

Special Edition  
for Soldiers and Sailors

GIFT  
MAR 22 1921

"Be thou the true man thou dost seek."

Please Handle with Care  
And Pass on to Another

# 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

Point Loma, California

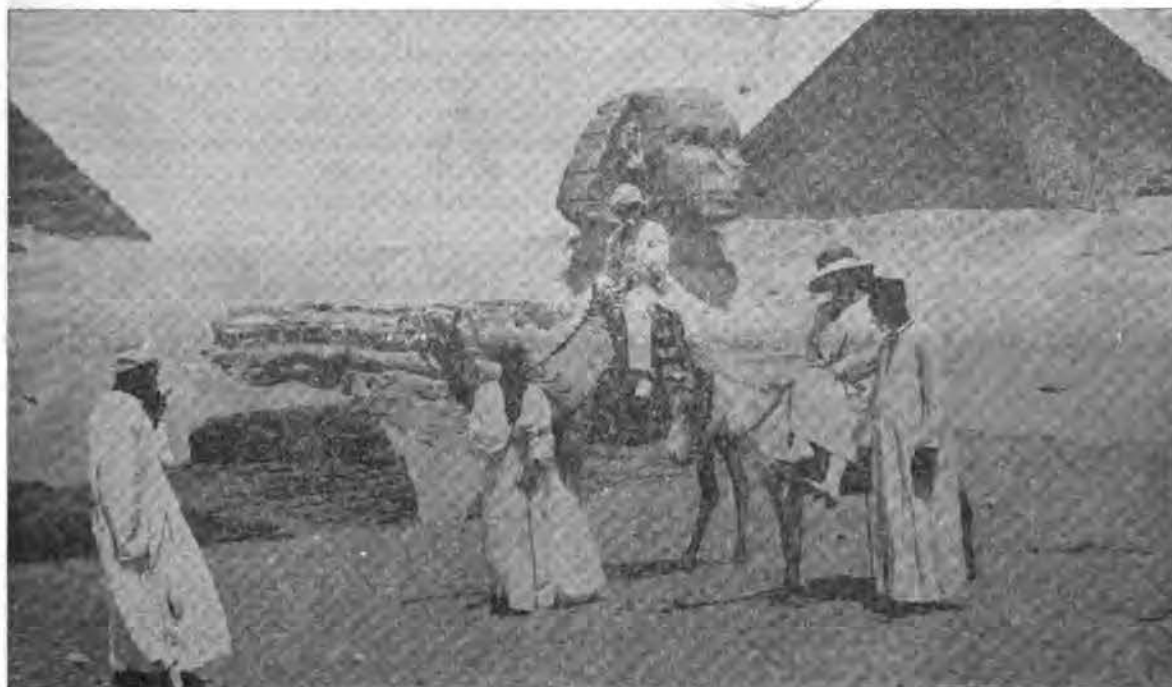
EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

Copyright 1921 by Katherine Tingley

VOL. X

JANUARY 1921

No. 1



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

## THE GREAT PYRAMID AND THE SPHINX

This pyramid is the grandest of the seventy-five or more of these mysterious structures remaining from the days of ancient Egypt, and the most complex in its arrangement of chambers and passages. The height, originally 480 feet, is the radius of a circle whose circumference would be equal to the four sides of the base. The base covers thirteen acres. The Sphinx, in the foreground, is ninety feet long and seventy in height and between the great outstretched paws was a temple. According to tradition a subterranean passage connects the interior of the Sphinx with that of the Pyramid.

### The Two Jails

I HAVE often tried to think what I would say to men who find themselves in prison that I might bring hope into their hearts and again rouse aspiration and a desire for a good and noble life.

I want those who are within prison walls to know that there are *two* jails on this earth, the one built

by the hands of man, with a visible jailer and bars, the other an invisible one, not built by the hands of man, and with a jailer also invisible to most men, unerring, just, and true.

To know that from this jail, this invisible one, there is no escape, no pardon, no evading the sentence, to know this at first would seem rather hard, but not when we begin to understand that whatever the term

of the sentence may be there is always exact justice behind it, that we carry the key to that jail, that we are in reality the jailer and the prisoner in one. We can only escape and pass out from it by being absolutely obedient to law, but a law that is true and inflexible. We cannot employ counsel here, influential friends will not help us, the fact that thousands may not know that we have infringed upon the law will not help us; for if a law is really a law it must reach to all phases of relations of life, and it must always be just.

