

# THE LITTLE BROWN BOOK

A JOURNAL OF LIFE  
AND LIVING ISSUES

May 1913

"We stand at Armageddon,  
And we fight the battle of the Lord"



EDITED BY  
DELMAR DEFOREST BRYANT

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# The Little Brown Book

A JOURNAL OF LIFE AND LIVING ISSUES

VOLUME I

MAY, 1913

NUMBER 1

DELMAR DEFOREST BRYANT, EDITOR

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## The Messenger

I am the Apostle of Progress,  
I come with a message of might;  
I bear the ark of achievement,  
I am the lighter of light,  
A revealer of wondrous things.

I kindle hopes higher than heaven,  
I proclaim a purpose potential;  
I declare the wonders of will,  
I lead to the gateway that guards  
The treasure and glory of kings.

I visioned the viewless unseen,  
I beheld what no seer ever saw;  
I limned the long landscape of life,  
I mirrored the mystery of man—  
The picture to you I bring.

I bowed low the ear to listen,  
I caught up the song of the spheres;  
I hearkened for harmonies human,  
I heard but the melody of man,  
And this is the song I sing.

I mastered the secret of success,  
I found the fulfillment of joy;  
I walked in the ways of wisdom,  
I gathered with gods to enjoy,  
And touched the innermost springs.

## Studies in Life--Lesson I



THE central thought and idea of the present Journal was conceived over two years ago, and last year about this time we sent out a prospectus regarding it, receiving considerable encouragement in the way of pledges for subscription and commendatory letters. However, something has interfered to delay the actual publication of the Journal up to the present time, which appears, from a careful consultation of all signs and oracles, to be propitious for launching the enterprise.

Since we fired the opening gun in this campaign some twelve years ago, at which time the few small shot from our tiny cannon rattled harmlessly against the mud-works of society's fortifications without apparently attracting much attention, a silent work of evolution and revolution has been going on within our immediate sphere, and our experiences have been such as to embolden us to return again to our native ranks and renew the engagement, conscious as we are of a better armament and of better disciplined forces. And what is our surprise and pleasure to find that our early bird-shot, like the dragon's teeth sown by Cadmus, have been springing up in unthought of places, bearing warriors for defense, until there seems to be, judging from the response to our call, a goodly standing

army all ready for enlistment, of those who believe in the cause and ardently desire its promotion.

Dropping the sanguinary metaphor which might lead us too far afield, we beg to respectfully announce that we are here again, unfolding the banner of Life and Living Issues, calling for volunteers. Ten years ago, some people used to write us to discontinue the paper as they did not believe in the "nonsense of physical immortality," alleging as proof of their position that everyone who ever lived had died, and consequently that they always would die. Today there are thousands of people throughout the world who not only believe in physical immortality, but who are earnestly seeking further light on the subject.

The sentiment in relation to this subject has grown most amazingly during the last decade, and we feel that the time is ripe to reopen the subject in a public print. Aside from the satisfaction that we shall gain in expression, we feel that we may also be doing humanity some useful service, thus becoming a factor in the advancement of the true life-science. We shall make it our study to collate the most advanced scientific researches throwing light on this subject, at the same time adding our own ideas from time to time, placing the whole in concrete form where they will be available to the reader.

The belief in the Immortal Principle is innate, and is perhaps the strongest belief in the mind of man. Being as old as the race, it forms the basis of all religion and most philosophy. The hope of Immortality, even that postulated beyond the grave, has served to mitigate the horror of annihilation, and sustained the world up to the present time. We live in an age peculiarly distinguished for its mastery of mind over matter. Man has ceased willingly to succumb to natural conditions, or to the so-called "decrees of Providence." He has learned that conditions as they first appear to the natural, untrained senses, are by no means fixed and inexorable, but rather that they are transformable, subject to his will. Science has demonstrated this in a thousand ways already. What has been done by science is nothing to what will be accomplished. We are simply at the border-land of marvelous, undiscovered realms to be laid open in due time through the daring investigations of those who believe in the illimitability of life and its forces, in LIFE and LIVING ISSUES.

Scientists are earnestly searching for this one great thing—The Secret of Physical Renewal—to know which means the Conquest of Death, the Mastery of Life Eternal. Johannes Mueller, the great physiologist, shows that in organic substance there exists no scientific reason for dying. Edison in a recent private communication said: "There is ab-

solutely no reason why a man should ever die. Could the arteries be kept free of scale, and our bacterial environment fought, and proper fuel taken in, life should go on for centuries, and all this will come in time and through science."

