

THE LITTLE BROWN BOOK

A JOURNAL OF LIFE
AND LIVING ISSUES

February 1914

Temptation is to finer souls, another name for
opportunity.—Canon G. E. Mason



EDITED BY
DELMAR DEFOREST BRYANT

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DELMAR DEFOREST BRYANT, EDITOR

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A Eugenic Utopia



THE meaning of the word eugenic, as most people know, is "well born." What is it to be well born? There probably never was a parent in the world from the lowest savage up to the most advanced civilian who did not consider his or her children well born—a little superior, in fact, to most other children of the time "in certain ways," easily discernible by the fond parent.

But the term eugenics has of late come to acquire a new significance, and to mean something more than the individual's egotistic opinion of his own progeny—relating, as it does, to his own inherent fitness to bring forth and rear children. The fundamental idea of eugenics goes beyond all education—it goes to the very root of life itself, and, rightly understood, is unquestionably the greatest thought of the age and the one

most worthy of consideration by every human being, since in it lies the whole solution of the race problem.

As an educational movement, now recognized as both sane and legitimate and one which is attracting the attention and winning the support of the world's most profound thinkers, it is in itself the most effective counter to that pernicious pruriency which has so long operated to degrade the standard of true life expression.

"The right of the child to be well born"—that is the slogan of the modern Eugenist, and thereupon he sets to work to reason out how best this may be accomplished. Here, as elsewhere, one example is worth a hundred precepts, since the former is an actual demonstration, while the latter may be only an undemonstrable theory. The theories advanced by many eugenic reformers are undoubtedly crude and impracticable. What we need to prove the proposition and elaborate the idea more than anything else is example—those with the courage of their convictions who will set to work devotedly to bring into expression the truth they advocate.

The human race as it exists today is very much of a hit-and-miss affair, both as regards birth and environment. It is comparable to a vast jungle in which each individual species is the result of accidental seeding, growing up as best it can, ever struggling for its existence, ever fighting for its share of the simple elements

by which it is supported. This is promiscuous, haphazard propagation—nature—the primitive forest, disorder and chaos—society. The science of Eugenics would change all this, bringing order out of chaos, and reconstructing society even as the skilled horticulturist reconstructs the jungle.

Let us consider practical ways and means for accomplishing this great work of social reconstruction. We should go about it just as the pioneers of America went about it to clear up the primeval forests of this country, transforming them into farms, villages, cities. The Pilgrims, when they landed at Plymouth Rock, did not proceed by starting a newspaper or a society to advance their propaganda. Neither did they hold conventions in order to create public sentiment in favor of quelling the hostile Indians and getting possession of the land. They went to work and did the thing, slowly but surely demonstrating their idea as they went. It is up to humanity to do the same thing.

We are really in a situation very similar to the Pilgrims, when you think about it. The task before us seems almost hopeless. But let us be thankful that we have a Rock to stand upon. That is a beginning. If we have faith and courage, we can accomplish wonders. Indians? Yes, surely, they are all about us, ready to take our scalps or flay us alive on the slightest provocation, but let us learn wisdom from our ancestors that it is far better to propitiate than to fight them.

Let us follow in the footsteps of wise old Penn, and offer them a few glass beads and other trinkets to acquire land and an opportunity to carry out practical plans for the success of such a movement.

Let us impress upon the minds of the aborigines by every word and act possible that we are friendly, and that our mission is one of peace and good will. Let them live on in their wigwams and carry out their own social regime as heretofore. Don't start in to proselyting the squaws, as so many "advanced" movements do, or the braves will likely put a torch to our settlement. The great mass of humanity most jealously guards its sacred traditional rights, and is up in arms and bristling with opposition to anything that looks like usurpation of either rights or rites.

Following is a picture of a Utopia, wherein the eugenic ideal may be practically consummated and realized. A thousand acres of land in a congenial clime, where by sanely directed co-operative labor and intensive cultivation for only three hours per day by those employed this land can be made to produce upward of \$1,000 per acre annually. A thousand thousand is a million dollars.

