

"Light is light which radiates"  
 "Blood is blood which circulates"  
 "Life is life which generates"

# The Coming Light

A Monthly Magazine  
 Devoted to

Higher Thinking,  
 Higher Living,  
 and a  
 Higher Social  
 Order

ITS AIMS ARE

To Liberate Man,  
 Woman and Child,  
 Socially, Religiously and Politically.

To Educate by every method,  
 From Symbolism to Science, extending-  
 From Kindergarten to University.

To Raise Mankind,  
 From Animalism to Godhood,  
 From Limitation to Liberty.

And in every way to assist Individual  
 and Social Development.

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# The Coming Light.

**HIGHER THINKING, HIGHER LIVING,  
and a HIGHER SOCIAL ORDER.**

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THE COMING LIGHT is a monthly magazine broadly humanitarian in its aims. Students of social and scientific questions, of whatever sect, ism, party, race or creed, are welcome to its columns with contributions bearing upon the highest ideas of civilization and the vital interests of all mankind.

THE COMING LIGHT will endeavor to gather up the truths of decaying social, religious and political systems and fit them into the building of the new. It will discuss all subjects pertaining to the development of physical, mental and moral man.

THE COMING LIGHT has no literary ambition, it is an earnest seeker after truth. We aim to present the *heart* of all questions, it matters not in what homely garb it may be clothed. We will voice the ideas of the humblest as well as the most advanced. We want the message of all God's children.

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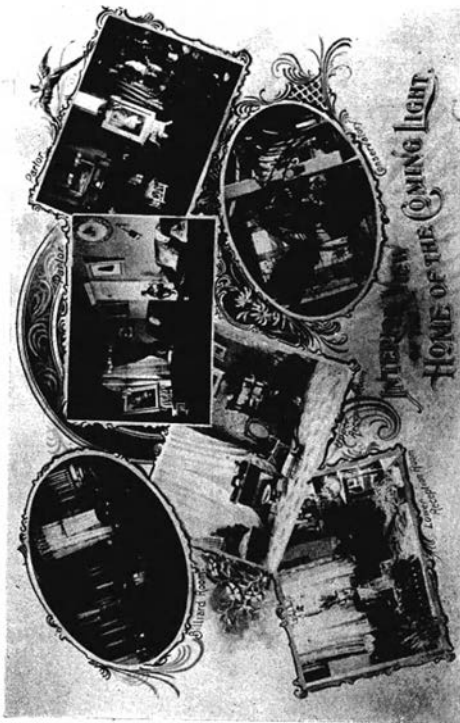
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NO. 6.

### THE TREND OF THINGS.

BY REV. A. J. WELLS.

LIFE sets its own pace, and puts up its own guide-boards. If we are not to fall into an unphilosophical pessimism, and take despairing views of the times, we must estimate the gait and the direction of the complex forces we call Life. Humanity is a slow traveler. But it has not trodden round in circles, like a man lost in a snow-storm. Generations have not come and gone aimlessly:

"Step by step since Time began,  
We see the steady gain of man,"

and the mind, as it studies the past, is not paralyzed with a sense of the eternal futility of all this swarming life. There is an order of growth or evolution. There is movement upward.

There was meaning and purpose in the primal cell, which is yet to be seen in finer and higher civilization. The student of evolution sees intelligent prevision in the long processes which led up to the human mother; sees prophetic interest in the finer and higher side of being shown in the prolonged education of the human child. No mere animal has so long a period of helplessness. Over that helplessness Pity lingers, and out of that long childhood emerges Tenderness, Unselfishness, Care and Love—the very qualities of life which later on are to rule the world. For

Altruism—Otherness—the feeling which lifts life above the mire and sordidness of the personal struggle and makes it a struggle also for the life of others—this was “slowly funded in the race by nature,” and it is this which is yet to organize itself more fully in human society. What a history it is. The first human, half-animal mother, forgetful of self, seeks a better shelter for the babe she clasps, and there in that spark of loving life began the marvelous march upward from “cave and hut and every makeshift of habitation” to the home of comfort and beauty and fitness which we see to-day.

Through measureless ages Nature felt her way toward the home-life and out of that has grown every element of social progress. There first of all was established orderly co-operation, and there was shown the working of the law of more highly complex life. Once the aim of evolution was to produce human beings; then its higher purpose was to teach them the art of living together. Once it was a struggle of forces, mechanical, chemical, vital,—then it became human, personal, spiritual. At first the mute attraction and repulsion of atoms, then the fellowship of individuals. The movement, henceforth, is to be along the same lines, from the lower to the higher, but as all the past was full of ethical purpose, so all the future is to show the interdependence of the divine and the human; of an Infinite Will with finite purposes.

Is this questioned? Ask about the Family. It is the simplest form of the social state. It is the germ of the vast and complex structure called Civilization. It is the end of a great world-process, and links us with the most primitive age of man. Now, are there divine ideals of the home? Shall the house be a home, or merely a shelter? Shall it be a school for the noblest life, or only a pen for domestic animals? Can we build homes out of ignorance, out of passion, out of lust, out of unfaithfulness and selfishness and greed? If not, then there is a law which touches the family and the intertwining of a divine purpose with human character in building the home. It is operative back there in the cave where the first human pair sheltered their young; it is here in the sweetest home in Christendom, binding the weakest to the

passed up 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." The evils of the old industrial situation have not been suddenly augmented, but the progress of the race has made them intolerable. There is hope in this. It is the secret of History. How do we get rid of evils? Chiefly by outgrowing them. We exhaust them. We learn what is right by battling with the forms of wrong. We work through errors of many kinds before we find the perfect good. It is something, therefore, that we have come to feel the mal-adjustments of the social state and the destructiveness of unregulated struggle. "The first thing is to teach men their misery." This has been done by the free school and the press, and men oppressed by the hard conditions of their lives are looking out for a better and more equitable state of society. It will come. It will not come without a struggle. But the hopeful thing is that it is in the evolutionary promise. The first cell, we now know, meant a moral intelligence; the first human mother was the pledge of organized society based on mutual helpfulness. The great word of the past in nature is co-operation; and all that marvelous system of reciprocities, without which no end is achieved and no progress made, was a parable which the competing race of men must study. Our unregulated competitive struggle is an inheritance from the feudal ages, and is discordant with the deepest nature of things. It will not be swept away, but it will be modified. Competition is a law of life. The world goes on to its high ideals under that law. Nature holds us relentlessly to struggle and endeavor, and progress is not driven by the altruistic sentiment. The function of that sentiment is to refine the quality of progress. "The struggle for life," and "the struggle for the life of others," are co-ordinate and co-operative. They must go on together, and the aim of every "helper of the world" should be to lift the emulations and rivalries and competitions of life to a higher plane by the increase of intelligence, of skill, of justice, and by mutual sympathy and mutual helpfulness. We must make misrule and violence impossible by justice and equity, and by kindness shame

selfishness out of human relations. That this will be done is the clearest prophecy of the evolutionary process. Nature works steadily toward the achievement of the best and highest.

And while there is much to discourage us in the actual human world of to-day, the trend is in the right direction. There is enlarging sympathy. There is growing co-operation. Education is free. Our postal facilities are free. We may confidently predict that ere long in our cities fuel, light and water will be equally free. Woman is becoming free. Before our earliest ancestors thought of rights of property in cattle and land, they owned their women and their gods; but to-day as we see the unity of God, and he is aggrandized in human thought and lifted above all the assumptions of priestcraft, so as a co-incident necessity woman is emancipated, and recovers rights of person and property and widest education and undertakes a vastly wider range of duties. Allowed a free exercise of her functions, she will powerfully co-operate with man in bringing in the better day. Wait! Hope! Believe! Everything is electric with promise, "but only he who sees takes off his shoes."

Trust in God. There is a wise and loving Will at the heart of things. Anticipate the advance of the race.

"Of those who, eye to eye, shall look  
On knowledge, under whose command  
Is earth, and earth's, and in their hand  
Is Nature, like an open book.

"No longer half akin to brute;  
For all we thought, and loved with deed,  
And hoped, and suffered, is but seed  
Of what in them is flower and fruit."



constitute a separate variety. They are also characterized as much by the abnormal peculiarities of their bodily and facial structure as by their abnormal acts and language.

Those who have thrown the most light upon this subject are they who have been endowed by nature with the faculties of observation, comparison and logical deduction added to a love of humanity and a desire for its elevation. These observers are of nearly all nationalities, the principal among them being Lombroso, Garofalo, Ferri, Rossi of Italy; Tarde, Lacassagne, Laurent, Bournet, Mad. Clemence Royer of France; Von Hamel of Holland; Wilson of the United States; Dr. Maudsley of England, and others as distinguished in other countries.

