THE COMING LIGHT

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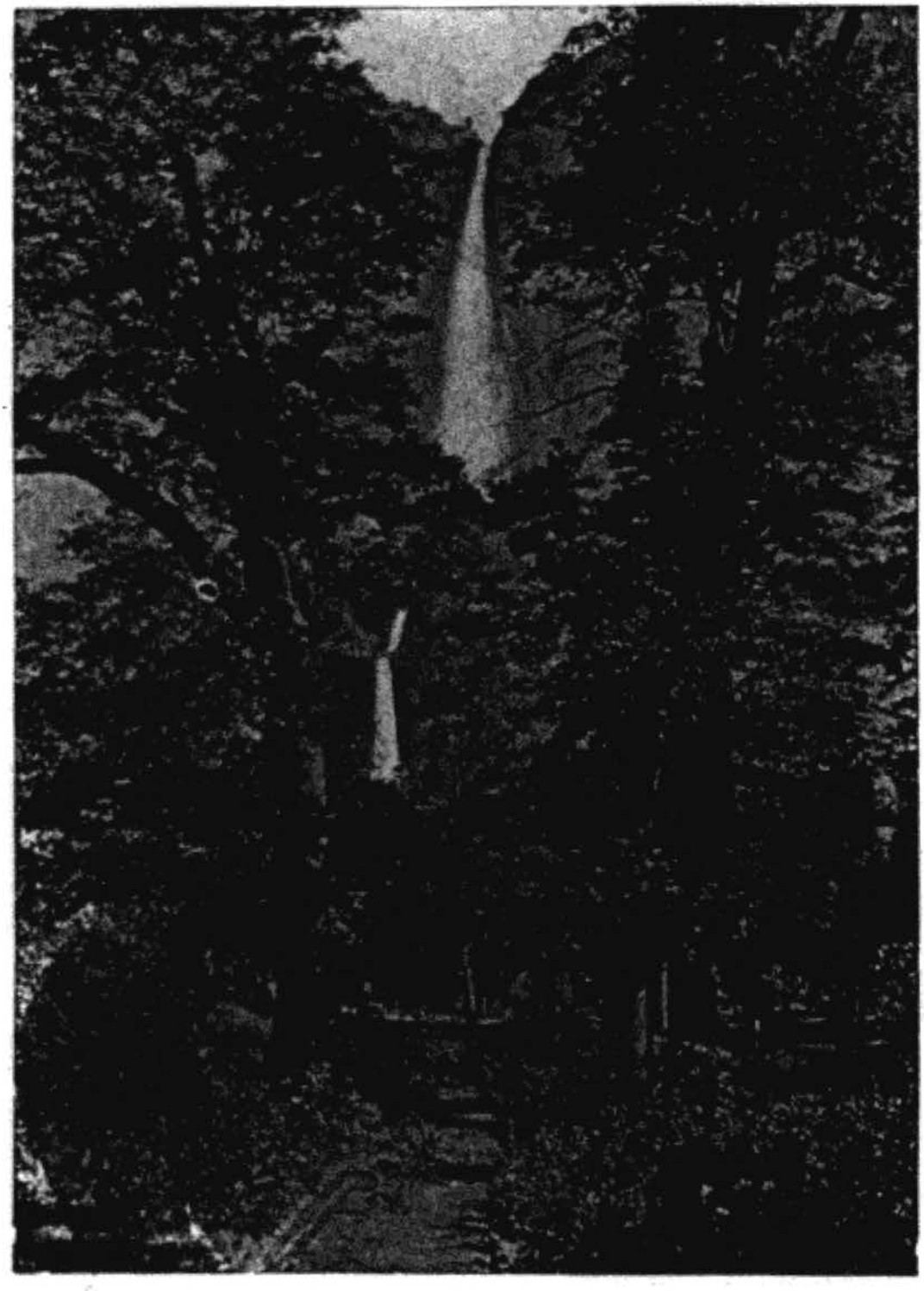


YOSEMITE FALLS.

The Coming Light

VOL. 4 MAY, 1899 NO. 6

ONE DAY'S WORSHIP.

YOSEMITE.

By Cora A. Morse.

WE AWAKE at dawn this Sabbath day, for "'Tis wrong to doze holy time away" when this morning of all others has been planned for the "Eagle Peak" trail. Eagerly we spring into the saddle and away we canter to worship at Nature's shrine, leaving the pious (?) on the hotel porches to gossip over our sinfulness. We soon decide that the proper name for our crowd is "R. G. Ingersoll's Sunday School procession," and with due solemnity we begin the ascent, which for steepness has thus far no parallel. There are 152 short zigzag turns in the first mile; these are in places but two and one-half feet wide, along the side of a perpendicular rock, 1600 to 2000 feet above us, and over vast chasms that deepen every moment as we rise to higher altitudes. We are riding up the side of "Yosemite Falls," which are near 2600 feet high. The profile of these falls is one of the most charming views in the valley.

Near the foot of the lower falls is a tree, of so artistic a forma-

tion, that it bears the name of "Erin's Harp." A short distance above is the "Pool," which is a great stone basin produced by the action of the water, and is a seething, boiling, bubbling cauldron, as the current swirls and swishes through it. The brown granite floor at the foot of the second falls, is some two acres across, and looks tearfully up at us just now, for the volume of water passing over it is very small through July and August. High upon the rock, near the upper falls, is a picture wrought, called the "Baboon," and sure enough, there he is, violin in hand, fiddling away in keeping with the music of the water.

We at last reach the top of the upper falls, but the guide says "Press on, while it is yet the cool of the morning; we'll stop on our return." We reluctantly obey, and the panting mules move on, up steeps that might daunt the courage of a rocky mountain goat. A few more curves, and we reach the "Eagle Peak" meadows, and oh, the soothing *rest* of the scene! In the centre of this level plateau lie the still waters of the meadow lake, bearing upon their bosom the golden lily. The sweet-scented grass here abounds, and nodding their heads in lover fashion are the honeysuckles, columbine, yellow and blue marguerites, blue larkspur, and countless flowers we never before dreamed of, adding both harmony and beauty to the *mammoth painting*, for such it appears to be spreading peacefully at our feet. The glad mules plunge into the marshy soil and greedily devour the fresh grasses, while the pupils of the Sunday School drink in the pure sweet air, cull the lovely blossoms, and discuss each rival attraction.

After a mile or more of this matchless meadow we reach a beautiful forest skirting the foot of "Eagle Peak." Here we dismount and spread our substantial lunch. As the hungry Irish woman said, we "ate with avidity and our teeth," like so many half starved tramps. The inner man satisfied, we stretch our tired bodies under the shading trees, and sleep the "sleep of the just" for an hour or more.

The impatient stamp of the mules who, tired of sleeping, are ready to journey on, warns us that "after day cometh night." So admonished, we ride away toward the jagged uneven points, that

seem to stand against the sky above us. It is only three-quarters of a mile to the top, but it takes an hour to get there. The view from "Glacier Point" is appalling to the senses, but *this* view is both majestic and picturesque. We stand in the centre of chains of snowy mountains, surrounded by gulches and chasms innumerable, while thousands of feet below the sleeping valley lies.

The impression one gets of this underworld from these awful heights, is silence, sleep, death. Encompassing us like a great "cloud of witnesses," these eternal towering rocks are standing. Not a whisper reaches us from the yawning gulfs and bottomless chasms, which seem to possess the power to draw us downward into their destructive embrace. Through the great rifts in the rock the sunlight plays. Around, behind, before, the sombre shadows fall. We file round and round this mighty circle, discovering new points of interest at every turn. We devoutly worship the Indian's "Great Spirit" for the thousandth time since our entrance to the valley. Sadly we wave a good-bye to these helpful preachers, and slowly retrace our way to the edge of the meadows, where we rest another hour to avoid the heat of the afternoon.

Emerging from the meadow, we come upon some magnificent formations called "Castle Rocks," from their very close imitation of the castles found in the old world. This structure stands over 3,000 feet above the valley, and here at its base we find the dead body of a mountain lion, which having wandered too near the precipice plunged down to its death, crushing its body to an almost shapeless mass, "a thing which seldom happens," says the guide.

Jogging along, we finally catch the sound of rushing water; quickening our pace, we soon reach the top of "Yosemite Falls," that is, the place where we hitch our mules. The path to the top is not as easy as it looks. We travel a long distance, down rough stone steps, finally clinging along the side of the mountain to an iron railing imbedded therein, then down more steps and through narrow crevices, we push on until the top of the falls is reached. A great shout bursts from our throats spontaneously. Above what is known as "Upper Falls," are two short falls, neither of which are insignificant. Then there is a great smooth inclined rock, which the water

gushes over to the top of the falls proper. Hollowed into this solid mass of stone is a perfect bath tub, filled about three-quarters full of water. This is both inviting and suggestive, as the S. S. procession begins to look badly demoralized.

On a point of great prominence above us, is a granite formation closely resembling the thumb of the right hand; this is called "Hutchings'" thumb in honor of the old guardian of the valley.

We bare our heads to the spray. The water dashes against the rocks with such force as to divide it into tiny shot, each shot a diamond, when the sun is not turning them into jasper, amethyst, and gold interspersed with turquoise and ruby. We watch these changing into diamonds again, and watching, listen to the glad triumphal song of this trinity of choirs, as its voice echoes through the canyons and strikes the vaults of heaven.

One need not hold in anticipation the "song of redeemed souls" after hearing *this* sanctified song of nature and her creations which *has* rolled throughout the cycles of the past, and *will* roll down future ages. "The new song" it is singing *now*, to both the ransomed and the unregenerate throng, who have the opportunity to hear and the consciousness to appreciate the glorious flex of its mighty voice as it rises and swells forevermore.

NATURE AND THE ARTIST.

By H. L. A. Culmer of Salt Lake.

THE love of nature is the heritage of every human being. Those who are noted for their observation claim that they have not developed their observing faculties so much as they have preserved them. All we can do is to maintain our childhood's powers of observation. The child will see as many units of things as we do, but he may not relate those units together in such a way as to create an idea, as does the artist. An artist therefore may not differ from other men in his original powers, but he may have perhaps maintained and cultivated those powers in such a way as to make you call him a special student of nature. I think to a great extent we might all be artists, and I think we are all artists. The greatest artists are not always those who paint pictures. Out of the manifold blessings bestowed in our midst—things for us to see on every side—we unfortunately, as the result of environment or false education, see only a fraction of the beauties that surround us at all times. The possibility for seeing these things is much greater than most of us believe, and it would seem to be a wrong in us if we do not develop our powers and use to the full the gifts so lavishly bestowed. If the Creator has been so kind, it is something of a sin for us to pass through the world in voluntary half blindness, with our eyes closed to all except the most glaring effects, blind, that is, to the delicate half tone, to the reflected and refracted lights. There is one sin which is universally condemned, and this is the sin of ingratitude. It seems to me we are woefully ungrateful to the Creator to pass over these things without trying to understand them. On the other hand if one has his eyes open to the beauties of nature and is hourly thankful therefor, I think here you will have a pious man.

There are displayed in nature a great variety of colors, but the seeing of the three primary and the three secondary colors seems to be the range of observation for the large majority. They only see the fiery sunset and the blueness of the sea, and fail to appreciate a gray and cloudy day. Such subtler beauties are even more interesting than a golden sunset.

The objects an artist sees are just the same as those seen by others who are not artists. They are only trees and stones, streams and skies. But the tree to an artist is a different thing than to one who is not an artist. One who has not studied or developed his powers of observation simply marks the trunk, the limbs and the leaves of the tree, notes that it is green and to what variety it belongs. But one who is an ardent lover of nature and has studied the inner life of trees, sees a great deal more than this. Instead of the bark appearing brown only, his eyes will see also an infinite variety of shades—pale violet, crimson and madder, and delicate grays playing up and down the trunk. He will further perceive that the tree has a spirit and purpose as well, that it is considerate—making room for its fellows even at the expense of its own right to burgeon—that it loves and reaches out leaf and branch with a definite purpose for air and sunshine.

You have only to go to Nature with mind and heart open, to realize that trees are living, thinking things of splendid angles and wonderful balance and harmony. Everything called inanimate thinks—the tree, the stone, clouds overhead, the very mould underfoot—each is thinking to fulfill its destiny in the great universal plan. All this makes its appeal to the true artist who sits apart to ponder and observe, his attention oft-times concentrated upon these inner marvels.

You must not look for evidences of beauty on the mountain top alone; they are found as well in the ash heap and in the mud. This innate beauty in everything is the "sky-born music" which Emerson declares sounds from all things fair and foul—not only is it heard in the bird, the rose and the rainbow,

"But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings."

This study of the beautiful, this awakening or developing of the æsthetic sense is worth while. It does not distract any one from his life pursuits. On the contrary, it benefits and strengthens and gives to one more ideas with which to accomplish his daily vocation. Imagine a man, for instance, who has had no such soul awakening. Picture him a farmer or a stone cutter. On awakening in the morn-

ing, he thinks first whether it is time to get up; gets up, eats his breakfast, puts on his things and goes to his work. He cuts the stone and counts the hours till it is lunch time, and so on until he returns to his bed. This routine probably represents the essential features in the daily life of a great many men. Imagine another man who wakes in the morning. His eyes are open but his soul knew a previous awakening. He sees a pale flush in the east. To him the sunrise is no longer a meaningless indication of the time to get up, but is something that calls him to a higher joy. Before breakfast he walks, to the nearest hill, and climbs its slope to command a wider view of the landscape. His heart thrills with the pureness of the growing lights in the east, and he notes the strength of the silhouettes of the trees—notes not merely their outlines, but the warmth or light on the one side and the purple on the other, the shady side. Both soul and sense are awakened, refreshed and purified, and such a man is very likely to raise a prayer of thanks to the Giver of all Life.

Even breakfast thereafter tastes the better for this grace of Nature. The sunshine flooding the room lights up the very spoons with prismatic hues, and the common crockery on the frugal board is a rare study in tones and reflections of light. Under this Midas touch the oilcloth table cover becomes a wonder in related colors.

