

GIFT
OCT 7 1915

Please handle with care
and pass on to another

"But try, I urge — the trying shall suffice;
The aim makes great the life."

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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SUNSET AND PEACE

Which Is the Dream?

Life is, after all, a dream. At odd moments we wake to the real life within it, the life of the soul, which is eternal progress. The way out of the dream is to refuse it the power to give us unhappiness, to strengthen the will through duty, and the soul itself through kindly thought and deed.

THE day's work was over and a prisoner sat in his cell, weary in body but at peace in mind. He was reviewing the day, noting the mistakes and failures he had made and transforming them into strength for tomorrow.

His mind slowly passed from the outward into the world of reality, which was at once veiled and revealed in the symbolism of a dream.

He found himself seated in a chariot, driving a team of restless and spirited horses. Before him stretched a vast plain, the far horizon of which was hidden in a

haze of golden light. And the glorious mid-heaven sun filled the whole atmosphere with a burnished glow that was charged with the very essence of life.

By his side as he drove, he was aware of a radiance, an impalpable being, felt rather than seen, whose presence seemed to carry the virtue of the sun. This companion, by unspoken words, was giving him guidance, encouragement, and knowledge.

As the journey proceeded, he became conscious every moment of disturbing influences. Threatening half-seen shapes were trying to thrill him with fear and paralyse his power to drive. Now and then they settled upon one or other of the horses as if to stop it or goad it to madness and make it uncontrollable. And sometimes they whispered into his ear that the journey was vain and the path led nowhere save to disappointment. If he permitted himself to listen a moment, the temptation

to give it up and turn back became almost irresistible.

Sometimes he lost sight of the sun, the light, the path and his companion. He seemed to be prisoned in by iron circumstance. There were vague longings from a dead past, empty likes and dislikes, regrets and agonizing memories.

And yet, and yet, all the time the glorious mid-heaven sun was shining; all round was the living glow; and by his side was the radiant companion, ever ready to warn and teach and help, to bring into his heart the knowledge of his eternal power over all the shapes of darkness.

Then, suddenly, there was a change. Horses and chariot vanished. The companion had become one with himself, and in his dream he knew that some glorious object which he had set out to attain was his at last. New knowledge, new power, and henceforth eternal joy, had become part of his nature. The shadows were dissipated for ever. *Now* he could go back and be a light of help to comrades still struggling on the road. He could tell them something of the meaning of life, for now he knew.

And then he awoke. Parts of the "dream" vanished from his memory. His mind, once again in the limitations of waking life, was unable to carry with it the full meaning of the victory, the attainment.

But enough remained. Henceforth his outer life might be what it would, outer circumstances as dark and depressing as they might. He knew that in some sense it was all unreal and that within it the true life flowed on in eternal light.

A TRAVELER

Is Life Worth Living?

WHAT a comment it is upon our civilization and our religion that for a century at least the number of suicides in every civilized country has been mounting year by year! A larger number are yearly finding life as they have it to be not worth living. There is not life enough for them in their lives and therefore not joy enough: for life, when got at, is joy. They do not know that life is there waiting, *in themselves*, the very highest and richest life. They do not know that when nature — or Divine Law, it is the same — cuts off a man's possibilities of happiness in one direction — say by disease, or the weight of years, or hardness of lot — it is always the case that other possibilities have opened. And the pain, the sense of blank, is to call his attention to those other possibilities. It is when all seems to be gone, when hope seems futile, when nothing seems left but the chill menace or empty grayness of coming years — it is then that the soul is nearest to full awakening to itself, then that the fulness of new life is ready to be won, then that the eternal compassion of the Divine may be felt and its strength seized. In that Divine are the souls of all those who in other times have won their crown and yet have never ceased to work for humanity's

redemption. It is *because* the new door is so ready to be opened that the old doors of pleasure and opportunity have closed.

To him who desires more life, richer feeling of life, we say: "*Thou thyself* art the New Way, the door thou seekest." The man himself, owner of body and tenant of it, owner of mind and mostly bound slave of all the thoughts that come into his mind, who is he? The mind sweeps him along from thought to thought, from picture to picture, from memory to memory. He does not know that he himself is not the thoughts of which he is the victim. Yet it is he himself that is the door that he is looking for, the door to new life. It is when he has for the moment silenced the chatter of mind and gone inward in aspiration that he finds the power to get beyond what he has hitherto thought to be himself into his real self, to become transformed into light, to feel and understand what he really is. Then is born the divine will to help others. Then he knows that death cannot touch *him*, whatever it may do to his body.

So it is the duality of our natures that we must study. That is the door to the New Way. There is the lower part, the victim of the common thoughts and desires and passions and appetites, always wanting to have something more and to be somewhere else. And there is the higher part, standing always in the sunlight of Divinity, of the essence of life and joy. Mankind has long lost touch of that, since the days of the Golden Age; but there is nothing to prevent any one of us from getting back to it again. Search behind your thoughts, in the silence, for the light that shall give you eternal goodwill for all your fellows and eternal joy for yourself. *That light you are.*

A STUDENT

What's New?

"WELL, boys, what's new?"
 "New? What's there going to be new in a rotten old world like this — and especially a *place* like this?"

"Feeling like that, are you, old man? Now *I* should say that the world has hardly yet *begun* business, let alone got too old for it."

"How do you manage that? You haven't got any reasons."

"Many: among others, that your present played-out, blued-over feeling is so common. Life has a great purpose working out, and when it's a bit farther forward in that there won't *be* any fellows feeling like you."

"Oh, go on! They'll *all* be feeling like me then."

"Sam, are you healthy?"

"You seem to change the subject a bit. Don't know as I blame you, considering. As to health, you know I'm never free from rheumatism."

"Is anybody healthy — perfect, I mean?"

"I guess not. Might be as young fellows, perhaps; not after."

"Do you know anybody who fully understands what life is for and exactly how it everywhere works? How the trees grow, and the animals; what gravitation and electricity are; what he himself is, and his own body?"

"Not by a long chalk! Altogether too big a proposition."

"Or too small minds, eh? You like music, don't you? Sort of raises you up?"

"Just about all I do enjoy, now."

"Can you stay all the day raised up in feeling as you are raised up when fine music is playing?"

"Go on with you! Who could? I guess it would burn a man up in about a day. But what in thunder are you getting at?"

"You believe in something Divine, don't you?"

"Oh, I suppose I believe in a Supreme Being, like most fellows do — believe it in a way."

"Now look here, Sam, let's go back a bit. I said I thought that life is still young and that the world is young. And the proof, for me, is that the purpose of things is hardly showing any real signs of being much under way yet, let alone completed. You asked me what the purpose was. And then you granted that nobody is healthy in his body — healthy, I mean, so as to live perhaps two or three hundred years in comfort and happiness: nobody full grown enough in his mind to be able to understand the universe he lives in or the life he himself lives in and of: nobody able to keep his feelings keyed up high more'n about twenty minutes: and nobody, or very few, *knowing* the Divine in themselves or in nature.

"Very well; why not reckon that the purpose in and behind things is to evolve little by little a race of men that are, and can do, all those things we as yet are not and cannot do? That's my view. And in my view also, our life won't really begin — real, grand, godlike life — till that purpose has won out to the last item and men are what they ought to be instead of — well, look at us! The earth is a *growth* place, I tell you, and growth is the purpose of life here or anywhere else, this planet or any other. No man will ever get quit of the duty to grow. And all the pain in the world is because men refuse to do that."

"I never refused to grow."

"Yes you did, or you wouldn't be where you are now. A man's got feelings, and feeling grows by being kept everlastingly kindly to every other man. Have you done that? A man's got a body, and it grows in health and inner perfection by being kept in order, pure, clean, alert, upright. Is that your case? He's got a will, and that grows by attention to duty, every last item of duty. He's got a mind, and that grows by making it think out and see his own double nature—the part that wants to laze and have a good time and also snarl and quarrel on occasion, and the part that wants *right* and *light*. In the central source of life there's a picture of what each of us might be and ought to be, a godlike picture, and *that's the purpose*. Every one of us can feel it and find it in

him and work so as to get more and more like it."

"What is God, according to your idea?"

"God, according to my reckoning, is what thinks those pictures and pours all the time compassion and encouragement on us all so as to help us to grow up to the ideal, the picture. There's no other way to get solid happiness and knowledge. We *can* all get to know and be what's beyond the dream of any of us."

REPORTER

The Two of You

THE real character of the man shone into and used his mind. And during the time that was happening he wrote something which inspired thousands to higher life and thought.

But he could not hold his real character, and after he had done writing, his other one resumed its control, took charge of his mind, and he again became small, vain, envious, and sensual.

And people said: "What a humbug! Contrast his fine sentiments on paper with his contemptible life!"

But he was no humbug. Like the rest of us he had two characters and his better one knew when it was able to get hold of his pen and gave him the urge to write.

Whichever of his characters was on deck he felt himself of course to be *himself*. There was this difference: During the short times when the better part of him was well on deck he was happy and content, and craving for nothing. When the other was on deck, he was craving things, planning excursions, outings, purchases, changes of some sort, so as to *get* happy. But then none of these did really make him happy for more than a little while.

There was another difference: When the lower character was running, he did quite calmly and contentedly things which had he seen them done by another man he would have recognized as utterly contemptible. But because *he* did them they seemed at the time all right. He could not ordinarily view himself as others viewed him nor as he would have viewed others.

People spoke of his "real character." What did they mean? Most of them considered the *lower* thing to be his real character. The *writing* phase of him they thought of as assumed, as hypocrisy. Others regarded the writing man as his true self, and spoke of the lower, the pleasure-seeking part, as unreal. Why unreal?

Because they saw that with the lapse of time and by the force of his efforts and aspirations, the writing character was coming more and more on deck, staying longer and gradually restraining the other, bidding fair to win the whole victory. The selfish pleasure-seeking part was petering out. They saw that this latter would one day have vanished altogether and he would be all the time the fine soul he formerly was only when he felt the urge to take pen in hand and write for the help of others.

Moral: See your own duality; pick out the better of the two and try to be that all the time. Make that the real man of you.

A NEW WAYFARER

The Man and the Machine

WHEN dear old Dr. Bartol, of Boston, was asked if Christianity had been proven a failure, he replied: "It has never been tried yet." The same answer might be made to those who ask if Brotherhood is not too impractical for daily life. Brotherhood is about the only thing men haven't tried in dealing with each other. Ever since Cain raised his hand against his brother, men have been trying to get the best of their fellows.

The rights of man have to wait for the righteousness of men. Each one must do truer justice to his own liberating power and possibilities before he will try to deal justly by others.

A man's prime business in life is to stand right with himself. Then he is a live model which shows how it works practically. This makes him a living picture in the human story book. Men lack the imagination to see an idea unless it is pictured out for them. But an interesting picture makes them willing to spell out the meaning of the story.

Think what a man might amount to if he only kept on working out his possibilities! Frankly, doesn't the average fellow make a pretty flat showing for himself?

Think what human life might be if all were even trying to be rightly adjusted to themselves and to each other? The perfection of the modern machine consists in the fact that its assembled parts act together as if directed by a conscious mechanical brain. All possible elements of friction and waste motion and irregularity are removed and every fraction of power is calculated to a nicety.

Then contrast the machine with man who made it. He has a body unequaled in its possibilities of power and skill and delicacy of adjustment. It is no mere figure of speech that "'Tis love that makes the world go round." Genuine love is an irresistible force. But what with ages of disease and selfish indulgence, of fear and laziness, most of man's energy is lost in purposeless friction, waste motion, obstruction, and discordant noises. He not only fails to "arrive" personally at anything really worth while, but the whole social machinery he belongs to is a sorry disappointment. Its separate parts work out of relation and out of adjustment to each other and to the whole body politic. Operating with no end of noise and trouble and injury and misspent time and money, with wasted energy and wear and tear and social tinkering, the resulting output of human good is pitifully small, in real health and lasting happiness.

A good engineer finds satisfaction in the contented purr of his engine when it is working smoothly and harmoniously. His ear quickly catches a jarring note of disturbance; and he is uneasy until he has set it right. It would be a crazy question to ask him if unity of action in the different parts of a machine was necessary in running it. The day of crude mechanism has gone by, and the hard, higgledy-piggledy methods of operation have been tried and discarded. Well, having tried about all the crude and unkind ways there are to run the world, it's about time we treated ourselves and each other as sensibly and well as we do the machines. Without the co-operating adjustment of Brotherhood the social machine will continue to turn out the human "seconds" and damaged types, and the business of life will be in a chronic state of physical, mental, and moral bankruptcy.

Brotherhood is bound to come. The world is at last awakening to the need of it. And there are many who are finding, in prison life, an ideal field of practice in this noblest and richest of all human achievements. A pretty barren and stony field certainly, from some points of view. But as a character-grower it is hard to imagine a better.

CIVIL ENGINEER



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WHAT IN THUNDER IS THIS?

How To Be Happy

ALL peoples have (and consciously or unconsciously believe) a legend which tells how at some period in the far backward of human life there was a Golden Age when man was happy. Nature sufficiently supplied his simple needs and there was neither want nor worry. Living in unity with his fellows he breathed the atmosphere of divine peace. And with unclouded mind he understood and felt the presence of the Divine in everything, the Divine Spirit of progressing life. Most of all did he feel it in himself, loving it and serving it in joy.

How natural is such a life, how simple, how supremely sensible! One day men will understand this and insist upon living it. Why should not any one man now insist with himself upon living it, keeping up his attempt long enough to succeed? Men will keep up their practice upon the violin for ten years, never ceasing till they have mastered every difficulty. Why not try this for ten weeks?

Banish for a minute all ordinary thoughts from the mind and then think of *living to serve happiness*. Not the happiness of self alone, but the happiness of all life. Behind all the day's thoughts and deeds the golden light

of this purpose kept living and shining in the heart.

At once some happiness has come. At once the foolishness and unnecessary of unhappiness has been partly realized. For the moment you have passed above care, fear, and longings for things and conditions. A glow has suffused your entire being, body, mind, and heart. For a moment you have forgotten self and become universal, part of that Universal Joy which underlies all life and is life itself. True life is always joy.

in your thought you make *all* life share it with you, your friends, even your enemies, even the very trees and animals. You realize that you have the power to override all the evil in your nature and to dissipate every shadow.

Now go ahead. Make your own pulses one with the pulse of that One Life, that Heart, that sustains all things, and carries all things upward, and whose essence is joy energizing intelligence. A NEW WAYFARER



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ONE OF THE GATES OF POINT LOMA HOMESTEAD (WHERE THIS PAPER IS PUBLISHED)
PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY MOONLIGHT

You have a new hope and a new certainty. You feel that you have found a key which, if you will, can open a door into a new life altogether. You realize that to achieve this simplicity of simplicities you have but to set your thoughts in the key of happiness, thinking of happiness whenever a disturbing cloud comes to darken your mind. You realize that the doing of this simple thing from hour to hour through the day and at night, whilst beginning at once to make your life divine, interferes not with one right and wholesome pleasure; that instead, it will enhance every one a thousandfold because

Within Reach

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR

HAVE we not all, amid life's petty strife,
Some pure ideal of a nobler life
That once seemed possible? Did we not hear
The flutter of its wings and feel it near
And just within our reach? It was. And yet
We lost it in this daily jar and fret.
But still our place is kept and it will wait,
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.
No star is ever lost we once have seen;
We always may be what we might have been.

Cat or Dog?

OLD Chris had been recalling to mind a few of the men he used to know in his old prison days and (for him) had got a little warm over his memories. If the prison was anywhere near well-conducted, the life, according to him, was eminently fitted for the growth of fine traits of character. But so very few took advantage of their opportunity. "They come back to the world no better than they left it," he said, "no better than the average chap outside what ain't had any of their advantages, any of their chances to know themselves and do a bit of thinkin'.

"Most men is cats — that's what I say, just cats. Yes sir, cats, not dogs; it's a shame to call some men dogs — a shame on the dog.

"You've got a cat, ain't you? You take a lot o' trouble with her. Does that cat love you? No sir! What are you to that cat? A *somethin'* that puts milk down on the floor in a saucer, a *somethin'* that has knees good to go sleep on, a *somethin'* that opens the door when required. That's what you are to that cat a *somethin'*, a purveyin' *somethin'*.

"You're all that to a dog. But you're more. He'd love you if you stopped feedin' him, stopped pattin' and pettin' him and even took to kickin' him. So long as he could be with you he'd be content. You're the man with him and he loves you. You're a man to him and that's enough. All the time he wants to know where you are and be there with you.

"Now why do I say most men is cats? Just because the other fellows are not *men* to 'em: — just sources of cash, sources of a good yarn, a loan of tobacco, a vote in a 'lection, a priv'lege, a round of applause in return for a yarn, or, contrariwise, nuisances that must be served, paid money into, outwitted, or speeched to and won round some way.

"They've got other men arranged accordin' to a scale of service or pleasure that can be got out of them. I think Smith a mighty nice chap. Why? 'Cause he can tell a good yarn and is willin' to. Why is he willin' to? 'Cause he likes applause and we give it to him. Our picture of Smith, come right down to it, is mostly a picture of a set of funny stories with a pipe in its mouth, inside a suit of clothes. Ain't that, in its way, same as the cat's picture of you — a source of milk saucers inside a suit of clothes that's good to rub against?

"I may be goin' a bit too far when I says *most* men is cats. But I wish they'd try to be dogs a bit. I mean, live in their hearts more, turn their *heart*-faces out towards each other instead of their nose-and-eyes-faces, turn their hearts more and their thoughts less towards each other. See?"

And the old man lapsed into silence. The possibilities of brotherhood was a favorite text with him and he sometimes denounced with a fervor that ran outside his own limits. But you could always feel his heart. REPORTER

Fear

ELIMINATE FEAR from the mind of man, teach him the divinity of his own being, show him that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature, start him on his path with the knowledge of his power to overcome the temptations of life through trusting in the Higher Self: —then the work of redemption has commenced.

Katherine Tingley

MAN often has fear stamped upon him before his entrance into the outer world; he is reared in fear; all his life is passed in bondage to fear of disease and death, and thus his whole mentality becomes cramped, limited, and depressed, and his body follows its shrunken pattern and specification. Think of the millions of sensitive and responsive souls among our ancestors who have been under the domination of such a perpetual nightmare! Is it not surprising that health exists at all?—Henry Wood

"If it is possible to get rid [for the time] of anger and worry, why is it necessary to have them *at all*." I felt the strength of the argument, and at once accepted the reasoning. . . . From the instant I realized that these cancer spots of worry and anger were removable, they left me. From that time life has had an entirely different aspect. Although from that moment the possibility and desirability of freedom from the depressing passions has been a reality to me, it took me some months to feel absolute security in my new position; but as the usual occasions for worry and anger have presented themselves over and over again, and I have been unable to feel them in the slightest degree, I no longer dread or guard against them, and I am amazed at my increased energy and vigor of mind; at my strength to meet situations of all kinds, and at my disposition to love and appreciate everything. . . . I feel such an increased desire to do something useful that it seems as if I were a boy again and the energy for play had returned. It does not make one a coward. It can't, since fear is one of the things eliminated. . . . I note a marked improvement in the way my stomach does its duty in assimilating the food I give it to handle, and I am sure it works better to the sound of a song than under the friction of a frown.—Horace Fletcher

I AM satisfied that there is some great power in man's higher nature which is capable of arranging all important happenings, all that comes to him or is denied to him; that this arranging is for his good and for that only — that is, for the perfecting and rounding out of his character, and therefore for his ultimate happiness; that this power is only hindered (and is usually hindered) by the man's own mind; and that if he will *trust*, he will remove all the barriers to its action and all the blindness from his own eyes. Trust is the one great antidote to fear.—Novena

THE wise man will neither recall things past nor imagine things coming. One excites regret; the other, longing or fear. Hindering both, the will grows, and there is peace.—Indian

Now!

MARY A. TOWNSEND

TO each man's life there comes a time supreme;
 One day, one night, one morning, or one noon,
 One freighted hour, one moment opportune,
 One rift through which sublime fulfilments gleam,
 One space when fate goes tiding with the stream,
 One Once, in balance 'twixt Too Late, Too Soon,
 And ready for the passing instant's boon
 To tip in favor the uncertain beam.
 Ah, happy he who, knowing how to wait,
 Knows also how to watch and work and stand
 On Life's broad deck alert, and at the prow
 To seize the passing moment, big with fate,
 From opportunity's extended hand,
 When the great clock of destiny strikes Now! — *Selected*

The Calf Path

ONE day through the primeval wood
 A calf walked home as good calves should,
 But made a trail all bent askew,
 A crooked trail, as all calves do;
 Since then three hundred years have fled,
 And I infer the calf is dead.

But still he left behind his trail,
 And thereby hangs my moral tale.
 The trail was taken up next day.
 By a lone dog that passed that way,
 And then a wise bell-wether sheep
 Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
 And drew the flock behind him too,
 As good bell-wethers always do.
 And from that day o'er hill and glade,
 Through those old woods a path was made.

And many men wound in and out,
 And dodged and turned and bent about,
 And uttered words of righteous wrath
 Because 'twas such a crooked path.
 But still they followed — do not laugh —
 The first migrations of that calf,
 And through this winding wood-way stalked
 Because he wobbled when he walked.

This forest path became a lane,
 That bent and turned and turned again.
 This crooked lane became a road
 Where many a poor horse with his load
 Toiled on beneath the burning sun
 And traveled some three miles in one,
 And thus a century and a half,
 They trod the footsteps of that calf.

The years passed on in swift fleet,
 The road became a village street;
 And this, before men were aware,
 A city's crowded thoroughfare.
 And soon the central street was this
 Of a renowned metropolis.
 And men two centuries and a half
 Trod in the footsteps of that calf.

Each day a hundred thousand rout
 Followed this zigzag calf about,
 And o'er his crooked journey went
 The traffic of a continent.
 A hundred thousand men were led
 By one calf near three centuries dead.

They followed still his crooked way,
 And lost one hundred years a day;
 For thus such reverence is lent
 To well-established precedent.

A moral lesson this might teach
 Were I ordained and called to preach;
 For men are prone to go it blind
 Along the calf-paths of the mind,
 And work away from sun to sun
 To do what other men have done.

They follow in the beaten track
 And out and in, and forth and back,
 And still their devious course pursue,
 To keep the path that others do.
 They keep the path a sacred groove,
 Along which all their lives they move;
 But how the wise old wood-gods laugh,
 Who saw the first primeval calf.
 Ah, many things this tale might teach —
 But I am not ordained to preach. — *Selected*

(There's another moral to this. Many apologies for the same, but it can't be helped.)

When we were young — calves — we made a crooked trail, some of us. And the city of a character has grown up around that trail, a crooked city.

They straighten crooked cities, sometimes. Napoleon, for instance, did that for the old crooked Paris. And now the streets are like arrow-paths. EDITOR)

That Which Thou Art

THAT which thou art is sacred; it began
 Before the oldest sun had fiery birth,
 Or the green earth first dreamed; and is so wise
 That its two eyes see all things that shall be,
 And all things past they see, and further far
 Than any star that burns within heaven's deep,
 Knowing not sleep, nor birth, nor death, nor woe.
 That which thou art is more than mind may know.

That which thou art is sacred; mortal ear
 Is not allowed to hear its holy name,
 Nor to know whence it came, nor in what hour
 First stirred the Power that sent it forth through night
 To carry light where darkness was of old,
 And the wild desert worlds to hold for God;
 Through ways untrod to travel till the sun
 Shines on the battle won, which ages fought.
 The worlds and stars are born of thine own thought. — K. M.

"THE Great Sword Bearer only knows just when He'll wound my heart — not I;
 But since He is the one who gives the balm, what does it signify?"

IN ADDITION to the purpose for which THE NEW WAY was established, viz., for Gratuitous Distribution in Prisons, many persons have expressed their interest in, and desire to subscribe for it. It will continue as heretofore to be distributed free in Prisons, in accordance with its original purpose; but for those who wish to subscribe for it the subscription price is One Dollar per year, Ten cents per copy.

Money Orders and checks should be made payable to THE NEW WAY, and all subscriptions should be addressed to:

THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

Gleanings Grave

EVERYTHING in this world depends upon will.—*Disraeli*

ALL life needs for life is possible to will.—*Tennyson*

I WILL either find a way or make one.

Motto on an old crest

OUR circumstances alter; our opinions change; our passions die; our hopes sicken and perish utterly; our spirits are broken; our health is broken, and even our hearts are broken; but will survives — the unconquerable strength of will, which is in later life what passion is when young. — *Mrs. Jameson*

FROM the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height. — *Carlyle*

WRITE it in your heart that every day is the best day in the year. — *Emerson*

WHEN you get into a tight place, and everything goes against you till it seems as if you could not hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that's just the place and time that the tide'll turn.

Harriet Beecher Stowe

BE NOBLE, and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

THERE is no action so slight, nor so mean, but it may be done to a great purpose, and ennobled therefore; nor is any purpose so great but that slight actions may help it, and may be so done as to help it much. — *Ruskin*

BUT TRY, I urge — the trying shall suffice;
The aim, if reached or not, makes great the life.

Browning

I'M proof against the word *failure*. I've seen behind it. The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best. — *George Eliot*

Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny. — *Boardman*

ARCHBISHOP BENSON, once discussing the marks of old age, said: "I do not find myself less rapid than in my younger days. But I do find a very increasing unwillingness to come to the point—a decided preference for doing any other duty than the one which it would be prudent to take in hand at any given moment."

Not to yield to this would be to keep the will alive, to stave off old age, and to go through old age without becoming *aged*. The body is helped and strengthened by every act of will.

To take the easiest of two duties, to be unwilling to break at need with the accustomed ways, to take ease or a pleasure when a duty is waiting — is to be going down hill bodily, mentally, and spiritually.

Gleanings Gay

Smith, a bachelor, has been invited to look at Jones' baby. Unwilling to hurt the parents' feelings by revealing the fact that he has forgotten whether it is a boy or a girl, he conducts the following masterly campaign:

"Well, well, but he's a fine little fellow, isn't she? How old is it now? Do her teeth bother him much? I hope he gets through its second summer all right. She looks like you, doesn't he? Every one says it does."

A Kansas man who got a cumulative sentence of 235 years for forging money orders has been released on parole. He has only to behave for the remaining 228 years and he will be a free man.

A mother who was going to take her children with her to the church ice-cream party had been instilling the old rule of "Children should be seen and not heard."

"And now, what are you children going to act like?" she inquired as a last precaution.

"Like movin' pitchers," came the ready response.

A man found a ten-dollar bill. He paid his rent with it, and his landlord paid his grocery clerk, the clerk paid his board, and the landlady paid a debt she owed to the man who found the bill. He took the bill to the bank and deposited it, and the banker threw it out as a counterfeit. Now who was the loser by the deal, or was any body?

Clergyman (indignantly): "You say you haven't anything to be thankful for? Why, look at your neighbor Hayes; he has just lost his wife by influenza."

Burke: "But that don't do me any good; I ain't Hayes."

One of our best-known lawyers was talking about the difficulties and intricacies that law-cases sometimes offer.

"For instance," he said, "there is the meteorite that fell on an Essex farm a year ago. It was a valuable meteorite, and the landlord claimed it at once.

"All minerals and metals on the land belong to me," he said. "That's in the lease."

"But the tenant demurred. 'This meteorite,' he said, 'wasn't on the farm, you must remember, when the lease was drawn up.'

"The landlord was equal to the occasion and retorted: 'Well, then, I claim it as flying game.'

"But the tenant was ready for him. 'It's got neither wings nor feathers,' he said. 'Therefore as ground game it is mine.'

"How long they would have continued their argument I cannot say, for at that moment a revenue officer came up and tried to take possession of the meteorite. 'Because,' said he, 'it is an article introduced into this country without payment of duty.'

"The matter was finally taken to the Supreme Court and it was ruled that the meteor was an immigrant with nothing dutiable upon it. But as it was illiterate and could neither read nor write it must leave the country."

OCT 7 1915

Please handle with care
and pass on to another

"Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking, calm and clear." — Whittier

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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ONE OF THE LAKES, SONSBEEK PARK, ARNHEM, HOLLAND

The New Light

(From an address delivered by Katherine Tingley after her visit to Europe in 1908.)

IN my experience of the differences between the peoples of Europe and America I came to a new realization of the meaning of human life. I felt that if it were possible to bring home to the minds of the people, to those searching and those not searching, even to those who are satisfied, the need of grasping this meaning, then my mission would not be in vain. To those large audiences which I met I dwelt much upon this subject. I called the attention of the people to the doubt, to the despair that was in the human family, to the fact that *the great truths of Christ had been obscured and that the light the people were following was not the shining Light of the Higher Law*; that many old systems of thought had blinded the people; that they had lost their way; but that a new Light had come — new, but as old as the ages — to the Twentieth Century to awaken their spiritual life, to proclaim man's divinity, his responsibility, his

godlike qualities, his superb possibilities — had come to make known again the inner teachings of Christ and of all the great Sages that had preceded him.

Study the needs of human life. This is the message I would send out to the teachers of the world, to the clergymen, the educators, the scientists — to all. Study the *meaning* of human life and then you will know the *needs* of human life; and when you have gained knowledge from these two efforts, then will come power and inspiration. It is this which is needed; it is a new life, it is a new explanation of life. The spiritual life that is surging in the hearts of the people must be made manifest upon common-sense lines. There is too much confusion and too much doubt. Faith alone will not do; we must have knowledge, knowledge absolute; knowledge, knowledge, and it is near at hand, oh, so very, very near. All that it requires is possibly a little more suffering, a little more heartache, just a few more experiences in human life, in losing faith in humanity, in losing faith in themselves — these doubters; more

suffering, more heartache, more confusion. But out of the chaos will come this superb life, this superb meaning which is yet obscured to the majority because of the selfishness of man.

A Sunday Morning's Meditation

"THERE'S that beastly old tree again," said the man, looking out of his window. "A great chunk of ugly green stuff blocking my light."

"Come to look at you again," he said the next day, "you're not so bad; you look rather beautiful with the light shining through you."

"It certainly is beautiful," he said on the third day. "It positively flashes as it throws the light from leaf to leaf. It's the richest and most delicate and splendid play of living greens I ever saw. *Living*, that's the word, radiant with life. Looks as if the young branches and twigs were consciously leaping up to the open sky and spreading wide to take in as much as possible. Life's certainly a joy to that tree."

Just then the sunlight flashed from a bit of stone straight into his eyes. "I believe that stone, in its way, is as happy as the tree," said the man. "Or as that puppy," he added, as his little dog dashed into the light. "I guess there's nothing dead in nature. 'The tree's a living kind of stone, living chemicals; and the pup's livinger still; and I'm the livingest of the lot. The sunlight makes a fifth. Must be living too, or it couldn't wake up more life in the rest of us. Nothing dead anywhere. Life in itself, first; and then life flowing out through the light from the sun, flowing into me and the dog and the tree and the stone. Wonder if the stones are just hardened light, crystallized light—softened a bit in the tree, awake and feeling in the dog, all that and thinking as well in me? Maybe that's what light's for—just to work its way up nature and come out on top as the thoughts of a man, as a man himself."

"But what sent it out, this living light? Here's my hand to you, old sender, living-light-sender! We meet again after a pretty long time. I came out of you and took an age-long journey through the stone-chemicals and the trees and the animals and myself. And now I'm come on top of myself, light again, light in my heart and my brain and on top of my head. Seems as if I could reach across to the sun and shake hands with what's there."

And the man laughed.

"Regular circuit. Seven of us. The sender, and the life, and the light, and the stone, the tree and the animal and me. I came out of the sender and I seem to see a way back across the space.

"Seems to me I ought to be a poet and put down these thoughts. '*The poet Jones*'—sounds funny, don't it? But it's a straight story, all the same. Maybe music 'ld do better. '*Our great musician Jones*,' how's that?"

"Not so far out. For if music can come out of a man,

it somehow went in. I reckon that sender *sang*, sang down along the light, sang into the stones some music that's there yet though we can't hear it.

"I guess I'd better stop thinking. I'll go too far. Strike the stone and it flashes out a spark of its light. Strike a steel wire and it sounds out a bit of its music. Strike me—with a shaft of sunshine—and I get off all these thoughts and see life and light everywhere and hear music everywhere and want to tell everybody all about it—*strike* 'em with it—yes, and strike a laugh out of 'em. Not if I know it.

"Wonder if that old sender ever laughs? Why shouldn't he? Takes fun in his job, maybe, as well as loves it.

"Love: that's what I left out. There must be love all through this business—except in man! No, not except. For the lowest-down cuss loves himself. If we'd all turn that love out, to the rest, instead of in, the whole show would go fine.

"So where am I? Life, and light, and poetry, and music, and love, and fun. We'll say joy instead of fun—more dignified. And as we're out for dignity, we'll add *intelligent purpose* just for completeness.

"What purpose? There's a stumper. Still, if I come out of it all, I must have been in the purpose, I and all the rest.

"Not as we are, though; can't be that. As we *shall* be sometime, perfected out.

"Ah me! When life and light and joy and love and music have worked the whole game on us we'll be worth looking at. . . .

"Well, I feel better. Hanged if I get the blues any more, or snarl at anybody. Friendliness all round is what'll let in more life and light and joy and so forth into us.

"Good old tree! You've done more for me than you knew. *You're* a kind of brother too." JONES

The Character of Walt Whitman

By one who knew him (Dr. Bucke).

PERHAPS no man who ever lived liked so many things and disliked so few as Walt Whitman. . . . He appeared to like (and I believe he did like) all the men, women, and children he saw. . . . I never knew him to argue or dispute, and he never spoke about money. . . . When I first knew him, I used to think that he watched himself, and would not allow his tongue to give expression to fretfulness, antipathy, complaint, and remonstrance. It did not occur to me as possible that those mental states could be absent in him. After long observation, however, I satisfied myself that such absence or unconsciousness was entirely real. . . . He never complained or grumbled either at the weather, pain, illness, or anything else. He never swore. He could not very well, since he never spoke in anger and apparently never was angry. He never exhibited fear, and I do not believe he ever felt it.

A Man's Frontispiece

ONLY the wise ones in the business know the real value of an attractive frontispiece, though every one can see that there is at any rate some sort of value in it.

But there are not so many people who understand the value of a *man's* frontispiece, and there are fewer still who realize that this is a value that each one can create for himself.

Whenever I meet a man with a face like a thundercloud ready to burst with an overcharge of electricity, I feel inclined to laugh; then I catch the infection of his ill-temper, and hate him for so poisoning the pure air of heaven with his rank blasphemy. Then comes a wave of pity for the unfortunate victim of such black moods, and a touch of shame is added by the reflection that I too have sinned against my manhood in just that way, too often to count. But how different it seemed to me then from what it seems now, when I see the mood distorting the dignity of a fellowman's frontispiece! And how different such a man feels from what he appears to others! To himself his rage seems something fierce and noble, something awe-inspiring, something that distinguishes him from the rest of the world, exciting interest and respect, or perhaps fear, in the bosom of the beholder. But it doesn't! It makes some smile, and some scowl, and others feel contempt for a man who adds to the sorrows of life, that all have to bear, the depressing picture of his weakness. For the man is being run. He has lost the ownership of himself.

Last of all comes a feeling of gratitude to the walking image of human degradation, the man with a face distorted by gloom or bitterness, anger or mere insolence; for he shows me what I look like when such moods get hold of me. It is hard to believe that I could look as contemptible as that, but common sense forces me to admit it may be so.

Then comes along a man with a smile, a smile that looks as if the man behind it were feeling kindly disposed to every one and particularly to those he looks at. He may be of no account otherwise, but that man is worth something for the lift his smile gives to those that feel its effect. Such things are catching, and if a man feels a smile inside he is a better man and a pleasanter companion than if he feels full of gall and bitterness. He is worth more; his work is worth more, and his society is worth more, and the world is richer by that much. And if he not only feels a smile on the inside but lets it out so that others can get the benefit of it, then he is doing something to make the world a better place to live in than it was before. Such a man is a real reformer, and the chance to be one like him is within every one's reach. For it is only a question of an attractive frontispiece. But *this* sort of frontispiece is remarkable in that it alters for the better the character of the whole volume. Also that it requires *will* to engrave it. R. M.

The Great Little Now

IN thinking over some *great* victory over our failings and weaknesses which we mean to win sometime, or wish we could win, we neglect the opportunities for *small* victories.

But we can never mount to the top step of a ladder by looking up at it. We must begin with the lowest. And the lowest is just as important and necessary as any of the rest.

Every now and then memory suddenly looks back, as if by chance, at some apparently forgotten moment of our past, a moment when we scored a little victory over ourselves. It was so little in appearance that we just took it in passing, hardly noticing.

But now, looking back, we find that that little victory was a seed sown. Years may have passed, marked by many failures. We may have even ceased to try any more. But the little seed was growing there in the back of the mind. No such seed can ever be killed.

And one day we feel it, and its presence becomes an impulse to take up the fight again, now with greater strength than before, perhaps with strength enough to win out and conquer that weakness. Our present strength depends on that little victory won so long ago. Let us never neglect to take a little victory over ourselves because it seems so little. In reality it is not little. A chance for a *little* victory sometimes comes even while we are undergoing a great defeat. *Take it!* It is a great thing, if a man is being swept along on a torrent of rage against some one or something, that he stops a moment to say a kind word to a dog. At some other time that kind word will have become the strength to win a complete victory. There are no small victories; all victories are great. Especially should we take one if we feel sure that *tomorrow* we shall be beaten. Our business is with *today*. The lower man, over whom we take the victory, *wants* us to be discouraged by the thought of tomorrow. For our discouragement gives him a sure victory over us both now *and* tomorrow. Don't let us be fooled. The one "little" victory, that he wants us to think isn't worth taking, may give us that last bit of strength necessary to finish him up forever. It is the last minute that boils the kettle. Till then there seems to be nothing doing. The present little victory may be that last minute.

Do not play the enemy's game by resolving to tackle *future* small things. It is another of his ways of fooling you. Attend to this particular small thing now. Take the little step of this moment. The enemy dislikes the word *Now*. It is tomorrow he wants you to think of. Then *he* gets the *Now*. *And it is always Now.*

A STUDENT



If thou hast yesterday thy duty done
And thereby cleared firm footing for today,
Whatever clouds make dark tomorrow's sun,
Thou shalt not miss thy solitary way.—*Goethe*

Real and Counterfeit

JOYCE, the counterfeiter, first appeared in the Sunday afternoon classroom, because it was too stormy outside to play baseball. He braced himself for a discourse on "miserable sinners," etc. He chuckled inwardly, thinking that if his morals didn't exactly go up and down with the mercury, he preferred going to a warmer place than the yard, in November, any way.

With eyes trained to find flaws, he sat back and studied Williams who came regularly to talk with a group of the men. He tried to figure out what the talker's deal was, for he seemed to be telling a new story. It sounded square enough and so did the answers to questions that followed. But when Williams said that the real man was a soul, Joyce's clever hand went up to cover his mouth in time to wipe a doubting grin off and down under his chin, before it was detected on his face.

"I know a lot of different men," he thought; "and if there's a soulful of stuff in the whole bunch, I'd like to see some one find the goods on them." When his turn came he asked: "How do you prove that man is a soul?"

"Prove it by the counterfeits he makes," was the ready answer.

"Sounds like arguing for both sides at once. But go ahead."

"Well, a counterfeit *is* a counterfeit because there *is* the real thing it pretends to be. You can make new things, but you can't make a *copy* of something that does not exist. An imitation is serviceable only because of the real worth of the original it pretends to be. A counterfeit bill 'goes' because there are real bills."

"Oh, that'll do for money and things," said Joyce, "but what about men? There are twelve hundred men right here that the State decided were bad and withdrew from general circulation. Suppose we admit that they are human counterfeits. Where are the real men, and what proves they are genuine?"

"The real men are right here, as elsewhere, and furnish living evidence of the fact. Their mistakes are leading clues to the truth, because they make false copies of what the soul engraves upon each life when it has control. By right the soul is the governing power that gives meaning and value to life, opening out more and more into it as the man enlarges his manhood. It has unlimited resources and is strong, fearless, pure, compassionate, and just. It *is* all of these things; it does not merely pretend to be. It is the deep, inner source of knowledge and feeling that every one gets hints or glimpses of in himself at times. Great sorrow, peril of life, some general calamity, like a wreck or fire, devotion to a cause, sometimes sweep away the pretenses and for a time the soul is enabled to come out and show itself. While this lasts the man may seem transformed into a hero.

"Now it is because there *is* a soul within, and because it *is* strong, fearless, pure, compassionate, and just, that the lower man tries to make counterfeits of these quali-

ties. He finds it easier to do that than to live out the real thing. An animal cannot counterfeit a higher quality, has no conception of anything higher than it is. This is its difference from man. He can conceive of something higher than he now is just because that something higher is in him. And so he knows what to counterfeit. According as he thinks it will serve him he makes a bluff at having strength, courage, public spirit, devotion, or what not, sometimes using drink or drugs to help him. This ambition to *seem* something is his false homage to his soul. It is the mark that he knows of his soul though he may never have made his knowledge clear to himself in words or thoughts.

"That is what I meant when I said the soul is proved by its counterfeits."

The clock struck to close as Joyce was saying:

"I must say you've given me some new points on counterfeiting."

REPORTER

How to Win Out

AN English writer once published a series of articles labeled *The Human Machine*. He supposed the case of an average man suddenly realizing that he is only the average man; that the hopes and ambitions of his youth can never be fulfilled; that life offers now nothing new for him; that the days to come will be pretty much like the days gone by — save that his powers will slowly fade as old age creeps upon him. His future has no more dawns, only one gray afternoon deepening to a sunset that has no sun.

What shall he do? Shall he accept the situation? Is there nothing that will better it, brighten it, fill it with hope and achievement?

Assuredly there is! Suppose we survey the situation for him a little more carefully.

First of all there is the body. That will grow old, wear out and die anyhow. There cannot be anything objectionable or to be feared in that program because you see it in every part of living nature — among plants, animals, and men. It would not universally occur if it were not useful in some way, and desirable.

But the mind: need *that* wear out and decay?

Not necessarily. Some men, for instance Gladstone, have lived to very advanced age and died without the slightest sign of mental failure. So mental failure does not seem to be fixed into the program.

Study the mind a little. Give it some topic or idea to hold, some thought to think. Try to make it stay on that thought or topic for say half an hour.

It cannot be done for half a *minute*! It slips instantly.

May it not be that that wobbliness, that butterfly unsteadiness, going on all day, and year after year, is the cause of the mind's growing old even before the body?

Suppose our depressed man were to try to cure this failing. He would practise every day just what we have said. He would select a thought, getting one of his own,

or one from some good book, and try to make his mind stay steadily on that for some few minutes. Here for instance is one thought that might be used:

I am not my mind; my mind is my servant and I will train it to obey me.

In addition to this he can practise all day long keeping his mind better upon his work.

