

"If thou has tried and failed, O dauntless fighter, yet lose not courage: fight on and to the charge return again, and yet again."

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LIGHT AHEAD.

To the student of present social conditions no fact is more significant than the rapid increase of humanitarian efforts. To do good no less than to be good has become the acknowledged duty, even among those classes who still make pleasure the chief object of their lives. Amid the din of their revels some serious word must be spoken, some moment snatched for service to those who are heavily burdened. Whether in the form of truer aims for endeavor of education for the ignorant, or of succor for the weak or suffering, each of these efforts is, in some degree, an offer of help to the world. Need brings the swift supply, for that society is ill no observers deny, save those ghoulish parasites who fatten on its dissolution. While they loudly cry "all is well," doctors and nurses hurry to and fro, prescribing remedies, or seeking by tender ministrations to make the patient more comfortable.

As is not uncommon, doctors disagree regarding both disease and cure; each applying to the case, so far as he is permitted, his own favorite nostrum. "More light!" cries one, firm in the belief that debility is due to the darkness of ignorance. "Generous diet," says another who argues that nature can produce no unhealthy conditions with well-nourished blood. "No alcohol," commands a third, startled by the invalid's feverish face. So the case proceeds, willing hands and hearts seeking to carry out each order that is given. Methods may disagree but there are few members of the commonwealth who would not gladly speed recovery.

It is not the design of this article to point out another remedy, nor to complain that doctors err in judgment. Neither is

it intended to claim for one method superiority over another. It is only meant to speak a word of cheer. They are crabbed souls that find no good in work unlike their own, or that can only carp at zeal which is differently directed. Leaving such narrowness within its self-made bounds, let us rather look at general results, glad if we may find good wherever good is intended.

It would, indeed, be difficult to find any organization devoted to philanthropic work, of which it could justly be said that its efforts are wasted. If the bestowal of a cup of cold water brings about more kindly relationship between giver and receiver, it has accomplished the good for which poets have longed and sages taught. And when we consider the educational work, especially of a moral and industrial nature, which is freely given with the hope of lifting humanity from its sloughs of degradation, we may be sure that it presages a corresponding expansion of both mind and heart. So of each effort put forth for the general good. Somewhere its results will follow in higher thought, purer life, or nobler action.

Multifarious needs call for many kinds of work, and the great diversity of character among men and women demands also various methods. But are they therefore antagonistic, or even useless to each other? May we not more justly regard them as woof and warp that cross each other but to produce the fabric of a better race? It is only isolation which conceals this fact from us. Each band, whether small or great, that gathers about some individual standard, becomes absorbed in its own work, and in devotion to one idea is apt to lose its touch with other bands not less sincere or useful. Its members feel their weakness when pitted against the world, and conscious of the good that may be done with them, bewail the indifference of others. Too often they entirely overlook the fact that those who may be indifferent to their special objects are nevertheless faithfully serving some other worthy cause. Because unfamiliar with their results they underestimate their value, so feeling themselves comparatively alone in the great struggle for progress. Mine would be the task to bear fraternal greeting from each to all, forgetting dissimilar tasks in the one grand aim of advancement.

These separate bands may be likened to regiments of an army, each composed of its several companies, and regularly organized for war. Among them we find infantry, cavalry, and artillery-men, each division having some definite function to which its energies are devoted. Each wisely limits the scope of

its service in order that it may attain greater effectiveness in its chosen line. A strong army needs each part. It is also necessary for a truly effective service that these various parts should be bound together in a common cause which will generally outweigh in importance any divisional aim. If to this organization be added enthusiastic devotion to a principle, our army will become a nearly perfect engine of war.

In the moral war which we are considering there is surely need of such effective co-operation. And the principle that can combine our scattered reform regiment is not hard to find. None will deny the cause of universal brotherhood. While each band serves its own specific object, it may feel itself welded to the rest by the common desire to benefit humanity.

Let some tear down old walls of bigotry and selfishness; others will build up the fairer structures of intellectual and social liberty. Ground must be cleared before the builders come, and those who prepare the way are also faithful servants of the new state. Let the reformer hurl his thunderbolts of wrath against our crumbling social deceits and outgrown tyrannies, while the philanthropist walks beside to assuage the bitterness of conflict. Let the temperance advocate aim all his arrows at that vampire which sucks the life blood of nations, and let the preacher thunder forth a trumpet call to nobler living. Let the philosopher show us true ideals, and the Salvation Army go down to lift our slums. Above all let us waste no strength in conflict about methods, but come together, each with his own weapon, bent on the common aim of overcoming evil. Unity is a magic wand that gives a thousandfold more strength to our endeavor, and wins us countless allies from those we feared as foes.

Mercie M. Thirds.

NATIONALISM.

Nationalism in arraying itself against the wrongs and injustice, the avarice and ambition, the ignorance and fetichism of this our boasted 19th century civilization has entered upon a formidable contest. For the very foundations of this civilization are laid in untruth, and upon these a superstructure of wrong and injustice has been erected. Private ownership of land, with its monstrous offspring, rent; interest, with its brood of Shylocks; profit, with its spawn of monopolies and soulless corporations;

wage-robbing ; justice-selling ; virtue-buying—all these are the sworn foes, not only of Nationalism, but of every effort looking to the amelioration of human misery, crime and ignorance.

Competition is planted and watered in our very kindergartens ; it blossoms in the pride and extravagance of the shrewd few whom it enriches ; it bears its ripened and legitimate fruit in the forger, the thief, the counterfeiter and the murderer. Science views the horrible struggle, and calmly defines its results as the survival of the fittest. Philanthropy doles back a tithe of its own spoils, and calls heaven and earth to witness and certify to its sublime charity. Religion recognises and teaches only innate depravity in man, and having, like Peter, denied Christ, bows in humble adoration of that Mammon upon whom its loaves and fishes now depend. The public press has little room in its columns for the expression or cultivation of truth ; the recording of murders, burglaries, slander, forgeries, divorce court tid-bits, prize fights and base ball crowd it out. But must we on account of the evident formidableness of our task despair ? On the contrary, the greater the necessity, the larger must be our effort. The conflict is far from hopeless. We can safely put our trust in that very element which religion, with its dogma of original sin, denies—the innate goodness, the abiding sense of justice, the reverence for truth which are potential in every human heart, and which we have only to arouse into action to win the great battle for human liberty in which we are now engaged.

But let us not lose sight of the gravity of the contest, or the strength of the enemy against whom we are opposed. It is no petty struggle to right the wrongs of labor, to purify the arena of politics, or to control the greed and power of monopolies which we have in hand. The very existence of our civilization depends upon our winning this fight.

James Roann Reed.

It is interest that creates plutocrats. A single ten-cent piece—"only a dime"—placed at five per cent interest at the beginning of the Christian era, would now amount to over thirty-two billion spheres of solid gold of standard fineness, each as large as this earth. Were a person to count these globes at the rate of one hundred each day he would need over sixteen centuries in which to complete the task. If you don't believe this, figure it out yourself.—*Emporia Standard.*

BOLTON'S FACTORY.

“And, if there are such things as spooks and ghosts they ought to come back and haunt that factory, for there are more murders committed there than——”

Here the speaker, who was addressing a crowd in the street was promptly ordered to move on by a policeman. The former a sturdy broad-shouldered fellow, evidently an artisan, seemed inclined to argue the point, whereupon the policeman repeated his command a little more insolently and loudly than before.

“I'm doing no harm” replied the victim, “the Salvation Army was here a minute or two ago!”

“You must hire a hall if you want to talk like that” said the policeman. “We want no blasted foreigners here talking Socialism.” The policeman, by the way, himself spoke with a strong Irish accent.