These observers have discovered that congenital criminals are characterized by certain abnormalities of structure as well as by biologic, pathologic and social idiosyncracies. These peculiarities are to be found not only in the features of the face, in the shape of the head and build of the body, but are in all cases *associated with abnormal physiological and anatomical structure and action*, thus constituting a class of real degenerates. This degeneracy is shown in many ways, other than criminal. There is in many such defective beings a lack of the social instinct, of the altruistic elements of character, and a perversion of the sexual nature (and perversions of the sexual function are common to nearly all congenital criminals, being either excessive in their manifestation or greatly lacking in development.) There is also in them an utter lack of the moral sense, together with a low grade of intellect, manifested by absence of forethought, disinclination to labor, incapacity for consecutive labor, love of intoxicants, and boisterous and brutal orgies. Their pathology is as abnormal as their psychology. In some instances the equilibrium of the mechanism is destroyed, hence there is too little or too great activity of certain functions, as for example, a too great deposition of fatty tissue, relative to the size of the bones, causing the individual to become inert, disinclined to the efforts essential to gaining an honest livelihood, or exhibiting a lack of moral and mental energy. In others an abnormal *quality* of the muscular system, as is seen

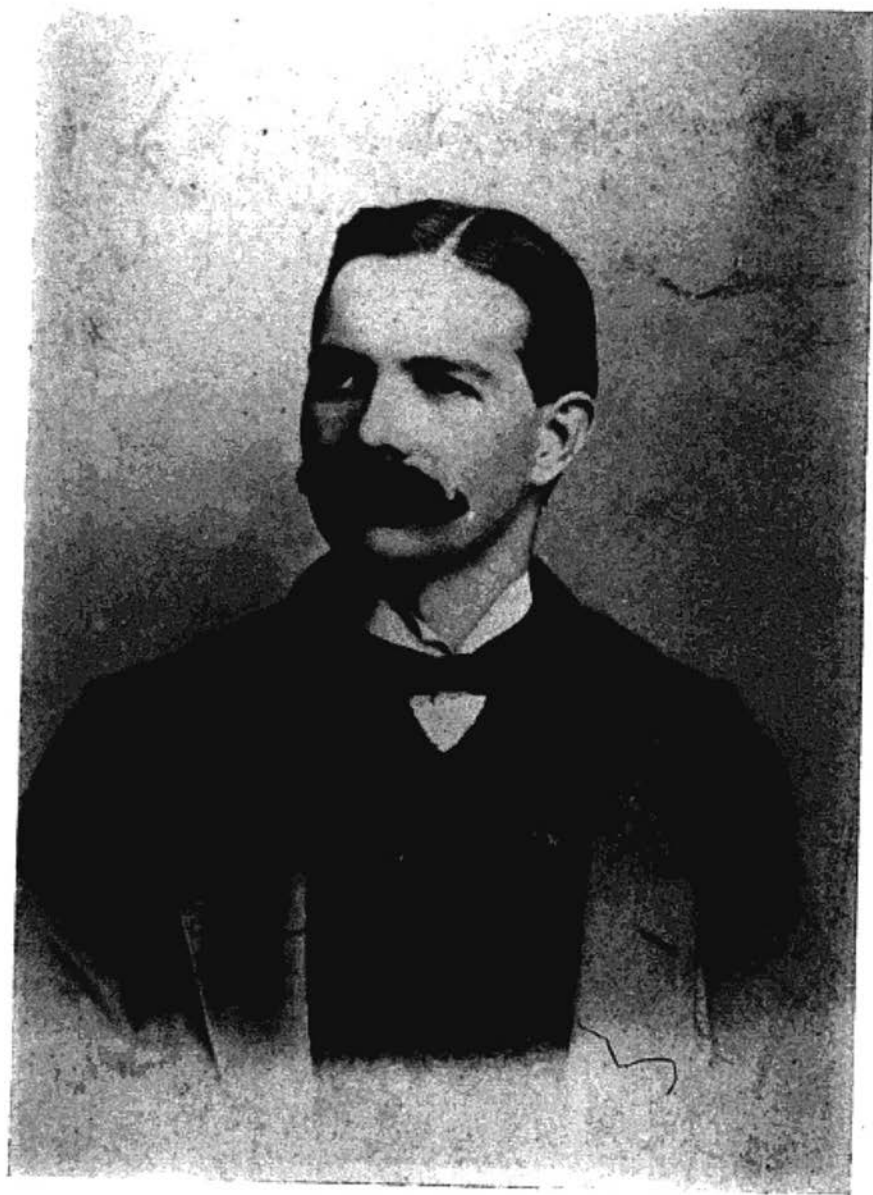


The cheeks are thin, the nose usually long and thin and not much elaborated at the tip, the lips thin and not well colored. All of these signs denote defects in the social and domestic nature. The complexion is rarely clear and bright, but assumes in most subjects a sallow, pasty, blotched or unhealthy appearance. The ears are thin, long and bloodless, and lie very close to the head. In these peculiarities of facial structure we see degenerate or defective organic conditions, and as surely as "all form indicates character" so surely do these abnormal forms of the features announce both a defective mind and a congenitally defective body.

The foregoing description points to the congenital sneak-thief. This type of criminal character is not always found in jails and reformatories; many of this class are members of moral and honorable families and their peculiarities are covered up by watchful friends, and so they pass through life without the taint of the prison upon them, their natural slyness and cunning assisting the efforts of their friends in evading arrest.

The pious reader will ask, why does God create such immoral beings when he would have all men good? The scientist answers that these are not of God's creating; that the ancestry of these defective beings have wilfully or ignorantly violated the laws of reproduction, and that either by an improper life, or by an unsuitable marriage, these beings "who are in arrears both in body and mind" have come into existence. Nothing better illustrates the law of atavism, or "taking back," than the presence in every community of many undeveloped beings who have evolved to a certain grade not as advanced as that which is considered normal. These persons are true degenerates and quite incapable of living up to the high standards of morality and intellectuality which characterize the normal individual.

Beside the large number of congenital criminals in every large community there are other degenerates, characterized by other abnormal peculiarities of form, feature and behavior. I allude to the congenitally feeble-minded. The most noticeable and general characteristic, physically, of this unfortunate class is a lack of symmetry, not only of all the facial features, but of the body, the



PROF. J. B. EARLEY.

## EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY.

BY PROF. J. B. EARLEY.

DURING the past three or four years a number of very scholarly articles on the subject of Hypnotism have appeared in several of our popular magazines. None of these articles are of very much practical value to the novice in psychic science, with the exception of the writings in the *Hypnotic Magazine*, which are very practical indeed. Therefore it is not my intention, within the limits of this brief article, to promulgate any elaborate theory concerning hypnotism, but rather to place before my readers a few common sense facts and experiments from the standpoint of a practical instructor in this science.

One of the latest and best writers on psychic science, Thomson Jay Hudson, in his wonderful book called "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," has scientifically demonstrated in a most convincing and simple manner the existence of telepathy. He has given us the best working hypothesis to account for a peculiar class of phenomena which have puzzled some of the world's greatest thinkers from time immemorial. His hypothesis of the subjective and objective attributes of the human mind is so simple and so easily comprehended that those who are interested in psychic science can profitably read his book. Practically applying the principles laid down by Mr. Hudson an investigator is sure to reach some curious results.

For example, let two persons, A and B, *between whom exists a sympathetic feeling and companionship*, try the following experiment, feeling confident of their success without being too anxious about results. Let A privately write the word horse upon a slip of paper, request B to close his eyes, relaxing all tension, physical and mental, and when A gives him the group or class corresponding with the selected article or object, B should speak out the name of the first thing which comes into his mind. For instance, A should ask B to name the first animal he thinks of, when he will likely

make B feel an influence similar to static electricity every time his hands pass those of B. This experiment, if faithfully carried out, will nearly always succeed if B is at all sensitive and has entire confidence in himself. B must pay no attention to what A is doing but think only of his own hands during the time of the experiment.

Still one more experiment and I have done for the present. Let B sit down comfortably in an ordinary chair, place his hands upon his thighs, palms downward, completely relaxing all mental and physical tension, thinking of both sides of his body at the same time, closing his eyes, incline his head forward and await results. Let A stand at the opposite side of the room from B, concentrating his gaze upon one of B's shoulders for a few seconds, then slowly and deliberately look over B's arm, down the leg and over the top of the foot to the toe of the shoe, finishing the experiment some ten or twelve inches beyond the toe of the shoe. While looking, A must feel confident that B can feel an influence over the side of his body at which he (A) has been looking. Again the number of successes will be surprising, if the sympathy at all reaches a union of mental vibration between A and B.

This last experiment suggests to the mind a phase of psychology that has caused considerable discussion and difference of opinion among various writers on this subject. For instance, Mr. Sinnett in his "Rationale of Mesmerism," emphasizes the fact that what he calls hypnotism is very dangerous, but that mesmerism is just the reverse and a very beneficent force. After about twenty years of experimental work I have come to the conclusion that the danger, if any, lies more in what is known as mesmerism than in hypnotism, for the following reasons. An operator in hypnotism, provided he understands his business, never attempts to subjugate or dominate the individuality of his subject or patient in the slightest degree, but rather, by suggestion and his confident manner towards the subject, places the subject or patient so much at ease that the hypnotic state becomes an induced condition brought about by expectancy on the part of the subject, rather than an induced state caused by arbitrary will power on the part

of the operator; or in other words, the operator touches the mental button and the subject does the rest himself.

Now with mesmerism it is an entirely different thing. The operator taking the hand of the subject in his own and concentrating his will power upon the brain of the passive subject, thereby displaces the nerve force of the subject to a great extent, and saturates the nervous system of the subject with his (the operator's) own vital or animal magnetism. The same thing is intensified by making passes over the subject's body. Great harm might result providing an affinity or unison of vibration should not exist between operator and subject or patient. Having had hundreds of people make passes over me while in a normal condition, I have in some cases felt very much benefited, after experiments of this kind; and again have often felt weakened, and in some few cases made very sick for several days afterwards (and I know many people who have had a like experience); proving that people should not permit others to deliberately make passes over them with the intention of mesmerizing or magnetizing them, when a feeling of antipathy exists between operator and subject. A sensitive person can always tell, by his own feelings when in a state of relaxation, whether the passes made by another are beneficial to him or not.

This is not saying that mesmerism is not beneficial; but great care should be used in experimenting with this force. I have never known a subject to experience bad effects after hypnotic experiments, if properly conducted. A competent physician or nurse can always use simple oral and mental suggestion to the therapeutic advantage of the patient, without inducing the hypnotic state at all. The conditions necessary are faith or expectancy on the part of the patient, and sympathy and confidence on the part of the physician or nurse in giving the suggestions. I have often stopped the most severe pains by merely asserting, or making the suggestion, that the pain has ceased. For example, a pupil of mine called on me a few weeks ago saying that he had been suffering severely for about ten days with neuralgia of the stomach. He desired me to treat him. All that I did was to



## THE WORKERS' MAY-POLE.

BY EDWARD B. PAYNE.