The day's work is begun with zest, and as he breaks stone at the quarry, he sees with delight the sparkle of the mica, the fine contrasts in the tones of the old granite, marks the fresh cracks, and the rugged strength of shape that every broken bit assumes. And so throughout the day, there is nothing too common to be of interest, or from which he fails to draw a wholesome lesson.

This simple stone cutter is certain to feel that life is well worth the living, for he is actually living more than the man whose æsthetic sense is dull or altogether wanting. To the former, life is not only better, sweeter and of richer and more varied color, but he has also gained more of the ideal and spiritual.

It is not so much the hours that we live, but the *thoughts* we live that count. There is something more in any object than its material appearance. We see a tree, a stream or a stone. It would

be realism if the artist copied these and did not carry his art any farther. It is possible to convey the spiritual quality of any material object portrayed and this, to me, should be the highest aim of the artist.

The awakening to an appreciation of the beautiful in Nature has oftentimes an abruptness and fervor not unlike the "getting of religion" at a camp-meeting. I was once with a small party who were climbing a wild trail in the Wasatch mountains. My companion was a young woman who had always impressed me as totally lacking the sense of beauty in Nature. It was, therefore, with something of annoyance that I found her close to my side when we reached the top where the view was transcendent. To the right, a sheer cliff of white marble stood up in all the glory of a cloudless sunset, its mighty crest spired by the black points of the pines, and its base framed by the same dark setting.

So glorious was the vision that I stood entranced, forgetful of all but this stupendous revelation of color and light. A hand stealing into mine aroused me, and I turned in vexation What was my astonishment to see the girl in question gazing awe-struck, her soul in her eyes and the tears raining down her cheeks. The next moment she had flung up her arms: "Father of Christ, how wonderful are thy works!" she cried in a burst of emotion.

Her conversion was a genuine one. From that day she changed visibly, growing more spiritualized and refined, until two years later you would not have recognized in the tender, thoughtful woman the coarse-grained girl of the previous period.

After we learn to love the details in the things we see, we then put them together and establishes relations, then come ideas and afterwards masses are made. The artist first makes his masses and then fills in the details, but it is impossible to learn to paint that way. He must first distinguish curves and angles and then the curves in the angles and the angles in the curves. So step by step, the painter of nature trains and cultivates his perception of fine tones and shades until he sees myriads of hues and shapes that wholly evade the ordinary eye.

PHYSIOGNOMY IN LITERATURE.

By Mary O. Stanton.

IN presenting the subject of "Physiognomy in Literature" I labor under a great disadvantage, for when I attempt to explore a field so rich in material I scarcely know where to commence and where to leave off, and as I search the works of both ancient and modern writers for examples of the use which they make of physiognomic allusions and descriptions, it is truly an embarrassment of riches.

It would take a long time to mention the names even of those who have written upon and taught this subject. Aside from the great army of authors who have written directly upon physiognomy there is scarcely a writer upon any subject whose works do not teem with references to the color of the eyes, hair and complexion, to the form of the head, the eyes, the brows, the lashes, the dimples, the ears, the neck, the shoulders, the feet, the hands and outlines of the body, the movements, the gestures, the lines and wrinkles of the face, etc.

The voice, too, comes in for a share of attention, and each detail of character is described in such a manner as to impress the mind of the reader most vividly with the personality of his characters. The great philosophers of all ages have been believers in, and writers upon physiognomy. It is a consoling reflection that my investigations in this science have been made in excellent company, as the following list collected by Mantagazza shows. Naquetius, he says, quotes 129 of the most learned of the 17th century, who wrote upon physiognomy, among them, St. Ambrose, St. Gregory, St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Peter Damien, and St. Thomas. Among the ancient philosophers and theologians, he names Homer, Aristotle, Plato, Seneca and Tertullian. Among the historians, Xenophon, Strabo, Plutarch and Tacitus. Among the poets, Aristophanes, Juvenal, Lucan and Lucian. Among the naturalists and physicians, Averroes, Avicenna, Hippocrates, Celsus, Galen and Pliny. Later in the centuries the most learned and most astute scholars in every depart-

ment of learning wrote and taught the *Art* of physiognomy, for as yet this study had not reached a scientific development, and was pursued in combination with other arts, such as, Astrology, Magic and the Black Art. Baptista Della Porta in the 14th century, wrote in a more nearly scientific vein than any of his illustrious predecessors. He used the sciences of physiology and anatomy for his bases of observation and theory, founding on structure rather than upon expression. Following him came the illustrious Bacon, who made some ingenious observations upon physiognomy. Later we have the record of Petrus D'Abbano, professor of physiognomy lecturing upon this art at the University of Paris.

As time progressed we find a belief in physiognomy waning, for the reason that it had been mingled with various occult and superstitious theories which the spread of scientific discoveries in many departments of knowledge afterwards dispelled.

The belief in this art revived in the 18th century, and was very considerably elevated by the works of Casper Lavater, a pure-minded orthodox minister of Zurich. This gentleman's observations were unmixed with any taint of astrology or other obscure arts, as in the preceding centuries; he it was who placed it on a high pedestal, and his ideas were received with credence by the best and most learned of his time, his purity of life and unselfishness did much to elevate the subject in his works, which he gave to the world as "Fragments," as he modestly terms his grand collection of observations. His writings lack system, however, for he tells us he did not understand anatomy and physiology, and without these two sciences as a basis it is impossible to comprehend the human mind and body by the face, so that although many of his observations are wonderfully accurate, yet as they have no systematic foundation, they are not useful as a practical method of reading character by facial peculiarities. The eminent Sir Charles Bell was a great student of physiognomy, and wrote most extensively upon it. Modern writers of physiognomy are numerous, among them, Blumenbach, Spurzheim, Camper, Bichat, Mantegazza, Broussais, De La Sarthe,

Alexander Campbell, Carl Vogt, De Quatrefages, Prof. Bain, Herbert Spencer, Dr. Maudsley, Duchenne, Gratiolet and Darwin. And these are only a few of the more eminent who have written in later years upon this subject.

What is physiognomy? Lavater defines physiognomy to be "the art or science of discovering the character of the mind from the features of the face; or, the art of discovering the predominant temper or other characteristic qualities of the mind by the form of the body, but especially by the external signs of the countenance or the combination of features."

Scientific physiognomy as elaborated by my system *extends* this definition so as to include all animate and even inanimate nature. The form of every rock, tree, animal and object in existence has come by design, is founded upon method, and is self revealing as to its character, and this character can be spelled out by application of the alphabet of form as I term the basic elements of form, viz: the point, the line, the sphere, the angle, the square and cube. School children even can be taught this science. It is simply facial geography, and, in order to comprehend it we depend upon just the same qualities as are used in every other department of knowledge, viz: those of form, size, quality, color and proportion. I have not the space here to discuss my system of scientific physiognomy, but will state that it is termed scientific because it is based on nature, and governed by a theory and laws which are demonstrable, and because it is in accord with all other well-demonstrated sciences. And this is the supreme test of any theory, system, or method, claiming to be scientific. Physiognomical description, as a factor in literature takes first rank. The capacity to comprehend, analyze and portray human character by facial description is alike the gift of the seer, the sage, the philosopher, the dramatist, the novelist, the artist, the actor, the physician, the lawyer, the scientist and the teacher. The success of these several classes depends mainly upon their ability to understand, to analyze, to depict, to portray, to enact and to divine the facial, bodily and mental conditions of the characters with which they deal, and

inherited powers one adds a scientific knowledge of the theories, signs and laws of physiognomy, he has a mighty power in his possession.

This faculty, like that of music—for example—is exhibited in varying grades of development by different persons, some possessing it in a very slight degree, so slight indeed as to be almost *nil*; others exhibit it in a moderate degree, while others still manifest it as genius, such as is exhibited in the works and lives of the great poets, philosophers, orators, doctors, actors, writers of fiction and others. Its facial signs are very decided in the faces of Hippocrates, of Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, John Locke; Doctors Jenner, Hunter and Harvey, medical discoverers; Madam Ristori, Sarah Siddons, Modjeska, Salvini and Booth, great actors; as also in the physiognomies of Washington Irving, Sir Walter Scott, Harriet Beecher Stowe and George Eliot, novelists; Sir Peter Lely, portrait painter; Metternich, Talleyrand and Daniel Webster, statesmen; Shakespeare, Edmund Spencer, Dante, Pope, Milton, Tasso, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Mrs. Hemans and Victor Hugo, poets; Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Henry Clay, orators. These are only a few of the persons in each of these classes in whom the physiognomical signs of Human Nature are very pronounced. Let the careful reader note the descriptions of the faces and forms in the writings, acts and speeches of all these several classes, and it will be surprising how large a share of their works are based upon personal description—take, for example, Dante's description of a character which he saw in hell. He says: "Oh, what a sight! How passing strange it seemed to me, when I did spy upon his head *three* faces, one in front of hue vermilion, the other two with this midway each shoulder joined, and at the crest, two mighty wings, enormous, as became a bird so vast, sails never such I saw out-stretched on the wide sea. No plumes had they, but were textured like a bat and these he flapped i' the air. At *six eyes* he wept, the tears adown *three chins* distilled with bloody foam. At *every mouth* his teeth a sinner champed, bruised as with ponderous engine, so that three were in *this guise*, tormented."

The transcendent genius of Shakespeare places him far above all the writers of the world in his physiognomic descriptions and keen analysis of character. In these he shows himself to be a perfect physiognomist, for he not only describes facial features, which is but one branch of this science, but like a scientific reader of character, he describes the form of the head and body, the color of the eyes, hair and complexion, the voice, the walk, the movement and attitude, and whether it be the sweet Viola, the lovely Juliet, the jealous Moor, or the warrior lover Marc Antony, his physiognomic descriptions are incomparably grander and more nearly scientific than any writer of ancient or modern times. The most scientific analyses of grand and lofty character together with their associated physiognomic descriptions, among modern noveliets, are without doubt, found in the works of George Eliot; her pen-portraits of Romola, and Savonarola, taken in connection with their characters, are wonderful specimens of the novelist's power. Among poets Elizabeth Barret Browning takes high rank as a delineator of physiognomic characteristics. Tennyson also exhibits this gift in a most talented manner. I might add to this list almost indefinitely.

It is not the faculty of human nature alone that is used by writers in painting their characters; they bear in varying degrees the signs which characterize the portrait painter, namely, those of size, form, quality, construction, color, credenciveness and imagination. These signs are found highly developed in the face of Dickens as well as in the physiognomies of all writers of eminence. Taine recognizes in him this power, for he says of him, "There is a painter in him, and an English painter. Never surely did a mind *figure* to itself with more exact detail or greater force, all the parts and tints of a picture. If he is describing a house, he will draw it with geometrical clearness, he will put all his colors in relief, discover a face and thought in the shutters and spouts; he will make a sort of human being out of a house, grimacing, and forcible, which attracts our attention and which we shall never forget." The descriptions of character and physiognomies in Dickens's works are numerous and natural—true to life. His

conception of character as exhibited by the face and manifested in consonance with the bodily structure is wonderfully illustratep in the full length portrait which he draws of Mr. Gradgind. In all modern literature there is no more scientific knowledge of physiognomy exhibited, than in sketching this character.

It is a law of physiognomy that we think and act according to the form of our bodily structure. A round man thinks round thoughts—in a circle as it were, and produces in his works circular or curvilinear objects, as in watch-making, the manufacture and running of machinery, and in sculpture, etc. It is shown in the tone of the voice, in singing and oratory, for sound is carried through the air by wave-like impulses; and the sound of the human voice is produced by the action of muscle, the only tissue capable of executing curved motions, and those persons in whom the muscles predominate are round-built people, hence capable of artistic effort; for all art is based upon the circle or sections of it, and the ability to execute curves as in painting, in the rythm of poetry, in dancing, in singing, in athletics, etc., all depend upon the flexibility and high quality of the muscular system, not so much in the *size* as in the *quality*. Mechanical and scientific persons on the contrary are square-built and produce straight, square and *angular* effects, and think true, straight, square and angular or precise thoughts. They are characterized by the dominance of the bony system, which gives integrity, order, directness, practicality, precision, uprightness and straightforwardness to the character.

Now my readers can comprehend the wonderful power of analysis and physiognomic feeling which Dickens exhibits in the following description of Mr. Gradgrind. He introduces him with these words addressed to the schoolmaster:

"'Now what I want is facts, teach these boys and girls nothing but facts, facts alone are wanted in life, you can only form the minds of *reasoning* animals upon facts. Nothing else will ever be of any service to them, this is the principle upon which I bring up my own children. Stick to facts, sir.'"

"The scene was a plain, bare, monotonous vault of a school-

room and the speaker's square fore-finger emphasized his observations by under scoring every sentence with a line on the school-master's sleeve. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's square wall of a forehead which had his eyebrows for its base, while his eyes found commodious cellarage in two dark caves over-shadowed by the wall. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's voice which was inflexible, dry and dictatorial. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's hair which bristled on the outskirts of his bald head like a plantation of firs to keep the wind from its shining surface—all covered with knobs like the crust of a plum pie, as if the head had scarcely warehouse room for the *hard facts* stored within. The speaker's obstinate carriage, square coat, square legs, square shoulders—nay his very neck-cloth trained to take him by the throat with an unaccommodating grasp like a stubborn fact as it was—all helped the emphasis."

"'In this life we want nothing but facts, Sir; nothing but facts.'"

"Thomas Gradgrind, Sir: a man of realities. A man who proceeds upon the principle that two and two make four and nothing over and who is not going to be talked into allowing for anything over. Thomas Gradgrind, Sir: with a rule and a pair of scales and a multiplication table in his pocket, to weigh and measure any parcel of human nature and tell you precisely what it comes to."

