

Look not for the error of it; look for the truth of it.

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Saving the Children.

BY DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

FELLOW OF THE ILLUMINATI.

In the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.



LOOKING with a wide range over this dear America of ours, I think the best and the happiest life for any boy is the wide-range, open-air life of the country, where he and his father and his mother are all united in plan, and in fact, in the daily life of home. In what I might almost call this natural system — the system which the American people have worked out for themselves wherever they were not closely cemented together, four points of the first importance in education are assured. First of all the boys and girls have the advantage of a great deal of life in the open air. This is essential to all good education.

Second, boys and girls under this system have a great deal of intercourse with their fathers and mothers. This is very desirable in all education, and a failure here is a very serious failure.

Third, the children of the neighborhood are brought together in their schools and, indeed, in all their active life. This is essential also; for together is one of the central words of real life. Many a fine man or woman is lost to the world

because of shyness and other forms of inability which were really cultivated in youth. On the other hand, joy in society is natural to the human race, which for the purposes of such society has tongue and lips and ears. And, to add one more necessity in education, this system gives the great chance for health. Not to go further, where we have so little space, a large life, a life constantly enlarging, a social life and a strong and happy life are well nigh insured in such a system.

Let us compare this with what is now almost a system ; which takes possession of that sixth part of the children which have been alluded to. Suppose a little eight years old is taken into a shirt factory, where she is to spend ten hours a day, or perhaps eleven or twelve. Sunday is the only day, you might say, when she can look up at the sky or look round on God's world. It is the only day in which for any purpose worth considering she can run and play and exercise the hands and feet and arms and legs with which she was born. The chances are against her in the matter of using her tongue or her ears. The rule of the work-shop probably, forbids her talking or listening except to the instructions for the daily work.

And it is hardly an even chance whether she knows her father and mother and big brothers and sisters by sight. Anything which you and I would call home is gone.

Or take the boy of eight or ten or twelve years, who is set to work in the factory. There are a great many days in the year when he must be up and report at the mill before daylight. Suppose no law forbids child labor ; that mill may run twelve or more hours out of the twenty-four. Now look in your almanac and see how many days there are when there are not ten hours between sunrise and sunset. All those days the little fellow must go in the dark and come back in the dark to the mill. He must be in the mill as soon as the power is turned on. If he is not there he loses the day's work, and he loses the day's wages, very likely. I cannot say precisely what he will do in the mill. Perhaps his business is to "carry waste." That is, he has to sweep up the waste from the cotton which has refused to be spun, to fill great baskets on

wheels with it, and wheel those baskets from room to room till he comes to the dumping-room. There he empties the basket, and then he goes back to the place he started from. He does this for ten hours of the day, or for eleven hours or for twelve hours, as may be directed by the laws in the state in which he lives.

Now, compare this girl in the shirt-room, or the boy and girl in the factory, with your own boy and girl of any age between seven and fifteen. In the first place, neither in the shirt-room nor in the factory has any boy or girl any chance for life in the open air. If their fathers or mothers mean to have them work in the mill or in the shop, they live as near the mill or shop as they can. True, the mill is not a prison, but for the work hours it is very nearly a prison. The children cannot talk to each other, they cannot look out of the windows, they cannot stop while the machinery is working. This means that they have not the fun and joy which children ought to have in the beautiful world which the good God has made for them.

Of this imprisonment you must let me speak very seriously, for it means something which ought to come very close to the hearts of every father and mother who reads these lines. It is not true that Nabum is any nearer to God when he takes down the bars to let the cattle into the pasture, or when he puts them up again, or when he climbs a tree to see if the wild cherries are ripe, or when he throws a stone into the chestnut tree to make the burs fall. He is no nearer to God than Hosea is, who is for ten hours of that same day wheeling cotton waste in the mill.

No! But Nathum sees God a hundred times, and hears what he has to say a hundred times, while he drives the cows to pasture and takes down the bars and climbs the cherry tree or breaks open the chestnut burs, for once when for poor Micah in the midst of the clatter and dust and smell of the factory sees him or hears him.

What you and I can do about it is this: We can recollect what we were when we were eight and nine and ten and eleven

and twelve years old. We can ask ourselves whether it would have been a good thing for us to be shut up in the factory or a sewing-room three hundred and six days every year at that time of life.

Every one of us knows that it would have been a bad thing.

First—Those are the growing years of life. You and I, well, perhaps we were four inches taller every year than we were the year before. We did not earn any wages—no! But we were growing up strong and well because we could try ourselves in all sorts of life. We had good exercise. We had as much to eat of what was good for us to eat, and we were happy.

Second—We recollect again that we were a great deal with our fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters. We knew what the word home was, and that home is the dearest place in the world.

Third—We do not talk about it a great deal, for it is too sacred a thing to be lightly talked about, but some of us, perhaps all of us, found out that God is our loving father; that he is very near to us and we are very near to him. We would not lose the memories and the help of what he told us and we have told him for anything you can offer us.

Fourth—Most of us came out, when we were sixteen years old, strong and well, ready to take part with the best men and women in the world, in the very best work in the world.