Still the determined orator refused to be quiet and my last sight of him was in custody followed by a crowd of roughs who were manifestly delighted at the unexpectedly lively termination of what they had regarded as a very dull speech. A knot of two or three workingmen remained behind, talking in strong language about the interruption.

There is nothing very unusual in what I have related, in fact, such incidents had become quite common in the city of late, as the Socialists, taking advantage of certain labor troubles had been actively prosecuting their propaganda, and they were often driven away when attempting to utilize the streets for the purpose of spreading their doctrines.

Of course I could have nothing in common with such people. Well-reared, well-educated, as education goes nowadays, and more than well provided with this world's gear, it could hardly be expected that I should have the least sympathy with a body of men, who were continually calling down the vengeance of heaven upon the class to which I belonged, stirring up the employees, spreading strikes and generally making things uncomfortable all around.

However, I must confess to a pang of shame when I saw the orator led thus summarily away for exercising a right which the constitution of the country undoubtedly gave him. The charge of obstruction which would be brought against him on the morrow, and on which he was certain to be fined, for the policeman's

evidence is always quite sufficient, was I knew utterly absurd, and one of those good impulses which occasionally take possession of even the worst of us impelled me to go to the police station and endeavor to bail him out, or at least give him the benefit of my evidence on the following day. As I was on my way, the thought struck me that it would occasion me a certain amount of social trouble were I to appear thus publicly as the champion of an arrested agitator. Besides one is always so terribly hampered and worried in a witness case, and altogether I decided that I had better leave the matter alone and so retraced my steps, leaving the intrepid champion of collectivism to remain in *durance vile*.

I then bethought me of an engagement which I had to spend the evening with an old acquaintance, a Mr. Bolton, the largest factory owner in the city. As a rule I am not very fond of Mr. Bolton's company; he always talks shop, shop, shop, in the most aggravating and trying manner to one who is not interested in Bolton's business. The misconduct of the employees, too, was always a strong subject with him, and to hear the way in which he denounced the vices of the working classes was really beautiful. I have drunk his claret with the greatest gusto, as I have listened to him with purple cheeks, and eyes almost starting out of his head—Bolton is a good feeder—speak in scathing terms of the money expended by the working people in drink. This evening, however, I did not feel so great an aversion to him as usual, and as I understood that a niece of his, a sprightly, jolly girl, to whose society I was very partial, as to tell the truth were most of the young men of my acquaintance, was to be present, I climbed the hill leading to the mansion of the capitalist more readily than usual.

For once in his life Bolton forgot the employees; he did not refer to them all the evening. He had made a good investment, and he spoke continually of that, and a certain speculation which he was sorely tempted to indulge in. Bolton positively pelts one with dollars. When you journey with him in conversation, it is over a sea of dollars, in a boat of dollars, skirting an everlasting gold coast, with now and again a little indentation, as Security Point or Stock Bay.

For my own part I cannot understand all this trouble about the acquisition of money. I have plenty myself, and am informed that it is well invested, further, I do not care, except to spend it. I really believe I would rather be without it altogether, than be like Bolton and carry it as an everlasting weight about my neck.

The niece was out when I arrived but she came in later, and she and I adjourned for music, leaving Bolton slumbering audibly, while recovering from the effects of his bountiful dinner.

Music, talk on the latest doings of our mutual friends, and merry banter filled up our evening, till at last the time came to go and I left with the feeling of having spent a happy and not altogether unprofitable time.

I have entered thus closely into my doings that evening, that the reader may see that there was nothing which I had done that was at all likely to disturb me, and cause me to imagine that I saw unusual sights, and yet I did see a most unusual one, the memory of which will linger in my mind as long as my life lasts, and which has completely changed my opinion on certain economic systems.

As I buttoned my overcoat and placed a cigar in my mouth, just outside Bolton's door, the night appeared to be so pleasant, that I determined to lengthen my journey home somewhat, and set out for a walk of two miles or so. I have a distinct recollection of the exhilarating effect of the light wind that was blowing, as I stepped out briskly. My thoughts went back to the imprisoned orator, and an idea struck me. The speaker had stated that ghosts ought to be seen at some factory or other; it would be a good idea to go and have a look at Bolton's factory; there might be a ghost there.

I had not very far to go. Turning to the left I walked through some of the slums and narrow alleys that abound in the industrial portions of the city, and which are by this time as necessary and as familiar an adjunct of our civilization as the locomotive.

I had seen such places in England, had shuddered over "Darkest England," and the slums of Westminster and the East End of London, but for the first time I noticed how the disease was spreading in the cities of my own free country, for wherever the factory raises its walls underneath them crouch its herds of miseries, the hardly used attendants of the great Steam God.

There, before me, rose the factory with its even rows of narrow windows, its gloomy, frowning walls and narrow buttresses. It was as still as a grave, though but a few hours before it had been rocking and palpitating under the power of the machinery within it. All day the raw material had been pouring in at one door to come out finished, manufactured goods at another; all day the wheels had revolved untiringly and the roar had filled the build-

ing from basement to roof, had deafened the ears, and drowned the voices of the workers as they waited, in patient attendance, from sunrise to sunset upon their relentless master. Now it was all still and the slaves were slumbering on the pavement, conversing in hoarse voices, drinking out the little humanity that was left in them, or in gaudy, cheap places of amusement forgetting in the joy of the dance and ribald song the dreary misery of the day's toil.

As I stood looking at the building, I fancied I could see a face at one of the windows in the third story; the face of a little child, a wan, tired, little face that peeped out of the window yet seemed to see nothing, so weary did it appear. A whole history could be read at once in the face that I saw, the history of a child that had never been anything but tired, that had dragged its weary little limbs morning after morning to wait upon the monster that was slowly and surely destroying its life, crushing it into an untimely grave. A feeling of personal responsibility for the sufferings of that child took possession of me, and I felt a thrill of horror as I saw window after window of the great building filled with just such little faces, unnumbered ghosts of murdered children, revisiting the scene of their misery. And Bolton the owner of the factory sat in his luxurious room in his splendid mansion on the hill dozing and digesting.

It would be impossible for me to tell all that I saw, or fancied I saw, that night as I stood in the shadow outside of the factory. I pictured the crushed and the maimed whose lives or limbs had been offered up to the god, Machinery, in the outer court of the Temple of Mammon. I thought of those who had been driven to the very depths of degradation and shame by the same fiend, whose punishments are so severe that its victims will seek any respite, as the man who cannot swim will yet plunge into a deep river to escape the onward sweep of the prairie fire. When I considered the terrible amount of suffering and misery of which that barrack-looking place had been the means, a terrible loathing took possession of me, and had I possessed the strength I should have torn it down. Bolton owned three such factories as this, and Bolton was quietly sleeping at home.

Then I looked again at the slums around me, and heard the coarse merriment, for the places of amusement were now closed, and the low saloons of the neighborhood were sending forth a crowd of more or less tipsy men and women.

What will it all lead to, I thought? I remembered the

speaker who had been so summarily marched off that evening, and I made my way this time unhesitatingly to bail him out, if some of his friends had not indeed been before me.

As I passed on my way a man placed a paper in my hand with a heading in large type "The Torch to the Slums, The People to the Mansions." It was a notice of a meeting of Anarchists to be held in a certain hall on the following Sunday. Thus Anarchist emissaries sowed discontent among the slums in the hours of night, while out in the open thoroughfares the Socialist proclaimed undying hatred against the possessing classes. And Bolton was sleeping off his dinner in the house on the hill.

Edmund Saxon.

A CREED FOR THE TIMES.

I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen ; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety,
A selfish scheme, a vain pretense ;
Where centre is not, can there be
Circumference ?