Thus he gradually learns to prevent his mind from wasting its life force by so much unnecessary butterflying about and by getting on to lines of thought that lead to vicious and sensual action. Such actions injure the

who stands up square to a bit of unpleasant duty, but feels a sense of approval coming upon him from somewhere, as if some onlooking being, higher than he, were encouraging him, sustaining him, and welcoming his action. It is a benediction sent upon him from his own soul.

But the soul did not happen upon him just at that moment. It is there always, always ready to make its presence felt. To feel out in the silence after that same sense of an approving presence, is to feel out after the soul. And the more this is done the clearer becomes the



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE SLEEPING CAT. CARVING BY HIDARI JINGORO THE FAMOUS ARTIST, AT NIKKO, JAPAN

body, and for the work this man is engaged upon he needs that his body shall be as sound as possible and stay alive as long as possible.

But the thought which he selects for the last thing at night is the most important of all. He must try to get his mind into touch with the Source of life so as to have it charged and cleansed. Part of him, his own soul, is always in touch with that Source. So he must try to find and know his own soul, must carry his mind up to that.

This is not difficult, but a thread of guidance is wanted. How is the soul to be looked for?

Here is one way. There is no one who does a kindly deed for another, especially at some cost of trouble, or

feeling. The man will *know* of his soul; he will raise his mind constantly towards it, stilling for the time all other thoughts; and all the time he will be trying to make his deeds and his thoughts such as will meet the approval of his soul.

That is the way to alter the mind so that it is constantly full of light and peace, so that it is constantly a better and better instrument, so that death cannot touch it nor old age dim it. That is the way to happiness.

The body — as healthy as you can make it; the mind — as obedient as you can make it; the soul — as conscious of it as you can make yourself: here is the essence of the art of life.

A STUDENT

Why Not?

JACK BELLEW was doing a kick. Some well-meaning visitor had pushed into his cell a little tract with the heading, "Be virtuous and you will be happy." It was this that he could not stand. He wanted to be happy, certainly; who does not? But he felt that he did *not* want the sleek sort of happiness that came of what was called "virtue."

He thought of some of the people he had known who had made a practice of "virtue," and, while he was bound to admit that most of them were prosperous, yet somehow they seemed to him almost contemptible in their pride and well-fed self-satisfaction.

It made him mad, and he expressed himself accordingly to the first man that passed him, one Sandy. Sandy may not have had *all* the virtues, but he had some; for instance unailing good-humor, readiness to listen, and a kind of palky wisdom that was often better in clearing up another man's difficulties than any amount of argument or exhortation.

Sandy let him talk till he became almost incoherent with scorn and disgust for all kinds of hypocrisy, including virtue and the habit of giving good advice. When he finally wound up Sandy said:

"Boy, try it the other way up. 'Be happy and you will be virtuous.' Don't you see, you score either way then; for if you are happy, you won't have any need to worry about the rest of the proposition; and if you should find yourself growing virtuous, you won't worry over that neither, you'll bear up all right; and if good luck comes on top of it all, well, why not? what's the odds so long as you're happy? Moreover the man that's happy in himself and not because he's come in for something good, sheds his happiness around and likes doing so. And ain't most of the virtues, if you come right down to it, included in liking to make others happy and working for it? So you're all right anyway." And Sandy strolled off. Jack sat down to take another look at the proposition.

"Be happy!" That hit him. Somehow he felt that this was straight talk. Be happy! Why it was a revelation. It said: "You are a man. You have a will, and you can use it. You can go to the right or to the left; you can look up or you can look down; you can speak or you can keep silence; you can sulk or you can smile. You can be happy if you will. You don't *have* to wait for something to *make* you happy."

He knew it was true. He had a will, but he had never used it that way. He had a way of trying to think out things, and he always got tied up in a lot of reasons why *not* that seemed to make it useless for him to try to be anything but driftwood on the tide of life. His mind had fooled him all along; it never helped him with any new light on his difficulties; it was always engaged in tying itself into knots called "reasons for not doing it." Now a flash of light came in and stopped this kind of business with a simple show-up of the whole game.

"Be happy!" It was like being told to stand up; no

more than that; but when he stood up, he could see over the wall! And the view of open country all around him made him laugh to think that he had sat all these years behind that bit of wall trying to find out how to get out of a prison that only existed in his own fancy. Certainly there was a wall, but it seemed no sort of an obstacle as soon as he stood up. He was awake now and meant to stay so. He had seen the light, and was not going back to sulk in the shade again. No, Sir! He felt as if he had been a prisoner shut up in a room of which he had the key in his pocket all the time. The key was his WILL, and now that he had found it, he meant to use it. He would make his own happiness as he went along, dependent upon nothing to give it to him, and he would increase it all the time by spreading it around somehow among the other fellows. M.

Lies

ONE day I got a sudden full view of that self that I had hitherto been calling myself. My astonishment was so great that at first I could not believe my own sight. I had thought myself strong and well-equipped — and now saw before me only emptiness and weakness; I had seemed to myself true — and saw there only a combination of clever appearances, seemings-so, and not-quite-realities. As I scrutinized this self it burst into rags and tatters and collapsed into its true smallness.

I had really been looking into a mirror and that mirror was the kind eye of Truth. Hitherto I had looked at a painted figure of myself, done by vanity and hypocrisy.

Then, carefully and humbly, I and my new-found small self picked our way out of the rags and confusion. We took the proffered hand of Truth and have since then walked happily with her. It was that regained childhood from which alone can grow true manhood. It was the direct and sincere and kindly self of the heart, the self that never compares itself with others, either to its own advantage or disadvantage, and never tries to *seem* anything.

The use of lies, spoken or acted, is generally to the user, that he may seem what he is not, and through his seeming-to-be, gain that which he had better never have coveted. For it will only bring pain and humiliation. In the end a man always comes to appear visibly exactly what he is, though it may be long before he realizes that others thoroughly know him. Why then should we not try to be that noble and courageous human soul we have wanted to *seem*?

A STUDENT

WE LIVE in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; In feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

James Bailey, *Festus*

Courage

EDGAR A. GUEST

DISCOURAGED, eh? The world looks dark,
And all your hopes have gone astray;
Your finest shots have missed the mark,
You're heartsick and discouraged, eh?

Plans that you built from all went wrong,
You cannot seem to find the way,
And it seems vain to plod along,
You're heartsick and discouraged, eh?

Take heart! Each morning start anew,
Return unto the battle line;
Against far greater odds than you
Brave men have fought with courage fine.

Despite the buffetings of fate
They've risen, time and time again,
To stand, face front and shoulders straight,
As leaders of their fellow-men.

And you, now blinded by despair,
Heartsick and weary of the fight,
On every hand beset by care,
Can, if you will, attain the light.

Keep A-goin'!

FRANK L. STANTON

EF you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a-goin'!
Ef it hails, or ef it snows,
Keep a-goin'!
'Taint no use to sit and whine
When the fish ain't on yer line;
Bait yer hook an' keep a-tryin' —
Keep a-goin'!

When the weather kills yer crop,
Keep a-goin'!

When you tumble from the top,
Keep a-goin'!

S'pose you're out o' every dime,
Bein' so ain't any crime;
Tell the world you're feelin' prime —
Keep a-goin'!

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a-goin'!

Drain the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a-goin'!

See the wild birds on the wing,
Hear the bells that sweetly ring,
When you feel like sighin', sing —
Keep a-goin'!

Old Age

LONGFELLOW

IT is too late!

Ah! nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand "Oedipus," and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers
When each had numbered more than fourscore years;
And Theophrastus at fourscore and ten
Had but begun his "Characters of Men."

Chaucer, at Woodstock, with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the "Canterbury Tales."
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed "Faust" when eighty years were past.

What then! Shall we sit idly down and say
"The night hath come; it is no longer day"?
The night hath *not* yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare,
Even the oldest trees some fruit may bear.
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress;
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars invisible by day.

Looking Forward

WHITTIER

HAIL to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light-bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

The airs of heaven blow o'er me;
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be —
Pure, generous, brave, and free.

A dream of man and woman
Diviner but still human,
Solving the riddle old,
Shaping the Age of Gold.

The love of God and neighbor;
An equal-handed labor;
The richer life, where beauty
Walks hand in hand with duty.

Part and parcel of all,
I keep the festival,
Fore-reach the good to be,
And share the victory.

A Song

S. M. HAUGHTON

"THAT passed over, and this may, too."
Many sorrows have come and gone,
Pain has tarried — and then passed on.
"That passed over, and this may, too."

This is the song I would sing to you,
Now that trial has come once more.
You've conquered pain in the days of yore,
"That passed over, and this may, too."

Who forgets that the skies are blue,
In dreary seasons of fog and rain?
Tomorrow the wind may shift again,
"That passed over, and this may, too."

IN ADDITION to the purpose for which THE NEW WAY was established, viz., for Gratuitous Distribution in Prisons, many persons have expressed their interest in, and desire to subscribe for it. It will continue as heretofore to be distributed free in Prisons, in accordance with its original purpose; but for those who wish to subscribe for it the subscription price is One Dollar per year, Ten cents per copy.

Money Orders and checks should be made payable to THE NEW WAY, and all subscriptions should be addressed to:
THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

Gleanings Grave

THEY SAY the mind stands between the soul and the body, but for my part I think that the body stands betwixt mind and soul. For what, save the thick wall of body, could hinder the mind from receiving constantly the soul's light? Therefore is it that after death, when the body has been withdrawn, the mind finds herself pure and blessed, and wonders that in life she should have borne herself so ill. But to quell the tumult of the body *whilst it lives*, thus in life seizing the crown of death, is a high art, not to be achieved without daily endeavor and much patience. — *An Old Platonist*

SCORN NOT him whom you see fall into some folly, but restrain thyself and beware lest thou fall into the same. Go not where thou art not called, nor interfere in what does not concern thee. In conversation do not lay hand upon another, nor speak too much, nor interrupt. If thou hearest any one talking foolishly, and it is not thy business to correct him, keep silence; but if it does concern thee, consider first what thou art to say, and do not speak arrogantly, that thy correction may be well received. — *Mexican Sayings*

LET no one deceive another; let him never despise another in any place; let him not out of anger or resentment wish harm to another.

We reach the immortal Way only by continuous acts of kindness, and perfect our souls by compassion and charity.

As a mother at the risk of her life watches over her own child, so let everyone cultivate a boundless friendly mind towards all beings.

Let every one cultivate good will to all the world, a boundless friendly mind, above and below and across, unobstructed, without hatred, without enmity.

Standing, walking, sitting, or lying, as long as he is awake, let him devote himself to this mind.

Gautama Buddha

HARD and weary was my life, and the years stretched gray, threatening, and promiseless in front. Thus I dwelt sunless.

But with search and silence I found at last the life within. There came by moments a lifting of the gloom, as it were a faint light; then surety; then a great dawn, joy, peace, a new presence within me. And thereafter I cared nothing what might be the outer life, for the inner overpowered it and shone through it.

Silence the mind-chatter; search within in that silence, and thou too shalt find, O poor mind-harassed wayfarer. To thee likewise shall come knowledge of what thou truly art. — *From the Arabic*

WHEN thou hast been compelled by circumstances to be disturbed in a manner, quickly return to thyself, and do not continue out of tune longer than the compulsion lasts. For thou wilt have more Mastery over the Harmony by continually recurring to it. — *Marcus Aurelius*

Gleanings Gay

Mike: "Pat, ye wor on a bad spree yesterday."

Pat: "I was that. Bless me if Oi wasn't lyin' in the gutter wid a pig. Father Dunn come along an' looked at me an' he says: 'One is known by the company he kapes,' says he."

Mike: "An' did ye get up, Pat?"

Pat: "Oi did not. But the pig did."

A vacuum is an empty space with nothing in it. The Pope lives in one.

Leap Year is instead of it's being the next day on the same day next year, it's the day after.

Pompeii was destroyed by an eruption of saliva from the vatican.

Longfellow was born in Portland, Me., while his parents were traveling in Europe.

There were no Christians among the early Gauls, they were mostly lawyers.

George Washington married Martha Custis and, in due time, became the father of his country.

The government of England is a limited mockery.

The stomach is part of the alimentary canal and is just south of the ribs.

A dog is best described as a canine animal with one leg at each corner. — *From the Examination Paper*

A woman, leading a little boy, said to the ticket agent in a railroad station:

"What is the fare to Monmouth?"

"Thirty cents," the agent answered. "I've told you that eight times now," he added mildly.

"I know you have," the woman answered, smiling; "but little Willie likes to see you come to the window. He says it reminds him of the Zoo."

The chief clerk at a remote country depot received a hurry order by wire to come up to the city office by the next train. "Can't," he wired back; "wash-out on line." "Get yourself a new shirt and come along," was the reply.

An editor who started about twenty years ago with only 55 cents is now worth \$10,000. His accumulation of wealth is due to his frugality, good habits, strict attention to business, and the fact that an uncle died and left him \$9999.

Three men, Ed Oliver, and Fred and Bertrand Logan, met quite a mishap recently when the boat in which they were sailing at Lower Bend capsized and they were drowned. — *News Item*

The subjoined item appeared in a French newspaper: "There was found in the river this morning the body of a soldier cut to pieces and sewed up in a sack. The circumstances seem to preclude any suspicion of suicide."

Prisoner: "There goes my hat; shall I run after it?"

Policeman Casey: "Phwat? Run away, would you? Just you stay here and I'll run after your hat."

GIFT
OCT 7 1913

Please handle with care
and pass on to another

"Mine just to meet and conquer, hour by hour,
The thing that men call 'Fate.'"

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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A LOMALAND CHRISTMAS TREE

These little ones are trained to *think*, and grow up recognizing the duality of their own natures, the centers of evil and of good. Thus they are helped to understand and master those early temptations which wreck so many a promising life. Would that all the "shut-ins" could have had such help!

The Meaning of Christmas

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT SAN QUENTIN PRISON

I WISH to talk about the close of the year, the Christmas and the New Year time. Suppose we name our subject "Beginnings."

Some people talk about good resolutions at this season,

or use the old careless expression "turning over a new leaf." I think there are plenty of unfinished beginnings on the old one to make good. The old leaf of the past year, and those of years that have gone before, offer splendid opportunities for picking up the good and carrying it into action.

These opportunities are presented to us by the ever-bounteous giver, the Soul. For this reason they are sacred — as for that matter is every day we live. Whatever the Soul calls a man to do is sacred, inasmuch as the call comes from the highest, divinest part of his nature. That is the way to look at whatever happens, as an opportunity, a gift, a call to high action. By answering these we gradually transform ourselves into all that we can best hope to be.

We are in the midst of a new period, and every human being responds with a thrill to the spirit of the enthroned King of this time and season, Santa Claus. We have all been children and love to recall the joy that swept through us on Christmas Morn, when we bounded out of bed to see what Santa Claus had brought us.

Now I really believe that in the olden time "Santa Claus" was just a symbol of the Soul, Soul of the world and Soul of man, especially giving to each man at Christmastime (when the sun turns north from winter to spring) a few "seeds" of new power to be sown in his own nature, as well as opportunity to sow them. The ancients, I mean, invented the story of Santa Claus to remind themselves of their belief that the Soul draws nearer to the heart at the same time as the sun begins to throw out the first energies of spring.

To those who nourished these seeds into mature and purposeful actions, to such, each day of the four seasons of the year was a continuance of the joy of Christmas. The watcher and helper was Santa Claus, the Soul, whose gifts are as many as the receiver is capable of putting to good purpose, gifts of opportunity, of strength, of joy, and of understanding. It is what you and I will do with these new energies that thrill through our hearts and flash in new thoughts and impulses into our minds, which determines whether we are true and loyal to our trust.

If we would advance to the highest manhood we must learn to believe in the Soul as the little child believes in Santa Claus. That is the first step. Did any of you ever know an ardent little believer in Santa Claus who did not receive some gift? And do you not believe that behind the parent or friend who lovingly gave stood the Soul that prompted the heart to give? So whichever way we look, the beginning has its seat in the soul.

Now a beginning calls for a continuation. A little child may receive a gift and keep it all to itself, which is selfishness. To prevent this tendency it must do something with the gift to benefit some one else. And when we, as adult believers in the Soul, receive the higher impulses, these Soul gifts must be put into action. If not, if we do nothing with them and let them die, we miss more than we realize. Every good impulse which we do nothing with, dies and poisons us, changes into something evil and rotten in our nature.

Let us remember that he who acts always according to his higher impulses becomes a stronger and stronger force for good. His mind becomes illuminated, freed from the cloud of selfish desire, and he sees the mean-

ing of life. Was it not so that all the great Teachers of humanity became what they were? How could it be otherwise? What other way can there be to reach the heights? So at this Christmastime, when every seed in the ground begins to feel the touch of spring, let us too begin upon a new life with the sunlight of the soul upon every day and every act. Thus we shall daily move nearer to the realization of our highest hopes. H. H. S.

Seeing in the Dark

"DARK down here, ain't it?"
 "Dark? How's that? Seems all right to me."
 "All the same it's dark, mighty dark."
 "Why, what's up with you? Are you dreaming? Or just trying to seem clever?"
 "What can *you* see?"
 "I can see you."
 "Can you now? How do you know that what you see is me? You only see the outside of a small part of my clothing, a few patches of skin, a pair of eyes, and some few other things, and you call that *Me!* Well, that's not me. You can't see me and the reason why is because you're in the dark. I tell you it's mighty dark down here."

"In that way, yes. But what are you going to do about it?"

"As you look at me now whilst we talk, you are seeing in a different way from what you would be doing if you just looked up to see who was sitting here. You are trying now to see my *mind*, my meaning. You are trying to see in a deeper way, and you find it rather dark for that. What I said first was true. It *is* dark down here, here on earth, so far as mind-seeing is concerned."

"Well, where is the light to come from?"

"Maybe we have to *make* it before we can see with it. And maybe there is plenty, notwithstanding what I said, but of a sort too high for us at present to see with. In that case our job is to learn a different kind of seeing. Whenever you try sympathetically to understand or to feel the real character of a man, or the real sense of what he is saying, or the real heart of him beneath his perhaps ugly looks, you are trying to see in a new way. Then you begin to know how dark it is down here. Sympathy is sight by a higher light, and a man who had fully developed this by practice on his fellows would be able to extend it outward into nature and know the life that pulses everywhere and even at last the Source of that. Sympathy (which leads to and is brotherhood) is sight by a higher light. If we keep creating that feeling and imagine it as a light uniting us all, especially our hearts, we'll soon find that it is a light." A STUDENT

THE man who can keep his mind and imagination full of light against the darkest surroundings and the heaviest difficulties, is one of the world's secret heroes. — *Chinese*

"The High Road"

(A play by Richard Sheldon.)

THERE is no need to talk about the decay of the drama so long as such a play as *The High Road* can be successfully produced, even though part of the success is due to the simple and perfect art of Mrs. Fiske.

The heroine (whose rôle Mrs. Fiske takes) is represented as a high-spirited girl who is dissatisfied with the narrow and restricted life to which she is limited on her father's farm. The world of art and literature, she thinks, may give her the expansion of soul she wants; and so, leaving her home, she goes to the city and presently enters into an alliance with a millionaire artist lover. After three years of it she comes to recognize that this life is degrading and breaks away from it at once. Her lover offers to marry her. But she will not consent. She has no respect for him and sees him to have been her tempter. She leaves him and takes up what she now knows to be her real work.

For she has gradually come to the realization of what women are suffering in factories, workshops, and dens that they must call "home." She feels that there are things that matter more than pictures, and music, and fine literature. And so she will give herself up no more to the refined selfishness of her pleasures and make her life henceforth one of service, trying to prevent others from being enticed into the degradation from which she has freed herself.

She knows that to be able to help in any real way she must understand, and that the sort of Brotherhood work upon which she has entered cannot be done with gloves on. So she takes a place in a shirt factory, living on her wage like the other women there and taking nothing with her from the home of luxury she has abandoned.

Eighteen years are supposed to pass and now she appears as President of the Federated Women's League, fighting the battle of her sisters the workers, and has at last succeeded in carrying a bill through the State legislature for the improvement of factory conditions. In this she has had the sympathy and support of the Governor, who has been following her career for years. He shares her triumph and asks her to share his life. Then she tells him of her whole past, simply and frankly, giving him the right after hearing her story, to withdraw his proposal.

He realizes the nobility of her nature as he never had before. He recognizes the true woman and tells her that his love and respect have been strengthened by her narration of what she has done and been through.

They are married and two years later it is he who is in the fight. He is candidate for the Presidency, and a strong plank in his platform is the improvement of conditions for women workers. This brings upon him the enmity of a large employer of labor, one Maddock, a

man who also owns a string of newspapers. This worthy comes to him and offers to call off an attack that is to be made on his character on condition of his promise to drop the women's betterment plank from his election platform, or at least agree to forget it if elected.

The Governor insists on receiving this proposal in presence of his committee and of course then rejects it. He must therefore face the threatened attack. The whole story of his wife's past is accordingly brought up. And in addition there is a fabricated charge that for corrupt use in his election she furnished him with a large sum of money obtained for the purpose from her former lover. The situation is intense. The Governor sends for his wife. At first she confirms a story by which her husband has attempted to cover over for her those three years of life with her lover. But she feels at once that evasion is unworthy; she will face anything rather than be untrue to herself. She changes her course and courageously admits the story of her past, disproving however the money charge by showing that her lover has been dead for a dozen years.

The committee is staggered by her admission and the enemy triumphant. The Governor's chances are regarded as ruined by his association with a woman of such a past.

He is due to speak that evening at a great meeting and now proposes to send excuses. But urged by his wife to show his worth and courage he finally goes. Then, in his absence, she sends for Maddock and makes an appeal to his higher nature, to his generosity.

But he is inaccessible. That kind of talk, he says, makes him tired. So she finally challenges him to go ahead with his disclosures, warning him, however, that she too, in that case, proposes to say something.

So then and there she dictates, for immediate publication, her confession of her life, following it with a short and clear exposition of the vile political plot that compels her to tell the story. Maddock sees that her account, put in this way, will arouse general indignation against him and ruin his position. He is beaten and admits it. He calls up his agents and tells them that the matter must be dropped.

Meantime the Governor has triumphantly carried his meeting with him and now comes home in high spirits, full of courage. "Let Maddock," he says, "do his worst; we will face what comes." "Maddock's worst," she answers, "will not be very bad, I think." And she tells how she has drawn the man's fangs.

So the play closes on the happiness of the two who had dared all rather than renounce the work to which they had pledged themselves.

REPORTER

THE world's burden can only be lightened by men and women who will go beyond what is called their duty and take up work to which nothing calls them but compassion, desire to serve and help. This is the only real gift, for it is gift of self, not of possessions. — *Farrar*

Self-Conquest

PRISONERS sometimes adopt strange expedients in order to escape the monotonous unhappiness of their lives. Some, of course, fall into a sort of stunned or lethargic state and come to be only half-conscious of what they are doing and lose almost all note of the passage of time.

I am not speaking of these. I am speaking of those who remain what I may call awake and who try to devise some means of getting out of themselves, out of the weight of their surroundings, away from the gray prospect of the future.

The idea came to me that I could perhaps train my mind to live almost altogether in old memories on the one hand or in pleasant imaginings on the other, only leaving just enough of it in the present to get through my work with. I would be in imagination somewhere else, outside, by the sea, with my family, happy in business, and so on. Sometimes this aroused such fierce longing that it made the present bitterer still. But by persistence, imagination did begin to win against the actual. I did begin to live in an unreal world, and it was my life in the real that began to take on an effect of unreality. I did all my usual duties, but as if in a dream.

This same result I got from living in memories. I alternated and combined the two lines, and for a while I thought I had at last the key to something in myself which nothing and no one outside could interfere with. I began to think that with practice I could go so far that even the dreaded "cold storage," should it fall to my lot, would be no trouble.

Events mercifully compelled me to stop this insanity, or stop going on this way to insanity — for it was that.

I began to find that I was not properly doing my usual duties. My attention had become so slack or absent that I was always now in trouble and punishment for neglecting duties and points of routine, and for half finishing my work.

Then other things followed. My memory — except for the past — began to weaken. I could not fix my attention on anything I was doing and I could not think.

And, finally, strange as it may seem, my limbs began to be difficult to move and my sense of touch became so bad that I could not tell that I had hold say of my knife and fork except by looking.

I was, as I think, sinking into paralysis, old age (at forty), or imbecility. It was clearly up to me to stop this game, if it was not too late, and try a new tack.

I did stop it and got back (though not entirely, even to this day) what I had lost in mind and body.

And then I was up against the original problem.

One morning early I was in the yard sweeping, feeling pretty shaky and rotten, when suddenly the sun began to rise and through the gate the intense living gold seemed to come straight at me and revive and hearten me all through, mind and body. It seemed to enfold me

protectingly as if it had in it the love of some supreme life. The picture of that splendid life-giving thing, that burst of light, seemed to stay with me all day very clearly and kept me feeling the same way as when I saw it. And I thought: that picture, got from the real, is only in my *mind* now, and yet it's doing me nearly as much good as when I saw it on the horizon through the gate bars. I feel all alive and clear, and my *heart* some way seems awake. And I'm feeling friendly and good, even to those who have been hardest with me. They may have thought they were doing their duty.

I wondered if it would be safe to keep hold of *that*, of *light*, instead of the memories and imaginings that had nearly done for me. I reckoned I'd try, any way, just risk it.

In a few weeks it made a new man of me! It gave me a clear mind and a quick body and senses. I got courage for anything that might come along. That good feeling towards the other fellows, that seemed centered in my heart, stayed and got stronger, and they seemed to answer to it and opened up to me in good comradeship more than ever before. I commenced to count time, which had before been so heavy, as nothing so long as I did my duty.

But there was more than this that happened. That picture of golden, living light in my mind, it seemed to become like a presence standing about me or around me somehow, as well as in me. At night especially I seemed to get a kind of help from it, fine thoughts, and ideas about what it was best to do and leave alone. It stood for my soul to me, and maybe my Higher Self does use it somehow as a way to get at my mind. They always call the Higher Self *light*, don't they? Maybe there's what we call "real" light, what we see, and mind light, and a sort of light that's still higher. Maybe the three are the same, according to what it's acting on, something conscious all the time.

But that's just ideas. I'm not understanding the thing yet. I only started out to tell you what I know, what the thought of light spread everywhere, in and around me and the rest, did for me. It's enabled me to take the first step to self-conquest. It's wakened me up and heartened me up all through, and I'm not afraid of anything, not even death.

EX-CON.

✱

The Glowing Trail

EVER in the wake of true achieving

There shines this glowing trail—

Some other soul will be spurred on, conceiving

New strength and hope, in its own power believing,

Because thou didst not fail.

Not thine alone the glory—nor the sorrow

If thou dost miss the goal:

Undreamed-of lives in many a far tomorrow

From thee their weakness or their force shall borrow—

On, on, ambitious soul!—*Selected*

The Way Out

WHAT a power—to be able to hold your mind steady upon anything you wish, hold it till you *know* something!

As a rule we can't do that. We are slaves of our minds, not masters, and have to take whatever thoughts they choose to furnish us with.

And again: what a power to be able to hold one's mood steady! As a rule we can't do that either. We have to take whatever mood comes along, depressed or cheerful, kindly or snarly, fearful or courageous, dark or bright!

Doubly slaves!

But some are only half slaves. They can perhaps keep

Some of what is here printed is adapted just for this very purpose.

When you come across such a passage, get it little by little, by heart. And whilst you do so, study and understand the mood, the state of feeling, which it inspires in you. When you have got it by heart, repeat it carefully, along with its feeling, every day, say night and morning. Gradually fill your mind with such passages. They will never leave you.

Now you have the double key. The effort to learn by heart—if only a sentence or two a day—and the effort to repeat to yourself what you have learned, make a fine lesson in concentration of mind and a fine study of the mind's dislike to obey and to stay where it is put. And the repetition will easily bring back the mood, the high feeling, that belongs to it. It is by living as much as you can in that mood, that you will at last get the Light. For the mood gets higher every time you try to make it higher and at last it breaks through the limits that have hitherto confined your mind and nature. From the first, you begin to gain self-control. The will grows. Outer circumstances don't bother you so much, and at last not at all. Longings for what cannot be got, or ought not to be got, get less and less. The mind, gradually trained to concentration on this one thing and for these few minutes, comes under your control so that you can concentrate it at last upon whatever you are doing. In every way it will be a ten times better instrument for all you want. Then for the first time you begin to know *yourself*, know *who you are*, you who control the mind. And this

is the greatest of all knowledges, for you are a part of the creative Light, something divine that is now veiled to itself, that does not know itself.

Is not this worth thinking of and trying—say for a year? Long before that you will understand its value.

STUDENT

✽

How humanity suffers! And such opportunities are today before it. There are no heights to which it might not rise. Yet it is so inbred in the blood and bone of man to demand what he wants rather than what he needs, that the struggle to lift his consciousness out of its bondage to appetite and selfish desires is a hard one indeed. Yet there are those who dare to make this struggle and succeed.—*Katherine Tingley*



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SILENT POWER

(Photo. by Darge, Melbourne; copyrighted. Reproduced by permission.)

one mood all the time, and are, say, always kindly and cheerful; but they cannot keep their *thoughts* upon any one thing any more than a dog or a kitten. It is a case of chatter about everything.

Others can keep their *minds* upon something, anything they like, as firmly as if they were nailed and glued there. But they cannot hold their *moods*. In the evening you find them friendly and companionable. Next morning they are as grumpy and unspeakable-to as a hedgehog or a hungry bear.

Why should we be slaves at all? Both these slaveries can be cured. For instance, the right use of *memory* will cure both at once. This way:

Is there anything you ever read that stirred the best in you, some poem, some words of a speech, the Sermon on the Mount, perhaps something in this very paper?

“Go to the Ant, Thou . . .”

“WHAT a pack of fools these men are!” said the bee.

“You must not expect too much,” replied the ant. “Of course they are not yet on our level in morals or intelligence. But they may find the way to get there any time now; find the way to happiness at any rate, and all the rest would follow on in time. They are nearer to us than they know. I had a sort of nightmare the other night and dreamed I was a man! It was an awful experience, for whilst in a way I was limited to man’s mind I was also conscious of my proper ant mind. I seemed to be giving those poor humans a dickens of a roasting, and though it was only a dream I can’t help thinking that in some way I did really reach the minds of some of them.

“I dreamed that I was on the platform of one of their public halls, talking to a large audience. Only the end of my speech sticks clear in my mind. But I know I had begun by reminding them how little real happiness there was in their lives and how much pain. I seemed to have been developing this point for some time, perhaps an hour, and I remember how I tried to be quite simple so as to accommodate myself to their understanding. And then I went on:

“You think all this can’t be changed. You think unhappiness is inevitable. Now I happen to know of another world of beings in a way that I cannot now explain to you. You think you know it too, but in reality know nothing whatever about it, or almost nothing. In that world the individuals do not die in any chance way or at any chance time. They know the laws of health and follow them to the letter. So there is no disease. No, they die when their work is for the time finished, when their stock of life-energy for body and mind has been clean run out and needs replacing. And when it runs out, so far as the individual is concerned, when he has spent it all in honorable work, it remains still beneficently active among the community. Why?

“Because it was not merely spent, as you spend yours, but *given*. I hardly expect you to understand this. Let me try to make it clearer.

“I called upon one of your leading inventors the other morning and found him engaged on some new machine for storing electricity. He said he reckoned to make his fortune by it. Very useful? I asked. Immensely, he said. What are you doing it for? I asked. Cash, he answered; what else do you think? Then of course, I said, no one will have any reason to be grateful to you? People are grateful for *gifts*, and you are not making them a gift. You’ll get your full return in cash, getting what you ask for. Transaction’s closed.

“I saw that he could not understand me, thought I was mad. So I cleared out, and got to thinking of that other world I knew where everywhere is happiness. Perhaps I can put the matter in this way:

“Everyone works hard there as most of you do here, and is happy over it, as most of you are not. There are musicians and poets and inventors and all the rest of it, same as you have; though you half blind and deaf as you really are — excuse me — look right into this world and see and hear and know nothing of all this. Only the quite outer activities, food-getting for instance, are known to your — stupidity.’ (But, my dear bee, I said that word in a very low tone. They think they are very clever and understand all about us.)

“Everyone works hard, as I said, doing work which you can see and understand, and in with it doing much higher work that does not outwardly show and of which you know nothing. One of even *you* could for instance be mending shoes as a visible activity and at the same time be thinking out a philosophy or composing music as an invisible one. And if your minds were all sensitive enough to each other there would be no need for the philosophy or music to be written down.

“But whatever one of these individuals in that other world is doing, he is *thinking first of the community*. He thinks of the benefit or pleasure or lift to the rest that his work or thought will be. His aim is, before he dies to have *poured himself into the common stock* of possessions, mechanical, mental, spiritual, or what not. To *give* is the idea. And the community responds by feeling grateful to each of its workers. Why shouldn’t you feel grateful to those fellows digging up the street outside here to put in drain-pipes? Because they’re not working with the idea of pouring their work into the community. It’s the attitude of mind that makes all the difference.

“Of course they need their pay. But suppose they did have the thought of their city and of you their fellow-citizens, and gave an extra faithful and hearty touch to their work, knowing that you, as you passed by, were feeling grateful and friendly. And of course the other way about too. What a difference it would make! Suppose every sort of work was done in this spirit and was accepted in friendly gratitude. The limits of your poor little minds would fall away; you’d begin to be sharing each others’ feelings and richness of inner life. If one of you were extra happy for some reason any morning, the rest would get a touch of it. If any of you had a fine thought, the rest would be uplifted by it that minute, long before they read it in the newspaper or some book. And when one of you died the rest would know by the still continuing heart-warmth from him that he really still lived but was just resting and getting a new stock of the life-energy that he spent into the community. The generous will to give is the soul of what’s given. It brightens every heart it touches as it goes out from the giver, waking up others so that they too are moved to work in the same spirit. That is what I mean when I say that it remains behind after the giver of it is gone.

“In that other world I speak of, this *pouring-in* way

of living, this constant will to give, and the general hearty unity and good feeling everywhere, have brought it about that after the rest time and recovery of energy the individual is born back again into the community and does some more inventing or composing or thinking or general service of some kind, and so right along. So *these* communities are all getting richer through the ages in culture and stores of thought and in a thousand other ways you could not understand. They're happy, I tell you; their minds are rich and full; there is no pain and no ill feeling. And the same state would be just as easy for you to get as for them. You're the worst sort of fools to be denying yourselves, age after age, the pleasure and profit of brotherhood!"

"It was in this way, my dear bee . . ."

But the bee had flown away long before, not having expected so wordy an account of a mere dream. AESOP



The Cup and the Wine

IN his hour of inspiration the hand of the poet could not move fast enough to write down the images which rushed into rhythm and rhyme. He knew not whence they came. He knew only the joy of recording them and giving them order and arrangement.

"Ah," he said, "were I but the source, the creator, of what I now only record! What is that swift and splendid thinker whose glad servant and scribe for this hour I become?"

And the soul stood forth: "Thou art more than my scribe and recorder," it said. "Thou art verily a part of myself. How otherwise couldst thou understand what I send? I send no words and no thought-images. I send the essence, the molten living gold. The form, the thought, the image — they are thine, brain-born of thee in the hour of my felt presence. How, if thou wert not one with me, couldst thou receive and understand and form-fashion my essence, this living gold of my being?"

"Thou art myself in thy body of earth. I am thyself in the world of light beyond thee.

"Seek me when the shadows are upon thee, scattering them. Seek me when hard duty confronts thee, fulfilling it. Seek me when men despise thee and wrong thee, forgiving them. Seek me in steadfast love of thy fellows. Seek me by night and by day. Despair not; that hour shall come when thou shalt be reborn into unity with me."



THE soul of man is immortal, and its future is the future of a thing whose growth and splendor has no limit.

The principle which gives life dwells in us, and without us, is undying and eternally beneficent, is not heard or seen or smelt, but is perceived by the man who desires perception. — *Idyll of the White Lotus*

The Vision of Peace

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

PEACE, peace to come, to be.

If such were certainty,—

At last, far off, at latest, any while,—

What woe were hard to bear?

What sorrow worth one tear?

Murder would soften, dark despair would smile.

Good will,—consider this!

What easy, perfect bliss,

If over all the earth the one change spread!

That hate and fear should die,

And men in amity

Let go rapine and wrong and fear and dread.

What lack of paradise,

If, in angelic wise,

Each unto each, as to himself, were dear,

If we in souls descried,

Whatever form might hide,

Own brother and own sister everywhere!

Till these things come to pass,

Nay,—if it be, indeed, alas!

A vision, let us sleep and dream it true!

Or, sane and broad awake,

For its great sound and sake,

Take it, and make it earth's and peace ensue!



The Word

OEARTH! thou hast not any wind that blows

Which is not music; every weed of thine

Pressed rightly, flows in aromatic wine;

And every humble hedgerow flower that grows,

And every little brown bird that doth sing,

Hath something greater than itself and bears

A living Word to every living thing,

Albeit it holds the Message unawares.

All shapes and sounds have something which is not

Of them: a Spirit broods amid the grass;

Vague outlines of the Everlasting Thought

Lie in the melting shadows as they pass;

The touch of an Eternal Presence thrills

The fringes of the sunsets and the hills. — *Selected*



THERE is a natural melody, an obscure fount in every human heart. It may be hidden over and utterly concealed and silenced — but it is there. At the very base of your nature you will find faith, hope, and love. He who chooses evil refuses to look within himself, shuts his ears to the melody of his heart, as he blinds his eyes to the light of his soul. — *Light on the Path*



IN ADDITION to the purpose for which THE NEW WAY was established, viz., for Gratuitous Distribution in Prisons, many persons have expressed their interest in, and desire to subscribe for it. It will continue as heretofore to be distributed free in Prisons, in accordance with its original purpose; but for those who wish to subscribe for it the subscription price is One Dollar per year, Ten cents per copy.

Money Orders and checks should be made payable to THE NEW WAY, and all subscriptions should be addressed to:

THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

New Way Notebook

WHAT are the so-called misfortunes to the *Soul*? Would there be any progress if all were smooth? Just as the muscles grow strong from use, so the Soul from difficulties overcome, from temptation vanquished, from trouble met as a man. It rejoices in this work as a man who is training his muscles rejoices in weights and resistances, rejoices in them and seeks them.

GIVE love, and love to your life will flow,
 A strength in your utmost need;
 Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
 Their faith in your word and deed.
 For life is the mirror of King and slave;
 'Tis just what we are and do;
 Then give to the world the best that you have,
 And the best will come back to you.

WE reach the immortal Way only by continuous acts of kindness and we perfect our souls by compassion and charity. The man who walks in this noble Way cultivates good will without measure among all beings. Let him remain steadfastly in this state of mind, standing and walking, awake or asleep, sick or well, living or dying; for this state of heart is the best in the world.

Gautama Buddha

WOULDEST shape a noble life? Then cast
 No backward glances towards the past,
 And though somewhat be lost and gone,
 Yet do thou act as one new-born;
 What each day needs, that shalt thou ask.
 Each day will set its proper task. — *Goethe*

NO MAN in the world ever attempted to wrong another without being injured in return — some way, somehow, some time. The only weapon of offense that Nature seems to recognize is the boomerang. Nature keeps her books admirably; she puts down every item, she closes all accounts finally, but she does not always balance them at the end of the month. — *W. G. Jordan*

HAVE perseverance, as one who doth for evermore endure. — *H. P. Blavatsky*

IF you let these irritating outside influences get the better of you you are confessing your inferiority to them, by permitting them to disturb you. Study the disturbing elements, each by itself, bring all the will-power of your nature to bear upon them, and you will find that they will, one by one, melt into nothingness, like vapors fading before the sun. — *W. G. Jordan*

IT is a curious fact that if you admire a man for his fine qualities of character, his courage, generosity, steadfastness, unselfishness, and so on, your admiration produces in yourself an increase in the qualities you admire; and that if you hate him for his faults your hate will likewise nourish in you those same faults. What a man thinks of, that he slowly becomes, whether it be noble or base. — *The Notebook*

Told After Dinner

A farmer who went to a large city to see the sights engaged a room at a hotel and before retiring he asked the clerk about the hours for meals. "Breakfast 6 to 11, dinner from 11 to 3, supper from 3 to 8," replied the clerk.

"Wa-al, say," inquired the farmer, "what time air I goin' ter git to see the town?"

The talk reminded Congressman Rothermel of a certain party named James. This James recently attended a circus whereat the chief feature was a beautiful girl lion-tamer. Entering the animal's cage she placed a lump of sugar between her lips which the lion took from her with his teeth. James sat up at this and took notice.

"Great stunt, all right," he loudly shouted to the girl, "but I can do it too!"

"Really think so, do you?" said she scornfully.

"Sure," was the prompt rejoinder of James, "just as well as the lion."

Giles was killed in a mine accident. A small party took the body home and one of them was deputed to break the news gently to the wife. He presented himself in advance at the door and when she opened it he said sympathetically:

"Madam, does the widow Giles live here?"

"No, sir, she does not."

"I'll bet she does, madam, if you'll excuse me. Permit me another question: Does Bill Giles live here?"

"Yes, sir, he does."

"Madam, I'll bet he don't. We've got the evidences here. I fear we have the grin on you both times."

Smith had just been operated upon for appendicitis. During his period of convalescence he became quite chummy with the two other patients who shared the ward with him.

"How are you feeling, boys?" said Smith one morning to them.

"Oh, we are all right," they both answered together, "considering that we had to undergo two operations."

"Why, how was that?" said Smith in an agitated voice.

"Because the doctor is an ass. In collecting his instruments after the operation he missed a needle and a scissors. The former he found in me and the latter in my friend here."

Just then the doctor put his head in the door and asked:

"Has any one seen my silk hat?"

"Your honor," said the arrested chauffeur, "I tried to warn the man, but the horn would not work."

"Then why did you not slacken speed rather than run him down?"

A light seemed to dawn upon the prisoner. "That's one against me. I never thought of that."

THE NEW WAY

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Clear up the Mind

"SO when I had sufficiently undressed myself I found that I was happy." I heard this curious remark as I passed old Williams and Gately talking in a corner of the yard.

"I can't help stopping, boys," I said; "that remark sounds so darned queer that I must know about it."

"Sure," said Williams; "I was telling Gately that the natural state of a man—or anything else that's alive—is to be happy. If he ain't it only means that he's got to strip off what hinders him. And then he'll find that those same things hinder him in a thousand other ways."

"If there's a yowling cat in a man's room, he just puts it out, don't he? Then there's no yowl and the man's in his natural state of peace. Then he can do the natural lot of thinking that the yowl hindered him from."

"Why don't a man know things—big, wide, deep things? He touches them: he's in among them; he's a part of life. Why don't he know life?"

"Because of the cats! His room—his mind room—is full of them."

"When I came in here first I wanted to get out—same as the rest; worried day and night with that. I says to myself, 'Old chap, your day for getting out won't come any nearer for that wanting. It'll come of itself at the given time. Why not kick that want out o' doors? It's useless and a nuisance.'"