We sing the future's May Day songs,  
And round the May-Pole lightly dance,  
Our hearts inspired with prophecy  
    Of vanquished wrongs  
    And man's advance  
Toward justice, truth and liberty.

On Labor rests the hope of man,  
All human weal and human worth;—  
On Toil the splendid mission lies,  
    In Nature's plan,  
    To make this earth  
For human kind a paradise.

The day will come in Time's great course  
When all the wealth of sea and land  
To Toil shall be forever free;—  
    When each resource  
    In Nature's hand  
Shall serve to banish poverty.

The day will come when none shall find  
The all of life in grinding task;  
When want no more shall tyrannize  
    O'er heart and mind;  
    Nor toil shall ask  
The very soul in sacrifice.



The common tasks we would not shirk,—  
Not make our life mere holiday,  
But earnest, real and dutiful;  
    With time for work  
    And time for play  
And time to make life beautiful.

The day will come when yoke of toil  
Sweet childhood's neck shall no more gall;—  
To hold a child, for avarice,  
    To drudge and moil,  
    A helpless thrall,  
Shall be a byword and a hiss.

The day will come when every voice  
United shall, in fiat heard,  
VOX POPULI VOX DEI be;—  
    In sovereign choice  
    The People's word  
Shall guide our common destiny.

In that glad day it shall befall  
That in his beams the circling sun  
Shall one great Commonwealth reveal;  
    While, "one for all  
    And all for one,"  
Men vie to serve the common weal.

Then sing the future's May Day songs,  
And round the May-Pole lightly dance,  
Our hearts inspired with prophecy  
    Of vanquished wrongs  
    And man's advance  
Toward justice, truth and liberty.

and, upon the death of either, the survivor took the whole with all the fruits and profits accrued, a better system than now prevails; and Tacitus tells us that among the Germans it was the custom for the husband, at marriage, to bestow a gift in the nature of dowry upon the wife, and that women among them were often deferred to as advisers, or arbitrators, when quarrels were about to culminate in war.

With these honorable exceptions, woman was very little considered until, as has been said, Christianity established the equality of the sexes. But the ameliorating changes thus wrought were rudely checked and greatly modified by the stern hand of feudalism, which put the ownership of real property—the principal property at that time—in the custody of those only who were capable of military duty, and thus the common law, which so completely disqualified married women from the ownership of property, was shaped to a great extent, if not created.

It would extend this sketch beyond due limits to narrate the gradual evolution of the rights of women, or rather their rehabilitation, since the death of feudalism. All that can be done is to point to some of the many mile-stones in the path of progress, by which the traveler may reckon the distance covered and compute the advance made. Some of the most prominent of these mile-stones have been erected by the State of California, though the system of laws prevailing in all the States of the Union upon the subject are substantially the same. Thus in California we find. (1) That neither the husband nor the wife has any interest in the property of the other, but neither can be excluded from the dwelling of the other. (2) Either husband or wife may enter into any engagement or transaction with the other, or with any other person, respecting property, which either might undertake if unmarried; subject in the case of transaction between themselves to the general rules which control the actions of persons occupying confidential relations with each other. (3) A husband and wife cannot by any contract with each other alter their legal relations, except as to property, and except that they may agree in writing to an immediate separation, and make any provision for the sup-

port of either of them and of their children during that time.

(4) Husband and wife may hold property as joint tenants, tenants in common, or as community property. (5) All property of the wife owned by her before marriage, and that acquired afterward by gift, bequest, devise, or descent, with the rents, issues, and profits thereof, is her separate property; and she may, without the consent of her husband, alienate the same. (6) The earnings of the wife are not liable for the debts of the husband. (7) The earnings of the wife and minor children living with her, or in her custody while living separate from her husband, are her separate property. (8) The separate property of the wife is not liable for the debts of her husband.

The above are a few of the cardinal rules governing the rights of woman under the laws of California, and under which she enjoys a freedom, if not in excess of, at least in keeping with that enjoyed by her sisters under the empire, in the fourth century of the Christian era and before the shadow of feudalism fell across her path.



The world is young.

A voice from out the Future, trumpet-clear,  
Is calling: "Rise and smite the tyrant down,  
The tyrant Greed, that rules o'er all the earth,  
The foe of Love and Good and all things high;  
O, rise and smite him down and save mankind."

The world is young.

And still the voice from out the Future calls:  
"Think on your children. Save them from your wrongs.  
Let not the curse, that falls on you, reach them.  
O, rise and battle for the yet unborn,  
For they are helpless and depend on you."

The world is young.

The voice from out the Future calleth yet:  
"O leave the Past and turn to me. The Past  
You cannot help; but all I am to be  
Is subject unto you, to make or mar.  
O, build me noble, full of Love and Truth."

The world is young.

The sun is rising on the Golden Age,  
If we but do our part to make it so.  
If we but fight the wrong, and keep the faith,  
And battle for the Future, all mankind  
Will bless us in the days that are to come.



## THE PALACE OF LIGHT.

BY CORA A. MORSE.

IT WAS a dingy northwest room in a rickety tenement house in London. Two children, a boy of eight years and a girl of five, were its sole occupants. One small west window near the roof allowed all the light that reached it to pass with uncertainty through. These little ones were alone in the world. "Papa" became discouraged three years ago and tried to make it easier for the little patient wife by taking himself out of the world. "There will at least be no more helpless babies born," he said, "and the two dollars a week from the city will go farther between three than it will between four. You and babe can have a few more comforts; you are both so frail and delicate you need them." These were his last words to his distracted wife. The poor little woman struggled hard to meet life bravely for the sake of the two bright children upon whose faces was stamped the love and beauty of her dead Herbert. They had loved each other devotedly and against all opposition had married and left America to make a home in a strange country, where memory of the old protected life might fade away in the activity of a new life with each other. Inexperience, however, made a hard, thorny road for them, and unforgiving friends who refused to reply to their letters, even ignoring the tidings of little Ned's advent into the world, caused them many a heartache. This however strengthened the bond of love between them and made life bearable until Herbert lost a position that had furnished a subsistence, and here their real trouble began.

Bravely and persistently he sought employment from door to door of the large business houses, which were pertinently closed against him. Occasionally he would be rewarded by a few days' labor which served to keep the wolf from the door, by exercise of rigid economy which the equally brave little wife was acquiring rapidly in spite of the fact that early education and environment

prehend the situation. They remembered her as young and strong and wayward, because of her runaway marriage with a poor college student when she might have married for money and position. The struggle was a short one after this. There was no warm bosom to weep out her heartsick tears upon. No tender hopeful voice to prophesy a better to-morrow. No sympathetic hand to stroke her hair and take away the nervous throbbings of her tired brain. No one to talk to but the babies and the rough neighbors who could not understand.

Poorly nourished and clad she pined away in the dingy attic room with its one window until at last one night, when the winds were howling and a storm was raging without, the calm of approaching death came over her. She hastily dressed little Ned and sent him across the corridor for "Granny," an old woman whom the children of the tenement loved and who had befriended her in countless small ways. To her she confided the story of her life; to her she entrusted the last of the jewels that linked her to her girlhood days; and to her the precious human jewels that God had given into her keeping. Ned stood by and seemed to understand that Mama was going to the Palace of Light and begged that he and Madge be taken along. The dying lips gave him all the comfort they could but he sobbed himself to sleep in Granny's arms because he couldn't go to see Papa and take Madge along, for he feared Mama would stay at the Palace as long as Papa had done.

Morning presented an unusual picture. The earth was wrapped in snow, icicles hung from the trees, the sun illumined the scene as Mama's body was laid away, and the little ones wondered if it was warm in the Palace after Mama got through the dark room into the light, and if they would put her in a bigger bed when she got there, and if Papa would sing to her as he used to do to them. Oh, they were so homesick to go to the Palace of Light.

Granny kept the little room for them; she tidied it up in the morning, dressed the little tots, let them eat with her and showed them all the kindness she could. Ere long she took Ned on the

see Papa and Mama." Before he could catch her she had let go of his neck, let go also of her young life, and had fallen to the floor, bathed in the smiles and the sunshine of the *soul's* Palace of Light.

Ned did not weep when he knew that she must be laid in a little white bed, and put into a small dark room in order to pass into the Palace. Granny tried to have him comprehend the truth of the situation, but he only smiled triumphantly and said, "she's at the Palace with Papa and Mama and some day I'm going too. It is made of diamonds of all colors. It is warm there and light, and everything is beautiful. It is my Palace too; I found it first of all, but Madge learned the way the quickest. I'll save my paper money and get me a new suit to go in. Won't Madge be glad to see me with good clothes on? I'm tired of waiting, but I will learn the way the same as the rest have—and, Granny, I'll give you the very best room." She ceased trying to convince him after a time, and moved from her room into his that he might be given opportunity to get a sometime view of the Palace.

Oh, the faith of childhood! Would to God we all possessed it and could live evermore in the warmth and radiance of Love's Palace of Light! Oh, for the mature knowledge of the soul that sees, through the tears of life's disappointments, the radiance from the illumined Palace of Wisdom, the faith that develops the courage and strength which enables its possessor to quietly

"Gaze on closed peaceful eyes/  
And folded hands of snow,  
And calmly say it is no sacrifice  
The heart went long ago,"

the faith that smiles through the grief that numbs and chills the heart, that bends in silence listening to the teachings of the inner voice which prophesies always of the eternal beauty of life's finished Palace of Light in the city (or state of experience) where there is no night. There all is lighted by the spirit of love and wisdom, these guardian angels that are leading us home, through desolate places some times but leading us surely, and with such consideration for our flagging energies as to give us momentary visions of our Palaces.