That I moreover hold, and dare
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go,
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullabys
That charm to rest the nursling bird,
Or that sweet confidence of sighs
And blushes, made without a word.

Whether the dazzling and the flush
Of softly sumptuous garden bowers,
Or by some cabin door, a bush
Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Not stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,
That makes us saints ; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
From works, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.

—*Alice Cary.*

THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF RELIGION.

It is probable that the majority of religious people whose emotions have been warmed by the magnetic influence of church associations will look upon the above title and ask: "What has science to do with religion? Religion is something we feel; it is in our hearts; something that makes us good; causes us to think pure thoughts instead of bad."

Most religious ideas do not rise above this conception. With the majority of people religion is only a sentiment, and the reason for the existence of worlds, with their teeming humanities, does not suggest itself to them. The idea that if there is a soul to save, that soul must be a material something, and that there must be some threatening danger from which to save it, is also hardly given a thought.

The soul if material is a fit subject for investigation by scientific processes. Religion, as usually understood, is the seeking for the salvation of something that is not in and of itself tangible to any of our five senses. So impossible is it for physical senses to know of the existence of soul, that such existence has been denied, thus giving rise to materialism. Physical science, reasoning from cause to effect, has been compelled to adopt the existence of imponderable elements as an explanation of certain phenomena whose effects are plainly visible. None of our five senses can perceive either electricity, magnetism, or attraction, etc. We only observe their effects. The same logic, when applied to the phenomena of human existence, must lead us to place soul as one of the imponderables. It is by using our reason that we are led to the reality of soul, just as by the use of the same reason we have arrived at the existence of imponderable forces in nature. We see effects, of which soul must be postulated as a cause.

Let us consider a little as to the invisibles which our reason has led us to accept. Besides our body, which we can but regard as a sheath or *habitat* for the indwelling of the real man, we are led by our reason and observation to perceive certain characteristics in man which compel us to admit a septenary division in him. If we classify these divisions by the offices they seem to bear in the production of human phenomena, they will stand thus:

- 1, The sheath; 2, the circulating life principle; 3, the ghost or double of the body, which after death may become the

vampire ; 4, the instinct or passional nature ; 5, the reasoning and thinking faculty ; 6, the will power, the director of our energies ; 7, that eternal, all-pervading Something which seems to bind man and nature together, and which we call spirit.

Spirit gathers into itself as essence all the others. That is, spirit synthesizes the others into one, which is itself, since it is impossible for the others to exist without the presence within them of spirit. Spirit, then, is God, and at the same time is God in us, and in the universe. This is why Theosophy calls man a "Ray" of God. All religion thus has a scientific basis, founded upon the six material planes below spirit, and the effort upon these to attain to the spiritual, which process becomes the evolution of soul.

Theosophy enumerates the above classification thus: 1, Body ; 2, Life or Vitality ; 3, Astral Body, or Vehicle or Life ; 4, Animal Soul ; 5, Human Soul ; 6, Spiritual Soul ; 7, Spirit.

This classification is self evident, and therefore, cannot be denied. A further analysis leads us to divide these principles into two classes, or those purely physical, which are the first three, and those purely superphysical, which are the last three, while the middle principle, or animal soul, is a connecting link between the two, but whose affinities are entirely with the body, over which it rules. It is the god of this world, since the body is governed entirely by its instinctive passions, desires, etc. The scientific proposition of religion is to translate the essence of this animal soul into the spiritual soul. This is the true metempsychosis, the process of evolution making of the animal soul a human and spiritual one. For this purpose the higher Triad spoken of above, incarnates in this physical, animal soul ; thus endowing it with reason and power, in order that it may be lifted up to higher consciousness, and a knowledge of spiritual things. This animal soul has no self-consciousness or reasoning power of its own ; the instinctive mind it possesses belonging to the Universal Consciousness, as does that of all animals. But when associated with the higher Triad, it receives reflected consciousness and reasoning power from this source. This association makes man human. It is the struggle of this Divine Triad to rescue, transmute and save this carnal-animal soul which constitutes the basis for all religion. In the masses even of professed Christians this animal soul has not as yet reached an awakening. They are still only in a half-awake, dreaming state. Christianity has lost the key and basis for work afforded in this

teaching of evolution, and hence its failure. The Christian clergy might be a power in the land to assist in awakening the struggling soul if they themselves could only be fully awakened. But they, as a profession, absolutely refuse knowledge, and feed their flocks only husks, leaving the kernels to decay.

The essence of this animal soul, and the human triad, will reincarnate in new physical bodies, until this awakening fully takes place. No Christian has as yet saved his soul from this reincarnation unless he has realized the scientific basis of salvation. Reincarnation is the true fiery hell; selfishness is the devil; and physical life the vale of tears for all souls not regenerated; who have not arisen from the "dead," as Jesus and Paul call the condition of these souls when thus carnally united with the flesh. Conversion and salvation of this soul, which Theosophy calls the Kama-Manas, then is the object and aim of all religious exercises and beliefs. How is it to be attained? Orthodox Christianity declares this half-animal, half-human soul to be all the soul man has, for they claim that all men are born sinners; that there is no good in man whatever; that this soul deserves the wrath of their Personal God. Now a purely animal soul could not deserve the wrath of any divine being, since it is only a result of evolution from lower forms which has reached this stage. Nor could a being be divine, much less God, who could indulge in wrath at all. In order to save this soul from eternal punishment their Personal God, some nineteen hundred years ago, sent his only son, Jesus Christ, who by living a spotless life, took upon himself the sins of all souls, and by death on the cross appeased the wrath of this (Personal) God, and thus saved these souls from eternal punishment. Even a dull intellect can see how an allegory designed to teach a truth in nature regarding the evolution of souls to higher conditions by nature's processes for this purpose, has been accepted, through ignorance, as a physical reality; how a symbolical death has been taken as a literal one, and around it a degrading scheme for salvation worked out, by appealing to man's selfishness, to enable him to escape from the consequences of wrong acts.

Now, by a *resume* of the foregoing, let us endeavor to arrive at the true meaning of the life of Jesus Christ, which was a record of allegorical scenes enacted in the early Christian mysteries, now known as Gnosticism. This meaning must be understood in nearly every reading, if we would arrive at their interior interpretation. By "Father" in heaven is to be

understood the spirit in man, the God within, the only God man can possibly reach, and to whom he is to direct his prayers. The abode of this Father in man is "Heaven," and there is no other Heaven. By Christ we are to understand a close union of the Spiritual Soul in man, with God, the Spirit within him. In this union he becomes the Son of God. Jesus represents the human soul, the true man, or the thinking, reasoning faculty in him. When joined to the spiritual soul, it becomes the man Jesus Christ, or Immanuel; God in us. Now the animal soul the essence of which is our carnal nature, our desires, our ambitions, our lower self, is the soul which Theology says is continually, and naturally evil. This is true only in the sense that it is the child, so to speak, of our bodily nature. As such it is always spoken of as "dead." By the "world" is always to be understood our carnal body.