Allow that by sensible co-operative effort the individual living expense can be reduced to \$500 per year, giving each greater abundance and luxury than one can enjoy under the present regime of disproportionate low wages and exorbitant high cost of living on three

times the income, and we can thus support 2,000 people for our million. By actual division each has one-half acre of land, though, of course, the land would not be farmed individually as garden patches to get best results. Girls in the industrial schools of Florida, who are assigned one-tenth acre of land, have produced an income of \$50 to \$100 just by raising and canning ordinary vegetables like tomatoes and peas. The same result, or even greater and better results, can be attained on a larger scale by right co-operation.

The people in our Utopia would live, not in a lot of individual houses, separately erected and individually maintained, but in a number of ideally constructed hotels or apartment houses as they do in modern cities, supplied with water, heat, electricity and every possible convenience, including co-operative kitchens, thus doing away with the needless and endless waste of time, money and strength expended in keeping up a multitude of individual homes. Under our plan each home would have its own privacy. It would simply be shorn of its unpleasant features, things which more than anything else connected with the conjugal relationship tend to produce inharmony and discord. In our model hotel home the woman would cease to be a domestic drudge, and would have time and opportunity for some more useful work in the world.

I would locate this Utopia on some beautiful lake

or river, where the members might enjoy the pleasures of boating and bathing. There would be club houses, golf links, tennis courts, baseball grounds, libraries, lecture halls, schools of all kinds in which all sciences and arts could be practically acquired in accordance with most advanced systems. Many other details connected with the industrial program remain to be filled in. The chief industry first and last would be intensive soil cultivation and production. By rotation several crops can be raised each year. Of course, we must be on the line of good transportation, and near good markets. Later on, other industries, manufactories, printing, etc., would be established.

Now, who is to inhabit this beautiful Utopia? Those people principally who are sick and weary of the almost hopeless fight they are making in the social jungle—a fight for a foothold, for a bare living, for bread and air and water—but only those of high aims and ideals, who are ready and willing to unite in carrying out a practical reform program along eugenic lines, for if such reform be not established, then our experiment, no matter how earnestly and enthusiastically entered into, would very soon relapse into the same old conditions of inharmony, squalor and misery as exist everywhere about us. Living the true eugenic life, and all that it involves, is the only possible way out of the wilderness.

People who have got no further mentally than the idea that "God sends them many children," and that

their sole duty in life is to propagate to the very limit, regardless of how their progeny may pinch and struggle and starve—such people had better stay right in the jungle convenient to the Associated Charities, employment agencies and ten-cent lodging houses, for they will have use for them.

In our cultured Garden of God, the Ideal Modern Eugenic Utopia, we must have only such people as believe with all their might in the right of every child to be born under the very best conditions possible, and to be surrounded continually with the best possible influences.

Believing in individual freedom, our society will, of course, not pretend to dictate to the members the manner in which they shall carry out their individual program, but in all matters of general interest and concern, such as the care and education of the young, we must be united in purpose.

One of the cardinal rules or laws derived from our Magna Charta, based on charity and framed in love, is absolute tolerance and freedom of thought and action, so long as the thought and action are constructive. Individually members may erect whatever penates, or household gods, they choose, and worship them in their own homes as they choose, but they will not be permitted to disrupt the society by erecting Methodist, Presbyterian, Mormon or Catholic churches nor by forming Republican, Democratic, Socialistic or Bull Moosic factions.

Our business in uniting after this fashion is principally to create a new and better race, and at the same time to make the present race as comfortable as possible. Every child born in the community, or adopted into it, will in a true sense be a ward of the whole society, for each will contribute in some manner to its support and to the unfoldment of its life and character.

Raising babies is not to be featured as the chief attraction, nor will it become the principal occupation as in the jungle. The home will be made a habitation of joy and transformed from its present beastly status, which is nothing more than a relict of the cave man's dwelling, wherein the woman is kept a life-slave and drudge. In our Ideal Utopia there will, of course, be equal rights shared by all men and women alike, which is not the startling proposition today that it would have been forty years ago.