I think that that would be a wise nation or a wise state which should make such laws that people shall not make money out of their children before they are sixteen years old. I think it would be a good thing to devote those sixteen years wholly to the education of the children, to making them better men and women. Let boy and girl help in the home. The more work they do there the better. But let them be the companions of fathers or mothers as much as possible until they are sixteen. But here is one of the cases where I cannot have my own way. The custom is so general which permits

fathers and mothers to "hire out" their children, as the phrase is, that you and I cannot make a law that children shall not earn wages before they are sixteen.

What can we do? We can say that they shall not be confined in factories or workshops, excepting for very limited hours, before they are fourteen. We can say, until a boy or girl is sixteen they shall have the privilege of going to school at least half the year. In some cases we can say that one set of children at work shall work in the morning and another set shall take their places in the afternoon. This is a practicable method of legislation which has not yet been applied. But the sooner it is applied the better. We can insist on a very careful and rigid inspection of factories and workshops by public officers who are not pecuniarily interested in the establishments which they examine. Such examinations should be possible at any hour of any day, and the publicity given to the results should be such as should make it certain that factory or workshop visited shall be kept neat and sweet and clean—a fit place for the best prince or princess in the land to work in.

I do not think that there is one woman out of a million women who will read about the progress of child labor reform who does not know how she can act, whether on some particular workshop in the town in which she lives, or in giving information in some club or circle to which she belongs, or in circulating through the press such information as the *Companion* with every month will give her—or by direct conversation or correspondence with some member of the legislature.

This country is governed, and ought to be governed, by public opinion. And you and I, dear reader, must do our share to keep the public opinion good and just.

My hope for the human race is bright as the morning star, for a glory is coming to man such as the most inspired tongue of prophets and of poets has never been able to describe. The

gate of human opportunity is turning on its hinges, and the light is breaking through its chink ; possibilities are opening, and human nature is pushing forward toward them.—*Emerson.*

RAYS OF LIGHT

FROM THE
ILLUMINATI.



WE are just learning. While we think we have much truth — and we have — yet when we measure what we have with what is yet attainable — when we measure our present attainment in the light of the vast fields of wisdom and knowledge of which we get an occasional glimpse, we can but feel that we “know in part.” And this should stimulate us to desires for the greater knowledge which is yet beyond us. “Veil after veil will lift, but there must be veil upon veil behind.” The field is just being entered and is practically unexplored, and the one who enters with the sincere desire for greater wisdom and knowledge, a higher attainment and development and for a freer and fuller expression of the Soul life which is within, will indeed reap a harvest of the richest fruits.—*Dr. Edward H. Cowles.*

—[Thoughts.]—

WE are in the field for the defense of the right ; but if we do not realize our expectations at all times, we should remember that the world was not evolved in a single day. Many cannot realize, as did Springer, that “Good thoughts are blessed guests, and should be heartily welcomed, well fed and much sought after. Like rose leaves, they give out a sweet smell if laid up in the jar of memory.” Apparent

failures should never discourage us. The fault is never in the principle, for this is absolutely correct. Affirm steadfastly, "I shall see what I need to see and learn what I need to know." I have profited greatly from this kind of practice, and others are doing the same. Such exercises liberate the soul from the bondage of sense in which it is too often encased: and, as mystic or psychic power is naturally inherent in all, we but liberate our latent capabilities and allow the deepest and noblest part of us to enjoy the liberty to which it is entitled.
—*Geo. C. Pitzer, M. D.*

— [Nature's Law.] —

YOU may place absolute reliance upon the laws of Nature. We never question the laws which govern the revolutions of the planets around the sun, or *any* fixed law of nature. Then why should we question the power of the laws governing our physical bodies? The same power, or laws, which brought you into being, are certainly able to sustain you and keep you in health and strength of mind and body, if you obey them. You can trust the law absolutely. All that is required is to put yourself in harmony with it. Nature's laws are beneficent. In every way she can be likened to a kindly mother, ready to assist and sustain. As soon as you make the attempt to walk, the strength comes to encourage and assist. Nature says, "*Do.*" *Do* or fulfill the law and you *have*. In the *doing* of the law strength and power come in proportion to its fulfillment.
—*F. W. Southworth, M. D.*

— [Achievement.] —

WOULD we enjoy fruition? We must not only hope, but also achieve. Would we carve anew that Mould of Life in which we dwell? Not only must we dream and image to ourselves that which we would become; we must cleave the marble with an artist's swing and force the voiceless

stone to sing our praises. Man must not only *be*; he also must *become*. Hope; dream; conceive; these are man's secret Inspirers and Guides. Work; live; achieve; these are the Powers that goad him to action; that hew the primeval forests; build cities and civilizations; weave the Thoughts of Genius in the Tapestry of Words; draw the stars to earth and steal the Secrets of their Spectra; mount the anxious winds of quest and fly to the uttermost parts of the world in search of the "holy grail" of Universal Knowledge. Climb on—higher, higher—though thy feet betimes may slip, climb to the Topmost Mast of thy surge-swept vessel and fix thine eye on Heaven's Blue. Nothing can withstand the determination to achieve.—*Rev. Henry Frank.*

—[Service.]—

WE must serve the world, not like the hand craftsman for a stipend accurately representing the work done, but as those who deal with infinite values and confer benefits as freely and nobly as does nature.—*Edward Everett Hale.*

Our Real Strength Lies in the Nerves.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

In the NEW YORK AMERICAN.