The allegory of the salvation of the soul, then, is an actual, metaphysical reality as follows :

In the evolution of soul from lower to higher conditions it is necessary for the Father (spirit) to send his son, Christ-Jesus (Buddhi-Manas, of Theosophy) to become a sacrifice; that is, to leave its heavenly estate by incarnating in the carnal man, thereby permitting this animal soul to be awakened from its "dead" condition to life in the Spirit. It reincarnates again and again in its efforts to arouse this soul to spiritual consciousness; and will continue to so reincarnate in new bodies, together with the essence of this soul, until its object has been accomplished. In this condition of incarnation, Jesus in his union with the animal soul partakes both of the animal and the Divine nature. In this sense he is both man and God. As said before, the orthodox scheme of salvation is based on a misconception of this mystical truth that there is a true interior struggle which must take place in every man before immortality, or continued consciousness, can become ours. In this struggle no dead Jesus of nineteen centuries ago can help us, but the ever-present Christ Jesus in us, who is alive ever more, and also who will raise us from the "dead." He has the key to death and hell, which he will unlock when this animal soul shall knock at the heavenly door. This animal soul is the Prodigal Son, who having spent all in riotous living, finally come to a sense that he is feeding swine, arises, and goes to his "father," in a humbled, contrite condition. All pride and selfishness conquered, he says, "Father, I am unworthy to be called thy son; make me thy

servant." Thus must we come humbly to the door of continued consciousness, bringing this subjected, dead, animal nature, and knocking for admission. Oh, that every soul might be put in unison with the law of its being; that the dead Jesus might be exchanged for the living Christ; that every man might know that in him dwells the ever-living and true God! Like the face of Moses, when returning from this symbolic Mt. Sinai, his face would shine with Divine, light, for the ineffable glory which only abides in the Spirit would be upon him!

J. H. Scotford.

QUESTION.

What does all avail,
 Love, or power or gold?
 Life is but a tale
 Ended e'er 'tis told.

Much is left unsaid,
 Much is said in vain.
 Shall the golden thread
 Be taken up again?

ANSWER.

Nothing here avails,
 Love, or power, or gold,
 Illusions are. Seek thou
 The Spirit to unfold.

Much thou'st left unsaid,
 Much thou'st said in vain,
 But the golden thread
 Thou wilt take up again.

Mignonette.

THE COMMAND.

Cleanse thou thy mind, make pure thine heart.
 That thou may'st nobly bear thy part.
 'Tis only thus that thou art meet
 To bear love's Message, pure and sweet.

For each are all, and all are one;
 When all are saved life's work is done.
 While one frail bark is tempest tossed
 Thine own, O man, may yet be lost!

Stanley Fitzpatrick.

THE CONQUEST OF NATURE.

Perhaps nothing will more profoundly impress the student of current history than the evidence of the mastery which man has gained and is gaining over the forces of nature, and his utilization of them in the industrial affairs of the world. Through the interminable past and up to within a comparatively recent time he carried forward with weary tread the burdens which nature had cast upon him, without aid from her. Whatever burden he had to sustain, whatever load he had to bear forward, whatever task nature put upon him, to meet and supply the necessities of his earth life, he called into requisition only the muscular power with which she had endowed him. Around him on all hands were nature's titanic forces, static and dynamic, inviting use and employment. They were the tools with which the builder of the universe was evolving the solar systems; immense units of which the vast whole was composed. To seize upon them, to learn the secret of their activities, to control them, and at length to press them into his service, and with them build a wonder palace out of his world, in which his short earth life is spent, this is the task set him, and which with marvelous rapidity he is now doing.

The results already achieved are profoundly surprising, and the future, which awaits his inevitable advance, is full of potencies. Within a drop of water, dormant and statical, reposed a force, which when quickened into activity by the application of heat was to haul ponderous loads over mountain fastness or wide stretching plain with such rapidity that the "ends of the earth" were to be brought into immediate contact with each other, and the ocean's mighty winds and mightier currents were to be overcome and overborne, and its wide reaching wastes made the highways for the commerce of the world. Encircling the earth, great ships, floating palaces which halt not nor falter at adverse winds, nor opposing tides, carry the products of his art, skill and industry over every sea, and land them upon every shore. In the thousands of factories in all lands where he has made his habitation, ponderous machinery builded of earth's most stubborn metals, obey in their hurrying motions his will. It is his to command, and his ever quickening genius weaves into fabrics of beauty the lengthening web of life. The toilsome processes of the cruder and earlier days yield their places to the genius of the

modern man-god. The past was a weary way, along which his toilsome journey led him. Weak and feeble, the sport of nature's forces, helpless because of his ignorance, the morning of his life was dreary and sunless. Though dimly perceiving a possible future of greater excellence, he yet lived and died without fruition of his hopes. Still, adown the opening vista of the unfolding years he caught glimpses of that which was to be, and with hurrying step he pressed forward to its realization.

In the discovery of the laws governing electrical energy man has forged forward in his conquest with masterful strides. Its multiform uses have become the common property of mankind, and the world has almost ceased to marvel at its wonders. The wires which conduct this mighty energy have become nerve threads, leading out from every center of human activity, and throbbing with his unspoken thought. The commerce of the world feels the inspiring touch and moves responsive to its command. Armies, contending for the mastery on widely extended battle-fields, are controlled by one mind, and dash forward to meet and overcome the emeny or withdraw from points of danger at its signal. Every railroad train, with its load of human lives, or burden of freight, is controlled and guided by means of this mighty energy. The world is rapidly becoming a net work of wires, pulsating with the thought of man. Not only are the great movements in commerce and civilization controlled, but the minor affairs of life, its little details, are rapidly coming under the touch of this, to us now, indispensable energy.

Some idea may be had of the immense conquests already made if every railroad, with its swiftly sweeping trains of human beings and wares, were suddenly destroyed; if every steamship should break down; if every factory upon the face of the globe should cease its industrial hum; if every machine shop should suddenly become silent; if the voices of the toiling millions, which now guide this ceaseless power into the paths of industry and with it work out the wonders of this most wonderful age, should suddenly become hushed. Add to all this the destruction of the web which the telegraph builders have woven around the earth; melt up telegraph wires and ocean cables; close every office where the click of the subtle power now manifests itself, and note the withering results upon the industrial affairs of the world. Our great daily newspapers which mirror the thought of all nations, and record the movements of humanity in all departments of activity, and present us at our breakfast tables the

events of the preceding twenty-four hours in all parts of the habitable globe, would shrink and shrivel into comparative nothingness. Great industries in which boundless wealth is engaged, giving employment to countless millions of skilled and unskilled toilers, would hear the hour strike their doom. The commerce of the world would stagnate, and the teeming brain of man would lose half its occupation. The world's workers in more than one-half its countless fields of industry would find their employment gone and with it the bread for wife and children. An universal paralysis would prostrate the industrial world and chaos reign when order now holds sway. Despair would set the seal of its silent terror on the faces of the toilers of the civilized world, and unrelieved want stalk where the hand of plenty now showers comfort and ease.

At every trade center to-day, the financial magnate sits in touch with the power that moves the political, governmental, industrial and economic affairs of the world. There comes to him, with the rapidity of thought, the details of every movement which employs capital, and brings into use the power of gold. Thus buttressed with detailed accounts of all movements in the industrial and economic world, he is able to project great and intricate financial schemes, employing millions, embracing in their scope wide-reaching fields, and extending over long periods of time, and carry them forward to successful results.

The old world of our ancestors is passing away, and all things are becoming new. There has arisen a morning which gives promise of a day of exceeding brilliancy; of transcendent glory. That which has been accomplished is but the beginning of a new era in the life of man. The wonderful activity of the human mind which has wrought the results already pointed out, gathers force and momentum with each advancing year, and the future is radiant with the promise that "To-morrow is better than to-day." Advance along this line is inevitable, and that which has been accomplished is a guaranty of greater achievements yet to be. That which was a dream in the past has already been more than realized, and that of which we dream to-day will to-morrow crystallize into the actualities of our lives. The age is intense with living thought; of improvements in man's environment. Not in the heavens, to which the good and virtuous may go at death; not in the life to be where an infinite hand has wrought out for him a "new heaven and a new earth," but here and now, the human race must work out its

destiny until the mandate to primitive man to conquer and subdue the earth shall have been obeyed.