Oh light! thy true name is Wisdom. Forevermore we seek thee, finally dropping into thy living world of beauty, when this one lies behind us and memory wakes no echoes of failure and suffering. Here we see "as through a glass darkly," preparatory to the face-to-face vision, the vision of our own souls, perfected in the furnace heat of pain and trial.





BY CARRIE V. SHAW.

One violet night,  
When the clouds were light  
    As a dream that is floating away,  
The gallant Mars  
Invited the stars  
    To a dance in the Milky Way.

From the turquoise walls,  
In the entrance halls,  
    Gleamed many a welcome light  
On the crystal doors  
And the marble floors  
    Of Mystical Milky White.

Now the gallant Mars  
And his train of stars,  
    The gayest of all the gay,  
At half past eight,  
With hearts elate,



Arrived at the Milky Way.

Then soon on the hush  
Come the rustle and rush  
    Of banners and fluttering wings,  
        And the sound of wheels  
        And the tinkling peals  
Of golden bells  
On the distance swells  
    And throbs and echoes and rings.

For rolling over the field of blue,  
The opening gateway glittering through,  
    With Courtiers bland  
    On either hand,  
    A troop of maidens at her command,  
Bright as the glow of a sunset dream,  
Her chariot drawn by a butter-fly team,  
    With escorts and guiders  
    And gallant outriders,

Escorting the Asteroid girls,  
One in a dress of emerald green  
And one with auburn curls;  
And Mrs. Saturn arrayed in white  
With her eight little moons was a lovely sight.

In the midst of mirth  
The beautiful Earth  
In a robe of beryl appears,  
And is greeted by hearty cheers.  
Then Neptune gives her his arm and they  
Go whirling adown the Milky Way,  
But pause when they reach the end of the hall  
For the dancers there are assembled all  
And merry faces begin to fall,  
For the fiddler is late at the planets' ball.

Then rings a shout  
From the gates without  
Through the courts of the Milky Way,  
And now revealed  
In the azure field



Approaches a grand array;

The merry strains of a martial band  
Echo over the starry land,  
    As up the arch  
    On his wondrous march  
To blast of bugle and roll of drums  
The great musician Orion comes.

With princely grace  
He takes his place  
    On a throne of silver and pearl:



Now ready are all,  
Now opens the ball,  
    Now hop, now step, and now whirl.

And who can imagine the wondrous scene,  
The lights of yellow and pink and green  
    Blazing over the sapphire walls,  
    The open courts and the entrance halls,  
The rhythmic beat  
Of the dancers' feet,

As they form in a ring  
And circle and swing,  
And daytime cares to the breezes fling,

Prince Orion's throne,  
And the wild sweet tone  
Of the music's spell, as it rises and swells  
And thrills and trembles and lingering dwells,  
Till the heavens shake  
And the angels wake  
To list to the musical throb and roll,  
Like the glorious song of a ransomed soul,  
And strive its tremulous course to trace  
As it faints and dies on the rim of space?

The gallant Mars  
And a group of stars  
Go circling over the heights;  
By glittering ways  
They dance to the blaze  
Of the beautiful Northern Lights;  
And Venus upon their return has made  
The Big Dipper full of orangeade,



And all go up to the crystal bar

And drink to the health of the evening star.

In the silvery light  
Of their starry height

They dance till the night is done;  
They say good bye,  
And over the sky,

Roll homeward every one;  
The music dies with a quivering thrill  
As Orion rides down a violet hill,  
And the Dog Stars only are left to bay  
Through the empty courts of the Milky Way.

The Sun of the Earth,  
Though a lad of worth,  
Next morning forgot to rise;



Sweet Venus retires,  
And the day expires  
E're ever she opens her eyes;

And the careless fellow from Sapphire vale,  
Is bruised by a stroke from the Comet's tail,  
And his relatives kindly lay him away,  
To regain his strength for another day.

Poor Saturn is sad—  
She cannot be glad—

For soiled is her mantle of white;  
But her eight little moons  
Are as crazy as loons

For another such wonderful sight:  
And the gallant Mars has been heard to say,  
That on some mystical future day,  
They will meet and dance  
Again, perchance,  
In the marble courts of the Milky Way.



rection of the man whose life and teachings had become to them a salvation, so to-day millions of women sit inside the door of their own sepulchres, waiting to be resurrected, *all* there is of them, into fuller life and larger freedom. They "sit, dumb, waiting, Woman waiting for Womanhood." They know that upon this complete and perfect resurrection depends the wholeness and happiness of the coming centuries. Outside the door, with bared heads and expectant faces, clothed in the royal robes of justice and equity, a few splendid men are patiently waiting the advent of the ideal creatures their hearts have believed in, since the first man loved the first woman and the first babe gave its helpless cry. Was ever a picture more sacred? Let every woman whose cheeks are furrowed with care and sorrow, every mother who holds to her bosom a rosy pledge of the creator's love, every maiden whose lips confess the power and presence of requited affection, every miniature woman whose eyes are beginning to open to the dawn of that new life which awaits her, the golden glow of which touches her hair, and bathes her feet, let all these sing "Victory" over the physical and moral grave of the generations of woman gone by. Let them *wait*, for the "Victory" is sure. Oh the glory of the coming Easter-tide, the white lilies, the spotless robes, Love's halo, the ransom songs, the grand glad anthem of the free! It is worth waiting for. It means life eternal and the fulfilling of the law and the prophets. All Hail! thou Coming Morn.

CORA A. MORSE.

### ARE WE RETROGRADING?

IF anyone thinks that the world is a sleepy, slow-going, stupid, world, on the retrograde rather than on the advance, that one ought to edit a reform paper or magazine for about three months and then try to find himself in the maze that he has entered. We knew that there were reform magazines in the world, several of them, and a few dozen reform papers. We expected that some of them would find us and grasp the hands we had outstretched as feelers after our own kind. We thought there was quite a respect-



questions of public importance have two sides, so long will men differ about them. And here in our country, as said above, we conspicuously illustrate this tendency to difference of opinion. In these States it seems as if every civil and social problem is a stick with innumerable branches, at every one of which men grasp and tug away desperately endeavoring to carry everything in the direction of their personal or party judgments, prejudices or whims.

This constitutes one of the great difficulties hindering the adoption of reform measures. There are millions of people who much desire to see better institutions and improved facilities for "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." But when we seek to determine what we want and what to vote for—ah! "there's the rub." We are divided into reform factions and fail to see eye to eye and to work together. And thus the years come and go, the worn machinery rumbles on with jog and jar, and our progress is marked off by only very minute measures.

Who will make the true things, the needed things, the wise things, the veritably human and humane things, so clear and distinctly visible that the whole multitude of us shall see them; and who will secure in us such unity of purpose that we shall arise in our combined strength and achieve them?

One thing we should studiously and conscientiously avoid: that is the spirit of mere controversy and contention. Calm, frank, exhaustive debate of the great questions of common interest is unquestionably called for, and may be conducted with mutual respect and with general benefit to all. But oftentimes even those who appear to long for and love the things that shall make for "sweetness and light" are unconscionably bitter and severe in their discussion of plans to secure them. In this way we only weaken and disintegrate our forces, and unfit ourselves for the attainment of success and for the enjoyment of it if it should chance to come. "There were once two men," says the wise Anselm, "who, a little before the sun was up, fell into a very earnest debate as to that part of the heavens wherein that glorious body was to arise that day. In the controversy they became

so enraged as to fall by the ears, and ceased not their buffetings till they had beaten out each other's eyes. So it came to pass, that, when the sun did show itself neither of the champions could see one jot." Let us take warning! E. B. P.

### GOVERNMENT BY JUDGES.

THOSE who do not realise that the real government of the United States is vested in the courts, and particularly in the United States Courts whose judges are appointed for life, should read three late decisions by the Supreme Court of the United States: the Arago decision on sailors' rights, the decision on the Utah eight hour law, and the decision on the Nebraska maximum freight-rate law.

In the first of these decisions the court held that the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States does not apply to such American citizens as may go down to the sea in ships, as laborers. The amendment reads: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or in any place subject to their jurisdiction." American ships are subject to the jurisdiction of the United States, but the court held that the Amendment applies only to negroes and Mexican peons, and that involuntary servitude among American seamen is enforceable by United States marshals and other peace officers.

In the second of these decisions, the court upheld the Utah eight-hour law, after a course of reasoning that would be impossible to a body not conscious of possessing and exercising sovereign power. The court did not stop to consider whether the people of Utah want an eight-hour law—which should be the first and final test in a republic—but it reached the conclusion that the law was "wise," and therefore declared it to be a legitimate exercise of the police power. This is something of an amendment to "government by the people," and makes it read, "government by the people, if the people do what the nine gentlemen of the Supreme Court consider 'wise'."

thus doubling the work of the reformer. If for this spirit of Anti- is substituted the spirit of co-operation, half of the difficulty will be overcome at once, for then the mistaken brother is met half way and may more easily be led to accept truth as we may see it and thus be aided to a more rapid development towards happiness and prosperity. Instead of tearing down your brother's pet hobby of error, offer him a better plan appealing to his reason rather than arousing his passion.

An ounce of education along co-operative lines will go farther towards bettering the condition of humanity than a pound of strife in competitive opposition.

W. C. B.

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### THE NEW CIVILIZATION.

It has been matter of wonder why the magnificent civilizations of the past have gone down, and been so completely buried that we have been able to recover hardly a trace of their origin. We have the monuments—the temples—the mummies and the hieroglyphics of Egypt, but whence came the people—what was the method of their progress from barbarism to culture? What were the mechanical appliances by which they accomplished such astonishing feats of engineering? They are all lost, and our first knowledge of them, some 6000 years ago, is of a civilized and cultured people. The same facts are substantially true of a probably older civilization, that of Assyria. Why did those civilizations perish? Why will not ours follow their example? It is thought by some that the older civilizations perished from the assaults of outside barbarians. That is only partially true. The main cause must have been internal corruption. That was most certainly the truth so far as the Roman empire was concerned. It was rotten at the center. No such danger, as outside barbarians, menaces civilization to-day. One civilized nation could defy all the barbarous tribes of the earth combined.