The aim of this society is not to carry any particular fad—not single tax, free love, breakfast food or Fletcherism, nor any religious or political experiment whatever, but to bend all its energies to the purpose of coming into a practical realization of the possibilities of true living—life freed from the galling and deadly claims of selfishness rampant in present human society—to form a working model and example of what all society might be and should be under right fraternal co-operation.

We should desire as rapidly as possible to abolish all the evil habits of thought and action acquired in the jungle. We would not expect a miraculous and instantaneous change in old trees uprooted, pruned and transplanted into the new garden. They may and probably will not appear to best advantage for some time, until they begin to take root in the new soil and put on a new covering of verdure—"as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined," but man is something more than a tree. He has the power within himself under right conditions of perfect transformation. But we expect the greatest results from our little seedlings. A part of our plan would be to transplant many of these into our garden to show how much there is in environment.

The establishment of an industrial orphans' home would be a great feature of the organization. This alone would develop into a tremendous work, and if properly carried out would attract the attention of the whole world. The great work of reform, after all, is with the children—prenatal influences, if possible, and if not, then postnatal advantages of the highest order—in a word, education of true character, such, for example, as is being carried on so laudably by Booker T. Washington among the negroes. Many other high-class educational programs are being carried out elsewhere in the interest of the oncoming generation.

But many features of our plan will place our school far ahead of anything ever before attempted. We may

easily serve as the lamp set upon the hill to lighten the nations, if we carry out this work in the true eugenic spirit.

When Stephen Girard made his will and endowment for the Orphans' Home and School which now bears his name in Philadelphia, he made the condition that no clergyman should ever enter the institution, and there were never to be any religious services or ceremonies connected with the school. This requirement, of course, met with bitter criticism from the prevailing religious orders, who look upon anything as damned that they can not mess into. But time has proven how wise old Stephen was. He knew. And we know that the first step to be taken, and the most important one, in the creation of a new race, is the freeing of the youthful mind from the trammels of fear and superstition, which become crystallized in creeds and dogmas.

The one thing which places our public schools in advance of all others, and the one thing at the same time most bitterly resented by the parochials, is freedom from all religious instruction. Our blinded brethren, the clericals, can never see that creed, cant and ceremonialism bear no relation whatever to true morality, and have no effect upon it unless it be to weaken its vertebrae. They refuse to recognize the already well-established fact that morality is a matter first of right breeding, secondly, of the inculcation of right ideals, and thirdly, of wholesome, healthy occupation.

In our society we shall be willing to unite on the broad platform of belief and trust in the omnipotence, omnipresence and omniscience of Divine Principle. We shall not quibble about names and other non-essentials. We will think as we choose and go ahead together to establish the greatest reform movement of the age.

I have said one thousand acres. This is merely by way of illustration. From our central community hundreds of others would spring up in every part of the world, and so great would be the success of the movement that in time individual ownership of land, with all the wastefulness, extortion and tyranny that it engenders, would pass and disappear, as the forests of America disappeared before the onmarch of a new civilization.

In our society we will demonstrate a great many things which the idealists are dreaming of. First, the possibility of an assured competence and freedom from want and worry, with all the misery and agony which the poverty of our present jungle life entails. Secondly, we will demonstrate that crime is simply a false condition of birth and education. We shall have no need in our society for policemen, lawyers, judges or jails. The principle of brotherly love set sanely in operation is sufficient to rule any rightly constituted society wherein the purpose of each member is to strive earnestly to learn the art of suppressing selfishness, which art consists simply in forestalling the necessity for exercising it.

No highwayman or bank looter ever stole because he liked to steal, but because he was hungry or feared some time he might be hungry. The same is true of every crime in the catalogue. Give the human being satisfaction and peace of mind, and crime will disappear like the miasmatic fog under the blazing noon-day sun.

