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# COMING LIGHT

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

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HIGHER LIVING  
AND A  
HIGHER SOCIAL ORDER

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# The Coming Light

VOL. 3.

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NO. 4.

## HAIL ! CALIFORNIA !

Young empire! on the continent's utmost shore,  
Confronting the western ocean's storm and tide—  
The course of nations here terminates in thee:  
And yet thy Golden Gate swings open wide  
Unto the highways of that mightier sea,—  
Prophetic parable of all that lies before.

Thy Destiny ! California !—What? and how?  
And when? Are thy people ready to fulfill  
That occult purpose in Nature's counsels pent—  
Volition of that deep imperious will  
Which sweeps through all time, on him, that man intent,  
“Whose right it is to reign,” tarrying till now?

## THE COMING LIGHT

Ah ! not the golden opulence of thy mines  
In future story shall most exalt thy name;  
And not thy radiant skies and aureate clime  
And mellow airs shall give thee lasting fame;  
Nor yet thy plenteous wealth of harvest time  
And the rich and royal grape-blood of thy wines:—

Not these, Great State, thy chiefest glory ! Not these,  
But souls of men, and lives, so brave and true and free  
As shall be commensurate with Nature's best  
And greatest—thy Redwoods, thy Yosemite,  
Thy bounty-yielding plains, Shasta's towering crest,  
And rugged shores that defy the surging seas.

Then—an utmost grandeur rising with the years—  
A strong sweet harmony of men ! Civil state  
With Justice crowned and throned ! Social man reborn,  
Holding truth and righteousness inviolate:—  
Behold, California ! for thee that morn  
When the promised Commonwealth of Man appears !

E. D. WARD.



less wars. At the present moment Europe is an armed camp ready for slaughter. Of her sixty million men twelve million are trained soldiers. And the New World has recently entered on the fatal career of the Old. But a remote and comparatively insignificant contest is sufficient to dislocate the delicate social machinery of every civilized state, and a dilatory contest carries famine to the hearths of the poor, thousands of miles from the conflict. In various countries in both hemispheres, starving men and women are rioting for bread; what they really want is peace.

Can nothing be done, then, to make war more difficult? Is the Golden Age to be merely a poetic dream, never to be in any degree realized? We trust not. For, if we mistake not, the first faint streak of the brighter dawn is breaking. In both the Old and the New World men of clear heads and generous hearts are looking forward to a confederation of the English-speaking peoples. And the slightest consideration of the matter must convince every unprejudiced mind that the speedy accomplishment of an Anglo-American Alliance, based upon sound, equitable, and permanent principles, will lay the foundation of a new era, one which, perchance, may be crowned by universal and perennial peace.

America is only a younger England, moving in a wider range with a freer step. Excepting the immigrants of alien tongues, her people have the same blood and traditions, the same literature and habits, the same proud history and aims, as the mother country. In religion; in political and municipal freedom, in inventive genius and commercial and industrial eagerness, they are alike. Great Britain's purchases from the United States from April 30th, 1897, to April 30th, 1898, amounted to 118,000,000 pounds, or nearly one-half of the total American exports, in other words, almost as much as was purchased by all the rest of the world: Her colonies and India purchased in the preceding year 11 per cent. Thus about 60 per cent of all their exports were bought by Great Britain and other parts of the British Empire. As the balance of trade is very largely in their favour, the difference provides them with the means of making cash

investments in any part of the world, and of purchasing in other countries, if need be, beyond the amount of their exports to them. Thus their immense commerce and vast wealth, distributed throughout the earth, give England and the United States a common aim—the welfare and prosperity of all nations. They are therefore eminently qualified to become the joint depositories of peace and the guarantors of the world's best interests.

Great Britain and the United States possess together one-half of the whole habitable part of the globe, and nearly one-third of all its inhabitants. Of the latter about one hundred and ten million are of European blood, and of a hundred million of these the English language is their mother tongue. Their commercial shipping greatly exceeds that of all the rest of the world together. Their ships of war amount to 477 (of which 379 are British), and exceed by 69 the united navies of France, Russia, Germany, and Italy.

It will thus be evident that, united, no power would venture to attack them, and that they would probably prove irresistible to any possible combination of powers, seeing that their combined resources are well-nigh inexhaustible. But it is notorious that they are the least military and least aggressive nations on the earth, if we compare their extent, their wealth, and population. Their great ruling motives are the material and intellectual advancement of the people. Both these are incompatible with war, and flourish during peace. It is to these incentives alone, therefore, that we must look for a revival of the golden age. And Providence has so placed it in the power of the Anglo-Saxon race to lead the way in this grand work, that it would be criminal, if not fatal, to refuse it.

It is always unsafe to prophesy, nevertheless we may venture to forecast the probable outcome of an Anglo-American Alliance, instituted for mutual defense, and to keep the world's peace. In the first place, every country whose intelligence enables it to perceive that its interests are best promoted by repressing warfare, will desire to share in the advantages of such an alliance. France and Germany would bury their animosities

and compete with each other, and with ourselves, in friendly rivalries only. Austria, Italy, and the minor states would follow. One power alone might have cause to regard this international policy with hatred, since it would arrest her career of conquest, and destroy her hope of universal domination. By a long course of cruelty, perfidy, treachery, and the lowest political arts, and through the resources of a great military despotism, she has advanced east and west from the Baltic to Behring's Straits, in a solid and unbroken line, and is slowly but surely creeping southward, overshadowing Europe and Asia, and menacing the independence of its peoples and the cause of freedom. Whilst we sympathize with her amiable and inoffensive people, and wish them God speed, we shall do well to check the pernicious ambition of her feudal and military chiefs, which is ever aggressive and unscrupulous. Since the time of Peter the Great she has been the chief disturbing element in Europe, and has set the example of those vast armaments which are ruining almost all the nations, and which keep Russia itself in perpetual poverty. Therefore, if the Anglo-American Alliance did nothing beyond curbing her aggressiveness, it would deserve well of mankind.

But Japan, also, where, for the first time in history, liberty has recently been born in an Asiatic country, would naturally welcome the Alliance with open arms. This interesting country appears destined to play a distinguished part among the nations, and already ranks among the highest powers. The continuance of her freedom and prosperity demands that she should be protected from the pressure of Russian intrigues. In fact, regard it in any light we will, whether for the advantage of the contracting powers, or for the general welfare of the world, no moment could be more propitious than this for the Anglo-Saxon race to join hands. Europe is armed ready for fight. The Balkans, the hotbed of Russian plots, are in a ferment, and the flames of war may burst forth at any moment. But England and America united, self-sustaining, and capable of protecting themselves against all foes, could exercise a powerful and unique influence in preventing a conflagration, or in quenching that

## THE REVERSE SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

BY E. D. BABBITT, M. D.

**M**R. CASSON is one of the brilliant minds of the day, epigrammatic, racy and stored with a great treasure of facts. He is fighting the great Moloch of Capitalism and every blow cuts like a Damascus blade. His labors in behalf of the people are noble and his name shall be covered with blessings.

Like other intense minds, however, he tends to run off in a tangent occasionally, and sometimes fails to weigh all sides of a question. Geniuses are apt to need balancing a little, and some of our Socialists, wrought up by the outrageous movement of corporations and trusts which drain the resources of the people and turn them into their own selfish treasury, are liable to become too furious. It seems to me that the extreme reformer is apt to cultivate a chronic habit of fault-finding. He no doubt sees the shortcomings, and we may say, the crimes of society, in a vivid light and talks about them, reads about them, and hears about them so constantly that after awhile he cannot see the higher traits of humanity in our midst. He cuts and slashes and applies the surgeon's knife to everything, just as in therapeutics, the old style of practitioners, who, as we progressives think, are somewhat out of date, are famous for curing by surgery cases which can often be reached more effectively by the gentler and more natural methods. The Hazleton murders and treatment of the poor miners were so abominable that it does one good to have Mr. Casson blaze away at them in his righteous wrath, but it is not best to have hatred and the tearing down policy manifested all the time. We need to have the encouraging and building up side of matters brought well before us also.

No doubt Mr. Casson considers that he has given a fair view of this country in his article published in *THE COMING LIGHT* of April. Having come from a rival nation, he must naturally have



heard a good deal of the shady side of our own people and institutions and unconsciously absorbed some wrong impressions of us. In the first place our cities and streets change so fast as to be "very disconcerting" to Mr. Casson. In other words we are too progressive, or at times too fond of the new. We ourselves dislike the dingy, smoky, crooked and narrow streets so common in many European cities, and while they have their charms, in certain lines of art, they are so slow, so old foggy in many ways, that our people laugh at them. But in the adoption of some socialistic elements of progress, Europe is ahead of us, not so much from their progressive spirit as from the fact that her people, for some time back, have been so near the point of starvation, that co-operation and municipal and state regulation are seen to be an absolute necessity. Then the resources of our nation are so great and the chances for speculation and monopoly are so immense, that we are naturally afflicted with greedy capitalists that too often swallow legislatures and pervert whole states. In Europe the Rothchilds sometimes swallow whole nations. This rule of capitalism is not at all to be a permanent thing in our country, although for the time being it causes our industries to be "drifting and shifting and smashing like the ice blocks on a northern river in spring time," as Mr. Casson says. A great education is going on and the people are learning more and more who it is that is skinning them and how it is done. A great revolution is already commencing and this revolution is not to be consummated by war, as our sensationalists are fond of proclaiming.