Man is of the earth, earthy. He is a product of the law of evolution, which in its varied workings has created the earth on which he lives and afterwards evolved him. He is a phase of evolution; a part of the crystallization of spirit into material form which resulted in our solar system, and his earth life and his destiny is in some measure identical with the earth on which he has his abiding place. When we come to understand man more perfectly, when we come to know our earth, its atmosphere and environment more completely, we shall identify man more closely with nature than we have been accustomed to do. Not more completely is the tree, the shrub and the flower, the water upon the face of the earth, and the atmosphere which holds it in close and perpetual embrace, part of this material system, than is man. The same elements enter into his composition, the same fluids circulate within his body, the same forces vibrate and pulsate within him. He is subject to the same laws and the product of the same forces. The building of the earth included him. Not only does he abide in it during his earth life, but he is most intimately related to and connected with it, and when death takes place, the material out of which his body has been builded finds its way by the processes of nature into other and different forms, which in their turn are disintegrated again in a perpetual evolution. The forces which constructed his body are not lost nor destroyed, but are given a different direction, and still manifest in ceaseless activity. Nothing is lost, either in the materials of his body or the force with which the work is done. Forms change, and the process of integration and disintegration is perpetual; forces change the direction of their activities, but with such nice precision does nature work that there is no waste, either of materials or of force. She builds his body with forces ever at her command, and out of materials with which her storehouses are abundantly supplied, only to take it to pieces again by the same remorseless process. But both in the materials with which she builds and in the forces with which her building is done she has no need to travel out of our own system. Here in abundance and profusion and ready at her hand are both.

But even though it may be said, and truthfully too, that man is of the earth, earthy, that he is a product of nature, and that there is no separate process of creation for him, yet nature seems in him to have reached a climax, for to him she has given the

power to command and control in some measure the forces with which she evolves him. Is it not marvelous, that nature should have produced a self conscious being and endowed him with power to study and understand her methods and laws, and to put into use, and control the forces with which she is constructing, with such marvelous architecture, the mighty universe of which he is a part? She has endowed him with the power to know himself, and through himself to understand his creation. She has embodied herself in her processes, has individualized herself in her laws, and man stands as the materialized form and representative of that universal noumenon behind all expression which manifests in her multiform works.

Through the toilsome processes of her world building, during the eternity that lies behind us, by slow stages she seems to have been working toward the goal of the expression in an individualized form of herself; and in this wonderful being, man, the highest and most complex of all her works she has realized this result. Who can think this thought without feeling a throb of pride and pleasure that he stands as the grand product of the interminable past? Nor has this process reached its full fruition. Nature is carrying him onward and forward until her will shall be fully embodied in, and expressed by him; until her infinite intelligence shall be his, and his power know no limits. She will ultimately epitomize all in him. This is man's destiny; the power to know and comprehend her, and the ability to command and control the forces which create and maintain the universe.

Learning is a process of assimilation; that which is assimilated is some fact. The gathering into the mind of these is nature's process of creating an intelligent being; in other words it is the transfusion of herself into man. Thus at length will he become an embodiment of that which is now impersonal, but which in thought we personify as nature. This process by which nature personifies herself in man, we call evolution or creation.

Man's work, then, in learning the ways of nature, of understanding her methods, and of controlling those forces whose laws he has discovered, has but just begun. We marvel at the results already reached, at the progress already made, but this is but the crimson of the morning, the dawn of the uplifting day, of whose radiance and splendor we now but dream. Already advanced souls begin to feel the throb of nature's great heart, to catch a glimpse of that which is to carry humanity onward and forward to loftier heights, until man shall be clothed with gar-

ments of light. The sober facts of evolution all point this way. The cruder processes of nature in form-building go on, and ever on. She builds and rebuilds only to tear down and build again. But one important change seems to have taken place with the creation of man, and since his advent the tendency is to perfect him rather than to create a higher and more complex being. So far as this process is now concerned, it has taken the direction of the development of the psychical rather than the physical. Her forces are working that way and the result is seen already in the marvelous advances which man has made, some phases of which we have considered.

A further thought in this connection is necessary. There is first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. There is first the child whose life is almost purely objective, then the man with quickening intelligence, then the "sear and withered leaf," during which spiritual faculties expand and contact an entirely different environment. His life in its autumn becomes subjective. The child life is a constant contact of organism with a material environment. He lives in the exterior world, his senses all alert. He sees, feels, hears, tastes and smells the world of forms. The light gladdens his eyes; his faculties correspond with its revealed marvels. The harmony of musical sounds touches his heart like voices from the unseen. Through the contact and intercourse with the world of material things, is developed and expanded his intellectual powers. He begins to observe, to reason, to investigate, to plan, contrive and build. Light which so gladdened his childish eye has now become a phenomenon which he studies to find its cause and governing laws. He pursues his investigations until the phenomena of both light and sound become modes of motion. Something, some subtle etheric fluid vibrates, and one ratio of vibrations, or velocity of vibratory motion, manifests to his eye, and he names it light; another to his ear, which he calls sound; another still to the sense of touch, which he terms heat. Bodies raised from its surface fall again to the earth. There is uniformity in this motion. His intellect begins to take hold of and ponder these observed facts, and at length he conceives that there is a force which pulls all bodies to the earth's surface. Further investigation shows this force to be general, if not universal, in its operations. He reasons about it, experiments with it, and at length discovers the law of gravitation. He has gathered a great mass of facts from observed physical phenomena, and with expanded intellect

reasons about them; discovers the law of causation; finds out by slow degrees that law holds through all, and this leads him to inquire and search, and carries him back behind the phenomena that he observes to its author and cause, and so he is introduced into a world the opposite of his child world. His intellectual life was buttressed on his physical correspondence with the material world, and in turn is his spiritual or subjective life founded on his intellectual world. Life all the way through is correspondence. It is the touch of environment by organism. It is the correspondence of the "I" within with the environing world without.

This is the orderly and systematic development of the human mind. It is evolution. It is continuous progressive change from the physical through the intellectual to the spiritual, by means of resident forces and according to fixed laws. It is to this fact, the gradual embodiment and personification of impersonal nature in man, that we must look for the key to the mastery which he has gained and is gaining over the forces of nature, and by means of which he is becoming a creator. Her all-embracing intelligence is becoming his; her processes in creation are being revealed to him, and vast, impersonal and universal as she is, she is yet by slow degrees embodying herself in him.

We may then reasonably expect that the future holds a destiny for man of transcendent glory; and this not in any heaven or New Jerusalem, or city of pearly gates and streets of gold, but, here, on this earth, and in the life that now is. Who can study the history of the human race, comparing its crude and humble conditions in the past, with its achievements of to-day without the fullest conviction that it is now but the twilight of the morning, and that the advancing day will reveal marvels of beauty and greatness of which we now but dimly dream. It would be idle to undertake to forecast the future and to attempt to predict that which is to be, but let the advance made in the last century continue, and, given another hundred years; a thousand years, ten thousand years, and the heights to which man will ascend, the advance which he is sure to secure, is quite beyond our intelligent understanding or comprehension. Nor can it be said that this prediction is at all unreasonable. It is the logical, and, it may be said, necessary conclusion, judging the future by the past.

Daniel Titus.

A DECADE OF RETROGRESSION.

During the ten years which ended with 1889, the great metropolis of the Western continent added to the assessed valuation of its taxable property almost half a billion dollars.

In all other essential respects, save one, the decade was a period of retrogression for New York City. Crime, pauperism, insanity, and suicide increased; repression by brute force personified in an armed police was fostered, while the education of the children of the masses ebbed lower and lower. The standing army of the homeless swelled to twelve thousand nightly lodgers in a single precinct, and forty thousand children were forced to toil for scanty bread.