WE use electricity as familiarly as an old glove, and yet nobody knows what electricity is. In the same way we talk about physical strength, and pursue all manner of means of developing it; and yet the man has not appeared who can explain what, in reality, strength is. The Hindu Yogis are said to have discovered the secret; but they preserve concerning it their general policy of reticence. We are left to say that the muscles seem to have something to do with it,



and the nerves, perhaps, still more. But the nerves are thread-like tubes with some sort of juice in them and muscles are masses of fibre. Where and what is strength?

I have seen an invalid girl, in a fit of delirium, snap in two with her frail hands an iron bar half an inch in diameter, with hardly an apparent effort. The girl weighed about 100 pounds, being wasted by illness, and, of course, her muscular development was nil. And I have seen a man, with huge, hard, bulging muscles, who, owing to some form of nervous exhaustion, not due to exercise, was unable to lift a weight of twenty pounds. Another man, again, weighing about 150, with no noticeable muscles anywhere on his body, took a raw potato in one hand, and squeezed it til it was reduced to a mass of pulp and ran through his fingers. He seemed to do it easily; but try the feat yourself. Another, a South American, five feet three in height, slightly built, and "soft," could hold out with one arm a man weighing 180 pounds. An athlete in Wood's Gymnasium, about 1870, had by constant practice with dumbbells developed his biceps muscle til it measured nearly eighteen inches when contracted. His weight was only about 170. He "went stale," as we call it, became nearly helpless, and his muscles wasted away.

On the other hand, we have all seen, or heard of, surprising feats of strength performed by persons of very small muscular strength, under the influence of panic, or strong excitement of any kind. All such instances, pro and con, are, of course, exceptional; the man with firm and well-trained muscles, and good nervous organization, is usually a strong man at all times. But the exceptions exist, and we are unable to account for them. Even climate and temperature have an effect on strength. Let the great Hackenschmidt live for a few months in Assam, in India, where the thermometer rises to 140 degrees in the shade, and over 100 feet of rainfall in three months, with an atmosphere which is 99 per cent humid, and he would probably be unable to throw a fourth-rate wrestler.

A time may come when posterity will look back upon our methods of attaining strength as very crude and clumsy.

They will, perhaps, have found a way to develop strength through brain processes, combined with applications of the will. We already know that health depends in great measure upon the state of the mind. A man thoroughly healthy is stronger than the same man chronically dejected. And without (at present) trying to penetrate further into mysteries, it seems reasonable that we would do more wisely to pursue health as our first end in exercise, rather than muscular strength. Great muscular strength is useful once where bodily health is useful all the time. Strength, in short, should be cultivated only in so far as it makes for confirmation and promotion of health, and only incidentally with a view to performing remarkable feats.

I know how a young man desires ardently to be strong and what honest pride he feels in his prowess. But I also know how short is the term of life of muscles exceptionally powerful and massive; how they sap the vitality, make the face pale, and the step and carriage languid. The heart must support these great branches of fibre; and the blood that is sent to nourish them leaves less for the use of the internal organs. The too ambitious athlete becomes, organically, old before his time; his digestion fails, and the body does not free itself vigorously of waste matter. The great muscles sag; the drag of gravitation is prevailing over them. He no longer feels the impulse to exercise; destruction and renewal of cells become slack; and even if he has avoided stimulants, his physical decay has set in. Meanwhile, the man who sought health primarily through exercise is still fresh and young and his body firm and smooth. His organic functions are in sound order, and he is far more efficient, muscularly, than the decaying athlete. Is it not better to be fairly strong for sixty years than a giant of strength for ten?

No doubt, men of forty and fifty will read the above paragraph with more sympathy than youths of twenty. And I would not restrain the latter from finding out, for once in a way, what they can do with their muscles—from the innocent satisfaction of seeing good measurements recorded by the tape.

Only, let drink and tobacco alone, for the present, and do not strain yourself, and mortgage your future, by competing against men of better natural endowment than yours, and being strong, in the gymnasium sense, will do you more good than harm. But after you have held yourself at your top notch for five or six years, begin to let up a little ; do not much shorten your hours of exercise, but work with less intensity.


As for competitions, retire from them altogether ; you might possibly do as well after thirty days as before, but it would cost you much more to do it. Keep as much as practicable in the open air ; use plenty of water outside and in ; eat lightly of well-chosen foods : walk briskly and, especially, run at a pace of about eight or nine miles an hour, as opportunity allows. You may keep up your running with advantage to the age of three score and ten. If circumstances permit, or as often as they permit, sleep outdoors. And twice every day, if only for fifteen minutes at a time, exercise, without apparatus, every muscle in your body. In such exercises, pay particular attention to the muscles of the trunk, because these will involve the exercise of the interior organs. Bend, twist, extend the loins and abdomen in all imaginable ways. The arms and the shoulder and pectoral muscles will sufficiently take care of themselves.