When Mr. Casson says "our civilization is built upon the sand;" that our manufactured goods are frail and almost worthless and asks "Are we to be a shallow, fickle-natured race, incapable of taking wide views of human affairs, or of persevering in large and noble purposes?" he is heaven-wide of the mark. We have a bright sun and an electrical winter and a general freedom, all of which kindle up an immense activity and some of this activity must necessarily end in mere effervescence, but, as a whole, this country has the most indomitable energy that the world has ever seen. Its achievements are of the most amazing character.

McKinley days of supposed prosperity, but he is an immensely different being from the American type which Mr. Casson sets forth.

But Americans are doing a grand work beyond the mere material development. I will make two statements: first, Americans have the best school system in the world; and second, the native American has the best average education of any people in the world. Now for my proof. The German system is supposed by many to be the best, but here is the official report made by Professor Waetzold who went as German School Commissioner to the Chicago World's Fair: "In their school system, the Americans are in every way superior to the Germans, most notably in teaching languages, drawing and modelling. It is surprising what a command of language the American school children have. German teachers dwell too much on style; while American teachers aim to give the children a command of diction." I could give other testimonials in the same direction but space is wanting. I will now proceed to show that the native American has the best average education of any people in the world. According to the census of 1890, the number of native whites ten years old and over who could not read and write was but eight-tenths of one per cent in Massachusetts and Nevada, one per cent in Connecticut, one and two-tenths per cent in South Dakota, one and three-tenths per cent in Nebraska, Washington and Wyoming, one and four-tenths per cent in Minnesota, one and eight-tenths per cent in New York, Oregon, and Iowa, etc. With foreigners, negroes and Southern whites included, of course, the standard is not so high. In foreign countries, according to Mulhall (1889), the percentage of adults unable to write was as follows: England, 9; Scotland, 6; Ireland, 23; France, 15; Germany, 4; Russia, 85; Austria, 45; Italy, 52; Spain, 72; Switzerland, 5; Belgium, 20; Netherlands, 14; Scandinavia, 3. Statistics show that there is a far greater proportion of foreigners than natives in our own country that are paupers and criminals. I do not say this to condemn foreigners, but to show that under a superior system, with superior conditions, people themselves have a better chance

to rise. Foreigners, of course, by nature are just as good as ourselves, and they have proved very useful to our country. Such a foreigner as Mr. Herbert N. Casson is certainly most welcome to our country and he is doing an important work in educating the people to a knowledge of their rights and I trust of their duties also.

There are many other great philanthropic achievements of America which I find cannot be mentioned here as my article is becoming too long already.

Before closing this article I wish to speak of the position, with reference to the Spanish war, of not only Mr. Casson but of a great many other Socialists, as well as of many college professors and people who are looking through an ideal atmosphere at the world as it ought to be, not as it is. We will suppose a set of bullies are found to be knocking down, pounding, stabbing and even killing a multitude of women, children and helpless old men. A nobler class of men, standing near by, after seeing this fiendish work go on for some time, finally become shocked beyond measure and declare that they must go in and put a stop to it. "Don't do it! don't do it!" exclaim our peace men; "that will be war." "Don't do it!" exclaim the money syndicates of New York and Boston who fear their shekels will be decreased. "Don't do it! think of the horrors of war." Thus piously do these money sharks talk, at the same time that they are skinning the people of the whole country with their monopolistic schemes. The leading papers of the East, desirous as usual of pleasing these money kings, for some time prostituted their columns by crying "peace! peace!" when there was no peace, and could be no peace without fighting for it. Even Bishop Potter of New York and Howells, the author, got their brains muddled on the subject. They were influenced by a Socialist who declared that we were just as bad toward the people in this country as the Spaniards. What a monstrous falsehood! Weyler's system was a direct wilful murder of over 200,000 women, children and old men. The Spaniards preferred not to meet the Cuban men on the battlefield, but shut up their wives, mothers and daughters

and let them starve to death. If they made an effort to get something to eat by seizing some stray cattle, they were shot down. If they wouldn't own up that they loved the Spanish cause which was thus destroying them, they would sometimes be killed on the spot. In this country as in all countries, the competitive system allows the strong and crafty to take advantage of the weak. Most people have not learned that there is a better way, and would be horrified to think that anything they had done would bring poverty and even starvation at times to a portion of the people. To compare them with the Spanish is a great slander and should be rebuked. The Spanish seem to love murder and cruelty. They banished and destroyed the Moors in their country centuries ago, a people far wiser and better than themselves. Their inquisition was perhaps the wickedest thing in all history. They destroyed fifteen million lives in North and South America within sixty years. They feed their love of blood with bull fights, and every colony they have ever planted has been so tyrannized over and plundered by Spanish greed and cruelty, that their people, unable to endure it, are sure to rise in rebellion. The willingness of the people of this country to shed their blood and employ vast treasures for the liberty of these fearfully oppressed colonies exhibits an exalted phase of humanity. This lesson of benevolence toward our suffering neighbors should make us all the more anxious to relieve our own people from the poverty that a vicious competitive system is fastening upon them. Innately, war is abominable and the time is fast coming when arbitration shall be the rule with all enlightened nations, but in the case of nations that are still on the level of wild beasts, war with a high purpose, may become a divine beneficence!

kindred subjects, and it is time they worked their way out from under their paper covers, and put their theories to the severe test of practice. The Woman's Clubs of the next decade will have to stimulate activity along the lines laid down in their theorizing, and it is a pleasure to note that their tendency is in that direction. But there is much to be done. Our complex mode of living is in the interest of strife and jealousy. It would seem that the art of complexity had reached the climax of ridiculousness in the homes of women of means, and was making life a burden where means are insufficient to gratify the taste. In homes of wealth can be found many young women, from the ages of twenty to twenty-five, who are actually nauseated with the good things of this life. They were born into society, but have lived through and out of it. They have become weary of painting their wings and fluttering; they feel that true womanhood has been sacrificed on the altar of society, and that the seed-time of their lives has been wasted in dallying with its fads and foibles.

Truly philanthropic women, who seem to have time and strength for everything, should make war upon this great sacrifice of *people to things*. Children, at least, should be compelled to live more simply, and get more substance from what they have. Flitting from one sweet thing to another like birds, they go through life with no more comprehension of its richness than so many feathered songsters. Children should extract all the richness from one thing before it is replaced by another. Otherwise the garnering period of childhood will have nothing to turn over to manhood. The truth of this is verified by the fact that the men and women who have the fullest comprehension of life, and can deal best with the great issues of society, come most frequently out of homes not of abject poverty and distress, where dissatisfaction reigns, but homes wherein simplicity and contentment are the household gods.

Much of the philanthropic work of the country has fallen to the lot of women; and although they have carried it on like good Samaritans, humanely, it has not been done scientifically. It is high time for women to assume a more dignified position in these

matters and stop begging for the support of benevolent institutions. It is a crying shame that they ever had to do so. We are overrun in this country with what might be termed high-class beggars. Many of our churches are supported by begging in one form or another. People are not expected to be stirred by any true impulse to a direct and loving support of the church. The Chinese mission convert probably never knew what a great truth lay concealed in his question, when he asked his teacher, if the church was "alle time bloke."

In this age, institutions which have to be supported by begging do not fill a "long-felt want." We expect a man to be too proud to beg, when his wife and children are starving, and we expect women to beg for the support of public institutions. A beggar in rags comes to the door, and immediately a company of beggars in silks and satins is organized to take the matter in charge. Let there be no misunderstanding here. It would certainly be in bad taste, not to say unkind, for one who has stood in the ranks for twenty-five years, to speak disparagingly of those who had devoted time, money and service, without stint, to an effort to stimulate better social conditions; but past methods are the stepping-stones to future methods, and we now realize that more attention should be given to prevention, and less to cure. We must be in at the birth, rather than at the death. We have given, and given, only to learn that true charity consists as much in withholding as in giving.

Through woman's work in philanthropy the two extremes in our social life have come together, which has enabled the children of fortune to see how the children of misfortune live, and this has been the means of stirring many pulses to generosity. Through this developed interest, women have been brought to study social problems from their scientific side, and have come to perceive that the cure lies far back of what Mrs. Browning calls the "barley feeding," into the realm of child environment. Women have discovered that a few generations of environment will create an heredity; and while they realize the importance of heredity, still they find it a much more subtle problem than that

themselves," and if we expect equal recognition with man in the affairs of government, we shall have to help ourselves to it. There should be no law regarded by a mother which would make her disloyal to the interests of her children. The law is an institution of man. The little human being is a child of God.

The claim is frequently made that education will cure all our social ills, but one wiser than Solomon must appear to teach us how to educate. Education is a great civilizer, but an excess of it does not tend to humanize. There is any amount of what might be termed *misfit* education, which the possessor thereof, having come face to face with some of the problems of every day life, would be glad to trade off for a little business sense, which he neglected to cultivate in its season. There are artificial appliances for the relief of the overloaded stomach, but no pump has yet been invented with which to evacuate the overtaxed brain. The whole man must be trained, and not by play or athletics merely, but by work, and work, too, which has a *purpose* in it.