"Kickin' it out was easy and hard. It was easy for a minute or an hour or two, easy to kick out *want* and with the same opening of the door to let in peace. But it came back. So for a while I gave up the job. Then it seemed to me I was a fool to be beaten by something I wanted to beat. Several

days running, and then right along, I took to kickin' out that *want*—cat, if you like—and lettin' in peace all through my body and mind. I found I was winning. It came seldomer, stayed shorter, and didn't yowl so much.

I lost nothing by that. I got my mind clearer; some other worries began to go away; I began to see that I could win out altogether.

"A man can practise standing upright or walking like a soldier, can't he? And in a few weeks he wins out."

"Same with everything else. Practice surely does it. The trouble is that men don't know that, in matters like getting the mind clear of cats. But it's the same. A few weeks does it."

"If there's something unpleasant that you can change, up and at it! But if you can't change it, it's only common sense to kick out the want to do so. Go ahead with that same game till all the fruitless wants are gone, and you'll be happy. You'll have got back the natural state of happiness. Happiness is the absence of all the cats, and once they are gone no outer circumstances can hinder a man from his happiness."

"I'll say it again. If you don't like your job and can change it for a better, change it. If you can't, kick out the want to change; stop thinking of that nicer job you'd like to have or nicer place you'd like to be in."

"The sunlight naturally gets into a house if you clean the windows, don't it? Well, the sunlight naturally gets into a man's mind if he'll get rid of his wants. The very same thing."

"There's another point: If you want something you can't get, and let the want stay with you, it'll breed resentment against the law, rule, or person that stands in the way. There's fellows here with a fixed resentment



I WILL
In many old legends the unconquerable will with which a man destroys the enemies in his own nature, was symbolized as a sword.

that they've been letting grow for years, poisoning their minds and whole natures. *And of no manner of service to them*, mark that. Vipers eating their hearts away. In due time they mostly get out, *and it's that resentment changing into deeds, that sure brings them back*. No man after he gets out can keep straight if he's got one of those things in him. Some of the second-timers come in again from weakness; but nine in ten come back because they had the viper.

"Just you try my prescription. A man can live about as full and rich a life in here as he can outside, notwithstanding the drawbacks. It's desires for what he hasn't got that make his mind small. I tell you the mind becomes something altogether new. Self-respect comes, and the respect of others. The body changes and gets into better health. And with the peace comes along every day a stream of thoughts and feelings that give a new understanding of life. A man sees that life stretches forward and upward without end and that some day, from some height, he'll look back on these few years and know what a grand thing he did for himself in beginning this bit of self-training. Freedom and peace means undressing yourself of wants."

REPORTER

Freedom

"THERE'S nothing better in life than liberty. To be free from all ties, free from all control, free to go where one likes, and to do as one pleases, that is to *be*. . ."

"That is to be like a nut or a bolt that has got loose in a machine, and is jerked around by every moving piece that catches it, until it gets jammed and stops the whole engine. That is what you would call liberty, I suppose. Freedom to run loose till you get jammed in somewhere where you don't belong, and where you can do damage to the machine you are a part of."

"Call me a part of a machine, eh?"

"That is what we all are, more or less. We each have a place in the whole machine if we are good for anything at all; if not, we may be like loose nuts and bolts, or any other kind of trash that just has to be cleared out of the working part of the machine. And if you come to think of it there is plenty of real good material thrown on the scrap-heap because it was not kept in its right place. A nut is a very valuable part of a machine, but if it gets loose and is flying around at liberty, it becomes a danger that must be removed; not because it is good for nothing, but because it has got out of place; in fact just because it is free. Its value depended on its staying where it belonged; once it gets free its value is gone. That sounds hard, but any one can see the truth of it, and it is not hard to see that a man may be in just the same case."

"There are more things than nuts and bolts in a machine, and if you want to make comparisons like that, why not say a man may be like some tool that is needed

to repair the machine, and that has to be kept free to be of any use?"

"Why not? There are all sorts of men and all sorts of tools, but if a tool is not kept where it belongs it is not much use either. If a man is running loose he is not likely to be where he can be found when wanted; he may be like a tool that has been left out in the rain till it is all rusted up, and when found may be only fit for the scrap-heap. That's the way with plenty of men."

"But I say a man is a man, and not a machine. A man is born free."

"How's that? There's not much freedom for any baby that I ever saw."

"Well it's his right to be free as soon as he can take care of himself, I suppose."

"And how soon do you think he becomes able to do that? How many men have learned to do that before they die? Would they die when they do if they had been able to take care of themselves? How can a man take care of himself unless he knows just what he is, what his life is for, what is his proper place in life, and what life itself is? A man is born helpless and grows up by the help of more people and things than he can count. He lives by the help of more people and things than he ever knows; he is a part of a great living machine, and he dies when he is separated from it. A man is never independent, and the more he tries to get free the more trouble he makes for himself and for the other parts of the great living machine we call the world. When a machine is running smoothly there is the least possible friction between the parts, and there is no rattle or thumping to be heard. So too with a man's own body; when it is in good health all the parts work so smoothly that a man hardly knows they are there. When one of the parts gets out of order he knows it. And what is it that upsets the body and spoils the health? Is it not the wrong use of the machinery, or neglect, or ignorance?"

"Well, that's what I say, a man doesn't have a chance; he is forced to do things he wasn't made for; he should be free to choose; not scrapped without a chance."

"The machine and all its parts are built and run by a mind that is greater than the mind of any one of the parts, and yet every part has a share in it. It is only when one of these parts, a man, or a group of men, gets free, that is, gets separated from the general mind so as to feel separate, that they lose their share in the greater mind of the whole body. If the machine is not working well it is because all the parts are not sharing in the mind of the whole. It is because there is no brotherhood in the whole body. That is what brotherhood means, Helping and Sharing. The more a man feels this brotherhood, the nearer his mind comes to the mind of the whole of humanity, and the more he is able to know what is his real work, what he is really fit for, what he is really meant for. Then he has a chance to find where he belongs, and then he can know what real freedom means. Brotherhood is the key to real freedom." R. M.

Never Too Late to Learn

MOST men get along without much of any kind of conscious theory as to the right way to live; still less have they a theory as to the meaning of life.

Herein they resemble the animals, who are likewise free from theories.

But man has a mind, and it is this which makes the results of having no well-based theory decidedly serious.

The animals need no theory. They have the proper tendencies for their welfare woven into them by nature. They are doing the best thing for themselves in obeying

happen to him if he does. An animal does right in following out its impulses, for nature gave it the proper ones *for it*. But a *man* who follows out to the end those same impulses gets into disease or into jail. He has developed a will and a mind and is expected to use them in such a way as to see with his mind what is proper for social life and for his own body, and with his will to enforce this conduct upon himself by controlling his impulses. The whole of his troubles come from not using these two instruments which he has and the animals have not.

There is a great deal of talk nowadays about a man's



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UP AMONG THE ROCKIES

those tendencies, and they have no desire or thought of doing anything else. Nature then looks after their evolution.

Man, entrusted with a mind, is given therewith the duty of looking after his own evolution. If he lives like the animals he gets into trouble or even wrecks himself and society. For a new set of laws are in play upon him which do not apply to the animals.

It is by breaking them that he gets into all his troubles. He breaks them because he finds that he *can* do so. Because he can do so he feels that it is well enough that he *should* do so and that no particular harm will

right to realize his nature. This is interpreted as meaning his right to give his animal impulses full fling. But *his* nature, as distinct from animal, consists of mind and will. He has a right to realize *them* to the full. If he does not, he breaks nature's laws. Nature, manifested in his body, resents this and gives him disease. Nature, manifested in his fellows, resents it and puts him under lock and key. Nothing hinders man's life from being divine, happy, and illuminated by wisdom and insight into all things — except his refusal to see the truth about himself with his mind, and act that truth with his will. So he must suffer till he learns.

Now it is never too late to learn. For if it is too late wholly to undo what is done, it is not too late to learn how to avoid some of the mistakes that might yet be made; nor is it too late to learn how to turn a misfortune to good account by learning all it has to teach. Misfortune is a great teacher, if a man is willing and eager to learn. But there is not much to be got out of it if a man lets it beat him, and just sulks or mopes, or complains, or thinks himself a martyr.

Misfortune is experience, if a man will look at it that way; and it can teach him things worth knowing, if he will only believe that there is a good deal for him to learn yet, and that it is never too late to begin. A man need not be afraid of trying to understand his own nature, and to find out what he is living for, because, whether he likes it or not, his mind will make theories of life for him, and fool him all the time. It is better to take a hand in the business himself and do his own thinking; then he will be willing to listen to men who have thought longer than he has, and who can tell him things worth knowing about his real nature; how to be happy himself, and how to make life worth living for others as well as himself. It is never too late to learn.

A FELLOW LEARNER

Doers and Done-by

MEN are tied together in strange ways and know mighty little about it. That's a philosophy and a religion all by itself, and as part of the same you can divide men into two groups, the doers and those who are done-by. Doers and done-by; but not as the world reckons doing and being done by.

I must go round a bit to explain, if you'll let an old man take his own way.

I've heard one of you fellows say more than once that he kind of knows what's on the notice board before he looks. He gets a sort of feel of it, spreading around in the air, from other fellows that have looked. He gets pleasant-feeling or all ruffled up, in advance, according to the nature of whatever new notice may have been posted up that morning. Feelings is epidemic, catching. They run round over large groups of men, and cause general political or social or religious movements. Men get prepared, unconsciously to themselves, by these waves of feeling, and then suddenly some one speaks the word. Everybody finds that that was the word he was waiting for, and the trick's done. More than a century ago somebody said, "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," and the French Revolution followed. If he'd said it any other time, nobody would have so much as listened. Men get ideas before they know it, get 'em by infection in the air into the back of their minds, and then somebody drops the word that makes them know they are there.

I'm not arguing, boys, I'm laying down the law. And you know it's true. Men's minds *are* tied together, in a general way and more especially in small numbers, down

to twos and threes. Don't it generally turn out that it's *two* men, working quite separately, that light upon the great inventions? One gets the cash and the honor. The other mostly ain't heard of or only after he's dead or like to die of poverty. But the two minds ran along in a team; what one got the other got, though they was a thousand miles apart. And nobody can tell which was really the first.

Deductions is now in order. Here's one: That if I feel the blues for some reason one morning, or feel that I want to do up and finish out some other fellow — but get on top of that feeling, bust it right up, I've killed the blues and blacks for some other fellow inside or outside this place that ain't got strength to do it for himself or don't know enough to. For some reason his mind and mine are tied up together, neither of us knowing about it, tied up either just accidentally then or right along according to laws we don't understand.

Now that divides men up into the doers and the done-by. If I bust my blues for myself, I'm a doer. The chap I unknowingly help is a done-by. Not so much harm, maybe, in being a done-by if you are always done *right* by, same as I helped that other chap. But the done-by is mostly done *wrong* by, because the other fellows are wrong, because the world is wrong. There's little enough Brotherhood, little enough right-pointed strength, little enough self-ruling, as I see the thing. Men live according to their moods and act according to them, not knowing or thinking where their moods come from and never bossing them.

Now I propose to be a doer. I'm going to make my own moods, not find them ready made in my mind, infected on me by general or particular currents from outside. I'm for peace and good will all through and all day and every morning, from the first I wake.

That's a challenge, and I know that no fellow issues a challenge at large to the general enemy in the air without being answered. He'll have to fight ten times the harder for a while to keep his mind right. Likely he'll get beaten; which don't count. He tries again tomorrow and all the tomorrows — which *does* count. For he stands to win, must win. Get out your challenge, boys, but always look out for the answer. You've challenged the rottenness of the world and it don't want to be beaten. I mean that the act of challenge, of resolution, makes the play worse for you for a while. It's like putting up a barrier against a wave which would otherwise flow smooth and nice. But now it breaks up into froth and foam, gets mad-like.

I reckon we live two lives, one within the other, and know mighty little about the within one, the one where the influence from others and the currents of particular and general outside feeling come into and make us (if we ain't strong) one of the done-bys. The without one is all we know, the one in which we eat and work and chat and laugh. If we paid less attention to this outside personal business and tried in the silence, alone, to get

acquainted with the inner, we'd find our souls there, our real selves. And when, by bossing our moods and words and getting hold of solid peace and good will, we'd strengthened up that inner so that we were doers all the time, we'd know a mighty lot of things that go on between us and the sun that we haven't much notion of now. There's *divine* thought blowing about in the mornings and noons and nights, sky-thought, sun-thought, and star-thought, that we could get if we'd be positive and learn to shut out the evil in *man*-thought and pay out good.

That's my philosophy and my religion. Speak up, the man that's got a better. I want to learn. REPORTER

lessen or remove the pain is to help in the work of scraping, pruning, and teaching, to look oneself over and see what's needing to be done and then take an active hand oneself. For instance our will needs calling out, our courage perhaps, our endurance. Let's get at this work on our own account. Let's get the rot and dirt out of our minds. Let's stop longing either for what we ought not to have or can't get. A few weeks of this would I believe stop most of our pain and even begin to give fun instead — fun in the work of self-development.

Moreover I think that what a man can't now get is what he just now in a certain way had better not have. From one standpoint, maybe, he has a right to certain



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KEEPING SCHOOL

The Right to Pain

(From a paper read by a prisoner at the debating club at
— Prison.)

COME to think of it, if there really is a beneficent power working itself out through human life, then for that very reason human life must at present be mostly painful. For if we men are to come to anything fine and noble in character we must get the rot scraped out, the worthless branches cut off, and the good but so far weak branches taught to grow strong, maybe stung and whipped into growing strong.

All that means pain. And as I see it the only way to

things that are unjustly denied him. I don't gainsay that, especially for us here. But from a higher standpoint, he'd better not to have them, *has a right not to have them.*

That sounds funny, but it is from the other standpoint, the standpoint from which the development of our will and character are looked at. For there is nothing like an injustice for giving a man an opportunity to use his will in developing endurance and cheerfulness. It is his opportunity, sure, though he mayn't use it for anything better than fretting and cussing. If we would stop that fretting and cussing, and use the opportunity, it is my experience that the injustice has soon got to fall away,

got to, for it's over-ruled by a higher power. We call that higher power into this sort of action by taking up this manly attitude. Its attention, if I may put it that way, is specially attracted; and as soon as the man has got the juice out of that situation it is removed. But whilst he kicks and don't turn it to profit, it'll sit on his shoulders.

So I reckon that pain is just *because* human life is over-ruled for the good of human life, for its ennoblement and growth to a life that is greater than anything we can imagine, greater — I was going to say — than human. Let's take heart boys. It's only man that's bad, not the power that has man in charge and overrules one man's badness to another for that other's benefit — if he'll let it and see the thing that way.

And I don't mean, either, that man is in the lap of some old nurse or tied to any apron-strings. The power don't coddle him. He's got his freedom of choice all the time. It wants to make a *man* of him, or, better, encourage him to make a man of himself. It's that that gives its working another sort of outwardly stern or heartless look. But there's a heart to it all right.



Moods and Monkeys

“WHAT'S wrong with Jack? He passed me just now with a look as black as a thunder-cloud. It made me feel as if I must have done him an injury, though for the life of me I could not imagine what.”

“Oh! you need not take any notice of Jack's moods. There's no sense in a man when a mood gets hold of him. He probably felt he was all wrong, and that if he let you talk to him he might forget his grievance; so he tried to scare you off. Jack doesn't know enough to see that when a mood gets hold of him he has either to drive it out or be pushed up into a corner by it; and that is what generally happens to him. He is really ashamed of himself, and the sight of a friend makes him want to be rid of his keeper, the mood; but the keeper has got possession and makes him scowl at his best friend. It knows that it can only keep possession by making Jack think it is himself, whilst in reality he is pushed into a corner and made to do what the mood wants him to do. Moods are like monkeys; in fact I believe monkeys are just moods in animal bodies.”

“Steady now! Why, you are making a mood a real living thing, yet everybody knows that moods are just states of mind.”

“Well, and what is a state of mind? Is not that something real? How could it make a man act in this way or that, if it were not at least as real as the man?”

“Have you ever thought where the moods of men go to when they are driven out? It seems to me I have heard of a lot of devils that were driven out of a man and got into a herd of swine and ran all down a hill into a lake, where they were drowned. When a man has a

mood he becomes more like some sort of animal than a man.”

“I don't think I like your explanation; it makes me feel as if I were a menagerie. If all my moods are things like that, there would be enough to stock a small zoo.”

“But you know enough to keep order in your house, and you have got most of your moods under control, so that they are not like a lot of wild beasts. If you think of it, the idea of man being like a menagerie is not a bad one; that is, men who can not control themselves. The wild beasts get loose, do some damage, and then leave the proprietor of the menagerie to face the consequences. And he, poor fool, thinks that it was he himself who did the damage. Of course he was responsible for letting his wild-beast-show get loose; but then he ought to have sense enough to see that his beasts (or his moods) are not himself; that is the first step towards mastering them. Some he can tame; some he had best get rid of, because they do not belong to him, though he has let himself think they do. You see, a man lets one of these things get into him because it seems a harmless little cuss to start with, and perhaps amusing as a puppy; but it grows into an ugly beast, and will sooner or later run him and run over him. He must either get rid of it, kill it, drive it out, or master it, or it will master him; and then he is some sort of criminal or lunatic, and a danger to the world about him; and if he won't part with his beast he must go into retirement with it. And it will be master just as long as the man allows, no longer. For man has power to be master in his own house, which is his body.”

A NEW WAYFARER



THE human heart has not yet fully uttered itself, and we have never yet attained nor even understood the extent of its powers. Is it too much to believe that man should be developing new sensibilities and a closer relation with nature? The logic of evolution must teach as much, if carried to its legitimate conclusions. If, somewhere, in the line of ascent from vegetable or ascidian to the noblest man a soul was evolved, gifted with intellectual qualities, it cannot be unreasonable to infer and believe that a faculty of perception is also growing in man, enabling him to descry facts and truths beyond our ordinary ken. — *H. P. Blavatsky*

HUMANITY is everywhere searching for something. Many are discontented with the present system of education; many feel that much more can be done for the well-being of the human family. In the soul of man glorious powers lie sleeping; man must become conscious of those powers, conscious that he is a part of the divine plan. As soon as man has acquired this knowledge, the highest possibilities will come to him. This is the same message that Christ taught centuries ago. But in the course of the ages much of the teaching of Christ has been lost. — *Katherine Tingley*

The Man Who Fails

BY ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE

LET others sing to the hero who wins in the ceaseless fray;
Who, over the crushed and the fallen, pursueth his upward
way.

For him let them weave the laurel, to him be their paeans sung,
Whom the kindly fates have chosen, who are happy their loved
among.

But mine be a different message, some soul in its stress to reach;
To bind o'er the wound of failure the balm of pitying speech:
To whisper, "Be up and doing, for courage at last prevails."
I sing — who have supped with Failure — I sing to the man who
fails.

I know how the gray cloud darkens, and mantles the soul in
gloom;

I know how the spirit harkens to voices of doubt or of doom;
I know how the tempter mutters his terrible word, "Despair!"
But the heart has its secret chamber, and I know that our God is
there.

Our years are as moments only; our failures he counts as naught;
The stone that the builders rejected perchance is the one he
sought.

Mayhap in the ultimate judgment the effort alone prevails,
And the laurel of great achievement shall be for the man who
fails.

We sow in the darkness only, but the Reaper shall reap in light;
And the day of his perfect glory shall tell of the deeds of the
night.

We gather our gold and store it, and the whisper is heard,
"Success!"

But tell me, ye cold, white sleepers, what were an achievement
less?

We struggle for fame, and win it, and lo! like a fleeting breath
It is lost in the realm of silence, whose ruler and king is Death.
Where are the Norseland heroes, the ghosts of a housewife's
tales?

I sing — for the Father heeds him — I sing to the man who fails.

O men who are labeled "Failures," up! rise up again and do!
Somewhere in the world of action is room — there is room for
you!

No failure was e'er recorded in the annals of truthful men,
Except of the craven-hearted who fails, nor attempts again.

The glory is in the doing, and not in the trophy won;
The walls that are laid in darkness may laugh to the kiss of the
sun.

O weary, and worn, and stricken! O child of fate's cruel gales!
I sing — that it haply may cheer him — I sing to the man who
fails!

✽

Let Prison Officials and Prisoners Co-operate for More Humane Laws in the Prisons

BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

IT does one's heart good to read occasionally in our
daily papers reports of the humane methods that are
now being introduced in some of the prisons in
America.

Warden Thomas, governing the State Penitentiary at
Columbus, Ohio, is advancing some radical theories of
prison reform. He has placed some three hundred prisoners
outside the prison walls, on their honor. He has
abolished the prison stripes, the water-cure, and other
ever punishments.

He is working in many ways on the theory of kindness,
and he is said to be making strenuous efforts to give
better food; for he declares this produces better disci-
pline. He offers the men an incentive for doing right.

Now we must remember that the real results to be
gained from such an effort cannot come entirely from the
Warden — *for there must be co-operation on the part of
the prisoners.* It is a bold and daring step for Warden
Thomas to take; and it is probable that there are other
wardens at other prisons, who, under favorable circum-
stances, may in time introduce the same measures.

*But should not the prisoners themselves, instead of
trying to enforce changes, which bring about disturb-
ances and often end in serious difficulties and loss of
life, thus defeating the very object they hoped to obtain,
take a new view of what their imprisonment means, and
look out of the present time into the future?*

Oh! What splendid work can be done for themselves,
if they will do their part, even in the smallest way, to
prevent severe measures. It will take time to bring about
the desired changes; but if the prisoners from this hour
will do their part, and attract the attention of the officials
to their sincerity and determined purpose for right action
on all lines, then surely all the prisons in America will
receive new light and beneficial changes; for it is not
to be conceived that there can be any warden in charge,
who cannot see that to work on lines of least resistance
is the best way; but, as I have said before, *the wardens
and the officials must be met half-way.*

✽

What's the Use?

IF all the end of this continuous striving
Were simply to attain,
How poor would seem the planning and contriving,
The endless urging and the hurried driving
Of body, heart, and brain?

But ever in the wake of true achieving
There shines this glowing trail —
Some other soul will be spurred on, conceiving
New strength and hope, in its own power believing,
Because thou didst not fail.

Not thine alone the glory — nor the sorrow
If thou shouldst miss the goal:
Undreamed-of lives in many a far tomorrow
From thee their weakness or their force shall borrow —
On, on, ambitious soul! — *Selected*

✽

IN ADDITION to the purpose for which THE NEW WAY was
established, viz., for Gratuitous Distribution in Prisons, many
persons have expressed their interest in, and desire to subscribe
for it. It will continue as heretofore to be distributed free in
Prisons, in accordance with its original purpose; but for those
who wish to subscribe for it the subscription price is One Dollar
per year, Ten cents per copy.

Money Orders and checks should be made payable to THE
NEW WAY, and all subscriptions should be addressed to:

THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California

New Way Notebook

HE who holds back rising anger like a rolling chariot, him I call a real driver; other people are but holding the reins.

If a man frets about the food and the drink given to others he will find no rest by day or by night. He in whom that feeling is destroyed and taken out with the very root, he finds rest day and night.

THIS mind of mine formerly went wandering about as it liked, as it listed, as it pleased; but I shall now hold it in thoroughly as the driver holds in the furious elephant.

THE desires of a foolish man grow like a creeper; he runs hither and thither to gratify them, like a monkey seeking fruit in the forest. He who overcomes these fierce thirsts by non-attention to them, sufferings fall off from him like water-drops from a lotus leaf.

GAUTAMA BUDDHA

INTO the hands of every individual is given a marvelous power for good or for evil — the silent, unconscious, unseen influence of his life. This is simply the constant radiation of what a man really *is*, not what he pretends to be. Every man, by his mere living, is radiating sympathy, or sorrow, or morbidness, or cynicism, or happiness, or hope, or any of a hundred other qualities.

W. G. JORDAN

OUT of this prison into the world go a hundred men a week, carrying with them something of me, something they have got from me by our months or years of association, something I have spoken or thought or done or *been*. Am I then nothing in life because I am within these walls?

ONE OF US

BLESSED are the cheer-givers, for they shall be called the sons and daughters of the morning.

I DO not like the man who has gotten to the point where he says at New Year's:

"I will not make any resolutions because I know I will break them."

The man who makes his resolutions with fresh enthusiasm and fresh hope each year, even if he does break most of them, has a far better chance of getting somewhere than the one who makes none.

I HAVE had a lot of troubles, my dear, in my long life, but most of them never happened.— R. L. STEVENSON

"Did yer ever try to dodge a man ye'd done wrong to? Give it up, it can't be did. Walk up to 'im like a man, grip his fist an' own up an' square up, that'll square yerself with yerself. Men do that."— *Old Man Green*

DON'T ask, "Has the world been a friend to me?"

But, "Have I to the world been true?"

'Tis not what you get, but what you give

That makes life worth while to you.

MEN are like tea: it takes hot water to draw out their strength.

Heard This?

A WONDERFUL SPRING IN GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

IT seems that several thousand years ago the region now occupied by the new national park was the home of a most thriving and prosperous people who raised great quantities of corn. One beautiful day, when the fields smiled for miles and miles in every direction, there came the earthquake of August 17, 2435 B. C. The cornfields were tossed high in the air and then dropped down great fissures in the ground, and three or four mountain ranges piled on top of them. A hot-water geyser that had its source deep down in the earth was turned from its channel by the earthquake, so that it flowed through the buried corn, distilling the grain and turning it to whiskey, which flowed into a great cave down somewhere in the bowels of the earth.

"Well, sir," says truthful old Hoke Smith, "believe it or not, but that whiskey finally found an outlet, and now, right by the side of the main trail in the new park, you will find a cute little spring of ice-cold bourbon whiskey bubbling up from the ground.

"And the funny thing about it is that this 4000-year-old bourbon comes to the surface right in the middle of a ten-mile patch of mint. It certainly makes a very superior quality of mint julep."

HOW TO CATCH A WIMPUSS

A wimpuss grows about as big as a hooglebug, but it has a long tail like a collywop and has wings like a bear-cat. It lives in the top of high trees, whence it flies down to attack defenseless travelers. However, no harm is to be feared from a wimpuss if you know what to do when you see one coming. It is folly to shoot at them, for a wimpuss catches bullets in its teeth and eats them. The only way to do when a wimpuss comes at you is to take a small piece of cheese, either Edam or Swiss, and tack it securely on a waterfall. The wimpuss makes a swoop at the cheese and gets mixed up with the waterfall and gets its feet wet. It makes a wimpuss mad as all-get-out when he gets his feet wet, and so he hunts around for a nice piece of grass to dry them on. The minute the wimpuss lights on the grass the hunter rushes at him and ties his tail in a double bow-knot. When a wimpuss has his tail tied in a double bow-knot he is gone, because when he flies he always ducks his head under his body to see who is following him, and in doing this he gets his head caught in the double bow-knot and chokes himself to death.

(These facts about the spring and the wimpuss are furnished by Mr. R. H. Littel in the *Chicago Tribune*. What do you think of them, boys?)

Warden: These prisoners refuse to work unless they can practise their own trades.

Governor: That is but natural. Let them do it. What are their trades?

Warden: One is an aviator and the other a lion-tamer.

GIFT
OCT 7 1915

Please handle with care
and pass on to another

"Silence is Power."

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of KATHERINE TINGLEY

For Gratuitous Distribution in Prisons

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CHILDREN OF THE RÂJA-YOGA SCHOOL, CARRYING THEIR NATIONAL FLAGS IN THE "MARCH OF THE NATIONS"

How I Won Out

Just as muscular strength comes from physical training, and is perfected by exercise, even so with strength of character and moral force; these come only by *effort* at self-conquest. . . . Nothing less than experience and conquest determine power. . . . Can there be any question as to what constitutes strength of character? It is the struggle of a strong man against all his foes. . . . He recognizes no enemy without, *all are within*—and having conquered these he is master of the field . . . at one with

Nature without and God within. Here is the true meaning of Life.—*W. Q. Judge*

"I FEEL as black as thunder today."
"You certainly look like it. But I would not say so if I were you, not even think it in just that way."
"Why not?"
"Because you let the thing in on you and boss you."
"You speak as if it was some kind of thing with a

life of its own, as if it existed as a separate being."

"Well, it comes and goes just as if it had. It alters your nature and makes you do and say things that you don't other times and that you're sorry for after. And when it is on you, you'd be glad if it wasn't."

"But where do you think it is in between times?"

"Oh, it's got a kennel somewhere inside you that it retreats to."

"Now look here, say straight out what you mean."

"Well, if you will have it, I do think these moods are living things, living in odd corners of a man's make-up and always ready for a chance to jump. I had a bad one of my own, once; got it by heredity they said. Anyhow, I had a chance for study at close quarters. You have often wondered at my showing so much sympathy for criminals, even murderers. It is because I know that if they could have had the light on their own natures that I got, they would never have been where they are. Give them an understanding of themselves, and then, as Katherine Tingley is always urging, let them have another chance."

"Let's have the yarn."

"My father was a pretty heavy drinker; gave it up though towards his later years and became as nice and peaceful a chap as you could wish to meet. But all the years of his drinking, except for short spells when his real nature had a chance, he was a devil. We young ones wished he was dead from the time we were old enough to wish anything. He never did any violence, though, to any of us except with his tongue. But he was a nightmare in the house.

"I always had his fits of gloom, one every so often, lasted two or three days. But mother brought us up not to drink and I never did till I was five and twenty.

"But once, along about that time, when I had one of the black spells on me and did not want to see or speak to anybody, something threw a drink in my way and I took it. I remember it now, how good it tasted and how it busted up the gloom spell inside of five minutes. Hello, I thought, have I found the cure for those black times?"

"I did not take any more then, though I thought a good deal about the taste of it all the next day. But when the next spell came I tell you I was ready with the medicine. And I did not stop with one dose. Next day, same time, eleven in the morning, I took another. Inside of a week I was brought home drunk. Poor old mother!

"That straightened me for a while. Not long, though. That black thing got me as usual, and the first thing it said was: You take a drink. And I took it, and did not draw another sober breath for three days.

"I don't want to make a long story. You see I had now both parts of the heredity, the gloom and the drink. They were really one and the same, but the brute had to wait for his drink till I'd once tasted it. It never got in on my father just as it did on me. I had spells of freedom lasting two or three months or more. Then a black, blind bust that lasted days, and of which, on recovery, I

mostly remembered nothing. Something I did during one of these busts got me behind the bars for two years. Then I was back to where I was before I tasted drink, had the black spells but couldn't give them their medicine. I tell you it was a lively time the first year."

"But you don't have 'em now?"

"That's just what I'm coming at, and it leads to what we began with. I said to myself one day, when the blacks was on me, and of course the drink crave too: 'Old chap,' I said, 'are you coming out of this place just the same as you went in? For if you are, it'll be about two twinkles before you're in again.'

"I saw that the blacks was the cause of the drink. If I could win out with the one, I'd have no trouble with the other.

"And then it occurred to me that the blacks and the drink-crave weren't *me* at all, something that had come over to me from my father, a bit of the bad side of his life. I don't know what you think of heredity. I think that when a fellow, a soul if you like, comes here on earth, it's got to pick up a lot of living evil elements and do the best it can against them. Some of them come from heredity, some out of the air — impulses I'd call them, left behind by evil thinking and doing. And the proof of that is, for me, that there are times when you can catch most any man, even the worst, when he's what I'd call *himself*, all kindly and straight. Next morning, or maybe in an hour, he's all shut in again, another fellow you might say. But he don't know what's happened, never been taught about it, thinks these changes is natural, or don't think about it at all. With me, as I told you, I'd be myself for weeks before the devil'd buck in — myself, except of course for small ups and downs.

"Well, I got to thinking over all this and wondering what I could do. I thought, if I can hold *myself* right through one of those black spells, not give an inch to it, I guess I can win out for good.

"And when it did come, I said: 'Old black-wings, I'm on to you. You're not *me*. I don't feel black. I'm all right. But I can see *you* trying to get in on me, trying to make me feel that you are myself. But you don't win this trick.' And I went around letting on I was as jovial as a fed dog, saying Good Morning, old chap! right and left, and doing good turns for the other chaps as fast as I could see any to do. It was a stiff fight for two or three days, but at last it left me and I felt better, more *myself*, than I ever had before.

"I'm not saying that was the finish. But next time was easier, and next time easier again. And so, by when I got out, I'd just about got through and knew I was safe. And the funny thing was that for as much as a year before I got out Dad had quit drinking too, and *he* was another chap. Mother said it went some way to pay her for what she went through on my score.

"Now that's my theory, and when I hear a fellow say, 'I feel as black as thunder,' it makes me want to tell him my story. For that's just what the black thing wants him

to say. What he *ought* to say is, 'There's a black thing trying to get into my mind and run me. But I don't propose to have it.' That's the thing to *say*, and the thing to *feel*, and it's the first step for a man to take if he wants to find out what *he* is.

"And I wish the children could be taught from the first that they are souls. They'd have no trouble growing up like that, no trouble showing the door to any of these living things that crowd into the mind from what I call the air and from the heredity of a parent that was never taught to run himself." REPORTER

The Great Compact

"I CANNOT get the better of that."

Most of us have some failing that we think we cannot get over. We have not will enough. We stand hopelessly and helplessly facing it, knowing perhaps that it is ruining our life.

There are two selves in each of us, an upper and a lower. It is the lower which has the faults; it is the lower that is now lamenting that it cannot conquer a fault or a bad habit.

To say in this way that there are two selves sounds like a dogma, just an unproved assertion.

It is unproved. No man can prove it to another. Though he may absolutely know it for himself, all he can do for another is to show him the way to get to know it likewise.

To overcome a grave failing, the two selves, the divine and the human (or animal-human) must unite forces. The power of the upper must come into play. Then all will go well.

But there must be a compact, a sort of unspoken agreement. The upper can only play its conquering rôle if the lower — we ourselves as we know ourselves — plays its.

"But that's just the point," we say; "I cannot play mine; I cannot win at all. I have fought this thing for years and make no headway."

Let us look aside from this fault for a moment. There are some other little matters of failure, so small that we do not see what they have to do with the great affair. We are slack in small duties, attend to them too late, or leave them altogether undone; stay talking with some one when one of them is due; leave things in disorder that ought to be put in order; lounge in bed when it is time to get up; go to bed with the mind full of the day or busy with some little annoyance, instead of cleaned, pacified, and raised by a few moments of better thought; let our persons be dirty from mere laziness — in other words, are unstrung or half-strung in fifty little ways.

They may not seem to amount to much, and the doing of them or leaving them undone may not seem to have any connexion with the great fault that troubles us so much.

Here is the mistake. *The doing of these small and easy duties well is our part of the compact.* It is leaving them

undone or half-done that paralyses the higher man, who, otherwise, would show himself all-conquering. If we are in situations where there are rules to be obeyed, let us obey them like men of honor. If there are little duties that *can* be scamped, let us attend to them with perfect faithfulness.

And the result? The result is that as in all these ways, day by day, we keep the will going, it grows by additions from the will above, the will of the higher man. Our character slowly changes and ripens. New and higher interests take the place of old ones. And at last we find ourselves able to stand with a foot on the neck of that failing which had threatened to wreck us. "Do thy part," says the diviner man within, "and I will do mine." The compact, followed out on our side, enables him to make us invincible.

The weakest of us may therefore take hope. No one is so weak that there are no flaws in himself and in his ways that he cannot better. Let him attend to them in quiet faith that his diviner and stronger self will be doing its part. The greatest victories are thus won by winning the little ones. Beginning with the full performance of duty we at once begin to nourish the will, and all else follows.

STUDENT

ALL THINGS the minutest that man does, minutely influence all men, and the very look of his face blesses or curses whom-so it lights on, and so generates ever new blessing or new cursing. It is a mathematical fact that the casting of this pebble from my hand alters the center of gravity of the universe. — *Carlyle*

Let us learn to bear pain without being hurt and pleasures without being rejoiced. For a man is great (and therefore, if he will, of service to the world) in proportion as he is disregarding of both. — *Chinese*

Architect, consulting plan of house: "I would like to get your wishes, sir, as to the position of the drawing-room."

Magnate: "Look here, young man, I've let you put in a smoking-room when I don't smoke, a music-room when I can't even play a mouth-organ, a nursery when I ain't got no nurse, a pantry when I can just as well pant on the landing, and now you want me to have a drawing-room! That lets you out, young feller. I can't draw and I won't draw, and that's the end of this nonsense."

The husband of a beloved deceased wife came to see her bust.

"Look at it well," said the sculptor, "and as it is only in clay I can alter it if necessary."

The widower looked at it carefully with the most tender interest. "It is her very self," he said. "Her large nose — the sign of goodness!" Then, bursting into tears, he added: "She was so good! Make the nose a little larger!"

The Drama We Play

MY little girl was reading a story by a famous novelist. It was appearing in monthly parts, and in the last of them, the one she was reading, a little girl was represented as having been run over, and in likelihood of death in the hospital to which she had been taken.



This volcano, on an island off the coast of Japan, after being quiet for 130 years, burst into activity with little warning, threw up a column of dust and lava 20,000 feet high, engulfed the island in lava, and filled up the channel between it and the mainland. View from Kajiki.



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THE SAME. LOOKING FROM KAGOSHIMA, SAME DAY AT NOON

My child was in despair. About an hour after she had gone upstairs to bed that night I thought I heard a sound in her little room, and crept up to see what was the matter. The door was half-open and I saw that she was kneeling beside a chair laboriously writing something and using the chair as a desk.

So I came forward and asked her what she was writing. "Oh papa, it's to Mr. Holmwood," she said; "I do so want him to make that little girl better and let her get out of the hospital very soon, *quite* well."

"But it's only a story, my dear," I answered; "it isn't real." "Oh I know, I know," she said; "but it's real to me and I *must* have her get better."

I let the letter be written and sent; and whether as the effect of it or not, in the next number the little girl did get better. But I got some food for thinking out of the incident.

With part of her mind my child knew that the story was unreal. With another part she was fully in the story, absorbed, the characters real and alive. With the first part she was arranging with the novelist to have the story go well, knowing that he could do what he liked with his own inventions; arranging, in fact, for the satisfaction of that other part which took the characters as real.

You see the same duality at the theater. With part of their minds the people know that a man invented the play and that what they are looking at is an affair of boards, hangings, and acting. With the other part they take the scenery as real, and laugh or agonize with the characters. You see all grades of detachment, from the people who have totally forgotten the unreality to those who see nothing but the acting and came to criticise. The first sort can hardly be prevented from climbing on to the stage and taking a hand in the drama, rescuing the heroine or slaying the villain.

I wondered whether life itself were not a drama, a dream, in which we are so thoroughly absorbed that we do not notice that other, wiser, part of the mind which tells us that we are but excited dreamers.

But then what is the life-play for? Surely it is not useless?

Surely not. If, while fully under the illusion, we play our parts well, we develop many strong and noble characteristics, powers of will and en-

durance and sympathy and thought and insight, which will every one have their full use and functions when we have awaked. The violinist practises scales, and if he fell under the illusion that he was playing real melodies it would be no matter. The practice and expression he gave to them would be all to his credit when he got out

of his illusion and came to the real work to whose performance the scales are a necessary training.

So I thought it might be a good thing to learn little by little to look upon life as an illusion and try to find that part of ourselves that is not under the sway of it, that lives *real* life, that watches us — the other parts of itself — compassionately and encouragingly and tries to make us live the illusion worthily so as to get from it the noble qualities it can give. And by gleams that now come to me from time to time I know that the awakening is a great joy and that the higher, watching life, the soul, has unbroken joy as its very breath. I know too that death is but part of the illusion, is indeed itself an awakening. But there is no need to wait for that. As each day closes, look back over the incidents of it, at how you met them, what you felt and said and did. And then imagine how you would have met them, how you would



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THE SAME THREE DAYS AFTER

have spoken and acted, if you had been at your very best and noblest. This, I have found, is the way to begin awakening. And it gradually develops the strength to live each day according to the pattern you sketch at the close of each. The idea goes on working through the night, and when you take up the next day you find the plan ready for you.

STUDENT

His Rose

(Translated from the diary of a Russian Prisoner.)

SOMETHING, I don't know what, had made me think of roses that day. Maybe it was the breath of Spring in the air, maybe the scent blown into the yard from the garden in front where so few of us had the chance of going. So I went back to my cell thinking of roses. Roses would be the last thing you would associate with a cell.

But a picture of a rose-sprig came into my mind, a little stem with some leaves and one sweet full red flower on the top nodding to me. It was almost as real as the real.

And then I began to think: Why shouldn't I keep on imagining that, perhaps in a little glass on my table, till it was as real as the table, as real as if it was actually there, scent and all?

I did it and in a few days I could almost see and smell it. Every time I came in, there it was, sending to me a kind of welcome. It was mine, my child, born of my fancy, and I loved it.

Then I thought: Perhaps that's the way the whole world is, thoughts thought in a mind, a great mind.

A rose made out of my mind. But my mind is living; it's me, a live thinker. Then why aren't the things my mind makes and that live in it, in a way really alive too? Mayn't that be the way the Great Mind thinks all of us into livingness, starts us out upon life — and loves us same as I loved my rose? Maybe love's at the back of things and the *unlove* has been put into them by us men.

This is a diary that nobody's going to see while I'm alive, at any rate. And I'll put down the truth even if the nobody that sees it reckons me a liar. The jailor came into my cell one day, a little after I'd begun making the rose. He began talking about roses! "Seems to me," he said, "as if you ought to have one in a glass to stand on that table. Fond of roses?"

I could not believe my own ears. But I said I was mighty fond of roses. "I'll get you one," he said. And he went out, was away some little time. "I thought I'd pick you out a nice one," he said when he got back. It was the very image of the one I'd made for myself, same leaves, same flower nodding at me from the top of the stem!

Now I say, wasn't the rose in my mind a living thing? The jailor didn't exactly see it; at least he saw it without seeing it, saw it clear enough to hunt up one just like it.

I wonder if we can get to know and somehow communicate with that Great Mind that thought out everything, us and whatever else there is? If it thought us out it must love us same as I love the rose.

The jailor's a hard man; cold as steel. But why did he do me that good turn? I was in the way of loving my rose, the living thing I created. Did he get a bit of my feeling as well as my thought? I suppose I was

throwing it out all around and he came inside of the throw. How well things would go if everybody were to get throwing that sort of thing around! We'd get to understand the Great Mind that throws it around all the time and has us all in it and in its love. Love's the natural principle of things, at that rate, and if we throw out enough of it we would get it ourselves.

Love and imagination. I musn't forget imagination. Love energizing imagination, that's the secret of creation. I'll never get out of this place. But I don't seem to care as much as I did. Seems as if I'd discovered something. The Mind is all around, and when I die out of this cell and this body I guess I can come to it and know all about it and take up something it may want me to do. I'll make ready by cultivating love and imagination. There must be some ways to get at that job. I guess they'll open up, though I don't exactly see where and how yet. I can imagine the Great Mind all about me anyhow, and love it.

The Three Players

“WHAT'S that book, Jim, that you're trying to hide behind your back?”

“Well, I guess I'll have to own up now you've seen it. It's what they call a dream book. Tells what your dreams mean.”