We all know this to be true, and still we go on from day to day, and year to year—all our lives—perpetuating this horrible jungle regime, called civilized society, with its tragedies and crime—its wreckage of death and desolation forever washed upon life's strands. Evil will never be corrected by more evil or different evil—by human will and force—only by divine love inspiring in the human heart a desire for better and higher things.

When cook stoves were first invented many people feared to use them lest they blow up—the same objection was offered to kerosene lamps; nevertheless, the brick oven and tallow dip passed into disuse and oblivion. Steam and electricity had first to conquer the timidity and skepticism of a world whose labors they came to lighten and illumine.

For a hundred years or more we have struggled along under the atrociously barbaric and medieval system of private ownership of public utilities with its multiform excrescences of bribery and graft. We have but just emerged from a long terrorizing reign

of transportation monopoly, and have at last declared for the parcel post. We have even dared to oppose the banking trust to the extent of establishing postal savings banks, and, emboldened by the success of our daring, we now propose to make the telegraph and telephone adjuncts of the postal system. There is even talk of government ownership of a railroad in Alaska—all of which would have been considered rank anarchy ten or even five years ago.

Taft was the last bitter pill which caused the public to expurgitate and begin on a new diet, and with the loosening of tariff bands and freer circulation of currency, there is great hope of convalescence and ultimately of complete recovery of the patient.

Down in the flood-chastised district of the Miami Valley of Ohio the civic sense has at last been awakened and has triumphed in the establishment of a novel municipal experiment. In place of the old mayor and alderman system, comprising as is often the case a lot of political nincompoops and mercenary grafters with pockets full of free franchises and keys to the public treasury, the people of Dayton have decided to elect a board of public works consisting of experienced and non-partisan business men over whom in supreme authority they have placed an expert general manager who understands the business of running a city. If this man does not deliver the goods, the citizens reserve the right of recall. He has got to make good or forfeit his position.

This experiment of Dayton, without doubt, sounds the death knell of municipal cussedness and urbane rottenness which have so long disgraced our country, inasmuch as it is only a question of time when this, or a similar system, will be universally adopted and the curse and burden of the present political "boss" system of legalized municipal looting will be lifted from the sore backs of a long-suffering and outraged public.

There is no greater cry going up to heaven from any land today than from this for a political Moses. Some think he may be browsing in Argentine or Brazil—others, a few, suspect he may already be in power—no one that I have met, however, imagines him under the purple robe of Vin Fiz.

But really what the world needs more than any Moses, or other enterprising demagogue, whom they can blindly follow as in the past, is some living, working example, or examples, or truth, which they can adopt into their own lives, and which will contribute to their advancement, growth and well being. Such an example we hope to be able to set in our Ideal Eugenic Society of Truth Seekers.

The foundations of this great movement are being laid, and everything is being made ready to start the ball rolling. This article and others to follow may be construed as a message—a call to the faithful. We should like to hear personally from all who are interested in such a movement, and would like to have their suggestions. In union there is strength, and in the combination of heads there is great wisdom.

Studies in Life=£.

Mental Metempsychosis



FRIEND of mine who has been reading my views on "The Immaculate Conception," published in the last issue of THE LITTLE BROWN BOOK, writes me concerning a brochure of a German physician, Dr. Winsch, entitled, "Why Are There Two Sexes?" I have not come across this book, but should like very much to read it, as it evidently contains some very interesting matter.

Dr. Winsch, it seems, claims that immaculate conception is almost approached by a pathological growth in or about the female ovaries, known as "Dermoicyst," a growth in which teeth, hairs, and even bones are to be found, and in some cases perfectly developed eyes, ears—in one instance, even, a completely developed skeleton has been found. In one case where the author was a witness, 112 teeth were found as beautiful and perfect as seen in the show cases of the dentist. A medical investigator of these dermoicysts asserts that they develop from an ovum and grow by pathological irritation *without any extraneous fertilization whatever.*

In the records of surgery there are some very singular cases of extra-uterine birth. To be sure, we have no absolute proof that such developments are

entirely independent of natural fertilization, yet they may be so. Nature often reveals her hidden possibilities in her freaks—in what we term monstrosities. Nature apparently has no fixed laws, but proceeds by an endless cycle of varying phenomena. Nothing is more manifest everywhere than the principle of adaptation to environment. Here, as in human experience, necessity seems to mother invention.