When woman has her full recognition in statesmanship, then the cool calculation of the scientist will respond to the warm impulse of the sentimentalist, and both together will solve the problem of how to provide for the growth and education of children that they may be made fit to survive, and for the wise and humane control of philanthropic institutions by state and national governments. When that time comes young womanhood will not be required to barter its smiles, its blushes, and its budding beauty, in exchange for the wherewithal to correct mistakes made by unwise legislation, which, under a plea for government revenue, establishes pitfalls for children and for the innocent and unwary. Till that time comes, for the delay of which woman must consider herself partially responsible, proud but philanthropic women will leave homes of ease and luxury and tramp the streets like beggars, asking alms for the support of institutions which by their unwise management often squander the substance so grudgingly given for their support. The more philanthropy we possess the less will philanthropic institutions have to be maintained.

We need some laws on our statute books which will admit of only one interpretation. The Ten Commandments which were intended by Moses as civil law, and the Golden Rule which was given by Jesus as *law and gospel*, have been set apart as gospel, and the following commandments, suggested by a study of the social question, would well become our statute books.

## COMMANDMENT I.

Thou shalt not make thy God in thine *own* image, but in the image of all that is best in the heavens and on the earth.

## II

Thou shalt not worship two gods, one in the sanctuary and one on "Change."

## III.

Thou shalt not marry or be given in marriage till thou canst present a clear bill of health.

## IV.

Thou shalt not have two standards of morality, one for thy man servant and the other for thy maid servant, but both shall come under the same law.

## V.

Thou may'st expect education at the hands of thy parent, thy neighbor, or thy friend, till thou hast attained thy majority; the remainder thou shalt obtain by the sweat of thine own brow that thou may'st the better know its value.

## VI.

Thou shalt not manufacture poisonous stuffs for merchandise, and thy government shalt not gather revenue from that which is destructive to the morals of the people, else shall thy riches become a curse, and thy government shalt not stand.

## VII.

Thou shalt enter all thy possessions, thy lands, thy railroads, thy sugar, thy oil and everything that thou callest thine own for taxation; the rich in proportion to his riches, and the poor in proportion to his poverty.

## VIII.

Thou shalt take into the counsels of thy government thy



daughters, as well as thy sons, that justice and fairness may rule in the land.

## IX.

Thou shalt not demand of thy daughters the taxes from their lands or possessions, till thou takest them into thy counsels, or thy government will dishonor itself before all the people of the earth.

## X.

The Tenth Commandment is like unto the others, and these comprise all the law necessary for thy people, which if they hear and obey they shall flourish like a green bay tree and shall obtain peace, happiness and prosperity.





language, will convey an approximate idea of what we shall enjoy when national pride and patriotism shall fade away and Human Solidarity is born.

We will now enumerate a few of the many evidences of the coming solidarity. For example: the telegraph and telephone, steam and electric locomotives, the daily papers and magazines, labor-saving machinery, technical schools, agricultural experimenting in all parts of the world, and the tabulating of results. Also discovery in physics, chemistry and botany. It is a hopeful sign when men of widely divergent views meet face to face and politely compare notes, as in the parliament of religions at the World's Fair in Chicago. Nor can we forget the eloquent appeal of a Methodist parson to a great convention of the American Railway Union, which caused the great sympathetic strike of that body on behalf of the suffering wage-slaves at the Pullman car shops. In this instance the powers of organization was certainly manifest to all, for the commerce of the nation was smitten with paralysis.

But it should be observed that unionism is fast becoming international in its hope and character. Strikes, such as the dock laborers of London, the sailors of Hamburg, Germany, and the recent engineers' strike of Great Britain, receive the moral and financial support of the wage-slaves of the world. Again organized labor frequently deputizes select committees which are sent to foreign lands with authority to observe, collect, formulate and publish reliable data concerning the moral, intellectual and material conditions of the working class. These unions frequently send select men to plead their cause before congressional and parliamentary committees. Andrew Farneth, on behalf of the Coast Seamen's Union of California, and Benjamin Pickard of the Miners' Union of Great Britain, are striking examples of their method of procedure. Right here it is well to say that the organized workers of the world in the last twenty years have held many international congresses, in which all that was said and done was a step toward Human Solidarity. At the last congress

in London, England, it is true that many individuals (who in all probability meant well) behaved in a most singular and disorderly manner. But it should be remembered that we have the records of church councils, at which great creeds and dogmas were formed, wherein individuals were present whose conduct was not a whit better. Such occurrences are inevitable and are, it may be, essential to the progress of man.

Another factor which is hastening the advent of human solidarity is the vast number of the young of both sexes who are graduating from the high schools and colleges of the world, all (without exception) expecting lucrative and easy positions in life, basing their claims upon what they term superior education, when as a matter of fact the major portion of them are doomed to bitter disappointment and will ultimately find themselves consigned to oblivion in the ranks of the hopeless proletarians. Yes, they will howl and scowl, and write and fight and help o'erturn our institutions.

It is an open question as to whether we can rely upon what our common schools and universities are propagating as political and social science. To illustrate: in a lecture delivered in the First Congregational Church, Oakland, about two years ago, Prof. Bernard Moses of Berkeley exclaimed, "The man who mixes ethics with economics is a fool and does not know what he is talking about; political economy is the science of what *is*, not what *ought* to be." The reader will bear this in mind, while we present an apparently opposite opinion from one who may be regarded as equal authority. Prof. Hertzka of Vienna, Austria, has made a calculation as to the number of acres, the number of houses of five rooms, the hours of labor of the adult male population from fifteen to forty-five years of age, necessary to produce and distribute all the food, clothing, shelter and medical attendance, for the people of Austria, consisting of about twenty-two millions. For our own part, with all due respect for both authorities, we submit with pleasure to all the deductions and inferences of the Austrian professor, and believe that when we have formu-

## HEART-BEATS IN THE SIERRAS.

BY LYNETTE PAYNE.



WE ALL knew—I do not remember who told us or how long we had known it—that Grandma had a lover many years ago, before she married our grandfather. Many a rainy winter's evening, around the fireside, we had coaxed her us the story. All in vain, however; for she would only smile somewhat sadly and shake her fine gray head and gaze steadfastly into the fire, looking so sweet and pretty yet, despite her seventy years. In the days of

her youth she must have been quite beautiful. But more than this we had always been charmed by a certain fine quality of heart and soul which characterized her. A more tender, considerate and self-forgetting woman never lived. And especially we had noted again and again her sweet lovingness toward little children and her active solicitude over their distresses. I had often wondered what had induced this. Was it due, I questioned, to some hard stroke of misfortune in her own youth? I had longed to know, and believed it would be explained some day; and so it was, as I am about to relate.

Grandma seemed to live her life over again in her namesake, Margery, our eldest sister. Margery had never been in love as yet, and I fancied that when Cupid did shoot his arrows into her heart, and Grandma rejoiced with her, or suffered with her—as, alas! might be—that then in some sympathetic moment she

would tell us of her own heart story in that long ago.

Margery must have been born on a cloudy day and Providence thought to make it up to her by putting much sunshine into her personality. Her very hair was golden and her eyes a sunset blue. She was tall and fair, almost like a white lily. But, as I have said, she had not yet been the target of those Cupid darts that bring so much of weal and woe, of joy and tears to us mortals. But it was to be; and even in this very summer of 1898.

The year had rolled around to June when we made our preparations for a trip into the mountains. The selection of a resort for our outing was left to Grandma and she chose a little secluded spot away up in the Sierras. When we reached the place, our forlorn anticipations about it were not relieved. To mention nothing else, the most serious fact for us girls was the absence of other young people. We were particularly disappointed, of course, to find *only one* young man there. But when I first met him I saw at once that he was of a very fine fiber, manly and noble, and withal handsome. And instantly, in my heart, I mated him with our Margery. I was curiously confident that this would be, and was not at all surprised when, after a few days, it was whispered about among us that "Margery has a lover!" They were constantly together, and soon I noticed a dreamy and wistful expression often in her face, and the face of her young friend wore a serious look most of the time. And we saw, too, that Mother, dear soul, was anxious. We took these things as signs of what was sure to be, and so indeed they were.

Grandma, meanwhile, seemed to have grown unusually pensive and preoccupied. I feared she was not well, and managed to spend much time with her, so that, if she were to lose her favorite grandchild in the near future, it might be easier to bear.

Our six weeks' vacation had almost passed and we were to leave on the morrow. Our last day was very warm and Grandma and I had found a cool, shady place, where we remained most of the day. She had a way of gazing, so often and so long, at a certain part of a long rocky ridge not far away, and seemed rest-

only crawled over the plains and up among the hills. But at last I reached him. Over beyond that hill, little girl, was the mine and the miners' camp. There I found him. We had planned that we would be married on the evening of my arrival. The whole settlement, rough and rude as it was, was full of sympathy, for John was a general favorite. And he deserved it; for he, in turn, did not fail of kindness to everybody. Every dirty urchin and the little Indian papooses had a warm place in his breast. He had a big heart, dear, full of love and sympathy especially for anything that suffered or was in trouble. He passed all this over to me, I think, and that is why my heart always aches for anyone in misery, and especially for the little ones.