We have one suggestion to make as a solution of the problem. The old civilizations were racial—they were the product of a nearly or quite pure race. That was true of the Egyptians, the

Assyrians, the Greeks, and later of the Arabs. A pure race will develop excellences in a few directions only. And that development will result in an imperfect or one-sided condition. Its strength in one direction will be complemented by weakness in another, which eventually will cause its destruction. But without pausing here to indicate the deteriorating process, we call attention to the significant fact that the leading nation in the new civilization, is not a pure, but a complex or blended race. It is amalgamating the leading peoples of the world. The Saxon, the Celt, the Teuton and the Scandinavian are the leading races which we are blending into a complex or eclectic whole. We are gradually evolving the special perfections of them all, and in some respects we are ahead of any of them. Eventually we shall eclipse the whole. In human evolution, we are demonstrating, as universal, the law that the unitising of separate primary units invests the compound with more potent properties than pertained to any one of the unit factors. The full-orbed humanity will be made up by blending the different races of the most perfect type—the bearded—in a glorious oneness. And, as our modern civilization has evolved this amalgamating process more perfectly than ever before, it is a sure prophecy that the new, the coming civilization will be the fruiting of the present, which is its flowering. And America is the fertile field where this completing process is being made. In no other portion of the earth was it possible. California, the last settled of this wide domain, is where the combining process will be first perfected, and the new civilization assume its most perfect form. J. S. L.

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## NOTES.

It remained for a San Francisco preacher (if correctly reported) to present an ultra reason for going to war. His reputed words are: "Our Nation needs to be saved from partisan strife, and a commercial and social upheaval will do us good. We need war to bring back the lost gem of the heroic and patriotic." The gem which we really need is that spirit which will heroically do, espouse and defend Justice and Truth. Having this, a nation

a generation ago in an Eastern paper, possibly the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. Its author, Carrie V. Shaw, once a resident of Schell City, Mo. is lost to us now so far as locality is concerned, though the beauty of her poem has lived fresh and green in the garden of the heart through all the years and became the prompter behind the scenes for its reproduction in illustrated form for this generation of readers. Anyone in possession of the present address of the author will confer a favor by sending same to this office.

Apropos to the woman's congress soon to assemble in this city is the article in our present number by Hon. T. P. Ryan on "Woman and the Law," especially woman and California law. This will be read with great interest, as he elucidates many points which women in general are unfamiliar with. Judge Ryan's experience in California law gives weight and character to what he has written, and commands the attention of all workers in woman's cause.

The illustration—"The Workers' May-Pole"—on page 406, is the work of Walter Crane. We call on our readers to indorse the sentiments of the accompanying verses by our co-worker, Mr. Payne. If "ever the right comes uppermost and ever justice is done," it will be when the spirit of Art and Poetry is carried into our daily duties and lifts us from the sensual and material to the loving, the fraternal, the ideal.

Our venerable co-worker, Prof. J. S. Loveland, met with a serious accident since we last greeted our readers. He was thrown down and run over by a delivery wagon and team which was running away upon the streets of Oakland. Three of his ribs were broken and he was otherwise scratched and bruised. We are glad to inform his many friends that when last heard from he was improving, and to use his own words, "will soon be as good as new."

As we go to press, the beginnings of war appear on the high seas. Spain and the United States are looking each other fiercely in the face. The floating castles that patrol the oceans are ready to belch forth their deadly salutations of shot and shell. The north coast of Cuba is blockaded. Havana is threatened. Our regular army is gathering along the southeastern coast. One hundred and twenty thousand volunteers are called for. We seem doomed for strife.

The safety of America lies in the justice and humanity of her

cause; in her isolation, so that an invasion by land is not easy; in the mutual jealousy of the European powers which is likely to prevent their interference; in the valor, enthusiasm and unity of our people; in our inexhaustible resources; and—if we are not all mistaken about this—in the weakness of Spain.

It is a notable fact that our people seem to be taking the initiation of war almost in the spirit of a gala day. We have hardly seemed to realize that there is anything solemn and serious in this tremendous fact of war. Perhaps we shall soon see the sober and desperate side and understand that this is the action of tragedy. But, come what may, we must now see to it that the old flag floats in triumph and that the issue of the conflict is at last the perfect freedom of Cuba. *Columbus* gave the fair island to Spain. *Americus* must set it free.

The staff in the editorial office takes the liberty, without the knowledge of our chief, to announce the fact that Dr. Morse passed a birthday on April 21st, which fact was recognized and celebrated by the Gleaners' Club and a large company of friends, who gathered at her house, 621 O'Farrell street, San Francisco, on Friday night, the 22d. The affair was a complete surprise to our young friend. By the way, readers who have never seen our editor, should know that those who are associated with her closely, and know her qualities, find evidence of an eternal youth in the firm vigor of her intellect, the sprightliness of her fancy, and the earnest enthusiasm of her heart for things good, true, beautiful, and humane. All this the assembly of friends recognized and expressed on the occasion of this surprise birthday party. There were appreciative speeches, original poems, recitations and songs; among the latter a fine rendering of Dr. Morse's own "New Battle Hymn of the Republic." There was also a feast, and best of all an eloquent impromptu speech by the Doctor herself, which was as an inspiration to her happy friends. It may be that the editor will be persuaded to give to the public, in next month's issue of *THE COMING LIGHT*, some of the poems written for the occasion.

# NEEDS OF THE HOUR.



## CAUSE AND CURE OF CRIME.

STATISTICS show that the increase of criminals and crime is out of all proportion to the increase of population. This is partially accounted for in two ways, (1) the lax immigration laws, that permit the importation of the criminal classes from other countries, and (2) the stricter laws, or rather more inclusive laws that have made minor offenses crimes. These two causes, however, do not by any means fully account for the appalling increase of crime and criminal tendencies—crimes of the more revolting type, suicide, wife-murder and crimes against women.

The methods of cure in the past have been in the nature of punishment or revenge, whipping, banishment, long imprisonment and hanging. These have not diminished either the crime or the or the number of the criminals.

The history of criminology shows that in the treatment of this question two things are to be considered: The producing causes, and restrictive and corrective measures.

How are criminals produced? It is popularly supposed by some that the larger proportion of criminals and persons of criminal tendencies is produced by the inevitable action of heredity laws. Another popular view is, that environment, surroundings, home-teaching and education are large factors in replenishing the ranks of the criminals. If the first view is correct, and the law that "like produces like" is correct, there are several things which need to be considered. Chief of these is to account for the development of criminal tendencies from pious ancestry. Next, the question, is there any way of determining, beforehand these evil results, and forestalling them, or are they the resistless results of an unescapable fate?

It is an axiomatic truth that like produces like. There is no chance in the working of natural law. If criminal tendencies appear in offspring, they must have existed, to some extent, in the parents. Temporary evil states of mind are transmitted to offspring. If temporary evil states are transmitted, it is possible, by wise forethought and self-control, to reduce such states to the smallest limit. This will reduce the probability that offspring will inherit evil tendencies. The facts concerning these pre-natal ten-



faith in man is of more assistance to the world than faith in God. Humanity is the sum total of the Creator's conception of forms and in that sense is God. Belief in the power of our fellows to achieve life's desires is the acknowledgment of the divinity within. Encouragement is all that average persons need to push them on to the attainment of their ideals. Companions who clearly see in us the qualities we are not fully awake to ourselves and who insist that we develop them, or those who do not see so clearly but have faith in our judgment of our own qualifications and who embolden us to try again, are to us what the earth atmosphere and sunshine are to the growth of the physical body.

The greatest assistance we can render to those we are associated with is to believe in their power to do and be. This of itself calls out the expression of power. Faith in one another will make nearly all crooked paths straight and develop weaklings into giants. It is the open sesame to every barred door and is the supreme need of the hour.

IDA MARTIN.

"So many Gods, so many creeds  
So many paths that wind and wind,  
When just the act of being kind  
Is all this sad world needs."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.







"I have gathered a posy of other men's flowers and nothing but the thread that binds them is my own."

In a crisis of our lives, sometimes, the strong words that others have spoken—probably in a crisis of *their* lives or in a moment of what is called "inspiration," seem to have been thought out just for us. In the broadest sense this may be true. All lives may realize in a brief moment what all other lives will need through hours of sorrow. How many times has the scale of life gone up over the memory of Virgil's "They can conquer who believe they can," or Richelieu's "In the lexicon of youth there's no such word as fail." How often have weary hands grasped anew the burdens and borne them more bravely because Keats said "There is a budding morrow in midnight." How often the uncertain steps have gone over the worn paths of life more lightly because Emerson wrote "Every man in his life time needs to thank his faults."

In some recent lectures some things have been said that are well worth attention. Professor Griggs of Stanford says, "Each man is the center of the universe that he makes for himself," and again, "Our belief has something to do with making the world what we believe it to be," and "The commonplace would be divine if we would all go into our own terrestrial paradise and find the light of it in the human affairs amid which we live."