As for the secret of strength, we must content ourselves with remembering that while there can be strength without muscles, there can be none without nerves ; and, therefore, we are to be more solicitous, if we are to make the choice, for the welfare of the latter than of the former. Muscles, normally developed, seem to nourish the nerves, to mitigate strain and shock to them, to moderate and sustain their explosive energy, to keep them healthy and equable. But over-development of the muscles injures the nerves, weakens them and impairs their efficiency. Large and hard muscles will still enable you, upon occasion, to perform feats of brute strength, but with constantly increasing effort, and detrimental reaction. Whereas sound nerves, with muscles in a state of normal activity, will supply you with as much strength as you are likely to need

It is universal. The need of it, as well as the charm of it, will not pass. The call is to you and to me,—the call of the time to forget for once the customs that constrain us, to bare our arms to the wind and sun once more, to feel the renewal of a personal contact with objects and conditions that are beyond dispute. Always when complications perplex me, I like to start for the soil and the fields, where, in the bigness and the strength of the sky and the ground, relationships readjust themselves.

The real satisfaction of digging in the soil is marvelously increased if one knows something of the modern fact and theory respecting the soil itself. From the first, the race has tended the soil,—in earliest times in some rude and unknowing way, in the present time with great perfection of method by means of almost endless tools of ingenious device. Yet, after all this experience, we really do not know just why and how the soil continues to produce crops year after year. For fifty years or more we have been taught the addition-and-subtraction theory,—that the plant takes from the soil certain substances, and that these materials or their equivalents must be put back. Therefore, we speak of the exhaustion of soils.

We now know, however, that the physical condition may be quite as important as the chemical content, and also that fertility is conditioned on the germ-life in the soil. Just now there is a revival of an old idea that plants in their growth excrete certain materials that are harmful to themselves, and there is a hint of some undiscovered relationship between plants, whereby some kinds will thrive together and other kinds will not. These ideas have been put into the phrase of the day, and we are now talking about sanitary and unsanitary soils and the cleansing of soils of their toxins; and it is even suggested that one great effect of fertilizers—and possibly even the chief effect—is to improve the sanitary conditions in the soils. Every furrow of the plow and every scratch of a hoe influences the relation of the soil to heat and moisture and aeration; it provides a pasturage for roots; it puts chemical forces in motion; it sets up new activities in the complex



germ-life ; and it may do much else that is not now dreamed of in our philosophy.

There is, therefore, the mental quest in the touch of the soil that stimulates one because it challenges and baffles him. Add to all this the mere physical relief of a plunge in the earth, leaving behind us the encumbrances, and we find ourselves in the midst of realities when we make our garden or plow a field.

And above and beyond all this, I thine, is the satisfaction of expressing the power that we possess of causing things to grow out of the ground.

Heroism in Common Life.

BY REV. C. H. ROGERS,

FELLOW OF THE ILLUMINATI.



WE have read of the age of heroes as though they were in some way not a part of our common humanity—that they were a kind of demigod separated from the rest of mankind—a kind of mystery seeming to hang over the cloudland of human existence. There is such a mystery about it that the story seems unreal.

It is very seldom that we think of our neighbor as a hero, or the members of our own families. Did you ever stop to think of the fact that none of the books of to-day are sacred? The sacred books are all of the remote past.

So we associate heroism with something old or mysterious ; with something that occurred years ago. The heroic ages are those which lived only in the story of some far away time among the ancient records. But it is well to recall the noble deeds of those who live in story and compare them with the possibilities of the day in which we live.


We love to think and read of Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, but in reality they were not the only important persons of that

time of war and suffering. True they were known and their acts are household words. But there are nameless graves which hold just as noble characters as those of Grant and Sherman. What could these great leaders have done without the brave men who followed wherever they led? What could these brave men have done without the thousands of fathers, mothers, wives and sisters at home?

The great commander inspires us because of his dauntless leadership. But think of the unselfish patriotism which was displayed in the thousands of humble homes where fathers and mothers have, with bleeding hearts, given the dearest treasures of their lives to their country. See the mother as she holds her bursting heart and bids her only son go forth to the call of duty! The father forces a smile upon his lips, plodding along patiently alone, doing the work out of which the supplies for the army must come.

If you are looking for heroes, you will find them in just such walks of life, just as brave and noble as those who faced the bayonet. Think of the father, mother, sisters, watching the return of every battle with trembling hearts and eyes running down with tears. What do you call this if not heroism? What do you call these if not heroes? How many a girl has taken the best thing out of her life and put the musket into the hands of her lover when her heart grew sick and faint at what might possibly await her as the result. Surrendering wifehood, home and future joy. Is there not heroism in these cases which daily come under your observation? Yes, here we find just as true heroism as any shown by the Rough Riders, or any of the brave men who fell before Santiago. While the thousands of the brave and true sleep, some in unknown graves, these living heroes impress me. We decorate the graves of the dead heroes with scarcely a thought of the living heroes who are silently bearing their grief and tears. "Distance lends enchantment to the view;" but the true hero is here with us to-day just as much as those who died for their country.

It is of the common-place I would speak. But it is out of



the common-place that the stuff is found for true heroism. It is not in time of war that this element is found alone, but often in the sunny bowers of peace it shines with purest lustre. You will find that these threads of gold run through all the warp and woof of life. Now and then occurs some tragedy in our every day life which brings out the noble and godlike in humanity. These exhibitions are not the revelations of some prince who has walked *incog.* among us, but of some common man who has been known to us for years. Some common person you pass every day, some man grimy with toil on engine, dock or shore. Suddenly we discover that they are angels in disguise. They only needed the occasion to show their true metal.