“I know. Tells you that if you dream of a cabbage on a Friday night you'll have a lawsuit during the year, and a lot of stuff like that. Jim, I'm ashamed of you! And if you come right down to it, we're all of us dreaming all the time, night and day.”

“All the time dreaming?”

“Sure, you and everybody else. Only we're so taken up with things outside we don't notice what's behind. Same way, perhaps, we don't notice the water-markings on notepaper when it's covered with strong black writing. All the time you're looking at outside things and listening to them and talking about them, there's a whole procession of little bits of thought bobbing up for a moment—sort of half-and-half—into your mind, scraps of memory, pictures of some other place or person or thing. Sometimes they're too quick to notice; sometimes you do just notice them and let your attention get switched off for a moment from what you're doing. Sometimes they sidetrack you altogether for a while and then maybe you come to yourself with a start and get back to your work.

“But whether you notice them or not, the procession of such things is always going on just in the back outskirts of the mind.

“That's dreaming. When you're asleep, that is, when your senses are not working, so that the outer world don't get in on you; when the mind is quiet, that is, not directing its attention upon anything in particular, letting things slide and not using will: *then* this procession is all there is, no competition, no disturbance. That's why it be-

comes so plain, so apparently real. There's no *real* reality, no outside stuff, to interfere with it. It has the stage to itself.

“So the dream-business is always going on, whether you are awake or asleep. When you are asleep, nothing else is going on. When you are awake your attention is on the outer world and the dream-procession goes unnoticed. The procession comes out of the great back-chambers of memory, passes across the back of the stage of mind, and returns to the chambers. If you rest your attention on it, just a little, you are day-dreaming. If you *fix* your attention and your will upon it, you can have forward what memories you choose, and as many as you choose, from the chambers of memory. And with your imagination you can combine these memories into new shapes and scenes. In dreaming, the procession goes of itself, unguided by will or judgment or imagination, all haphazard.

“But there's something else present in the mind besides the outer waking-business and the dream-procession. It's so faint, so fine, that it isn't ordinarily noticed at all. But it's present, and it's a presence, and it's a presence that's watching what goes on. Start in to do something wrong, and you'll know it as conscience. See another man suffering, and you'll know it as pity. See a calamity, and you'll know it as desire to help. Hear noble music, and it'll come forward as the feeling answering to that music.

“But ordinarily this third thing—why not call it spirit? must use some name—is even less noticed than the dream-procession. If you could fix your mind fully on it, give it the whole stage, I reckon there's very little about life and death and man that you wouldn't know.”

“How's a man going to fix his attention upon it? He scarcely knows it exists.”

“Well, he'll make a good beginning if he'll silence all his thoughts down for a while before he goes to bed, drive the day and his surroundings out of his mind, and listen into himself, feel into himself, for this high presence; he'll begin to find it. And then especially, but also all day, let him try to feel as it feels; that's the way to come to know as it knows.”

“How's a man going to know how it feels?”

“Not hard. When he stands up to his honor and to his duty he can feel that it is with him backing him up. When he makes himself warm and friendly and kindly to all about him, he can feel it approving him. Let him, with those clues, turn his attention full upon it, and in due time he'll come to full knowledge of it and of himself.

“I read an old book once in which these three departments were called the Waking Man, the Dream Man, and the King. The King was a form of light, crowned, standing in the center of the stage, filling it with his light. But neither the Waking Man before the footlights, nor the Dream-Man at the back, could or would see him—though now and then an extra strong shaft of his light struck both of them full in the face.” H. C.

Waking

I HAVE done at length with dreaming;
Henceforth, O thou soul of mine,
Thou must take up sword and buckler,
Waging warfare most divine.

Life is struggle, combat, victory!
Wherefore have I slumbered on
With my forces all unmarshaled,
With my weapons all undrawn?

Oh, how many a glorious record
Had the angels of me kept
Had I done instead of doubted,
Had I warred instead of wept!

But begone, regret, bewailing!
Ye but weaken, like the rest;
I have tried the trusty weapons
Rusting erst within my breast.

I have wakened to my duty,
To a knowledge large and deep
That I recked not of aforetime,
In my long, inglorious sleep.

In this subtle sense of being
Newly stirred in every vein,
I can feel a throb electric—
Pleasure half allied to pain.

'Tis so sweet, and yet so awful,
So bewildering, yet brave,
To be king in every conflict
Where before I crouched a slave!

'Tis so glorious to be conscious
Of a growing power within,
Stronger than the rallying forces
Of a charged and marshaled sin!

Never in these old romances
Felt I half the thrill of life,
That I feel within me stirring,
Standing in this place of strife.

Oh, those olden days of dalliance
When I wanted with my fate!
When I trifled with a knowledge
That had well-nigh come too late!

Yet, my soul, look not behind thee;
Thou hast work to do at last:
Let the brave deeds of the present
Overarch the crumbled past.

Build thy great aims high and higher;
Build them on the conquered sod
Where thy weakness first fell bleeding,
And thy first prayer rose to God. — *Caroline Mason*



IN ADDITION to the purpose for which THE NEW WAY was established, viz., for Gratuitous Distribution in Prisons, many persons have expressed their interest in, and desire to subscribe for it. It will continue as heretofore to be distributed free in Prisons, in accordance with its original purpose; but for those who wish to subscribe for it the subscription price is One Dollar per year, Ten cents per copy.

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Feeding the Mind

“READING, reading: that fellow always must be reading.”

“Well, reading’s a very good thing; it’s half-way between ruin and religion.”

“Ruin, reading, religion—that your idea of possibilities?”

“I think it is. You see, a man’s mind is a good deal like an animal: it’s got to be fed somehow. It’ll get a meal of sensations; it’ll get a meal out of thoughts; it’ll get one out of religion; must have a meal.

“Some men, first thing in the morning, think—what’ll I do today? They mean what sort of a sensation can I get?—an outing, an extra-fine dinner, a lark of some sort. Mind’s hungry; can’t stand the idea of *nothing* that day. Ever seen a dog look around for something to do? That’s the idea.

“Another sort of man reaches around naturally for a book. There are several types of this sort. Some want history, some a science, some poetry, some essays, some the newspaper. That’s their way of feeding the mind.

“Others again are quite peaceful with some little duty. But they’re not feeding their minds on it, though they do it to the best. They’ve got religion. And I don’t mean any special sort of beliefs. They’ve got a steady, quiet undertalk with a great Power beyond, the Source of Life. Not words, I mean; not even exact thoughts that could go into words. In the beginning it’s just a sense of the being and presence of that Power, as with them, sustaining them, filling them. As they keep on with this, the feeling gets clearer and fuller and more certain. Understanding of it comes. They see what it’s at in human life, see what human life is going to be and might be, see that no life is broken at death, nor begins at birth, that no life is taken away from human life by death. In this way, as I take it, they get thoughts at first hand, straight from the Power that is the thought of (and is in) all things and is their meaning. They get thought fresh from the mint, thought that’s never been thought exactly that way before, thought from the place where all the Great Teachers and greatest writers got theirs from. They get truth. These men may use books to help them, more or less. But they don’t have to depend on them. They learn the power to go in their silence and duty to the Headquarters of thoughts.

“Now you see; if a man goes only after sensations, what’s good to eat, drink, and enjoy, he’s on the way to ruin. It’s the first sort of man. The third sort gets religion. The reading sort’s between, and overlaps into the two others, some inclining towards the first, some to the third. There’s all sorts of mixtures.

“But the mind’s got to be fed; remember that. My advice to a fellow would be to cultivate the power of reading (not too much of novels, and those the best) and of study, and to try to make his reading move him upward towards the third way of mind-feeding.” C.

New Way Guidebook

How easy it is to put from us and wipe away every alien, every disturbing thought, and straightway find ourselves in the midst of a great calm!

THE mind is able to transfer and transmute each obstacle to its activity into an aid to the same; so that every barrier to action becomes an ally, and every stumbling-block set in our path carries us further on our journey.

WHEN force of circumstances has jarred and jangled thee, make haste to return to thyself, and suffer not the bells to ring out of tune longer than that force constrains. For the surest path to perfect harmony is to recur to it again and again.

LET not the future trouble thee: thou wilt encounter it, if need be, with the same sword of reason in thy hand that now serves thee against the present.

PRACTISE stedfastly the acquirement of that which thou despairst of thine ability to acquire.

—*Marcus Aurelius*

EVERY idea that you have, every thought, affects your brain and mind by its impression. That begins the cycle. It may seem to leave your mind, apparently it goes out, but it returns again under cyclic law in some form either better or worse, and wakes up once more the old impression. Even the very feelings that you have of sorrow or gladness will return in time, more or less according to your disposition, but inevitably in their cycle. This is a law it would be good for everyone to remember, especially those who have variations of joy and sorrow, exaltation and depression. If when depressed you would recollect the law and act upon it by voluntarily creating another cycle of exaltation, on its returning again with the companion cycle of lower feeling it would in no long time destroy the depressing cycle and raise you to higher places of happiness and peace. It applies again in matters of study where we use the intellectual organs only. When a person begins the study of a difficult subject or one more grave than usual, there is a difficulty in keeping the mind upon it; the mind wanders; it is disturbed by other and older ideas and impressions. But by persistency a new cycle is established, which, being kept rolling, at last obtains the mastery. — *W. Q. Judge*

WITH men of a speculative turn there come seasons when in wonder and fear you ask yourself that unanswerable question: What am I; the thing that can say "I." The world, with its loud trafficking, retires into the distance; the sight reaches forth into the void Deep, and you are alone with the universe, and silently commune with it, as one Presence with another.

Who am I; what is this *Me*? A Voice, a Motion, an Appearance;— some embodied, visualized Idea in the Eternal Mind? . . . Him, the Unslumbering, whose work both Dream and Dreamer are, we see not; except in rare half-waking moments, suspect not. — *Carlisle*

Heard This?

Johnny: "Please, Mrs. Smith, can I have my arrow? It's gone over into your garden."

Mrs. Smith: "Certainly, my boy. Where is it?"

Johnny, timidly: "I—I think it's in your cat."

Sunday School teacher: "What do we mean by the quick and the dead?"

Small Boy: "Them as gets out of the way of motor-cars is quick, and them as don't is dead."

A CERTAIN man, who lives in a suburban town in north Jersey, is no beauty. He is not only long and angular, but has a face and complexion that neither pale blue, sky yellow nor any other color in dress effect will attune to.

One day the aforesaid party called to see an acquaintance, and, while waiting for him to appear in the parlor, was entertained by the little eight-year-old son.

"Well, what do you think of me?" asked the caller, after conversing several minutes.

Instead of replying, the boy turned aside and thoughtfully hung his head.

"You haven't answered me," smilingly persisted the caller. "Aren't you going to tell me what you think of me?"

"No, sir," returned the youngster. "Do you suppose that I want to get a licking?"

"I never robbed a man but once," said the honest tramp, "and then I was starving. He would not give me a penny, and I couldn't stand the gnawing of my stomach any longer. So I knocked him down and went through his pockets. What kind of a haul did I make? Just one little bottle, which read on the label: "Pepsin—for that full feeling after eating."

A SMALL boy was asked by a clergyman what "sins of omission" meant. He replied they were sins we ought to have done and haven't.

"Bridget, were you entertaining a man in the kitchen last evening?"

"Well, mum, that's for him to say. I done my best wid the materials at hand, mum."

Tourist (landing on small island in Hebrides, to old resident): "Who lives here, my friend?"

"Oh, just me and the wife and my brither-in-law."

"And what sort of a place is it?"

"Oh, an awfu' place for scandal."

Pat was hard at work digging a post-hole when the boss strolled by. "Well, Pat," said he, noting the progress of the work, "do you think you will be able to get all that dirt back into the hole again?"

Pat looked doubtfully at the pile of dirt, and then at the hole, scratched the back of his head, and after some thought said: "No sor, sure I don't think I've dug th' hole deep enough."

OCT 7 1915

Please handle with care
and pass on to another

"The soul of man is immortal, and its future
is the future of a thing whose growth and splendor has no limit."

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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THE " MARCH OF THE NATIONS " AT THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE SCANDINAVIAN SOCIETY OF SAN DIEGO
IN THE GREEK THEATER, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Capital Punishment

AN ADDRESS BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

ON April 6, in the Isis Theater, San Diego, Katherine Tingley, Leader of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society throughout the world, delivered to a densely packed audience an address on Capital Punishment, from which we print the following extracts.

" WHILE we are in this atmosphere of music, of brotherly love, of compassion for all that lives, we are obliged to admit, if we think at all, that human society is morally bankrupt. The sooner thinking people of the present generation admit this the sooner will they reach a point of discernment whereby they can see things as they are and apply the remedy.

" How can you read your newspapers daily, as you

do, and feel satisfied that all is well? How can the so-called Christians of the present age go to their prayers and to their homes satisfied? How can they do it? I ask this in love, with all due consideration for their beliefs: but I say, how can they do it? Is it not true, if we think well, that we have missed the real meaning of the teachings of Christ and of the sages of old? If we had them in their simplicity and clearness and force of spiritual life, we should not have to admit that society is morally bankrupt, and that the conditions of the world point to a degeneracy in human nature that one scarcely dares to think about.

"So when we take up the subject of Capital Punishment, before we look at it with unfriendly eyes, we must consider why it is that with all the so-called education, culture and the prosperity of the Twentieth century, there is this great gap between ourselves and the unfortunates. Can you recall anything that Christ ever taught, or any of the Great Teachers, that could sustain you, or the people at large, in taking the position that because a man sins he is to be condemned? That because he has sinned he is to be punished through the laws of man? I find nothing in the teachings of Christ to support any such position.

"You have a perfect right to feel that it would be a most unwise and injudicious thing for us to attempt at this moment to open all the prison doors and to let the unfortunates go free. You certainly might say to me: You have a theory that capital punishment should be abolished, but where is your remedy? What are we to do with these unfortunates? What is to become of them? Must they be allowed to go at large? Must they be permitted to continue their vices and their crimes? No, the spirit of Brotherhood answers, no; but it says: Treat them as something more than mere mortals. . . .

"If you had studied your own lives you would long ago have reached the causes of these things and then you would have been able to apply the remedy. Your remedy would not be unbrotherly, it would be Christian-like; because, if you had knowledge of the Divine Law, the heart and mind would be illuminated by its light, by that power of discernment that would bring about such conditions that all humanity, knowing its responsibilities, would know how to treat the unfortunates.

"All down these years that you have come, in your soul's experience, you would have been teaching and working and serving, and today there would not be a prison in the land, not a prison, not a man caged and bound and hunted down, held in like a caged animal. No! Mercy, compassion, knowledge, wisdom and discrimination would be in your lives; you would have realized that those in prison and out of prison who have sinned — indeed, who has not sinned? — are entitled to that kind of treatment that is in harmony with the Higher Law, with the Divine Law; they would be treated as invalids.

"You treat your bodies with such gentleness and consideration, but you forget the eternal self, the soul, the Christos within you; and so, forgetting it in your own lives, you forget it in the lives of those who naturally look to you for help and example.

"So you see I am not so far away from the truth when I tell you that human society is bankrupt; that the moral and the spiritual life is not a living power in our midst today, and only a very few men and women can be found who are really working unselfishly; only a few.

"If we are to discuss this subject of the abolishment of Capital Punishment, we must be prepared to state what remedy to apply in its stead; not asking for the freedom of the prisoners, not presuming to interfere with the law of justice in any sense, but declaring and demanding that every man and woman under the sun shall have their spiritual rights.

"Last Friday a man of twenty-three years of age, with not a very bad record in the past, was hanged in this state. Oh, when I think of it, when I think of it! And that any mortal, any human being can think of it and can look on the picture for even a moment, and be at ease! That is what alarms me — to find the human family forgetful — worse, indifferent! That is the horror of it; and the hardest work that a real helper of humanity has in carrying the spirit of reformation to the world is with the public; it is with the minds of men; it is with the people who support the laws. It is they who must be pleaded with and cared for, and also, in varying degree, treated as invalids.

"This is a daring speech of mine, but it is true. All humanity is in a state of invalidism, and so again that statement supports the idea that human society is bankrupt, morally and spiritually. And so with the different aspects that are presented to me tonight, of humanity going along in a half-interested way, some totally indifferent, some pretending that they are happy, satisfied as long as their little squirrel cage is not interfered with, satisfied as long as their interests are not touched. The picture is appalling — humanity in its unrest, ignorance, despair and indifference, with its weaklings going down to degradation, and then ending up in prison; and we humans, we of God's great family, supposed to have intellects keen enough to discern right and wrong, permit them to be sentenced to death — to be executed.

"Think of it! That we dare to support laws that will allow such brutal and inhuman work; that we dare to interfere with God's laws; those wonderful, divine laws that guide us in spite of ourselves.

"But to think of presuming to take God's laws and to defy them and to let a soul go out in the darkness, in the shadows, in the despair, feeling that all the world is against it; to take a life, the rope around the neck; cut down the body to earth; but, oh, ye men and women of the Twentieth century, what about that soul?

"Are you not, and is not the whole human family re-

sponsible for that act that I am now referring to and for all acts of injustice? Should you blame the governors and the law makers? No, blame yourselves. Oh, be courageous and blame yourselves! May this blame sink so deeply into your hearts that your conscience will take new life, that a freedom of thought will come to you, an enlightenment, discernment, the power to see the injustice of things as they now are.

"When you reach that point, a new life will come to glorify, and the Christian spirit will begin to work in your lives, and you will not have to sit down and discuss and worry and be afraid. Afraid of what? Afraid that if Capital Punishment should be abolished we should have more crimes. Let some one bring me some proof that capital punishment has lessened crime. What evidence have you? None at all. You cannot bring any evidence at all, none at all.

"If we are to stem the tide of vice and degradation, we must treat these unfortunates, these weaklings, as souls; not intimidate them, not arouse their lower natures, not create a larger revenge, more passion, more hate for the world and the laws of men. But we must change these conditions through our spiritual effort. You may think and talk, and you may strain your intellects to the utmost; you may have your societies and your systems; you may make laws and laws, and yet not reach a solution of this problem. I tell you that I know this, and I know it, because I am a Theosophist.

"I know, largely from my association with criminals, in trying to help them, that we never can restore society to its dignity, we never can restore the unfortunate to his rights, until we have reached that point of spiritual attainment where we shall know right from wrong, and have the courage to declare the right, to sustain it and to uphold only those laws that make for the betterment of human kind. And when we say the betterment of human kind, we must include something more than the physical life, or our worldly interests, or our society aims, or our pride.

"So now to go back to our unfortunate and the type he represents: Let us think, at the present time when our prisons are overrun with criminals, when our youth are going to the dogs so fast that we cannot count them, and so many appalling things are happening in our own state and other states, let us see, what can we do?

"It will take time, because as humanity has been going on the downward path so long, we cannot get back to the old position of soul-life in a day. So we must be wise and work on middle lines, on lines of least resistance, endeavor to do the best we can, according to our opportunities; but we must grasp every opportunity, and we must have the courage born of the Gods, to work out our opportunities in this direction.

"So in my opinion the first thing is to arouse the whole world, this great family of humans that we are associated with, with the idea that it is savagery for us

to support Capital Punishment; we must take a stand and make the first step, remove the first stone, so to speak, and arise in our righteous wrath and in the dignity of our manhood and womanhood and declare: No Capital Punishment in the state of California! Let us not take up the question of other states tonight, because we cannot make the world over in a minute. But what a glorious thing it would be if California, under the pressure of just our efforts here — this small body of people — would abolish Capital Punishment; if we could rise to that point of discernment of knowing what is our duty at this moment, not tomorrow — not to think it out or work it out by the brain-mind — but let us find our consciences!

"Let us get right down to that point, and stop and think a moment! Think just how we should feel if *our* children were in prison today; or if *our* children were to be executed! That is the way to get home to the truth! That is the way to arouse the hearts of men; to bring the sorrows of others into our lives, feel them, understand them.

"When that power comes, that knowledge, that love, that compassion, that the Nazarene and others taught ages ago — when that comes — well, there will be no questioning. Your minds would repudiate the necessity of discussing the question. You would declare that it is savagery, that it is brutality, that it is a great disgrace to the human race today — that any man or woman would support such unjust measures. It is your duty; it is the duty of all humans to come closer to the realization of what human responsibility is.

"I have said it over and over again, and these words are always singing in my heart like a beautiful refrain: 'I am my brother's keeper. I am my brother's keeper,' and surely if we are our brothers' keepers, then we can very quickly see how we have failed and how our dear ancestors have failed in doing justice to humanity, and particularly in doing justice to those who are condemned to be hanged or electrocuted.

"I could conceive, and I always try to control my imagination when I am meeting a mixed audience, but I could conceive the psychological influence of a body like this, agreeing with me that Capital Punishment was wrong — it would affect others, and before long we should take another step in helping to change unjust laws.

"It would be our heart work, the voices of our souls speaking. We might think ahead ten years or fifteen and see the picture of some of our hills and our valleys presenting a new feature in the Twentieth century civilization, a something so splendidly remedial — and that is, that we should have our hospitals for the weaklings, for the more unfortunate, whose unbridled passions have carried them so far beyond the pale of society — we should have institutions of reformation with the name unprinted — hospitals with the name unprinted.

"There would be the gardens and the fields. There

would be the houses and the homes. Do you know that I dare conceive and have written it all out, that those prisoners should not be separated from their families! That they should be placed in these Institutions of Brotherhood that I speak of, and cared for in such a way that they would understand quite well that they were under a certain amount of restraint, but no more, perhaps — if we are very thoughtful — than that we give to invalids. They would feel that they were in a hospital, in a school, with everything so helpful that there would be no inducement to rebel.

“If we can now send out from the prisons on parole a certain number of men, put them on their honor, send them out with only five dollars, some of them with no understanding, with no friends — if we can send these out on parole and trust them to society, surely we can take our unfortunates and give them the advantages of reformation in the helpful environments I have described to you. They would be self-supporting, and in the end there would be less cost to the state — and less crime.

“And I know that in such environments it would be possible that most of these unfortunates, through the suffering that they had endured that you know nothing about, would arouse the strength of their higher natures and become in the course of time valuable citizens, and some ultimately law-makers, teachers, and reformers. How dare we stultify the possibilities of the soul of man? Can we not let our imagination soar so far into this broad arena of spiritual life and picture the future?

“Is my picture so far-fetched? If you can take men and let them out on parole now, with everything to contend with, striving for the dollar and their bread and butter, with no end of difficulties, everything to discourage them — if you can do this now, surely you could support a scheme of brotherhood reformatories, leaving out all creeds, making them a universal expression of the hearts of the people, held down by no special system, except that of the laws of the state; but those laws would have been made by you, and so you would have become a part of them.

“I can feel your hearts pulsating with the thought of this picture. There are only a few here who are so held in and limited and prejudiced, who cannot break the bars and look out, who will ever advocate Capital Punishment after this. You can't do it. My heart, the persuasion of my heart and my voice, my love for humanity and my hopes for the unfortunate, certainly will be enough to move you to concerted action; and concerted action, when hearts are united, is like one great throbbing ocean of spiritual force.

“When hearts and minds are united, then the soul speaks, and then my prayer, my earnest prayer, is that ye men and women of San Diego will arise to the occasion and that you will find yourselves in a new way, that you will study your duties in a new way, that you will realize your responsibilities in a new way, that you may

feel the touch of that divine life, the divine law, that you may feel so truly, so splendidly, so fully, so generously, so divinely, that you will declare that California must take the lead. California can no longer support Capital Punishment.”

At the close of Katherine Tingley's address the following resolutions were read, and were received with hearty applause. She then said:

“I wish to thank all present for their splendid attention, and the spirit of sympathy which I have felt in your presence tonight. But I cannot let you go until I have made just one more plea. May I not ask you that there shall be a standing vote in support of these resolutions, that Capital Punishment may be eliminated from the statutes of the State of California?”

In response, the whole audience, with the exception of but half a dozen out of the twelve hundred and fifty present, arose and gave their enthusiastic assent with loud applause.



THE RESOLUTIONS

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY CLUB
RĀJA-YOGA ACADEMY, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

“Judge Not, That Ye Be Not Judged.”

The members of the Helena Petrovna Blavatsky Club, a representative body of the students of the Rāja-Yoga Academy, a department of the School of Antiquity, of which Katherine Tingley is Foundress-Directress, on hearing of the death sentences of J. Allen, Ralph Fariss, and others, to be executed during this month of April, 1914, have unanimously adopted the following resolutions, to protest against this infringement of the Divine Law of Justice and Mercy.

WHEREAS: The Rāja-Yoga School was established to educate the youth in accordance with the spiritual laws of life, and one of the essential teachings of Rāja-Yoga is the duality of human nature, and the continual warfare between the Lower and the Higher Self; and

WHEREAS: This knowledge has been lost to the world, and these men were not taught to rule the Lower by the Higher Self, and therefore cannot be condemned for their mistakes; and

WHEREAS: We are our Brothers' Keepers, and are responsible for their welfare, and the death penalty destroys all chance in this life of a man's squaring himself with the world; and crime has not been lessened by Capital Punishment; and the death penalty creates misery and poverty in many homes; and

WHEREAS: The psychological effect of the fear of death adds to the despair which may lead others to crime;

and such a death liberates evil influences beyond human power to control, which could be held in check if the man were given another chance; and

WHEREAS: Capital Punishment makes death a horrible nightmare instead of the entrance into the Larger Life, as it is under the workings of the Higher Law; and

WHEREAS: Life is heaven-given, and man cannot give it, and so has no right to take it away: Therefore be it

RESOLVED: That not only should the present sentences be removed, but the death penalty should be forever blotted from the records of our civilization.

RESOLVED: That in order to accomplish this, we appeal to the Divine in Man to arouse itself in protest against this inhuman act.

RESOLVED: That to follow Christ's teaching "Love thy neighbor as thyself," it is our duty to help these men, not put them beyond the reach of help.

RESOLVED: That we appeal to His Excellency Governor Johnson to commute the death sentences of J. Allen, Ralph Fariss, and the other condemned men, in accordance with the spirit of the Higher Law, and thus be a helper in the work of placing California in the ranks of our most enlightened States.

In behalf of all the members of the Helena Petrovna Blavatsky Club, founded July 1913, among whom are represented six nations.

KARIN HEDLUND
President

MARGARET HANSON
Secretary

Approved: KATHERINE TINGLEY
Foundress-Directress

Râja-Yoga Academy, Point Loma, California, April 2, 1914.

✽

WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE CLUB
RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

"Fortune's Favored Soldiers, Loyal and Alert."

PRIMARY OBJECTS:

1. To form a nucleus of dependable Râja-Yoga workers for Brotherhood, under the guidance of our Teacher, Katherine Tingley.
2. To aid in raising the standard of our Râja-Yoga College, by the example of our daily life.
3. To put into practice at all times, the highest ideals of manhood, and the teachings of Râja-Yoga.

SECONDARY OBJECTS:

1. To acquire a greater knowledge of, and facility in, public speaking.

2. To gain a more thorough mastery of the English language.

3. To study and practise Parliamentary Law.

"Thou Shalt Not Kill."

TO HIS EXCELLENCY, GOVERNOR HIRAM JOHNSON,
State House, Sacramento, California.

Honorable Sir:

The WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE CLUB was organized in June, 1906, by the students of the Boys' Department of the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, California, which college is a Department of the School of Antiquity (Incorporated), and of which college Katherine Tingley is the Foundress-Directress. This Club is the central one of many Boys' Brotherhood Clubs that have been established by Katherine Tingley throughout the world since 1898.

At a special meeting of this Club, held on this, the Second Day of April, 1914, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS: J. Allen, Ralph Fariss, and others, have been legally condemned to be hanged during this month of April, 1914, and they are, in the sense that we are all essentially divine, our brothers; and moreover, *they have probably been deprived of the opportunities that we have had of learning the invaluable lessons of self-control;* and had we not been afforded such opportunities, we do not know to what temptations we ourselves might have succumbed; and

WHEREAS: It is the aim of the members of this Club honorably to meet life's responsibilities, and thus prepare themselves to better serve humanity; and we believe in putting into practice the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you"; and in our opinion, every man worthy of the name, must instinctively throttle the voice of conscience and humanity, in order to permit a fellow-being to be hanged or otherwise executed; and

WHEREAS: The WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE CLUB has been given the opportunity of co-operating with Katherine Tingley in her efforts to abolish Capital Punishment in general, and in her protest against the execution of these men in particular; and has also been given the opportunity of co-operating with the Men's International Theosophical League of Humanity, in the Resolutions unanimously adopted by that Body on March 31, 1914: Therefore be it

RESOLVED: That the WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE CLUB appeal to His Excellency, Governor Hiram Johnson, to commute the sentence of our condemned brothers, and thereby give them another chance to learn their lessons from their serious mistakes, and thus possibly become in time worthy citizens; and that in no sense do we presume to ask that our condemned brothers be set free; but that we repeat the words

of our Teacher, Katherine Tingley: "They should have another chance in the most humane environments."

RESOLVED: That His Excellency, Governor Johnson, be reminded that we are to make the future citizens of this State; and that we—and we feel all the people of our State, who have the true Christian Spirit—will ever cherish his memory for any act of clemency he may show to erring fellow-beings.

RESOLVED: That the following words from Shakespeare fittingly express our own sentiments:

*The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.*

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, iv. 1.

In behalf of all the members of the WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE CLUB, among whom are represented nine different nations.

HUBERT DUNN
Censor
MONTAGUE A. MACHELL
President
IVERSON L. HARRIS, JR.
Secretary

Approved: KATHERINE TINGLEY
Foundress-Directress

Raja-Yoga College, Point Loma, California, April 2, 1914.

AN APPEAL

TO HIS EXCELLENCY, THE GOVERNOR,
Sacramento, California.

Dear Sir:

The members of the Woman's International Theosophical League (unsectarian, humanitarian) of Point Loma, California, associated with other Leagues throughout the world under the Leadership of Madame Katherine Tingley, their Foundress-Directress, and organized to protect the homes and to safeguard the interests of civic and national life and harmonious international relations, at a meeting of the Council of said League on this date, March 31, 1914, do hereby adopt the following resolutions:

WHEREAS: We learn that the fate of J. Allen and Ralph Fariss and others now in San Quentin penitentiary legally condemned to death, is in your hands and their cry for mercy is in your heart; and know that the influence of your decision is a responsibility that will react upon many lives and that it will be far-reaching and potent in its effects for good or ill; and

WHEREAS: We hold that, in view of the tie of human brotherhood as a fact in Nature, we, as intrinsic parts of the body politic, enjoying its rights, also share in the responsibility of its wrongs; and that, in the eyes of the Higher Law, we also share in the guilt of evil-doers who may be more blindly led and more sorely tempted than we ourselves, through the influence of environing conditions for which we hold that we are, in part, responsible; and

WHEREAS: We believe that nothing which is morally wrong should be considered legally right; that the common law should be an instrument not of destruction but of instruction and that its mission should be not to destroy but to fulfil; that no beneficent purpose can be served, either for the men now condemned or for others in like case or for Society, by thus cutting short the lives of these unfortunate men and removing them by force from the School in which Nature has placed them, but that, on the contrary, in so doing we miserably shirk a sacred responsibility and cruelly deprive them of whatever opportunities for improvement this life might otherwise have to offer; and

WHEREAS: We hold that all men have the God-given right to correct their mistakes and do what they can to restore the harmony their acts have violated, no less than the harmony within their own natures; that this, in short, is the Divine End towards which all are struggling, and that the greater the sin the greater the need for help and opportunity for readjustment; and

WHEREAS: We believe that in every man, even in those who temporarily lose all control of their passions, there resides an inner Divine Power which, if appealed to in the spirit of true brotherliness and strengthened by discipline and co-operation, enables even those who have failed many times to conquer the evil impulses which impelled them, and transmute the evil into good; and

WHEREAS: It is our conviction and belief that if he who has done the evil deed does not himself atone by transmuting the evil in his nature into good, these wicked impulses live on after the man's body is dead and constitute a menace to weak and innocent persons, poisoning the atmosphere of thought and feeling in which we all live and breeding crime by their unseen influence—thus accounting for many of

those sporadic outbursts of crime which are as yet neither controlled nor understood; and that a living man, guarded within prison walls, is better than a disembodied evil passion seeking a victim to satisfy its desires; and

WHEREAS: As law-abiding citizens, we believe in restraint and correction for wrong-doers, but believe that our beloved commonwealth of California is powerful enough to impose the necessary restraint upon those who are dangerous to Society; and that fearless mercy will lead to an intuitive understanding of even the criminal's nature, to the end of true reform, while his death warrant must ever bear, when challenged, the stamp of social ignorance and weakness; and

WHEREAS: It has been our good fortune to assist Katherine Tingley for many years in her efforts to reform and uplift the discouraged and the fallen, in and out of prisons and among both men and women; and

WHEREAS: We have observed the effect of her teachings of Man's essential Divinity and the Brotherhood of Mankind upon erring men and women—in particular upon the unfortunates in our prisons—and have seen many a hardened criminal reformed through the knowledge that there were those who believed in his Divine power to redeem himself and who, while not condoning his guilt, still looked upon him as a brother; therefore, be it

RESOLVED: That, whatever the guilt of these condemned men may be, or of other condemned men in other States or nations, they are human, like ourselves, and are our brothers, with like need of merciful judgment; that shameful death will not undo their crime while it will act to prevent them from learning needed lessons in Life's great School of Experience; that their execution serves no purpose of reform in their embittered fellow-prisoners or in the ranks of hardened criminals at large, while the shadow of the scaffold that ever darkens the saddened lives of a wide circle of innocent ties would, in some measure, surely fall with deepened horror upon us all, since no man can sin or suffer the effects of sin alone; that the signs of the times point to an awakening of the public conscience regarding the unrealized horror of Capital Punishment, and that it were well for the fair name of sunny California that it early abolish the outgrown barbarity which our children will be embarrassed to explain; and, be it also

RESOLVED: That, in the name of thousands of humanitarian women throughout the world who are united in seeking to understand better their own responsibilities to their homes and to the world, we earnestly entreat you to use the power of your honorable position in staying the executioner's hand in the case

of these condemned men, that you may give to human brothers what is yours alone to give; that you may make your act a signal response to the cry for *another chance* that pleads in every human heart;

That, as Women, many of us mothers of sons, we plead for the condemned; as workers for humanity, we plead for the good name and the protection of Society; that, as members of God's great family, we plead for all those who, in spite of their mistakes, are still our Brothers; and that, in addition, we declare it our conviction that Your Excellency, as the First Citizen of our fair State, by resolute courage in stepping out in defense of the Higher Law of Compassion, would invoke its protection in a new and Divine expression that would benefit all the world.

In behalf of the members of the Woman's International Theosophical League, (unsectarian, humanitarian) among whom are represented twenty-five different nations.

(MRS.) ELIZABETH SPALDING
President
(MRS.) ESTELLE C. HANSON
Secretary

KATHERINE TINGLEY
Foundress-Directress

Dated March 31, 1914, at the Headquarters of the Women's International Theosophical League (unsectarian, humanitarian), Point Loma, California.

*
A PROTEST AGAINST CAPITAL PUNISHMENT
AND
AN APPEAL FOR ITS ABOLISHMENT

*The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.*

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, iv. 1.

*Every man who errs, no matter how seriously he errs,
deserves another chance.*—KATHERINE TINGLEY

The Men's International Theosophical League of Humanity is a world-wide body, unsectarian and non-political, established in New York in 1897 by Katherine Tingley, Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society throughout the world, for the purpose of aiding and uplifting Humanity along practical lines; in which work it has been actively engaged since its foundation.

Among its objects are the following:

"To abolish Capital Punishment."

"To assist those who are or have been in prison to establish themselves in honorable positions in life."

In pursuance of these objects and to make an appeal to the public of California and of other States of America which still retain the death penalty among their statutes, and to the enlightened public throughout the world; and in particular to appeal to the Governor of the State of California mercifully to exercise his power of clemency and to commute the death sentences in all cases that may come before him, a special meeting of the Men's International Theosophical League of Humanity was held at its headquarters at Point Loma, California, this day, March 31st, 1914, at which the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS: Among the enlightened and seriously thinking people of all civilized countries there is a growing recognition of human solidarity and the Brotherhood and mutual interdependence of all men, and a recognition that Society as a whole is responsible for the conditions that result in crime; and further, that being responsible it is the duty of Society and the State to reform and not merely to punish the criminal—which responsibility is virtually denied by the execution of the death sentence; and

WHEREAS: Society as a whole, represented by the State, has an equal responsibility with the individual to display those attributes which distinguish man from the brute, and to follow the highest dictates of virtue and of humanity as well as those of divine law; and hence the divine command, re-echoed by Jesus, "Thou shalt not kill," applies to and is equally binding on the State as on the individual, the State being equally bound with the individual to respect the laws of the State, and not to commit an offense against any of its laws, such as the taking of life; and

WHEREAS: In retaining the death penalty among its statutes the State virtually arrogates to itself that supreme right which belongs to Deity alone; viz., the taking of life, man's sacred possession and inalienable right; and

WHEREAS: There is a growing distrust of the efficacy, humanity and common-sense of Capital Punishment, and a growing revolt of thinking people against this method of dealing with the heinous offense of murder by repeating it judicially, in cold blood; and

WHEREAS: By executing the sentence of Capital Punishment the State commits an act which, committed by an individual, it condemns, which act is irrevocable and in many instances has been inflicted upon persons who have afterwards been found innocent, in which instances the State stands convicted of crime, not merely blunder; and

WHEREAS: The protection of Society can be assured and safeguarded by the proper restraint—by incarceration—of the criminal, permitting the exer-

cise of humane, remedial and educative measures for his reform and possible restoration as a useful and honorable member of Society; Now, therefore, be it

RESOLVED: That, and we do hereby most earnestly protest against the infliction of the death penalty, and make this appeal for the Abolishment of Capital Punishment which violates the sacredness of human life;

RESOLVED: That we appeal to and call upon every enlightened citizen of the State of California, of the United States of America, and of the whole world, to unite in a solemn protest against the enforcement of Capital Punishment; and to abolish from the statutes of all States and Countries the death penalty;

RESOLVED: That we call upon the humanity of the Twentieth Century to arise and proclaim itself in recognition of the duty and obligation of man to man, and brother to brother;

RESOLVED: That we call upon the people of the State of California to support this appeal to His Excellency, the Governor of California, to mercifully exercise his prerogative of clemency and commute the death sentences of those men in San Quentin penitentiary now awaiting execution;

RESOLVED: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Governor of the State of California and other officials, and that the same be printed and sent to the Governors of every State of the United States of America, and to the Heads of Governments and their Ministers throughout the world, and be published broadcast among the peoples of the earth.

On behalf of all the members throughout the world of the Men's International Theosophical League of Humanity, among whom are representatives of twenty-five nations, resident at the International Headquarters at Point Loma.

CLARK THURSTON
President
FRED J. DICK
Secretary

KATHERINE TINGLEY
Foundress-Directress

Dated March 31, 1914, at the Headquarters of the Men's International Theosophical League of Humanity (unsectarian and non-political), Point Loma, California.

Katherine Tingley desires to express her thanks to Warden Johnston for his ready and courteous permission given to her representatives to visit the two condemned men Allen and Fariss in their cells and to do for them whatever was possible in the circumstances. She feels that he made every effort possible under the prison regulations to alleviate their lot.

GIFT

OCT 7 1915

Please handle with care
and pass on to another

"We are on the threshold of a new order."

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of KATHERINE TINGLEY
For Gratuitous Distribution in Prisons

POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

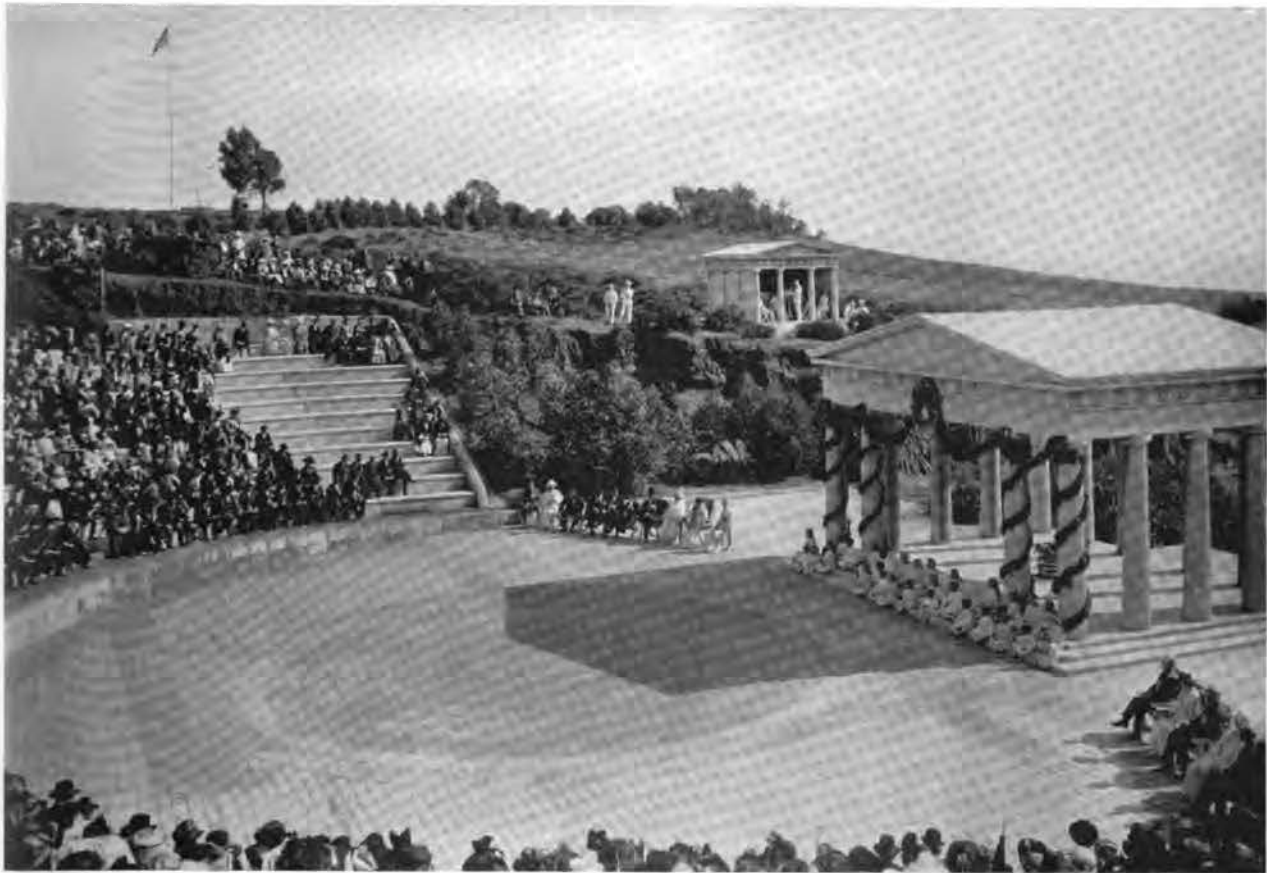
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Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

RECEPTION TO THE VETERANS OF THE G. A. R. AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS

Army Veterans at Lomaland

EARLY in May, Katherine Tingley entertained the Veterans of the California and Nevada Departments of the "Grand Army of the Republic" in the Greek Theater at Lomaland. In her address to them she said that as a little girl she had made pictures in her mind of a city she would one day build, where people of all countries should live together in brotherhood and work for the betterment of humanity, and where

children should be taught to live noble and unselfish lives and grow up to be messengers of brotherhood and peace to all nations. Several years later, when she entertained General Fremont at her home, she told him of her childhood's dream and described the scenery amidst which her city was to arise. "I know a place," he said, "which answers to your description." And then he told her of Point Loma, its canyons, its hills, the bay and San Diego, and the Pacific. And so it is

at Point Loma that the child's dream is now being realized.