"I had been with John scarcely an hour when he informed me that a little Indian baby in a hut in the gulch yonder was sick, and the mother had insisted that a certain root would cure him, if she could only find it. It was a rare plant, but John was sure he could discover it. He had made up his mind to go in search of it, but had only waited for the stage to come to see if I arrived. And now, would I go with him? It might not take long, and at any rate we would enjoy the walk together. So, side by side, we climbed—this very ridge. The sun was setting. All was so beautiful! My heart was so full of joy! All the elements seemed to be making fair promises for our future. But why should I have noticed the line of black clouds near the western horizon? I was never superstitious, yet this seemed to be threatening my heart's happiness. But close to him I walked on. When we reached the summit, near this very point, he spied the plant. It was growing upon the very edge of the cliff. Did he mean to go there for it? Surely not! Yet he did; he had started. I followed quickly and, clinging to him, begged him, by the love he bore me, not to get it, to search for it elsewhere. Then he, taking both my hands in his dear hands, told me over and over that he would be very cautious, that now of all times his life was dear to him, that the little Indian baby was sick and suffering and the plant might save his life, and with many a loving word so reassured me that my woman's fears were quieted. Neverthe-

less, as he loosed me from his embrace, I shivered and turned instinctively toward that cloud, which was rapidly growing, and the bright colors were fast fading from the sunset sky. Playfully, he told me just where I was to stand. Everything swam before me as I saw him approach the edge. He cast a backward glance at me, with the lovelight shining strong and clear in his great brown eyes, and then, O, God! I saw the loose earth give way beneath him! 'Margery!' he cried, and he was gone. Down, down, he fell, hundreds of feet below!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Nellie, child, don't weep. It must have been the Lord's will, though sometimes, even now, his hand seems to have been laid heavily upon me. But, dear, the little Indian baby died, too, and since then I have always had an infinite tenderness toward every child, thinking that perhaps John continued to care for that little one in the realm of the Good Spirit; and this has comforted me. And then, too, although that evening cloud has always lingered in the horizon, it has not darkened everything, and my life was made wonderfully sweet by your grandpa and by my children, and by the little ones who were born to them. Come, child, let us go."

Hand in hand we went down the rugged path, and the night wrapped its mantle about the world, and the sorrows of the olden days were hidden in the darkness.







## A CONFESSION OF FAITH.

I have no creed.  
 The Universe wheels on.  
 I am but as an atom 'mid the worlds;  
 And yet I feel the spirit of God within me,  
 And I am satisfied.

I have no creed.  
 Creeds are but words.  
 Love is reality.  
 Love fills the heart  
 With charity, with peace,  
 With faith, with hope, with heaven—  
 Love to the Father,  
 Love to the Christ,  
 Love to our fellows—  
 This I feel within, and it shall guide me,  
 He who is ruled by love—  
 By spirit love, not lust,  
 By love divine—  
 He who is ruled by love  
 Will not go wrong.

I have no creed.  
Good is the only rule.  
For what else live we?  
Fame?  
It turns to ashes in the grasp.  
Riches?  
They are wrung from the heart's blood of our fellows.  
Knowledge?  
It is but a babble of words.  
But Good—Love—Truth—Beauty—  
These are the verities;  
These are eternal.

I have no creed;  
And yet I fear not death.  
Death is a shadow.  
Wrong—Hate—Error—  
All are but shadows.  
But I am eternal.  
Why should I fear the things that only seem?  
I seek for the eternals;  
And I will make my heart  
A precious storehouse for them,  
So that they may abide with me forever.

I have no creed;  
But I have in me that surpassing words;  
A faith in God as boundless as the sea;  
A love that takes in all the human race.  
I see good in all creeds,  
Good in all religions,  
Good in all men,  
Good in all living things.

The only sin to me is selfishness;  
The only happiness, the good we do.  
O, let us drop these empty sounds and forms,  
The letter that divides in warring sects;  
And let us fill our hearts with love to men.  
O, build a church as wide as human needs!  
Imbue it with the spirit, not the husk!  
And henceforth leave the race unfettered, free,  
To follow out its impulses divine!  
For God is in us and will lead us on,  
If we but leave our hates and follow Him.

I have no creed;  
Or, it a creed, but this:  
I love humanity.  
My life and all I am I freely give  
To better make the world, to help mankind.  
My only creed is love—I know no more—  
The Fatherhood of God,  
The Brotherhood of Man.

—J. A. Edgerton.

Sunlight—sunlight, while the worlds spin onward,  
Gleaming past the farthest one, like a distant star;  
All the planets, all the moons ever swinging downward  
To its golden radiance streaming from afar;  
Breaking on the shores of worlds, out of empty spaces,  
Peopled orbs, and desert orbs where mortal never trod;  
With a splendor lighting a million million faces  
Over all the planets, like the smile of God!  
Sunlight—sunlight in the gates of morning,  
Glowing into sunrise with a beam benign,  
A celestial fireside, lighting and adorning  
With a gleam and glory glimpsing the divine!  
Sunlight—sunlight, turning all things golden!  
Symbol of the God-head! When the morn's begun,  
I could fall and worship, as in ages golden  
Did our far ancestors, the beauty of the Sun.

—J. A. E.

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#### THE COMING RACE.

A glory shines across the coming years,  
The glory of a race grown great and free,  
'Twas seen by poets, sages, saints and seers,  
Whose vision glimpsed the dawn that is to be.  
A shining shore is in the Future's sea,  
Whereon each man shall stand among his peers  
As equal; and to none shall bend the knee.  
Awake, my soul, shake off your doubts and fears!  
Behold the hosts of darkness fade and flee  
Before the magic of the morning's face!  
Hark to the sweet and wondrous melody  
That floats to us from far-off, golden days!  
It is the choral song of Liberty.  
It is the anthem of the Coming Race.

—J. A. E.

## GOD'S CHOSEN.

O, my people,  
Ye who have taken a new world,  
Ye who have conquered the desert,  
Ye who have broken from bondage,  
Gathered from all the nations,  
Flower of all the races,  
Be true, O my people,  
Be loyal unto the highest,  
Be great as the fathers who bore you,  
Be worthy the past and the future;  
Help all peoples from bondage,  
From bondage forever.

You have a holy mission,  
To lead the world's new progress,  
Latest and greatest,  
Youngest and strongest,  
Newest and freest of nations.  
Hold up the banner of Right.  
Hold up the banner of Truth.  
Hold up the banner of Christ.  
Hold up the banner of Freedom.  
Let them be seen of all men.  
Let your light shine in the darkness,  
So that the poor and benighted,  
So that the weak and down-trodden,  
So that all peoples may see you,  
See you and follow you upward.

\* \* \* \*

Be brave, my people,  
Be brave and patient;  
Battle injustice;  
Beat down oppression;

## THE COMING LIGHT

Though the battle be long,  
Though our dead shall be many,  
Though sorrows o'erwhelm us,  
Though the clouds shall be dark  
And the night shall be dreary,  
The morn when it comes  
Shall be sweeter and fairer;  
The world shall be cleansed;  
The races be lifted;  
All things shall be purified  
For the new era.

This is the Destiny  
Told in the Old Time,  
That prophets of Heaven  
Proclaimed through the ages.  
Are we the chosen,  
God's newest and youngest,  
To bear up His standard?  
Rejoice, O my people,  
Rejoice and make ready,  
That you may be worthy,  
Whatever your mission,  
Whatever the task may be  
God has set for you.  
Be true to the highest.  
Go onward and upward.  
Proclaim to the nations  
That all men are brothers;  
That we are God's children,  
All free and all equal;  
And that in His name  
We shall preach the new gospel  
Of freedom and brotherhood  
Now and forever.

—J. A. E.



CALIFORNIA is no longer to be considered as on the western frontier of our national possessions. Hawaii is two thousand miles nearer the sunset, and Manila, our new metropolis of the west, lies well around toward the other side of the globe. Great strides are these, indicating the onward steps of national dominion and a new era for us in world relations. On the ninth of September this State by the Pacific shore will celebrate the anniversary of its own admission to the Union, and will look out the while on the stretches of the great sea, not toward alien lands but towards our own, the farther confines of our empire. The western frontier is farther from us now than the eastern, even considering Porto Rico, and we are only fairly midway in the territory of the United States.

\* \* \*

Geography has always much to do with the consciousness of men as to their human placings, their opportunities, their duties, and their general sense of practical relationships. We shall come into a new consciousness here in California. We may as well

Home of the Free. Intuitively the whole significance of her name is recognized both by the people who have migrated to her sunny clime and made an abiding place for themselves and loved ones, and the sometime guests who leave the older and more settled countries to tarry awhile in her luxuriant groves and gardens. I have descended into her mines and brought with me some of her products of value and have been impressed with her magnificence. I have seen long lines of cars with open windows from which people were leaning to better obtain a view of her magnificent acreage of orchards and grain, and have heard their praises of prolific California and her marvelous resources. I have seen people cover their faces to hide their emotions of wonder and surprise as the grandeur of the storm-swept Pacific burst upon their vision for the first time. I have seen crowds of men and women stand silent as the dead in the presence of the giants of her forests.