Do you remember, about nine years ago, during one of the awful fires of northern Michigan, a train of cars came to one of these belts of flame whose fiery wall was thrown across the track. The engineer slowed up before its threatening heat; but peering through the glare of flame and wall of blinding smoke, he saw the people gathered at the station surrounded by the fire, the depot already in flames. He threw the throttle wide open and dashed through, his own body scorched and burning, took the people aboard, plunged through the increasing tempest of destruction and saved them. What will you call such action as this, done in such an hour, under such an impulse? What this man did, thousands of other men would have done, but the opportunity calling out the heroism came to this man, and like thousands, he was prepared for the occasion, and thus crowned himself with heroism.

It is the proper thing to study the conditions which go to make the person. To be a hero there must be material of heroism in the constitution of the individual. And even with this material there must come the opportunity in which the material can be used. Then there are thousands of heroes who have been born and passed from the stage of action unknown, just from the lack of opportunity.

“Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

Even with the material and opportunity there must also be acknowledged acceptance of them both.

Yet, after all, this is the superficial view. After all such recognition and opportunity, the highest heroism is not revealed. The true hero is he or she who possesses the stuff, and in quiet and unnoticed nobility faces the every-day opportunities of life.

So it is these unnoticed and unrecognized lives which really are the truest heroes. Take a common man who walks among us comparatively unnoticed, who goes to his daily toil with a fond purpose consecrated to the good of others. This man toils early and late. He teaches his boys to develop the manly qualities which they inherit. He makes home happy, and without complaint takes up his daily burden, and strives to make the world better. He lives a common man among the people. No poet with sounding verse sings his glory. No painter places him upon canvas for the gaze of men. But no lauded hero of tent or field is grander than he. This is not an isolated case, or a sketch from fancy drawn, for our land is full of the unknown, unsung heroes.

Here is another illustration of what I desire to present. A woman sweet and tender, the mother of children, dependent upon the strength and resources of a loving husband whose strong hands and willing heart bore all her burdens. She knew nothing of responsibility and care, she only lived in the life of her husband and children. But suddenly that strong hand was paralyzed, the willing and loving heart ceased to beat, and she found herself stranded upon life's barren waste without means and without support. Hope and faith and trust died with the husband she idolized, and life became most wretched and bitter. Hopeless tears and vain longings consumed her waking hours, and the desire of life faded and almost vanished. Suddenly the thought of her children so sorely bereft, and a sense of what she owed them, nerved her to rise from her lethargy of despair. As she looked upon their sweet faces she realized that now she must fill the place of both father and mother to these little ones. The thought

of how much depended upon her nerved her to renewed life and energy. She turned her face toward the new responsibility, and with a fixed and settled energy she gathered her physical and mental forces about her, and single handed grappled with the rough oppositions of the world. She turned from the grave of her buried hopes to the resurrection of a new born impulse, and became transformed — transfigured. The delicately nurtured woman who never learned care and responsibility, upon whose brow the chilling winds of autumn had not been permitted to fall, now resolutely faced every difficulty — winter's snow and summer's heat. She made the sorrows and fears of others her thought and study: and from a helpless creature she became the solace and comfort of hundreds. She brought up her children an honor to herself and the beloved husband whose name she bore. She became a ministering angel to the community, strong, energetic and reliable.

This is a heroism so strong and beautiful that the siege and battle field sink into utter insignificance before it.

The name of Charles Lamb has become the household word in thousands of homes, but, perhaps, it is not known by all who love his literary gems, the crucifixion which he uncomplainingly bore all his life. Those who have read his will remember how he gave up love and companionship for himself, and gave his time and energy in long years of devotion to an insane sister and a feeble and garrulous father.

O, I tell you, the other kind of heroism sinks and fades away in the glory and splendor of this!

I have sometimes wondered why this kind of heroism is so little emphasized, and the other kind so greatly lauded, so conspicuously presented. One answer is because the other kind is so far away from us, and "distance lends enchantment to the view." So these common-places in life lose their beauty and magnificence because they seem to be, some how, a part of us and are so near. So we idealize and fill with wonder the distant men and distant ideas of the far away past. So grand does this distant view seem that we have deified and worshiped that which has been so lifted up by the distant vision.

Bruno, the fearless apostle of scientific light and liberty was scoffed and burned ; but to-day we erect a monument to commemorate his virtues. Shakspeare was a common player in his own day ; but to-day he is recognized as the mighty seer of English literature. We are so used to thinking that "no good thing can come out of Nazareth," that we let the Christs of beauty and strength pass by and die in the street.

Is it not time that we schooled ourselves to recognize these saviors as they go in and out among us ? When we shall fix in our convictions that in the midst of chicanery and deceit our shoemaker ever uses good leather, and does honest work ; that in the midst of fraud and double dealing our neighbor is true and honest ; let us give them the meed of praise and commendation when we remember that they fight and conquer the lust which is devouring so many.

Let us understand that these high ideals are possible to us. It is required of you and me that we be faithful to the instincts and powers which are ours. Opportunities will throng around you—opportunities to be manly, womanly. Let us also remember that no good thought, no good work is ever lost, no matter what the seeming may be. Let us be faithful, never doubting.

What Beauty Means.

Studies of the Glories of Ancient Civilizations in Their Bearing on America's Interest in Beautiful Homes. From the Atlanta News.