She told how, when a little child, she was lifted to the window to see the soldiers pass by; how she stole out one night to carry food to them and was later found binding up their wounds. This was in Alexandria, Va., where her family had moved so as to be near their father in camp in Fairfax County, Va. Then afterwards, after the second battle of Bull Run, when the soldiers were brought in wounded and when she saw the men of the South as prisoners of war, "something new touched me," she said, "that has never left me. My mind was too young to understand; but as I grew older I began to realize through my heart and my sympathy, and through the knowledge that I had of the bravery of both the North and the South—both defending what they thought was right—that this great human family was marching on to something better than war."

At the end of her address, describing the possibilities of human life when the spirit of brotherhood shall reign everywhere, she said:

The time is coming when you, even before you close your eyes, will see the beginning of a great and united effort in this country and all countries for a larger liberty, a royal freedom, a spirit of brotherhood so accentuated that war shall cease. . . . We shall close the door on the past and begin a new era, so royally splendid that war shall cease. . . .

And I tell you, noble Veterans, that before you pass to another condition of life you will feel this urge, this inspiration, and a new hope will be born in your hearts, and a new light into your lives, and you will realize that truly to live, to evoke all the noblest in his nature, man must live in the knowledge of his immortality, of his divinity . . . and then we shall have a peace, grand and superb—something that will place a veil between us and the old memories of all that is sad and pathetic, of the loss of life . . . but we shall still have the inspiration of having defended our flag and our country and the principles of liberty laid down in that royal Constitution of our forefathers. We shall have a new conception of life, a new conception of a larger duty, and a grander expression of brotherly love.

What is Coming

IN a future day, which is not so far in the future as it looks now, the minds and hearts of men will be open to each other. They will feel and respond to each other's needs as now they do not because they are so preoccupied with their own needs and wants and wishes and pleasures. The great motive for action will be to contribute something for the general good, work, art, thought, invention; to put something right, better something, serve the whole, each in some way that is *his* way. The higher men rise, the more marked becomes the individual genius of each. It is the beginners in anything who turn out work that is all alike. From the moment that the real creative spirit awakes they show their real differences. And in the great school of life we are all but students yet and the creative soul only just stirring in any of us.

But since we are all united, all rays of that one sun, need each other's help, are to some extent tied all of us by any bonds that tie any of us, we can get to work without any waiting at all. In his inner nature each of us is unhappy and unfree in proportion as there remain others unhappy and unfree. No outer happiness, no outer liberty and license can do anything to open our inner natures to the light. In lifting burdens not our own we are opening our own doors, clearing our own path. We have to begin to alter our minds so that they learn to think instinctively towards others and towards duty to others rather than towards our own personality. The higher law will see to it that in that effort we personally lose nothing we need. We can trust it for all that. We have to create an atmosphere of thought in which the loneliest shall no longer feel so lonely and so unfriended. It is that sense of loneliness that underlies half the cases of suicide. *What today I owe to others* is the great question for each morning, each day. The Divine will shine into that moment of silent question. It is such moments of thought constantly repeated, that finally evolve our higher natures. Each one of them leaves us higher men and women, closer to the soul, with more power by our mere thought to awaken others to duty and sense of responsibility. Gradually, as more and more cultivate and encourage such moments, the atmosphere of general peace and justice and brotherhood will steal about through the hearts and minds of men and the agony of human life will be over. Even now there are signs of the awakening. And it is to bring this day nearer that Katherine Tingley and those who work under her direction have consecrated their lives.

STUDENT

Slaves

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

MEN, whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed?
Slaves unworthy to be freed.
Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No; true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free.
They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

Finding Freedom in the Pit

AT the end of Trelawney's first week in prison, he was a most abject picture of misery, huddled up in the angle of the buildings where the sun shone in the yard. With his long thin legs drawn up, and his arms wound round them, his sallow, lifeless face drooped dejectedly on his knees.

"Well, that fellow's no member of the 'Cheer-Up Club'" said Jameson drily to his cell-mate. "Bet he's a dope fiend: one of the brainy suicidal kind."

"Sure. Wouldn't he give you the blues just to look at him. Where's Royce? He's our only home missionary who can save anything out of a wreck like that. O Royce! Here's a case for you," pointing with his thumb over his shoulder to the dejected figure. "Can't you chirk him up, for the sake of the rest of us? He all but makes me homesick."

It seemed to Trelawney that he had gone down, down past the last level of hell, and had come to an abyss of black nothingness. He couldn't think of a time or a place or a word of hope he had ever heard of. The fierce longing for a dose of the drug that would pull him together had given way to a stupor of exhaustion: he felt neither in the world nor out of it.

Just then something warm and firm and alive rested on his neck and moved up and down his back a few times. He began to breathe deeper and the life stirred in his veins again.

"Hello, pardner," a voice called down the abyss, making it seem only half as black. As he roused up, he seemed to reach the level of the earth at one move, and found himself looking into a man's clear, deep eyes that looked straight through him and *understood*. The eyes steadied him. The man's very touch and look had a contagious hope and strength in them—a sort of certainty that went beyond hope and *knew*.

It seemed to Trelawney that this man had the real clearness and strength that the deceitful drug counterfeited, for a little while. Oh, but it must be heaven to feel sure of yourself like that! What could *he* know of a poor devil's feelings, who was fairly pulverized into living particles scattered about in the empty darkness, with no power to gather himself up into selfhood again? Hell fire wasn't in it with the feeling that the very core of your self was gone, and, being neither dead nor alive, you must go on and on, with nothing to keep your body and mind and feelings together in human shape.

"Courage, old man," Royce was saying. "I know how you feel. I've been there. You've struck bottom and know the worst, so you can't be scared to death by the unknown troubles. There is no tapering off in this state hospital. The cure is harsh, but, at any rate it's rapid. The fiendish crave inside of you was starved and went down with the rest of you into the pit, exhausted, but not killed. Let it lie. Don't revive it, even in your mind. Forget it. Imagine you have just been

born, and that *this* life you are going to make up for what you've lost in keeping that thing that is down in the pit alive.

"You've had enough of the counterfeit: the genuine stuff is yours for the taking. Rouse yourself and use your WILL to get what belongs to you—the real life of manhood that knows it can't get lost, and knows that even Death can do no more than free it from the body. Be glad you're thin: there's all the less body to train into new ways. Go to sleep with the idea of getting ready for a new day: get up determined to train yourself into new ways of acting and feeling: be certain your breakfast will give you strength if you are square with yourself.

"Don't build up your body for its own sake: it had the upper hand before, and a nice mess it made even of its own case. This whole place is full of men whose *cravings of one kind or another have eaten up their wills*. They think the trouble is somewhere outside of themselves and so go on feeding the craves that are never satisfied, keeping them alive in their minds when there is no other way.

"Every man has got the game in his own hands and he can play for the best there is for himself. It is almost too fine a thing to talk about, this creative power. A man actually makes himself what he is. When the body runs him, what he makes is largely trouble. There are a lot of fellows here who can't understand this as well as you can. They play hide and seek with themselves, and those who do drop into the pit don't know enough to leave the crave there and get out free. This is *your* chance. If you take it, the rest will get the feel of the new life somehow, even without understanding what it is. It isn't preaching, it's practising that counts."

Trelawney took the outstretched hand and struggled to his feet. "I believe you're right," he said, as they fell in line.

L.

✽

Ask Me Another!

"SHAKESPEARE said, 'To thine own self be true,' which is all right; but when he goes on to say, 'and it shall follow, as the night the day, thou can'st not then be false to any man,' that is where I get off. Now look here; there is Bob for instance, as natural a liar as ever swore black was white; lies are so natural to him, he don't know what truth is. Now if Bob is true to himself he is false to every one else."

"Hold on a bit. It seems to me there are a good many things stated there that may not be quite as true as they seem. Do you know anything about the real self of the man at all? How do you know that Bob is true to himself when he tells a lie? The fact is you know nothing about that. Have you seen the Self of any man? Do you know your own self?"

"Well if I don't, who does?"

"Exactly! Who does know the self of another man? Can any man know another man's self till he knows his own? Long before Shakespeare was heard of, the wise men said, 'Man, know thyself!' and that is what I think Shakespeare was getting at when he said, 'To thine own self be true.'"

"But if a man acts according to his nature he is true to himself, ain't he?"

"He is true to his *present nature* perhaps, but is he true to *himself*?"

"Why what is the difference?"

"Look here; you spoke of a man himself and his nature; and it seems to me you made a distinction between them; you seemed to think a man could act according to his nature or not, as he chose. Is that right?"

"Well, maybe I did. A man can act contrary to his natural inclination, I suppose, if he is minded to."

"And how could he do that if he himself was his nature? Now if the real man himself has a lot of natural inclinations, and can act either according to them, or according to his own ideas of what is right for him to do, then he must be bigger in himself than those inclinations, which you say are natural to him, and also other than they."

"You can't separate a man from his own nature."

"You seemed to do it when you spoke of his acting according to his nature. You seemed to feel that a man *has* a nature but *is* himself. A man *has* a body but he *is* himself, and can make his body do what he wants to do; he can teach it things and train it to obey his will, or he can let it have its own way and go to wreck and ruin for want of proper control; you know that. In the same way a man has a character, or nature, or set of inclinations. If he is true to this nature, and it is a bad one, he will act badly and so allow it to become worse. But true to *himself* — that is quite another matter. The *nature* changes, with years, often with surroundings, with the contagious examples of others, and so on; more than all, according to whether the will is used or not upon it, restraining and correcting it, or letting it run wild. A man's chief job in life is just this molding of his own nature.

"We might even alter Shakespeare a little: 'To thine own self make thy nature true; thou canst not then be false to any man.' Those in antiquity who lived by the injunction, 'Man, know thyself,' knew that the *self* within or behind the *nature* was divine, and that a man was only truly a man, something splendid and divine, when he had got this knowledge. When the wise men of the old days used that phrase they implied that the ordinary man does *not* know himself. They considered

that there was nothing else so important for a man to know. But if a man's self was just nothing more than his natural inclinations he could have no need for the saying to be urged upon him."

"And how is a man to know himself then?"

"By watching his inclinations come and go, and by watching and using his power to dismiss them from his mind and act otherwise, he will learn more and more clearly that they are not himself. Then he will ask himself, Who am *I* that has this power? In that question is the first step. When he begins to take that step he will be beginning to find that he himself is something greater and finer than he ever suspected before. In the silence when he is alone, and in the bustle of the day's activities, he can be going on with his search. And all the time, if he is sincere and constant, he will have the help of the greater Self beyond. Thus he will get more and more confidence in his power to control and alter his nature. And as he goes on he will find the real Self in him getting bigger and stronger and his inclinations and lower nature weaker. Then his mind will get clearer; even his eyes will look brighter; and other men will come to respect him and ask his help and counsel.

"Oh, you ask how far does this game go? Well, my son, I say to that, Ask me another! I don't know anyone trying it who has seen the limit of it." R. M.

The Three of Us

MAN hasn't really learnt how to live till he knows that there are three of him, that is to say himself and two others. Dogs may be one; angels perhaps are one; but man is three. You might say he was egg-shaped, one center in the middle and two other centers, one near each pole. He does three kinds of thinking, all going on at the same time.

Say he's doing some ordinary thinking, perhaps working at some invention. Its Thanksgiving Day, we'll suppose. Suddenly, in the midst of his thinking about wheels and springs, a picture of the coming dinner comes right up across the face of his mind. He never called it up, was in the thick of his invention; it came of itself. It doesn't stay. But after it's gone a kind of satisfied feeling remains somewhere about him. *Something* in him shot up that picture into his brain. And after it's gone that something somewhere in the interior of him goes on thinking about the dinner and purring to itself about what's coming. He can hear the purring, so to speak, though he does not let himself think what it's about.

That's two of the three, the man and the animal. If it's near bedtime the animal may want to go to bed



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FRIENDSHIP

while the man wants to go on thinking over the invention. The animal keeps whispering, "I want to go to bed," while the man keeps saying, "I must get this fixed."

The man may let himself drop into the animal. He may drop down altogether into the thought of dinner, leaving his invention, and spend ten minutes in the contemplation of turkey and cranberry sauce. The animal has got him. And if he gives it its full swing he and it together will, if they can, get up and go out then and there to a restaurant. The invention can then take care of itself. The animal takes no interest in that sort of thing. Its proper business is to look after the body. It lets the man know when the body needs something. But if it is allowed to boss, it will also let the man know when it merely *wants* something; and in that case it will be wanting something all the time and may make the man its slave.

But who is the third fellow, the top pole of the egg? When the man wants to laze away from his duty and enjoy himself with his animal, he can feel the pressure of this upper companion. It knows that the duty is the proper path, the one that leads to strength and in the longer run to happiness that will be permanent. To follow the animal leads to weakness, to a temporary happiness that will but lead very soon to painful demands for more of the same when perhaps more cannot be got, and in the end to entire loss of happiness. If the man persists in his duty when there was a chance to evade, he can feel the steady approval and overshadowing companionship of that third thing, the overman.

Just as it is possible to get absorbed into the animal and thus be ruined as a man, so it is possible to get absorbed into the—angel? god? what word can we use?—and so become consciously immortal while still on earth.

Let us always try to feel ourselves as three. Let us boss the animal and let ourselves be guided by the god. Ever read Lytton's *Zanoni*? The upper man is the Augoides or Adonai of that story. STUDENT

A Sermon in the Yard

I DON'T make a pretense, of course, to pronounce about *all* misfortunes. But in all that have ever happened to *me* I was able, by careful inspection, to find a compensation.

"By careful inspection," I said. It has to be looked for. Not that it isn't in plain view; but we get so busy looking at the misfortune, the unpleasant, that we can't see anything else.

I would have every fellow look at his own case, not the case of any other man. You can't size up another man's misfortune. The size of it depends on him, not on it. Something that would be crushing to you, may be quite a trifle to him. Attend to your own business. I say you'll find compensation.

How are you going to find it? Drop the hardship, the misfortune, the unpleasantness, clear out of your thoughts for ten minutes, and then search, look. See if there isn't some uncalled for, unwarranted pleasantness exactly corresponding to the unpleasantness. If you've been deprived of something you think you have a right to, on the other hand hasn't something over and above, somehow, come to you? And isn't that something, if you look squarely at it, at least equal to the other?

Try this game honestly for the ten minutes and see what you get. A confusion sometimes arises this way: that the misfortune seems to come right at you, aiming true, whilst the compensation has a casual look as if it just happened your way and might just as casually quit the next moment.

That's an illusion. One belongs to you just as exactly as the other.

Another confusion is in this: that the compensation may come later and at an unexpected moment. When it does come, the man is likely to forget to balance it against his bad time. He goes on looking at that, not noticing that this is the balancing and compensation of it.

Now I look upon this as a law in the very make-up of things, and I don't believe that death puts a stop on this law. If there's any uncompensated thing still on a man's book when death catches him, the compensation's sure for him just the same.

But I want to go further. I say there's *two* compensations. Beside the one that anybody can understand, there's a benefit that comes directly in the misfortune itself, though the amount of *this* depends on the man. Misfortune's a bitter tonic to a man's will, power of endurance, and character in general. If it has small effect that's the man's own fault.

Sounds a bit heartless, all this? Sounds as if I was taking no account of some poor fellow whose evercoming misfortunes seem overwhelming and crushing?

Maybe it does. God forbid I should under-reckon anybody's pain and trouble. I don't believe I do. It's a man with the possibilities of strength in him that gets strong doses. There's big work waiting for him, either here or the other side of here. One who could look behind the scenes would know it. And his spiritual nerves are being tuned tight and sound in preparation.

My little sermon, boys, has got a wrong moral in one way. If you follow the first part of it, you'll be apt, when an unpleasant situation drops on you, to be on the expectant and demanding look-out for a corresponding pleasant one. Don't do that. It'll come if you've earned it.

But the finest way to look at misfortune is, to up and ask it: "Well, what can you do for me in the way of strengthening my character, my will, my power of endurance, my sympathy for other fellows in the same case? In the way of clearing my mind, thinning out my animal weaknesses and selfishness a little? What lessons can I learn? What can I get out of it?"

That's the right question. That's the best compensation. The other will take care of itself.

"Difficulties," said the old Greek philosopher Epicurus, "are things that show what men are." The man or woman discouraged by difficulties is shown up, there, as lacking in character. But those who meet difficulties with a smile, and treat failure as an incident along the way, are revealed as conquerors, wherever they are found.

Boys, my study of my own life, and, as far as I could, the lives of others, has made me sure that there's a watching Power, our own Higher Nature, that looks after us and never lets up helping us according to our need and strength. I got that belief straight out of the study of the workings of things, and it's spoken of in every religion that was ever given to man by the great Teachers of the past. They knew, and we can know.

REPORTER

Man as a Fighter

HOW is it that from the time we were boys, the story of a good fight could always hold our attention? Some excellent people shake their heads over this warlike tendency and talk about "human depravity"; but I think that we are warranted in taking a more hopeful view. There are manifestly two separate beings in each man, the higher nature and its animal counterpart, pulling in opposite directions. Deep down inside we realize that the great business of our lives is to take sides with the imprisoned god and help him to regain his freedom and to rule the animal with which he is so strangely linked. We are born all ready equipped with what we may call "the fighting quality," the proper use of which is to be placed at the service of our nobler self in its great task of subduing the lower passions and guiding us on to the path of real greatness. Any story of a conflict appeals to the fighting quality within our nature; and any narrative of how determined will and dauntless courage overcame opposing forces, brings tidings of hope to the struggling soul within each of us and seems to prophesy his triumph in the end. Happy the man who daily tries to be the master of his lower nature. With a continual effort that no failures can discourage, he *must* succeed some day and his whole career, in spite of occasional defeats, is a glorious campaign with certain victory to crown him in the end. But those who shirk the conflict; do they enjoy an easy time? By no means. The warrior spirit *will* express itself somehow and those who put off the struggle find themselves drawn into all kinds of conflict *with their fellowmen*, from heated arguments about nothing down to actual fisticuffs.

How much better to take up the fight at once rather than to go skulking through life like a coward! Why not put the warrior spirit to its proper use instead of letting it drag us into ignoble quarrels!

Soldiers born for conflict, our lives must of necessity be one continual fight. So let us join the ranks of those who fight for Peace, Progress, and Brotherhood, beginning our fight within our own natures. P. L.

The Lost Art of Warfare

MAN is a fighter, in his inmost nature he is a warrior, and therefore it is that I say, war there must be to the end of time; but we can choose whether it shall be the warfare of Gods or of demons. If he will not engage in the battle, *not* against men but against *evil* and in accordance with the Lost Art of Warfare, it is evitable that he will engage in human strife and be party to human slaughter. The very nature of man compels him to engage. He may and does rightly desire peace, but that peace which is the only true peace, resplendent and Godlike, can be won in no other way save by knowledge of the Lost Art of Warfare, and be maintained in no other way save by continuous warfare.

When this is acknowledged, when this is practised, when man has conquered the kingdom of himself as he is bound to do, he shall achieve his destiny, he shall take his place among the high Gods; in his heart he shall find Gladness, Joy, and Everlasting Peace. J. H. F.

FOLLOWING is a letter from a condemned prisoner in San Quentin Prison and Katherine Tingley's reply thereto. Realizing the seriousness of his mistake and trying to lay the foundations of a new character in the shadows that surround him, young Fariss has also been doing his best to deter others from the path on which he has slipped. May his warning be taken. ED.

San Quentin, Cal., April 9, 1914.

Katherine Tingley.

Dear Madam:

Your kind and instructive letter received today, and it is hard to find words with which to express myself to one who is carrying on such a great work, which will in time create a Universal Brotherhood.

I have read a great number of the books in the library here and also some of the books you publish, from which I derive a great deal of consolation and enlightenment. I get a glimpse of the great work you are doing for the coming generation.

If there are any questions you would like to ask me, I would be glad to assist you in any way possible.

Will close, thanking you for your kind letter, the instructions in which I will try to carry out to the best of my ability.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) Ralph Fariss.

Point Loma, California, April 15, 1914

Ralph Fariss,

% The Warden,

State Penitentiary, San Quentin, California.

Your letter of April the ninth does express a disposition to look at life in a new way; and if you are sincerely endeavoring to do as you say, you certainly have taken a step forward which will not only tell for this life, but for all time. There must be a beginning, and no man can strengthen his character and build for better things until he acquires the power of clearing personal desires from his mind and prepares himself for new efforts in self-control.

Fariss, that is where you failed in your boyhood. I can see by the story that you have published, that from your childhood, it was a "go-as-you-please" life — desire ruling — selfish desire ruling; you thought you could do as you pleased with impunity. It is the same with many boys who have had within themselves at one time the ability to be good men and good citizens. But they lost their way through their own carelessness and then became self-hypnotized with their own schemes of wrong-doing.

Soon the moral light grows dim, and after a while the wrongdoer finds himself on a path of disintegration, the downward path. I do not say this to you to condemn you in any way. I know that you are now facing realities and not illusions; that you are beginning to grasp the meaning of the words: "As ye sow, so must ye also reap"; that you do suffer and have suffered; and I hope that it may come into the hearts of those who have the power to prevent your execution, to act in such a brotherly way that you may be inspired to make the rest of your life of real usefulness to your fellows.

You cannot take hold of any endeavor half-heartedly, and expect to succeed. It must be done with the intensity of one's whole nature. I have suffered as much as any mother could have suffered over the execution of her own sons, during these last awful ordeals at San Quentin. I worked very hard to save poor Allen and the others; but my pleadings were in vain.

I did not attempt to condone the offenses of those who had made mistakes. I was ready to realize how cruel they were; but I did want to give those boys another chance; and I will work in the same way for you. But, Fariss, should the Common Law fail you; and should your hopes not be realized; and should you have to face this ordeal, *do it like a man*, without any efforts to be recognized as a martyr. And I pray that you will stick to your colors! If you have found that my teachings have sustained you all through this ordeal and helped you to desire to make of yourself a better man, then hold to them. And if the worst should come to the worst, you can call on Mr. S—— and he will be with you at that time. I shall write him and tell

him, and I believe that the Warden will carry out your wishes, if you are determined, and do not let other influences sweep in and affect you at the last moment.

Do not let fear of what is to happen to you hereafter come into your heart. Just simply meet each hour with courage; and if your heart is true, then your soul must be strengthened; and in the next life you will gravitate to such conditions as will give you another chance.

I think that your published letters in part are very helpful to the young. They will set them to thinking, and make such as are going on the downward path falter. Put your whole heart into this work and say only that which you believe and know. Carry the spirit of truthfulness in all you do.

If I were in San Quentin, I would ask to see you. My sympathies go out to your poor mother and father. Fariss, make up to them in every possible way — all that you can; and let them gain the same courage that I expect you will have, if all fails you on this plane.

With best wishes for your real happiness, Fariss, I remain,

Your friend,

(Signed) Katherine Tingley.

✽

Courage

(The following verses were received from a prisoner in South Dakota Penitentiary.)

W. P. C.

OH! Who will sing us a prison song,
A tearless song and a welcome song,
A song of unbounded cheerfulness
For each day that endures so long?

For who, with a bar of courageous song,
Of working song or of playing song,
Of song to drive out the dismalness,
Were not helped on his way along!

So who will sing us this peerless song —
The song of all songs to be passed along —
The song to invoke in us hopefulness
And the one to help weak grow strong?

✽

A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest. — *Mrs. Browning*

✽

IN ADDITION to the purpose for which THE NEW WAY was established, viz., for Gratuitous Distribution in Prisons, many persons have expressed their interest in, and desire to subscribe for it. It will continue as heretofore to be distributed free in Prisons, in accordance with its original purpose; but for those who wish to subscribe for it the subscription price is One Dollar per year, Ten cents per copy.

Money orders and checks should be made payable to THE NEW WAY, and all subscriptions should be addressed to:

THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

New Way Notebook

THEN press this watchword to thy throbbing heart,
 "I can, I will!" therein thy power lies
 To make thy enemy thine advocate.

THERE'S no impossibility to thee,
 Thou hast the power to conquer every foe.

No, when the fight begins within himself,
 A man's worth something. God stoops o'er his head,
 Satan looks up between his feet—both tug—
 He's left, himself, in the middle: the soul awakes
 And grows. Prolong that battle through his life!
 Never leave growing till the life to come.—*Browning*

No work begun shall ever pause for death.—*Browning*

DEATH is the summing up of this life's meaning—
 stored strength for new adventure.—*Prof. Henry Jones*

NEVER go back. Anything that is right to do which
 you have once attempted, carry forward with all your
 strength. Determination is omnipotent. Keep trying,
 and victory is sure. Your will is of the same stuff as
 the will that upholds the world.

A man

Who never turned his back, but marched breast forward;
 Never doubted clouds would break;
 Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong
 would triumph;
 Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
 Sleep to wake.—*Browning*

WHATEVER difficulties and troubles you may have had
 during the day, wipe them out of your mind before
 you sleep. It is then that we can most easily learn our
 own duality and feel the presence and encouragement
 of the higher self. The habit makes each next day go
 better, and in time develops a will and equanimity which
 nothing can shake.

THERE'S a whole day tomorrow that 'aint been
 teched.—*Old Southern Saying*

"TODAY is the tomorrow we worried about yesterday,
 and it never happened."

A MAN has not done his duty until he has done
 his best.

EVERY man who lives, and who has a personality,
 has something to do with many men whom he has never
 seen, whom he will never see. Messengers go from him,
 as carrier pigeons go from a ship. He may live alone,
 as a ship is alone in mid-ocean, but the messengers are
 winged, and their wings are strong. They fly high and
 they fly far, and wherever they pause and rest, that
 man has left a mark, has stamped himself, has uttered
 himself, has planted a seed of his will.—*Robert Hichens*
 in *Flames*

Heard This?

A YOUNG Vermont farmer needed a set of false teeth.
 He wrote to a dentist in a neighboring town as follows:

"My mouth is three inches across, five-eighths inches
 threw the jaw. Some hummocky on the edge. Shaped
 like a hoss shew, toe forward. If you want me to be
 more particlar, I shall have to come thar."

MacBull—"I shall be a gay grass widower for the
 next two months—wife's gone for a holiday to the
 West Indies." O'Bear—"Jamaica?" MacBull—"No,
 it was her own idea."

He was a young minister and it was his first ex-
 tempore prayer. He began: "Paradoxical as it may
 seem to Thee, O Lord——" It didn't sound right,
 somehow, so he tried again: "O Lord, as Thou hast
 doubtless seen by this morning's paper——"

AWAY back, when herds of buffalo grazed along the
 foothills of the Western mountains, two hardy prospec-
 tors fell in with a bull bison that seemed to have been
 separated from his kind and run amuck. One of the
 prospectors took to the branches of a tree and the other
 dived into a cave. The buffalo bellowed at the en-
 trance to the cavern and then turned toward the tree.
 Out came the man from the cave, and the buffalo took
 after him again. The man made another dive for the
 hole. After this had been repeated several times, the
 man in the tree called to his comrade, who was trembling
 at the mouth of the cavern:

"Stay in the cave, you idiot!"

"You don't know nothing about this hole," bawled the
 other. "There's a bear in it!"

DOWN South a man was driving in the country in
 search of one "Bill Jones." He met an old negro, and
 stopped to make inquiries.

With an air of importance the negro answered:

"Well, boss, dey are two Bill Jones around heah.
 Now, suh, if hit's dat Bill Jones what wuks up to Mistah
 Smiff's fahm, I don't know whah he is. But if you
 wants to know whah dat Bill Jones is what wuks up to
 Mistah Smiff's office, why, I don't know whah he is also."

THE young evangelist was relieving himself of mo-
 mentous thoughts.

"The Being that filled with surging seas the vast
 caverns of the oceans also holds in aerial suspense the
 aggregations of tiny drops that give to each wondering
 eye the marvelous spectacle of a separate rainbow. The
 Omnipotence that made me made a daisy."

A WESTERN bookseller wrote to a Chicago house ask-
 ing that a dozen copies of Farrar's *Seekers after God*
 be shipped to him at once. He got this answer by wire:

"No seekers after God in Chicago or New York. Try
 Philadelphia."

GIFT
OCT 7 1915

Please handle with care
and pass on to another

"'Tis time
New hopes should animate the World."

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of KATHERINE TINGLEY
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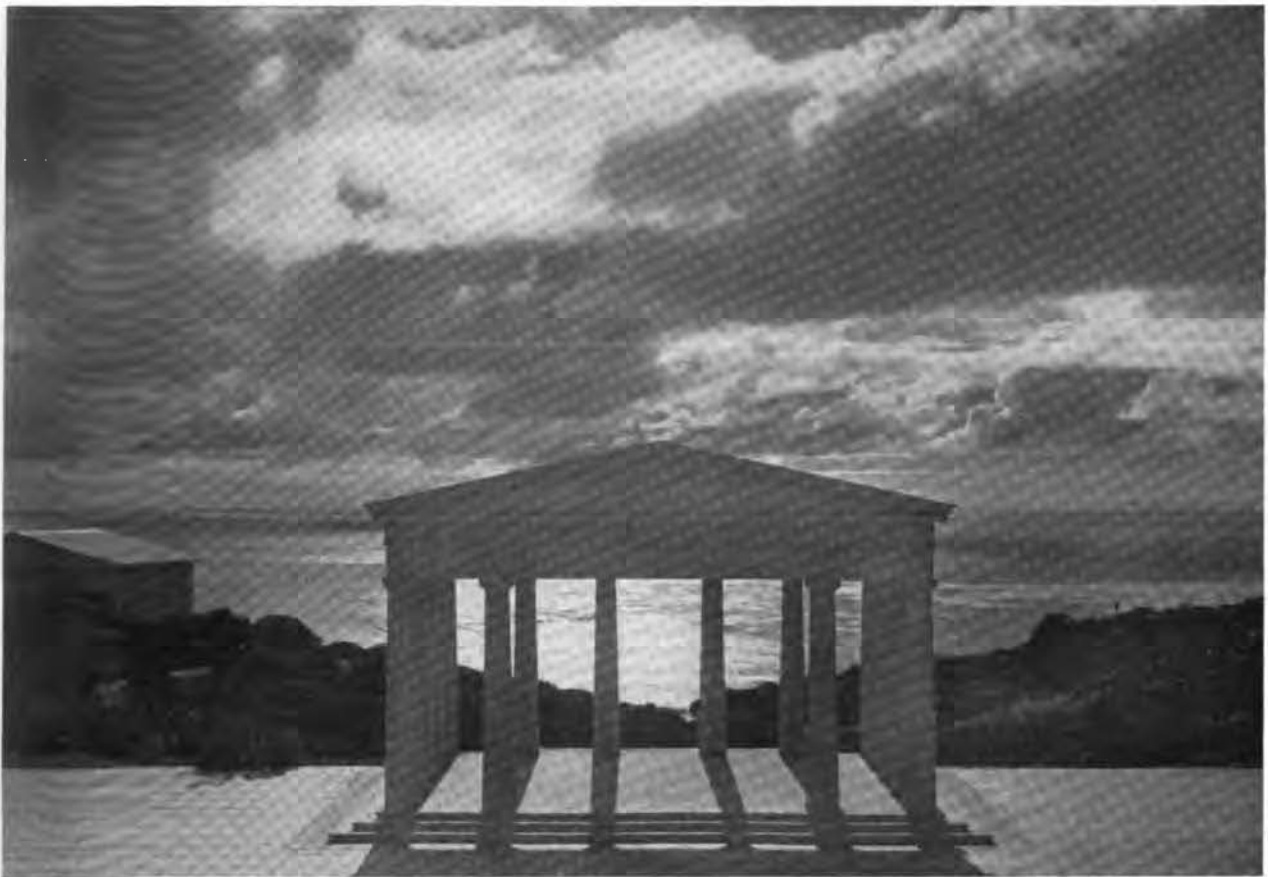
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AUGUST 1914

No. 8



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SUNSET BEHIND THE GREEK THEATER, LOMALAND

The Will to Hope

BETWEEN two heavy flagstones of a gloomy prison courtyard a hidden acorn had burst its shell and thrown up to the light a pair of pale green leaflets. It was a feeble seedling yet, but what promise of tremendous growth it held concealed!

It was a symbol and a lesson, though it did not know it. For, hidden over by selfishness, suspicion, hatred,

ill-will and misery, in the darkest heart of man there lies a seed of Hope which, if allowed to, will break through and become an ever fuller and broader and nobler life. This Hope-germ lies concealed within us all, though in the hearts of most it has not sprouted yet. How shall it be made to do so? It only needs encouragement. We can easily get the habit of confidently expecting great changes for the better in our own natures,

in the natures of others, and in social life in general upon this little planet of ours. For, by earnest and persistent effort for the right, we shall upbuild a future so glorious as to surpass our wildest dreams.

Sometimes, as a man hopelessly drags himself through his work he hears a cheery voice behind him calling him by name. It is some friend whose flower of Hope is bursting into bloom. The friend passes him a kindly wish: his simple words sound like a chime of bells. He "cracks" a smile: it seems as though the sun shone through the clouds after the rain. He claps him encouragingly on the back: he feels as if he had been given a new dose of life. He has, for Hope is life, and true Hope always demands to be handed on for the encouragement of some other who cannot find any for himself. Indeed it cannot grow much in any heart unless the sunlight of brotherhood is constantly let in.

A hopeful person does not try to argue others into a hopeful frame of mind. And quite frequently he does nothing to gratify any particular wish for something you may have. No, he does better than that. He turns up the lamp of Hope within himself a little higher and shines it full on your face. He sounds a note of cheerfulness, and something within you stirs in response. Your heart, a moment since a cave of gloomy silence, has become a fountain of triumphant sound, and men in places far away are stirred to gladder life because of you.

Hope is eternal. There is always a better ahead of us to hope for and to draw us on. Humanity alone can enjoy this stimulus of an eternal Hope. Our forward gaze falters and fails as it attempts to pierce the endless avenues of the great future.

Perhaps the best instructors in the art of Hope are those who teach because they cannot help it. They realize with vividness and color the tremendous possibilities of human life, and feel within themselves the stirring of a power to bring their grand ideals down to earth. They lift their eyes and look ahead to the superb, advancing future and then, fired with the vision of the coming glory, they can no more quench the light of Hope than they could quench the rising sun.

Look around and see how Nature works on every side. Dull eggs are changed into bright birds that fill the air with their song. The creeping worm becomes a gay and active butterfly. Out of brown desiccated bulbs break forth the perfumed lilies. Can you not understand that this same life-ripening Force exists also in you? Try to feel it as an actual physical sensation, a glow in the heart; and realize that as you yield yourself to work in harmony with its designs no growth in your nature is too great for you to hope for.

Why should we not proceed along the way gladdened and cheered at every step by Hope? Can a steady persevering habit of endeavor fail of its effect? Our weaknesses and faults are due to yielding to temptation in the years gone by: but if we persistently live in the light of Hope we leave them behind us on the stream of Time

and new powers and better tendencies take their place, sure results of our unflinching will.

Hope is thus a vastly greater thing than mere idle wish with no substantial base of probability on which to rest, more than a mere desire to gain some outer thing or condition. *They* may pass away again. What true Hope wins never passes away. Hope is life itself looking forward to its own future glories. In outer Nature it is the Easter thrill and stir; in us it is the voice of our diviner Selves. Why should we not trustingly and confidently let it have its way with us? P. L.

* Home

THE homing instinct is strangely enough associated with an ideal of happiness even to those whose homes are hateful. A man may curse his home, he may leave it, he may speak bitterly of it, but when he hears the old song "Home, sweet Home" something stirs in his heart, though it be but rage at the thought of the happiness he has missed. In the colonies, where home-sickness comes to be dreaded as a pestilence, the singing of that song is often forbidden by general consent, because of the longings and yearnings it awakens.

In the home man looks to find happiness. Why? not because all homes are happy; not because the home he was reared in was happy; not because he sees happiness in the homes of others; but because he feels that it is his right. This expectation is as much a part of his nature as the instinct that urges him to make a home. Why is it there? and why does he so seldom find his hope realized?

It is there because happiness is indeed his right, that is to say is a part of his true nature. Men, being all of one family in their inmost nature, try to make homes for themselves, in imitation of the ideal home of humanity, that they know nothing about in their minds, but that they feel vaguely in their hearts. In the same way they feel that real life is pure joy, and, though all their experience may tell them it is not so in actual fact, yet there is something in their heart that makes them expect that it will be different in their own case and that they will find happiness in the home they are making. And so they might if they knew how to live. If they really knew that all mankind is of one family they might know how to make a real family life for their own little family. If they really knew that happiness was the natural condition of man, they would make it a rule of life to make others happy and so be happy themselves. The two go together, and they would know that too, if they knew the rest: for the family must all be happy, or none can be really so.

You may set it down as a law that Home and happiness are natural to man, and if men's homes are not happy it is because they do not know how to live according to nature's law. This knowledge is what the world needs. It has the instinct of right living, but it has not the knowledge. The vague feelings that lie

buried in men's hearts want bringing to birth in their daily lives. The instinct of home is evidence of the reality of Brotherhood, and Brotherhood must be made a real power in men's lives before home and happiness can be more than dreams that are seldom realized even partially. The knowledge that Brotherhood is a fact in nature has to be made general by actual demonstration of its practical reality. We must make it live, in order that all may know it is a fact in nature. Then they will venture to try the experiment, as some are trying it already. The idea is in the air, and the truth is in the depths of all men's hearts: the blossoming of the buried seed may come more quickly than we dare dream possible. It seems as if men felt that it was time to go home, and some men long for the hour, while others fear it; but the hour of home-going must come, and men must come back to the great home of the universal family, and find their true place in the ranks of the great universal brotherhood that never dies.

R. M.

Hold On!

"HOW one's feelings change! Some days I feel all fine and clear; my mind isn't throwing up any of its nonsense in front of me; and it seems as if I could really get to know something. But tomorrow I'm back at the old stand, all muddled up with the usual worries and fogs. In short I'm out of my own light one day, all in it the next. What do you say about it?"

"Hold on, my boy! Ever hear of the law of cycles?"

"What's that?"

"There's *time*-cycles and *mind*-cycles. Morning after morning, Monday after Monday, Christmas Day after Christmas Day, and so on. That's *time* cycles.

"One day you feel like you were saying, all on top of things. Another day you are down in the valley and the shadows. A week or two after comes the fine feeling again and after that again the shadows. That's *mind*-cycles. It seems to me you make a mistake the way you treat them."

"How's that?"

"You push forward towards the light, towards real knowledge, towards self-mastery, the fine days, reach a certain point of advance. Then comes a dark time and you let go, flop right down into old feelings, worries and grumbles, lose all you gained on the better day. That's why men never get any further forward into real life. They go forward two steps and then fall back two. Why don't you remember this law of cycles? Make the best of your good day; press forward as far as you can. When tomorrow's reaction comes, don't give way, don't let the grumbings and shadows in. If you can't go forward, *don't go back*."

"Then what happens? This: that when the next strong day comes, it finds you where the last *left* you

instead of where the last *found* you. You go forward two steps, rest there, and in due time forward two more. Catch the idea? Never let a poor day undo a good one."

"Well, what's the end of it all?"

"Why, you come to recognize and know yourself as an undying mind instead of a dying, half-the-time-sick, and surely dying body. It is only his bodily feelings and the thoughts that come from them and buzz about a man's ears all the time that keep him from knowing what he really is—a son of the Light. It is just a question of getting ourselves out of our own way. The work's advanced on the bright days and held steady on the dark ones."

STUDENT

The Contemporaries

THE old lady by the fireplace looked up and smiled. A simple, childlike pleasure shone in her bright, unseeing eyes; the furrows about her almost invisible mouth were twisted into a simper of infantile satisfaction. She held up a tottering, wrinkled finger.

"Hush!" she said in her thin, delicate voice. "Hush! Someone singing!"

No one took the least notice of her.

She was incredibly old. The great room was crowded with her descendants; and the wonderful baby of eight months, who had just been brought in, was the grand-son of the old lady's grand-daughter.

"Five generations," remarked the old man who sat facing his mother across the splendid width of the deep fireplace. "Five generations," he repeated, mumbling.

His daughter leaned over her father's chair. "Yes, dear," she said, humoring him, "and now I'm a grand-mother." She straightened her back and looked down the room, but her first grandchild was hidden in the throng of admiring relations.

The old man nodded and puckered his mouth. "D'ye notice, child," he said, "that there's only one at each end?"

His daughter showed her perplexity.

"One at each end, father?" she repeated, with a slight condescending smile.

"Aye, aye!" nodded the old man, with a touch of irritability; "there's only your grandmother left at one end, and only this infant come at the other."

The infant was making slow progress up the long room. His uncles and aunts, great-uncles and great-aunts, and his cousins in many degrees were all paying court to him. He appeared to be enjoying his reception, unembarrassed by the crowd. He sat up in his mother's arms and smiled, placidly tolerant of the efforts to propitiate and amuse him.

"But you must show him to grannie before he goes," said his great-uncle. "This is a great occasion—the meeting of the centuries."



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AT PLAY ON THE SHORE

"Oh, yes; show him to grannie," agreed his grandmother; "and then he can go upstairs."

The old lady by the fireplace looked up and smiled. A simple, childlike pleasure shone in her bright, unseeing eyes; the furrows about her almost invisible mouth were twisted into a simper of infantile satisfaction. She held up a tottering, wrinkled finger.

"Hush!" she said in her thin, delicate voice. "Hush! Someone singing!"

The face of the infant curiously changed. The smile was smoothed from his puckered mouth; a sudden attention dawned in his eyes. He struggled to sit up in his mother's arms. He raised a tiny hand and pointed upwards.

"He's imitating 'her," whispered his grandmother.

But the old lady and the infant were looking into each other's eyes.

They understood.

A momentary silence had fallen upon the crowd of people moving in that great room.—*J. D. Beresford, in Westminster Gazette*

Give it Time

ETCHING: Let us see what the dictionary says.

"A method for producing designs on a copper plate. The designs are drawn with a needle, the plate having been covered with a film of wax. An acid is then poured over it and this eats into it along the lines cut through the wax by the needle."

But the acid must have time. It must not be washed off too soon.