The scientific physiognomist recognizes in Gradgrind a man with the square bone and brain systems dominant. Such a conformation would produce great probity, practicality, mechanical tastes, precision and order with little or no imagination. There is no doubt that Dickens had met with a man of this angular build, and precise and rectangular method of talking. And with his love for fun and caricature had intensified peculiarities which are found in his description of Gradgrind. But Dickens with all his talent could not paint grand, lofty and heroic character such as George Eliot imagined and described. We are all limited by our structure, and our handiwork bears the sign-manual of the

forms of our finger-tips even, as well as of the shape of our head and face. The greatest portrait painters, who are also the greatest of all artists, soon learn to comprehend this law, for in their dealings with their sitters they learn much of their characters, and being gifted mentally and possessing most acute powers of observation, soon begin to associate form with character. Guido, one of the greatest portrait painters of the world, formulates his comprehension of character thus: He says, "We all *think* according to our formation." This is sound science as well as high art. The painters of all ages have left the evidence of their knowledge of physiognomy based upon form; I could consume many an hour in repeating their saying upon this subject.

The human face is an object of the greatest interest to each one of us, yet great as is this interest very little indeed is positively known by the masses of this part of the anatomy, and although all are accustomed to the sight of the human face, from birth, yet it remains to this day a sealed book to the world at large. Were the face understood scientifically, it would open to us a new world, just as have the microscope and telescope; and many faces which now seem plain or homely would reveal to us most beautiful character, and many so-called beautiful faces, judged from the art standpoint, might unfold some characteristic far from good or noble. It would seem now a suitable time to have the mystery revealed which has so long enshrouded the human physiognomy with a sphynx-like darkness.

The nineteenth century has given us inventions and discoveries which have enabled our scientists to trace the building of worlds from nebulous matter; it has enabled them to pierce the secrets of creation so that the most minute detail of animal growth is intelligently comprehended, and we now know to a nicety the microscopic construction of a fly's foot even. Yet with all this positive knowledge of nature's laws no certain method of reading the human face has ever been formulated until within the last few years. The reason for this is apparent. The discoveries in cognate branches of science necessary to the elaboration of a system at once scientific and practical were not

made until the later years of the century. The discoveries in physiology, anatomy, embryology, and evolution have given me all the assistance required for working out in a scientific manner, a system of face reading which can be understood and applied by school children even.

The advantages of a practical method for reading human character by physiognomic laws, can not be overestimated; it is of use in all the stations of life—in the choice of companions in marriage, in selecting partners in business, in choosing friends and deciding upon the choice of a career in youth. Physicians, more than all others must have the power to discriminate between inherited and temporary conditions. To writers of books, to newspaper reporters and correspondents, a scientific knowledge of the face is invaluable. There was never a time in the history of the world when so much attention was given to the human face as now. Newspapers are filled with representations, more or less accurate, of the physiognomies of all sorts and conditions of men and women, and yet the writers of their histories have not *one positive rule* by which to interpret their characters. Where ever we look in our walks abroad, the human face, pictorially represented, looks down upon us in its beauty, or stares at us in all its grotesqueness. From fence and wall, in crowded car, or shop window, upon coffee chromos, and cigarette cards, from street corners and theatre curtains, faces are seen everywhere in great profusion, and yet no man knows how surely and certainly to interpret them.

Professional men and women are deeply concerned in lifting the veil from this confused, chaotic, infantoid condition. Science alone can give this power. The age in which Art reached its acme, was an age of the grossest superstition. Turning to Art, for a solution of the mysteries of the face and we find no response to our appeal. We must look to a more mature source. We must interrogate the laws of nature as formulated by science, from this source we shall glean the truth, and truth shall make us free from error. We shall then learn to accord *justice* to each other. Suspicion will give place to certainty, and the numberless

THE CHILD AND THE NEW SOCIAL ORDER.

By Fillmore Moore.

THE child, like every other natural living thing, is born into the world with certain innate, primal, essential needs. The first and most pressing of these is air to breathe. Bbreathing of air is the first independent action of the new-born babe, but the independence is more apparent than real, for it *must* breathe the air that surrounds it whether that air is suited to its requirements or not. The next pressing need is for food to nourish it and the child acts in accord with the promptings of this need just as naturally, appropriately and innocently as it does in breathing. It can only indicate by its movements and cries that it requires food, but here its independence ends, for it has no power of determining the kind of food that is offered any more than it can determine the quality of the air it is compelled to breathe. If an unsuitable food is offered it may reject it at first but if none other is offered the child's instinctive aversion may be overriden by the intensity of its need or desire. If there is no air to breathe the child dies of suffocation—is smothered as we say. If the air surrounding the child is permeated by impurities these are breathed along with the air and the child's blood and tissues are poisoned and its life is vitiated, perverted. If there is no food to take, the child dies of starvation. If the food is impure or unsuited to nourish and build up the child's tissues, these impurities are taken along with the food and the child's stomach and blood, brain and heart are disturbed and distorted in proportion to the extent of the unfitness of the food.

In a word the child's health and activities, yea its very life and character, are determined by the nature and quality of its environment. For it will be seen as clearly as in the case of air and food, if we trace the process, that in each and every successively awakening and developing function and faculty the health, the life and character of these are determined by the nature and quality of the environment or objects on which the child acts.

Or, as we have seen in the matter of air and breathing or food and feeding, the child is a victim or beneficiary of circumstances over which it exercises but little if any direct control. When the need arises the child makes the appropriate motions or sounds to indicate its desire. If the object offered by the environment is very unfit the child may reject it but if no other is furnished its need may become so urgent that its instinctive aversion may be overridden. It is on this account that children are frequently led astray; and the superficial observer attributes the child's act to "natural depravity" or "inherited tendencies." What is it that first impels the child to breathe the impure air or to take the unfit food? Is it natural depravity or inherited tendency? Or is it not rather the intense urgency of its need? If pure air had been offered it, would it not have breathed it gladly? and if good food, would it not have taken it rejoicingly? And it is even so in the matter of all its succescively arising needs. If the child in its instinctive childish language asks for bread does it prefer a stone? Give it bread and take away the stone and it will be fed and nourished and will wax strong. Give it each day its daily bread and lead it not into temptation but deliver it from evil environment and it will grow like the lilies of the field.

Let us consider "how they grow." Is it their nature to grow and array themselves so that Solomon in all his glory was not equal to one of them? Do they need to be corrected and punished and *made* to do right? It seems that all that is required is that they be sown in fields where the conditions are suitable; where there is soil and moisture, sunshine and air. "They toil not neither do they spin" and yet they grow and are beautiful. It is said that man was created a little lower than the angels. Is he also created a little lower than the birds of the air and the lilies of the field? Will not every child that cometh into the world grow as naturally and beautifully and truly as every lily that cometh into the world if the conditions are as favorable for the child as a child, as for the lily as a lily? Mother and father nature have made conditions favorable for the lily —why can't mother and father man make conditions likewise favorable for the child? If the soil is poor, water scant, sun blighting and air withering, would we expect the lilies to grow and become

beautiful, however much mother nature might prate and berate, correct and reprove them? Even so it is with children. They like to grow, straight and strong, when the conditions are favorable, when the environment permits. It is not enough to merely live but to live well is the instinctive strong desire of every one that cometh into the world. Jesus said he came that we might have life more abundantly—beyond measure literally. It does not suffice that a few of the more vital needs are supplied. The child is possessed of an infinite series of successively arising needs and they, each in its time, must be fed and satisfied if the child is to live well and have an abounding life.

What are the means whereby this abounding life is to be secured? As we have seen already the child has needs which must be met and satisfied in some measure in order that it may live at all, may simply survive. There are others the satisfaction of which, though not vital to the child's existence, are none the less essential to a normal life, a true and beautiful life. How to meet and satisfy these is the problem that is set for society to solve.

We can regard the child's life from another point of view and say that it has an all pervasive dominant need which is the need for activity. For example breathing is an activity in which there are movements of certain muscles which expand the chest and the air rushes in, the blood is oxygenated and relieved of its carbonic acid, etc. Breathing, then, is an activity and air is the object on which the child acts. Feeding is likewise an activity beginning in the search for food indicated by movements of the child's head and mouth, then the act of nursing and swallowing, digestion and absorption by the blood. Food is the object on which the child acts. Now we can plainly see that certain results follow these activities and that these are dependent upon and determined by the character or quality of the objects acted upon. Pure air satisfies need by furnishing oxygen and carrying off carbonic acid. Impure air does not satisfy because it does not afford oxygen nor take up the carbonic acid and beside it poisons by carrying its impurities into the lungs and blood. Good and appropriate food satisfies need by reason of its digestability and because it contains those elements necessary to

nourish the tissues and does not contain aught to poison or prevent Now if we take the time and exercise diligence we as plainly see that the same is true of all the child's activities. It has progressively awakening needs which lead to activities and the effects of these activities on the health, life and character of the child are determined by the character or quality of the objects upon which it acts. That is, the objects or environment react on the child and produce effects according to their nature. And this is but to say that if the environment is suitable the child's life is natural, healthy, beautiful, true and good, and if not its life is just the opposite. Or in other words, what we call good in the child is but the fed and nourished, exercised and developed inborn instincts and faculties, and what we call bad is the result of stifling, starving, stunting and perverting these same needs or desires.

As a further illustration of the effect of environment on the child's life and character let us trace the results of activity set in motion by the need or desire for human conpanionship. Let us first suppose that it is surrounded by persons who are so preoccupied that they have no time or attention to bestow on the child. It tries to attract attention by cooing or calling or by tugging at their garments. If it fails to get a response it is disappointed and dissatisfied and its need is not met, is starved. Or suppose it does get a response but instead of a smile or sympathetic action there is a frown or a slap. What is the effect? It is a thrown back upon itself in storm of outraged and disordered feeling. And what is the effect on the child's life and character if such an experience is repeated? Soon it ceases to seek satisfaction for that most human and valuable need for sympathetic companionship and the tender, sensitive newborn desire is starved and crushed out of recognition by the blows it has received and the child is maimed for life more seriously than if it had lost a hand or an eye. It can never sympathetically relate itself to its fellows but must either be in perpetual warfare with them or live the life of a hermit, a bomb-throwing anarchist or warrior or else a dejected misanthrope. On the other hand let us suppose the child is surrounded by kindly, sympathetic, responsive people who answer to and satisfy its desire for communion and fellowship.

What happens? The need is fed and the faculty is exercised and developed and waxes strong. The child is led out by the still waters of human sympathy into the green pastures of brotherly love. This part of its nature grows and blossoms as the lilies and becomes loving and altogether lovely, and finds its highest life and delight in loving and serving its fellows. And the difference in the two pictures is all due to the difference in the quality of the environments.

EUGENIA KELLOGG HOLMES.

CAPTAIN WILLIS

THE STOWAWAY'S TERROR AND FRIEND.

A PICTURESQUE FEATURE OF THE WATER FRONT.

By Eugenia Kellogg Holmes.

DOWN by the City's sea wall, among the masts, figure heads, piers and piles, sails, nets, stringers, coal and coils of cordage, there is a noticeable and weather wrinkled man, who has, through many successive seasons, propelled a battered boat. Captain John Willis is the name and title of this interesting character, who also answers to "Jack," "Sea Dog," "Wharf Rat" and the "Boatman." He was a comrade of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sr., back in the early fifties, when the founder of the now famous house plied his craft on Staten Island, little dreaming of the rank and station his descendents were destined to occupy. Among the duties assigned this erst-while associate of a Crœsus—Captain Jack—are numbered the custody of stowaways.

"I've been in this business a long time, nigh onto forty years—" he said, when I sought him in his accustomed haunts—"and I can ginerely spot a stow—"

When asked to give the benefit of his experience he did so with characteristic clearness.

"Different ones," he explained, "has different methods. Some hang round the docks, days afore a ship sails. There's always somethin' hungry and homesick and tired and lonely lookin' about um. If asked any questions they say they're jest a goin to ship either to the Islands, or Alaska or Panama. Others again speak fur a job, callin' theirselves deck hands or waiters, or extras. Some is not seen till the last rope is histed. Then they come hustlin' on as if they had'nt had no time to git a ticket. Why! I've even pulled um out to meet the ship, after she's clean off into the stream. If

the skipper happens to be good natured, he'll slack up and git um aboard. After all that bother, I've brung um back."

"Who are these people?" I asked, "and why is this means of travel adopted?"

"Who are they?" the Captain of the stowaways repeated. "Some is gentlemen, leastwise in looks and talk. Some is toughs. I've handled women and girls and boys and babies. All without a copper. All a wantin' to git away."

"Why choose this means?"

"Ax me a easier one," replied Jack. "Why does a sailor when he's overboard clutch at a shingle or any floatin' thing he can reach? When folks hav'nt got no money nor work, nor nothin' to eat, they takes chances. Stows is always broke."

"Do they expect to improve their condition by this means?"

"They're a hopein' to. What took so many to the Klondike? Health? No. Pleasure? No. It was the show of gettin' somethin' ahead. When that boom was on I brung in as many women as men, and little, slim girls, startin' fur the gold fields with nothin' mor'n the thin clothes they stood in."

"What could they do in the gold fields?"

"As much as they do here, and there's the chance of money, that means grub—what they don't all git here."

"How do they manage to get aboard?"

"O! that's easy enough. Nobody knows who's who, the day a ship's gettin' out o' port. If she's crowded, so much the better for the stow. He or she can hide in the hold without bein' spied. Sometimes they have friends 'mong the sailors, or waiters or passengers, that helps them to hide. Then they're in luck. Fact, any sort of excuse does at the dock—but it's mighty hard for um to git past the Heads."

"Yes,"—I repeated. "It is hard to pass the Heads"—for Captain Jack's sage remarks recalled impressively an incident of an Alaskan voyage.

I had need to rise early, as the Queen's gangway must be reached by 8 o'clock. I found the wharf thronged with the usual implements of traffic which included boxes, bales, furniture, lumber,

swine, sheep, goats, horses, cows, mules, and above all, hummed human tongues, unceasingly.