In a society in which all things are commodities to be had for money, the labor power of stalwart men and tiny children, the innocence of delicately cherished girlhood, the marriage tie, the virtue of the servant, and the manhood of the statesman, it is eminently fitting that the record of progress should be kept officially in dollars and cents. This is done in all our communities in the report of the disbursing officer who is known in New York City under the title of the Comptroller.

Expressed in dollars and cents, then, the growth of pauperism and crime was such in the decade which began with 1880, that we now spend more than a million each year in excess of the sum spent then for the same purpose. Riches are greater and poverty is greater.

The moral and social retrogression indicated in this item of the Comptroller's report is thrown into bold relief by another item, the expenditure for schools. While the paupers and criminals have grown upon us by an annual expenditure of more than a million in excess of the sum needed in 1879, the school children's share of the public funds has grown by less than a million in excess of the requirements of 1879. More shameful still is this retrogression when the item of police expenditure is considered, for this exceeds outright the appropriation for the Department of Education, and has grown more rapidly than the expenditure for schools. It appears that, under existing conditions, when property appreciates half a billion in value, it is necessary to have four and one-half millions' worth of police to watch over and protect the half-billion's increase in assessed value from the

ravages of paupers and criminals. It seems also that in 1879 our police cost less than our schools, while they now cost more. The problem assumes a still graver aspect when the expenditure for paupers, criminals and police are taken together, for it then appears that they cost nearly twice as much as the schools. . . .

The Board of Estimate and Apportionment never approves the full appropriations made for schools. The Board of Education strives to live well within the sum allowed it, and crowds the greatest possible number of children upon each teacher, the regular enrolment being seventy primary pupils per teacher. Then to parry the charge of overfilling schoolrooms, it becomes the duty of the principal to reduce the enrolment per schoolhouse to the lowest point. . . . Behind our local municipal administration lies our whole system of capitalistic production, calling for cheap hands and profit, not human culture. And the school authorities do but seek to supply the demand of that system for lads who can read the papers enough to vote with the machine, and write and cipher enough to be available as clerks. Everything beyond this being unprofitable, the great mass of our city children are turned out of school at the ages of ten, eleven and twelve years, to furnish "cheap" hands for industrial purposes.

The Comptroller's report is substantiated, moreover, by the concurrent testimony of the State Superintendent of Education, who, on page 12 of his report for 1888, laments that—

There is a large, uneducated class in the State, and our statistics show that it is growing larger. The attendance upon the schools has not kept pace with the advance of population.

The factory inspectors in their report for 1886, say, page 15 :

The ignorance is something alarming. Thousands of children *born in this country, or who came here in early childhood*, are unable to write; almost as many are unable to read, and still other thousands can do little more than write their own name. Possibly one-third of the affidavits of parents examined by us in the factory towns were signed with a crossmark, and it seemed to us that when the children who now require these affidavits grow up and have children of their own about whom to make affidavit, the proportion of crossmarks to the papers will not be decreased.

Children born in Europe, and who lately came to this country, are much better informed than the children born and reared in our own State, this condition of affairs has also been remarked by the factory inspectors of other States. Very few American-born children could tell the year of their birth, the State they lived in, or spell the name of their native town. . . .

The average wages of the employed during employment being decidedly less than a dollar a day, it is not strange that homelessness grows and the police department reports :

As will be seen, the enormous sum of 4,649,960 cheap lodgings were furnished during the year, to which should be added the 150,812 lodgings furnished in the station-houses, making a total of 4,800,472. If tenement-house life leads to immorality and vice, certainly the fifty-eight lodging-

houses in the Eleventh Precinct, furnishing 1,243,200 lodgings in one year, must have the same or a worse tendency. Reflections upon the figures contained in the above will lead to the conclusion that we have a large population of impecunious people (all males) which ought to be regarded with some concern. It is shown above that an average of 13,152 persons, without homes and the influence of family, lodged nightly in the station-houses, and in these poorly provided dormitories, an army of idlers willing or forced. It is respectfully submitted that social reformers would here find a field for speculation, if not for considerable activity.

Into whose hands can our half a billion of added wealth have wandered, that it leaves more than twelve thousand human beings homeless throughout the year? And is the growth of such poverty not retrogression?

It is urged from time to time that New York is no typical study for American conditions because of the immigration that forever flows through it, and an abnormally large proportion of the "unfitted" left as our residuum. But in comparison with the armies of the unfit systematically produced by our industrial system, the stratum of residuum deposited in the metropolis by the flood of immigration rolling westward is too trivial to disturb the equanimity of candid observers. Only the perverted vision, which leads New York's most famous charitable institutions to imprison beggars and kidnap the children of the very poor in the name of philanthropy, can so confuse cause and effect. If we were civilized, if we were doing the nation's work in an orderly manner, every recruit would be so much clear gain. It is the disorganization of our moribund industrial system which leaves no welcome for the immigrant save as the tenement-house agent may bleed them, and the sweating contractor "grind their bones to make his bread." It is this disorganization which turns the source of our finest reinforcement into a means of demoralization and temporary retrogression.

We have seen that in accumulated wealth, the City of New York increased by nearly half a billion dollars in the past ten years. A fair share of this material wealth was doubtless derived from the application of electricity to human uses, for that was pre-eminently the decade of electricity.

Yet, even in this respect the metropolis failed to show its own. For, while the substitution of electricity for horse power has gone rapidly forward in the small cities of the West and South, New York has suffered an extension of its slow, filthy and pest-breeding horse-car transportation. There can be little doubt that the unspeakable state of the streets contributed largely to the deadliness of the epidemic which raged at the close of 1889.

Nor was the electric light of New York more successfully de-

veloped than the use of electricity for transportation. The last night of the ten years found the city buried in stygian gloom, because the duty of lighting its streets is still a matter of private profit; and the insolent corporation which fattens upon this franchise surrendered the privilege of murdering its linemen unpunished only when its poles were cut and its wires torn down. A more classic application of the Vanderbilt motto in action it would be hard to find, or a more thorough demonstration of the inadequacy of capitalism to rule the genii itself has summoned. . . .

As the application of electricity rose pre-eminently characteristic of the past decade among the uses of science, so architecture towered above all other arts. Yet, for one problem solved after the magnificent fashion of the Brooklyn bridge and the Dacotahs, hundreds of plans were devised with delicate ingenuity for filling up with brick and mortar the small remaining air space in the rear of tenement blocks. And this noblest and most humane of all the arts was degraded in the service of millionaire land-owners and sub-letting agents until the problem of to-day is, how to kennel the greatest mass of human beings upon the least area with smallest allowance of air, and light, and water, without infringing the building laws. One of the simplest solutions is superimposing floor upon floor, so compelling tired women and puny children to mount narrow, dark and gloomy stairs, and increasing to its maximum the danger of fire. The Egyptian pyramids and the catacombs of Rome centuries ago were not poorer in healthful light and air than were these homes of our fellow-citizen in our own decade of retrogression.

But does this mean that our civilization is a failure, and the prime of life past for the Republic? Far from it. It means, I take it, that capitalism has done its work, and has become a hindrance, that the old industrial and social forms are inadequate to the new requirements and must be remodelled, and that promptly.—*Florence Kelly Wischnewetzky, in the Arena.*

SURPLUS POPULATION.

Is not this a "mad world," as the Elizabethan poet called it? Neither Italy nor Germany are half cultivated, and yet while the German government is trying, in vain, too, to stop the emigration of her working people, the Italian Prime Minister is

represented as "**sounding Lord Salisbury**"—seeking an opening in plain terms—into which to pour the surplus labor of Italy! And the United States, which has not one-tenth of the population it could maintain, is actually suffering from too much cheap labor, and Australia, which is only thinly settled on the outside edges, is getting scared at the prospect of more workers seeking her shores than she can assimilate! By the way, never forget that word "assimilate," it is one of the choicest specimens of cant ever invented.