Geddes, the distinguished English scientist, says this: "The chain of life is in a real sense continuous, and the 'bodies' which die are deciduous growths, arising around the real limbs. The bodies are but the torches which burn out, while the living flame has passed throughout the organic series unextinguished. The bodies are the leaves which fall in dying from the continuously growing branch. Thus, although death takes an inexorable grasp of the individual, the continuance of life is still in a deep sense unaffected, the reproductive elements have already claimed their protozöon immortality, are already re-creating a new body; so, in the simplest physical, as in the highest psychic life, we may see that love is stronger than death."

This argument is both logical and irrefutable, as showing the undoubted continuity of racial life, but this does not by any means satisfy the individual, who is not content to be merely a "leaf upon the tree." There is that fixed and unquenchable desire rooted in the mind of every person to BE and to PERSIST IN BEING—to maintain the same individuality, the same consciousness. This inborn desire within the heart of humanity has expressed

itself in many metaphysical notions relating to future states of existence. And still the great problem of continued existence remains intellectually unsolved, as much so as in the days of Job, who exclaimed, half despairingly and half in hope, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

Can this problem ever be solved? We believe it can and that it will be in the near future—that it is even now in process of solution. We have ourselves received some very important revelations, or inspirations, concerning it, some of which when known may aid in the ultimate solution. Since the subject has impinged itself upon the terrestrial ether, there has been a lot of apparently irrelevant discussion concerning it, and the subject itself has been so seriously befogged by mysticism and metaphysics that it is little wonder scientists have come to regard it mostly as a vagary of the disordered imagination. Still, the belief in the possibility of physical immortality takes deeper and deeper root in the consciousness of the race, and the "Immortal Cult" grows apace. It is exactly as if some great Spiritual Intelligence that knows and understands the law were breathing out the idea, which is translated by the human mind, acquiring human significance as fast as minds are raised up to apprehend the mighty truth.

It is impossible to consider man in his relation



to life as an isolated unit, or yet as a distinct entity. He is bound physically and mentally—as on the expressional plane socially and sexually—to the general life, and his habits and characteristics are determined altogether as much by his associations and environment as by his individual thought and purpose; in fact, the latter are the outbirth of the former. The ideal state of physical and mental repose which means health is impossible of attainment in conditions of environmental chaos and unpeace. No one would presume to say that a man could long have healthy lungs who lived day after day in a room filled with dust or noxious gas. No one would say that he could possibly maintain perfect and unimpaired eyesight working constantly in a dark or dimly lighted room.

But, while it is true that man certainly does ignore his physical surroundings to a great extent, subjecting himself constantly and without much thought to the most deadly conditions—those which insidiously work his physical ruin—yet he ignores still more the extremely inimical mental conditions by which he is surrounded, and by whose suggestive influence his whole life may be and is frequently warped and distorted. It is an ancient string to harp on, but it seems necessary to keep on thrumming it—to not only sound the warning and wake the sleepers, but to ding-dong the thought eternally into slumbrous ears that CHARACTER IS

DESTINY, that THOUGHT MAKES CHARACTER, that MAN IS MASTER OF HIMSELF AND OF HIS DESTINY when once he wakes up to use his own powers. But before he can hope for great achievement along this line, he must grasp the truth and significance of the ancient maxim: "AS A MAN SOWETH, SO SHALL HE REAP," and learn that there is no expiation for error or transgression save by personal work and effort to undo the wrong.

You have been told that there is no evil. We say unto you that there is nothing consciously actual save evil. Evil is the experienced, progressive realization of the good. You have heard that the greatest good springs from evil. Certainly, how else could it spring? You have heard, too, that Christ did not recognize evil in that he forgave it on the spot, and blotted it out utterly by declaration and the symbol of his blood. How can a thing that actually exists be destroyed? It can not be. It simply never existed, or rather, something was transformed, from a low to a higher state of consciousness. With this understanding, what time have the Children of Light for judgments and all that death-dealing, soul-crushing warfare of mentality—all illusion—all unreal—all to be forgiven, forgotten, wiped away forever by the lethal waters of love, which sweep the current of the consciousness along to a contemplation of Life and Living Issues.