\*       \*

I have watched many a sunset in California's mountains, and many another by the seas, through the tears of a happiness too intense for speech. I have seen men kneel upon California's loftiest mountain crests and give themselves wholly to the spirit of admiration which filled their souls. I have seen men faint as the view of her chasms and valleys impressed the brain with the majesty and might of the creator of them all. I have heard a score of voices break simultaneously into song as the roar of her cascades smote the ear, or the volume of her cataracts waked the echoes in surrounding mountains. I have stood with bared head, a reverent spectator at the panorama produced by that grand old artist, the sun, as he spread his colors in ribbons across these same cataracts, and have listened to a prayer from lips unused to pray. So positive are these impressions that they never leave the soul but are carried ever after. From depth to height, from vale to sea, her every exhibit tells the tale of her destiny.

\*       \*

California's first contribution to the world was her golden



heart-treasures which she poured in prodigality at the feet of the pioneer prospectors as a reward for their labors. Although she has been "bled" for the yellow ore from the time the first "pale face" struck pick in her profitable soil, her veins and arteries are still as full of golden promise as in the days of yore. Her next bestowal was the gracious gifts of her harvest, the matured grain, the perfected vegetable, the ripened fruit, and a garland of her rarest blooms for every head and hand. She then sent from her forests her donation to the world's home-builders, her lumber products of the redwood and the pine. Under her brooding wing she then began to shelter the wanderers from all lands whether they came in the form of seed germs of fruit, flower and grain, or belonged to the animal or human creation; it mattered not, she held them all to her nurturing bosom until they became metamorphosed into the likeness and image of her own innate greatness. She has ever been an inspiring genius under whose spell the poets of all nations have sung of her lakes, ocean, and rivers, her sunlight, mountains, flowers and trees, and the magnanimity of her people. She has drawn artists as captives to her feet, bewitching them with her dazzling splendor until she stood portrayed in exquisite imagery of scene and coloring to which an admiring world ever pays its tribute of appreciation.

\*       \*

California's light, clear atmosphere has become to many the crystal lens through which to behold the promise of her social and historic eminence. Hence seers and prophets have arisen who have recognized her as kin to all the world. Seers who have proclaimed her the mother of nations because of the variety and immensity of her life currents and the extent of their flow. Here are some of the impressions which have found voice, and this is the manner of their teaching, namely, that as the waves from the pebble dropped into the water ripple on until they reach the farther shore and reverberate to their starting point, so the restless tide of human kind followed the "star of empire" until it reached the confine of the West from whence it began to send back a vol-

has written it upon every inch of California's soil, and her children must keep her pledge to the world.

## NOTES.

Ninety thousand dollars of California's golden treasures has been raised to provide for the soldiers the necessities that Uncle Sam could and should have provided, and yet we have not been able to devise ways and means to care for the army of unemployed men, women and children who almost starve on our streets every winter. Great mathematicians we are getting to be. Can't we go to the head of the class?

It is reported that 162 women are inscribed on the rolls of the University of Berlin; 98 of them being German, 26 American, 23 Russian, 4 Austrian, 4 English, 2 French, and one each from Finland, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium and Hungary. Of these aspirants to educational honors, 3 are studying Theology, 3 the Law, 1 Medicine, and all the others are in the department of Philosophy. Think of this, ye simple-minded of the world. One hundred and fifty-five Philosophers of the feminine persuasion to be let loose upon a thought-confused world from a single school! Surely the world has turned completely upside down since a certain conspicuous authority of the olden time said that if women would learn anything they should "ask their husbands at home." But Paul, seer though he was, could not foreknow the development of the modern woman. She has discovered that she possesses a brain, and quite innocently assumes that it was given her to think with. And nature and time are quite likely to back her up in this.

"My Uncle" seems to have made up his interior mind as to the outcome of his little trouble with Madam Spain. He counts it only a single stride to step from the Atlantic seaboard to Porto Rico, or from the Pacific Coast to the Ladronez and Manila, with Hawaii in the latter case as a half-way resting place for his giant foot. This looks as if he did have a reserved thought of conquest when he doubled up his fists at old Castile. But he seems quite determined to make Cuba free and independent, and probably also he contemplates giving the people of his new possessions the same kind of freedom that the rest of us have in our union of States. Unless, to be sure, he vitiates his thought, and

goes back upon true American ideas, by treating the natives of the captured isles as he has the North American Indians. In that case "My Uncle" will have another shame to outgrow and persuade the world to forget.

Once again the attention of the world has been called to the hopeless condition of the women workers of San Francisco. This time it is the "Song of the Shirt" which has filled the air with its piteous rendering. Where are the Red Cross Societies that will carry relief into the factories to these weary heavy-laden sisters? Where is the nation that will rally its men, equip its battleships and send them to strike the gyves from America's bond-women? Alas! there are none. Our goddess of liberty stands out there in New York harbor with her back turned upon the land whose liberty she is supposed to symbolize. She is looking smilingly and steadfastly at the waves that beat about her feet. It is high time that she face about long enough to behold upon our banner the crimson stains wrung from the hearts of our daughters of toil and to comprehend the utter undoing of the race in consequence.

While some of us are busy in tracing and describing the diseases of modern society and in finding remedies for the same, the physicians are warning us of the extreme danger to men from certain infectious diseases of the body, like consumption. Dr. Lincoln Cothran, in the *Arena* raises a cry of alarm on this score. He declares that "there are more deaths annually from this disease in California—the consumptive's paradise—than have been occasioned by yellow fever throughout all the United States during the last seventeen years, and more deaths from consumption in New York City alone in two years than have been caused by smallpox in the entire country since the foundation of the government." He bemoans the fact that the "general public is yet in almost absolute ignorance on the subject." He holds that tuberculosis is "the world's greatest scourge."

We are in receipt of a pamphlet entitled "The Evolution of a Liar." We have not read it yet, and are not in a position to accept or criticise the evolutionary process as applied to liars. We want to keep up with evolutionary steps generally and to take our readers along with us, but it is not quite clear to us at this writing what we would do with any more liars if they were evolved, and altogether it is quite a startling proposition. If,



#### PEACE MEDLEY.

Peace has been declared!  
 Peace in Washington and Madrid!  
 Peace in Cuba and Manila!  
 Peace! ! Is there enough of the  
 new peace to go any farther? If  
 so let it spread!

Let us have Peace!  
 Peace Universal,  
 Peace in Particular,  
 Peace among the Indians,  
 Peace in Mormondom,  
 Peace in Politics,  
 Peace between Republicans and Democrats,  
 Peace among Supervisors,  
 Peace in School Boards,  
 Peace in Wall Street,  
 Peace between Employers and Employed,  
 Peace in Trade Unions,  
 Peace among the Socialists,  
 Peace in the Churches,  
 Peace in Church Choirs,  
 Peace among the Ministers,  
 Peace among the Pugilists,  
 Peace between the conquering Generals,

Peace between the victorious Admirals,  
 Peace in the Woman Suffrage Ranks,  
 Peace in the Medical Fraternities,  
 Peace with the Southern Pacific,  
 Peace between the *Examiner* and the *Call*,  
 Peace among all Newspapers,  
 Peace among the Social Factions,  
 Peace at Club Breakfasts,  
 Peace in Old Peoples' Homes,  
 Peace in the Poor House,  
 Peace in the Family,  
 Peace with Mother Grundy,  
 Peace with the Old Nick,  
 Peace to all the Rest of Us,  
 Peace to our Ashes,  
 Sweet Peace!

#### TO ALL THE COMING LIGHT FAMILY,

*Dear Friends:* Knowin that you would be in doubt whether i was agreeable to the invitashun to come West with the excursun, or whether I wa'n't, I write to give you a greetin from Californy. You all never heerd tell of sich a stur as it made in our naborhood when Eph rode around and told every body that me and mother was goin on an excursun to see the editors of THE COMING LIGHT. We had to git reddy in a jiffy, there bein only a weeks warnin, but the nabors was real kind and come in in sixes and sevens to help us off. We only brought one trunk between us and a carpet sack apiece, and what to put in them carpet bags was the puzzlinest thing of all. Some thought we ought to make a medicin case of one but I sat down on that in a hurry. My mind-power has been enough for me and for the whole family, for that matter, without drugs. Then some thought we ought to take one full of things to eat on the way, and I thought that was more sensibel and time we got all the blackberry pies and donuts and chicken and jell, besides bread and pickles and molasses candy that the nabors brought to us, into the bag it looked as plethorick as Mr. Petroliums historick walet in ile times.