But lest you think I speak only in enigmas I want to show you that some of the grandest characters that ever lived were put in jail, according to the idea of man, and yet they were not there in reality. Jesus was in jail, Socrates was in jail, and both paid the extreme penalty of the law, but Jesus in his last moments only thought of his enemies, pitying them. Socrates was the calmest individual in the group in whose presence he was to die. Paul sang in prison. Remember that the real human being you can never imprison, nor is freedom a matter of opened doors. I may be in a dungeon and yet if I do not really belong there I will have freedom there.

How many men have had bodily freedom and yet have come to acknowledge the crime for which they ought to be in jail, and have found it easier to go there rather than have an accusing conscience following them through life! But you say, Suppose the conscience is dead, and it does not care, what then? In that condition itself there is a penalty so drastic, so far-reaching, that it would make one shudder if he could appreciate it. Think of an individual going on and on, getting more and more completely bestial, and gradually coming to where there is no hope, no aspiration, no more of true life, or life at all, where everything turns to ashes, and at last the soul itself will have to stand naked and alone.

Freedom is a God-given condition which we must earn and deserve in order to possess it. It is not the gift of any man, or number of men, nor can this in the real sense be taken away when it is truly deserved. Think of Epictetus the slave, and yet also the calm philosopher. Think of the many instances in life where amid almost hopeless surroundings an individual will live a true life and be true to his best aspirations.

Whenever we do our duty nobly and faithfully we are on the road to unlocking the prison in which we have placed ourselves through living in our limitations and shallowness and mistakes. There is no road to freedom except the path of duty and of right. And what is more noble and more inspiring than to do the duty which comes to hand, no matter among what tasks this duty may lie? It may seem small or great in its outward appearance, but let us realize that anything that is really duty is really great, and the road to real greatness is ever and always to be true to it and to our best.

THOMAS SEELE

### "An Open Way to the Light"

"There is a state of consciousness that is an open way to the Light."—KATHERINE TINGLEY

I FOUND these words in a little book of quotations sent me recently by a friend. They switched my groping mind to a new track. Some great thing, full of joy and promise, has suddenly opened up within me.

I was rebellious, tired, out of tune with the world and with myself. Why should I be condemned to lie here day after day, my whole world bounded by the four walls of a sick-room—worse yet, in a state institution, with bare, unhomelike walls, an unsympathetic doctor and an over-busy nurse? Why should I be selected for this? And with the prospect of nothing else for years—if ever, so far as this life was concerned.

"An open way to the Light!" That is just what I wanted to find; it is what all humanity is searching to find. An open way to the Light is surely the world's most urgent need. I have kept in touch with the world through the papers and I sometimes wonder if I do not feel its pulse-beat more keenly than I could if I were out in the thick of it all. And it seemed to me that in spite of much unselfish thought and endeavor, no one had the Light that could give real peace. I certainly had it not.

But there was a challenge in this little sentence. I had been making the old mistake of the world: trying to find the Light by formulas and receipts; trying to come upon it by some outer or brain-mind route; dead-set in the idea that the way to it was *outside of myself* and as I was bound to a sick-bed it must therefore be denied me. Where was the justice in that? Is there a God of Mercy? I asked myself. Is there a moral law guiding the universe, or is the world just another sort of machine, destined to run for a while, and then run down?

"There is a state of consciousness"—aye, there's the rub! The state of consciousness that I must confess to, *has been* something to be ashamed of. How could anyone expect to see the sunshine or the light, down in the cellars of discontent and self-absorption, head under the bed-clothes, so to speak? Sheer common sense would induce one to work up a state of consciousness less limited than that.

And before I knew it, the long nightmare had passed away. An open way to the Light had been found. Everything, everybody, had suddenly changed. I had changed. I was no longer a whining 'shut-in' but a free soul, with the power to think what thoughts I would, the power to dream what dreams I would, the power to see as much of the clear light of truth as I would, and the power to let the scales drop from my eyes forever! Did ever man have such power as this before? I asked myself.

There can be no justice in a universe where the real

opportunities of the soul are shut away from *any single creature*. And in our universe of justice and love, they are not. Peace of mind and clear conscience *everyone* can have; the power to choose between love for all creatures and a miserable absorption in oneself, everyone can have; the power to put away pessimistic thoughts and call in thoughts of optimism and happiness to take their place — can anyone take such a rare gift from you? It is yours, inalienably *yours*.