NE woman who has traveled a great deal says that people in England care much more for the appearance of their lawns and their summer houses than Americans do, and life is made more beautiful by the outdoor spirit, serving tea on the lawn, instead of in the house. The custom is one that eminently appeals to the mind of the southerner—a large green lawn, with the sweet breath from the shrubbery, the dainty odor of

the carnation, the wild flowers, and women in thin summer dresses, with roses in their dark hair.

Whenever the homes of a people have come to mean more to them than mere lodgments from cold or rain, wind or sun, there has sprung up, very gradually perhaps, but none the less surely, a desire to improve them.

These first developments were less a search after beauty than comfort; and it was not until a certain prosperity had been established and a belief in the strength of the community to withstand devastating attacks from enemies assured, that a love for decoration became apparent. As in all the arts, different ideals are often the result of environment and climatic influence, so in the development of the home these artistic desires took many forms. So many forms, indeed, that it is only at a distance of all these centuries one is able to see that the same influence was at work—the desire to make the home more in harmony with the generous colors of nature.

Mistress of all the arts, Greece was culminating the point of artistic perfection in these matters, and in the days of her glory made her palaces and temples incomparably beautiful with all that was purest of æsthetic loveliness. A Greek dwelling must indeed have presented a spectacle which could not have failed to charm. The courtyards bright with Phrygian Onyxites, the tall Ionic columns of Parian marble near which reclined clad in the graceful robes of that land of beauty, young and beautiful girls, flower crowned and singing to the music of Apollo's cithara. And all that these Greeks looked upon or touched was beautiful, for the manual arts were esteemed worthy, and it was an artist who was the potter.

Ruskin says somewhere that "a room without pictures is like a house without flowers and ferns." The old idea that the presence of flowers in a sleeping chamber was dangerous has been dispelled and they have in place been found beneficial. There is no possible excuse for houses being starved of floral decorations, and the window boxes should be seen at every casement as is general in the West End of London and

other continental cities. Later, when her treasures were gone and Greece had become only a Roman province, she brought her conquerors under the spell of this culture, and although Roman art could never compare with that of Greece, the influence was disseminated wherever the wide-ranging Roman legionaries went. From the ancient town of Silchester in England, have been dug up numerous vases and urns which prove that even in so distant a colony the Greek influence was at work.

It is a far cry down the ages to our time ; and from the general lack of intelligent interest taken in the decoration of modern homes, one is led to think that the old ideals are dead and the Hellenic beauty should have been relegated with the gods of the Heroic Age to the land of forgetfulness.

Only recently in this country have the artistic surroundings of the home been the subject of much thought but it would seem that there is a movement fostered carefully by some magazines, which aims at teaching men and women that to have beautiful things about them is no more expensive than to have artistically bad things.

Faith Will Move Mountains.

BY WALTER DEVOE.

FELLOW OF THE ILLUMINATI.



A great wave of quickening has come upon the race. It is spreading all over the land and awakening a new manhood and womanhood in young and old. Life is giving birth to a new force and faith in human minds. What seemed beyond the wildest dreams of achievement a few years ago is now considered attainable. "I can and I will," is the new voice that is heard in the land. By faith all things are possible. That old truth is gaining new power. See what marvellous inventions are being wrought out of the faith of human minds.

See what faith in electricity is demonstrating. But grandest of all, see what heights of achievement young men and young women are attaining by faith in self. We are beginning to see that the human mind is capable of unlimited development. Divine potentialities are stored in the organism of man, awaiting his recognition and expression. There slumbers within each one of you the fire and force of a wonderful character, as the giant oak slumbers within the acorn, and by faith in yourself the wonderful powers and possibilities within your character will begin to manifest and grow stronger day by day,

The new century begins an era of new faith—faith in the inexhaustible powers slumbering in selfhood. The new age calls every mind to awaken its slumbering will and faith and go forth to victory. Self-faith and will can be cultivated by exercise, as one would cultivate a muscle by exercise. "Nerve us with incessant affirmatives," said Emerson. We can nerve ourselves for any task; we can build up brain cells full of faith and will force equal to any demand, by taking a positive, affirmative mental attitude.

Young man, you have the desire to reach a high position in life; you hope for that which seems beyond your reach. You want to go to college or you desire a technical training to fit yourself for a position requiring knowledge and skill. I have seen young men overcome what looked like insurmountable obstacles and win success. Undaunted faith and persistent willfulness were the mental forces that led them on and gave them them the joy of realization.

Have faith in yourself. Have faith in the faculties and forces of your own nature. No one can limit you but yourself. Let this be the song of your heart daily: "I can and I will. I will melt down opposition by my fervor. I will convert others by my faith. I will infuse others with my living enthusiasm. Even though everything seems against me, yet will I unceasingly generate new faith, and create day by day the destiny I will to be mine."

Young woman, have faith in your ideals. Have faith in

the possibility of making them real. Jean Cowgill, a well-known newspaper woman, told me that her desire to become a writer grew so strong that it walked her away from a good position on the stage into the office of Harper's Weekly, where she was set to work immediately, and that without experience as a writer. It seems almost impossible that it should be so, that an inexperienced person should walk into a position so easily, but the men and women of faith often do seemingly impossible things. The world is impressionable; it is sensitive to positive minds. All the affairs of the world are mental affairs—minds run them—and minds can be influenced by a mind of faith and conviction. So let your desires and your hopes grow strong.