The decks swarmed with passengers, booked, ticketed, cabined, attended many of them, by their friends who lingered solicitously until the sound of the last gong and final warning, "All visitors ashore," precipitated a general scamper.

The plank was then withdrawn. The last rope loosed. The screw turned. Showers of kerchiefs, kisses, flowers and good words were wafted from the piers, music, flying flags, salutes, and stirring whistles softened the pangs of parting and—we were at last—off. It was indeed, a glorious morning. The bay, a molten blaze of many blended hues, bore upon its bosom the flags of all nations, above which brooded the white doves of peace. Countless crafts swung gracefully in the flame lit fathoms, tinged by the first rays of the sun.

The stately hills were stepping out from their wreathing night robes to meet the rosy dawn.

Grim Alcatraz, still jeweled with dews, glittered like some monster leviathan, diademed with rare gems of the deep.

The City's superb eminences, with its burnished spires, domes, and many minarets against the cloudless horizon, seemed a temple fit for the worship of the sun.

"What a magnificent morning!"

"What splendid pictures!"

"Naples is nowhere!"

"Telegraph Hill looks a coroneted castle!"

"I never knew the Presidio was so pretty!"

"Angel Island is rightly named!" were among the exclamations of delight. We were in the Golden Gate and so lightly did our steamer skim the oily surfaces, that not a ripple whitened the blue. A languid little breeze strode in from the sea, scarcely stiffening the stars and stripes, which soared protectingly at our peak.

In the offing, a sail, the size of a heron's wing, flitted, phantom-like, and then melted away into the mystic world of waters, which served to remind us that we too, would soon be but a speck in the distance, a break in the horizon's hem, and then—blankness.

These and similar meditations were interrupted by a sudden

And the attention he had won was certainly undivided, all else for the time, being unheeded. He could have claimed comparison with a star actor who shadows his support and extorts the concentration of his audience. While the stowaway differed from the star, in that he suffered visibly from embarassment, nevertheless he had, unwittingly, accomplished what many seek fruitlessly to attain, through years of patient toil. And his audience was not merely interested. It was indulgent. It was sympathetic. He had awakened what is best in human nature, and so his unenviable role had its value to the world. One spectator, moved by that blessed quality which makes us all akin, flung, as by irresistible impulse, a nickle, from his perch in the upper deck, down on the floor of Jack's wabbly little craft.

"That's for him—" shouted the sender, making a conch of one hand, while addressing the red-shirted Captain, pointing the while toward his sullen captive. This proved the cue for more nickles, dimes and larger silver pieces. One passenger, of luxurious appointments, who lolled fetchingly in a rug-robed steamer chair, (not so young as she used to be, but compellingly impressive) rose superior to her flirtations by dropping a dollar into the novel collection box. She had a son somewhere, she said, with the same sort of kinkey, coppery hair and blonde complexion. O, Nature! Mother! thou art indeed omnipotent.

The mute captive down there in his heaving prison, became, by these ameliorating advances, as one transfigured, for he rose, impulsively, from the cross plank that supported him, removed his hat and lifted his eyes. Tears suffused them and such smothered, scrappy speech as reached us may be written thus:

"I—thank—you—friends—dear friends—one—and—all. I—shall—never—never—forget—you." And so, with blessings wrung from the depths of one despairing soul, did our voyage begin.

"It's a good omen," remarked a furrow-featured man, learned in the lore of the winds and tides, "Luck always follows gifts bestowed on the day a ship sets sail." His words proved prophetic, for a more charming tour, among mist islands, set in luminous seas, never strode the wave.

"What did you do with the boy?" I inquired of Captain Willis, jogging his memory, after my return from the great, white, silent, nightless North.

"I dumped him off at Meiggs," was his answer. "It's a heap convenienter fur me and suitabler fur the stows. They like a place whar they can hide and not have to be looked at by other folks. There's lots o' lumber at Meiggs which is useful to um, 'cause it keeps um out o' sight, while they're a restin' and calculatin' on what they're a goin' to do."

"After Meiggs—what then?"

"I can't undertake to keep track of all the stows. 'Twould interfere with my business, ye know; but seys that un to me, seys he—"

"Jack, I was broke. I'd ben a tryin' to git a job and after knockin' round and gettin' kicks and cuffs and havin' doors slammed in yer face, and bein' told to move on. Wy! Say! a kid gits mighty sore and hungry and thirsty, and I seys to myself, seys I, nothin' can happen out in the ocean worse than is bound to happen here, and I'm goin' to take the chances, and I did."

"What became of him?"

"Wal! when I sot him on the dock," Jack continued, "he had, mostly in nickles and dimes, a even five, gin him from the decks. I chipped in so 's to make it six. Then I took him to a eatin' house whar he got a good breakfast, fust he'd had fur quite a spell. Then I seys to him, seys I:

" 'Ride out on the San Bruno road as fur as the cars 'll take ye. Then walk to a milk ranch and ask the foreman to give ye a job.' And he done so."

"Well, what then?" I was really interested.

"In about a week," continued the oracle, "he come to see me and I seys to him, How goes it, Son?"

"Seys he, 'I got the job all right and might hev stuck it out fur awhile, if I did hev to git up at 2 o'clock in the morning to milk. 'Twas purty tough, but the Swiss milkers, seein' I wus a new hand, had me fired and then they run me off.'"

"And then—"

"I did'nt see him no more till I hooked him out o' the bay."

"Dead?"

"Yas'um, and as cold a corpse as ever grubbed a fish. He got tired out huntin' fur a job and then he done what lots more do, jumpted overboard. I knowed him by his reddish hair and slim build. The coroner give ten dollars fur his body, and he wus took to Potters', as nobody claimed him. Ye see, Missus, the boy, dead, wus worth ten dollars to the City. Alive, he wus'nt worth a red."

I was dazed at Jack's method of reaching conclusions and could only mutter, "Why is a dead man worth more, in current coin, than the living?"

"Do you bring in many?" I asked.

"Stows is my line, Lady, *on* the water, ruther than *in* it, though I do handle them both ways. About every day I bring somebody in that wants to git away. And *why* do they want to git away? What's the matter with San Francisco?"

"Perhaps, if they were doing well financially they would be content to stay," I ventured to suggest.

"That's the point, Madame; that's the point. San Francisco's no place for poor folks. Them es has stomachs and nothin' to put into um had better git away."

"But where are they to go? Where *would* they be welcome? Is there a harbour in the world where people are allowed to land without money?"

The Captain's face wore a serious look as he said: "None that ever I shipped to. None that I ever hearn tell of 'scept from the parsons, and they don't locate the port. Sartin it is, that the stow's show to ship is slim. I'm here to head um off, and in all the ports where these ships go there's a law agin pauper landing. In Honolulu every new one has to have fifty dollars. In Seattle and Tacoma tramps have to go to jail. In foreign ports, there's no show at all fur a poor feller. Many a one is brung back that has'nt the stuff to shore on. Many a one I've saved the bother of havin' to *be* brung back."

"Does it pay?"

"Who?"

"You, Captain."

"Wall! I've got no kick agin the Company. The P. C. S. S. is all right, but I want to tell you there's no money in stows. If they wus dead instead of alive I'd git rich cartin' um to the morgue at ten dollars a head. As it is—"

The sage boatman was here interrupted by a mysterious signal, unintelligible to me, for he suddenly seized his oars, swung his skiff, doffed his lopsided sou'wester and with a deferential, "Scuse me, please, I must be off," wrinkled the waveless water at the wharf's outer edge and was soon lost in the azure haze.

Bereft of his companionship, I fell to conflicting conjecture touching the impending fate of some desperate stowaway, awaiting, in hunted terror, the Captain's custody, and my bewilderment grew with the thought that a being possessed of all the wealth of sentient life is, if moneyless and jobless, counted less in a City's strange economics, than the putrid fraction of a corpse, flung up, from the garbaged depths of the bay, doomed to the morgue, there to be consigned for a brief time, ere its final sepulchre in Potters', to a slab marked unidentified.

REMINISCENCES OF LIBBY PRISON.

By Captain Elisha Morse.

IN the March number of THE COMING LIGHT I gave some of my experiences in Libby Prison and other Southern prisons, during the war of the Rebellion, but space did not admit of an extended account, therefore I have been requested by many friends and comrades, to contribute another article, or rather to continue the account of my experiences of seventeen months in the different Rebel prisons.

First, I will speak of some army experiences, just previous to my capture at the great battle of Chicamauga.

Our Regiment—the 78th Ills. Vol. Infantry—belonged to General Gordon Granger's 14th Army Corps. About a week before the great battle came off nearly all the troops then in the Federal Army in the South were ordered to concentrate at and near Chattanooga. At that time our Regiment was so far away we were ordered to reach Chattanooga by forced marches. For four days we marched in the rain, fording many streams, always wet to the skin, marching all day and a part of the night. At times many of us were so fatigued we would fall asleep in the ranks and mechanically march along with the rest, falling and awakening when we tripped and fell.

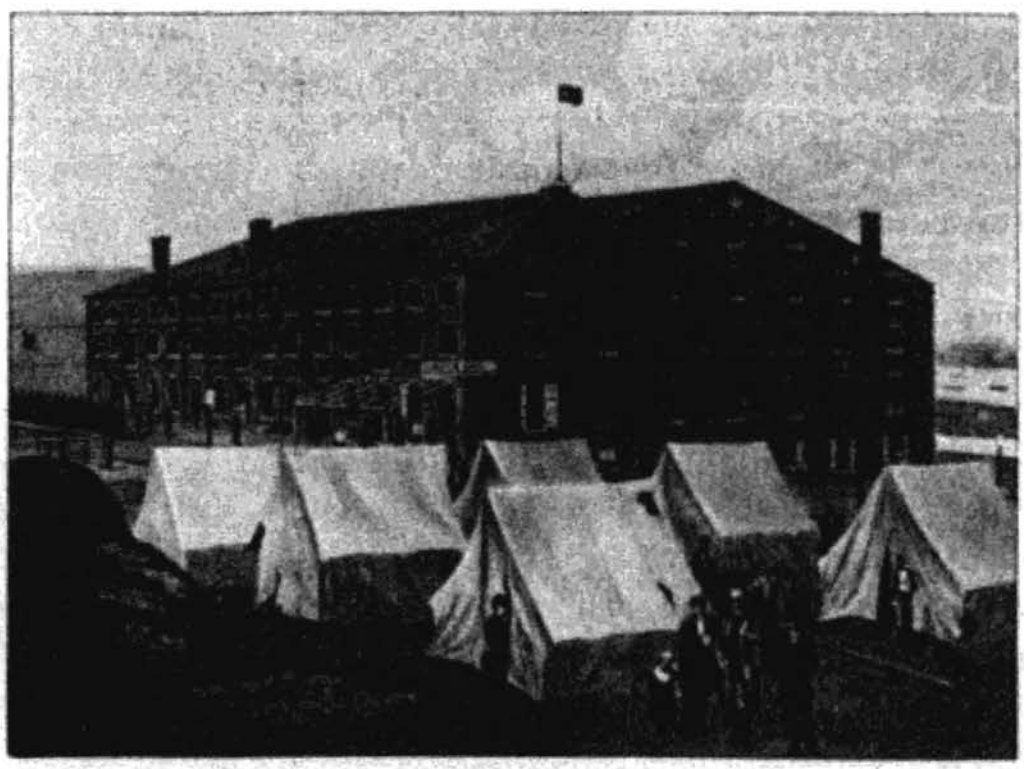
On reaching Chattanooga our Regiment was one of a Brigade under General Mitchell, who was ordered out on a reconnoissance to find the rebel forces then concentrating under General Longstreet, and supposed to be near Ringold, some twelve miles south of Chattanooga. We had marched a good part of the day without water, as none could be found. Near evening we discovered smoke in the distance and found that quite a large force were camped along a small river, and were probably cooking their supper. We had accomplished what we were ordered out for, but must have water to quench our thirst, therefore all clamored for the privilege of trying to drive the rebels away from the

river, at least long enough to fill our canteens. We were ordered to form in line of battle and advance rapidly. The rebels were surprised and fell back without much fighting. We ate some of the pancakes they had been cooking, filled our canteens and fell back towards Chattanooga. Late in the evening we halted for a rest, lay on our arms and began to feel secure, when suddenly rebel shells began to burst around us. They had followed us up when we retreated from the river, and now it came our turn to fall back. The orders were not to force any fighting, but merely find out the whereabouts of the enemy.

Two days after this "the ball was opened," and one of the greatest battles of the war commenced. Our hardest experience occurred on Sunday, the second day of the battle, when General Steadman of Ohio, who commanded our Division, was ordered to assist Major General Thomas, who it was said, saved the day. Our Regiment lost seventy-one men at the first charge. The battle raged fiercely all day and was renewed on the next morning. On Sunday our Regiment made a capture of fifty-five rebels, and I was ordered with the few men left of our Company to take these prisoners into Chattanooga. We passed through a piece of woods on the double quick while rebel bullets were whizzing past our ears, seemingly close enough to strike us, but we soon passed beyond their reach. The prisoners were delivered over to the authorities and we rejoined our Regiment. It was our fate to be captured two days afterward, and we were delivered over to the rebel authorities and were sent to Richmond, Va., to the celebrated Hotel de Libby, as it has been called.