If a man should announce that by taking proper thought the race could develop wings and fly, he would be looked upon as a crazy fanatic, and his idea would be scouted by everybody. And yet, we have but to glance down the line of our prehistoric ancestors to find those who, under stress of conditions, did that very thing. Think of monsters like the *pterodactyl*—creatures thirty or more feet in length, like great whales or fabled dragons, flying through the air. We have only to step into any good museum to see their very skeletons today. They grew wings to fly with exactly as we grow legs to walk with.

Had we early in the history of the race needed wings as much as or more than legs, we would have them today, no doubt of it. There is just one creative law—the law of supremest desire. The sooner we recognize this, the sooner we will become creators consciously and in fact—creators of those attributes and abilities which we desire to possess.

Desire is something deeper than a mere passing

wish—it is an impulse of vital necessity. The desire to see begat eyes, to swallow food, begat teeth, to be shielded from the blazing sun and the chilling cold begat hair. In fact, every single organ and function of the human body has been developed through a long-continued process of desiring. Every physical manifestation is, therefore, the result of a mental process. This can be shown scientifically and needs no further demonstration. Yet strangely enough, we forget to reason from the past what our future possibilities may be. We are greatly obsessed by the educated belief that man was created perfect and in the image of God, and that there is no further chance for improvement in the race. Such a conclusion is simply egotism and ignorance gone wild.

Take the most perfect specimens of mankind today and they are manifestly but a few removes from the animal type. The one godlike endowment that man has is Mind, and this is his true and only creative function. Mind in itself is perfect and leads to perfect unfoldment and manifestation. When Christ said, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven," he voiced a truthful possibility, for he knew perfection to be the goal of Mind's endeavor.

We see illustrations of this power everywhere in the field of invention and art. Many works are here brought to the point of almost absolute perfection. Yet, since improvement is always possible, we are led to wonder if really there be any absolute. Is not the

concept of an absolute identical with that of the limited? Can there be an illimitable absolute? It seems a contradiction and therefore an impossibility. It is, at least, beyond the grasp of the finite mind.

We seem to rest content in the thought of everlasting progression, and no other thought really satisfies us, although there do seem to be a lot of people whose ideal is just heaven, a harp, a halo, and one hymn-tune forever. Like an old man in Michigan whom I knew, who boasted of having lived for fifty years within four hours' ride of Chicago, the cost of the passage by boat being fifty cents, and yet he had never been to Chicago, never having had sufficient desire to see the place. He was satisfied with his small town. Such people will no doubt be content with the orthodox hostelry, with a fixed assemblage of Cherubim and Seraphim flitting about the lobby of the expansive concept of Being and Becoming More—in endless change and experience.

This tendency to change is seen in the every-day walks of life and in every department of human activity. All is constant mutation, action, change. In change alone there is growth. When the race has outgrown the present method of procreation—and it is becoming outgrown through the very abuse of the function itself—nature will find a different, a better and higher way to accomplish the result of life propulsion. This will, like everything else that we see in life, be the result of higher mental desire.

The spirits of the man and woman are one in the act of creation, and at no other moment are they absolutely so. The secret of coming into this atonement without the intervention of any physical action whatever will be learned, is being acquired right now by certain advanced ones. And there is very satisfactory evidence that the miracle of Mary may be duplicated in this very generation. Truth triumphs over doubt, unbelief and skepticism.

Crucify Him!

"The greatest of these is charity."—BIBLE.



HE trial of Dr. Zar Adusht Hanish, the leader of a well-known cult in Chicago, has come to a close and a jury of twelve men have found him guilty of the technical charge of sending improper literature through the mails.