Build your ideals and aspirations on a strong foundation of faith. Let nothing daunt you. Do not let your nervous dread of what people will think paralyze your efforts. Convince yourself first and you will be surprised at the ease with which others respond to your positive thoughts and feelings. By the continual affirmation of your own will your whole mind will become positive and resistant. You will overcome negative mental traits. Your nervousness will be outgrown. You will become fearless. You will become happy in working out your ideals. Your friends will look in your face and behold a joyous, fearless creature, self-generated from the exercise of a sublime faith and an undauntable will.

Like the horseshoe magnet with its sphere of magnetic influence, man carries about with him a sphere of mental influence. If he is negative, his sphere of influence will be small and weak. If he is positive, that is, if his mind teems with thoughts and feelings like faith, courage, confidence, and other bright mental forces, his sphere of influence will be attractive and extensive. Man is an individualized center of intelligence in the vast ocean of mental energy, an individualization of the infinite Mind, gradually learning from experience how to individualize more and more of intelligence from the universal source, until he feels within himself the thrill of the omnipotent Spirit and knows that he is a co-worker with God.

CURRENT COMMENT

NEW BOOKS, PERIODICALS, NOTES OF INTEREST.

A LARGE PART of the troubles of life are unnecessary; they are created by ourselves, or donated to us by others. If we are making our own sorrows, let us shut down the factory; if others are making them for us, let us reduce the friction of pain to a minimum. If others are cruel, inconsiderate or unjust to us, let us, so far as possible, accept it all for what it is worth, and feel that no one can really hurt us except ourselves; but let us ever be made keen by this lesson, that we never make others suffer in the way in which we have been given pain. There are times when the hope that was dearest to us turns to ashes as our outstretched hand almost touches it, when the labor of years is swept away in a moment; when the friend upon whom we would have counted as on our own right arm, proves disloyal; when our most honest efforts, our supreme struggles, meet defeat and, buffeted and worn by the waves of failure, we are ready to give up in despair. Here is our opportunity for coolness, courage, calmness.

We can then rise in the dignity of our self-poise and the fulness of our strength and meet it all bravely. One sunset does not make life, every sunset means a new sunrise; let the sunset of failure be to us but the dawn of new purposes. Feel that there is a divine spirit within you that trial and failure can never reach, can never subdue. Treat them as if they were mere mosquitoes of fate, vainly trying to bite the Sphinx. Learn to look these troubles squarely in the eye, smile bravely, be calm,

and say to them, "You never touched me." When trial, failure, and disappointment come, get what salvage you can from the wreck and begin again. If it has not been your fault, fight harder next time; if it has been your fault charge it to experience, and begin again. In every failure is wrapped up the secret of a possible success.—*William George Jordan*, in the *Delineator*.

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AS TIME goes on in its endless course, environment will crystallize the American nation. Its varying elements will become unified and the weeding out process will probably leave the finest human product ever known. The color, the perfume, the size and form that are placed in the plants will have their analogies in the composite, the American of the future. And now what will hasten the development most of all? The proper rearing of children. Don't feed children on maudlin sentimentalism or dogmatic religion; give them nature. Let their souls drink in all that is pure and sweet. Rear them, if possible, amid pleasant surroundings. If they come into the world with souls groping in darkness, let them see and feel the light. Don't

terrify them in early life with the fear of an after world. There never was a child that was made more noble and good by the fear of a hell. Let nature teach them the lessons of good and proper living. Those children will grow to be the best of men and women. Put the best in them in contact with the best outside. They will absorb it as a plant does the sunshine and the dew.—*Luther Burbank.*

AN interesting feature of the April number of *SUBURBAN LIFE* is an article by Dr. George L. Meylan, Physical Director of Columbia University, on "A Revival of the Forgotten Art of Walking." Dr. Meylan deplores the rush of modern city life which has deprived the city-dweller of one of the best forms of exercise, but he prophesies that a revival is sure to come. Several interesting anecdotes tell what walking has done for several men who had almost forgotten what it meant.

IMAGINATION plays an important part in the coloring of a life. 'Don't let your imagination run away with you,' is a sentence that has chilled, if not checked, most of us. But imagination is really the master-builder of one's most satisfactory life-structures, and when it 'runs away' with one, becomes a dynamo that moves seemingly immovable things. What does imagination mean? Imaging: building a thought-pattern, a mental model, an ideal. 'Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm,' declares Emerson. Imagination is enthusiasm's vital principle, its inward life, its vitalizing fire. Millions of careers have proved the truth that it is the poised, the patterned, the always aspiring life, the life of

the home, the manufactory, the store, the school, the studio, all places where the demands for food, raiment, spiritual sustenance and nourishment for the finer senses are met, that it most thoroughly and adequately colored. All color is caused by vibration. The higher and stronger the vibration the deeper and more beautiful the color. When heart and brain and body all vibrate with high resolves and constant upward reach and endeavor, the life will glow and shine and attract to itself all that makes for health, happiness and holiness — *Lida A. Churchill* in the *Delineator*.