I never shall forgit the day we pulled out of Moonville. Every body for five miles around was at the dapo to see us off. Some was cryin and some was tryin to chirk mother up a little.

that's as much worse as the yellin' jandise is worse than the sick headache. We went all over town and out to the great Salt Lake and Mt. Zion and to all the other places with Bible names. The taberneckel's a queer lookin' place and by long odds the biggest church I ever was in. The singin' was immense, and a man had considerable to say about the acowsticks of the room, and I was surprised to hear how my voice carried when I talked to mother, who is gettin' a little deaf with age. A former governor of Missouri, who is a distant relation of the Patrick Henry family on mother's side, give us a letter of interducshun to a leadin' Mormon elder, and he took us to the big Tempel; they say it took seven years to build. Im thinkin' they must a worked by the day and stopped frekently to take on fresh spirit at that to have had it drag so. The Tempel just beats any thing, but I would never have set foot inside of it if I had a known that we had to set stone still for three solid hours and listen to a man in a white gown and not more than a thimble full o' brains in his head, tryin' to prove that Moses was the oldest butcher in the world; just as though that made any diffrence to Phil Armor and the other modern butchers who touch an electric button and electrocute a hundred beefs at once if they want to. Who cares about Moses or the rest of the antydeluviun butchers any way? Mother has more pishunce with preachers than I have so she didn't mind it much, but I was riled clean through thinkin' of the sunshine and air that we might be gettin' the benefit of, and was glad to get on the train agin and resoom our journey. We didn't stop over any more till we got to Sackramento, but we seen sights every step o' the way. The alkali Dezerts was at a white heat I should judge, and the dust from em tasted just like soft soap smells, and blistered our faces equal to a mustard paste that has been mixed by somebody without gumpshun enough to put in the white of an egg or some flour to take the villinus sting out of it. Nobody cried when we left them dezerts, let me tell you. We didnt enjoy bein' smothered in the snow sheds and tunnels much better. It was a good deal like bein' in a penitenchery and if it had been continval I think I should have had histericks, altho I never did have a turn of em in my life. The sage brush has the look of a potater vine in a scellar, as far as color goes, but its got a heap more vitality. You can tell that by the smell, which is as penetratin as so much assafidity and not any more agreeable either. It cant be any earthly use, but I didnt ask the conductor; he got kin' o' crusty bein' obleeged to answer so many questions, for I

# NEEDS OF THE HOUR.

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 [This department is designed as a forum for the discussion of practical steps for human betterment. We invite, for use here, the contributions of any who have carefully thought their way to clear, practicable ideas upon any of the problems involved in the growing life of the race: questions of individual, or social advancement, and interests of either a limited or a universal application. Send us your matured and carefully prepared thoughts and so help to clear the atmosphere and make the way to the Kingdom of Man plain.]

## MOTHERLAND.

BY ALICE MOORE MCCOMAS.



'Heaven draws near to this  
 motherland;  
 How near those only may  
 understand  
 Who have felt the touch of  
 a baby hand;  
 Who have seen the smile on  
 a baby's face  
 Aglow with that far, still  
 wondering grace;  
 Who feel, when the baby  
 murmurs low,  
 There are those, some-  
 where, who hear and  
 know,  
 Who read the mystery of  
 the skies  
 In the tender blue of the  
 baby's eyes;  
 And the restless arms the  
 baby swings

Still keep the motion of tiny wings,  
 As when from heaven it flew apart  
 And found its way to a mother's heart.

It seems to me that the deep blue space  
Between this earth and the heavenly place  
A pathway, soft as its hue, unrolls  
For the constant passing of children's souls,  
And the same glad star may lead the way  
That shone on that wondrous Christmas day,  
For in every babe that is born since then  
A Christ-child comes to earth again."

As these beautiful lines come to my mind I am wondering how many mothers stop, in their loving, all-absorbing labor for their little ones, to think how broad and fertile, for good or ill, is this beautiful and wonderful "Motherland," as boundless as the sky above or the earth beneath, as wide, as deep, as far-reaching as the realm of human joy or suffering, the very land wherein is born all that is evil and sorrowful, pure and grand, in the whole earth.

Poor, plodding, drudging, anxious, care-taking, over worked and underworked, careless, indifferent mothers; how little you realize the expanse of your great domain! How lightly you step to the throne of your sweet kingdom, and with what utter indifference some of you treat the loving little subjects that come to pay you the highest homage accorded to mortals! How many of you think, as you go on, from day to day, at the same homely routine, that you are making history; building up a race, or weakening a nation; guiding the hearts and minds of future generations for good or evil just in proportion as you give your influence to the one or the other, among your children.

How your little son and daughter watch your face for expressions of approval, or disapproval, in the things that concern them; and how they imitate your actions, when you are not by, or quote your very language when you are out of hearing.

So much depends upon the mother in the household and in society that I feel I am not putting it too strong when I say that motherhood is the highest, most influential, most potential profession in the world and cannot be taken up lightly without great disaster to the whole human race; and that once this profession is chosen there is nothing more reprehensible in a woman than to slight or neglect her holy obligations in this kingdom upon earth.

Notwithstanding the many evil influences encountered by "children of a larger growth" after they have left the immediate





[This Message Department has an open window toward the whole wide world. It invites

communications from all who are impelled to speak the honest word out of their hearts. The editors will abdicate the critic's chair as toward the writers in this department, only let your messages be brief and to the point. Bring to this department the things that help or hinder you, the things that inspire or discourage you, the things you wish to do for others or wish them to do for you. Tell us how everything seems to you and how it ought to seem. This department is the free Council Chamber of us all.]

A Milwaukee correspondent writes thusly: "I heartily agree with the sentiments expressed in a majority of the articles you publish, which are very different from others that I read, and are certainly up to date and are setting the people to thinking. The sentiments which I fail to appreciate are *some* which are written on the woman's suffrage question. How about the new question of man's "sufferings?" There are *ten* men for every situation in this country! What is the cause? First, improved machinery; second, woman's rights. Women are now employed in almost every capacity, which they are willing and anxious to fill, at about *one-third* the salary a married man must have to support a family. Many of these women are married, but scorn to do housework; but a larger number are young women whose parents are in comfortable or well-to-do circumstances. This is woman's rights, but is an outrage.

I will register one more "kick." A woman marries a man who has much property; not one foot of it can he sell without her consent and signature. On the other hand, let a man marry a woman because he "loves the ground she walks on." She has the "right" to sell all her property before breakfast some morn-

tested against their sisters receiving the same salary for the same labor which they performed, men have declared against woman's right to equal remuneration, and it was not until the laboring man discovered his mistake, and saw that by so doing he had sold himself into bondage for a pittance, that he reconsidered his rash act and decided that she should have equal pay for equal work. Some women do "scorn to do housework" because they are not adapted to it and because it is an unremunerated toil. Woman has sought employment in "almost every capacity" because she is educated to fill every capacity. We must not forget that long before women evolved from the domestic circle there were men hair-dressers, men dressmakers, milliners, waiters, laundry-workers, cooks, nurses and house-cleaners, thus helping to drive women to seek other employments. Men first encroached upon woman's sphere before she dreamed of enlarging it to gain needed room. It is a poor rule that does not work both ways.

I am not conversant with the law in Wisconsin, as applied to married women's property; but the laws for ages ago have made a woman man's property and all her holdings his. Possibly the outrages committed under ancient law have led to a more equitable adjustment of things in some States. If so 'tis but the swinging of the pendulum again, and men should not complain.

Ere long we will become too wise to squabble over woman's rights or man's rights; too just to divide man's suffering from woman's suffering; and will grow enough to take a strictly *human* view of all rights, all suffering, all happiness and all sorrow in every land as well as our own.

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We often hear it said that "everyone is for himself in this world," but it is not so. Never have there been such widespread efforts to bring light into dark places as now. Each reform, as it advances, proves that love for our fellowmen is not dormant but active. The effort to develop the moral worth and lift men and women above the low and vicious lives they lead through ignorance and lack of ambition to rise above their environments has given birth to the college settlement which is one of the grandest works being done, refined men and women leav-

ing their comfortable homes and living in the worst parts of the city, preaching through their cleanliness, sobriety, earnestness of purpose and unselfishness, the gospel of right living. Kindergartens in the slums do wonderful missionary work and many families have been reformed through the love which is the spirit of these child gardens. There are many other reformers I could speak of but I only mention these to show that the spirit of fraternity is living and growing. And now that this great strong wave of pure thought is sweeping over the country, now that men and women throughout the world are united in sending forth earnest and heartfelt wishes and counsel to aid their fellowmen, surely we may hope for a grand and beautiful future. And as the poets of all ages have been accepted as prophets we may take as a prophecy the following lines of the beloved poet Whittier:

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

A dream of men and women,  
Divine but still human,  
Solving the riddle old,  
Shaping the Age of Gold.

I feel the earth move sunward,  
I join the great march onward,  
Fore-reach the good to be  
And share the victory."

GERTRUDE T. WALLIS.

Education through college settlements and kindergartens means much to the world, and in hundreds of instances lays the foundation for lives of future usefulness. The rapid growth of the man spiritual has created a demand for such reforms and for numerous others such as the various metaphysical schools, and armies of relief. This is all as it should be, though I sometimes think there is a straight road to the victory Whittier speaks of, and that is *through the heart* of humanity. That means that *real* emotions properly appealed to and awakened will become to him an education in accordance with his needs, which no other schooling can supply. The difference between real emotions and sham



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



#### A PRAYER—FOR ADMISSION DAY.

Open our eyes, O Lord,  
Who wander in the night.  
One blessing to this State accord—  
That it receive its sight.

Show us the clear effect  
Of every thought and deed.  
Make it so easy to detect  
That he that runs may read.

Like us, our fathers groped,  
Their eyes were holden too.  
While they adored and prayed and hoped,  
They lived as tyrants do.

They could not see the slave,  
Opprest and scourged and bound;  
They could not see the look he gave  
For help he never found.

Nor did their eyes behold  
The horror of their laws,  
Which hanged and burned both young and old  
For every trivial cause.