We did not attend the trial, and have never read the book, "Inner Studies," on which the action was based. We are not personally acquainted with Dr. Hanish nor are we familiar with his teachings to any extent, but we know many intelligent people who belong to his cult, whom we have reason to believe to be fairly representative students of his accredited 15,000 followers. All with whom we have conversed are enthusiastic concerning the teachings of Dr.

Hanish, and they seem to believe implicitly in his sincerity as well as in the value of his teachings.

Hanish is an æsthete of an astute type. He knows human nature and how to produce an impression. He has devised a ceremonial code with a most gorgeous setting of robes and jewels, all with such elaborate detail that it amazes and captivates the crowd. But Hanish is not by any means the pioneer in ceremonialism. The church has played at the game for centuries, and always with eminent success. People are caught and held spellbound by pomp and ceremony. A few dissenters like Calvin or Luther or Ann Lee, with their handful of followers, do not count against the great mass that are forever blinded by the dumb show and pageantry of worship.

Witness the gorgeous and elaborate religious ceremonials of the Eastern religions—the Christian ceremonials being but a faint copy of them. How easy for a Hanish or an Abdul Baha or any other wily oriental to captivate the occidental mind and fan this spark of inherent love of display and splendor into a consuming flame.

There is no doubt whatever but that the teachings of Hanish deviate radically from the generally adopted conventional code, but that is evidently not the real cause of popular complaint against him. The "doctor" claims to be a sun worshiper, and to introduce certain rites of the Zoroastrians or ancient Persians. And

this, you know, is looked upon as heathenism being set up right in the midst of a Christian community. The Christian conscience is affronted, righteous indignation is aroused, and they proceed to "lay for" the heretical and heathen Hanish, biding their time till they can "get him" good and proper, which they seem at last to have done.

We have been reading from day to day the penny-a-line reports of the secular press, which, as in similar cases, reads like rot. Not a word is said about the Persian philosophy, not a line concerning the many valuable things contained in the "book" under condemnation, which has been read before the jury, but the reporters vie with each other in a horse-play of coarse wit over "violet pudding" and "fricaseed dew-drops" which are alleged to be a part of the sun worshippers' menu as given in the book.

Supplementing these reportorial comments, we have interviews with prominent Chicago clergymen who are supposed to set the seal of authority on every action and give it a social passport. Of course, these reverend gentlemen are all rejoicing that Hanish has been humiliated, and their one hope now is that his temple on the lake shore will be razed to earth.

This attitude is just what one might expect. The spirit of intolerance born of envy dates from Eden, being manifested when Cain slew Abel over a matter of opinion regarding the form of worship. The hands

of Abraham, Jacob, Moses, David and the prophets were red with the blood of those who were opposed in any way to the Hebraic concept of Jehovah.

The one oasis in the vast desert of religious slaughter and persecution which extends from the dawn of a barbaric civilization up to the present time is the coming of Christ, the messenger of peace, who, like Hanish, fasted forty days, and, like Hanish, took every occasion possible to lambast the clerical hypocrites of the time, until he became an object of hatred and popular persecution. At last they "got him," as they have Hanish. The two cases are decidedly parallel.

The Roman Inquisition was instituted for the express purpose of seeking out and destroying the two things which the church regarded as most dangerous to the perpetuity of its institution, viz.: thinkers and the writings of thinkers. We are wont to think of this institution as something very ancient, forgetting that it was not officially abolished until the year 1834, and that the last *auto da fe* took place in Peru as late as 1880. Still, we seem desirous as a people of perpetuating the same old spirit of religious intolerance.

As a nation, we are supposed to live under a constitution that ensures liberty of action or freedom of speech, yet in actual practice no such liberty or freedom is granted. Hon. Edgar M. Cullen, former Chief Justice of the New York Court of Appeals, says: "There is now a strong tendency in courts, in legisla-

tures, and, worst of all, in the people themselves, to disregard the most fundamental principle of personal rights. Today, according to the notion of many if not most people, liberty is the right of part of the people to compel the other part to do what the first part thinks the latter ought to do for its own benefit." An American has perhaps a little more latitude to express himself politically here than a German or Russian has in his own country. There is no law of *lese majesty* in operation here—no Siberia in sight for those who have the temerity to expose political rottenness in high places. Yet a governor is impeached, and presidents are assassinated if they dare oppose the existing religio-political regime.