There is indeed nothing truer than the ancient saying: "As a man thinketh *in his heart* so is he." But to "think in the heart" is a secret which hardly one in ten thousand has begun to master. All are satisfied to "think in the mind"—to deify mind—to make it "supreme over matter"—and all such nonsense, little thinking, though they ought to see and realize it by their failures, that mind is the devil which leads them to perdition. But more of this as we proceed.

We intend giving in this course of lessons some practical ideas, some of which are original, and many of which are collated from various sources—the best ideas obtainable on the subject, we believe, relative to the establishment of conditions favorable to the attainment of an ideal longevity. These ideas, or principles, are such as can be carried out by almost any one of ordinary intelligence who will. The great trouble has been, and doubtless will continue to be, that the subject of long life is one which rarely appeals to the young and vigorous, but mainly to those advanced in age, oftentimes with one foot in the grave, the restoration of whom to health and vigor would surely be nothing short of a miracle. The skeptical opposition will always demand the extreme, and manifestly impossible, demonstration of any proposed reformatory measure.

To demonstrate the possibilities of regenera-

tion, we need all the aid which nature can afford us. We should have normally vigorous bodies and virile mentalities on which to work. Then we would not need to spend so much time and effort in undoing, or trying to undo, the vast results of long continued erroneous living. A wound is inflicted on tender flesh in an instant of time, but the scar is borne until death.

However, there is no better time to begin than the present. We must start somewhere and sometime, and THIS is the very time and place. We lay a foundation whereon each may build indefinitely according to his individual capacity. We can do no more. We have no doubt whatever that some will be found of sufficient purpose, and of the unique physical fibre, to enable them to build that more stately mansion of the soul of which the poet sings—one built like King Solomon's Temple by cunning workmen, "without the sound of hammer or any tool of iron."

This great allegory of Solomon's Temple, which forms the foundation and corner-stone of one of the grandest and noblest of human societies, is really a drama illustrative of human life, conceived, no doubt, in the mind of some oriental philosopher. *The temple is the body of man.* It will be remembered that in the legend, Hiram, the master workman, was slain, and by his death the Word was lost. The workmen were by this tragedy thrown

into confusion and chaos. There were no designs upon the trestle-board—no definite plans by which they could proceed. In memory of the deceased Grand Master a column was erected, near which stood the figure of a maiden weeping—typifying the unfinished temple.

Alas! the maiden weeps unto this day, and her tears are poured out for the death of nations—for the death of every man, who incipiently and inherently is a master, but who, without the word, or any designs upon the trestle-board, is unable to grapple with the problem of life—the building of his own temple, the body, and in the end is slain by inimical forces over which he might triumph with proper light and understanding.

It will be our task to show how the foundations of the temple are laid, how the work proceeds in an orderly manner, how the Master Principle may be guarded and shielded from attack so that the work of the temple may go forward to completion. The word which was lost, "IMMORTALITY IN THE TEMPLE," for which through the dark ages was substituted the word, "Immortality in the sky," shall be restored, for it has been found amid the ruins of the temple, overlooked by the several fellow-crafts who searched.

The day has come for the generations to know the truth—which does not mean that the truth as

we understand it will be given out broadcast to the mob, which in that event would only turn to rend us, but it will be plainly shown to those who faithfully follow, and who demonstrate their sincerity and worthiness.

These lessons may not be of interest to the superficial reader—probably not, but to those who desire to find the true path—to hit the trail which we are blazing through this primeval wilderness—who desire earnestly further light than that which has been vouchsafed them—the lessons will prove invaluable. They will run through the entire first volume of *THE LITTLE BROWN BOOK*, and perhaps more. If the Journal contained nothing else, these lessons alone would be worth a hundred times the price of admission—at least we think so.

## Weak Day Sermons

BY S. O. T. G.

“As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he”



**A** THOUGHT in the mind is but a fleeting impression. You must grasp it and hold it. You must **FIX** it, as the photographer does the shadow on the plate. Then you must reproduce it, bring it out clearly in every minutest detail. And then you must proceed to engrave it on the sub-consciousness, on the “heart,” the center of intelligence. Then,

and not till then, does the IDEA become the IDEAL—a living thought and purpose.

There is no such thing in this world as ill-luck or mischance. Everything comes to us that we DESIRE to come—good or bad. We must acquire judgment to desire the GOOD THINGS—the profitable things. It is useless to “thresh the wind or fish in puddles.”