Every one of us has now and then a fine thought, a thought of the sort of man he would like to be. We have our better moments, wishing then that we could have our time again.

I have just talked with a man whom I like to talk to. His is a very strong nature, always the same, always quiet, always helpfully ready to listen to anybody's troubles. And the troubled man goes away from him feeling the better for the talk. His mind is always clear and his advice always worth having. Nor is his help limited to advice if anything more is wanted. He never seems to think of himself.

That is the kind of man I should like to be. It is a pattern on the plate of my mind, drawn through the wax.

These fleeting better moments do not seem to do us much good. We find ourselves tomorrow much the same as yesterday.

The acid must be given time enough. We must stay still on the thought for a while, not let it be swept away in a moment. Let the imagination draw the kind of man we want to be, the noble quality we want to have. Let it picture us as acting according to that quality, feeling and thinking according to it. Give the acid of will *time enough to eat into the picture*. Treat every fine thought, every better moment, in that way.

Imagination and will, it is with these that we become whatever we choose. But the imagination, rushing from thought to thought, from memory to memory, from one thing to another, is very quick, quicker than will. Before we know, it has swept us along into the old bad ways of acting and thinking and speaking.

Give the will time, and give it time very often. Hold every good thought a minute or two. Don't let anything sweep away the pattern. Give time enough to think and realize I WILL with respect to that thought, that ideal of yourself, of your conduct.

Then you can pass on. A bit of the work has been done; a bit of the new pattern has been eaten into the plate.

Look over the day and see where you failed, perhaps lost your temper. Make a picture on your plate of *not* having failed, of having stayed quiet and kindly. And give it time.

STUDENT

Rotten Literature

MARK TWAIN, you may remember, tells us that when he was a boy he thought that if he was good and went to Sunday-school regularly and was kind to his mother, God would let him be a pirate when he grew up. His imagination had been fired by a lot of dime pirate-stories.

Practically speaking, there are no pirates now-a-days; at any rate the profession is very hard to enter. Unless, perhaps, you would consider a burglar as a pirate. That profession is not hard to enter. And there are dime books for boys which make it look as attractive as piracy seemed to Mark Twain.

A grown man may think he has forgotten what he read as a boy. That is a mistake; memory never lets go anything.

There are two kinds of "forgetting." In one of them the forgotten thing seems to have vanished altogether. But in fever, or delirium, or at the moment of death, it may reappear in all its original clearness. It has merely gone very far back into the storerooms of memory.

In the other, all the details and circumstances have vanished but the thing itself remains. For instance you have forgotten all the circumstances of learning to walk. But the walking remains. You have forgotten learning the meaning of all the words you use; but the knowledge of the meaning remains.

Suppose a boy reads a thrilling story of burglary and escape, or of a stabbing. The hero of the story is drawn in very fine colors, is represented as cool, resourceful, brave and always commanding the admiration of women. The boy reader is thrilled, feels towards burglary and murder, in the way they are presented, as Mark Twain felt towards piracy.

So far as he knows, he forgets the story. But the pictures of stabbing and burglary, once having been excited in his vivid imagination, remain in his memory, ready for work if the time should come.

The time *may* come. A few years later, when he is furiously angry with some other man, that stabbing picture may suddenly move forward into his thought and before he knows he has done what he would never have thought of if that picture had not been in his memory. But he will probably never recognize what it was that really guided his act.

Or he is very hard up, wondering how he shall get

enough cash to join some other fellows on a spree. Then the burglary memory stirs and comes forward into his mind, though he may never remember that he once read what he is now beginning to think of, believing it to be entirely his own thought. He recalls a house he knows that would be easily entered. And so there is the end of him, a life ruined.

It does not follow that a boy should never read a story of a burglary or a stabbing. But he should never read a story in which his sympathies are enlisted on the side of burglary and murder, in which he is made to feel that they are splendid and heroic things to do, in which the moral atmosphere is turned upsidedown and glamored, from which the pictures enter his memory marked "approved."

A book of just this character, a book that gilded and glamored burglary, was published a few years ago. Since then the writer has noted many public statements of boys and young men now behind the bars, crediting that book with their downfall.

How can the boys be protected? How can the sale of poisonous stories be stopped? Very easily. If every town had a boys' free library, stocked with the best stories only, the dime poisons would have no sale. Boys won't throw away a dime when they can get fine reading matter for nothing. This alone would save thousands of young lives in every year from preparing their own future ruin. C.



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"WHO ARE YOU?"

A Dog: Nothing More

(From San Francisco Bulletin)

He is a friend of humanity, a Democrat, and a lover of out-of-doors, and he will stick by you when everything else goes glimmering.

LIKE Mirabeau, he is the friend of humanity. He looks out upon the world with naïve, trusting eyes, nosing for good everywhere and continually surprised when he does not find it. This may be partly because he is young. Old dogs, like old men, grow cynical. But this one's age, if his gentle brown eyes are any index of the character inside, however frosty, will still be kindly. He cannot but be ingenuous and optimistic to the last.

He is the most faithful and consistent of created beings. If you gain access to his friendship once you are in favor forever. If you have not seen him for a long time he may forget you, but if you make some

familiar sign he will halt, prick back his ears, cock his intelligent countenance in your direction, wag his tail good humoredly, then begin to quiver with suppressed emotion and at once come rollicking up to meet you. In manner he is impetuous, disdaining the delicacies of the drawing-room and loving the heartiness of out-of-doors. He suggests blue shirts and sombreros, the smell of campfires, the sights and odors of a thousand free days on the open road, the joys of a hundred robust idylls of the open country.

If you do not look out he will plant his muddy paws upon your immaculate coat and frisk dust upon you with his agitated tail as rapidly as ten negro porters could frisk it off again. If you reprove him or thump him with your fist he will be grieved, but he will not understand. What, may he ask, is a little dust between friends? What are clothes? Do they make a man a better companion? Do they sweeten his heart and dress up his soul? You will not make him understand why a little clean dust — the good dust that your food and his comes out of, first or last; the good, peaceful dust that you and he alike will go back to some time — upon a mere external thing like clothes should make you cruel. You can teach him that hearty, wholesome manners are taboo, and he will retire under the house to meditate, his tail drooping and a puzzled sadness in every line of his body, but not all his meditation will show him where the fault lies.

He is a democrat. He does not love or respect the pomps and vanities of the world. His ancestors formed their characters on bare Scotch hills in the company of dour shepherds who feared nothing under heaven, made obeisance to none, and defied the armies of kings for the subtle turn of a phrase. You may be well assured nothing will gain his respect save the sound inner qualities that a dog sees more quickly than men. He does not care whether the world calls you a sinner or a saint; he knows what you are.

When all the world turns bitter as gall, and the human beings you loved have forsaken you, and the causes you loved are all ruined and lost, he will still come bounding down to the gate, with joyous tail in air, to welcome you home.

(An apropos newspaper cutting: "Placerville, Cal., July 7. The intelligence and bravery of a little pet dog has saved the life of a camper at a summer resort near here. He was attacked by a vicious bull and was on his back, bruised and bleeding, and the animal's next

and probably fatal charge was imminent. What the little dog could do he did, and it was enough. He seized the bull by the tail and hung on for all he was worth. The bull stopped, looked round, seemed uncertain what to do, and finally turned and fled. Not till then did the dog loose his hold.")

The Eternal Morning

THE touch of the Great One fell upon my heart and my heart was moved and comforted. And I stayed the thoughts of my brain that the touch might remain about my heart.

It came again and again, at eventide, at the time of



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ATHLETIC SPORTS AT THE RĀJA-YOGA COLLEGE, LOMALAND

sleep, in the first of the morning, by night and by day. I became a willing keyboard for its playing.

And after much time I found that its touch was ever different. At first, though I knew that the touch of this hour was different from the touch of that, of this day different from the touch of any day gone by, I could not recall any that had gone before for comparison with each other and with this day's.

But that power came too. I could at last recall them even as a man recalls the music he has heard in past days and years.

Thus these memories became a language with which I could commune with myself in my heart and with the Great One. Two streams of thought ran side by side in me: a stream of thought in my mind, such as all men have; and a stream of harmonies — surely to be called thought too, in its way? — in my heart. The one was woven around externals and the knowledge and memory of externals; the other was ever-varying knowledge of the every-varying current from the Great One. Verily I knew Him, and from day to day more

and more. For me the eternal morning had dawned.

And now, even as I had formerly known others by outward sight of them and contact with them, and the sum of memories of them thus arising; so now I began to know them by the sense of my heart. With my heart, inwardly, I knew them as they were outwardly, behind their outer show and words and even thoughts. I knew their true self-nature and I loved them all for that reason. For in that nature men are nowise what they seem without, even to themselves. Love of the Great One, responsiveness to the Great One, had opened in me the love of men and responsiveness to their essential selves. And when I spoke to them I spoke to *that*. When my eyes looked at their forms and my ears heard their voices, my heart looked at their hearts and answered in its way to that in them which their outer ways and personality hid altogether or in greater part.

Mind lives in brain. Yes, but it may likewise and at the same time live in heart; two lives, two streams. Then there is steady joy. Not otherwise. The melody sounds ever and for ever from within, the melody of the world, of the Great One, of essential life, the divine. Why will not all men listen and hear it? I. M.

*
**Extract from a Letter to a Prisoner
 Serving a Second Term**

ABOVE all, if these teachings are to be of any real value in your life you should know that something is demanded of you; namely, in the attempt to understand, you have to realize that there are two natures in every man, the Angel and the demon, and that the demon nature, which is the lower nature with its animal passions and appetites, must be controlled. Each one must conquer it in himself, so that instead of being master it becomes servant. We must seek the help of the better side of our natures and realize that this is our True Self.

You are, you say, wrongly imprisoned, and if this is the case you have my utmost sympathy. Still, you can take advantage even of this. You can try to stand up cheerfully to the situation, using it to strengthen your character and thus making much good come out of it.

There are always circumstances that we cannot control, but some that we can; and it is the part of a wise man not to fight against the former but to put all his energies into dealing with the latter. To come to your own case: you have to remain where you are for a certain time; that is inevitable; you cannot control that: but you *can* control, to a degree at least, your way of looking at this inevitable circumstance; and again, to a degree at least, you can control your thoughts and your conduct; and you can win either the respect and good-will of the officials at the penitentiary and of the other inmates with whom you may come in contact, or the reverse. There is no moment of our lives when we do not have a choice; and this is as true for you as for those outside.

CORRESPONDENT

Probationers Make Good

IN the three and a half years which ended on the first of this month Superior Judge Frank Dunne granted probation to 276 prisoners convicted in his court.

The records of Probation Officer Nichols show that more than 90 per cent of these probationers *have made good*. Only 25 of them violated their probation. They were sent to a State prison, county jail or industrial school.

The ninety odd per cent who made good have earned during their probationship \$112,400. Their freedom has saved the public treasury \$34,275, which would have been the cost of their keep had all of them been imprisoned.

In addition the public has been saved the cost of caring for a large number of the wives and children of probationers, who would of necessity have become public charges had the family provider been sent to prison.

"No other business pays such a large return on the investment as the probation business," says Probation Officer Nichol, in commenting on the record of Judge Dunne's court.

"From a humane standpoint, probation is an unqualified success. It permits convicted men and women to retain their self-respect by making them producers, instead of branding them as felons, and it saves many women and children from becoming dependent on charity." — San Francisco *Bulletin*

*
The Silent Battles

THE silent battles are those which count
 As we go upon life's way;
 And some are short and some are long,
 But we fight them every day.

No sounds of trumpet or fife, or drum
 From the battle field uproll;
 For none but God had access to
 The secrets of the soul!

Temptations come in every guise,
 Honor and faith to lure;
 And strong is the heart that resists them all,
 And stays upright and pure.

And many a hard-fought fray is won
 Which none will ever know;
 The silent battles are those which count,
 When we conquer a silent foe!—*Selected*

*
 IN ADDITION to the purpose for which THE NEW WAY was established, viz., for Gratuitous Distribution in Prisons, many persons have expressed their interest in, and desire to subscribe for it. It will continue as heretofore to be distributed free in Prisons, in accordance with its original purpose; but for those who wish to subscribe for it the subscription price is One Dollar per year, Ten cents per copy.

Money orders and checks should be made payable to THE NEW WAY, and all subscriptions should be addressed to:
 THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

New Way Notebook

HE alone achieves all that is possible who forever aims at the seeming impossible. This is the pathway of the great.—*Persian*

"THE air is what keeps me back," said the young bird. "If only the air were away, how I could soar!"

"Your flying and soaring is only possible because of the air you complain of," said the mother bird.

"All difficulties," said the wise old owl that was listening, "are air for wings to work on."

THE HIGHER SELF

Each time for thee a flash of higher thought
Strikes on the mind, dispelling all the gloom;
Each time a purer, deeper feeling comes
Than those of daily life with its mean cares,
Entering thy heart and bringing with it wings
Which lift thee from the earth that thou mayest stand
To drink in heaven and walk upon the clouds
Enwrapped in bliss
Know that it is his might which moves thee so;
It is his spirit near and over thee,
His glory 'tis thou seest, hearest his voice;
Not from without he comes, *but from thyself*.—*Teqnér*

O MAN, thou thinkest thyself alone, and free to act as thou wilt. Thou perceivest not the Eternal dwelling within thy heart. Whatsoever thou dost, It sees and notes all. The Soul is Its own witness and Its own refuge. It is the Supreme eternal witness of Man. Offend it not.—*From an Upanishad*

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place;
Joy have I had; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.—*Wordsworth*

. . . Perchance
I perished in an arrogant self-reliance
An age ago; and in that act, a prayer
For one more chance went up so earnest, so
Instinct with better light let in by Death. . . .

—*Browning*

It has sometimes seemed to me that the power of thinking of nothing would be one of the greatest arts that a man could acquire.

I mean really thinking of nothing, not of nothing-in-particular—which is anything-in-general. It is when a man is thinking of nothing-in-particular that his most disturbing thoughts and memories jump in and may ruin his peace for hours or days. Only when a man begins the attempt to master his mind does he find out how much of his power he has gradually let it usurp.

Thinking of nothing is the attainment of true interior silence, mind-silence. Then the presence of the soul begins to be felt, its sustaining help, its companionship.

From *Ways to Peace*

Heard This?

FOREMAN: "Well, Mac, I hear ye got married yesterday. A right fine wife, I hope."

MACPHAIRSON: "Weel, I admit she's God's handiwork, but she's no his masterpiece."

THERE was a glue and soap factory at one point along the side of the railroad track and the stench for 100 yards around would have taken away the appetite of a buzzard. A school-teacher whose duties brought her that way was accustomed to mitigate matters by smelling at a bottle of lavender water. One morning as the train entered the infected area she produced her bottle, uncorked it and began to sniff. After a few moments an old farmer seated opposite holding his nose, leaned across to her and shouted: "Madam, would you mind puttin' the stopper back in that bottle!"

A DUTCHMAN arrived in the United States on Decoration Day, and, noticing the flags flying and the people going to the cemetery with large bundles of flowers, he asked what it meant.

"Why, this is Decoration Day," said a bystander. "Don't you know what that is?"

The Dutchman confessed that he didn't. The man explained it.

"Isn't there someone at rest in the cemetery whose grave you would like to decorate with flowers?" asked the man.

The Dutchman shook his head and replied:

"Doze peebles vat graves I like to degorate are not dead yet."

A VERY small man—not only small as to stature, but lacking also in width of beam—sat in a street car until he became tightly wedged in from all sides. Then there entered the car a large, handsome woman, upholstered to the minute. She took the strap in front of the small man and was hanging to it in discomfort when the small man arose with a flourish of politeness and touched her on the arm.

"Take my seat, madam," he said, with a bow and a smile.

"Oh, thank you very much," she replied and turned toward the seat.

Then smiling genially she asked:

"Where did you get up from?"

SHE: "I wish I had taken my mother's advice when she begged me not to marry you."

HE: "Did your mother try to keep you from marrying me?"

SHE: "Yes."

HE: "Oh, how I have wronged that woman!"

IRATE PARENT: "No, sir, you can't have her. I won't have a son-in-law who has no more brains than to want to marry a girl with no more sense than to be willing to marry you."

GIFT
OCT 7 1915

Please handle with care
and pass on to another

The Heavens proclaim a new Freedom, new Peoples, a
new Peace. -- *Manzoni*

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

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A CLASS OF PUPILS FROM MANY NATIONS, RĀJA-YOGA COLLEGE, POINT LOMA

Peace

Extracts from Katherine Tingley's address at the Centennial Celebration of the San Diego Federation of State Societies, at Coronado, California, July 13, 1914.

IN thinking of this subject we could make this celebration of the centennial one of the greatest events of this period, if we chose. But I am not yet ready to believe that we can establish a perpetual peace in all countries, or bring about the true spirit of brotherhood, until men and women have found their calling, in the truest sense of the word, until they have gained the knowledge of those higher laws that govern their lives; until they have become acquainted with their possibilities; and with that interior part of the nature which speaks for soulful things—splendid things for all the world.

“We cannot have a strong body of workers for peace here in America, or anywhere else, until each individual has sounded the depths of his own nature and has found out the meaning of life in such a way that he can apply the knowledge he has gained, and will gain, to the adjustment of his own life. Let each man and each woman begin to do this and find a deeper, more profound definition of the meaning of life and the meaning of peace—peace within oneself, the Kingdom of Heaven within oneself, the knowledge of the divine life, of the soul life, of those powers that belong to man's higher nature, and that should govern all humanity.

“A new light would come, if we studied these things in a new way and associated ourselves with these ideas: that every human soul has superb possibilities, and that even the very lowest, those who are overlooked, those who are in the prisons and in the most unfortunate walks of life, hold within their natures the same divine possibilities as we have. There are no limitations for the soul of man; and when man has risen to that point of knowledge where he knows himself as a soul, as a being working in consonance with all these higher and divine laws, then will come to him a light and a knowledge superb, a strength that will make it possible for him to begin a new path; and as he moves on, others will follow his example; as he sings the song of true brotherhood in his life, in the beauty and fullness and richness of his spiritual manhood, then others will see and follow.

“Purify home life; purify human nature; ye fathers and mothers, through self-purification! And how can one have any idea of what these words mean until one recognizes that within himself there is something more than the mind, that the human mind is but the instrument upon which the real man plays, as the master musician plays upon his instrument—the stage, so to speak, whereon the two forces, the higher, immortal part, and the lower, mortal part, play their dramas every day—the dual nature?”

“So, if we are to reach any point of understanding what our duties and obligations are towards the world,

towards our children and posterity, we must know something about ourselves. ‘Man, know thyself.’ And so my message to the world, wherever I go, is: Study the laws governing your own nature. Find within yourselves that knowledge which can be found if you choose to believe it. Remember that the confusion of ideas and unrest in your minds, the doubts and fears, do not come from your higher self, the immortal part. They come from the passions, from selfishness and desire. In my opinion, humanity today is partly asleep. It is not awake to its possibilities. There is within the soul of man an indescribable power that is ever ready to give strength, no matter how heavy the clouds, no matter how great the responsibilities. There is something all the time singing within the heart, ‘Go forward; progress; advance.’

“All peoples need this message. It was the message given thousands and thousands of years ago, long before Christ. Again it was repeated in His time. It has been passed down to us, generation after generation; it is singing in our hearts all the time, if we would but listen. It talks to us. It is the voice of our higher natures, the voice of our souls, the voice of our divinity. It seeks to speak; it seeks to come forth, to live, to breathe. And it is only the brain-mind, with its pressure of doubts and fears and inconstancy to itself and its folly, that causes the shadows.

“So, listen to the voice of a friend of humanity: Take my message into your own hearts; find the peace that will make you go forth from here with a new view of life, with a new trust in yourselves, with a broader vision of the future, with a conviction that life means something more than living just for yourself, or your family, or your city, or your country even. The whole world is our country, and all humanity is a part of us.

“We must keep ever playing upon these ideals that spring from our higher natures, just as the master musician plays upon his instrument. And after awhile we shall fashion these ideals and bring them into life, into our own lives, and then we may talk of peace; then we may rejoice! But we cannot rejoice in the fullest sense of the word until we have tested our own natures, our strength, our love, our unselfishness, our disposition to sacrifice for others. Then we may sing a song of universal peace and universal brotherhood to humanity.”



ALL men have spiritually and physically the same origin. As mankind is essentially of one and the same essence, and that essence is one—infinite, uncreate and eternal, whether we call it God or Nature—nothing, therefore, can affect one nation or man without affecting all other nations and all other men. This is as certain and as obvious as that a stone thrown into a pond will, sooner or later, set in motion every single drop of water contained therein.—*H. P. Blavatsky*

THE time is coming when you, even before you close your eyes, will see the beginning of a great and united effort in this country and all countries for a larger liberty, a royal freedom, a spirit of brotherhood so accentuated that war shall cease. . . .

—*Katherine Tingley*

Entering the Future

"EVERY unpleasant thing that happens to me at all, happens a thousand times. The memory of it floods back into my mind with *more* than the painfulness of the actual occurrence, does so again and again, at odd moments, by night, in conversation, when I am thinking of something else. A man was horribly unjust to me two years ago. The memory still comes back to me in all its first vividness. What can I do?"

"It's not an uncommon story, old man; but I don't think the difficulty is as great as it seems. And there's a peculiar reward in store, once a man wins out over this.

"Practise gradually makes perfect in anything whatever. Suppose you were to practise thinking of something else, practise turning the mind off the unpleasant matter directly it got on to it. To some extent you do this of course already, but not, I think, as a sufficiently fixed plan. Don't you often allow your mind to dwell on some past unpleasantness because it is devising means to head off a possible recurrence, or to get even with the man who caused it to you, or to meet it in some new and effective way?"

"Well, isn't that letting the mind undo at one time all the training you gave it at another? It is not learning that it may *never* worry over the past. So nothing is accomplished. We must absolutely refuse to let past grievances and unpleasantnesses occupy our minds on any excuse whatever.

"Gradually we win. The recurrences become fewer and much less troublesome, and at last they only touch us and then get out of sight like scared rabbits. We have then got a freedom and power of mind that most men have never conceived of. We feel as if some painful disease had vanished.

"Have you ever thought of the other side of your trouble, a very pleasant side? No? Well, it's this. A mind like yours, so strong, so insistent, so determined to get its own way and think of what it chooses, a mind so vivid in memory and imagination, *once that it is trained to behave*, shows itself as a very fine mind indeed, capable of great acquirements and performances. Its imagination can be made to transform your life. In the midst of all your worries, old man, I congratulate you.

"There is more in the matter, too. A man who has well trained himself not to worry over things that have gone by, has, by the same practice, trained himself not to be troubled about unpleasantnesses *while they are happening*. He has learned to detach himself from himself, his real self that now rules from his bodily-feeling self that was previously all that he knew of himself. He can look on and say, 'Yes, this is unpleasant, but only to *that*, not to *me*. I propose to keep calm about it and to dismiss it from my mind.'

And lastly: we are always moving on into the future,

and the future, if we are willing, is always *new*, full of the new, and always bigger than the past.

"But how few men let themselves expand into the future, or let the future expand them and make them happier and mind-richer and noble! They are looking back at the past; and out of bits of the past, variously recombined, they make a false future that is only the past again. They live in that false future and never see the real future which they are always moving into.

"Don't you do this. With a mind like yours look forward. *Don't expect this or that*. But just be ready, be cheerful, be hopeful. When this practice is established you will be made all over new.

"By *this practice* I mean not looking back, not letting the past come in on you, not asking of the future that it shall supply you with anything that you have decided would be pleasant or good.

"Let us *trust* the future. Time and life are the workings of everlasting wisdom and compassion, and by trust we open the way to what they will surely give us.

"Let's have a smoke."

STUDENT

* Self

NEVER was a man so full of his own wrongs as Mathers. His mind never seemed to take a holiday from the contemplation of them. The whole world was stedfastly set on making him unhappy, on slighting and wronging him. He stood in a class by himself with the rest of the world in the other; and that other never lost an opportunity of showing its contempt and ill-will for him.

He had however one comfort which made his misery bearable. Which was that fate was showing him a special compliment denied to others in singling him out to be the object of general persecution.

So a sort of pride saved him from the wounding knowledge that when he wasn't there nobody thought of him at all, one way or the other. People merely avoided him because his self-centration made him uninteresting as a companion. But as he injured nobody, nobody made it his business to injure him.

He met his match in egotism when he fell in with Joe Chambers. Joe was by no means a victim of the cruelty of the world. On the contrary he was overwhelmed with the sense of his own cleverness in getting the better of everybody. To hear him talk one might have thought that cunning was only discovered when he was born.

In a way the two egotists fitted each other. For whereas one was silent, brooding over his injuries and the general malignity of the world towards him, the other was a loquacious boaster.

But as neither of them was interesting to anybody else, they speedily became uninteresting to one another.

Mathers was bored by Chambers' yarns about his own cleverness and Chambers was bored by a man out of whom he couldn't strike a spark of admiration. Mathers sneered one day at some extra tall yarn and got a blow in return. Then there was a fight and an unpleasant session in the police court and both were bound over to keep the peace. That was the end of their companionship for the time and it was years before they met again. By that time Joe had slowly found out by much misfortune that the world was not an oyster for his opening. He was subdued and quiet, the old flash and boast gone altogether. For Mathers time had done nothing. The world was still banded against him.

The meeting was on an Eastward train and they recognized each other at once. "Bygones are bygones," said Joe. "I've learnt a heap since the old days. Mind hearing what I got on to?" "Go ahead," said Mathers.

"Well, I reckon the world don't get out of tune with a man unless the man's out of tune with it. Out of tune with it comes from being full of the feeling of yourself. If a man shuts himself into that feeling he's out of tune with the rest, shut out from the rest. I thought the world was a fiddle for me to play on, and after a while things got back at me till I had hardly a shirt to my neck. I saw I wasn't as clever by a long sight as I had thought, and after scorplings enough and croppers enough and a bit of starvation thrown in, I took a new hold on myself and started a general friendliness to the other fellows and all around in a way that altered things from then on. I'd come out from being shut in. I got friendliness back, and as much respect as I was actually worth—not what I used to think I was worth, though! No, sir! My hats are a sight smaller and I'm that much happier.

"I don't presume to judge you or anybody else. I know you used to have a hard time of it; hope it's better now. There was always good solid stuff in you that I couldn't pretend to. But maybe you was a little shut in, though in a different way from me. That makes a man see things all wrong, as if everybody was getting at him. I was everlastingly cocky, thought I was cock of the walk, *my* style of egotism, *my* way of being interested in nothing but myself. I found at last that I had come to be the walk instead of the cock!

"Another sort of fellow just mopes and grieves and feels wronged all the time. Some of the wrongs are pure illusion. But all the same it is true that that very attitude somehow *makes* him actually wronged and slighted. He don't impress other people as being of any consequence, and they do without knowing why, just slight him.

"I daresay you've found all this out same as me. The more a man feels himself at one with the rest and generally friendly, the more they'll take him in with them and be friendly to him. Law of action and reaction I guess. That's happiness. But let's get along to the dining-car and do our share in what's going." STUDENT

Gold-Finding

STRANGE how men will persist in imagining themselves to be what they are not, and refuse to imagine themselves to be what they actually are!

A man's body is hungry or tired, and he says *I am hungry or tired.*

That is imagining himself to be his body. And we go on doing it from infancy, year after year, till at last it is almost impossible to un-imagine this mistake and get at the truth.

There are serious consequences. Once that we have thoroughly imagined ourselves to be the body, we not only think *I am hungry or tired*, but, when the body is sick, *I am sick*; and when the body is going to die, *I am going to die* and *I am going to be put six feet under ground!*

Try to alter this. Imagine the truth. What concerns the body, think of as concerning the body. Speak of it to yourself in that way.

Just take it, for the purposes of this experiment, that you are a soul, something divine, a light, a harmony. one of the agents of divine life come on earth and into a body for a purpose; for two purposes—to gather up experiences for your own growth, and to help on all else that lives. Think of death as one of your experiences, in no wise putting an extinguisher on you.

Now: you get a kindly thought towards some other man.

That's you. You yourself thought that. For a moment you were at your proper business. You were, in that thought (and still more if you followed it out into a kindly action) helping someone on, helping one of the other living units, helping life itself.

The other morning you felt a kind of joy in being alive, and friendly not only to *one* man but in your heart to *all* men, to the dog, to flowers, to the very sun himself.

That was you, getting just a touch of that divine sense of all-present life that ought to be ours all the time. It ought to penetrate body and mind, and if it did so, mind would become strong and clear and the body regain its youth.

Joy is our proper state, and as soon as we get at our proper work—helping life—we get doses of joy. It is happiness to plant a seed, tend it, and see the flower come up. It is happiness to have the companionship of a dog and gradually ripen his mind with your friendship and training. It is happiness to help someone else out of a difficulty or a sorrow. It is happiness to do a duty well. The duty is there to be done; it must be done; and to do it well, especially if it is troublesome, sends out influences from yourself, from you the soul, that are secretly helpful to many other souls that have never seen you and do not outwardly know that you exist. Moreover this honorable kind of duty-doing strengthens your will and your whole nature and thus serves you as a great and valuable experience. And it was *you yourself* that did it, using your body to do it with. STUDENT

The Painted Show

I STOOD in the early morning light, ere the sun came up. Thought had scarce yet begun to flow; my mind was full of peace and strength, and in its silence I was alone with myself.

The great globe of the sun swam up in the east and thrilled my body with its first light. And I was glad with the vigor of the new day.

I turned and went back from the hill into my chamber, and already the awakened body and brain had begun to stir my mind into memories of yesterday and to narrow it into thoughts concerning the day now opened, the monotony of the duties, the unpromise of any joy.

The city awoke. The air was presently filled with sound of voices and of things moving, and in another way with the thoughts of men moving to their work.

My mind was now filled and active. I was swept out of my self, the free and spacious self of the early silence, into the small and turbid whirl. It was as if I had become another self.

The morning hours streamed past, full and heated and turmoiled. Though, when noon came upon us, there was an hour of rest, there was no recovery of that early sunrise peace and no memory of it. Each hour absorbed the whole of my mind.

Evening at last, and sense of work done for the day. Peace, perhaps, again; but not the first peace. Only the peace of strength spent out, of ceased call for effort.

Do we move through time and the hours, or is it that time and the hours flow past us? We are dragged into them as they pass, dragged away from true self, from real life, from the larger peace, swept up into the folds of the passing scenery, scenery only painted, yet seeming so real.

Why should we not *hold* ourselves as the hours pass us, doing faithfully what comes to be done, yet remembering that it is but a show?

Why should we have to face it at all? Why does the Master of Life compel us?

Because we have come out into this life as to a training field. Man is man in proportion to the strength of his will. This life is a school of will.

The passing show offers us pleasures, gives us pains, contains many duties. The man whose will is growing refuses to chase the pleasures, refuses to be pained by the pains, holds himself still in himself whether pleasure or pain is for the moment in the stream that flows past. Yet he does every duty to the full, for he knows that to shirk a duty is to yield to the pleasure-seeking, pain-shunning part of himself, to be entangled yet deeper and in the end more painfully in the folds.

He who follows the upward path comes at last to be able to hold the peace and glory of dawn in his heart all day. He mixes with events and duties, but does not let them draw him from his true self. He takes pains and pleasures as they may come, not swept from his calm by them.

So persisting, ever kindly and forgiving and even-minded, he comes at last to the sure knowledge of himself as a son of the Divine, as of one nature with that infinite intelligence and compassion and peace which pervades all heaven and earth.

STUDENT

*

Freedom

IF a man who is readily angered by persons or conditions, or subject to violent fits of antipathy against other men, will inquire what is really the cause of these states, he is on the way to a discovery that will be worth more to him than the richest gold mine ever found. But so long as he is contented to let himself be thus affected by people and events, and to think it natural to be so, so long will he remain blind to his own possibilities and tethered to his limitations. He has no real freedom, is to a certain degree a slave.

People who find that frequent fits of indigestion are occurring to them naturally begin by blaming particular articles of food. These, they think, are the cause.

But then they notice that other people can eat those same foods without trouble. And even when they have ceased to eat them they may still get the attacks. The trouble, in fact, is with their own stomachs and not with the foods. The foods merely stir up a disease that is there all the time and that has usually been acquired by long years of bad habits or of self-indulgence. So the real cure, which may now take a long time, lies in stopping the bad habits and adopting good ones.

In the same way a man's temper is a disease, ready to break out at any time. It only requires a little jolt or jar to make the latent fever in the mind come up and boil over; and it really matters very little what causes the jolt.

Now when one who is subject to fits of anger or impatience or antagonism realizes the fact that his outbursts are a symptom of disease of the mind which he himself has brought on by years of failure in self-control or of unbrotherliness of thought, he will no longer feel so injured at small injuries, no longer attribute his own state so entirely to persons and outer conditions. He will recognize that these only called forth an attack of his disease.

Some men, many men, in fact, are subject to violent antagonisms with respect to certain other people. They will talk much about the annoying character, habits, or tricks of those others, holding up their incapacities to ridicule. At any cost of truth or justice they will have it that there is a real cause for their antipathy. There is; but they must look *in* to find it. The cause is a disease of their own, and they are increasing it by giving it outlet in speech. The habit of unkindly criticism of others is a lesser form of the same disease that results in fits of rage. And those who look into themselves will find they get no happiness but rather increased mental discomfort from the practice of their habit.

If any such man will take the trouble to study and

experiment with his own antipathies, he will find that he can easily get over his dislike of any one particular person who has hitherto annoyed him. But he will certainly find that in a little while another has taken the place of that one and his antipathy is as keen as before. If he compels himself to like this one also he will find that another candidate for his aversion has come upon the field. This ought to satisfy him that the real trouble is inside himself and that the only way to cure it is constantly to remind himself that the disagreeable little tricks and ways of other people are merely the occasion which causes his own trouble to manifest itself. Thus he will be helped to stop thinking of them, and also of any real or imaginary grievances which he may have. He is beginning to starve out his disease, which, persistently left without food and stimulant, will ultimately die. He will then be free; he will have regained his independence. For a man is not free, not independent, if his mind is always preoccupied in looking for something to criticise or get angry about. And he cannot use such a mind for any worthy work. The man who has won his independence has no unkindly thoughts about other people, even when they are making grave mistakes or doing wrong, even when they are actually injuring him, even when it is his duty or right to take measures to check them. He knows that anger simply upsets his own mind and body and holds him tied to the condition that angers him until it no longer does so. This is a very important and little known law in human life.

When a man has found out how to stand free from anger or hate or antipathy, he has found the greatest thing in the world. He is rich in his noble independence, and paths of growth are now open to him whose very existence he never before suspected.

R. M.

* The Soul and the Man

I SAW a radiant white bird against the disk of the morning sun
Descending toward the earth
Even as if it had been a living ray from the sun.
And I thought, It is as a human soul
Coming down into birth.
But amidst its shining plumage
Was here and there a feather dull and soiled.
And when the bird drew near the earth
Behold all these darker plumes
Fell from its breast and wings
Upon the earth below,
And the bird in all its splendor
Hovered watching above.
Then I thought that man in his visible shape
As he moves and thinks and acts
Is as the feathers that fell
From the radiant bird of the sun,
Fell and were trampled and soiled-stained,
Wind-harried through cities and deserts,
Blown last to the seas and washed clean
And by sunlight and moonlight made white;
By the night-wind called death drawn upward
To the wings of the hovering bird.—*From the Sufi*

Peace

From Longfellow's *Song of Hiawatha*

ON the Mountains of the Prairie,
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
He the Master of Life descending,
On the red crags of the quarry,
Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together.

Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
The Creator of the nations,
Looked upon them with compassion,
With paternal love and pity;
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling
But as quarrels among children,
But as feuds and fights of children!

Over them he stretched his right hand,
To subdue their stubborn natures,
To ally their thirst and fever,
By the shadow of his right hand;
Spake to them with voice majestic
As the sound of far-off waters,
Falling into deep abysses,
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise:

"O my children! my poor children!
Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life, who made you!

"I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
I have given you brant and beaver,
Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,
Filled the rivers full of fishes;
Why then are you not contented?
Why then will you hunt each other?

"I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
Of your wranglings and dissensions;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.

"I will send a Prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the nations,
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,
Who shall toil and suffer with you.
If you listen to his counsels,
You will multiply and prosper;
If his warnings pass unheeded,
You will fade away and perish!

"Bathe now in the stream before you,
Wash the war-paint from your faces,
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,
Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,
Break the red stone from this quarry.
Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,
Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest feathers
Smoke the calumet together,
And as brothers live henceforward!"

Wyoming State Penitentiary.
Rawlins, July 20, 1914.

THE NEW WAY,
Point Loma, Calif.

I went into the Prison Library the other day after a book, and just as I started out, the librarian handed me one of your papers (July Number), and told me to take it along, as there was some good reading in it. It was the first one of your papers I had ever read, and it appealed to me very much. The next time I was in the library I asked the librarian what he knew about your paper, as I could not make out the exact nature of your publication by just reading one copy; he said he did not know much about the paper, except it must be an awful good paper as a great many of the inmates were always very anxious to get them. He also said that it seemed to have a tendency to cheer a fellow up more than any paper he had ever seen.

Am writing this letter just to show you how we prisoners appreciate any little interest shown in our behalf; it shows that we are not condemned by all. One thing in your paper that appealed to me, was your letter to Ralph Fariss, the condemned man in San Quentin, in which you said to him, "should you have to face this ordeal, do it like a man." We have one condemned man here now, a negro, whose case has been appealed.

It is certainly a worthy cause in which you are working, and I certainly wish you much success.

I wish to thank you in the name of all the inmates who are interested in your work for the papers we receive monthly.

Yours respectfully,

(Signed) * * * *

REPLY

Point Loma, California
July 22, 1914.

Dear Sir:

Out of the many letters that I receive from prisoners from time to time, commending THE NEW WAY, I have read none that gave me more encouragement than yours; and I trust that from the correspondence that has been begun, I believe so worthily, I may be able to "give you a lift," so to speak.

I am a very busy woman. I have a large Organization to direct throughout the world, a correspondence that takes much of my time, besides much editorial work to do. But it is always a rest for me to turn my thoughts toward the "shut-ins," so to speak, and give them a kind wish. And when there is time, I am only too glad to write and help in every way that is possible.

You see, I have great confidence in human nature, in spite of its weaknesses. And I have the larger charity for those who err (indeed all do, you know): but especially for those who, like yourself, have made serious mistakes, and are meeting conditions that remind them daily of lost time and opportunities. I could not con-

ceive of any class of men more ready for the truth than these I speak of.

Here is something that may interest you because you are evidently a man who thinks before he speaks; and that is, if man is divine, as I know him to be, then the immortal self is eternally urging him to express itself through the human mind, in order to direct the life and build the character. But from childhood, I have found that there has been little chance for even the best in human life to have gained the knowledge so necessary for them at that time.

Fifty years ago, or twenty-five years ago, to say that every man has two natures—a higher and a lower—would have been considered evidence of an unbalanced mind; but just the same, man is dual; and it is the lower nature, that part which lives in passions, desires, and unrest, that pulls him the wrong way. Thus the mind becomes confused, and the Real Man has no chance.

Now, I am ever seeking the Real Man; and I know that even the worst in human life have the light of the Real Man shining in their natures; and it can be brought out under proper circumstances. But I do abominate hypocrisy and insincerity; and whenever a prisoner writes me and shows the slightest tendency that way, I feel as though perhaps he should learn his lessons through more suffering. It is little use to work with one when he does not co-operate. Now, it may be that you are one of the kind that would like to work for your self-improvement. If that is so, write again. I at least feel that it is so.

That little magazine of ours, THE NEW WAY, is based on real heart-work. I established it shortly after I had been to San Quentin, and visited the prisoners and talked with them. It is little in comparison to what I wanted to do; but it does do a good work in cheering up the prisoners and giving them new hope. And those who work on it do it unselfishly and without salary.

Trusting that you may still have further interest in the magazine, and in your own self-improvement, I am, with deep interest,

Your friend,

(Signed) Katherine Tingley.

MAN has as his inheritance a divine nature and he may develop his sense of this by seeking to become one with all humanity. The Light will come in this feeling of unity. — *Katherine Tingley*

IN ADDITION to the purpose for which THE NEW WAY was established, viz., for Gratuitous Distribution in Prisons, many persons have expressed their interest in, and desire to subscribe for it. It will continue as heretofore to be distributed free in Prisons, in accordance with its original purpose; but for those who wish to subscribe for it the subscription price is One Dollar per year, Ten cents per copy.

Money orders and checks should be made payable to THE NEW WAY, and all subscriptions should be addressed to:

THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

New Way Notebook

WORRY is often what keeps people awake and gives them troubled dreams. If they could only forget the little trivial matters of everyday life they would cease to suffer from insomnia. I have a friend who has trained himself to forget everything that has happened, good and bad alike. Each day is a clean slate.

— *Albert Vizetti*

"Every day is a new beginning
Listen my soul to the glad refrain:
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning
And trouble forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again."

No one can have a true idea of right until he does it; any genuine reverence for it until he has done it often and with cost; any peace ineffable in it, till he does it always and with alacrity. — *Martineau*

I fear not, nay, and I fear not the thing to be done;
I am strong with the strength of my lord, the sun;
How dark, how dark soever the race that must needs
be run,
I am lit with the sun. — *Sidney Lanier*

Out of the lowest depths there is a path that leads to the loftiest heights. — *Old Bill, the counterfeit man's message*

EVERY man's enclosure, however small, gives him room enough to grow in. Let him be assured that when he has grown as much as that place allows of, another is open to him. — *Century Path*

It never will rain roses; when we want to have more roses we must plant more trees. — *George Eliot*

TWO PERSIAN ALLEGORIES

I SAW a wave, dark and threatening, coming upon me from the troubled ocean of the future. It was the menace of the morrow. But there was a light within my heart and my body, the light of hope, of love of the Divine Law that overruleth all things to good for them that trust it. And I looked inward upon that light instead of upon the advancing wave. And in the joy and peace of it I forgot the wave, and when I next remembered it, behold! it was behind me, breaking smooth upon the shore, and the gleaming sunlight played upon the little ripples into which it had resolved itself.

THERE was a man, standing in the gateway of a most fair garden. And he was looking out upon the barren and desolate moor, lamenting at the grim monotony of the prospect upon which he gazed. But the garden within was flowery and smiling. There were fountains, brooks, and trees bearing rich fruit. And many birds sang in the sunlight.

But the man gazed only outward at the desolate moor and bewailed the monotony of the prospect.

Heard This?

PHOTOGRAPHER: "Well, there y'are. P'raps it ain't much of a pitcher, but lummy, I gotter take what's a-sittin' in front o' the cammerer, ain't I?"

MIKE, meeting Pat on street: "I hear, Pat, that ye've turned Socialist."

PAT: "I have that."

MIKE: "Well, what is Socialism?"

PAT: "It's ownin' everything in common and sharin' up equal."

MIKE: "If ye had two horses would ye give me wan?"

PAT: "I would that, me boy."

MIKE: "Or two cows?"

PAT: "Sure I would."

MIKE: "Or two goats?"

