe in our duty to generations yet unborn. The field he is laboring in is white for the harvest and the reapers are few.

The Appeal to Reason, published at the low price of 25 cents per year, conducted by J. A. Wayland of Girard, Kansas, who styles himself the "One Hoss Philosopher," adds to its philosophy the most deadly doses of sarcasm of any publication we are familiar with. Sham and hypocrisy have a slim chance under Brother Wayland's keen eye and sharp-pointed pen. We have watched his evolution from a straight-laced Republican to a straight-laced Socialist. "Jim" was an honest Republican when we used to clasp his friendly hand in the days gone by, and is an honest Socialist now, trying to help, by his own peculiar methods, the people his great heart loves and pities, in spite of the vials of wrath he pours out upon them for their stupidity and dilatory movements.

The Star, a weekly edited by James H. Barry in San Francisco, in the interest of single tax and general reform, contains a feast of fat things. This number, bearing date February 19th, contains a splendid article on Municipal Extravagance which every thinker should read. Send \$1.50 for a year's subscription.

The Voice of Labor, a Populist weekly published at San Francisco, is ably edited, follows the middle of the road policy, and appeals to the intelligence of its readers.

The New Charter, a weekly edited by M. W. Wilkins, San Francisco, is a straight Socialist, swerves neither to the right nor left, and is peppery—Oh my! Price \$1.00 per year. It is running in its columns chapters of "Woman—Past, Present and Future," by August Bebel, one of the most remarkable books of the age.

Freedom, a weekly published at Sea Breeze, Florida, edited by Helen Wilmans, one of the best-known journalists in America. It is devoted to mental science, and is a powerful exponent of this philosophy and should be in the hands of all the sick and discouraged everywhere. Price \$1.00 per year.

The Progressive Thinker, devoted to spiritualism and science, is a weekly published at 40 Loomis street, Chicago. Price \$1.00 per year. It has reached its seventeenth volume under the able management of its editor, J. R. Francis. It thinks about a quarter of a century ahead of the average thinker and keeps its readers hustling to keep up with the procession it leads, which is a long one. Glad of your success, friend Francis.

Industry, a weekly edited by A. Bretz, 954 Broadway, Oakland, is of Populist persuasion, and seems to be industriously engaged in exposing shams. Judging by its lengthy list of "letters from the people," it is filling a place in their hearts, and is making its mark in the world. Price \$1.00 per year.

Unity, a semi-monthly of Christian Science persuasion, is a consolidation of three magazines and is published at Kansas City, Mo., at \$1.00 per year.

Art in Advertising, for January, is a thing of beauty from cover to cover; full of hints to advertisers and publishers, and is invaluable in its special line. Published at 50 East 19th street, New York.

Our Dumb Animals, "speaks for those that cannot speak for themselves" and is published at Boston, Mass., price 50 cents per year. It is a beautifully illustrated paper and is filled chuck full every month with admonitions to the thoughtless and hints to the merciful. Special attention is called to the Angell prize contest, which it recommends as a splendid way to raise money for schools, clubs, etc. For particulars address as above.

The Ladies' Home Journal, with its fifteenth volume, keeps on in its remarkably successful career. Its numerous illustrations are of the best, and the articles and departments furnish a full supply of diversified, interesting and profitable reading. One readily reaches the conclusion, upon examining the contents of recent numbers, that the journal is safely beyond the reach of successful competition in its chosen and exceedingly important field. It must carry good cheer, valuable information, useful suggestion, and wholesome instruction to a great multitude of charmed and grateful readers. And it stands as a striking and exceptional example of what able management can do in the line of popular periodical literature.

The New Woman, a weekly paper published at Topeka, Kansas, is edited by a brace of women who believe in themselves and other women. *The New Woman* is little but she's "sassy," and better than all is in dead earnest, and is trying to help her brothers fight the battle for freedom and justice.

The Progress is an independent weekly published at Minneapolis, Minn.

Armstrong's Autonomist, a monthly, "For Freethinkers only," published at Waco, Texas, is a 20 page paper, Vol. 1, No. 7, being the number which reached us. It is full of helpful things.

The Journal of Osteopathy, a monthly published at Kirksville, Mo., is greatly improved since W. M. Gill, a well-known California journalist, has taken charge of it. Dr. A. T. Still's keen wit and sarcasm is recognized in its pages by all who have had the good fortune to meet him. The cover of this valuable acquisition to reform literature is as unique as beautiful.

OFFICE CHAT.

We must again call the attention of our correspondents and contributors to the necessity of making their communications short and crispy. We are inclined to reject articles that cannot be printed within four pages of our space. Writers should aim never to exceed twelve hundred words; one thousand words are better still, and that limit will make the acceptance of contributions more probable. Furthermore, while we do not make so much of the elegancies of style as some magazines do, yet articles must be written in fairly good English, and above all must be characterized by clearness and compactness of thought.

Since THE COMING LIGHT started with the RAYS OF TRUTH subscribers, and moved forward into broader fields of knowledge and work, our friends have more than doubled its subscription list, and have thus enabled us to do better for our readers than we had predicted for this short time. We have high ideals and intend, if possible, to make our magazine distinctly different from any ever published. We believe the time is ripe for a new departure in journalism. With the earnest co-operation of the friends of human advancement, we can carry out every ideal. We want to double our subscription list again before April 1st, and can do so if all subscribers will interest themselves at once in sending clubs which a little effort will obtain. Also send lists of names of your liberal friends to whom we may send samples and circulars.