Ray Frank, whose thoughts are as great and powerful as her heart is pure and good, said, "The intellect of the world is the only permanent reality and there is intellect in every bit of the

paper. It makes of this a hallowed moment, in which I am so glad that we live. Sometimes I teach the whole gospel of immortal life from the one text, *Language*. There is no greater proof, no higher evidence, that life is continuous than the fact that men and women who spoke and wrote in ages past live through us to-day by virtue of mental and spiritual infusion. Because of this, our "communication" should be "yea, yea; nay, nay"—that is, the honest word, the simple truth, the certain note of experience. More than this "cometh of evil," that is, emanates from the undeveloped, inexperienced, half-grown state of mind, still in the realm of speculation, and thus we become at best but "blind leaders of the blind." Because of this our call to the peoples of the future should ring clearly the blessed tidings of emancipation. It should thrill with the surging tide of our very heart's blood. It should glow with the electric spark of living light "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." It should be the strong, firm call, resonant with all that has preceded it. For this is a far cry, a voice that speaks in the scintillations of the diamond; that calls the granite rock into floral beauty in the "hungry moss it bears;" that cries eternally in the roaring cataract, in the whisper of leaves, in the bleat of the lambkin, in the cooing of the papoose, in the friendly greeting of the "Aloha" of the Hawaiian or the "Beloved" of our own land between those who have been called from the inert stalactite to the stature of men; and at last salutes, in conscious recognition and in the language of adoration, its mighty and invisible Projector, the "Great Spirit" of the Indian or the "Heavenly Father" of the civilized world. It is the same call, this far cry, which, speaking first in the atom and thence everywhere, becomes at last incarnated in human flesh, dwelling there "full of grace and truth" and working deliverance from every state of bondage, every depth of ignorance. "In the beginning was the word and the word was with God and the word was God." This is why the seed answers the sunshine and the human mind grasps the sentiment expressed by other minds, and this is the reason that language is one demonstration of immortal life.

PORTLAND, Oregon.

"I think your magazine is steadily improving. You evidently have no other thought than that it shall stand for power and improvement. Put plenty of *love* into it, sunshine, positivism, and don't print these depressing, snarling, fault-finding people who have a quarrel with the way things are going in the world. The world is *all right*," and the disease lies in their own limited power to perceive; coupled with their constantly *dwelling upon* the evils and sins and crookedness. Does that make the world a whit better—to tell it that it is full of corruption, is selfish, money-grabbing? Does it make a child better to tell it that it is willful, stubborn, hateful, ugly? No, it makes it just that thing that is sharply criticised. And so does it affect the world. No, the only way to drive out darkness is with *more light*. L. M. S.

There is a deal of force in what this correspondent says. A magazine has no right—any more than an individual—to have habitually a long face, a mouth turned up at the corners, an eye that is ever cast down, and a perpetual frown on its brow. Nor should it fill its inkstand out of the bottle of gall and social bitterness. Despondency never did anything in the world; only faith and hope, belief and trust. Therefor we believe and look onward and upward. We are sure of the future of man, and his coming greatness, and have no part in that skepticism which expects bad to pass into worse and worse to grow into worst, as the outcome of life's experimental struggle.

But we cannot be blind to the evil that really is, nor spare the folly that hinders the onward march. Progress grows out of two things—the vision of error and the vision of truth. We need to see how wrong we are and how right we may be; how irrational is our present status and how rational we may make our future estate. A journal, therefore, that would help the world onward must see both sides of the human picture, and frankly report what it sees. It must challenge the conscience of humanity, as to both the wrong that shames us and the right that imperiously commands us. And so THE COMING LIGHT, while it loves best, as its very name implies, to behold and hail the better things and sing the jubilant song, will not shut its eyes to error and misdeed or fail to sound the warning note.

How many bones in the shoulders bind?  
Two in each—one before, one behind.  
How many bones in the human arm?  
In each arm one, two in each forearm.  
How many bones in the human wrist?  
Eight in each, if none are missed.  
How many bones in the palm of the hand?  
Five in each, with many a band.  
How many bones in the fingers ten?  
Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.  
How many joints in the human hip?  
One in each. Like a dish they dip.  
How many bones in the human thigh?  
One in each, and deep they lie.  
How many bones in the human knees?  
One in each—the kneepan, please.  
How many bones in the leg from the knee?  
Two in each we can plainly see.  
How many bones in the ankle strong?  
Seven in each, but none is long.  
How many bones in the ball of the foot?  
Five in each as the palms were put.  
How many bones in toes half a score?  
Twenty-eight, and there are no more.  
And now all together these many bones wait,  
And they count in a body, two hundred and eight.  
And then we have in the human mouth,  
Of upper and under, thirty-two teeth,  
And now and then have a bone, should think,  
That forms on a joint, or to fill up a chink—  
A sesamoid bone or a wormian we call.  
And now we may rest, for we've told them all.

We have received, from one correspondent an elaborated answer to the question, "What is Life For?" which we condense for the Message Department as follows:

In THE COMING LIGHT for February was proposed, for consideration and reply, a question in various forms, substantially as

## Legislation on Behalf of

SATURDAY'S  
CHILD

By EVA V. CARLIN.



(SECOND PAPER.)

"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."

## COMPULSORY EDUCATION LAWS.

**I**N those States having factory laws, the latter are the best possible supplement to a good compulsory education law, but neither can take the place of the other. One consequence of failure to restrict the street life of children through the crucial years of childhood, is our increasing number of "incorrigibles" in training for the penitentiary. And

it must not be forgotten that "incorrigibles" are not born, but *made*. Also, the same machinery of the law which failed to save the child while there was time to make a useful citizen out of him must catch and punish him when neglect has done its evil work. The whole policy of a government is summed up in the requirement, educate or punish. To cheapen one is to multiply the cost of the other by a large ratio. The American editor of the Fabian Essays asserts that New York City spends more for policemen than she does for education.

The following excerpts from *The Outlook* of recent date are significant: "Forty thousand school children are running in the streets of Greater New York because there are no school accommodations for them. When this band of children grow to manhood, they may some day, as a ruthless, resistless mob, show the costliness of the short-sighted economy that denied them civilization. The educated man does not burn warehouses or throw stones through plate glass windows."

"In a year (1897) when only half the children of the National Capital are provided with school buildings, and when thousands are in a similar case in the metropolis and other cities, and when politics is using the schools for spoils, I feel that there is little occasion for boasting about our expenditures for education."

WILBUR F. CRAFTS,

Washington, D. C. Superintendent of the Reform Bureau.

In San Francisco there are over sixteen thousand children of school age who do not attend school at any time during the year, though a Compulsory Education Act has stood upon our statute since 1874. Attendance at school for sixteen weeks at least is the legal requirement in most of the States, South Carolina having just entered the legislative list with a demand of only eight weeks. *Compelling* is the word used in the law, which is, only too frequently a dead letter, no attempt being made to carry out its meager provisions, the usual tenor of which is something like the following:

"Children between such and such ages, (usually seven to fourteen, though New York names sixteen,) shall attend school at least—(anywhere from twelve to twenty weeks,) per year." It provides penalties for violations and evasions of the foregoing requirement; also for the appointment of truant officers, and the recovery of fines and penalties. Usually the carrying out of these measures is left to the option of local authorities; and by the inversion or perversion of justice there is no other machinery of the law for enforcement than that which necessitates the asso-

ciation of a truant child with criminals while pending the appearance of parents or guardians, who, in the case of a factory child, are responsible for the truancy.

Andrew Draper, when State Superintendent of Education in New York, thus characterized the compulsory education law: "It does not go far enough and is without an executor. It is barren of results. . . . It should fix definitely the age within which children must attend the schools. It should provide especial schools for incorrigible cases." (The General Court of Massachusetts has just ordered the drafting of a bill which shall meet the requirement concerning "incorrigibles." The new bill contains several sections on the subject of "parental" schools, the new name for truant schools, but with a difference.) Supt. Draper would also have full provision made for the punishment of people for neglecting the education of children under their care; also full provision for the machinery and officials for executing the system. Not to do this because it would cost a great deal of money is a wasteful, foolish and unsafe policy on the part of the State.

#### HOURS OF LABOR.

A consideration of what constitutes a day's labor for a child, as measured by law, reveals a curious state of affairs in the labor world. Generally speaking, the great body of legislation on the hours of labor in the United States is concerned with the labor of women and children in factories. At least sixty-seven statutes, with the aim of limiting the working-day of minors, have been passed in twenty-two States. New England and the North generally have such protective laws, while most of the Pacific, Rocky Mountain and Southern States have none as yet. South Carolina requires eleven hours per day. North Carolina demands an *average* working time in the mills of eleven hours; most of them run fifteen hours, but they pay for extra time. The New Jersey State Inspector says: "There are thousands of children in the State who know no change but from the workshop to the bed and from the bed to the workshop." In New England the law ordinarily limits the factory labor of women and children to ten hours a day; but Massachusetts allows only fifty-eight hours per week, Saturday being a "short-day."

"There is probably no more vital point than this now disturbing the labor organizations of the country, if not the legislatures," says Mr. Stimson. "It is the key to the whole problem of the working day, because the hours of factory labor, even if only



mines, although the validity of such statutes had been endangered by the famous decision of the Illinois Supreme Court against the eight-hour law for women and children in factories.

Hear the ringing words of President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor: "Every act and thought will turn to the movement to inaugurate the eight-hour day at the earliest possible moment, perhaps May 1st, 1898. We demand it upon sanitary, religious, moral, political, social, humane and economic grounds. We may be put back, we may be defeated, but we cannot, we *will* not be conquered." The time is propitious; the lark's melodious voice is prophetic; the light of coming day shall yet suffuse the whole sky.

*(Conclusion in June.)*







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*The Sphinx* has received a letter, without date or hint of locality, and so presumably out of the great human unknown. The letter reads as follows:

DEAR SPHINX. I am interested in your department and have thought much over your question "What is life for?" I have thought of an answer to that question and here it is: Life is given us to help us ascend the great ladder of Eternity. This life is to Eternity what a drop of water is to the ocean. There are many rounds in the ladder of Eternity and each round represents a life. God or Heaven or Rest (call it what you will) is at the top of this ladder and whether and how soon we reach our goal depends upon whether each life we live or each step we take leads us upward or downward.