Two-thirds of most lives is wasted in indecision—the remainder in faint-hearted effort. A strong heart, courage, FAITH—that is the foundation on which to build success. Fear, timidity, hesitation, doubt—those are the floods, the winds, the rats, the worms, which sweep away and devastate, gnaw and disintegrate, the noblest structures built on shifting sands of uncertainty.

If you really want a thing way down in your heart, you will get to work with a will to GET IT, and if you want it BADLY ENOUGH, there is no sea so broad, nor mountain peak so high, as to oppose your getting it—you know that, don't you? Has it not been demonstrated a million times? Is not history filled with the achievements of human will?

“Lives of all great men remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime.”

Then WHY will you continue to hug the delusion of doubt as regards your own ability?

If you are poor, there is NO EXCUSE for it. If you are sick, you are equally inexcusable. Pov-

erty and sickness are the chastisements of the god of Love and Intelligence that sits serenely within the soul of every man trying to waken him to a realization of his own inherent powers—ready to lend him a helping hand—ever extending him a hand, if he would only REACH OUT for it—would only grasp it.

But we shut ourselves in a prison of self-deprecation and doubt and bar the door, peeping out timidly through the grating of a narrow vision to watch the opportunities flitting past, like ghosts of chance, armed by our timorous imagination as a grim militia holding us fast in our bastille.

We carp at the caprice of fortune, we rail at the rich. But fortune is not capricious, neither are the rich undeserving. The course of fortune is as straight as a bullet. By instinct or otherwise some men hit the path and the target. Who are they who won fortune? Those who were not afraid, those who DEMANDED it! YOU could have done the same—you can do it YET. This is neither sophistry, nor fool optimism—it is the *law*—the law of success!

All failure is due to a wobbly, weak-kneed purpose, which had not strength in its legs to stand, and not nerve enough to look a good chance in the face. It was afraid to stand up in the ring, and fell down fainting at the sight of opposition. There is just one principle operative in the whole sphere of action and achievement, the same as throughout



all creation—the survival of the fittest. Just get it once and forever out of your head that you are “doomed to failure,” or that you must go through a “long series of failures,” in order to “hit” the right thing. Success is not a despot, nor does it run a lottery. Success stands ready and eager to crown you ANY MINUTE—you will. You simply limit yourself by delaying—TO WILL.

The human will is something sublime. It is a gift of God—it IS God in the highest known expression. With will, man becomes a creator—without it, a clod. A man—the form of a man—the thing that walks and talks in imitation of a man—may be little more than a lump of clay—it takes the potter, WILL, at the wheel to mould the REAL MAN.

The whole of you—the size and shape, the character and calibre of you—all depend on that wonderful WILL, but still more on something else—on the DESIRE back of the will which forms the IDEAL for the will to act upon—the Spirit of the Potter at the Wheel—for a man can will to be a libertine or a lout.

What, then, is the true GUIDE to action? Experience, nothing but experience—pleasure, pain—reward, punishment—till we WANT to WILL to DO the right thing, the BEST thing to obtain the HIGHEST SATISFACTION. Hedonism is the ONLY true philosophy. Satisfaction “making sufficient,” filling FULL the life—that finally, is the

test, and end, of effort. Are we filling full OUR lives? Are we doing as the Master did, making life more abundant? THAT, indeed, is the highest possible joy—the *summum bonum*—the creating of life, not to keep but to give. Thus, by a concept of the Ideal, and a use of the Will, mastering all things and bending all things to our lofty purpose, do we reach the acme of attainment, the pinnacle of success.

Riches we acquire but as a step to prove our powers—to acquire the greatest possession, WISDOM. Then riches become but an incident on the way—a means to an end—the lesser light swallowed up in the greater—Wisdom Supreme. “To him that hath (Wisdom in his Heart) ALL THINGS shall be added.”

### “Find Invisible Light”



VERY interesting and able article by Frederick J. Haskin appeared recently in the Daily (Chicago) News. Space forbids me to give more than a brief sketch of it, but I shall take up the subject more at length in a future issue.

The writer goes on to state that the progress of science is marked by a development of invisible light—light consisting of rays which the ordinary eye can not see. Those rays are so weak that ordinary glass shuts them from vision, and yet they are

sufficiently powerful to kill billions of germs coming within their influence.

It has been demonstrated that in the inkiest darkness there may be brilliant lights. The camera shows that only a small proportion of the total radiation of light reaches the eye, and if the eye could recognize all, it would reveal a thousand wonders.