Religious sentiment has endowed us with a vast superstitious sense of conventional goodness and propriety, and anyone side stepping what is termed the "standard of decency" is very promptly haled before a tribunal which is presumed to be competent to decide on the technicality as to what is and what is not decent. The question arises, What is decency, and what is indecency? The question is fully as fine as the old theological dispute that once raged, as to how many angels could dance on the point of a cambric needle—it is about as definite as man's concept of God or the devil, which is to say that no two people think the same about it.

It would seem that in so intelligent a community as we are supposed to be that a law, on the violation

of which hangs a punishment of \$5,000 fine and five years' imprisonment at the discretion of the court, should be so clearly defined that it would be impossible for any intelligent man or woman to violate it willingly.

As a matter of fact, the term "obscene" on which this law hangs is obviously a term which only personal opinion can define, there being no known standard of obscenity. An ignorant policeman who has been taught by his priest since childhood that decency is conditioned not on acts so much as on their concealment, will seek to arrest a man for exhibiting a "September Morn"—a perfectly chaste nude. A rigorous church committee will vote to put pants or skirts on all public statues, and will sometimes actually succeed in getting it done—at least they never will stop short of the fig leaf. Adam was ashamed of himself, why should not they be also, and for a like reason—because of their sinful consciousness? A particularly "touchy" judge, or Sunday School jury, would likely smell out obscenity where none ever existed or was intended, and where no descent, broad-minded person would ever think of looking for it. The thing happens over and over again. This very judicial technicality, this judicial license rather, has been the cause of railroading many a well-meaning and innocent author to prison. It has caused the suicide and untimely death of some very noble-minded people. Hanish is but another prospective victim.

There is a vast difference between those who write and distribute salacious literature for the deliberate purpose of appealing to the lowest of human instincts and passions, and those who write for the express purpose of raising humanity above those very things. But it seems the latter get caught in the net more frequently than the former. All is meat to the dog-catcher, and each scalp-lock adds a particular star of glory and leads to an increase of salary—to the detective on the case.

Now then, in justice to humanity and to the evolution of true decency, let us make a move to rise above this archaic superstition which continually menaces and encroaches upon our personal liberty, belying our vaunted shibboleth of liberty, and putting our system of government right down on a plane with Russian bureaucracy. Let us demand that we have a standard of decency, if none exists already save in the imagination of biased and prejudiced judges. If we are to be continually censored for our written expressions, let us have a Public Board of Censorship, so that in future we shall be able to know just where we are at. Even the Moving Picture business has this very thing in active operation, and it saves a world of trouble. The exhibitors now take no chances of arrest as they formerly did, and the public sense is pacified, not venturing to be shocked by anything that has been passed by "the National Board of Censors," who are presumed to know what is and what is not proper.

Among other things, the moving picture show dare not exhibit any representation of a murder, but think of the grewsome and graphic word-picturing of every species of horrible crime, including crimes against decency as popularly understood, which fill the columns of our daily press.

Thousands of things pass current in the newspapers and magazines that ought consistently to be censored. The harrowing write-ups of every species of crimes, especially the one tabooed crime of sex, pass without comment, and go to feed the flames of lust in a thousand breasts, inspiring, by way of suggestion, undoubtedly thousands of crimes of every sort.

Not long ago an order is said to have been passed down the editorial line of one of our great magazine and newspaper syndicates: "Write up the sex stuff!" which order has been and is being obeyed with a vengeance. In consequence of this very "sex stuff," the circulation of these magazines has increased by leaps and bounds, which in itself shows the *real* taste of the public. But the question arises, How can the legislating moralists wink at all this—why do they fail to make a great fuss about it? Is it because they, too, "love it just the same," if only it be disguised or sugar-coated? It would appear so.