PAT: "That I would *not*. I *have* two goats, me son."

A WOMAN once called in two doctors for a consultation on her case. When they had informed themselves about her symptoms at the bedside they retired to another room to consult. The woman sent her sister to listen at the door. This is what she heard:

FIRST DOCTOR: "What do you think of her?"

SECOND DOCTOR: "I think she's the ugliest woman I ever saw."

FIRST DOCTOR: "Wait till you see her sister!"

The sister then returned and reported to the sick woman that she could not understand a word of what they said. So the woman sent her little boy to listen. When he came back he reported that he also could not understand any of their long words. The only sentence he could remember was this: "Well, we'll find that out at the autopsy."

CHAIRMAN (addressing a meeting): "I am sure we will all be sorry our secretary isn't here tonight. I can not say we miss his vacant chair, but I do say we miss his vacant face."

"Yes," said Mrs. Malaprop, describing the last illness of a friend, "she was taken suddenly sick with panto mine poisoning, and four doctors came to the house and insulted about her and diagrammed her case very closely. They decided that she had eaten some fish or something that had paragraphs in it, and so they gave her a hypocritical injection of a serial that would destroy the basilica, but it didn't seem to help any, and she soon was in a state of chromo."

A hypochondriac from the country was staying with a friend at the seashore in the hope of obtaining relief from chronic dyspepsia. One morning he was walking along the beach with his host.

"I drank a glassful of salt water fresh from the ocean yesterday, and I think I derived relief from it," he said. "Do you think I might take a second?"

"Well," said the host, after a moment's hesitation, "don't think a second would be missed."

GIFT
OCT 7 1915

Please handle with care
and pass on to another

Nation shall not lift up sword against Nation,
Neither shall they learn war any more. -- *Isaiah*

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of KATHERINE TINGLEY
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Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SAN DIEGO AT NIGHT. SEEN ACROSS THE BAY FROM POINT LOMA

America

(From an address delivered by Katherine Tingley in 1908)

TOM PAINE and all those who helped to create the American Constitution with its message of freedom to the world, through the power of their hearts and their aspirations left a spiritual legacy so that the very life of America is teeming with spiritual possibilities. But the majority see it not, they know it not. Have the majority of the American people learned to love one another? Have they learned how to suffer for one another? Do they understand themselves? Do they know anything about their divinity?—their responsibility? I say *no*. And I love America and its people; I love them so much that I dare speak from my heart and tell them the truth. And so I say that considering the restraint of Church and State that is upon foreign countries, and that America is free, there should be in this country an accentuation on higher lines of the god-like quality of man, his real freedom; there should be a marked demonstration of brotherhood; there should be less sin, less selfishness, less vice, less sickness, less

insanity, less unbrotherliness. America needs this message and may the gods touch the hearts of the people and awaken them to their possibilities before it is too late! Limitations of mind kill the spiritual life and paralyze intuition—the eye of the soul and its discriminating power. And the majority of the American people, in spite of all their love of progress, in spite of all their culture and their professions of love of liberty, are so blinded to their danger that it is high time that a warning note was sounded. For they have difficulties to meet that are nearer than they now dream.

I love America and its people, love it so truly that I cannot but think of its dangers; so much so that I wish the divine light that was in the heart and soul of its pioneers could be shining everywhere, and not only among this but among all peoples. There must be an awakening of the nation, the arousing of a new and real patriotism, a patriotism of the whole people. Their hearts must be so stirred that they may feel their power of discrimination, their strength, their possibilities, and that all these qualities may be evoked. Poor America,

in spite of all its marvelous material advancement, yet needs that its inner spiritual life should come to outward expression and that there should be higher ideals of freedom. It needs something so all-powerful that no man or body of men can raise hand or voice to place a man in political position unless he be absolutely worthy, unless he be so wise that he can help to fashion the laws of his country in such a way that protection for the rights of all shall be assured, that a larger field of thought may be opened to the world, and that Church and State shall never, never have any power over our inner lives in this fair land.

I discern much more than I say. And I feel this need so deeply that I wish it were possible that I could reach all the people of the earth and set them thinking on new lines, that they might do something to avoid some of the awful dangers ahead, and enact measures more protective of true liberty. Yes, not until our statesmen, our politicians, our educators, have the true interpretation of life, can America have absolute freedom. This cannot be done until the light shines so brightly that the erratic systems of thought so prevalent everywhere shall disappear as the mist before the sun. Can you not see that then the men in political organizations who are to the front for the dollar and for prominence would be in back seats and that in the front would be those who had studied the real needs of the people and were working self-sacrificingly to meet them? The men who profess to be reformers and helpers, who are working only for position or fame, should be replaced by courageous, unselfish, broad-minded teachers of humanity. In the churches there are noble-minded, unselfish workers, as there are among the great body of educators; but they are few. We know where the majority stand; and to these the new message of Truth, Light and Liberation says: Ye men and women of the Twentieth Century, study the meaning of life; understand yourselves; evoke the divinity of your Higher Natures; work; serve; live for the freedom of thought and for the purity of human life.

✽

The Game of Life

IN order to enjoy any game a knowledge of the object of the game is necessary to the spectator. In order to become a critic of the game a knowledge of the object of the game and its rules is requisite. In order to play the game successfully a knowledge of its object and rules and the possession or development of the qualities necessary to the technique of the game are essential. A man merely cognizant of the object of the game may be capable of watching its execution with enjoyment but will be quite unqualified to criticise the excellence of the play. Another man cognizant of the rules and the object merely, may make a fair critic but hardly a first-class player. The successful player of any game must fully appreciate the object to be striven for and

the rules governing the game, but must also be endowed with the taste for and the physical powers necessary to the technical execution of the game. Any player unequipped with any of these qualities is, to say the least, playing at a disadvantage, and of various disadvantages obviously the most marked and unreasonable is that incurred by any one foolish enough to play in ignorance of the rules and object of the game.

Now in the greatest of all games, called LIFE, there are players of every conceivable caliber playing at every conceivable disadvantage (advantages being much in the minority). But the saddest thing of all is that it seems as though a very great majority of the players had been thrust on to the field and forced into the Game with little or no knowledge of its object or rules. Playing technique, taste for the Game, real sportsmanlike qualities, are to be found in abundance. But about ninety per cent of the favored possessors of these qualities are wasting their energies in making runs that don't count, in rushing false goals, in sprinting for mistaken winning posts. The result is that some players are worn out with useless effort before they attain any real result; others lose patience with the apparently wretched team management of this Game; others are driven to desperation at the seeming absolute injustice of the rules, and so violate some, or all, and bring their fellows to destruction and themselves to misery.

When a player of the Game has "run amuck" on any of these lines and finds himself behind the bars he is brought up short with a new phase of the Game and has time to look into the rules and requirements more carefully. Here are a few ideas that may be of interest to the despondent player who has come so unfortunately out of this seemingly disorderly scrimmage of Life.

The Game of Life is in the nature of a duel, fought not man against man, but man against himself, or better, Man against Man's Demon. The sole object of this Game is the Victory of the Man over his Demon; money, fame, political power, social prestige — all are absolutely subservient to this one real aim of the Game. The rules of the Game are:

First, that each player shall receive a result that is exactly proportionate to the nature and extent of his efforts. No effort can be wasted either in the right or wrong direction. Second, that every player, by the identity of their object, is inseparably linked to every other player and must help and be helped by him — this help, however, always connected with a strict adherence to the aim and purpose of the Game — the conquest of his own Demon. Third, that every player is by nature and law invincible by his Demon and is required to cling to the conviction of his own inherent superiority to evil through all *apparent* defeats, thus making of the defeats stepping-stones and lessons. Fourth, that the merit of any player shall not "consist in never falling, but in rising each time he falls." Fifth, that the time limit for the duration of the Game as regards humanity at large

Peace

"WHAT a mercy it is we can't feel all that agony and passion! We couldn't do a stroke of work, couldn't think of anything else."

"That's so. We cannot even imagine it, don't try to. Just suppose it was a case of wireless, every soul in agony on the battlefield and every woman widowed at home sending out waves into the air that we all had to receive!"

"Maybe it is that way, all the same," said a third speaker.

They had been reading about the war in Europe, "great slaughter," "two regiments annihilated," "terribly effective work of the artillery," and so on.

This third speaker went on: "One of you fellows was saying the other day that whenever there was a bit of good news posted on the notice-board—say a half-holiday and a ball-game for the afternoon—he always got a kind of feeling of it after a few of the other fellows had seen it. The thing spread itself around in the air, he said, and you knew there was something good afloat, though you couldn't say what.

"Isn't it the same on Christmas Day? Before ever you've met anybody to wish a Merry Christmas to, don't you get the general good-feeling in the air? Isn't that a sort of wireless?"

"Don't we all get moods? Feel fine one day, and black as thunder the next? And whichever it is, don't we generally find the first fellow we meet is feeling the same way? I tell you these wirelesses *do* run around. It's only that we don't notice 'em.

"But they tie up our minds just the same—or free them."

"What's that mean?" said the second speaker. "Can't do both."

"But they do do both. And that's just the point I was trying to get in sight of. Say a fellow's got a touch of toothache. In the course of his work, or a chat with somebody else, he'll forget it, maybe, and only remember it at the end. But when he does come back to it he'll recognize that underneath he was aware of it all the time—simply wasn't aware that he was aware of it.

"Same with a bit of bad news in the back of your mind, or a bit of fear that some bad news is coming. You may forget it, keep it out of your mind, not think of it. But you know it's there all the time, and hindering you from your best work or talk or thinking.

"Now what I'm getting at is this: That all this mass of humans upon earth *do* touch each others' minds, though they don't know it. There *is* a sort of air or ether that carries agony or joy or terror just as another sort carries wireless electricity. We *do* get what those millions in Europe are feeling, the fellows under arms and their womenfolk at home. And when there's no actual war we do feel the hate that some nations throw out against others and some classes against others, and the general anxiety and grief and wear and tear and

starvation and all the rest of it. And it's because of this that no fellow on earth is doing his best work or thought.

"Some of you were talking about peace the other night. But you did not seem to get round to this side of the matter. Some spoke as if peace were just not fighting. Some went a bit further and reckoned up the money that would be saved if the great armies and navies were done away with. The *money* side of the thing was the main point.

"I've sometimes figured to myself that the finest things in human life are like flowers growing up out of a soil. There's science, invention, poetry, music, art, philosophy, religion, literature, perfection of body like the ancient Greeks had—all these would be the flowers.

"But flowers depend on the soil. It mustn't be poor and dry and poisoned and shot through with fungus.

"The soil for all those fine flowers I spoke of is just that general atmosphere which we can feel knowingly on Christmas Day, but feel without knowing it every other day and hour. On that one day it becomes the finest possible sort of soil—yes, I know my metaphor's mixed, but I don't care so long as I get my meaning through—full of light and brotherhood. And if that day lasted all the year we should see some flowers. I tell you, that have never yet bloomed in human life.

"But it don't last. The atmosphere darkens all over; the soil poisons up again with the usual stuff.

"So what I mean is that peace is not not-fighting, and it's not saving money, and it's not trade—though that would come of it a thousandfold. It's brotherhood. It's an atmosphere between mind and mind, nations and men, that would help every mind to do its best work; it's a soil that would make every flower of life bloom. It's all that, and it's commonsense. Work for peace may consist in part in spouting from platforms; I'm doing that myself now. But it consists much more in each fellow making it in himself towards all the other fellows of his circle and beyond that to his nation and all other nations. That's good solid work, and the effects of it, this work done every hour by each of us, will touch every other soul on the planet. Distance may tell for something, of course, same as it does with gravitation or light; but it can't make *nothing* of it, any more than it can with gravitation. If one of us so much as wiggles his toe, it's a scientific fact that the whole planet shakes to it. Mighty little shake, but it *is* a shake. And every other man standing on the planet shakes too.

"And it's the same with the thoughts we think and the pains we suffer and the joys we thrill to." STUDENT

A housekeeper was showing some visitors the family portraits in the picture gallery. "That officer there in the uniform," she said, "was the great-great-grandfather of the present owner of the property. He never fought in a battle in which he did not have an arm or a leg carried away." Then she added proudly: "He took part in twenty-four engagements."



THE LIGHT-BEARER

The picture by Mr. R. Machell, the Lomaland artist, entitled *The Grail*.

Look Trouble in the Face

“THE eye is the window of the Soul”: that is an old saying. And you, a Soul, can look out at your troubles and see them presently take a different shape.

“Look trouble in the face”: give it a square look, and see if it isn’t easier to handle after that. Don’t let your difficulties down you. Don’t shy off to one side. Don’t spend too much thought watching for a let-up

here and a hold-off there. Don’t get pessimistic and think the game’s all up. Stand up straight and look at the difficulties, and you’ll soon show yourself and the world that you’re the stronger of the two, a MAN. And if you yourself made the trouble there’s much you can learn from it. That’s the way to make it take a different shape.

Here is a man doing time behind the bars — for what? Because he was used to allow his lower nature to carry him wherever it wanted. And he went unresisting, helping. At last it got so strong that it was *it* and not *he* that was running *his* life, strong enough—with *his* strength, too, which he had let it get hold of — to play the entire game for him.

And now, after it’s all done and the paying time is come, here is the victim of a thing he might have bossed serving a five-year spell in jail.

“What are you going to do?” asks Destiny of this prisoner. “Will you take your trouble as a savage injustice? Will you knock under and say, ‘It’s of no use making any effort now. I’ve gone too far to get back on a clean path.’ Will you drop down into a dull pessimism and hopelessly mope from now on? Is that to be your tune?”

Not if you’re a *Man*. And don’t you forget it, you *are* a Man inside, however much you have lost touch of yourself. And to stand now as a *Man* calls out from you the only power in the universe that can get you on your feet; and now is your chance of chances, now and here in your own cell in this jail. Take the chance while it’s here. Look your mistake in the face. See that your lower nature, not the real you, has upset your life, and that now is your chance to come back to yourself.

How is it to be done?

First, by seeing clearly and admitting honestly your own mistakes; next, by sticking faithfully by all the rules and regulations of the place you are in; next, by looking for other fellows harder-up for hope and encouragement than you are. You will soon find them and find likewise your power to give them a lift. Last of all—*live in today!* You can’t mend yesterday by regrets, and tomorrow’s not off the loom yet; so get to work on today. Make it a busy today, a bright today,

a serviceable today, a today so full of helpful honest work and thought that it is quite taken by surprise to find that there comes treading on its heels another to-day which was going to be tomorrow, but you did not give it time!

Look your troubles squarely in the face, meet them with a conquering smile, and, having found the secret of this New Way in life — *pass it on!* M. M.

Against Capital Punishment

KATHERINE TINGLEY, the great humanitarian, has said: "There is only one way to kill a criminal, and that is to transmute the evil within him into good; and the only way to do that is to recognize something else within him which is good, to evoke it and gain its co-operation. Even gods could not bring about this change without such co-operation."

Most colleges have their few loose and drink-loving students scattered as black sheep among the rest. They have usually been betrayed by their instincts of sociability. They wanted to be good fellows, perhaps to shine in the general company. And so, to do this, they suppressed their real, deeper selves and interests, and came down, little by little, to a life in which pleasure was the only end.

They are saved, sometimes, by the efforts of true friends who see what is happening and what the outcome must be. They are invited to pure homes, encouraged to healthy activities of mind and body, stimulated to the study of science or art or literature, made to think, and thus gradually drawn back to their better selves and possibilities.

The world is of course a bigger and severer arena of life than the college. Real friends are harder to find. There is far less brotherhood. And a slip may go much further and have much worse consequences than in college life. Why should not society, whilst using its power of restraint, adopt the attitude of *friend* to those who break its laws? Why should not all the conditions with which they are surrounded and the work which they are given to do be calculated to call forth the qualities of character in which their earlier years must have been lacking? In this attempt many mistakes might be made at first. But if the good of the offender was actually society's aim, all these would easily be corrected and the true method quickly found. And the prisoner, once he became conscious of this new spirit, would in nearly every case, sooner or later, become co-operative in strengthening himself in the qualities he lacked. Even when he has taken the life of a fellow man, let us recognize that he has often been but the actor-out of some of the evil currents of thought in the air or of some of the pictures which his reading of yellow journals has stored in his memory, and that in a new environment conducive to health of mind and body his better self may finally transform him.

Is not this better than killing him?

V. M.

Transformation

For as a stone,
Wooded by unwearied patience of the sun
Piercing its dense opacity, has grown
From a mere pebble to a precious stone,
Its flintiness impermeable and crass
Turned crystalline to let the sunlight pass;
So hearts long years impermeable and opaque
Whom terror could not crush nor sorrow break,
Yielding at last to love's refining ray,
Transforming and transmuting, day by day,
From dull grown clear, from earthly grown divine,
Flash back to God the light that made them shine.

(From the Persian)

Transformation

That man?
Why, don't you know? That's Dan.
Good stuff!
Yes now. But my! He was a tough!
It's strange
To size up what he *was* and *is*. The change
Was slow
Along at first. Three years ago
Or more
Maybe, when he was all-fired sore,
He thought
He'd try another tack and fought
Himself,
Put his bear-headed temper on the shelf,
Got quiet,
Kind-like, didn't raise no more riot,
Until,
By stickin' to it with his will,
At last
He won out. That's all past,
He's slipped
The clutch that had him gripped.
Just see
Him smile. I tell you that man's free.
He declar's
There's somethin' to be said for prison bars. — P.

Cleansing Fires

In the cruel fire of sorrow,
Cast thy heart: do not faint or wail;
Let thy hand be firm and steady,
Do not let thy spirit quail;
But wait till the trial is over,
And take thy heart again,
For as gold is tried by fire,
So a heart must be tried by pain.

Man is not man as yet.
Nor shall I deem his object served, his end
Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth,
While only here and there a star dispels
The darkness, here and there a towering mind
O'erlooks its prostrate fellows: when the host
Is out at once to the despair of night,
When all mankind alike is perfected,
Equal in full-blown powers — then, not till then,
I say, begins man's general infancy. — *Browning*

The Lament of the Dog

A CERTAIN dog, an extremely intelligent dog, was observed by Father Jupiter to be weeping.

"Why weepest thou?" said the All-Father. "Have I not shown thee that such is thine intelligence that when thou hast left that dog frame of thine, freed therefrom by death, thou wilt be reborn as a man?"

"O Father Jupiter, that is why I weep!" said the dog. "It is very hard to be a man. Now, as a dog, if I wish to lie down and do nothing, I lie down and do nothing. When I would eat, I eat, and when I would rove, I rove. There is no other law for me than to satisfy each desire as it comes. But men, I am told, live stern and strenuous lives. Not inclination, but duty is the law by which they live. They deny the flesh if its demands are excessive. They do not lie down till the night, when all that should be done is done. They allow themselves no pleasures if there is any task yet unfinished. They cease eating and drinking at the moment when the barest sufficiency has been taken. O Father Jupiter, I want not such a life as that! I want my ease as heretofore."

And Jupiter replied: "It is, as thou sayest, very difficult to be a true man. But lament not at thy destiny. Rejoice rather at an honor and opportunity. How few are the men who are *men*! How few lives are lived as thou describest! Do not most of these my creatures, being human, yet live even as the animals, neglectful of duty and following pleasure only? But now, be a man, O dog, and prepare to make thy man-life an example to man himself. Look! the stone thou liest on is full of dull, hidden, sleeping lives, cased in its atoms. But from time to time I take one of them and make it embody itself in plant form. And after much time it learns to live that new and higher life. And in the plants likewise, from time to time, I raise some of the higher ones to be animal and slowly awaken in them all those animal instincts and powers which thou hast in such perfection. Thou knowest how much higher are the ways of the plant than those of the stone, and those of the animal than those of the plant.

"And so there are ways proper and peculiar to man which I do not expect that any animal shall be able to follow. I have awakened will in him and the power of self-judgment. Wherefore he can choose amongst his impulses, and between impulse and duty; he can go upward or downward in his manhood. He may achieve or fail, for I have given his growth into his own hands.

"Yet there are but few of them that win onward as I would have them. The rest live mostly as animals, using their intelligence to serve their pleasures, moved by desire alone.

"Courage now! Enter that new realm with my light upon thee, even as all men have it upon them though they will not see it, and be an exemplar."

"Tell me again what sort of life thou wouldst have me live there."

"A life guided from act to act, and from hour to hour,

by self-judgment, by will, by kindness, by the desire to help and encourage."

And the dog: "What shall be my reward if I do as thou sayest and live a life truly human?"

"Thou shalt have strength and wisdom and ever-springing joy and peace wherever thy lot shall place thee. Thou shalt know me as I am; thou shalt remember thine ascent through the past and foresee thine ever ascending path through the shining future. Thou shalt know thine own immortality. The life that ever pulses through thee shall go out for the help and encouragement and elevation of all that live. Is not this enough?"

And the dog was comforted and did even as was commanded him.

STUDENT

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The Angel and the Man

A PERSIAN ALLEGORY

THE man dreamed that his Angel stood in the presence of the Lord. And the Lord said:

"What hast thou done to the man whose light thou art?"

The Angel said:

"I have hedged him about with bonds and afflicted him with pains of mind and of body. I have taken away all the happinesses that were formerly his. I have closed every door about him — save one. He is well-nigh without food either for body or mind."

"Why hast thou done this?"

"That he might pass through the one door to me."

"Can he find that door?"

"He is upon the threshold of it, though as yet he sees it not. But I stand ever waiting and beckoning and shining upon his way. In time he shall pass through and find me and know me and he and I will be one."

And the man awoke and rejoiced and said: "Behold, is not the 'Lord' the Law of Compassion that answereth the heart's secret desire for the Light and giveth tribulations that the way may be shown? I have asked and am answered, and through the pains I am strong to help and to serve."

✽

THE burden of suffering seems a tombstone hung about our necks, while in reality, it is only the weight which is necessary to keep down the diver while he is hunting for pearls. — *Richter*

✽

IN ADDITION to the purpose for which THE NEW WAY was established, viz., for Gratuitous Distribution in Prisons, many persons have expressed their interest in, and desire to subscribe for it. It will continue as heretofore to be distributed free in Prisons, in accordance with its original purpose; but for those who wish to subscribe for it the subscription price is One Dollar per year, Ten cents per copy.

Money orders and checks should be made payable to THE NEW WAY, and all subscriptions should be addressed to:

THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

New Way Notebook

It is the ignorant man's character to expect everything from others, nothing from himself. It is the philosopher's character to see in himself the real cause of all that happens to him, whether good or bad.

— *Epictetus*

A MAN is made happy neither by his successes in the games nor by victory in battles. He can only be made happy by the victories which he wins over himself. Temptations and trials are battles. Hast thou been conquered, once, twice, many times? If in the end thou conquerest, thou wilt be happy for the rest of thy life as if thou hadst conquered always. — *Epictetus*

WHEN thine imagination tries to enslave thee with pictures of pleasure, do not let thyself be carried away without saying to it: "Wait till I have carefully examined that which thou presentest to me." Do not permit it to go on making more and more seductive images, or thou art lost. In place of these make it show thee nobler pictures, worthier, full of true beauty. Thus thou wilt not be conquered. — *Epictetus*

NOTHING comes to ripeness in a moment, not even a twig or an apple. If thou sayest to me: "This very day I wish an apple," I shall answer thee: "For that, time is necessary; thou must wait till it has ripened." Thinkest thou then that the *soul of man* comes to its ripeness all in a moment? — *Epictetus*

THOUGH we should burst, we can only be valued according as we make ourselves valuable. — *Emerson*

"OPPORTUNITY has never knocked at my door."

"Then why don't you pay the first call? Go and knock at its door and walk right in if the door isn't answered immediately."

THE imagination enlarges little objects, so as to fill our minds with a fantastic estimate of them; and, with rash insolence, it belittles the great to its own measure, as when talking of God. — *Pascal*

THINGS which have most hold on us, such as our few possessions, are often a mere nothing magnified to a mountain. Another turn of the imagination would easily show us this. — *Pascal*

No man is made happy by the mere possession of objects. The measure of our desires is usually the measure of our slavery. Only by an acquirement of the Science of Life can happiness come, and only the true philosophy of life can make man master of the world and of himself. — *Katherine Tingley*

A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served by every sense
Of service which thou renderest. — *Mrs. Browning*

THE good you do is not lost, though you forget it.

Heard This?

"HELP, help! My wife's drowning and I can't swim!"
"Well, why don't you walk ashore? You don't appear to be out of your depth."

"Yes, but I am. I'm standing on her."

"India," said the Irishman, "has the finest and healthiest climate under the sun. But a lot of fellows come out here and eat and drink themselves to death and then write home and say it was the climate that killed them."

At a negro wedding, when the clergyman read the words "love, honor, and obey," the bridegroom interrupted him and said: "Read that again, sah! Read it once more, so's de lady kin ketch de full solemnity of de meaning. I'se been married befo'."

LILY, a cook of color, had broken off her engagement, and was confiding her troubles and his shortcomings to her sympathetic mistress: "And what you reckon dat nigger up 'n' say to me when he was gwine outen we-all's do'? Says he, 'I know one thing, niggah: you is just got to gimme back all er dem engagement presents whut I promised you!'"

Two notorious highwaymen were on trial before an Irish judge and to the general surprise the jury returned a verdict of not guilty. There was a short pause and then the judge, addressing the jailor, said: "Mr. Murphy, would you kindly retain this couple of blameless gentlemen in your charge for an hour or two more? I am leaving town immediately and I should be glad of that much start of them."

A Sunday-school teacher was quizzing her class of boys on the strength of their desire for righteousness.

"All those who wish to go to heaven," she said, "please stand."

All got to their feet but one small boy.

"Why, Johnny," exclaimed the shocked teacher, "do you mean to say that you don't want to go to heaven?"

"No, ma'am," replied Johnny promptly. "Not if that bunch is going."

"Now," said the great magician, rolling up his sleeves to show that he had no concealed mechanism to deceive the eye, "I shall attempt my never failing experiment." Taking from his pocket a half dollar, he said: "I shall cause this coin to disappear utterly." So saying, he lent it to a friend.

OLD LADY, to small boy sitting opposite who has been sniffing abominably: "Little boy, havn't you a handkerchief?"

SMALL BOY, with dignity: "Yes, I have; but I don't never lend it to strangers."

Mary had a little lamb,

You've heard that tale before;

But have you heard she passed her plate

And had a little more?

GIFT
OCT 7 1915

Please handle with care
and pass on to another

"And Peace shall sound new harmonies,
never heard before, in every soul."

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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A VIEW OF THE SACRED PEACE DAY PROCESSION IN SAN DIEGO, SEPTEMBER 28, 1914

As a protest against war in general, and especially the vast and destructive conflict now going on in Europe, Katherine Tingley appealed to the President and to the Governors and Mayors of all the States and cities of America to appoint September 28 to be observed as the "Sacred Peace Day for the Nations," during which business should be suspended and a public demonstration for peace made throughout the country. In San Diego meetings were held at the Isis Theater, and in the afternoon there was a great procession of citizens, representatives of public bodies, religious and other, a contingent of 700 troops from North Island, and the students — men, women and children — of Katherine Tingley's Râja-Yoga College and Academy carrying appropriate banners and the flags of all nations. Several bands and choruses, including those of Lomaland, accompanied the procession. The photographs in this issue represent portions of the procession.

America's Duty

(From Katherine Tingley's address at the Isis Theater on the evening of September 28, 1914)

A NEW day has dawned for Peace because of the efforts of most of the San Diego people in giving their support to the observance of the Sacred Peace Day for the Nations, which it was my privilege to invoke. We have been reasoning together in a new way to advance the cause of Peace.

In looking at the situation of the countries of Europe we have been reminded of the many conditions that have existed in America in the past which resulted in wars that could have been averted. This suggests the possibility of similar conditions with similar results arising in the future of this country, unless we apply the power of our hearts and minds, unless we stimulate our souls to new beginnings, to new ways of thinking, of doing, and serving. If war is a confession of man's weakness, as I declare, then peace is a proof of his strength.

Now how are we as a people to find the strength that is needed to meet the conditions that are just behind the scenes: that are hidden on the screen of time by our own past doings, and by the doings of all, the sowing of seeds in former times, possibly in times of peace? Man cannot think well without believing in the immutable laws that govern human life, and if he thinks well and long he will realize that he cannot temporize with the higher laws, the divine laws, neither can he temporize with the divine qualities of his own nature. There are no middle lines; we must meet ourselves as we are; we must discover the remedy that lies behind the brain-mind of man, that which alone can give him true power.

We must discover the key, the lost word, so to speak, and that is, that man is divine, that he is potential in a wondrous way, and that he has a reserve force beyond his dreaming, which he can call on if he will; that the strength of a nation lies in the strength of the individual; and, as the units improve their lives, and meet the conditions of existence and search for their strength, and challenge themselves and face their own weaknesses, so shall we find that there is something new for us to do, and shall see the beginning of a new order of the ages. . . . The question is how to become all this that is demanded of us? How long are we as a people, as members of God's great family, to wander in the darkness, in the shadows of life? For great as we think ourselves to be, great as our civilization seems, yet there is much for us and for our civilization to learn, because if we had gained the point that we sometimes think we have, there would be no necessity of any argument in defense of peace; we should have found our strength.

Now, the key to the situation, according to my conviction, lies in each individual. If we can quickly arouse among the people of America a sense of that higher patriotism which teaches man that he can better serve his country by living than by being sacrificed in war, it would result in a psychological wave that would reach

to the ends of the earth, and influence the minds of men, of those in power, those who today hold within their hands the key of arbitration. How in the name of all that is holy and true, can men who have the power of speech and thought, sleep and rest while this slaughter is going on? It is an insult to the Higher Law, it is an insult to manhood and to womanhood to permit these conditions to continue for one day even without a determined protest on our part. While we sit here in peace, in our comfortable homes, hugging our darlings, self-satisfied, contented so long as the horrors of war do not come to our doors — just across the water there are thousands of women today broken-hearted, thousands of homes destroyed and thousands of men lying in the trenches dead and almost forgotten. Thousands are suffering the agonies of death, and thousands more will follow them tomorrow; and yet we, the American people, can sit and wait for our government to act. Do you ever realize the limitations that officials have? Do you not realize that while our President, with the best of intentions of bringing about arbitration, has his hands absolutely tied — that he is waiting for the voice of the people? . . .

But I do know that there lies in the heart and make-up of every human being a divine power, a royal power that can change present conditions, and in time bring about wonderful results for the whole human race — a permanent peace. Shall we any longer sit quietly waiting while thousands over the water are daily going to their graves? . . .

What greater record could we make — we American people — than that of establishing in the minds of the people of Europe that we are really a peace-loving people, not that we merely profess to be so, but that we are earnestly at work doing something to help our brothers, and that we will not rest until we have accomplished something for peace? . . .

I hold that it is the duty of the American people to challenge all nations to act on the level of their common humanity, and to cry halt to the slaughter and sacrifice of human life, and the destruction of our present-day civilization. Let them put themselves in the places of the suffering people across the water. Let the mothers think themselves into those homes that are devastated and destroyed, feel the heart pulsations of those mothers and fathers, and brothers and sisters who have sent out their own dear ones into the broad sunlight to be sacrificed on the battlefield — never to return; and think on the line of soulful things, feel a royal sympathy, and let it be of a quality that will tell for something — let it not be a mere appearance, not a patronizing sympathy, but the real profound soulful sympathy that will bring about the splendid results that we know are possible.

Each man has his duty, and if the American people do not know their duty, and do not act, I pity them. I do not presume to say that I can lift the veil, or that I can see ahead very far, but I say that ere long we shall



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SACRED PEACE DAY PROCESSION

have a lesson that will bring us to our senses. I say again that this country will have a lesson that will teach the people through suffering, and will show the importance of working on lines of the highest humanity, when the challenge comes. But if that challenge that has been given to you and to the people of America, through the Higher Law, as I believe — it is in the very air — if that could be responded to, we might stem the tide of conditions that are very near; for we have been blind, and so have our ancestors. Men and women for ages, in spite of their declaration of love for the spiritual and of devotion to truth and righteousness, have depended on war to adjust their difficulties. They have confessed their weakness. Now, I say, is it not time for the American people to awaken and test their strength and become the advance guard of peace-makers in the world's great doings of this twentieth century?

✽

“As ye Sow, so shall ye Reap”

TALKING is such an easy matter and so often denotes little more than a convenient outlet for unutilized energy, that with some of us spoken words, as such, are apt to carry little force nowadays. But when we meet or know of men who are not given to talking a great deal; who put a whole lot of power into *living* right; who think of Number Two before Number One; who, when they *do* say anything, mean every bit of it and perhaps a whole lot more — these men command our attention; and when they tell us anything, we sit up and take notice, because something back of

their words hits us and we know they're giving us the straight goods.

Well, there have been, and there are, a number of men and women in the world of this type. Some have spoken and been forgotten; others have left their message in writing and we can have it fresh every day.

Suppose you had a neighbor who had come into the world in an out-of-the-way corner of the town, with nothing much better than a horse-trough for a crib and stables for the nursing-room. Suppose that youngster had a bit of a rough time of it in cutting any figure down in his small quarter of the world with the other youngsters on the street. Supposing he was one of those who think a great deal, and feel a great deal, but somehow couldn't seem to say much. Then supposing this youngster growing up, came to have a bench alongside yours in the shop and you found him one of the sort that always has an eye for the next man's troubles; always has a word to cheer the boys up who come down to the shop in the morning feeling blue; wasn't above filling out your day if you should knock under. Supposing he was one of those still strong fellows that couldn't and wouldn't see an injustice done to any one.

Assume all this, and then imagine this mate of yours should see another fellow or a gang of fellows going steadily to the dogs — saw their pay going to liquor, their health going to glory and their wives and children going to the poor house—imagine this queer, quiet, big-hearted mate of yours saw all this and heard these fellows cussing their bad luck, the Boss, and Creation in general. Imagine then, he dropped his bit of work and right

there went up to that gang and gave them a bit of straight talk — the straight thing as he saw it and *know* it, and ended by saying — “*You’ve bought the goods and you’re getting just what you paid for!*”

If this odd specimen of large-hearted, short-spoken humanity were laid out then and there for those words, wouldn’t they somehow burn a hole in your heart? Wouldn’t every clinking bit of machinery in the shop keep time to them; wouldn’t they ring in your ears as you walked home from the shop; wouldn’t you hear them in your dreams and wake with them on your tongue? Yes! Why? Because they had the weight of a life-time behind them — they were the audible expression of the soul of that mate who made life better by his presence in the shop.

There was a man once whose case might be compared to that of your mate. He lived some nineteen hundred and odd years ago, and before him there had been others of the same stamp. He was forever thinking of the welfare of his fellows and trying to make things better for them. People know him now for a Teacher, but in his time very slight heed was paid to what he said. Yet when he spoke his words had the weight of every act he ever did, and he spoke just for the good of his fellows. The world wasn’t made any easier for him either, by his showing them where the cause of their troubles lay.

When you’re down with a load that seems a bit more than you can bear, when you don’t understand all your difficulties, or when tempted to “let fly” and kick over the traces, just get quiet and try to think out one thing that this Teacher said. He said it over nineteen hundred years ago; other Teachers have said it before him; other Teachers have said it since; and it remains true today.

His words were: “AS YE SOW SO SHALL YE REAP!”
M. M.

The Great Conversation

WHEN I think about *living*, it always seems to me to resemble a conversation, though of a very queer sort.

The conversationalists are two, You and Life. You say anything you choose and then Life replies. He always replies exactly to what you have said. You constantly interrupt him with some new remark. And then he may break off for a while from what he was saying and reply to that at once, or he may defer his reply, sometimes for a long time, till he has finished answering your previous remark. And when he does at last get round to it you may have forgotten what you said and when you said it. Then his words may sound meaningless or perhaps malicious and insulting.

But how is this peculiar conversation conducted?

It is without words. Your part of it consists of all the things you choose to do, your actions. His reply consists of all the things that happen to you.

For instance: if you eat too much, that is a remark on your side. His reply is a fit of indigestion. He may make his reply at once, or he may defer it a long time. He may even save it up for you till your old age. If you keep making the same remark, keep on overeating yourself, he will, once he begins his reply, keep on making it in an unpleasant manner. You will have chronic indigestion. From that you will gradually learn self-control.

Sometimes his reply seems very much out of proportion to your remark. You make, say, one little slip, just that one — and get landed in jail for a very heavy spell.

But look back. In youth you had always accustomed yourself to do just as you liked, without regard to rules, law, right, or the interests of others. Or you did some very shady things that never happened to be found out.

Life is replying to those (perhaps forgotten) things more than to the little thing that has now tripped you up. Life never forgets to reply, sooner or later, to everything. Each of those past deeds left a flaw in your character. Your present little deed now affords Life a chance to call your attention to the whole business and give you a quiet chance to take hold of yourself.

I always look with great respect upon Life. In my better moods I love him. He seems to be mostly a hard, rough old fellow to deal with; but the more I talk with him the more certain I get that he is infinitely kindly and so wise that he always knows exactly what to say in order to gain his end. And his end is one thing only — your welfare and mine. He is always teaching something, always trying to get us to be stronger and nobler in character and more understanding in mind. He knows when to stand back, too, saying nothing much on occasion and letting us have a pleasant spell. But even then he isn’t looking the other way! He’s very alert however kindly he’s smiling. He has to keep an ear open in case you say something that needs reply. Sometimes these pleasant spells are just to strengthen us up for some extra unpleasant thing he must say a little later. I reckon he must grieve sometimes at some of the stiff remarks he makes.

He’s stone deaf to all sort of entreaties. What he isn’t deaf to is honest resolves and pledges. He is listening when a man honestly pledges himself to *try*. He’ll answer that right away by giving the man opportunities — just the right-sized ones, never *too* hard — to test his strength. And he isn’t put out if the man fails, even many times, so long as he tries again. He’s very particularly on that man’s side, and always makes the fullest allowance for difficulties, bad heredity and bad bringing-up and so on. He judges different men by different standards. And he knows that all men will have other chances beyond this present life. In fact a good deal of what he says to us cannot be understood if we forget that. For he is preparing us for great things which could not be contained in one life on earth, great experiences and powers to be entered upon. STUDENT

The Rules

"It is forbidden to . . .," "It is forbidden to . . ."
 "Prisoners must . . ."

The newcomer stood gloomily reading the rules. "I wonder what it *ain't* forbidden to," he said to himself. "Is there anything a fellow *may* do? But I guess there's some of that lot a fellow can get by somehow and nobody the wiser."

And that was the way he acted as soon as he got to know the ropes. He kept what rules he *had* to; the rest of them he slipped by whenever he thought it would be safe. Most of the other fellows did the same. Now and then they would get caught and of course there was trouble.

A Shakespeare class met on Wednesday evenings. Not many came; but those who did were rather the pick of the crowd, mentally. The discussion would sometimes stray into regions that would perhaps have surprised Shakespeare. But what did that matter?

Hamlet was the play in hand, and the speech of Polonius to Laertes setting out for France had started a talk. "To thine own self be true," was the by-path along which the men had wandered off. And this by-path had led to the subject of keeping rules.

"Keeping rules is the easiest way of being true to yourself," said the man who had taken the part of Horatio.

"What's it got to do with it?" asked the King.

"Horatio's all right," said Guildenstern. "The fellows that keep the rules are the fellows that get the soft jobs and stand in well with the Warden and the first thing you know you are out on parole."

"Then you think that 'being true to yourself' means being true to your own interests?" said Ophelia, who possessed a fine bass voice and had consequently been having recourse to a thin falsetto during rehearsal. "Just looking after No. 1? Keeping the rules happens to be the best way here of doing that. That the idea?"

"'Twasn't Shakespeare's idea, anyway," remarked Hamlet. "For Polonius puts in a kind of indicator: 'To thine own self be true and . . . *thou canst not then be false to any man.*' Now a fellow that kept all the rules here just to stand in well with the Warden and get his parole quick might be a fellow that would be as false as Satan to you if it happened to serve his game."

"The very words show that Shakespeare knew there was *two* selves," said Horatio. "There was the self of Laertes that Polonius was talking to and that was to be 'true,' and there was the other self *in* Laertes that Laertes was to be true *to*. If a man's true to that he can't be false anywhere. His life's clean. The other self is the soul."

"Oh don't come any pulpit stuff in here," said the King.

"I'm not," replied Horatio. "I'm talking common-

sense. I saw a bit of Japanese painted wood-carving once and never forgot it. There was a man standing upright with a sword. And down on the ground at his feet was a reptile sort of thing with a human face, face just like the man's but *reptiled-like*, mean, greedy, cruel, vile. The man had just struck it what looked like a finish blow with his sword. Behind him was a great figure in white, looking down on him with a smile, approvingly. And this too had a face like the man's, but all noble and grand. I've never forgotten the group and never shall, for it's a map of human nature. Fellows who think they don't know it are fellows that never studied themselves.

"And if it's a fact, as it surely is, the only way to live with common sense is to cultivate that upper chap till you're dead in touch with him and get his light on you and through you all the time. And for that you've got to boss the lower fellow, the reptile thing, the thing that lives at large in the bodies and minds of most of us.

"Men think they can't conquer it. I think it's easy, though it takes time, and keeping rules is the easiest way. That's why being here, from one point of view, is pure good fortune. It's easy to keep rules, as I said. And yet there ain't one rule that that lower thing don't object to or hate like poison. Consequently the fellow that stands up to every rule, whether he thinks them foolish, or mistaken, or just irritating, or whatever, is bossing and weakening out that reptile. And if he keeps on, and at the same time looks out all the time for the feeling of encouragement and approval that comes to him from his other self behind, he'll win out; he'll play that bit of carving in real life. The more rules there are, the faster a fellow can work at this business."

"It's time for the twenty-four of us to adjourn," said the chairman. And the eight men took up their Shakespeare and filed out.

REPORTER

✱

Our Optimist Speaks

"IT'S in looking at human failings that a man can get the most respect for human nature."

"You mean by contrast?"

"Partly yes and partly no. I heard you say the other day, Jim, that you wished you could get over a certain failing of yours which we need not name. You wanted to get over it not on general principles but because it hinders you from doing fine work which you feel is in you to do. Ain't that so?"

"That's what I said."

"You've got more'n one failing, haven't you?"

"Well, I'm not claimin' wings yet."

"They may be there all the same, wrapped up like an unborn butterfly's. In fact that's what I'm getting at. Some fine work is in you to do, you say, if you could get at it. But your special and particular failing bars you out from it. Note your own words—that it's in you to do that work. Supposing you busted that

failing — which I reckon you will some day — and got at that vein of fine power, mightn't it be that some lesser failing, one you hardly count at all now, would then show up as standing in the way of still finer work?"

"Seems likely."

"And after that was broken through, the same case again?"

"Maybe."

"Well, there's my point, right there. It's men's failings that give you most respect for human nature. I mean human nature deep inside. Deep inside of every one of us there's pure gold. And over it is a thin layer of little, little failings, so thin that maybe they let some of the golden-gleam through and look like gold themselves. Over these is a thicker layer of worse failings, though we may think them necessary parts of human nature and don't count them as failings at all. And then come a few pretty gross and obvious failings, say bad temper or utter laziness and things like that. And last of all some one downright crippling clog, drunkenness or worse.