A description of an apparatus for separating the visible from the invisible rays is given, whereby the ultra-violet ray, the most powerful ray in the spectrum, is isolated and made operative with singular effect in many interesting experiments.

This ultra-violet ray is found to be something really wonderful. It appears to be the light nearest to life itself, that is, to human life, though instant death to the myriad swarms of parasites that invade the living organism of man. This peculiar germicidal power of the ultra-violet light is of comparatively recent discovery, and bids fair to revolutionize the science of bacteriology. The sun's rays themselves being weak in this ray by the time they reach the earth, due to their struggle through atmospheric entanglements, we are obliged to look mainly to the artificial manufacture of the ultra-violet for germicidal use.

Several French inventors have perfected a little lamp of this kind with which to sterilize potable water, and with it are able to electrocute billions of bacilli simply by passing the water through a

tube containing the violet light. The same principle might, it is claimed, be applied to city water supplies, making them as pure as though they came from the unsullied mountain snows.

In our next issue we will detail an invention, as simple as it is wonderful, for manufacturing this ray in a perfectly harmless form, which may be used inductively for purifying the blood of man, thus causing many abnormalities to disappear as by magic. Thus we get closer and closer to St. John's "Light that shineth in darkness."

### From the Oracle of the Jug

Self-reliance may prove a shaky foundation.

One good turn invites twenty beggars.

It is more blessed to give advice than to receive it.

That man is wise who perceives that he was a fool yesterday.

Fear alone saves an economically dependent woman from grand larceny.

Divorce is the untying of a knot that slipped long ago.

Sex-love is a moth headed for the candle.

Friendship is the phoenix that rises from the ashes of true love.

Hate is the detonation and smoke arising from the attempt to fuse unfusible contraries in the crucible.

## Ode to the Jug

Thou ancient relic of a by-gone age,  
From out the ruins of a temple dug,  
Standing beside a greater ruin still,  
The erstwhile temple of a human soul,  
Long since departed, leaving only dust  
And thee to mark its final resting place.  
Thou creature of a cunning workman's skill,  
How hast thou so outlived thine own creator?  
Thou art of clay, and so was he, but still  
Thy shape survives—the moulded thought of him.  
Though dumb, speakest volumes of the past,  
Though dead, thou livest and will yet outlive  
The generations yet unborn. Pray tell  
What is the magic of thy constitution—  
The secret of thy blended particles  
Which cling in such unyielding amity  
To give thee being, form and character?  
Perhaps 'tis due to subtle composition,  
Or to some mystic fire used in the kiln;  
Whate'er the secret, thy master knew it—  
Why, then, had he not the power to mould himself  
Like unto thee, and thus inviolate,  
Preserved against the ravages of time,  
Be able to stand forth as thou dost stand,  
A symbol of the deathlessness of mind?  
And yet he may have known and understood  
And still been slain by time or accident  
Ere he could pass the fire to try his work.  
Thou hast aroused my curiosity,  
And led me on to question deeper things.  
If I shall set thee in a favored niche,  
Where I may gaze upon thee all the day,  
Till I psychrometize the soul of him  
That permeates thy interstitial clay,  
Shall I not wake the thought that slumbers there  
And in my own dreams hear the master's voice  
Revealing to my longing heart and soul  
The Mystery of the Sphinx near which he wrought,  
And which he, understanding, hid beneath thy glaze?

## Idealism



THE difference between people is purely a difference of ideals, a difference of conception, of desire. What is an ideal? It is an expression of a mental state generally conceded to be the antithesis of the real, when in fact it is the mother-dream of unborn reality. That which we call the real today is the vanishing shadow of past unreality.

The whole of conscious experience by which we acquire mentality—understanding and knowledge—is divisible into two distinct realms, the conceived and the perceived, the invisible and the visible, the world of fancy and the world of fact.

Back of this phenomenon of consciousness, there sits in eternal judgment Reason, the arbiter of the ego, before whose court all things must come and be passed upon before being shelved in the archives of consciousness. Reason tells us through conscious experience that life is simply a progression through a series of ideals. It informs us that there is not in the whole realm of conscious intelligence one single absolute unchangeable fact, save reason itself.