Now, why is it that, in nearly all the countries of the so-called civilized world, the nations are seeking to get rid of the wealth-producers, or the wealth-producers are seeking to escape to some other country? Many of the countries alluded to are far from thickly settled—none of them are over-populated. Even in Great Britain and Ireland one-fourth of the land is left idle—kept idle, at great expense, rather—merely to gratify the pride or fancy of the wealthy. Yonder in Australia where they have perhaps the one-hundredth of the population the country could easily maintain, they are getting frightened about over-population and unemployed labor.

Here in California, with a territory which could maintain from twenty millions to one hundred millions of people, we are already suffering the evils of over-population (more cant), at least, our city is filled with people who cannot get employment, or say they cannot make a living at such employment as they can get, and our working classes are organized to protect themselves against the competition of foreign cheap labor!

And the remedy for this surplus of the means of producing wealth? O, there are many remedies:—

One politico-economic medico prescribes the exclusion of cheap labor foreign goods; another insists that we must exclude both foreign goods and foreign labor; still another advises that we should admit both foreign goods and foreign labor freely.

Another, and a seemingly increasing, school of politico-economico-medicos, with all the confidence of a club of young pill-compellers in their first year, denounce all the above mentioned as quacks and their remedies as mere nostrums, and boldly declare that the best possible medicine for the poverty of the poor is to have the Nation lend money, at one per cent per annum, to all who are rich enough to give approved real estate security.

Still another school of would-be National physicians, and a very active lot they are, are clearly of opinion that the one thing,

needed, to cure all the evils, real and imaginary, of our beloved country, is for the United States Treasury to pay one dollar for every 80-cents worth of silver offered to it.

It is an extraordinary thing that none of those schools of State-doctors, not one of them, will ever inquire into or talk about the real cause of the trouble, or even admit that there ever was, is, or ever can be such a thing. In that they are all in perfect accord; also in calling each other "quacks," and in confining their observations and practice entirely to the different symptoms of the disorder.—*Hayes Valley Advertiser*.

WOMAN'S EMANCIPATION.

While it is certain emancipation would speedily follow economic freedom, it is not true that such emancipation is a part of or would come simultaneously with economic freedom. Heinzen said: "In the man the *human being* alone can be oppressed or liberated; in the woman the sex as well." Woman is doubly enslaved. She wears the chains her poor laboring brother wears, and, besides, the bonds he in his ignorance placed on her ages ago when he first began to take note of her periodical weakness. Naturally, it would not take long for an economically free woman to see that she *need* not be a slave in *any* sense.

But in the meantime a great and necessary work can and must be done, while anticipating this economic freedom. Woman's subjugation has become so engrafted in the human constitution during the centuries of its enforcement, that both men and women are almost unconscious of it. Even advanced and thinking men do not realize it. They take the timid, loving, obedient homage of women—women who long for love and kindness and to obtain them yield readily to that inborn subservience in their natures unconsciously—they take this deep, affectionate, self-abnegation as the spontaneous, natural return to their pas- sional desires. I do not believe one man in fifty understands the woman who loves him, or knows what it is she gives him from the wealth of her rich, loving soul. Without comprehending it, each occupies the old, old customary position—the served and servant. It is to overcome this deeply imbedded sentiment, it is to lead men and women to a realizing sense of their true relations, it is to teach woman to come up out of that soft, mystical darkness that lulls all her senses to sleep, and learn to be a ri-

dividual, an entity, a free, independent being as man is, or will be, that this one issue must be made, aside from the great struggle for universal economic emancipation.—*Lizzie M. Holmes, in Lucifer.*

THE SCOURGE OF FRANCE.

It has been said with truth that, of all the dangers menacing our agricultural population at the present day, the gravest and the most difficult to fight against is alcoholism. No one can have been a resident of a country district without being struck with the development of this scourge during the last thirty years, the deplorable effects of which are everywhere visible. The habit of saving that was so long the strength and the glory of our tillers of the soil, is gradually disappearing. The money box of the liquor sellers swallows up, sous by sous, the wages that formerly, in the form of silver pieces, were hidden away in some corner of the clothes press, to be brought out when enough was accumulated to buy a little piece of ground. The peace and harmony of families is seriously impaired. In the villages the women are reduced, like the wives of workmen in the towns, to haunt the doors of the drink shop in order to secure the bread of their children from the alcoholic gulf. In most of our hamlets the drunkard, who was formerly the exception has multiplied by contagion. Once the peasant never entered the caberet except on a Sunday to leisurely sip a few litres of wine and play a long game of cards or bowls for the scot. To-day, when idle and when going to work, whether it is a holiday or not, the rural laborer never meets a comrade without inviting him to take a glass—a glass of brandy, be it understood. One glass means two, for it is only common civility to call for another, and if, as often happens, friends drop in, each one treats in his turn; until the man, who came in just to take a nip, goes away charged with a half-pint or a pint of spirits almost always adulterated. This guzzling of spirits (and what spirits! for the country tavern-keepers do not hesitate to sell the most frightful mixtures for gain) is not a rare occurrence. Repeated daily, it becomes pernicious in the last extreme. When a young man begins drinking, only to do like the rest, habit soon makes it a necessity, and rapidly he becomes imbruted. The agricultural laborer is only willing to work for the sake of procuring the pleasures of

new carousals. Deprived of liquor he is stupid and brutal ; when drunk he is transformed into a savage beast. Tired of this animal, who covers her with blows and even refuses to give her food, the unhappy wife loses courage and sometimes takes to drink in her turn. So much the worse for the children ! They will follow the example of their parents.—*Le Petit Journal, Paris.*

DOES PROHIBITION PROHIBIT ?

So many conflicting statements have been made regarding the effect of the Prohibition law in Kansas, as well as its enforcement, that a personal inspection of its working has been made by the *Times* representative in twenty counties. The results of this tour, taken in connection with the knowledge obtained from members of the Legislature last Winter, forces the belief, primarily, that Prohibition in Kansas is a permanent fixture. When the Prohibitory law was enforced there were 1000 prisoners in the State penitentiary. Since that time there have been added to the population of Kansas more than 250,000 people while the number of prisoners has been reduced to 812. Of the 100 jails in the State 80 are empty, excepting where insane persons are held awaiting room in the insane asylums, while the number of paupers on the poor farms has decreased one-half.

The opponents of this law assert that the driving out of the saloons has caused a stagnation of business in all the cities, and that this law is responsible for the present dull times. And yet Topeka, with no saloons, has been constantly growing, while Wichita, with sixty saloons, has been decreasing in population. Pittsburg has doubled its population, while Hutchinson, of equal size, with saloons, has but held its own, although it has added to its industries thirteen large salt plants and three packing-houses. Similar comparisons might be made with other cities. These instances are given simply to show that no one can tell the causes of the present depression, not even an Atlantic man, but at best can only assign what he believes to be the cause. Is Kansas better off? There are in the cities and towns thousands of boys sixteen years of age who never saw a saloon, and only know from hearsay what they are like.

It is a fact that public sentiment at large indorses the Prohibition law, while only in a few localities does public sentiment indorse the saloon. In the latter there is a revenue. The sale of liquor, as a rule, is as clandestine as is thievery, with as much fear for the consequences if discovery follows.—*Special correspondence of the New York Times.*

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

As was foreshadowed in the September CALIFORNIAN, the arrival of Mr. Wm. Q. Judge, the eminent Occultist and Theosophist, has been delayed by illness. At the date of this writing, however, he is in Oregon, and will reach San Francisco by September 23d or 24th.