"But beneath the whole lot is always that vein of pure gold with belike a diamond here and there scattered through it. A man don't have to *develop* the gold. He's got it. His only job is to thin away the veils, the layers of clay, the failings. And he can remember that while he's working away at some one failing, the chief one, the one that bothers him the most, he's also working, unknown to himself, at all the rest. That principle goes all the way through. If he's got a slouch of a walk and don't look you in the eye, and trains himself to a fine manly walk and upheld head and eye, he's getting upright in another way too. And if he'll make his thoughts and deeds upright, the carriage of his body will be the better for it.

"Whenever I see a fellow with a bad failing, of whatever sort, I say to myself: 'What *couldn't* that fellow do and be if he'd only get atop of it!' And the more I see his failing the more I think of what he'd be without it. And so, in a way, the more I respect him; rather, the more I respect human nature, and the more I look forward to that splendid time coming when all men shall have bossed all their failings. *Then*, human life as it ought to be will really begin. Then we shall have a new earth, made out of this old one. And no one could tell it from heaven."

"Well, I never heard anyone build his hopes on human failings before. It seems to liven up the prospect a bit. I'll try it a while."

STUDENT

✽

Body-Building

A PRISONER has not much say about his diet. He can suit himself as to quantity, but what the quantity shall consist of is mostly arranged for him.

But what shall become of his quantity when he has eaten it — that is more in his power than he dreams.

Suppose a man has been six or seven years inside the four walls. During that time he has been made all over. Every grain of his body has been changed. The body he came in with has been wasted, particle by particle, and each wasted particle been replaced by a new one. So whilst it is the same body, it is also an entirely different one. By the end of another six or seven years it will be different again.

Of all this unbuilding and rebuilding we know nothing. It is done for us by the body itself. Our business is to eat the food.

We eat more than a thousand meals a year: in seven years, seven thousand six hundred and sixty-five of them.

Can anyone suppose that the *state of mind* he was in during those seven thousand-odd occasions made no difference to the kind of body which all that food went to build up?

A fit of bad temper, deadly fear, or great anxiety, will throw digestion out of gear or even stop it altogether. A piece of good news may make a man forget his dyspepsia — forget it because it isn't there any more.

So we know the effect of *extreme* states of mind. In a less degree the ordinary states of mind have similar effects for good or bad. It is merely that we don't notice them. But they must sum up to something when they are repeated *seven thousand times!* Aye?

But there are two digestions, the one in the stomach that we know something about, and the more important one that is going on all over the body when the living particles of which the body is made are taking up the food which has got out of the stomach into the blood and are rebuilding themselves with it. And this too is affected for good or bad by our states of mind.

We have therefore much more to do with the quality of our food than we were thinking. The same food will be one thing to us when eaten in one state of mind, and another when eaten in another state. The best food may build a very bad body, and bad food may be enabled to build a good body.

Now let us make our own sunlight at every meal and see what a year or two of this will not do for us. Let us, for the space of each meal, will away unkindliness to anybody, will away despair and regret, will away ill-humor and grumbling. Let us, for that few minutes, have the opposites of these. If the place where we eat is dark, let us imagine it full of the golden sunlight shining around our fellows and ourselves and down upon the table and the plates. Let us in that way make the food, whatever it is, go into the stomach with a benediction. This is rather hard work for the will and the imagination at first. But it is work that will begin to tell from the very first moment. And practise will better you at the business all the time. Just one year! Try it for that, and then stop if you can!

And here's a prophecy: That if there is a good few of you in the crowd that are persistently trying this.

someone in authority will ultimately bestir himself to improve the quality of the food, if improvement is needed; and the way it is served and the look of the room. Try it!

M. D.

Gratitude

San Diego, Cal., Sept. 30, 1914.

Madame Katherine Tingley,
Point Loma, California.

Dear Madame Tingley:

It is the wish of every man and woman in the County Jail to thank you, not only for the Ice Cream Party, but for your many kindnesses to us; the flowers, the music, the literature, and the helpful talks we receive every Sunday, which add to our physical and mental comfort.

For your kind presence Monday afternoon, your words of hope and cheer, and that real uplift that only a good woman can bring in days of trial.

We desire to thank you particularly for letting Mrs. Dunn visit us every Sunday. She is always so sympathetic, helpful and inspirational.

Again, dear Madame, we thank you.

(Signed) Inmates of The County Jail

Per Olive B. Chambers

Troops Besiege . . . ?

WHERE'ER I go there haunts me
A word of strangest sound.
It mocks at me and taunts me
And chases me around.
When I am getting sleepy,
About the morning bell,
The zephyrs sing to me, "P-
R-Z-M-S-Y-L!"

In early dawn
Across the lawn
The crickets shrilly swell
That P-P-P-
And Z-Z-Z
And R-M-S-Y-L!

When spurs of troopers rowel
Their horses in attack,
That town without a vowel
Gets up and slams 'em back.
When other hamlets skimpy
Such consonants repel,
I dearly love to hymn P-
R-M-S-Y-L!

In sound it is
The bullets' whiz
Where serfs at last rebel,
This P-P-P
And Z-Z-Z
And R-M-S-Y-L!

Ah, me! the music verbal
That lies within the word!
Its consonantal burble
Beats anything I've heard.

When guests are getting gapy
You ring old boredom's knell
By bidding them, "Now, say P-
R-Z-M-S-Y-L!"

It brings the buzz
Of bees, it does —
The droning of a shell! —
This P-P-P
And Z-Z-Z
And R-M-S-Y-L!

— John Byrne in *N. Y. World*

My Conscience

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

SOMETIMES my Conscience says, says he,
"Don't you know me?"

And I, says I, skered through and through
"Of course I do.
You air a nice chap ever' way,
I'm here to say!

You make me cry—you make me pray,
And all them good things thataway —
That is, at *night*. Where do you stay
Durin' the day?"

And then my Conscience says, onc't more,
"You know me—shore?"

"Oh, yes," says I, a-trimblin' faint,
"You're jes' a saint!

Your ways is all so holy-right,
I love you better ever' night
You come around—'tel plum daylight,
When you air out o' sight!"

And then my Conscience sort o' grits
His teeth, and spits
On his two hands and grabs, of course,
Some old remorse,
And beats me with the big butt-end
O' *that* thing—'tel my closest friend
'Ud hardly know me. "Now," says he,
"Be keerful as you'd orto be
And *allus* think o' me!"

Colors Flying

BY ROBERT McCLAIN FIELDS

IF you'll sing a song as you go along,
In the face of the real or fancied wrong,
In spite of the doubt if you'll fight it out
And show a heart that is brave and stout:
If you'll laugh at the jeers and refuse the tears,
You'll force the ever reluctant cheers
That the world denies when the coward cries
But gives to the man who bravely tries,
And you'll win success with a little song—
If you'll sing the song as you go along.

IN ADDITION to the purpose for which THE NEW WAY was established, viz., for Gratuitous Distribution in Prisons, many persons have expressed their interest in, and desire to subscribe for it. It will continue as heretofore to be distributed free in Prisons, in accordance with its original purpose; but for those who wish to subscribe for it the subscription price is One Dollar per year, Ten cents per copy.

Money orders and checks should be made payable to THE NEW WAY, and all subscriptions should be addressed to:

THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

New Way Notebook

IN EVERY meeting of mortals, though their brains are stuffed full of all the follies and madneses of the world; though their hearts and minds are drugged with the dull intoxication of self and sense, there is, quite unknown, or hardly suspected by these former, another far different company; august, powerful, beneficent; living with the everlasting laws; breathing the pure air of divinity; watching in silence their mortal companions, and making their presence felt by quiet, scarce-heard monitions in the recess of the heart; gently and steadily leading the weak and uncertain steps of the mortals up the steep path of divinity.

These august immortals are no other than the mortals themselves; as they are now in promise, and as they will one day be in consciousness and life: when man shall have left behind that garment of follies which he, though a divinity, yet consents to wear.

— *Oriental Gleanings*

GOD is around thee, with thee, within thee. This I tell thee, Lucilius: there resides in us a Spirit, observer equally of the good and the bad in our nature. As we deal with it, so it will deal with us. — *Seneca*

SIMPLY do the best you know, then trust. He who seeks to live by the Spirit and who cares above all for that, will not be without guidance. — *H. W. Dresser*

AS YOU grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is needful for you—in a book or the words of a friend, or, best of all, in your own thoughts, the eternal thought speaking in your thought.

— *George Macdonald*

FOR not in far-off realms of space
The spirit hath its throne;
In every heart it findeth place
And waiteth to be known.— *F. Hosmer*

AFTER every storm the sun will smile: for every problem there is a solution, and the soul's indefeasible duty is to be of good cheer.— *W. R. Alger*

LET us then labor for an inward stillness,
An inward stillness and an inward healing;
That perfect silence where the lips and heart
Are still, and we no longer entertain
Our own imperfect thoughts and vain opinions,
But God alone speaks in us. . . — *Longfellow*

THE mountain top must be reached no matter how many times we fail in reaching it. The fall is not counted, it does not register; the picking up and going on counts, in life.— *F. Howard*

No man was ever happy whose conversation was much about his fellows. For either he shall be envying them, or remarking their faults, or sneering. And this is to make himself an enemy of his own peace. Shun these men and be not one of them. — *Indian*

Heard This?

A MAN east had heard of the enormous potatoes we grow in California. A few days after he had moved out here he decided to see for himself and sent his son to a neighboring farmer for a hundred pounds of this vegetable. The farmer listened to the story and then said: "Go back and tell your father I won't cut a potato for anybody."

NOTICE: "The New-Thought lecture, *How to be Perfectly Healthy*, is postponed owing to the illness of the lecturer."

YOUNG LAWYER (sternly) to witness: "Now sir, tell the court what was the weather, if any, during the afternoon in question."

HE was a genius. There was no doubt about it. His hair was long, there was a dreamy, far-away look in his eyes, and he had a scheme that would make him rich—rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

"What is your scheme?" asked a friend of his, seeking information.

"Come to a quiet corner, and I will tell you," said the long-locked one. "'Tis thus. It has been estimated that the common female fly lays 20,000,000 eggs in a season."

"Well," answered his friend, "what of that?"

"I propose," continued the other in a triumphant voice, "to graft the house-fly onto the hen."

New Orleans mistress, to Dinah the young colored cook, who appears to be greatly interested in the new butler: "Dinah, do you know that man?"

Dinah, slowly and reminiscently, after another long look at him through the open pantry door: "Well, I dunno, Miss Alice, but I think he was ma first husband."

John Smith will be operated on tomorrow by Dr. H.— Mr. Smith will leave a widow and three children.

Whatsoever a man seweth, that shall he also rip.

Mary had a little lamb,
You've heard that tale before;
But have you heard she passed her plate
And had a little more?

AN Irishman, coming over on one of the big liners, was seasick and bending over the rail in great distress. An officer of the deck stopped near him and remarked: "You seem to have a weak stomach, Pat."

Straightening up and throwing out his chest the Irishman replied:

"Wake nawthin'! Oi'm throwin' as fur as anny wan on this side the ship, sor!"

MRS. MCWHUSKEY (watching a couple spooning) — "Et's juist disgustin'. I'm verra glad ye didna mak sic a fool o' yersel' when ye were walkin' oot wi' me, Sandy."

Mr. McWhuskey — "Ye mauna juidge, wifey: I hadno the same provocation."

GIFT
OCT 7 1915

Please handle with care
and pass on to another

"Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace." -- Tennyson

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of KATHERINE TINGLEY
For Gratuitous Distribution in Prisons

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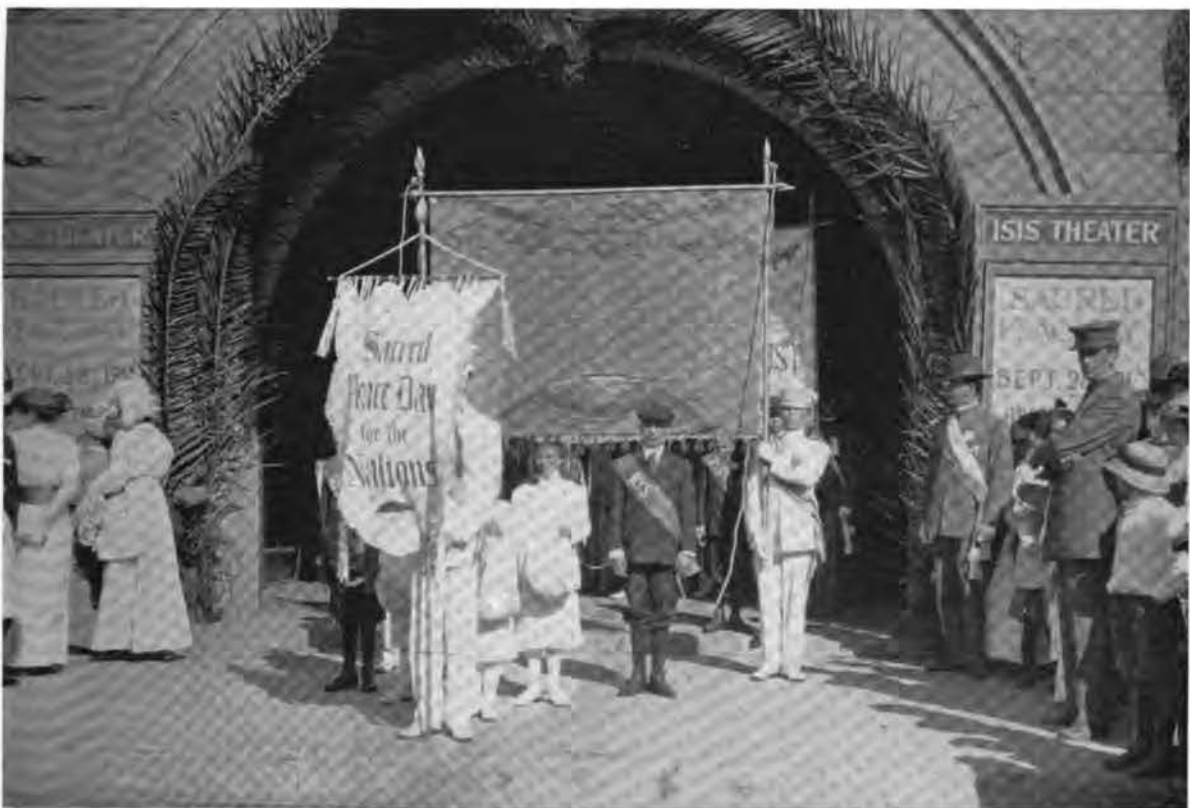
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No. 12



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SACRED PEACE DAY FOR THE NATIONS, SEPTEMBER 28, 1914

The grand procession; Lomaland Division starting from Isis Theater, San Diego
On the banner is inscribed: "O people of the world, ye are the fruit of one tree, the leaves of



BEFORE many years a new time shall dawn for humanity. We shall then know that men and women have begun to find their true position in life and that a beginning has been made of something so splendid, so inspiring, so true, that those who have faltered before will come under its influence. In no long time we shall hear of humanity beginning really to be re-fashioned.---KATHERINE TINGLEY

Patriotism

I am an $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{American} \\ \text{Englishman} \\ \text{German} \\ \text{Frenchman} \\ \text{Russian} \\ \text{Swede} \end{array} \right\}$ who loves his country and thought it the fairest on earth and his people the noblest. But I recognize that I might have been born an $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{Englishman} \\ \text{German} \\ \text{Frenchman} \\ \text{Russian} \\ \text{Swede} \\ \text{American} \end{array} \right\}$ and then I should have had the same thought and the same love with respect to *that* country.

So by dwelling daily on this and imagining myself a countryman of each of those other lands in turn, I came to love them all, and the best in the people of them all. Instead of wishing well to one only, I wished well to all. My love for my own people took the form of wishing to see them grow in those noble qualities which, when you see them in an individual, make you love him. I wanted to see my people pre-eminent over all other peoples in its brotherliness towards all other peoples. All peoples will sometime feel themselves as one family, and the great guns will be fired only on the anniversaries of the day when the peoples suddenly broke through all follies and limitations into the expanding glory of that feeling.

$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{German} \\ \text{Frenchman} \\ \text{Russian} \\ \text{Swede} \\ \text{American} \\ \text{Englishman} \end{array} \right\}$

Inflammation of the Self

OLD Chris "came to" with a start and knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"One thing leads to another," he said, "and I'd gone a long way over that last remark of yours."

It was after supper and we had been having a peaceful hour about sunset in the little rose-covered porch of his cottage. The talk had got philosophical, as it generally did with him, and the remark of mine to which he had referred was that on the whole, life was a pretty painful business for most men.

"Where had you got to?" I asked.

"Loonatics, proverbs, saints, monks, inflammation an' I don't know what all," he answered. "Rum sort of menagery sounds like. All the same, them heterogeneous topics was strung on one string. And the string was what you said about life. Let's see if I can run you along the line.

"Why don't a soldier feel a wound he gets in battle? Pretty often they don't; just go on fighting, don't they?"

"Isn't it because their attention is so strongly on something else?" I suggested. "On their work rather than on themselves?"

"You've struck the idea square, ol' man. On their work rather than on themselves—that's it. I reckon

that if a chap was to fix his mind on his little finger, hour in and hour out, for a day, he'd likely make it mighty sensitive and painful and maybe inflame it. Old Benbow what keeps the shoe-store told me he ran down the street to that fire t'other night with a steam-hammer toothache. He left his toothache there, forgot it the minute he got to work and never thought of it again.

"Now just string them things together and tack 'em on to what you said about life bein' painful.

"Here's one feller that keeps his mind right close home on himself all the time, himself and his own feel-ins and wants. I, I, I, nothin' but I. How am I treated? Why am I held cheap and that other feller made much of? Why should he have it and not me? Thoughts like that all the time. *Himself* is the little finger he's on hour in and hour out. Consequence—it gets sensitive and painful and inflamed. Inflammation of his self, that's what's the matter."

And old Chris chuckled.

"Contrariwise how is it? Here's another fellow that's got a larger landscape and he ain't the center of it. If he meets you of a morning he's interested to see how you're lookin' an' is glad if you seem cheerful. If you ain't he'll try to say somethin' that'll buck you up a bit. When he gets alone to himself it ain't himself he gets to. He's still thinkin' of the other fellers, and how things could be got to run smoother, and those poor chaps in the war, and their families, and one thing and another—but never himself, never *How do I come in?* never Why don't *I* have more attention? and the likes of that.

"Well, that fellow don't find life painful. You'd surprise him with a new idea if you said it. He don't let his personality run all over and through his mind. It ain't inflamed. If an unpleasant thing does happen to him he's mighty soon off the topic, just naturally forgets it same as Benbow forgot his toothache."

"Some men *are* like that by nature," I said.

"Yes sir, and them as ain't can get so. An' that's where I got to thinkin' about proverbs. Ever hear a man learnin' the fiddle?"

"I've heard *myself*," I said.

"Along at first he plays one note, and that mostly wrong. In a day or two he'll be playin' two, to an' fro, very slow. In a year he'll have a tune goin'. Give him time enough an' he'll spray you off notes faster'n rain-drops out of a wet sky.

"What's the secret? *Practicc*. That's what does it an' that's what'll do it every time. Why ain't the same prescription infallible in *mind* things as well as finger things? Why can't a feller practise to turn his mind *out, off* himself, out friendliwise among his pals and neighbors, out into what he's read of history or science or whatever, out over a wider and wider world?"

"Why won't it happen that in a year or two his mind'll *never* get to mussin' with itself and grievances and worries that can't be cured and all the rest of the truck?"

"Give life a chance, say I, before you say life's pain-

ful. Practise makes perfect: just you hang on to that proverb."

"But who's to look after a man," I said, "if he doesn't look after himself?"

"Common sense in all things, son. But lemme tell you this: If a man'll take the line o' practice I'm layin' out to you, he'll begin to find he's *bein' looked after*. He's livin' his life right an' there's a power of Right in this old universe that comes into the lives of those that live this way and does some surprisin' things in its quiet way. Go it and *trust*, say I. You won't get left. There's two sorts o' saints. The big kind, like I'm talkin' of, not generally called saints but oughter be, that get too big for their faults and outgrow 'em. And the little kind, that try to be holy on their own account without a thought of makin' life bigger and better and happier and smoother for the rest. You can get to the soul both ways, maybe; I dunno. But when I get there I want to be able to say, 'Ole Chap, I did some work worth a *man's doin'* on the way to ye. I can look ye in the face.'"

There was a few minutes' silence. Then the old man suddenly held out his hand to me. I took his clasp for a moment and then there was silence again.

REPORTER

Rebuilding

A MAN had been thrown from his auto and rendered unconscious. He stayed unconscious for a week and then suddenly came to. I was house-surgeon at the hospital to which he was brought, and I happened to be standing at the bedside with his wife when he recovered himself and began to speak. She had been thrown out with him but had overshot him by two or three feet, falling into a ditch full of soft mud and getting no injury. He had hit the hard road, full and square.

At the moment of the accident he had been saying something about some property he intended to buy and left a sentence unfinished. The first thing he did on regaining consciousness was to finish that sentence! He talked a minute or two about the property and then suddenly noticed that he was in bed in a strange place with his head bandaged.

I used to go round the wards late in the evening and if there was any man awake and well enough for a chat I would sit down by the bed for a few minutes and talk about anything that was in his mind. I nearly always observed that at my visit of the next morning the patient would refer to what we had talked of the night before. "I was thinking just as I woke . . ." he would say, and then go on to give me his further ideas.

This of course corroborated what I had always found in my own case, that the last thought and state of mind of the night is usually the first thought and state of the morning.

What that thought and state is, is therefore very im-

portant. The body and brain are wasting, wearing down, all day. Rebuilding is done all night. What sort of stuff will you build in? That is clearly a chance for something new and better. No man need have tomorrow the same body exactly, or brain, or mind, as he has today. With a little care, he can, in a few years, have an entirely new set of fittings.

Clean up the mind before sleeping, is the lesson I have learned. Get peace. Will away the bats in the belfry, the bees in the bonnet, the worrying memories, the little grudges, spites. Feel yourself above the whole lot, with your head on another level, in another air. Get the mind silenced so that the over-watching soul has a chance to pervade you, to get all through you and begin the healing up that it will continue during sleep. It is a little difficult at first. The mind *will* racket around in the dust of the day just closed. But practice soon makes the work easier and in time the mind will learn to quiet down at the proper time of itself.

The next day goes better from the start, better and better the more you keep at the business. There is more peace and more self-control, a better sight of the whole situation. In time every kind of fear vanishes and there is a better and kindlier regard for one's fellows, even the worst of them. You know that the soul *is*, by its effects on you. In time you can feel yourself to *be* the soul, having command over mind and moods and body, unaffected by sickness and even death.

I have found all this worth trying and doing. Why not join me in the work and make yourself all over new?

SURGEON

Pressing One's Limits

ABOUT two-thirds of the way along the path the man sat down and refused to go any further.

"What's the use?" he said. "Look at that wall there at the end right in the way. Since it will stop me sometime I may as well stop now and save the trouble."

"There may be some way through," said another man, an erect, cheerful, energetic-looking fellow. "None of your blues for me. Yes, walking is getting troublesome and I'm getting tired. But it's much more wearisome and more tiring to sit down and mope and look backward."

So he strode on, holding himself the more erect and courageous-looking the more tired he felt.

But when he got to the wall there was a gate that opened of itself and let him through. And in the very moment of passing, his tiredness somehow vanished and all the strength that he had spent in holding his body erect and his mind courageous came back to him and made him a new man.

"Now," he said, "I can do something. I see now that all that walk was just exercise and preparation. This is a mighty fine job I've got now."

Most men treat their lives like that first fellow. They

start out all right, but just about midway along the years they stop learning and trying new things, let go, begin to let themselves droop, and don't achieve another inch of progress. They see the wall of death further along the path, have the thought of death in the back of their minds all the time, and do really cease to live, in the proper sense of that word. For to live is to grow.

Walk right up to anything and you'll find it's different from what it looked at a distance. That wall that we call Death is a *gate*.

Spend energy all the time. Never cease pressing your limits in every direction. Energy spent in that way is banked up for you and earning interest. The more tired and worn you make yourself, the more you're banking; the more you're really renewing your youth.

To come down to details:

Why not put a little energy into acquiring the carriage and figure of a man? Why stoop? Why slouch? Why not free your joints and muscles with a few daily exercises? It's just as well to walk along a passage erect like a soldier as lop along it like a tired dog.

Why do even the most mechanical piece of work in any way short of the best? Why not perfect your handwriting?

Why not screw the mind up? Learn something, a language, a science, history.

Why not train the moods? Why not insist upon cheerfulness, serenity, kindliness?

There are a thousand why-nots. They come to this: Why not press your limits all day, physically, mentally, spiritually?

So doing, you will get more alive every day. When old age comes with its failing senses and stiffening muscles, inside yourself you will feel more alive than ever. The mind will go a little inward, as it were, more into itself, and new powers of knowing the deeper things about life and death will develop. You will see death to be a gate and know your own immortality.

All this can be gained by *pressing your limits* all the time and in every direction. And no man is too old to begin to play this game. Results are sure, but don't spend any time or thought in looking for them. STUDENT

Compensation

(From a prisoner's letter)

IT IS curious that in this place of all others I should have been able to find a new self, a peace-self, to give it some sort of name. Out in the world I never suspected of its existence in me. I was *one*, one mind, just *me*.

In here it is, for me, up to now, a kind of hell. Restrictions that seem designed to irritate at every turn; rubbing up against all sorts and kinds of men; food that does not agree; hard and utterly uninteresting work;—why should I go on? a thousand things. All that part of me that I knew of in the life outside, hurt, wronged—as it seems—irritated, infuriated.

But there are moments, when, alone with myself, some blessed influence from within me—sort of *me*, too—tells me that it is all right somehow; that things are somehow for my good in the long run, that they are looked after; a deep peace that passes all through my worried mind and body. It happens again and again, more often lately. And the more when I am most exhausted with the mental pain and discomfort of the whole situation.

So I am not hopeless. I cannot say why at these moments I am hopeful, or at what I am hopeful of. Yet I *know* that I am not being fooled. Some sort of light and help *is* about me.

I spoke of this to another man, a young fellow, to whom I have been drawn in some silent way. He, as it turned out, has the same experiences. We have not spoken of the thing except to each other. Fear of not being understood, I guess. But we thought that it was perhaps getting to know of the soul that is so much talked of outside and so little explained. It seemed curious that in *prison*, with all that that means, a man should have the first chance to get to know something of his soul! But so it is in our case. Maybe there are many more that have got to know what we have but who do not show it and think they are entirely alone in their experience. Certainly no one could suspect it in me. For I am as irritable and gloomy and despondent and sneering and critical as anybody all day and when I am with the others. The moments of help are only at night, and perhaps sometimes during that half hour after breakfast when we may go to our cells and have a quiet smoke. The quiet that comes of the first whiffs seems to open up something inside.

I don't see why one should not be able to live like that all day. But of course it is too new as yet, and for so many years outside there was only the ordinary me. One never had a time to look for anything else, no encouragement to do so, no teaching that there is anything else to look for. The "God" they talked of was never much of an attraction to me. Perhaps others had better luck in the way of teaching.

If one *could* live like that all day it might be possible to pass on the news, perhaps not so much by words, though. And anyhow, one must get to know more, first.

A Few Thoughts about God

MEN will argue forever about what God is. It never occurs to them to turn the question the other way round and ask what is God.

If I eat too much I get indigestion as my punishment. Did *God* do that to me? Here's our question, what is God? Is God the adjuster of punishment to sin or to folly? On the whole, punishment *is* adjusted to sin and folly; but who does it?

Look at that indigestion business again. Because there was too much food in the stomach, some of it had to

stay undigested, doing nothing and in a warm place. It naturally fermented and gave me trouble.

"Naturally." The thing went of itself, according to the laws of nature. The real promoter of that indigestion was *me*. I gave the word — by eating too much — and nature had no choice but to obey — by the fermentation.

I'm not far-sighted enough — who is? — to follow that all through. But I believe the same principle holds. We, men with free will and power of choice, do wrong or silly things; and then, *in the natural run of events*, sooner or later painful consequences happen. Nature, in a wide, deep sense, is at work in these matters. Just the law of cause and effect. Cause: sin and folly. Effect: pain, sooner or later.

Now wipe the slate clean. We've got some idea of *nature*. Pass that. But with just this remark: that

And the name *God* I'd reserve for that everlasting push or pull or urge or call *upward*. I can feel it in me and see its work outside. In the silence, without words I can communicate with it in a way that actual thoughts can't exactly follow. And so I know it's a *conscious sustaining and inspiring Presence* for us all. Further than that, perhaps, the *mind* can't go. The heart can know more than the mind sometimes.

If you say that God is the source of those laws of nature that are always trying to work out in the long run in our favor, I don't know anything against that. They would work out always and wholly in our favor if all of us always and wholly lived according to our best. It is man himself that hinders or spoils their work on his behalf. It seems to me to be *he* that does the injustices. And even when he has done them, nature more often than not is able to twist the consequences to



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE SAN DIEGO PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION

Every building is on the old Spanish-Colonial type, in keeping with the traditions and romance of California.

nature seems to be on our side. For the pains are good for us, and if we look well into them and act in future accordingly, we grow in some way, get more will, and stronger, more enduring character.

But I see something else all around me and in me, something not governed at all, but governing.

I see a *push* upward in every direction. I see that out of the stones the plants have come. The science books show us that somewhere in the long scale of life animal life was pushed up out of plant life. And animal life was pushed or pulled upward into human life. And inside me I can feel that same push or pull or urge *upward*. Upward to exertion instead of laziness, to right conduct instead of folly, to unselfishness and work and sympathy for others instead of animal selfishness, to use of will against difficulties, to thinking and aspiring. Upward, to hopefulness instead of despair. For right hope has in it the power to achieve its own fulfilment.

I see that if I obey this, *nature* does her best to give me health and happiness and the respect and love of others.

I see, then, that there are two powers at work together.

the advantage of those who suffer, growth in will, endurance, and power of sympathy.

So I say, don't so often ask what God is. Ask rather, what or which of the powers at work is God, to what will you give that ancient name.

STUDENT

✱

Music

"There is a natural melody in every human heart." — *Light on the Path*

"THAT'S what I saw, first thing I opened your little book. And it seemed to me the awfullest nonsense. Is a man's heart an instrument, a harp, that he can have music in it?"

"You were at the concert given us by Katherine Tingley's *Raja-Yoga* band last night?"

"Yes."

"Recall any of the music?"

"Sure. Can't get away from some of it; in my ears now."

"In your ears? What does that mean?"

"Well, in my mind, my memory."

"Inside you somewhere, not outside, going right along, and producing in you the same feeling as when, last night, it was coming into your mind from outside. Now that little book uses the word *heart* to mean the very deepest inside of a man, the very center of his mind and memory and feeling. And from some part of that inside, though not perhaps the deepest part, the music you heard last night is coming to you now.

"The little book says that all the time there is such music going on in every man, but so fine, so subtle, so far in, that he don't notice it. It is the music of the life in him as it thrills about through his body. And therefore specially in his heart because that is the center of life.

"The music now in your ears, as we say, the memory of last night's music, raises your feelings just as they were raised last night.

"The little book says that when a man does succeed in becoming aware of the life-music in his heart, his feelings are raised by it beyond anything he has ever known before. He becomes, so to speak, more than himself. He feels at one with all men. His mind is awakened to new understanding of life and of the great Purpose behind all this vast show of moving matter, worlds and mountains and trees and stones. And after that, the great wish and will of his life is to help in carrying out that Purpose.

"The melody of the heart, I am told, is peculiar in that it never repeats itself. It is always new, for life is never exactly the same in any two instants. All the music that great composers have ever written consists of fragments of this life-music that is everywhere because life is everywhere. Nothing is dead. The composer does not know where he gets his music from. It just comes upon him. The fact is that his inner hearing has for a moment opened. Our business is so to live that we get to hear our heart-music, to open up to it once and for all. Then we are reborn."

"What sort of living is that?"

"Constant feeling, of brotherliness to everybody, whether they have wronged you or not. Constant readiness to help. Taking things as they come with as much content as you can. Cheerfulness. Standing up to every duty. And never going to sleep without trying for a little while to feel that the great Purpose is around you and in you, working out through all you do that is right, through all your efforts to do right even if you fail, and preparing in the end, if you trust it, to show you the *heart* of it. These are the preparations for hearing the harmonies of your own heart and life and so reaching true life this side of death."

STUDENT

As the individual has voice, so has that in which the individual exists. Life itself has speech and is never silent. And its utterance is not, as you that are deaf may suppose, a cry: it is a song. — *Light on the Path*

Happiness

(From *The Cambrian*)

IT is worth while to try any recipe for happiness. Here is one that at least is to be commended for its simplicity and for the fact that it is within the reach of all:

It is to rid yourself of your notion of your rights.

Think a bit and you will see that the greater part of all the indignities, chagrins and humiliations you have had to endure arises from certain ideas you entertain about what is due you.

If you can knead your mind about until you come to the conclusion that nothing at all is due you, happiness is pretty sure to come in and take permanent lodgings in your heart.

Most of us have a contempt for manipulating our minds to suit the inevitable, and an admiration for those who can coerce events to suit our desires.

But, for instance, suppose, when you awake in the morning, before you get out of bed to do your gymnastics, you do a little mental exercise. Ask yourself: "Why should any one love me? Why should I be sought, admired or praised? What right have I to health or wealth? Others suffer; why should I be happy? I have no claims on the universe, so if anything good comes my way today I shall consider myself in luck."

Before you get up clean out of your mind every feeling of your rights and see what kind of a day you will have.

Don't try for more than one day, at first, for it will tax your forces.

Old habits of thought will bring constant suggestions that you are being abused, imposed upon, oppressed.

Be patient. Put these ideas away. Try just one day to act on the theory that you have no rights at all.

To get the taste of life we must approach it as a beggar at the king's court. If we are despised, what more natural? If we are feasted, what a marvel!

Rather, let us say that none can get the rich, sweet flavor of life unless he has the spirit in him of a little child.

Verily, verily he that cannot be changed and become as a little child shall never know at all how good a thing it is to live.

MEN suffer all their life long under the foolish superstition that they can be cheated. But it is impossible for a man to be cheated by anyone but himself. There is a third silent party to all our bargains. The nature and soul of things takes on itself the guarantee of the fulfilment of every contract, so that honest service cannot come to loss. If you serve an ungrateful master, serve him the more. Put God in your debt. Every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the repayment is withheld, the better for you; for compound interest on compound interest is the rate and usage of this exchequer. — *Emerson*

The Statue

(A fragment from an old story)

... AND in the public market-place of that old city was a statue so life-like that it seemed on the point of speech and motion.

The eyes of the sphinx, on the sands of old Egypt, gaze into eternity. He who looks long upon them forgets himself and something of the spirit of eternity descends upon him and enfolds him.

But he who gazed upon the speaking silence of the eyes of that statue in the old town's market-place, the rather came in upon himself and knew himself as never he did before. The great eyes looked into his, full of unuttered speech, intimate, to him and for him alone. Kindly were they, yet they seemed to read the last secrets of his heart and of his memory. Understanding all, they made each who looked upon them understand himself in the deep stillness of mind that came upon him. And the gaze awoke in him all latent manhood and noble resolve to be what he might be but never yet had been. He was reborn and went on his way with the silence still about him.

And thereafter when temptations assailed him he would recall those all-seeing eyes and the inner stillness and the benediction and the strength, so that he stood up again in his true selfhood once more evoked, and in such regained self-knowledge could understand and say *I Will*. And the temptation was vanquished. Verily the statue was true friend to all in that old city, to men and women and children. For each and all sought day by day their moment of silent communion with it, the moment wherein with hushed lip and mind they found themselves, the moment of power.

Underneath it was the legend:

SILENCE IS POWER. MAN, KNOW THYSELF.
KNOW, WILL, DARE, AND BE SILENT.

The Legend of the Seven Kings

IN the long march of time, forgotten history fades into legend, and again, legendary lore often proves prophetic.

About the ancient town of Vadstena, on the shore of Lake Vättern, Sweden, cluster many famous legends. One of the most interesting of these tells us that at some future day

SEVEN BEECH TREES WILL GROW FROM A COMMON ROOT, AND THAT SEVEN KINGS WILL ARRIVE FROM SEVEN KINGDOMS AND FASTEN THEIR HORSES, ONE AT EACH TREE; THAT UNDER THE CANOPY OF THE BEECHES THEY WILL CONCLUDE AN EVERLASTING PEACE-ALLIANCE BETWEEN THE SEVEN KINGDOMS WHICH THEY REPRESENT.

And, continues the legend,

THIS WILL COME TO PASS AT THE END OF THE PRESENT AGE.

Does it not look as if the "present age" was now finishing? The long-gathering storm has burst. After storms comes peace; the earth grows green. Young shoots strike through and the trees prepare to bloom.

It is said, by the way, that there is a place in Holland near The Hague, where seven beech trees *do* grow from a common trunk.

Go Slow in Hanging

TUNED HIS INSTRUMENT FOR HIM. REAL MAN SHOWS UP.
MAY GET HIS FREEDOM.
(From Hartford *Weekly Times*)

Trenton, N. J.—The removal by the prison physicians of a bone splinter pressing on the brain of Jonas Szikely, a convict serving a thirty-year sentence in the state penitentiary here for murder, has so transformed the mental condition of the man that the court of pardons has ordered an investigation with a view of recommending a pardon for him.

Szikely received a blow on the head in the struggle when the murder was committed by him in 1910, and, until the operation several months ago, he was kept under close guard and generally feared by other prisoners.

Now it is said he exhibits a kindly disposition and is constantly helping his fellow prisoners.

The fact that he remembers nothing of his crime, of the struggle that preceded it or of his trial or conviction, has convinced the prison officials that he was not responsible for his act.

Extracts from a Prisoner's Letter

THE NEW WAY:

I want to tell you what your little paper (THE NEW WAY) has done for me. . . . I am today a happy man within the prison walls. I most earnestly hope and pray that your paper will do for others as it has done for me. I believe that little magazine, THE NEW WAY, is based upon real heart work, and I certainly wish you much success. I am serving a three-year sentence, and only have eight months to serve yet, though I don't mind that for the way is brighter to me now. I thank you for all the papers received and hope you will continue sending them.

Yours respectfully,
No. _____

IN ADDITION to the purpose for which THE NEW WAY was established, viz., for Gratuitous Distribution in Prisons, many persons have expressed their interest in, and desire to subscribe for it. It will continue as heretofore to be distributed free in Prisons, in accordance with its original purpose; but for those who wish to subscribe for it the subscription price is One Dollar per year, Ten Cents per copy.

Money orders and checks should be made payable to THE NEW WAY, and all subscriptions should be addressed to:

THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

New Way Notebook

'Tis *himself* should be more worth to a man than his work. I have thought, do you know, that at whiles God will be spoiling a man's work to save the poor soul's self. — Mr. Healy, in *Beaujeu*

THE world is looking for the man who can do something; not for the man who can "explain" why he didn't do it.

"WHAT helped you over the great obstacles of life?" was asked a successful man. "The other obstacles," he replied.

EACH day there should be fresh resolution, new strength, and renewed enthusiasm. "Just for today" might be the daily motto. — *H. G. Jordan*

WHEN a certain person in anxiety of mind was wavering between fear and hope, he revolved this within himself, saying: *If I did but know that I should persevere!* He then presently heard within him this answer: *If thou didst know this, what wouldst thou do? Do now what thou wouldst then do, and thou shalt be very secure.* — *Thomas à Kempis*

STRIVE above all things to keep through all things the idea of the presence of a friend who accompanies, guides, nourishes and sustains us at every step.

— *St. Martin*

THE trials and oppositions which we undergo are our crosses while we remain beneath them; but they may be made ladders of ascent. And the wisdom which exposes us to them has no other end than our elevation and strengthening, and not that cruel and vengeful intent which is attributed to it by the vulgar. — *St. Martin*

We plan — and plan: "This shall be so — and so. This shall I do," and "thither shall I go." Yet, as the hours shape themselves to days, We tread not in those same self-chosen ways; Our feet are led 'long paths we had not guessed, And lo! we find those newer paths are best! — *Anon.*

A crowd of troubles passed him by
As he with courage waited;
He said, "Where do you troubles fly
When you are thus belated?"
"We go," they say, "to those who mope,
Who look on life dejected,
Who weakly say 'good-by' to hope;
We go where we're expected." — *F. J. Allison*

IN looking back over our lives, we often see that what seemed at the time the worst hours and the most hopeless in their wretchedness were in reality the best of all. They developed powers in us that had heretofore slept, developed energies of which we had never dreamed. — *James Freeman Clarke*

Heard This?

AN old Scotsman traveled from Edinburgh to York, and was met on the platform by his son, who remarking at once the gloom on his father's face inquired if anything were wrong. "Eh, lad! I hae lost my luggage." "Why, how did that happen?" "The cork came out!" was the aggrieved reply.

AN Irishman walked into a hotel and noticed two men fighting at the far end of the room. Leaning over the bar, he earnestly inquired of the bartender:

"Is that a private fight, or can any one get into it?"

A FARM servant called at a farm and applied for work but had no "character" with him. When asked by the farmer why he had none he explained that he did not ask for it in his last place because he ran away. "It was like this," he said: "we had a pig die there and the master salted it, and we had to eat it. Then a calf died, and the master salted it, and we had to eat that; then the master's grandmother died, and I saw the master taking a lot of salt in, so I did not stop for a character."

JUDGE: "I'll have to fine ye a dollar, Jeff."

JEFF: "I'll have to borrow it off ye, Judge."

JUDGE: "Great Snakes! I was only finin' ye to git a dollar. Git out, ye thief! Ye ain't guilty anyway."

Southern California, August, slight shower. Native soliloquizing: "I know it isn't raining even though I know it is because I know it can't be."

"WRITING much verse now?" asked the critic.

"Not much," returned the poet. "Only enough to keep the wolf from the door."

"Why do you read it over to him?" asked the critic.

"FEATHER," said little Mickey, "wasn't it Patrick Henry that said, 'Let us have peace'?"

"Niver!" said old Mickey. "Nobody by th' name of Pathrick iver said anything loike thot."

A DOG fancier is a person who will give \$1000 for a dog with a long pedigree. A dog lover will divide his living and lodging with a dog that couldn't be sold for a quarter, but chances to be his friend.

"Ax' you were at MacDougal's last nicht — what kind o' mahn is he?"

"Leebral wi' his whisky — but the quality o' it's that indeefrent I verra near left some!"

THE fare at a certain boarding-house was very poor. A boarder who had been there for some time, because he could not get away, was standing in the hall when the landlord rang the dinner-bell. Whereupon an old dog that was lying outside on a rug commenced to howl mournfully.

The boarder watched him a little while, and then said: "What on earth are you howling for? You don't have to eat it!"