But what a double curvature, after all, in the spine of their logic! They say, Crime must be given the greatest publicity or it can never be suppressed. But

why, we ask, should not pants or other covering be put on the nudities and crudities daily exposed in the public prints? and why should not the vast majority of these be censored from the public gaze? They would not allow a painter to paint such things, nor the moving picture to exhibit them, for fear of their contaminating the public mind and morals.

But no, you dare not "muzzle the press," they say, and whenever it is tried, even a little bit, a great howl goes up. But, if we must judge, let us at least be a little consistent in our judgments. Let us not quibble, prevaricate, pretend and unjustly discriminate. Let us be honest. It is not because Hanish or Hubbard or any advanced thinker or writer is considered really "immoral," but because such men are fearless enough to say what they believe to be true, and sometimes they "rub it in" to the high priests of the prevailing order so hard that it smarts, so that an order goes forth, as in the days of Jesus of Nazareth for the crucifixion of the offender.

But, we insist that we should have an established standard of decency. If I write a book, how am I to know whether it contains anything in violation of the statute on decency? Can I send it to Washington and have it reviewed and passed upon by the postal authorities? Certainly I cannot, since there is no branch of the Department authorized to do this sort of thing. I must go ahead, write my book, print it, circulate it

and take my chances. The book may fall into the hands of some prude, some priest, or even some godless enemy with no scruples of either morality or decency, any one of whom can enter a complaint that my book has offended the complainants' sense of decency, and lo! I immediately face judicial inquiry and possibly trial and conviction, if I chance to come before a morally-biased tribunal.

The people who make up the rank and file of our judiciary, while they may be very astute lawyers, are usually very unlearned and consequently narrow-minded when it comes to subjects of new thought and advanced social ethics. They simply have not given thought to these subjects, and again, they are frequently biased in their convictions by early education and religious training. In a word, they are unfit to judge of that concerning which they are really ignorant. This being true, and having no established standard or rules governing the subject, how can we expect anything but warped, prejudiced and unjust judgments?

It appears that we create and maintain a very large department nicknamed "Justice" for the purpose of getting a man into as much trouble as possible, but none whatever for preventing the trouble. Is it because we work on the stupid principle that it would require infinitely less expense and effort to prevent crime than to apprehend and punish it, and that fewer

men would be required to perform the job? Perhaps so, or perhaps as a nation we are in that coma of apathy which just lets everything pretty much slide along and run itself.

Congress should be petitioned to create a National Board of Public Censorship, and specifications should be clearly drawn as to what is and what is not to be adjudged obscene, so that no one need to go astray. I was presenting this idea to a very wise retired old judge. The old man gazed at me intently, and said, "Young man, did it never occur to you that ambiguity is the very life-blood of the legality? If people understood the law and did not go astray, what chance would there be for the lawyer in this world?" To which I made reply, "Yaw Wohl!"

This is my prayer to thee, my lord—strike, strike at the root of penury in my heart.

Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows.

Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service.

Give me the strength never to disown the poor or bend my knees before insolent might.

Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles.

And give me the strength to surrender my strength to thy will with love.—"*Gitanjali*."

Sayings of the Wise

Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come.—*Lowell*.

God send every one their heart's desire.—*Shakespeare*.

And, having thus chosen our course, let us renew our trust in God and go forward without fear and with manly hearts.—*Abraham Lincoln*.

Our greatest glory is not in never failing, but in rising every time we fall.

What is failure? Its only a spur to a man who receives it right, and it makes the spirit within him stir to go in once more and fight. If you never have failed, it's an even guess you have never won a high success.—*Edmund Vance Cooke*.

In all things be prompt. Get the thing done. DO IT NOW. Delay is fatal. The only way for a busy man to get through his work is to take up one thing at a time and stick to it until he puts it through. Never mind if the work is difficult—it must be done.—*Walter H. Cottingham*.

It is never too late to give up our prejudice.—*Thoreau*.

There never was a bad man that had ability for good service.—*Burke*.

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