As I gave an account of my capture in the March number, I will now speak of some of the episodes of prison life. As I said before, our prison fare at Libby was exceedingly poor and meagre, but an arrangement had been made to allow boxes of provisions, clothing, etc., to be sent to us by friends at home. When any of these boxes came they were stored in an old building near by until distribution day, then were taken out to the street close by the prison and examined. Every can of fruit or other eatables was pierced with a sharp steel instrument to see if any coin,

greenbacks, or contraband articles were secreted therein, and if nothing was discovered, the name of the prisoner to whom the box was sent would be called and he was allowed to take the box into the prison. If any contraband article was found, the rebels confiscated the whole box, which was done in several instances. Three boxes were sent to me while at Libby, but I received only one, and some articles had been stolen from that one. My wife, who sent the box, had secreted a greenback in a paper of brown sugar, also another in a small can of mustard, pasting back the label so it looked as though it had not been opened. The green-



LIBBY PRISON.

back in the paper of sugar was pierced by the steel instrument but was not discovered. I carried the little box of mustard with me to the Stockade at Macon, Ga., thinking it might be used in case of sickness. One day in looking over some of the old letters received from my wife, while in Libby, I noticed that she had written "I think you will find the mustard very nice." She had underscored the words "very nice." The thought came to exam-

ine that *very nice* mustard. I opened the box and found a five dollar bill inside. Had laughed at the idea of her sending mustard when she must have known that we had no meat, or use for it whatever. But I forgave her when I found it such a *very nice* brand, worth at least five dollars a box. I exchanged the greenback with a rebel for ten dollars in Confederate money, and my first purchase was two small onions at one dollar each, which my messmate and myself ate raw, and wondered why we had not found out before that raw onions were so sweet and delicious.

After returning home my wife informed me that she had forwarded to Hilton, S. C., a fine box of eatables, clothing, shoes, etc., and had secreted a ten dollar gold piece in a bar of rosin soap. She thought *that* soap would wash well and felt that I needed *soap* more than anything else. I sent to Hilton for the box and paid the express charge of ten dollars. On opening it I found that everything in the box had been utterly ruined excepting the bar of rosin soap which contained the ten dollar gold piece. I could recommend that soap. It was what I needed badly, and have needed ever since, though it was too poor and cheap to tempt any one to steal it. Have concluded that it takes a woman to devise the best ways and means of doing a thing right.

One of my room-mates in Libby had a black clerical suit come in his box. We laughed at the idea of such a suit being sent to him, but he remarked that he was going to preach. We soon found out what he meant by that. At that time some of the clergymen of Richmond were allowed to come into the prison and talk with the prisoners. Sometimes would hold a prayer-meeting. One day when a clergyman had come in our friend donned his black suit and with his silk hat looked much like a clergyman. When he thought it about time for the minister to leave, he passed down stairs and out by the rebel guard without a word. Of course they knew it was the minister who had passed in a short time before. He walked up into the city, and we heard afterward, stopped with a friend until such time as he could pass out into our lines. The rebel guard kept quiet, as he would be

censured if the authorities found that he had passed out two clergymen when he had passed in but one. We had to keep the count good in some way long enough to allow our preacher to escape, and contrived to do so in this way. To be counted by the rebel Sergeant every day we stood closely, lengthwise of the room in four ranks. The Sergeant would pass along slowly in front, counting each rank, then multiply by four. In one of these ranks stood only three men, while the fourth man was represented by the man in the rear holding a cap up on his hand, so that the back of his hand with the cap on looked like the forehead of a man. We worked that trick for several days before they found out that one man was missing. After this, we had to pass through a door between two bayonets, to be counted singly, which was a tedious process.

If this should fall under the eye of any of the old Libby prisoners they will remember the morning call to rise, given by an old Irishman. He came into the prison at about daylight every morning and many a time we were awakened by his loud voice with a rich Irish brogue: "Turn out, turn out, every booger of ye. It's Major Turner's orders." If one disobeyed Major Turner's orders it was liable to go hard with him; therefore the Generals, Colonels, Captains and Lieutenants "turned out." We were all on a par as brother officers, of course, but the rebels treated us as though we were all thieves and murderers.

We sometimes had our little petty quarrels, which would have been considered highly unbecoming in any other place but Libby. That was a great school in which to study character. I am reminded of a call I made only a few years ago, on General Hobart of Milwaukee. The General was captured at the battle of Chicamauga and occupied a place on the floor of Libby near my own station. In speaking of some of our old experiences in prison life the General related the following:

"When captured I was robbed of my blanket, but in going into Libby I fell in with a Cavalry Colonel who had succeeded in saving an old horse blanket. We decided to bunk together and share the blanket. The nights were cold and the blanket was

small for two large men. One night I was awakened by the Colonel punching and calling my name. I rolled over in an irritable mood and said, 'what do you want?' He replied, 'You have got all the blanket.' I had rolled up in the blanket unconsciously, but I pulled it off and threw it over to him saying, "Take your old hoss blanket, I can dispense with it and with you too.' He took his blanket and I lay shivering without any cover. It was too cold to sleep, and I presume the Colonel felt my shivering. In about an hour he called my name. I let him call several times without answering, then said, 'what do you want?' He replied, 'I've made a d—n fool of myself about long enough. How is it with you?' That softened me and we soon made up and shared the old blanket together, snuggling down like two kittens."

On the 4th of July, 1864, while we were in the Stockade at Macon, Ga., an event occurred which was spontaneous, but was exceedingly interesting. The counting of prisoners had just been finished when a man waved a small silk flag, "Old Glory" over our heads. He had received it in his box at Libby and as it came between the leaves of a Bible, the authorities failed to find it. It was our first sight of the stars and stripes since our capture. We commenced singing patriotic songs and I noticed the tears running down the cheeks of one or two of the rebel guards, who probably had been pressed into the service.

We soon adjourned to an old building near by, improvised a platform with two or three large boxes, then one after another of the prisoners would mount the platform and speak. It was the most eloquent oratory I ever listened to, as every word was from the heart. The speaking and cheering aroused the authorities, and fearing an outbreak, they had the field pieces manned that stood on platforms overlooking the Stockade. The rebel Commandant sent word to have the proceedings stopped immediately. While the rebel officer was delivering the order, a prisoner jumped upon the platform and made a speech in pantomime, pointing to the little flag waving above us and gesticulating like an orator, it seemed almost as eloquent as any of the spoken words.

General Stoneman, afterwards Governor of California, had been appointed by the rebel Commandant as Commander of the prisoners, but he was deposed on account of allowing this outburst of patriotic feeling.

At one corner of the Stockade at Macon, the thick mud and filth ran outside underneath a strong fence, so that the filth was up even with the bottom plank of fence. One dark night a prisoner plunged into this filth and crawled up on the outside. We never learned whether he was killed, recaptured or escaped. We heard the blood hounds baying after he went out and presumed he was recaptured, but likely he was killed, as we could get no trace of him.

A tunnel for escape was completed while we were at Macon, all excepting the breaking of ground at place of exit outside. It was commenced inside an old tent or shelter and all digging was done at night. The dirt was brought out in sacks and was distributed underneath an old building in such a way that the authorities did not discover it. Every prisoner was notified and all prepared to go out on a certain night. But we were doomed to disappointment. A large guard was sent in on the morning of the day set and they commenced hunting for the tunnel. We suspected that some traitor or spy was in our midst and had informed the authorities. They found the place at last and thereafter we were guarded very strictly.

While we were in the jail yard and work house adjoining, at Charleston, S. C., the city was being shelled by the Federal forces from an island about five miles away. The shells were thrown from a very large gun called the "Swamp Angel." We could hear the crash of buildings frequently at night, and knew not how soon a shell might burst upon us, but we had no particular fear, as we were in a mood to accept the fates of war. The prisoners would often shout when they heard a shot that seemed to accomplish something.

One day while in the work house at Charleston overlooking the jail yard and entrance to the jail, I witnessed a horribly brutal scene. I heard cries at the jail entrance and looking over saw

one of the rebel guards beating a negro boy—said to have been a Federal prisoner—over the head and face with his heavy belt, on the end of which was a large iron buckle. After belting the poor boy a long time, he told him to go inside. The boy started inside and the man instantly drew up his gun and shot him through the back, killing him. His dead body was brought out in a few minutes on a stretcher. We never learned what offence the boy had committed, but probably it was slight, or more likely was imaginary. At that time there was an intense feeling among the rebels against the negroes who had been set free and had enlisted in the Northern Army. Quite likely the guard who shot the boy was promoted for his valor.

There are many other incidents of my prison life which are indelibly impressed on my mind, but the foregoing must suffice, as I fear my article is already too long.

STILL LET ME DREAM.

By J. A. Edgerton.

I've dreamed upon a happy time to be,
A Heaven for mankind upon the earth;
From out the pregnant womb of Destiny
A later birth

Of Freedom, Science, Happiness and Love,
To bless the world; a breaking of the light,
Scattered by angels of the Dawn above
The human night.

Sweet as the promise of a better life,
Bright as the visions of the great and good,
Would be the earth, if men would cease their strife
And what they could

Would be. 'Tis true that I, who fill my soul
With these fond hopes, may die before the day
Of their fulfillment. Yet I saw the goal
And showed the way:

It leads through Brotherhood to Liberty—
True Liberty in fact as well as name—

And through Equality. These, seeming three
Are all the same.

Men are born brothers, children of one mother;
Subject unto one fate; ruled by one God.
Why, then, O men, will ye not love each other?
Why will ye plod

Along this life in bitterness and hate?
In a bemeaning strife against your neighbor?
Together share. Together bear the weight
Of human labor.

Together sweeter make the cup of life.
Together smoother make the roughened ways.
And earth will be a Paradise, all rife
With better days.

May these things be! That they should be, I know;
That they will, I believe; and soon begun.
May more of kindness, love and justice grow
Beneath the sun.

May more of charity and peace be born.
May more the simple life of Christ shine forth;
And those great souls, who saw the far-off morn
Across the earth.

May all of these and more than these things be,
Until again an Eden earth shall seem.
And shall they not? O, tell it not to me.
Still let me dream.

A STRANGER ON THE DESERT.

By O. T. Fellows.

Out in the desert we pitched our tent;
  The sun was hot on the burning sand,
But the hours of the evening came and went
  Till the glorious night was over the land,
And the fevered flush of the glaring day
In a holy calm had passed away.

Then to our home a stranger came
  When night was cool beneath the stars,
Ere yet the morning's golden flame
  Obscured the torch of fiery Mars;—
Within her eyes the blue of the skies,
And a wisdom learned in Paradise.

Into the desert of toil and care
  That stretches on for a weary way,
Out of the regions God knows where,
  The vibrant realms of eternal day;
To walk with us in the gloaming here
In faith and trust and not in fear.

Into the desert of earthly night,
  O stranger, bring at this sacred hour
A glory that passeth human sight,
  A fragrance born of a deathless flower;
We dream of a peace that is there alone,—
Be thine the power to make it known.

Out of the desert, O stranger guest,
  We'll walk with thee to a fairer clime;
Our ardent souls have faintly guessed
  What glories wait in that realm sublime.
Thrice welcome then to home and heart
Until our ways again shall part.

TELL ME, MY SOUL.

By Ada J. Culmer.

Tell me, my Soul, what dost thou hear
In the voice of the murmuring sea,
When night's swift shadows sweep the sky
And lengthen down to thee?
Dost hearken but to breaking waves
That ceaseless, ceaseless roll,
Or art thou thralled in wondering awe
By a mystic voice, my Soul?

Or longest thou for pinions wide,
Like winged winds of night,
To waft thee o'er gray doubting mists
To realms of trembling light?
Go wind thy way thro' love-flecked skies,
Speed o'er the moonlit sea,
For thine's the boundless universe,
Immortal soul of me.

SUNSET AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

By Wallace E. Nevill.

Behold the glorious sun
With its day's honest labor done
Sinks gently in the West
To well earned rest
And flinging back a good-night kiss to earth
'Twas love expressed in deed which grasped
The treasured substance of the golden gate
Dissolved, and splashed it o'er the sky to fall
In gentle dew distilled, enriching all.

Mr. Roosevelt's Pessimism.

Governor Theodore Roosevelt does not share Mr. Hale's cheerful confidence in the beneficent meaning of various agitators for social reform. At Chicago, April 10th, he said that he knew not which to fear the more, "the political boss or the *fool reformer*." Mr. Roosevelt is supposed to be somewhat of a reformer himself, though to many of us he seems only to be tinkering at the old machinery, whereas we really need a new and radically different outfit of institutions for the rational conduct and wholesome development of human affairs. But those who urge a thoroughgoing renovation, a new deal of truth and justice, are the men who are stigmatized as "fool reformers." It is not strange that they should be so regarded. All the traditions, political, economic and religious are against them, and the traditions are as yet the most potent influences at work among men. The traditional wisdom guards the old institutions like a stone wall and to butt our heads against it must seem to many like the veriest folly. But Mr. Hale is right: our very absurdities of effort mean a "determination that the Kingdom shall come." The "fool reformers" believe in their inspirations and are resolved to obey and follow them. They look at it somewhat as did the old darkey whose simple faith led him to say, "If de good Lawd tells me to jump hedfust fru a stun wall, I's goin' to do de jumpin'; de Lawd must see to puttin' me fru."

Why They Fear.

One reason why the "fool reformer" is feared by Mr. Roosevelt and many others is found in a radical distrust of men in the mass. They do not believe at all in the *whole of us*. They believe in a part of us. They believe in human nature as represented by the Hon. So and So, M. C.; or by Judge So and So; or by General or Colonel So and So; or by Professor So and So; or by Reverend So and So; or by Mr. So and So who has become a famed artist; or by Mr. So and So, the banker, who, even if his bank fails, yet succeeds in making money; —but they do *not* believe in Tom and Dick and Harry. The honorable gentlemen mentioned above are supposed somehow to be sound, wise, conscientious, and altogether trustworthy for the con-

duct of public affairs; but Tom and Dick and Harry are ignorant, fanatical, wild and turbulent, and their direct and firsthand participation in the guidance of human destiny would be the ruin of peace, order, prosperity, liberty and law—in fact, utter wreck and the return of chaos. Such are the apprehensions of the dominant classes in the present order. They have no genuine faith in out-and-out democracy. Democracy they regard as a big Elephant who has been kept thus far under subjection. Persuasion and occasional sweetmeats have made him fairly tame and willing, though sometimes he has needed the prod and the leg chains. On the whole he has done very well, carrying burdens, turning with his trunk the crank of industry and pushing with his big forehead the car of transported commodity. If he only would keep at these useful tasks and be content with his hay and an occasional bag of political peanuts, all would be well and the problems would be few. But if this Elephant breaks loose from his keepers, he will go trumpeting up and down the streets, trampling on little children, helpless women, trusts, monopolies, political machines and other innocent things, and the circus will end in terror and tragedy. The Democracy is all very well if only it has no aspirations above its elephantine toils, but in the Open Road of public going and doing, it is sure to be a wild, unmanageable, terrible Beast bent on destruction and ravage. If Democracy is truly such as this, then Mr. Roosevelt may well be in fear thereof as much as of the political boss.