POLITICAL, social and economic problems occupy much space in the April "Arena." The Hon. Edward Treager, Secretary for Labor for New Zealand, contributes a deeply interesting paper on "Recent Humanistic Legislation in New Zealand." This article is illustrated by four full-page reproductions of architects' plans for the government homes which New Zealand is building for workingmen. The legislation providing for the erection of these homes was the result of the government's determination to reduce the exorbitant rents which house owners were charging the workingmen and also to place homes within the reach of the laborers, as they will be able, by paying on the installment plan, in time to secure a free title to the homes. It has been the settled policy of the Liberal government of New Zealand to help industrious citizens to become independent home owners. Mr. Treager has long been a leading statesman in the Liberal government of New Zealand, and the paper in "The Arena" will be read with deep interest by all students of progressive

democratic government. Another discussion of special interest in this issue deals with municipal-ownership in Great Britain. The opening argument is an attack on popular ownership and is entitled, "Some Results in Municipal-Ownership in Great Britain." It has been prepared by H. Gardner McKerrow and is a powerful contribution written by a thinker who has evidently taken much time for the preparation of his argument. The paper is ably answered by Professor Frank Parsons, Ph.D., who, owing to his two personal trips over Great Britain for the special purpose of finding out the facts for and against public-ownership, is probably the best equipped authority in the United States on the subject. The Editor of "The Arena" supplements Professor Parsons' reply by an extended editorial, Mr. Flower devoting his space to the points not touched upon by Professor Parsons. Altogether the papers, which divide the space equally between the arguments for and against public-ownership, constitute one of the most valuable contributions to the subject that has appeared.

THE Thirty-First Annual Session of the Onset Bay Grove Association will take place July 21 to August 25. Onset is one of the most beautiful sea-shore resorts in the world, and is in close proximity to other noted summer resorts. It is connected by a bridge with Point Independence, and close at hand lies Monument Beach, and beyond Gray Gables, formerly the summer home of ex-President Cleveland, and at the head of the bay is located "Crow's Nest," the summer home for many years of the late lamented Joseph Jefferson. The supply, introduced by the

Onset Water Company from Sandy Lake, could not be purer or better. No summer resort is better supplied with well-regulated hotels, with rooms and board at reasonable rates. Also excellent rooms can be obtained at cottages, and meals at either hotels or restaurants in close proximity. Onset is located fifty miles from Boston on the Cape Cod Division of the N.Y., N.H. & H. R.R., over which express trains are run daily to this resort. It is also expected that excursions will be run by the large steamboats as in former years to Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket and other points of interest. The Onset School of Philosophy was inaugurated for the purposes of closer study and investigation into the Occult, Metaphysical and Psychical Sciences. The School of Metaphysics seeks the principles of mediumship, telepathy, inspiration, communion with the finite and infinite, and all other psychic functions, and sets forth the laws of their development and use. Science, which has broken the idols of superstition, now clearly shows the so-called miracles to be the operations of the course of nature. Under this head will be given a series of lectures, from August 5 to 10, by Rev. Wilson Fritch, Ph.D., of Pueblo, Colorado. For copies of the complete program address Geo. A. Fuller, M. D., Chairman, Onset, Mass.

SOME people will tell you that it is not practical to care for beautiful things, but it really is practical, because it helps to make life sweeter and better. You will find it well worth cultivating, this love for the beautiful, and when you once have it in your hearts, you will never be willing to part with it.—*Floral Life*.

NEW BOOKS RECENTLY ADDED TO THE HOME STUDY LIBRARY.

The description is followed in each case by the name of member who presented book to library.

The Simple Life. By Charles Wagner. The author states very clearly how moderation and temperance in all things lead to the greatest happiness.

Ella H. Powell.

The Heart of the New Thought. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The author has taken the vague and the mystic and made it a living reality. She has the voice of the people; is practical, logical, and very sympathetic. Her book is noteworthy as an interpretation of the popular "New Thought."

Henrietta Staples.

The Law of New Thought. By William Walker Atkinson.

Henrietta Staples.

A Short History of Art. By De Forest. And The Word of God Opened. By Rev. Bradford Pierce.

E. E. Gilbert.

Easy Lessons in Psychometry Clairvoyance and Inspiration. By J. C. F. Grumbine. And The Constitution of Man. By Elizabeth Towne.

Joseph Giancola.

Gelta. By Nadage Doree.

Samuel S. Grange.

The True Science of Living. By Edward Hooker Dewey, M. D.

Rebecca H Bourne.

Divine Health. By Francis Truth.

Mary E. France.

Perfect Health. By Charles Courtney.

Kate E. Dunlap.

Ideal Suggestion Through Mental Photography. By Henry Wood.

Mrs. Martha L. Bowers.

Thought Forces. By Walter De Voe.

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Respectability. By Fra Elbertus. And A Dog of Flanders. By Ouida. (The Roycroft editions.)

Kenneth Irwin.

Echoes from the Spirit World. By Alice L. Kane.

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The Sabbath Era. By J. Neubauer.

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Hindo Yogi Science of Breath. By Yogi Ramacharaka. And Divine Healing of Soul and Body. By E. E. Byrum. And The Strike of a Sex. By George M. Miller.

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Les Aventures de Telemaque. By Fenelon. And Philosophie Sous Les Toitsby. By Emile Souvestre.

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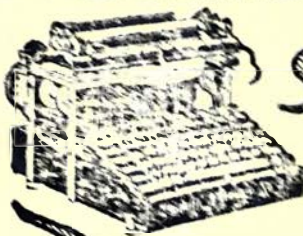
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