It is part of the world's insanity that it does not admit this conclusion and step with nature, the handmaid of reason, lightly along from peak to

peak of the ideal mountain chain, instead of grovelling like worms in the earth under the dementia and domination of limiting facts. For what IS a fact? Simply a human belief. And what is a truth? Precisely the same. Then, there are no facts, no truths? I have not said so. I simply affirm that there is no fixed fact, no absolute truth in human consciousness.

We are the sands upon the ever shifting sea, the vapor rising from the sea—ever drifting, changeless in substance, but evanescent in form. We are the ideals of a Vast Intelligence sitting somewhere—the thoughts that this Intelligence thinks.

We condemn the world and aspire to the heavenly, then why not obey this religious instinct understandingly, and come into the realization of it here and now? It is purely a matter of personal volition. If we will aspire to something—anything—we may reach the summit of our aspiration. We are exactly what we BELIEVE ourselves to be, and we can never be any different than we are except by changing our beliefs.

Being, then, is a process of believing, and existence itself is the realization of ideal concepts. In just the measure that beliefs are destroyed and ideals shattered, does existence cease to have for us any conscious meaning.

Just look about in the world of men and women of today. One set, the mass, is tied to the wheel of reality, to facts, treading a path called duty, following ancestral footsteps moulded in primordial clay. For them there seems no other path, no other truth, no other idea. But look yonder against the sheer rocky cliff. Here and there at wide intervals you behold a few stalwart forms clinging to the rock, holding on by crags, striking the tool of sturdy resolution hard and deep above their heads to form a new catch-hold or step on which to pull themselves up and mount still higher.

Why are they struggling thus exposed to the pitiless elements, not the least overpowering and baffling of which are the shafts of derision and scorn hurled against them by the plodding, intolerant herd beneath which regards them as mad, and whose only thought and intent is to stop their daring ascent and bring them down to the level of the mob?

These are they who have seen a light, or heard a song, or felt an impulse to reach out for the divine source of illumination, the font of melody. They are the pioneers, the explorers, the world-leaders, the idealists. And, alas! too, they are often the martyrs. But in such martyrdom there is glory.

For the great mass, the entire business of life



is twirling the ball of experience and conning the hieroglyphs of antiquity for confirmation and authority, proceeding upon the illusion that the past was wiser than the present. It is perfect satisfaction to the average mind to think and do exactly what others have thought and done for centuries—to do otherwise is considered as impious, unrespectable. Such minds are simply devoid of the ideal, they live wholly in the real, that is to say, the unreal. For them there is no inspiration, no progression: they advance in a single life hardly a snail's pace.

The born idealist uses the past experience simply as a standing place whereon he can readjust the leverage to move the old world in some new direction, to shift the lens of vision in order to sweep new star spaces. Any experience is good to him except the old experience. He abhors repetition, imitation, and above all, the routine of the conventional treadmill. We name him iconoclast, revolutionist, anarchist, and besmirch him with a thousand opprobriums, believing in our hearts that if he is allowed his freedom the world—the social order—will come to an untimely end.

But we forget that all advance from savagery to civilization—from the mud-hut to the sky-scraper—from gutteral grunts to finished oratory—from semi-nudity to resplendent attire—from rude out-

lines scratched on natural rocks to the magnificent paintings in modern salons—we forget that all these transformations are due solely to the ideals of men.

We ourselves are the retrogressionists; we who cling fatuously to a dead and mythical past, closing our eyes and senses to the glorious enfoldments of the present and the still more glorious prophesies of the future; we who immure our minds in mouldy monasticism, and encloister our thoughts and impulses in the smug hypocrisies of institutionalism, worshiping dead gods, crouching in fear before the crude relics of a savage and outgrown superstition, trying to rule the world by blocking the onmarch of true spiritual progress; we who cling to death and thus through our moribund vision bring death to realization in its many forms, by sickness, suicide, murder, war and pestilence. It is we who in crucifying the idealists of the past, have been instrumental in plunging the world in darkness for ages, and who, if we could have our way, would reduce the world to a primitive, howling wilderness filled only with savages that would at last destroy each other, so that the race would perish from off the face of the earth and become extinct. This is the logical end of looking backward instead of forward.

The idealist is the world savior. He should be unfettered and free, a law unto himself. It is im-

possible that he should conform to the usages of this world. As Emerson says, to be a man he **MUST** be a non-conformist. His mission is to unshackle the world and lead it out of its bondage. He is the Moses of destiny, and must slay the Egyptian who knows only the one narrow valley—one river, one ruler—slavery and death. He sees the vision of a fairer land **SOMEWHERE**—he is inspired by faith to reach for it—he takes a thousand chances, braves innumerable dangers. With eyes fixed on the ideal, he stops at nothing, and pauses not until he reaches the land of his dream, the Land of Promise.