And they who were the first  
To point them out their sin,  
Were mobbed, imprisoned, hated, curst,  
And killed by kith and kin.

O Lord, vouchsafe Thy grace,  
That when again Thou send  
A messenger before Thy face,  
We greet him as a friend.

And may we with him dare  
To choose th' eternal right;  
But grant us first our fervent prayer—  
That we receive our sight!

—*Ernest Howard Crosby.*

#### A LITTLE LESSON IN STATECRAFT.

A good deal has been said against the material character of the happiness which "Looking Backward" promises men when they shall begin to do justice, and to share equally in the fruits of the toil which operates life; and I confess that this did not attract me. I should have preferred, if I had been chooser, to have the millennium much simpler, much more independent of modern inventions, modern conveniences, modern facilities. It seemed to me that in an ideal condition (the only condition finally worth having) we should get on without most of these things, which are but sorry patches on the rags of our outworn civilization, or only toys to amuse our greed and vacancy. Æsthetically, I sympathized with those select spirits who were shocked that nothing better than the futile luxury of their own selfish lives could be imagined for the lives which overwork and underpay had forbidden all pleasures; I acquired considerable merit with myself by asking whether the hope of these formed the highest appeal to human nature. But I overlooked an important condition which the other critics overlooked; I did not reflect that such things were shown as merely added unto those who had first sought the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and that they were no longer vicious or even so foolish when they were harmlessly come by. I have since had to own that the joys I thought



(The *Sphinx* preserves silence this month also, in order to give room for another correspondent who writes concerning the problems of the ages.)

The *Sphinx* asks "What is life for?"

As a rule, it is assumed that life is for a *purpose*. But facts stare us in the face and query of us, "Is it?"

Does not the purpose theory demand a creation at the instigation of a mind, presupposing a "God's work" in reality? Do we then need to accept the Bible story of man's origin? "So God created man in his own image." And then followed God's injunction: "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth." Is *this* the purpose of life?

Ministers tell us life here is to give us opportunity to make choice of our future locality. Is this religious view true?

Is it true that life *is* for a purpose? Facts stand up and oppose theories like these. No mind, but a law unto itself, caused life. Life *is*, and that is the whole story. What it is for is for each person to decide. To determine to make the best of the inevitable is wise. I *am*, now; what shall I *aim* to be? Wisely I will say, "that which will give to me most of real joy." What can? An instant's pause returns me the response—*knowledge*.

Yes, I am to live—to continue to live. My present intelligence tells me life is, and is undying. Knowledge is the only

treasure I can carry with me to another stage of action. It will be wise to provide myself with as great a supply of reliable knowledge as is in my power, and I will therefore be studious along lines where science gives the proof along with the statements. I shall not waste hours in trying to fathom the intricacies of great mysteries proclaimed in book-covers, but rely on stubborn facts outwrought by a natural law. If these accord me light to aid my advancement now and for the future, sensibly I will accept all truths.

Nor will I—once being certain I resulted as Evolution has me—care to look to the past, but to the present of my own existence. *Now* I will aspire to glean a knowledge regarding the future that is for me, because that life is mine evermore. I'll not seek from those who lived in the past, but from those living in the present, as I reach out to glean facts regarding my future of life. If I trust, I will wisely trust those I have known to have been wise men while they were mortal men, and who, by all there is of logic, remain wise and progressive. If aught ever was received, as angel's truths, a natural law provides the way for like instruction to men of earth. Who would not place confidence in the word of Lincoln or Darwin? Who, I mean, whose mind placed confidence in them while they were of earth?

Life is for us a reality. Let us put it to good use and gain for self a store of useful knowledge. Steer clear of theories and mere statements you are asked to take upon faith, and widely search out facts. All natural laws are facts. Outside of natural law nothing exists.

Chicago.

ALLIE LINDSAY LYNCH.

Helping Hands for

# SATURDAY'S CHILD

By EVA V. CARLIN.



"The child that is born on the Sabbath day  
Is blithe and bonny, and good and gay;  
Monday's child is fair of face,  
Tuesday's child is full of grace;  
Wednesday's child is merry and glad,  
Thursday's child is sour and sad;  
Friday's child is loving and giving;  
And Saturday's child must work for its living."

**H**AVING considered in former articles what is being done on behalf of child-labor in the United States by legislation, we will glance at some of the social movements that tend, directly or indirectly, to ameliorate the condition of the child-toilers.

Two movements along the line of reform in mercantile and



of the benefits produced by the League. A loyal member of this association will not enter a store after five o'clock in the afternoon, nor on Saturday after eleven in the morning, realizing the intimate relation between the customer's time of purchase and the comfort and well-being of the employes in such establishments. Also, the League aims to bring about an understanding between employers, whose desire is to be "fair" and liberal in their methods, but, owing to the close competition, cannot afford to forego any business advantage retained by other firms in the same line. "I would make shorter hours if the rest would," said several proprietors in Boston to the visiting ladies. "They will if you will," said the visiting ladies to each of the merchants. And then they all did, to the satisfaction of everybody concerned. So the League was established in Boston, and a feature of the work, peculiar to that city, has been added to the League's platform; that is the securing of information as to how and where clothing sold in retail houses has been *made*; the League seeks in this way to improve the conditions of labor in a practical and effective manner, by rescuing the victims of the inhuman "sweating" system from the tyranny of heartless and insatiable task-masters.

Reference has been made above to the use of the device known as the Union Label, put on products manufactured by the members of the individual trades unions. There are now some thirty of these organizations which have a label, as the hatters, the tack-makers, the iron molders, the bakers, the shoemakers, the broom makers, the overall makers, etc. The label originated in San Francisco at the time when Chinese labor threatened to reduce the pay of the cigar makers below a "living wage," and the adoption of a label by each successive trade union indicates a struggle for improved conditions for the wage-worker. In most instances, particular abuses have called forth the label, and its appearance upon any class of goods is a guarantee that certain evils have been abolished, and that the goods thus marked were made under conditions vastly better than those prevailing in other factories. This is especially exemplified in that branch of the ready-made garment trade occupied by overall making—a distinct branch of the business; the supply of overalls comes from half a dozen factories in which thousands of women and some children are employed. (It has been suggested that the adoption of a trademark, or label, by the recently incorporated Woman's Sewing Company of San Francisco would be of value to them in their agitation for the honorable recognition of their labor.) The

principle involved in the adoption of the union label commends itself to the general public.

According to *Public Opinion*, "The label is achieving success for honest labor because it has a condemning effect upon the products of the sweat-shop; because it condemns child-labor in the factory; because it is a means toward shortening the hours and increasing the wages of toilers; because it abolishes unsanitary conditions in the workshop and forces employers to adopt humane methods and surroundings for the people they employ; because it is educating the toilers and opens the way to a new life with civilized environments, and develops a condition which inspires the workers with a greater desire for a higher and better social plane; because it is the promoter of a greater harmony between the employer and those employed; because it carries with it honorable and business-like methods, and is a just and equitable way of discriminating against articles produced under unfair conditions; because it is a fair and powerful weapon of defense in the industrial war continually waged by the toilers under the present obnoxious social system, and has received the general approval of the consuming public and is a connecting link in the bond of fraternity between the toiling masses."

A wise man, more than two thousand years ago, when he was asked what would most tend to lessen injustice in the world, said, that "every bystander should feel as indignant at a wrong as if he himself were the sufferer." Such reformatory movements, designed to create and foster a fraternal public sentiment, are founded on the theory that those who render useful service to society shall not be compelled to shorten their natural term of existence by the conditions under which this service is performed; and that the recompense shall be sufficient to secure to the workers not only an "assured future," but also the wherewithal to bring "light and leisure into the life of each laborer of average industry and application; also it demands that property shall not be allowed to stand in the background and strengthen wrong against human life.

Saturday's Child is one of the problems of the right of human life,—the right of children born and unborn. The fully awakened social conscience of America will insist upon no compromise measures in his case; it will recognize that the best work of the republic is to save the children; it will demonstrate that the essence of civilization is exposure to refining and humanizing influences; it will reject the foreign theory that children are the

property of their parents to be utilized as the latter see fit, and will see to it that every child is fitted to become a reputable American citizen; that no child shall be permitted to toil in the factory, nor beg upon the street; that no occupation which stunts the body or contaminates the character shall be followed.

This is the truly American theory that children must be regarded in the higher aspect of embryo citizens and law-makers who will become possessed of powers mighty for the weal or woe of the State. No child in America has a right to grow up ignorant. The insistent duty of our nation is the abolition of child wage-earning, and it shall come to pass when the power of humanity seeks to establish the sentiment of brotherhood,—when the love of man is joined to the love of God.

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#### PRESS NOTICES.

THE COMING LIGHT is a wide-awake social reform magazine. Its July issue is a special number, brilliantly printed in the national colors, containing no less than a score of articles, besides finely executed portraits and other illustrations.—*National Single Taxer*.

THE COMING LIGHT, a new magazine devoted to "higher thinking, higher living and higher social order," keeps fully up to the standard of excellence that characterized its previous issues.—*San Diego Union*.