M. L. L.

Why, for what purpose, to what end are we climbing this "great ladder?"

What is to be the issue, the estimate of this long succession of lives?

What shall we find when we reach "God or Heaven or Rest" at the "top of the ladder?"

*The Sphinx* is not satisfied to have the rational justification of this life found in some other and far-off life.

What is there *here in this world and now* that makes it reasonable and well to be alive?

This is the real question.

But there is another enigma for this time. I have been propounding it to that wandering American who is pressing his ear to my lips, as pictured above.

What is the meaning of this scramble after gold up in the Alaskan snow and ice?

Why are tens of thousands braving the ocean's storms and the Arctic dreads?

Is the "yellow stuff" worth it all?

Certain poets, of your western tongue, have answered this question also. I will set down their answers here.

One of them says:

"Commerce has set the mark of selfishness;  
The signet of its all-enslaving power  
Upon a shining ore, and called it gold;  
Before whose image bow the vulgar great.  
The vainly rich, the miserable proud,  
The mob of peasants, nobles, priests, and kings,  
And with blind feelings reverence the power  
That grinds them to the dust of misery."

Another poet charges:

"Gold begets in brethren hate;  
Gold in families debate;  
Gold doth friendship separate;  
Gold doth civil wars create."

Still another declares:

"Trade it may help, Society extend,  
But lures the Pirate, and corrupts the Friend;  
It raises Armies in a nation's aid,  
But bribes a Senate, and the Land's betrayed."

The same poet adds further on:

"Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,  
*Esteem and Love were never to be sold.*"

O, America! Do your poets, your inspired ones, your seers and prophets,—do they see correctly?

Are these the things that Gold, and the love of Gold, and the bondage to Gold, do for you?

If so, what means the Klondike scramble?

perfect condition of potential activity: few months ago till the persuasive sergeant came, what were they? An entirely broken population, fast tending towards the treadmill. But the persuasive sergeant came; by tap of drum enlisted, or formed lists of them, took heartily to drilling them;—and he and you have made them this! Most potent, effectual for all work whatsoever, is wise planning, firm combining and commanding among men. Let no man despair of governments who look on these two sentries at the Horse-Guards and our United-Service Clubs! I could conceive an emigration service, a teaching service, considerable variety of united and separate services, of the due thousands strong, like it;—which work, much more than fighting, is henceforth the necessity of these New Ages we are got into! Much lies among us, convulsively, nigh desperately *struggling to be born*.

—Thomas Carlyle.

From 1791 to 1814, France, constrained and forced, wrestling alone against Europe confederated by England, expended in slaughter for military glory—and also, let us add, for the defense of her territory—five millions of men, that is, six hundred men per day. Europe, including France, expended sixteen millions, six hundred thousand men; that is, two thousand men destroyed daily for a period of twenty-three years.

Secondly, the expenditure of money. Unfortunately, we have no authentic account, except the account of England. From 1791 to 1814, England, in order to get France crushed by Europe, incurred a debt of twenty milliards, three hundred and sixteen millions, four hundred and sixty thousand and fifty-three francs. Divide this sum by the number of men killed, at the rate of two thousand per day for twenty-three years, and you arrive at the result that each corpse stretched on the field of battle cost England alone fifty pounds sterling.

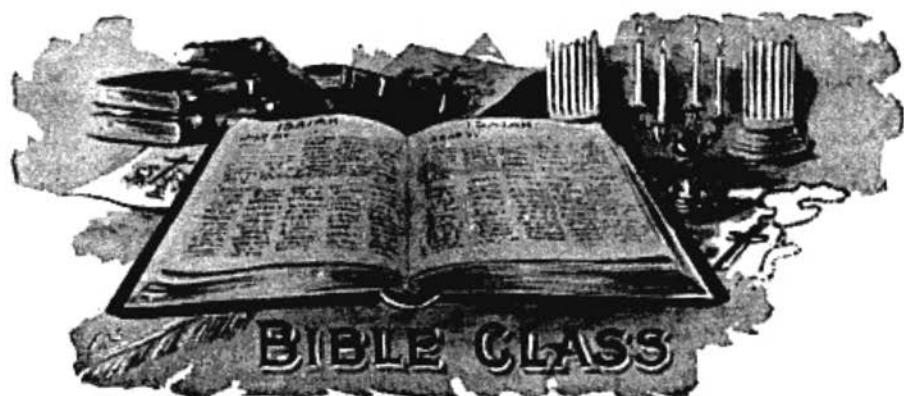
Add the figures for all Europe, numbers unknown, but enormous. With these seventeen millions of men the European population of Australia might have been formed. With the eight hundred millions of English pounds sterling shot from the cannon's mouth, the face of the earth might have been changed, civilization planted everywhere, and ignorance and poverty suppressed throughout the world.

England pays eight hundred millions sterling for the two statues of Pitt and of Wellington.

It is fine to have heroes, but it is a costly luxury.

Poets are less expensive.

—Victor Hugo.



### TRUTH.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts; and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.—*Psalms*.

Buy the truth and sell it not; also wisdom and instruction and understanding.—*Proverbs*.

Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in.—*Isaiah*.

To this end was I born, and for this came I into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth. . . . The Spirit of Truth will guide you into all truth, and the truth will make you free.

Great is Truth, and mighty above all things. All the earth calleth upon truth, and the heaven blesseth it; all works shake and tremble at it, and with it is no unrighteous thing. It endureth and is always strong; it liveth and conquereth for evermore. With Truth there is no accepting of persons or rewards, neither in her judgment is any unrighteousness; but she doeth the things that are just, and refraineth from all unjust and wicked things. All men do like well of her works, and she is the strength, kingdom, and majesty of all ages.—*I Esdras*. (This book is not recognized as canonical by Protestants, but is accepted by the Catholic Church.)



DEAR GRANDPA:—I really think the oldest thing must be pictures, because our teacher said that the first writing was pictures, and I think the first thing people did was to talk to each other. Don't you think, Grandpa, you ought to give a prize to the one who answers right. They always do at school.

*Lottie.*

DEAR GRANDPA:—I have been greatly interested in all of your talks to the children, and since the April number of the magazine was received I have been trying to "guess" the valuable item which you left untold. I am not at all sure that I am right about it, but I think it must have been mistakes and blunders, which everyone must have made before they succeeded in doing things well. You ought to have a prize for the fellow who makes the right guess.

*Johnnie Freeman.*

DEAR GRANDPA:—I want to guess what is the oldest thing. I have learned to write on the typewriter but that is not an old thing and so I know it is not a typewriter. But I have thought very hard about it, and I guess it is *words*. O, I hope I have it right, because you were so sure that no one could guess it. Yours truly,

*Minnie Wright.*

EDITOR OF THE COMING LIGHT:—I am one of Grandpa's children and enjoy riddles, so will send you my guess as to the oldest thing used by all, in our work and play. You say they were made by men thousands of years before there was any house built. I have thought of many things. First, I said it must be eyes or ears, then letters or words, but have finally

concluded that "lies" are used by everybody, and they must have been invented very early by man because they are so handy and are of so many different varieties and we could hardly exist without them.

Bessie.

DEAR GRANDPA.—I have been trying so hard to guess what is the oldest thing we all use, which you spoke about at our last meeting. I guess it must be "pins," for we all use them and I think they are as old as anything I can think of. Maybe I'm wrong. I've been reading history a little, and want to give you something to guess. There was a certain philosopher with a very short name, Io. I want you to guess what Io died of.

Harry.

DEAR GRANDPA.—I have thought and thought about your question and at first I was not sure whether it is teeth or toenails. My brother says it is a knife but I think it is shoes. Is that right?

Clare.

SOME of you did know, after all. Of course, the very oldest things of man's making in the world to-day are words. They were not here before men began to be, and men did not bring them. The sun and the earth, and everything in and between the sun and earth, were here ready for man's use. Man came, bringing just himself—nothing else. Probably the first thing he made was a word—a name for the sun, or for day, or night, or father, or mother, or water, or food. And some of those very words, a little changed—with the corners worn smooth by being said so many millions of times in the thousands of years—are used by us all every day without a thought of their wonderful history.

Philology is a word made from two Greek words, *philos* and *logos*. *Philos* means friend, and *logos* means word. So philology is the science of those who love words, and those who trace them back to their birthplaces and to their first meanings. They have discovered many wonderful things, and they have years and years of work yet to do, so they are pretty sure to discover a good deal more.

One of the most wonderful things they have found is that English and German and Danish and French and Italian and Spanish and Greek and Zend, which is the language of Persia, and Sanskrit, which used to be the language of India, are not really different languages after all. They are related to each other, and they have many words so nearly alike that it is certain that they were all once one language. This first language was as different from any that is now spoken as they are from each other; and yet it was the beginning of them all. The people speaking it

many other words, comes to us from Latin. In old Rome there was a goddess called *Fortuna*. The Romans thought of her as the "one who brings," so you see when we speak of our "fortune" we mean the thing that is brought, and we call it after the goddess whom the Romans thought did the bringing. But where did the Romans get the name *Fortuna*? It is a long story, and I will give you only the end of it. When the word *Fortuna* started, away back in the first language, it meant "the dawn," or "the day-break." Men grew to think of the dawn as the bringer of the new day and its happenings, and so it finally got into the Latin language as the name of a goddess, and into our language as the name of something we all worship more than the Romans did their goddess and more than is good for us. The first meaning was best. The dawn, the new day, the breaking light, is the best fortune there is or ever can be.

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#### VOX POPULI.

I like your little, spicy, up-to-date magazine. The field is broad and harvest ripe for such workers. May you be blest in your undertaking. H. H. JACKSON, M. D., Chicago.

The March number of *THE COMING LIGHT* is a veritable string of pearls, every article is rich and full of light and truth. L. B., Santa Rosa, Calif.