The idealist is always a doubter. Jesus was the prince of doubters. Following came Thomas, the apostle, who doubted the Master and had to be shown. Later Thomas Paine doubted, and America became free. Thomas Jefferson doubted and produced an immortal document, and now we have Thomas Lawson, whose doubts bid fair to be the means of restoring some very important ideals of democracy. And other Thomases will follow.

The doubting idealist must be bold, he must have the courage of his convictions, he must be a man of vision, and have a voice that rings true, then he may succeed in time in rousing the Seven Sleepers, and the world will move up a peg.

The idealist is the aviator—he descends as a

thunderbolt—he flashes upon the horizon, causing fear and trepidation at first, but restoring peace and confidence at last. Like Youngblood when he ascended the hill of Dalai Lama, the priests will meet him in the way with their hideous masks, their screeches and their stinkpots, with which they have been accustomed for ages to overawe the natives and hold them in spiritual and bodily subjection. The idealist is a light-bearer. With his torch he reveals the rottenness of worm-eaten institutions, and the moth of credulity and the bat of superstition perish alike in the flame; the money grabbers are revealed and driven from the synagogues whose sepulchral walls are henceforth emblazoned with the symbols of the New Idealism.

And the eyes of the nations shall be opened to see and understand, while a new priesthood, the Order of the Golden Jug, shall rise to expound the meaning of life, of the Living Christ, and lo! the dream of peace, harmony, Joy and life everlasting shall be realized on earth.

**F**EAR thoughts are sown as seeds in the subconscious minds of young children by well-meaning but over-cautious parents and guardians, where they spring up and grow into giants of self-consciousness, trepidation, hesitation and worry, which rise in the pathway of life to terrify at every turn, destroying faith and confidence, weakening purpose, obscuring vision, blighting ambition and

distorting life generally. The most tremendous task we have in life is to slay these false phantoms. They are the devils which must be cast out of consciousness before real progress and achievement are made. Count no experience lost which helps to rid you of one or more of these diabolical obsessions.

### The Queens' Pageant



THE inaugural parade of the suffragists at Washington marks the daybreak of woman's emancipation in America. It was a sun-burst above the mountains of prejudice which so long and effectually have shadowed the valley of a man-made world. It was both a revelation and a prophecy. Even the men of ideals who witnessed and recorded it seem to have recognized its portent but partially, gazing in admiration on the external color-schemes enhancing the natural charms of femininity—ever the masculine view-point—rather than on the significance and sublimity of the symbolism, portraying principles profound, and purposes potent.

The hoodlum mass leered and jeered, seeing through its vitiated vision only wives and mothers out of their rightful "place" as scullions, nurses and darners of socks. It was as if their grandmothers had suddenly put on rogue and symmetricals and appeared in a circus or comedy show before the foot-lights, thereby exciting and inviting the unre-

strained mirth and coarse ribaldry of rustic boors and boobies, who exhibited in their hoodlum antics that dignified and decorous, that chivalrous and courteous, behaviour, inspired in them by their own beautiful home-training.

There are many, like the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin, of Alabama, whose public uncivil utterances derogatory of the suffragettes are said to have given the key-note to the hoodlumites and drunks for their abusive onslaught, who will doubtless spring like enraged cats to defend the sanctity of their kitchens, about which, when we subject the sentiment to analysis, their concepts of home and mother chiefly center.

That woman when once she has tasted the joys of hiking—out from under the cynosure of jealous and critical male orbs—out through the open fields and pastures—resents being thereafter summarily relegated to the place from whence she came to be reinvested with her ancient culinary regalia, is evidenced by the way she sitteth upon one Mister Mann from Illannoy who had the temerity on such an occasion to let slip from the folds of his senatorial woolsack the remark that “wimmin should stay at home.” Therefore, be it resolved by the very much piqued directorate of the Equal Suffrage Association of Illinois that said unmanly Mann be hereafter dubbed as the stay-at-home Mann, and furthermore, resolved that after having served his present incumbency at the Capitol, he shall by gen-

eral acclamation be recalled and retired to private life to take his own medicine and STAY AT HOME. My, but the spirit of the old tigress is being roused to clean out the jungle! The worm surely has "done turned!"