Man's Unbelief in Man.

The above uncovers one of the worst forms of *skepticism* that the world has known. Skepticism as toward God, his being, his interest in the world, or even his goodness, may be excused and forgiven; but a radical unbelief of man in man is well-nigh reprobate. We need a Revival, which shall lay a new corner-stone for morals and religion—namely, a thoroughgoing belief in the average and common man; in his capacity for growth and the certainty thereof; in his general trustworthiness as capable of finding his own way—if blunderingly yet none the less surely in the end—toward greatness; and finally the faith of a definite and unswerving committal to the average and com-

mon fortune of us all as it shall be worked out by the universal consensus of minds and wills. To this faith, both for its adoption in theory and its complete application to affairs, America has been clearly called. She stands hesitating to-day, but to-morrow she will swear fealty to this greatest human truth, and in the power of it will arise and do. The skepticism which still opposes, voicing itself in occasional utterances like that of Roosevelt, needs to realize of what spirit and genesis it is. It is only a modified form of a very ancient unbelief in average man. There was a time when only the *King* was supposed to be wise enough to shape the social destinies. The part of all other men was merely the passive part of being governed. Time brought the assertive movement of the class termed "the nobility" to gain participation in the direction of human affairs, which was accorded. Thence onward, for a long period, royalty and nobility ruled while the world of common folk was deemed incapable of self direction, and was compelled to submit under stress of irresponsible power. By and by grew up a doctrine of general political rights, resulting in constitutional government. Still, however, it was only the reign of the few, holding in subjection the untrusted many, willing or unwilling. Eventually, as the issue of early American experiment, arose the doctrine that governments derive their just powers from "the consent of the governed." But even this implied yet a governing or controlling class, and a governed and subject class, the latter being wise only when they cheerfully, or at least unresistingly gave consent to the authority that ruled them. To be sure they were trusted with something known as "the elective franchise," which however merely provided for them a convenient way of putting governmental control into the hands of an oligarchy who, being elected, were practically independent of the common people, who are still regarded as incapable of a wise self-direction in any complete and genuinely sovereign sense. The next step awaits. It is sure to be taken in America, and probably very soon. It will be taken under the inspiration of a new doctrine which will advance us beyond the half-truth that a just government derives its power from the con-

sent of the governed. It will substitute for this the profound and final political principle that the only just government is *government by the governed*. Let the day come! It will be the greatest day of history.

A Believer in the Pulpit.

While Mr. Hale hopes and Roosevelt fears, Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas of the People's Church, Chicago, moves on, having interpreted aright the signs of the times and discerning the index finger which destiny has placed at the forking ways. In the press dispatches of April 16th appeared the following:

> Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas broke down the barriers of restraint in the People's Church to-day and declared himself a believer in socialism. From the galleries there came an answering thunder of applause. There was a silence in the body of the church and in the boxes, broken only here and there with a slight ripple of handclapping.

Whatever else may be said of socialism it implies, and will involve in its realization, out-and-out democracy. It cannot be unless it is the will of Democracy that it should be; and if Democracy wills, it is certain to be. Therefore the man who espouses socialism proves that the age-long skepticism of average and common humanity has been displaced in his breast by a genuine and complete trust in the general good sense and honesty of purpose. All hail, on this ground, to Dr. Thomas! He believes a good deal more, and a good deal better, than most men of the cloth. He has heard the true word of the gospel and by his brave committal thereto has declared for the average and common fortune, to be self-achieved by the people in their inalienable right to determine the way of life for themselves. His word is a noble rebuke to the skepticism whose nature and significance we have indicated above.

The White Man's Burden.

It still remains to consider how the *White Man's Burden* looks to Fillipino eyes. Kipling himself seems to suggest that the "fluttered folk and wild" will sit in judgment on the intents and the deeds of the palefaced conquerors:

> By all ye will or whisper,
> By all ye leave or do,

The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your God and you.

The "White Man's Burden," then, is doubtless destined not only to translation into Fillipino speech, but to interpretation from the standpoint of Fillipino thought. To those "new-caught sullen peoples" our American burden must necessarily seem to be only the burden of Spain transferred to our shoulders, *i. e.* the establishment of an alien sovereignty over the islands, to be effected by the shedding of blood and the ravages of war. How else can they possibly view it? They were fighting for deliverance from the yoke of Spain. Suddenly, by reason of a quarrel provoked by far away events, American warships come steaming into Manila Bay to attack the fleet and army of Spain. Spain is whipped, but turns immediately about and sells her chances in the islands to her conqueror. Then the conqueror takes up Spain's unfinished work, and announces that he proposes to *crush out the rebellion*. To the Fillipino sense it is simply that one white man has bought a "Rebellion" from another white man, and assumed it as his burden. The Castilian shoulders are relieved; the Anglo-Saxon shoulders now bend to the same task. The Filipino can hardly be expected to do less than fight the second white man as he did the first. To him it appears to be six in one case, half a dozen in the other.

America may well ponder Kipling's concluding lines, to see if they may not stand for a prophecy—different indeed from the author's intent, but yet true—as to future estimates of what we are now doing:

Comes now, to search your manhood
Through all the thankless years,
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
The judgment of your peers.

The Real Point About Expansion.

It ought to be made clearer than it has been, perhaps, what is the real point of the opposition of some of us to Expansion. We can speak for ourselves, and in doing so may possibly speak also for others. It is *not* that we object unqualifiedly to the extension of American

sovereignty, even in the Pacific isles. It *is* that we object to expansion over either near territory or far territory, except in a manner that comports with the highest political and humane ideals. Expansion by force of arms we hold to be unrighteous, even if it has the sanction of history and indeed of incidents and events in our American national career. Whatever the precedents, it is now time for us to adopt for our action the highest standards of justice and humane consideration. Conceding that it is right and wise for us to seek to incorporate other peoples into our Union, there is but one right and wise way in which to do it; that is, by the voluntary, cheerful, and hearty action of both parties—ourselves and any people toward whom we reach forth our hands. Neitner "heathen" tribes, nor "our peers," nor "our God" could question the moral rectitude of expansion upon such terms. But now, instead of this, we have made announcement to the Fillipinos that we propose to "establish the sovereignty of the United States" over their isles at whatever cost of blood and treasure to themselves and us, and after that is accomplished we will kindly train them in the art of "local self-government." Some of us see in this policy the essential marks of oppression, and we lift our voices in protest. This is the simple, straightforward, frank and sincere account of our ground of opposition to the spirit which seems to be behind our aggressive movements in the far Pacific.

A Lesson from the Paris Morgue.

We clip the following from the special cable reports to the New York *Herald*:

PARIS, April 10—Seventeen suicides were reported to the police yesterday, nearly all due to poverty. Saturday being quarterday, many of the victims were unable to meet the demands of landlords, and in desperation resorted to asphyxiation by charcoal fumes.

This is a significant record for one day. The item may not mean much as weighed in the balances of the scholastic economist and sociological philosopher. But to simple human sense, unsophisticated by the traditions, it means that the fierce and uncompromising collisions of interest that crowd many to the very gates of death need modification under the moral sense of man. The

Morgue and the Coronor's findings are a sharp challenge to the system under which we live. When charcoal fumes furnish the only way of relief for those who reach the ragged edge of poverty it is time for civilization to ask itself serious questions.

Responsible for the above editorials

EDWARD B. PAYNE.

Civilization and Lying.

The *Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia recently contained an article on the practice of lying, which the writer calls the "most pernicious vice of the age." It is claimed that "lying diminishes with the advance of civilization," that "the civilized man learns that truth-telling is the best policy." The writer also says that "it has often been remarked that truth telling declines in proportion to distance from the older States. It very rarely happens that a merchant in Boston is caught misstating facts. Whereas, in the cities in some of the western States, a merchant who pushes sales by misrepresenting the wares in which he deals is simply accounted a smart man." Various philosophers are cited, but "the nearest approach to sound philosophy," says the writer, was made by the French cynic who declared that "weak women began by being false to their husbands and ended by telling lies." This is interesting reading matter, but it does not reflect much credit on the writer's mother who, if she did not teach him to misrepresent things, raised him in ignorance of the facts. It is related that an Indian chief who brought his son before the Quaker commission to take the oath of allegiance said, "him no lie, him never see pale face before." And it is not recorded that the Indians or other savage tribes ever formed combines and offered watered stock for sale. The members of the Arctic and other expeditions have found uncivilized communities of as many as ten thousand inhabitants who assured them that their goods would be safe, that they had no laws, and no government, everybody being a law unto himself, and these people kept their word, the members of the expedition finding their goods after

months of absence undisturbed and just where they left them. How long would goods be safe in civilized ports and what faith would be placed in people who pledged their care without the majesty of the law to enforce their word? Lies may gain strength by migrating Westward away from the hem of Boston's sacred garment. We don't know, but we have our doubts about the truthful Boston merchant. We paid seventy dollars for our doubts in the shape of goods purchased in various first-class Boston stores where cultured prevaricators imposed on our ignorance. We get off cheaper in San Francisco. Perhaps Boston is too far from Maine and other "down East" States for its inhabitants to be strictly truthful. The Maine women ars staid, steady housewives who did not originate culture clubs to the neglect of duty as did the Boston women. Being thus true to their husbands and home they don't know how to lie. Evidently there is no hope for the Western liars, except migration from Boston to Maine, from Denver to Boston, and from San Francisco to Denver. The spread of civilization is dangerous and ought to be used as an argument against expansion according to the theories advanced by the *Post*. It would not be strange if we found on opening these new countries that we have to import our liars along with our whiskey, opium, and New England religion as civilizing elements. The *Saturday Post* would better locate in Boston for the present in the interest of race truthfulness.

A Sad Spectacle.

Within the past few days our city has committed an outrage that is nothing short of an official crime. Little Lizzie Seibold, a child of ten years, was arrested, imprisoned and tried on a charge of petty larceny. The charge was not sustained and the case was dismissed. The child when told by the judge to go and forget all about it said, "I never can forget as long as I live that I was in prison." This mere babe, arrested by the officers of the law on the flimsy charge of stealing a watch, at the accusation of a fifteen year old girl whose testimony was supported only by two babies, one three and the other two years of age! This is pitiful, and no less shameful,

and ought to rouse the public to a consideration of the frequency of arrest and trial of so-called "child criminals" who may or may not be found guilty. Our daily papers are more and more frequently illustrated with pictures of infantile incorrigibles, and no hand seems lifted in warning of the effects upon child life everywhere, and no voice is raised to demand investigation of the *cause* of these arrests. Many are helpless and defenseless waifs whom society has crowded to the streets for their education, which is in a large measure gathered from the example of high-handed criminals whom the officers *dare not* arrest, many of them bearing titles and filling places of trust. The child mind cannot comprehend the difference between crime on a large scale and crime on a small scale; neither can some of the rest of us who see through the thin mask of a law that deals with small evils, which are but effects, and leaves untouched great evils which are the cause behind the small effects. We offer as a suggestion that instead of the small percentages which are said to be paid to policemen for the average arrest, our city encourage morality on a colossal scale by paying fabulous sums for the arrest and conviction of the colonels and generals, wizards and kings of finance and trade who are gobbling everything in sight. No matter about a few sacks of flour or loaves of bread, nor a little jewelry or dress goods; we can stand the loss of them. Let the majesty of the law take into custody some of the old boy criminals and let the little ones alone. In time we might all learn to respect ts "iron hand" and pay tribute to the scales which should balance even.

The Dead Past.

What a tremendous hold upon us the religionists and politicians of the past maintain! Clergymen of all denominations constantly quote the dead in support of what truth they have to offer, notwithstanding that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were not acquainted with the conditions of to-day, and that the apostles admitted that they only saw "through a glass darkly," and that John declared that "it doth not yet appear what we shall be." These clergymen

insist that we should follow the leadings of these men who have been dead for thousands of years. Not only this but they base their theories upon the opinions of Wesley, Calvin and others, and use the high-sounding names of defunct theological professors to prop up their creeds and to impress their hearers with reverence for authorities. The whole religious world rests its faith on authority for truth, and uncovers its head to the almighty past. No wonder the sheep are straying away from the religious fold into the greener pastures where the shepherds who have sighted the new star in the East are leading their followers. Humanity is beginning to learn that there is a living, every day religion and is in search of it. Just so our people are awakening to the fact that Mosaic law while applicable to his time does not fit to-day's emergencies. Moses was a wise man of his day, likewise was Blackstone in his day and hour, likewise the dignitaries that lived between the time of Moses and Blackstone; but are we wise to be chained to a dead past by basing our judicial judgment on the judment of men dead these hundreds or thousands of years, when the cases which interest us to-day are the outgrowth of a changed civilization consequent upon the greater development of psychic man? It would be amusing if it was not pathetic to hear our politicians in view of the pending crisis, quoting every politician from Washington and Jefferson to Lincoln and Garfield as authorities in the settlement of our mixed up national affairs. These men were great men of their time, but they are dead. None of them would have had the impudence to outline the policy of a country for all time. We owe them much, but they should not hold us in post-mortem bondage. We are on the stage of action under entirely different conditions from those under which these men lived. *We*, not they, are facing an inevitable crisis. *We*, not they, must meet it. We do not need Washingtonian or Jeffersonian wisdom. Jacksonian principles of government will not apply now. Neither the voice of a Lincoln or Garfield can quell *this* storm. We alone can do it. We, the *living* children of *this* age must decide the course we are henceforth to pursue with our own and kindred nations. An obligation,

the sacredness of which we little understand, is resting upon us. We cannot rely upon the dead to fulfill it. Their lips are mute, they cannot respond. Our *living* brains must solve all present problems and our pulsing lips must send the message of religious, social and political freedom onward. With due respect to the illustrious dead to whom glory and praise belongs, let us turn from every thing save the spirit of their deeds and let us write our names one niche higher on the rock of truth. Let us revere them, not as authorities, but as part of the pushing power that evolved the magnificent present which is our inheritance. Let us no longer recognize the dominion of dead men; rather let us recognize the fact that we are the spirit of all the past incarnations of truth, that the power of all things and all creatures, existing in the past is concentrated and condensed in *us*, that we are the voice of God *this* moment, that unless we speak the latest, truest word, future generations will continue to bow to the ghosts of the past as we are now doing and our message to the world will be lost. That we are heirs to a generous past let us gladly admit, but let us not forget that we have a higher duty than to become profligates resting upon the victories of our royal ancestors.