The Pacific Coast Committee for Theosophic Work, in whose hands he has placed his California dates, announce the following Official Programme :

Thursday and Friday, September 24th and 25th, Mr. Judge will spend in San Francisco ; Saturday, 26th, he will visit Oakland ; Sunday, 27th, he will lecture in Oakland at Fraternity Hall, Washington st., near 13th, 3 P. M., and in San Francisco at Odd Fellows' Hall, cor. 7th and Market sts., 7:30 P. M., subject of the lecture for each place being : "Theosophy—What It Is, and What It Is Not."

Monday, 28th, he will lecture in San Francisco, at Irving Hall, 7.30 P. M. Subject : "Reincarnation."

Tuesday, 29th, he will visit and lecture in Alameda ; Wednesday-30th, he will reach Santa Cruz, remaining there until Friday, Oct. 2d, and giving one or more public lectures. Friday, 2d, he will arrive in Gilroy, remaining until Saturday afternoon, lecturing one or more times in the interim, and then leaving for San Jose. Saturday afternoon and Sunday forenoon, 3d and 4th, he will spend in San Jose, lecturing Sunday forenoon in that city. He will then leave the same afternoon for San Francisco, arriving in time to lecture at Odd Fellows' Hall, 7.30 P. M. Subject : "Karma and Ethics."

Monday, 5th, he will lecture before the Progressive Camp Meeting at Berkeley. Subject : "Reincarnation."

He will leave San Francisco, Tuesday, Oct. 6th, at 8 A. M., arriving in Sacramento same day, remaining until Thursday and giving one or more lectures. Thursday, 8 A. M., he will leave Sacramento for Stockton, remaining there until Saturday, 10th, lecturing, etc. Saturday, 10th, he leaves for Los Angeles direct, arriving in that city Sunday, 11th, in time to lecture in the evening.

From Sunday, Oct. 11th, to Saturday, Oct. 17th, he will remain in Los Angeles, lecturing there, and in Ventura, Pasadena, Anaheim and Villa Park, etc., as the local Committees may arrange. Saturday 17th, he leaves Los Angeles for San Diego, and remains in the latter city until the 23d, visiting San Bernardino in the interim. Saturday, Oct. 24th, he will be *en route* for San Francisco, and by stopping over one train will have an opportunity to lecture in Fresno, if desired. Sunday, Oct. 25th, he will give his Fourth and last lecture on the Coast, in San Francisco, at Odd Fellows' Hall, the subject being : "The Inner Constitution of Man."

While willing to lecture upon any Theosophic subject of general interest, Mr. Judge officially announces the following from which the various local committees may select :

"Theosophy—What It Is and What It Is Not."

"Reincarnation."

“Karma and Ethics.”

“The Inner Constitution of Man.”

It is to be hoped that large audiences will greet Mr. Judge wherever he may lecture. As one of the Original Founders of the Society; as Madame Blavatsky's favorite pupil, in whose presence she has caused more “Phenomena” to happen than could be described in a volume; as the Vice-President and named successor of Col. Olcott, its President; and as General Secretary of the American Section, Mr. Judge is qualified in every way to present this magnificent philosophy from an enlightened and authoritative standpoint. He has abandoned a large and lucrative law practice, in New York, to make this Lecturing Tour, and the thinking people of the Coast should give him a royal greeting. It is especially urged that the various local Branches and Committees exert themselves to the utmost to advertise his lectures and secure good, commodious halls. The effort will be amply repaid by an impetus to higher, purer thought, and altruistic endeavor towards a clearer realization of universal brotherhood, which his presence and lectures will undoubtedly inspire.

San Francisco is peculiarly fortunate in her karma at this time. Not only are we to have the series of lectures, as outlined in the above programme, but a telegram received almost at the moment of going to press enables us to announce that Col. Olcott, the revered President of the Society, will deliver a public address upon Theosophy, in passing here on his way to Japan. This address will be given in Irving Hall, San Francisco, upon the evening of Oct. 7th, 7:30 P. M. Col. Olcott is well-known as having, with Madame Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, organized the Theosophical Society, in 1875 at New York City. He has been hard at this work of the Society without intermission since 1875, except a short vacation in this year. In heat and cold, in good and evil fortune he has stood at the front and kept the organization active in India and other Asiatic countries at times when other members felt their hearts faint in the presence of what appeared to be disaster. This work in the Orient was and is vital to our movement and we know of no one who could have carried it on but our President.

As he has publicly said himself, Col. Olcott long ago gave up all thought of personal advancement in what is known as occultism; preferring to work in the outer ranks through every event for the advancement of the Society and willing to be reincarnated over and over again for that purpose and with no personal end in view. The wisdom of the selection made by the unseen movers behind our Society has been shown in Col. Olcott's history. As the Indian Hindu press said of him, he often against all odds went single-handed about India, encouraging Branches, creating interest in Theosophy and pointing the Hindus to their sacred literature, at times when assaults from without and troubles within threatened our solidarity and life as a body. Indeed the record of his tours through India and Asia could not be justly described in a short article like this. They have been incessant and important, renewing activity and spreading interest. In India they call him “our beloved Colonel.”

His aim has been to do the practical work for the Society and in this he has succeeded. We now have a permanent Headquarters and there he has founded a splendid Oriental library which will one day be a great monu-

ment as well as an important adjunct to our work. It has already attracted the attention of Max Muller and other Orientalists. The movement has been kept always on a firm basis in India.

And although Col. Olcott does not assume to be an occultist nor a mystical man, he has been favored—because of his work and his known capacity for work—with visits and letters from the Adepts, whose very existence the world denies. It is karma; his past lives; his old associations and work in other lives; these have given him a force in his real character that enables him to work as he does and to affect not only individuals but also nations. For the King of Burmah has invited him there, the Emperor of Japan recognized him through his Minister, and the whole Buddhist church applauds his efforts.

And here it must not be understood that the Theosophical Society is a Buddhist one is because Olcott is a Buddhist. The Society is unsectarian and directs all to examine their own religion. So his work in making the Buddhists come to a partial agreement and unite on definite propositions in which they are at one. This is legitimate theosophic work just as if we here were to succeed in causing a union between the different sects of Christendom. It does not involve the Society, for he has done it as an individual solely, thus leaving the Society perfectly free as ever before.

Indeed, as we view the life and character of Col. Olcott, he is a man of the world and a theosophist also, a common sense member of our Society, one who rejects no one; who denies no ones right, but who faithfully works that men and women in ages to come may be brothers and sisters in practice as well as theory. This is a noble work and one that has not withdrawn from him the kindliness, the sympathy, the geniality which knits friends together and makes brotherhood possible.

We know that this flying visit to America, made in fact while suddenly ending a well earned vacation, will do good. In New York, in September, his public lectures drew large audiences, and here we shall no doubt see a similar result and may hope—though perhaps a fleeting hope—that it will end the foolish slander and wild utterances which the enemy delight in.

MEETINGS FOR OCTOBER.

The eminent Theosophist Mr. Wm. Q. Judge, of New York City, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society, Vice-President of the Society, and one of its original Founders, will deliver three public addresses upon Theosophy, in San Francisco, upon the following subjects:

“Theosophy: What it is, and what is it not:” Sunday, Sept. 27, 7:30 P. M., at Odd Fellows Hall, cor. Market and Seventh streets, (entrance on Seventh street.)

“Re-Incarnation:” Monday, Sept. 28, 7:30 P. M., at Irving Hall, south side of Post Street, between Kearny and Grant avenue.

“Karma and Ethics:” Sunday, October 4, 7:30 P. M., at Odd Fellows Hall, cor. Market and Seventh streets.

“The Theosophical Society and Madame H. P. Blavatsky” is the subject of Col. Olcott's lecture, upon Oct. 7th., at Irving Hall.