Too much cannot be said in praise of *THE COMING LIGHT*. It should be helped in every possible way in its work of educating humanity. K. F., Sacramento, Calif.

I am delighted with the beauty of the external appearance of *THE COMING LIGHT*, and the trenchant force of its up-to-date utterances. IDA V. CANTWELL.

It is a privilege to have come in touch with the thought of *THE COMING LIGHT*. May God bless the utterance of your glorious message to earth's needy ones. MARY HERTZ.

*THE COMING LIGHT* is a jewel and ought to be in every home in the world. It is especially woman's friend.

OLIVE M. MANTOR.

*THE COMING LIGHT* brings light to my soul and I eagerly watch for its coming. BELLE J. MORSE.

Your magnificent magazine flashes with a brightness unparalleled. Rarer than the gems of Golconda are the scintillating thoughts from its pages. Long may it wave. KATE V. HALL.



In fact, by exhibiting these monstrosities for money, a premium is put on deformity and disease. When, we wonder, shall we hear of a Royal Commission on the Breeding of Men and Women? There are many, as Kingsley weirdly put it, "men and women damned before they are born."

The grasp-all tendencies of Monopoly are humorously scored in a poem in the April *New Time*, the last verse of which runs thus:

We will syndicate the starlight  
And monopolize the moon;  
Claim royalty on rest days,  
A proprietary noon;  
For right of way through ocean's spray  
We'll charge just what its worth,  
We'll drive our stakes around the lakes;  
In fact, we'll own the earth.

The United States Senate has passed a bill for the protection of song birds. This bill provides that the importation into the United States of birds' feathers, or parts of birds for ornamental purposes shall be prohibited, and it also provides for prohibiting the sale of such articles in any territory of the United States or District of Columbia. Now if the various State legislatures of the country will but co-operate with the federal government, the slaughter of birds of plumage and of song will be stopped. — *Windham Co. Transcript, Danielson, Conn.*

In all probability the passage of the bill above referred to will be regarded as a great triumph by those who have given their time and energy to obtain its passage. It may even have a humanizing effect in a small way, but when it comes to be weighed in the balance with the wholesale slaughter of babies, nearly one-half of whom die before they are a year old for lack of fresh air, good food and reasonable care, it seems a matter of trivial importance. We have been schooled in the abstract since our Sunday School days, and as grown up children are still dealing with the abstract. Our Sunday School cards admonished us thusly: "Don't kill the birds, the pretty birds," etc. We fostered a spirit of contempt for the "bad boys" who "shot birds" and "robbed birds' nests." We went on in our hypocritical madness until, a few years later, we were quite willing to be saved souls while thousands of our fellows were bound for the eternal lake of fire and brimstone. Our whole social structure rests to-day upon the insecure foundation of a falsehood. Hence we are urging Congress to pass laws of no real moment to the race, and are still winking at the crimes of omission and commission which are, cancer-like, eating out our social vitals. If prohibition is the best method of dealing with wrong, why not prohibit the building of unsanitary tenement rows where children perish by the hundred for want of fresh air and sunshine? Why not prohibit matrimony until women can pass examination upon the care of children and thus prevent their assuming such responsibility until





"SOME Philosophy of the Hermetics," by authority of a mystic order. Cloth, 109 pp., \$1.25. Baumgardt & Co., Los Angeles, Calif. This book will be welcomed by all in search of reliable things bearing on the old philosophies. The writer is poet, artist, musician and teacher, all in one. He presents the truth with force and yet with a tenderness which melts the heart to tears. The reader feels the grasp of a steady hand and senses the vibrations of a just mind. Speaking of Friendship he says: "If your friend is hateful to-day think of to-morrow, remember last week. If he is scowling recall his smile. Has his tongue twisted itself into harsh words, forget not the sweet ones you have caught from his lips." "Do your friend justice. Place him on the scale of your own conjuring and weigh yourself with him." "Perhaps after all he is a heavier man than you." "When you judge another make two columns in your mind, the pros and cons. Reckon them up as you would a sum and subtract on result from the other." "If there is more good than bad, more sweetness than gall, hold fast to him forever. You have found a jewel, one with a flaw, to be sure, but a jewel." "Wear it on your breast and look into the glass when the light is dim." The chapter on "The One Thing" is a marvel of beauty which we would like to quote but for limit of space. If our readers want a book that will be to them as "daily bread," we heartily recommend this one. On sale at this office.

"The Red Light" by Herbert N. Casson, pastor of Lynn Labor Church, is a significant contribution to reform literature. Mr. Casson being a strongly individualized character and a thorough American speaks for all there is of the good and true in his "ain countrie." "The Red Light" sets forth the doctrine of Socialism in Mr. Casson's remarkably original manner and in the broad and splendid liberality for which he is famous. He is optimistic and this message to the world sings out the hope of human brotherhood. He says "This earth-life was not intended to fit us for hell. It is an accursed lie invented by tyrants of church and of business to say that suffering and drudgery are necessary at all." "The keynote of progress is *man first*. Man is more than constitutions, monarchies and religions." "The individual withers but the race is more and more." "I tell you men of America there is no peace but equality, no wealth but character, no security but brotherhood, no salvation but knowledge and no supreme court but the enlightened conscience of man." "Let your knowledge grow. A flower is not a bud ruined. Bring all your beliefs into the sunlight of every new day and the same light that detects error will guide you to the truth." No short review will do this book justice. One must read it from cover to cover to appreciate it. Published by Lynn Labor Church Press, Lynn, Mass. Price 25 cents.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

- "O World, Such as I have give I unto Thee," Vols. 1 and 2, by Helen Wilmans.  
 "The World Beautiful," Vols. 1 and 2, by Lillian Whiting.  
 "After her Death, the Story of a Summer," by Lillian Whiting.  
 "Don't Worry," by Theodore F. Seward.  
 "In Tune with the Infinite," and "What all the World's a-Seeking," by Ralph Waldo Trine.  
 "The Gospel Manual," by Rev. Samuel Stoccombe.  
 "The Road to Immortality," by Brother Paul.  
 "The Law of Vibrations," by T. J. Shelton, editor *Christian*, Little Rock, Arkansas. Price 25 cents.

## MAGAZINES AND PAPERS RECEIVED.

*Harmony*, a monthly published at 3360 17th street. San Francisco, in the interest of Divine Science, is an earnest advocate of the principles it espouses and is ably edited by C. L. and M. E. Cramer; \$1.00 per year, 10 cents single copy.

*Kansas City Osteopathic Magazine*, Vol. 1, No. 1, is a new publication of great promise. It is edited by Dr. E. D. Barber and devoted to the science of osteopathy, a new method of healing disease. It contains much food for thought and is published monthly by The National School of Osteopathy, 415 Kieth Building, Kansas City, Mo. \$1.00 per year, 10 cents per copy.

*The Pittsburg Kansan*, an uncompromising, middle-of-the-road Populist weekly, edited by J. C. Buchanan, Pittsburg, Kansas. Price one dollar per year.

*Kennedy's Own*, a monthly magazine of education, literature and civics, is a high class, up-to-date publication. William Kennedy, editor, 721 Phoenix Building, Minneapolis, Minn. Price one dollar per year.

*The Philosophical Journal*, published at 1429 Market street, San Francisco, is a weekly in magazine form, edited by Thomas G. Newman, and is devoted to spiritualism and all progressive thought. Price one dollar per year.

*Art Education* for April is one of the finest numbers of this periodical. It is devoted to art and manual training from the standpoint of the teacher. Its elegant illustrations and unique cover at once arrest attention. Its table of contents is in keeping with the high character of its aims. Published by the J. C. Witter Co., 76 Fifth avenue, New York. Two dollars per year; single copy 25 cents.

*Human Nature*, a periodical devoted to phrenology and the study of human nature. It is full of instructive suggestions to the careful student. Prof. Allen Haddock, editor, 1016 Market street, San Francisco. Price fifty cents per year.

*The Labour Leader*, edited by Keir Hardie, London and Glasgow, a weekly socialist publication of great merit. Price 6s 6d per year.

*Los Angeles Herald* as usual heads the list with good things and is one of our most welcome exchanges. Published daily at Los Angeles, Calif.

*Windham County Transcript*, published at Danielson, Conn., is the spiciest weekly that comes to our table. John L. A. Stone editor.

*Pearls*, a classic monthly devoted to the mental forces, by Elizabeth Francis Stephenson, published by Metaphysical Pub. Co., 465 Fifth-avenue, New York. It is a little gem of high literary and artistic merit. One dollar per year; 10 c per copy.

*Mothers' Magazine*, Vol. 1, No. 1, is a thing of beauty in design and construction. Its illustrations are second to none and the subject matter is just what mothers need. It fills a long felt want in the domestic circle. Published at 1 Madison avenue, New York. Price one dollar per year.

The February number of *The Western College Magazine*, published at Temple Block, Kansas City, Mo., follows the classic in educational lines and is brim full of good things. Price fifty cents per year.

# BOOKS FOR SALE AT THE COMING LIGHT OFFICE, 621 O'Farrell St., San Francisco.



**SOME PHILOSOPHY OF THE HERMETICS**, by *Nellie E. Dashiell*. This is a series of pen pastels of which the author may be justly proud, as it combines the forceful and lovely, the occult and ethical in a very helpful manner, and is destined to receive the grateful recognition of students of the truth everywhere. Cloth, 109 pp. \$1.25

**THE SONG OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD**, by *Nellie E. Dashiell*, appeared in the January No. of "The Coming Light" and has been published in souvenir form to supply the demand which the January issue has failed to supply. It rings with the spirit of true fraternity and will please all who believe in the Unity of Life. It is bound in white, green and gold, is beautifully and profusely illustrated with special reference to the new age we are entering.

Published by The Coming Light Publishing House. 20 pp. 50 cts.

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