Responsible for the above editorials

CORA A. MORSE.

SANCTUM BRIEFS.

We are in receipt of a beautiful symbolic picture, an oil painting, and the work of Howard A. Streight of Mountain View, Cala. It came to us as a greeting from the artist in recognition of the work we are trying to do. It is all the more appreciated because it comes from a stranger who knows us only through the magazine. Many thanks, kind friend, our future labors will be much brightened by this kindly thought so exquisitely portrayed on canvas.

The story of Capt. Jack and the stowaways, so graphically told by Mrs. E. K. Holmes in this issue, has not only truth for its basis, but in addition to this propounds a conundrum sufficiently distinct to arrest attention; whether the lazy, indifferent brain of the world concerns itself in the answer or not. When the Father's Kingdom is come and his *will* is done upon earth, then will the clay which breathes the breath of life and becomes a living soul be recognized as one with the Father, an heir to the kingdom's treasures, a prince royal sharing the glory of the kingdom. The pulse of life will then beat even and no hungry, heart-sick soul shall seek the sea, to be hunted and returned to its wonted scenes of despair with only the consolation of the Captain Jacks who buffet the billows at every port to-day, with their loads of human freight and that heavier load of human woe which blackens the fair name of our civilization. When old things pass away and the glad new earth is born, no dead face shall be lifted from a watery grave in condemnation of social inhumanity. No weather beaten boatman will wonder why the dead are worth more than the living, for value will then be understood. The coin of the kingdom will be the output of the splendid hearts and brains of all the King's children. All shores will be havens of rest and every port a port of peace.

Mr. Searles has done a kindly deed in opening the Hopkins Art Studio the first Sunday in every month to the lovers of art whose income will not admit of the expenditure of the usual entrance fee. Good music is also provided. Thousands will avail themselves of this opportunity and future generations will rise and call him blessed.

The second article on Libby Prison experiences, by Capt. Elisha Morse, has been called out by the urgent request of the patrons of THE COMING LIGHT, the G. A. R. fraternity, and a host of personal friends who rightly inferred that the half had not been told in the first article on this subject.

dental thought and noting the periodicities of change from materialistic to spiritualistic, it will be sufficient for our present purpose to submit that the trend of thought, in the two centuries preceding the present, was along materialistic lines. The great doctors of the church, as well as of philosophy, were enmeshed in the most ultra methods of materialistic thought. The wonderful discoveries in chemistry, no doubt, tended in this direction. John Locke, in the enunciation and defense of the sensational philosophy, led the way in metaphysical disquisition, while Howe, Paley, Butler, Chalmers and others in the church used the same philosophy. The deistic school, including such men as Hume, Gibbon, Voltaire and Rousseau, gave tone to the thought of literary, thinking world.

The theologian found the only proof of deific existence in the relations and motions of matter, and the grand evidence of spiritual regeneration was certain hysterical phenomena of the nervous system. Religion itself was defined, by the most astute religious doctors, as a simple sensational condition—it was "the *feeling* of entire dependence upon God." Heaven was a walled city, with rivers and trees; and hell a bottomless pit; and literal fruit blessed in one, and actual brimstone fire tormented in the other.

But a change was inevitable. Reaction from this extreme materialism was a necessity. Science led the way. Instead of pondering over the chemistry of atoms and molecules, the scientists of this century are dealing with the chemistry of energy. The seen—the visible is merely the veil of the invisible, which is the home of all potentiality. Instead of centering his attention upon the number of atoms in a given body, he is measuring the units of energy necessary to produce the combination. It is not the permutation of numbers, or of atoms, which concerns the modern scientist, but the permutation of the energies of the Cosmos in possible forms of activity.

From his very nature man is compelled to philosophize. His mental constitution demands unity. He, himself, is a unity though made up of diversity. He is the Microcosm, and the great Macrocosm, the All, must also be a unity. His logic leads him to Monism. In the past period, all was matter. Conditions of matter, feelings or sensations were the root and ground of all thoughts or ideas. But the trend has changed, and now all is mind or spirit, and matter is simply its phenomena. We have got back 2500 years to Buddha, and are repeating his old sayings as the modern wisdom. We are demonstrating periodicity of thought forms. Said the Buddha, "There is nothing within the world or without which either is not mind or cannot become mind. There is a spirituality in all existence and the very clay upon which we tread can be changed into children

of truth. "The New Thought" cannot be more radically idealistic than that, even if it declares that "all is God at last."

But, in this swing of the pendulum from materialism to spiritualism and *vice versa*, there is always some modification, some new light; and in the commencement of this century there was a strong movement in the direction of electicism, to make up a unitary philosophy out of the old and antagonizing systems. The most brilliant genius of this new school was Victor Cousin of France. But the failure of this school to achieve a perfect victory lay in the fact that it failed to discern the polarity, or the duality of thought, and that the materialistic and spiritualistic phases or trends of thought, are the positive and negative poles of a perfect philosophy or system of thought. This is to be the next form of thought activity. A few minds have discovered that truth does not lie *between* extremes, but it is *in* the extremes. And one extreme is just as true as the other, just as the positive and negative poles are equally real. Space will allow me but one illustration. The two great systems of opposing philosophy are the Idealistic or Spiritualistic, and the Sensationalistic or Materialistic. The latter declares that all ideas spring from sensations. The former affirms that certain ideas do not, cannot originate from the action of any of the five senses. Both these positions are true, but the respective schools can never reconcile them. The New Thought solves the problem at once: there are more than five senses. There is mental or spiritual sensation as well as physical. Free-will and necessity, rationalism and religion in fact all the great problems of existence are solved at once by the magic of this new synthesis. Half truths are the falses, combining the halves gives us the perfect wholeness of truth.

J. S. LOVELAND.

SATURDAY'S CHILD

BY EVA V. CARLIN.

The child that is born on the Sabbath-day
Is blythe 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,
Saturday's child must work for its living.

"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in Heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven."

BABY LOUISE.

IT WAS such a tiny morsel of humanity—that warm, breathing bundle that I held in my arms the other day at the Chabot Home, where its unfortunate mother, herself a mere girl of nineteen with the mind of a child of twelve, had found refuge after her hour of suffering to which had been added the horrors of social ostracism and disgrace and loss of self-respect.

But Baby Louise—child of poverty and want and haphazard parentage,—two-months old Baby Louise is as yet unconscious of all that. All knowledge of the mother that the baby brain can gather is the sense of soft light, warm color, and comfort and safety that is compassed by the "feel" of its mother's arms as they swing the little body in slow rhythm to the mother's voice crooning confidentially the while; Baby Louise smiles the absurd, little toothless smile of infancy, the downy head relaxes, the tiny hand wanders to the mother's neck, the appealing eyes droop and close, and she falls into the utter abandon of slumber that a two-months old baby can achieve.

As she sleeps, let us consider what is to become of Baby Louise. The child-mother must go to work as soon as possible in the field of domestic service. Her maternal instincts are the best thing about her. To give her facilities for deadening these nstincts is to do her final harm. Experience in similar cases has

shown that with a little kindly aid she can be enabled to keep the child and support herself and it. At present, unaided, her strength is not sufficient to earn enough to provide for both, so Baby Louise stands as an exponent of the constantly recurring problem—the homeless child. In the language of organized charity-work, this case would come under the head of the care of destitute infants, (children under two years of age,) and that branch of work is sharply distinguished from the care of older dependent children.

The most common method tried in dealing with the problem of a homeless baby is institutional care, for, as a rule, the State renders aid to children only in institutions; that is the case in California.

But the very young child should not be placed in an Institution. Nature enters her protest against institutional care of young children, in a death rate, says Professor Warner, "with children under three years of age, reaching as high as 97 per cent." The same author in his "American Charities" says: "It can matter but little to the individual infant whether it is murdered outright or is placed in a foundling hospital—death comes only a little sooner in one case than in the other." This is simply appalling, and calls loudly for reform.

Professor Warner is authority for the following statements concerning the care of young children in institutions:

"The printed reports of institutions for infants usually do not give the number of deaths."

"Twenty-eight infants were consigned one after another by a public official to a private "home" administered by a religious order, and they all died."

"Of course this high death rate comes in part from the bad condition of the children when received, caused by ante-natal or post-natalabuse. Yet the fact remains that many thrifty babies droop and die in them."

"The high death rate often results from positive neglect."

"A woman who has from four to eight babies to take care of is apt to become neglectful. It is possible to clean them up for visiting-day, but to keep them all clean and comfortable through

twenty-four hours of the day, seven days in the week, and fifty-two weeks in the year is another matter."

"Even when there is not positive neglect the death rate is high. It is not possible to raise babies by wholesale."

The institution baby must lack that affectionate handling which gives exercise to the baby muscles, and the zest to infant existence which makes it worth while for the child to live."

In a prominent San Francisco institution, the over-worked attendants in the "baby-ward" *gag* the babies when they cry too persistently. A woman who spent some time there told me it was remarkable how soon the babies learned that they *must not* cry. In that same ward I once remarked the extreme, even cheerful composure of the nurses as an agonized baby gasped out its last breath in a room where the effluvia from the multiplied presence of babies were almost insupportable.

Professor Warner says: "Feeding the babies is another difficulty. The doctors do their best in recommending sterilized foods of all kinds, but the infants still insist on dying."

Another writer who has had considerable experience, gives it as his opinion that "a foundling hospital is the most useless institution in the world." The Philadelphia *Medical Times* of recent issue says: "Some good man or woman must raze every orphan asylum and "home" in the United States to the ground. We have outlived them."

The plan of The Children's Aid Society of Pennsylvania has been in operation sixteen years, and its experience in finding nursing homes in the country for deserted babies has established the fact that an unlimited supply of such homes can be found for all cases. To-day, with the support of a generous public, there is an open door, under the supervision of The Children's Aid Society for every foundling in the State of Pennsylvania. The children thus cared for by this Society are usually placed in the homes of respectable farmers, where they have the benefit of a pure, invigorating atmosphere. The experiment has proved to be a most gratifying success, and the question of how best to care for foundling infants may be regarded as finally settled in

favor of boarding each little one in a separate family. Under this plan the Report of the Society for 1897 showed 7618 homes —all visited and certified to by the State visitor, where these little victims crowded out of place are being fitted back into society; there is being restored to them in the name of justice what should be theirs by inheritance—an equal right to all the opportunities the State offers for their development; too often, childhood has no assured protection from the time of birth till the child has reached the age of six or seven when infants become eligible for admission to the public schools.

The system of placing out to board under supervision is in use in Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand, when the State at an expense of less than $70 per year raises a man or woman to contribute to its wealth, and prevents the manufacture of criminals. Their plan is as follows: The Children's Committee selects that home which it judges is best adapted to the development and care of the child in question. No child is placed in a family so poor that the child might suffer hardship. The foster-parents receive a sum averaging $1.25 per week for the care of the child, and for proper clothing. When of school age, the child must be in school. When the child is fourteen years old he begins to work. His earnings are placed in the Postal Savings Bank, and at seventeen or eighteen he goes out into the world, an independent man. Two women, Miss Clark and Miss Catherine Spence, destroyed the orphan asylums of Australasia, robbed the continent of its orphans and saved these colonies from a horde of criminals and dependents.

The Massachusetts method puts children out in families under strict supervision of a State Board, and the cost does not exceed that of the method in vogue in California; Massachusetts claims a great decrease in mortality among very young children by adoption of this method. The death-rate among this class of dependents before the "boarding plan" had been about ninety in a hundred.

(It strikes me that this might be called the method of extermination in dealing with the problem of the homeless child.) Under the newer methods this rate has been reduced to five in a hundred.

An interesting feature in connection with the Massachusetts and Pennsylvania methods is that experiments in the cities of Boston and Philadelphia have shown that suitable service places in the country can be found to which destitute mothers may go, taking their children with them. "The demand for this class of help usually exceeds the supply," and in Philadelphia between four and five hundred mothers with their children are yearly sent to situations in the country. The Report continues: "If judiciously placed, a majority of these women give satisfaction to their employers, and are satisfied themselves."

It is said that they do as well as those who take situations without children, and in many instances they are more reliable for help in the country. Of course a destitute woman with no one to help support her child has not an easy life before her; but, on the whole, life will be happier and more wholesome for her in every way if she is aided in keeping her child. That is the conclusion reached by competent observation of the system of aid to mothers known as the Day Nursery Idea, designed primarily to give physical protection to the children of mothers obliged to support themselves. The haphazard parents of to-day are largely the product of street education. The Nursery is helping to educate and prepare for life the parents of to-morrow. There are many mothers, forced to self-support, who are tempted to place their children in institutions in order that the young lives may be protected from the evil culture they themselves knew. The Day Nursery shows the way to accomplish this, and at the same time preserve home life for the few hours of evening when mothers and little ones may be together. The mystery and the salvation and the hope of the world—they are reincarnate in every child that is born to love and good-will. The State has yet to learn the vast import of those matchless words of the great Teacher, when He said, pointing to a little child, "He that receiveth him in My name receiveth Me." He saw the wondrous, folded-away possibilities lying within every waif of the world; Baby Louise is only one such; they are as thick as the grasses in the meadow; and there is such a world of homes that might be found for them.