THE COMING LIGHT is a new visitor to the *Empire* office, and is calculated to strike the ordinary observer dumb with amazement and admiration. Anything quite equal to the artistic "make-up" has never yet been seen in a perionical. Red roses run riot over its poetic pages appropriately printed in green ink. Does it represent "coming art," we wonder?—*Pacific Empire*, Portland, Oregon.

tions of the religion that is to unite the world in one great harmonious helpful band of brothers. There will be no room for tears and groans in the New Church of Humanity where the doctrine of "Peace on Earth Good Will to Men" is emphasized by a daily living love to one another. The religion of laughter! Yes, by all means let us laugh the glad news at every fireside altar. Let us smile it into each others eyes and faces. Let every tabernacle ring with it. Enthroned the God Momus and thus hasten the coming of the Kingdom of Man, Woman and Child.

In some parts of Sicily the birth of a girl is looked upon as such a misfortune that a black flag is hung out of the window to proclaim the sad event. Having to be supported by the family as long as they are unmarried, and being obliged to dower the bridegroom, girls are looked upon as expensive luxuries. Boys, on the other hand, are very soon self-supporting, and when the time comes for marrying increase the family wealth by bringing home a bride and her dot. The girls live in seclusion, are most kindly treated, and at the age of fourteen or sixteen they are disposed of in marriage on a purely financial basis.

The shame of it is that the custom of disposing of girls in marriage on a purely financial basis is not confined to Sicily. It has spread to every civilized land. Even in free America we are familiar with the expressions, "She is a treasure for somebody, has half a million in her own right." "Mr. — has married an heiress. Isn't he fortunate?" "Young Mr. — has married that homely Mrs. —, but she has a fortune at command." All this, together with the managing mama who sells her child for a title, is a matter that ought to have the serious attention of all liberty loving people. Hundreds of young girls are compelled to have their matrimonial future decided by parents and relatives who neither know nor care what life holds for them, their aim being to marry them well, either among their own social class or to nobility whose contribution to American life thus far has been nothing worthy of such sacrifice.

Matrimonial barter, whether in Sicily or America, is a custom that must sooner or later be outgrown. It is the greatest menace to a higher civilization that clouds our social sky. The black flag is the most fitting emblem of a girl's birth—to the inevitable disappointment and oft-times destruction which awaits her under such misinterpretation of the laws of life and love.

## SANCTUM NOTES.

September is marked by the anniversary of Admission Day, commemorating the birth of California into the family of States. We recognize the occasion by presenting the Great Seal of the State as a frontispiece, and a poem entitled, "Hail! California! in the leading place in this month's magazine. As a further recognition of the day, we publish a short story by a native daughter, Miss Lynette Payne, who writes of "Heart-beats in the Sierras." The editorials will also be found to have been inspired by the anniversary.

Another holiday falling in September is that of Labor Day. In view of this we asked James Andrew to write on "The Solidarity of Labor." It seemed appropriate that a man engaged in manual work should furnish the article and Mr. Andrew promptly responded. But we were much pleased to find that the idea suggested to Mr. Andrew had developed under his treatment into a conception of "The Solidarity of Humanity." This is the thought to which we all ought to rise, dismissing forever the narrow prejudice of coteries and factions.

We have given place, not for controversy's sake but to be fair to all views, to Dr. Babbitt's strictures on some of the points made in a previous article by Mr. Casson. Doubtless the modern shield also has two sides and it is well to hear from those who are looking at it from different points of view.

We take pleasure in making the announcement that James G. Clark's unpublished poems are now in the hands of the publisher and will be ready in about sixty days. All friends of this wonderful poet will be glad to know that they are to have this volume of his last sweet songs. Particulars as to price and style of the book will soon be made known.

The Ten Commandments at the end of Mrs. E. O. Smith's article will no doubt attract attention and we hope also will receive obedience. We reckon Mrs. Smith among the prophets and are glad to honor her in her own country.

It seems that we have made the same mistake made by the Boston *Transcript* and other Eastern papers in crediting "The



"The fat of the Land. How to Live on It." Special chapters on Nuts and Vegetable Oils, and how to use them in cooking; Milk; By Ellen Goodell-Smith, M. D. Cloth 12mo, pp257, one dollar and a quarter. Published by the author, Dwight, Mass.

Modern living is an always increasing complexity, and with it go certain problems as to how people are to continue the process and where it will land them if they do. Modern diseases are equally complex and one is led to ask in consequence if there may not be a relation, as yet hardly more than suspected, between our methods and our diseases. As to this, on the side of eating, one of the most noted of English physicians, Sir Henry Thompson, has lately written:

"I have come to the conclusion that more than half the disease which embitters the middle and latter half of life, is due to avoidable errors in diet; and that more mischief, in the form of actual disease, of impaired vigor and of shortened life, accrues to civilized man from erroneous habits of eating, than from the habitual use of alcoholic drink, considerable as I know that evil to be."

Society will go on providing its eight and ten course lunches and dinners for which Carlsbad and other bads will presently be ready. But there is a growing constituency of thinking people, who are pondering the nature of the relation between body and soul and how both may be fed in different fashion from the blind law of the past. Not alone what the world calls cranks but a generation of scientific men is rising who tell us that coarse, heavy food belongs to the age of coarse and heavy thinking, and that long life and good days are for the man or woman who approaches the question of diet, as one that governs the law of clean body and clear mind.

For all questioners in these directions the work of Dr. Goodell-Smith will mean at most points the clearest of answers. A trained physician, a brain worker, and one who has studied life, she speaks from long experience and carries the open mind that waits for more light on any disputed point. The seeker for competent handling of the puzzles born of want of training and the general ignorance or indifference of the ordinary physician to all questions of daily diet, will find here not only full answer but food for original thought, since no one can lay down absolute rules for another, and the forms of food must be tested before fixed upon finally. In any case rigidity is folly. As a wise man has written: "Sparseness as the daily law in diet, for work and for thought, but give us an occasional orgy." With this proviso, necessary as doing away with the pharisaism of the rigid, take the book and be sure nothing so comprehensive and so valuable upon this subject has yet been written.

"The Voice in the Silence," by Sarah Wilder Pratt, 18mo, Morocco. One dollar. F. M. Harley Pub. Co., Chicago.

Only a little booklet fitting vest pocket, or slipping easily into little spaces, a workbasket or under an invalid's pillow. But sick or well, busy or at leisure, it carries a message to all. A rhapsody, some will say, but it is more. It is the relation of thought to health, of a life that will put away forever doubt and distrust, and dark suspicions as to the good of living. Its keynote is joy; its text, "Build anew the temple of thy body to the living God, and worship Him therein, for thou canst never separate thyself from Him, neither hide from His presence, nor interdict His will which is thee a divine circuit." Day by day science is teaching us as it learns, its own lesson, the soul of the atom, the absolute union of natural and spiritual law, the subtle, far-reaching forces, whose meaning is still but barely suggested. More and more we know that life is at the heart of all and higher and higher life, waiting our dull eyes to open, and our heavy hearts to expand and renew their forces. And for all alike, happy or sorrowful, sick or well, here is a message so charged with happiness and new life that the reader must believe it has been lived and proved, and owning the little book will want to have others own it also.

As to the fact of the two apparently most widely apart books being noticed practically together, there is good reason. For in the first lies part at least of the secret of the last, and to build the body anew means precisely the knowledge gained from the first and transmuted into the quiet assurance of the last.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

"Japanese Proverbs," by Ota Masayoshi, is a choice collection of Japanese sayings, compiled and translated by this well known scholar and is in every way worthy a perusal. Price not quoted.

"Don't Worry," by Theodore F. Seward, has reached its fifth edition. It is brim full of logical reasons why worry wears the heart and brain as the water wears the rock. The author shows conclusively how worry can be avoided by exaltation of the commonplace and through a realization of the eternal now. It is a strong presentation of the fact that worry is the cause of more diseases and unhappiness than any one habit to which the race is fallen heir. The book is published by the author, at 67 Irving Place, N. Y. Price in cloth, 40 cents; paper, 25 cents.

"The Breath of Life," by Ursula N. Gestefeld, published by the Gestefeld Pub. Co., New York, is a 65 page book handsomely bound in green and gold, price 50 cents. It might well be named the Bread of Life, as it contains suggestions for morning, noon and evening that are to the soul what bread is to the body. The author's helpful advice in hours of fear, times of accident and moments of anger, cannot be overestimated. She is one of the real teachers in the world whose words serve as props to those just learning to walk in wisdom's ways. She has the power to lend of her oil to those whose lamps need replenishing, and this little book, of all that she has written, reveals the teacher in her most inspired moods.

"777 Sensations," by J. Lendall Basford, published by the Alliance Publishing Co., Life Building, N. Y., is a cloth bound book of 100pp., price 50 cents, and is, to say the least, a literary novelty. It seems to be a medley of everything under the sun from Creation to Free Masonry. If the author's sensations are all original, he surely deserves to be accorded the place of the leading American sensitive. If he has borrowed other peoples' sensations, he a man of large acquaintance with the world. In either case he should have a hearing.

The August *Temple* (Temple Publishing Company, Denver), makes a pointed and forceful appeal for public recognition of the need and place of "the New Thought" in every department of human endeavor. In an article headed "What Lack Ye?" Paul Tyner declares that the modern metaphysical movement will not stop with revolutionizing theory and practice in both theology and medicine; but, "as the power that maketh for righteousness," consciously directed, is destined to



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