We want *reliable* agents in every town in America, who will send the names and addresses of such persons as will help to keep the ball rolling, until we all have the satisfaction of seeing the magazine evolve from its present promissory form to the giant of strength and beauty it means to be. Don't be afraid to work for it, you will not be disappointed. All that the creative genius of an original conception of man and the universe can do to make it a success will be done, as rapidly as its support warrants the necessary outlay. Let us have your substantial encouragement at once.

Judging from the numerous "white-winged messengers" that continue to fly into our sanctum four times each day, bearing words of appreciation and encouragement, THE COMING LIGHT has struck the right chord in the hearts of the people; who in turn are lending us their cheerful aid in spreading its light by additions to the contributors' corps and by swelling the subscription list with new names. These continue to come singly and in clubs. Many thanks. Continue in the good work until the beacon light becomes a central sun illumining all dark places and warming into life the world's barren soil.

From Florida and the rocky coasts of Maine, from Dakota and the Hawaiian Islands, a glad cry of response comes to Miss Nellie E. Dashiell's "Song of Universal Brotherhood." Also our "New Battle Hymn" has waked the "amens" of our patriotic brothers and sisters all over America. We propose to lead the procession, and hereby invite our friends to a planetary ball, to be given as soon as the rainy season is over, time and place, with suggestions of costume, to be made known at an early date.

Send 25 cents to this office for Henry Frank's magnificent lecture, "The Conquests of Love." Arrangements are being made to publish every lecture delivered before the Metropolitan Independent Society. We shall keep a supply on hand for sale. Announcement of subjects later.

"Man the Creator of his own World," by Prof. Francis King, the author of that valuable work entitled "The Secret of Life or Harmonic Vibration," appears in this number. It is a hint of what he has to offer to students in the way of self training and helpful suggestions.

We are under many obligations for the cordial greeting and courteous treatment we have received from the great dailies of this city and Oakland, to say nothing of the weeklies in both cities. We hope to merit all that has been said, or may be, and to return, pressed down and running over, this measure of kindness which our elder brothers and sisters in journalism have extended.

We will send **THE COMING LIGHT** one year and a copy of "Yosemite as I Saw It," for \$1.25. See advertisement on another page.

Among the many discoveries in healthful, non-stimulating drinks is a mixture labeled "Mathieu coffee," composed of cereals nuts and fruits so adroitly blended that it is a perfect substitute for coffee, resembling it both in flavor and color. Instead of retarding, it aids digestion because of its nutritious properties. Patients who use it testify to its beneficial results as a mild laxative, a soothing nervine, and a satisfying beverage. See advertisement on another page.

VOX POPULI.

THE COMING LIGHT is a monthly magazine which treats topics of living interest that the so-called popular magazines shy at or utterly ignore. It calls a spade a spade, and does not eschew topics of burning interest to avoid jarring its readers. The New Battle Hymn of the Republic by Cora A. Morse is full of patriotic fervor and has the true ring.—*Evening Report*, San Francisco.

THE COMING LIGHT is printed in excellent style, on very fine paper, and is beautifully illustrated. Vol. 2, No. 2, contains a poem by Nellie E. Dashiell, called the "Song of Universal Brotherhood," composed after the style of the "Old Oaken Bucket," the first stanza of which will give a good idea of the whole poem.—*Evening Bulletin*, San Francisco.

THE COMING LIGHT, a new magazine, published at San Francisco, ought to receive the support of progressive people as its declared purpose is to liberate man, woman and child.—*New Woman*, Topeka, Kansas.

THE COMING LIGHT is a bright and beautiful addition to reform literature. We bespeak for it a large and growing constituency of intelligent and appreciative readers and patrons.—*Lucifer*, Chicago, Ills.

THE COMING LIGHT is handsomely illustrated, artistically covered, and contains an intellectual treat for those who are interested in what is generally termed "the higher thought."—*Voice of Labor*, San Francisco.

The February issue of THE COMING LIGHT surpasses the two preceding issues as a combination of beauty and strength, and promises to surpass any Eastern monthly as an up-to-date expounder of progressive thought.—*The Star*, San Francisco.

Success to your whirling luminary. It bears the marks of force, individuality and purpose throughout, and must prove effective in reform work.—*Paul Tyner, Temple*, Denver, Colo.

I am more than pleased with THE COMING LIGHT. It radiates a feeling of the true brotherhood spirit, without condemning shows "a more excellent way," is constructive, simple, loving, and greatest of all, universal.—*E. A. E. Hoswell*, Chicago, Ills.

THE COMING LIGHT fills a need of the hour. The "Mother's Greeting" touches a responsive chord in the breast of children grown old in years who still need the hand of a loving mother to guide their footsteps.—*Emma Coverdale*, Los Angeles.

I welcome your beautiful magazine. It is an ideal one in many ways. It breathes the new spirit in every line and is far in advance of its time.—*Herbert N. Casson*, Boston.

Your magazine touches "high water mark" in spiritual journalism.—*Miles Meander Dawson*, New York.

THE COMING LIGHT is of unusual interest, truthful, clean, ably edited and spicy.—*R. S.*, Oakland, Cal.

You are getting out a fine publication, decidedly handsome and artistic.—*The Medium*, Los Angeles.

You are doing a noble work for mankind by producing such a beautiful journal, filled with such instructive and inspiring articles as I find in these two numbers. My soul rejoiced to read the "Song of Universal Brotherhood" by Nellie E. Dashiell.—*Chas. W. Caryl*, Denver, Colo.

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If you wish a Good Soap, Use one that is Pure and Clean,
If you wish one Pure and Clean, use one that has no Dirty Grease,
If you wish one that has no Dirty Grease in it, Use Yucca Root,
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