By the Way.

THE GOLDEN RULE IN POLITICS.

By Lydia Kingsmill. Commander.

We have so long been lamenting the corruption and venality of American politics that it is cheering to have cause for honest hope and hearty rejoicing. The Golden Rule has been thought to have nothing to do with business and still less with politics, but the recent election of Hon. Samuel M. Jones, to a second term as Mayor of Toledo, on the platform of the Golden Rule, proves that the American people can respond to a purer, sweeter note than the chink of the almighty dollar. The campaign was the most remarkable ever known in the history of American municipal politics. All the usual methods of influencing the voters were discarded. All the traditions of the past were violated. There were no wordy promises, no meaningless election pledges, no appeals to "party loyalty," no personal abuse of opponents.

Mr. Jones, as is well known, was tricked out of the nomination of the Republican convention by a dishonorable quibble; so ran on an independent ticket. His platform, as stated by himself was:

> Equal opportunities for all and special privileges to none.
>
> Public ownership of all public utilities; the wealth created by the people should be for the people's benefit rather than for the private profit of the few.
>
> No grant of new or extension of existing franchises.
>
> The abolition of the private contract system of doing city work—a source of corruption equally as great as that occasioned by the granting of franchises—and the substitution therefor of the day labor plan, with a minimum wage of $1.50 per day of eight hours for common labor; organized labor to be employed on all public work.

The campaign work throughout appealed to all that is noblest and best in human nature. The ward-meetings, instead of mobs of low hoodlums, were gatherings of earnest, thoughtful men. The speeches were educative and uplifting. A prominent citizen fittingly remarked. "This has been like a University extension course for the city."

Wherever Mr. Jones appeared at a meeting the wildest enthusiasm was manifested. He is the idol of the toiling wage-workers

whose absolute faith and love he holds. Almost without exception the organized labor of the city endorsed him and almost to a man the unorganized laborers were on his side.

The powerful daily papers, nearly all the wealthy people, the churches and the political machines were arrayed against him, but the masses of the people loved him as a personal friend and hung their hopes upon him. The feeling of the poor for Mr. Jones was pathetically illustrated by a bent old woman on the streets in threadbare but carefully preserved garments, whose thin shabby cape was held together by a Jones button.

His sentiments were well expressed in songs written by himself, which were sung at every meeting. One called "Industrial Freedom," to the tune of "Marching through Georgia," begins thus:

Sing aloud the tidings that the race will yet be free,
Man to man the wide world o'er will surely brothers be;
Right to work, the right to live, let every one agree,
God freely gives to the people.

CHORUS.

Hurrah, hurrah, the truth shall make us free,
Hurrah, hurrah, for dear humanity!
Right to work let all proclaim till men united be,
In God's free gift to the people.

Mr. Jones addressing a crowded meeting was a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. He stood, like some prophet of old, with brow uplifted, the light of inspiration illuminating his face. He seemed to look far into the future, for his are the eyes of the idealist who sees visions of those things which yet shall be. The multitude hung upon his utterances, which were one in spirit with the words of the Teacher whom "the common people heard gladly" nineteen centuries ago. His emphasis was continually laid upon the Golden Rule and the Brotherhood of Man. The following extracts are typical of all his speeches:

It is because I see in the awakening social conscience of the nation the dawn and promise of a better day, that I proclaim its coming. It is because I believe that brotherhood is the goal towards which the race is progressing, and that I see in the near future the realization of a degree of liberty that will make equal opportunity for all, that I plead for a more just order, an order that shall recognize the Golden Rule of all the people as the law of the land, and in which the rule of the people by a few will be but the memory of a hideous past.

And again comparing the abolition movement with the present struggle:

Book Reviews.

"Between Cæsar and Jesus" by George D. Herron is his greatest work. It is a bugle call to more intelligent, earnest action. He urges persistence in the path of duty and truth. He pleads with mankind to stand by their honest convictions. The book is a thing of vitality; his words writhe and hiss and burn their way to the conscience of all who can interpret them. There is no hesitancy in his denunciations or appeals. He perceives the social needs and points the warning finger in the directon of menacing evils. He draws a wonderful picture of "The victory of failure," which falls upon the spirit like soft light filtering through a stained glass window. Dr. Herron says: "As the Father sent Jesus, so sends He each of us, to bear away the sins of the world, and become completest worldly failures, that the social order of His Kingdom may appear amidst the wrecks of organized selfishness."

"From Dreamland Sent," verses of the life to come, by Lilian Whiting, author of "The World Beautiful." etc. New edition, with additional verses, 16mo. cloth, extra, $1.00; white and gold, $1.25. These poems by the author of the noted "World Beautiful" books have been widely praised for their perfection of form and their purity of tone. "There is a sweetness and charm about many of them," says the *Advance*, "that will linger in the memory like strains of music." "Occasionally," says *Public Opinion*, "a spiritual chord is finely touched;" and the *Boston Transcript* writes, "She bids us look up and not down, and bears us aloft with her buoyant spiritual elation." Added to this it may be said that these poems are from and of the inner life. They breathe the spirit of immortality, the living water, the living light, the living love, and the deathless dead are strongly impressed upon the reader. Truly the writer has held communion with realities and these have left their tracings in every line of her song. Little, Brown & Co., publishers, 254 Washington St., Boston.

"El Reshid," a great book, anonymous, pp. 438, price, cloth $1.00; paper, 50 cts. This occult novel of great strength and power differs from anything yet written. It is grounded on the theories of psychological scientists of both ancient and modern times and holds the reader's closest attention to the end It cannot be classed with any of the novels of the day, but opens a new field of its own. There are no scenes, tragedies, or climaxes, its characters move from behind the curtain of the past into the present with startling reality and carry the mind ages ahead as they unite past, present and future through the revelations of the hidden hands at work pushing us about on the stage of action to-day. It is a convincing proof of spiritual evolution and will go far to disabuse the minds of aspirants for spiritual power of the idea that anything but *growth* will develop it. Recognition day by day of inherent power and its persistent application is the only doorway to the temple of knowledge which is life eternal. One must read it to understand its deep significance. Order through THE COMING LIGHT office or from the publishers, B. R. Baumgardt & Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

Helen Wilman's "Freedom," always full of bread for the hungry, is especially good of late. The issue of March 18th contains a "bracer" from Helen's own fiery pen, which does well the work her inspired brain dictates. The "bracer" referred to is a presentation of human God-power which she designates as the *Will*, the "I am" of man's individuality. The says "The intelligent will is the real self, there is no other power to speak for us. The will is one, the will of universal good running through all things from atom to man. The man who has found his own will and dares to stand by it, has found health, wealth, opulence—everything worth striving for on the present plane of life, and the key that unlocks every bar to his future progress all through the ages of eternity."

Magazines and papers fall thick and fast upon our sanctum table for recognition. We would like to make up a whole magazine of the good things in them with comments on the same. Space, however, forbids more than the mention of one or two each time.

The *Democratic Magazine*, published at 67 Clark street, Chicago, is one more 10 cent monthly which has taken up the reform work. It is edited by W. S. McComas and Thomas H. Cannon. Its table of contents, furnished by well known writers, is an inviting one. We hope it has come to stay and will do its full amount of liberalizing work.

OFFICE CHAT.

Familiar as every one is with the beautiful display windows of Bushnell, the popular artist, at 1510 Market St., few really know the facilities at hand in this fine establishment.

By courtesy of Mr. Bushnell, we spent a morning not long since in the various departments of his well appointed palace of Photographic Art. While seated in the magnificent reception room, waiting for some one to conduct us through the building we had time to study its attractions from the blending of the crushed strawberry, green and gold of the paper, and tints composing the walls and ceiling, to the harmonizing color of the richly carpeted floor. Every picture, screen, chair, table and other furnishings betrayed the true artist in their arrangement upon the walls or position in the ample room. These elegant furnishings, each of themselves a gem of art, present in the aggregate a pleasing impression upon those who can appreciate them.

We were just trying to decide where the iron gate at the head of the stairs led to, when a young lady appeared and passed us through the gate down to the basement into a commodious room decorated in olive and crimson, and lighted by electricity, which showed to best advantage the shades of dark olive in carpet and drapings. This room we are told is a display room for the convenience of the Professional Trade. Here were sample pictures of actors and actresses in every conceivable pose of artistic beauty. Especial attention is given these professionals, together with all necessary time, and absolute freedom from observation, which, of course, is much valued by this class of patronage. Immediately back of this is a large store-room and shipping department, at the left of which is the crayon room where busy workers with brush and pencil were finishing up all kinds and sizes of pictures, from the small photograph to the life size portrait in water color, India ink and crayon, under the soft light, filtering through the glass sidewalk over head, which seemed admirably adapted to the work.

The negative room joins this, and here are stored thousanps of negatives in little niches of their own, properly numbered and easily identified.

Again reaching the upper floor we were conducted into a charming Japanese dressing room for ladies, the walls of which were composed of matting arranged in panels, with dadoes of embossed paper; bead and bamboo drapes, corresponding well with the bamboo furniture and matting floor; lanterns, composed of Japanese fans, gave this room a decidedly pretty effect.

A Moorish dressing room was our next surprise; here the walls composed of panels of Bagdad tapestry, alternated with Indian red embossed paper, in which mirrors in odd designs were imbedded, set off to good advantage the gilded columns that grace the ends of the room. The frieze of Indian red and bronze green tints, also arranged in panels, is a study for the artist. The hard wood floor displays the Turkish rugs to good advantage and contrasts well with the willow furniture which completes this oriental room.

The bridal room is a dream in pink and cream and gold, from the embossed dado to the top of the arched ceiling. The Axminster carpet of delicate shades, which covers the floor and enriches the room, is in accord with the furnishings of white willow, and bird's-eye maple, of which the chairs and easel mirror are constructed.

Leaving here we reach the well lighted operating room, with its walls of green gray hue, and its variety of backgrounds, scenic and otherwise, its elegant posing chairs and sofas, photos of which hang upon the wall for the double purpose of showing how each appears and of expediting the work. Accessible to both dressing rooms and operating room is a wardrobe filled with garments for ladies and children; these are dainty of fabric and hue, and are designed for use in the ideal pictures this studio is famous for.

Connected with the operating room by folding doors is a gentleman's waiting room; a typical Japanese room with walls literally covered with fans, kokomonos, owls, Chinese dolls, metal

images, spiders, and musical instruments, and equipped with ebony furniture over a matting floor. Gentlemen may here enjoy rest.

Two other dressing rooms there are with walls of *Examiner* matrix, one finished in gold and fitted up with blue carpet and furniture of leather and bamboo, the other finished in bronze, with like furnishings; these are made very attractive with mirror effects in the walls.

The hall, leading from the reception room and from which all the dressing rooms and the operating room opens, breaks into some very effective angles, at which, as at other available places, are hangings of cord drapery. The floor of this hall is of hard wood, over which here and there bright rugs of Turkish design are laid. The walls are gray blue, and the dado a deep creamy color, which negative tints enhance the beauty of the deep toned appointments of contiguous rooms.

It was a happy morning well spent. Happy also has been the hour it has taken to write this, and if either Mr. Bushnell or our readers profit thereby, has it not been an hour well spent?

The inventive genius of our young friend, Wm. Arnold of 320 Sansome Street, has produced a flexible bracket for electric lights, which not only protects the eyes from the objectionable glare, but is so constructed that the light may be turned in any direction or at any angle desired, and this without danger of breakage, as it always retains the same degree of rigidity and flexibility no matter how frequently bent. It is made in standard lengths constructed for use as drop lights over library or parlor tables, or can be ajusted at any angle for making the toilet, shaving, etc. It also makes an ornamental lamp for a piano, desk or pulpit. These lamps are portable and may be detached and carried from one room to another at will. There is also a specially constructed bracket for dentists. By their use varying and fantastic combinations may be made in show windows, thereby producing novel and attractive exhibits. Mr. Arnold seems to have covered all avalible ground with his invention and is entitled too much credit for the discovery, which though simple is mechanically perfect. He deserves to reap a good harvest and doubtless will.

with the magazine since its birth and who has helped its every step, though unidentified as one of its editors until last October, will represent the Pacific Coast for *The Arena*, and will also maintain a Coast Department in that magazine: while your humble servant will write upon whatever subjects may present themselves from time to time. All unexpired subscriptions will be filled by *The Arena* on terms to be made known in the June number of that magazine, and we feel sure that the change will be a satisfactory one to our friends and patrons. We hope to hold our subscribers and advertisers, both of whom will be largely the gainers by the combination.

Our work for the past year and a half has been a work of pleasure. We have been inspired and sustained by the kindly words of our many friends and by the hearty and unselfish co-operation of the faithful few whose names we will ever cherish. Looking forward to the years before us we feel that the same kindly hearts and the same unselfish co-operators will continue to supply our inspiration to speak the word of truth to our larger audience.

CORA. A. MORSE.

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We print herewith a list of some of the leading publications which we can furnish in combination with THE COMING LIGHT. In every case our subscribers can save money by ordering of us. The prices do not apply to foreign subscriptions. The first column gives the combined cost at regular prices; the second column the reduced cost at club prices.

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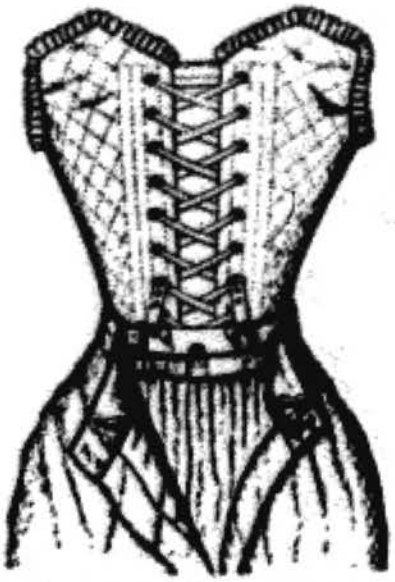

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