And what is woman "in her place, tuh hum?" Simply a convenience and a drudge, whose duteous virtues inspire so much of that spectacular, fight-for-our-women-at-the-drop-of-the-hat, troubadour style of chivalry, insincere as it is purely selfish, existing among primitive men emerging from savagery quite behind the age, giving rise to blustering defenses and noisy bellowings whenever there comes the least suggestion of letting down the hitherto high fences—like the Abdul Hamid type which believes the world to be swiftly merging into chaos at the lowering of the yashmak.

The "modest, Christian, home-loving woman" who Heflin says "can do more for the moral uplift and good government than ten thousand godless suffragettes babbling into the ballot," is lauded in fiction, revered in poetry, and eulogized by retrogressive senators, but who as a rule inspires neither respectful deference nor decent respect in those for whom she cooks and darns and scrubs her life away. She is, of course, admired and courted as a preliminary to her captivation (instead of being lassoed as formerly), and here is where modern man gets in the bulk of his chivalrous devotion. It is the season of crimson wattles, brilliant plumage and much

strut. A little later on you hear the male bird singing lustily, or crowing or croaking as the case may be—of the God-ordained, divinely-restricted duties of the modest little hen to make the nest and incubate!

And if heredity, or the father's long-cherished, ignorant idea of woman's inferior position, stamps the child, as it must and frequently does, with instincts that are distinctly brutal, how very great is the necessity for the mother's later refining influence and example in remoulding the character and impulses of the child! But alas! what time or opportunity, what disposition or desire, has a fagged-out house-hold domestic to think of the needs of the children thronging about her and adding their weight of care and torment to her already grievous burden? In self-preservation she must shunt them away from her, clear them out of the home to get opportunity and space to work and toil. She has no time to keep the children, for she must "keep the house," which means that dirt must be chased, and stomachs appeased. Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, so man may be said to sacrifice the welfare of his offspring to his stomach.

It is said that all children are born savages, and it seems that many of them grow up that way, and what is to prevent it with woman occupying her "place"—almost the identical place she occupied in the time of the cave-dwellers? Everything has advanced in civilization except home and mother, and



because of this backward start, the generations go over the weary round of existence, advancing at a snail's pace, and that only because of the strength of certain individual leaders who do arise here and there because of exceptional mothers, or of exceptional relations of father and mother.

But the great mass of girls and boys brought up in, or rather mostly out of, the home—turned loose as you may say—learn the deepest and most important lessons of life only through the bitterest and often most blighting experiences, through an infinity of errors, the majority of which could be avoided by proper home training and influences—if only mother would step out of her custom-fixed place as household servant, and rise in her true dignity of intelligent motherhood.

Then we should have a diminution, and lastly an end, of base ideals, depraved sentiments, unhealthy morals, and all the long list of dire social results that afterward we preach at, pray about and endeavor to legislate against. And the woman's movement in America, ushered in so peacefully and with such marvelous strength and celerity, though it later be forced like the feminist movement in England to take up arms against a hard-headed, and obdurate sex, politically intoxicated and morally insensate, that wilfully and with malice aforethought continues to ignore the plea for equal rights and justice to all—as selfishness enthroned has ever ignored it throughout the annals of time

—this movement has behind it a force that is irresistible, having already gained a velocity which ensures its ultimate triumph.

The President's wife and daughter were compelled to leave their station where they were endeavoring to witness the woman's pageant, because of the filthy conversation of men and boys. Is not that a lovely commentary on our American manhood—our American fatherhood and motherhood? Do not persuade yourselves that these were all gutter-snipes and hoboes. I will wager that they were recruited from the smart Alecks about town, from some of the best (?) families. Even the policemen are said to have abetted them in their degrading pastime, which is not at all inconsistent with police methods—when they have been tipped off by those in authority. It must be remembered that policemen are as proverbially afraid of women as the latter are of mice, which was evidenced by the way in which a squad of fifty stalwart blue-coats once formed a phalanx to march down upon the lair of a reputedly dangerous female anarchist, who was discovered as an inoffensive little woman in a public hall delivering a lecture to a cultivated audience on art! There has been much nosing about in Washington to discover the culprit who scattered the pepper, but the real nigger remains in his woodpile, laughing in his sleeve, well knowing that they will never suspect him, though he made a face openly at them in the beginning.

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