The great poet-philosopher Herder once exclaimed, when in cruel suffering near the close of a long life, "Oh, if some great new thought could suddenly break upon my mind, I should be well in a moment!" How truly he spoke! The words have clung to my mind through many years of ups and downs, much suffering, and some bitter mistakes. I could not forget them — but I could not believe them, either. Now I know their truth. The doctor came in that morning. He examined me, looked at the chart, told me I was much better than he expected. But as I dozed off I heard him say to the nurse, "What on earth has happened to Number Seven? He may be out of here in three months, and well in six, and I thought he was ticketed for life!"

And while that three or six months lasts, I shall not be useless timber in the world, either. There is an outer life — very sweet sometimes to those who know nothing of the other. But the other is *the inner life*, rich and beautiful, a veritable world of enchantment. Perhaps I should never have found it, had the outer life, health, means, prospects, not been snatched away! O my friends, there are worse things than being shut up with your own thoughts! A FRIEND

### Letters to a Son

(Number 3)

**MY SON JOHN:** The kindly reception you have given to my previous letters encourages me to be less general in this one and speak further of yourself and of your character.

You have brought along many things which have been more or less decorative of your youth. Most of these you will cast off — but never, I hope, your youthful feeling. Keep your mind clean as the woodland stream and you never will grow old. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he"; that is good gospel.

If you have any habits or tendencies which you have thought to temporize with,—things you would be ashamed to have known,—get rid of them or they will ultimately expose themselves to your shame. If you feel that you have any trace of such things left in you, let me urge that you complete your previous doing and confide these to me so that I can help you to dispose of them.

As you know, I have ever impressed upon you the

great fact of the duality of human nature and of the necessity of so developing the higher of these two poles so as to keep the forces of the lower in control. The natural and legitimate forces and tendencies which are entrusted to every man in his physical make-up, uncontrolled or misused, are the great wreckers of character, of mind and of body. Hold them clean and to right use and you will gain power for the highest development of your whole nature.

Since you have grown up acquainted with this duality, you know that if you side with your higher part, your divine, godlike self who knows and speaks through your conscience, you will gain the necessary control of your lower animal and material self and mind. Then always you will know the right of things and will have the strength and courage to do right under all circumstances. The lower man is that part of you which you have to raise up for work with your higher self. You have to educate and train the brain-mind to high thoughts and ideals till they become instinctive. That mind knows nothing of high matters of right, principle, and truth until it is brought to work with the other, higher, mind. Until that is done it is too often the playground for every kind of impulse and suggestion from below. Then too, it thinks that it knows nearly everything and can pronounce upon the highest matters. It can always argue very cunningly against what the higher mind knows is truth and right, what *you* know is truth and right.

A man can fool himself a lot, John, and you will do this all your life unless you form the habit of standing yourself in the corner, say every evening, for a facing and questioning of your conduct and thoughts. Be strict with the thoughts. Do not let them dodge the question nor make excuses. Thoughts are foxy and hunt for holes when cornered, or try to seem what they know very well they are not.

You may have noticed that the lower mind starts argument with *but*s and *ifs*. These two little words will serve to notify you that this 'colt'-mind wants to throw a cloud over something of which *you* have true clear knowledge — if you listen to your soul. Bar these two words and your lower mind will be short on ways for starting controversy in which the truth is lost, and you yourself are confused. Partaking of the nature of the earth, the primary tendency of the lower self is downward and it does not want to be raised up. You have to change its polarity.

The young man you have in hand is quite complex, John, as you have doubtless found. If ever you find time dragging, you can make it interesting by learning to know yourself, and how to handle the 'colt.'

Now as a man you have to take yourself, your character, into your own keeping, consolidate it and go on adding to the structure, raising it either plumb, leaning askew, or to finally topple, as you will, or fail to will. Build true in the *small* daily deeds.

"Man, know thyself!" is quite necessary as well as a large undertaking, son. As we gain this knowledge we become more and more important factors in life. For if we delve honestly into our characters we find so much rubbish and worse, that if only for our own sake, we should start house-cleaning and refurnishing—at last becoming a fit abode for the living God, the Soul-Self of every man. Best fortune.

— YOUR CONFIDENT FATHER

### Truth: Justice: Silence

THE three words that stand at the head of this article form a triune expression of frequent use and great significance in the lives of certain students. At first thought one is tempted to ask, "Why these three words more than any others?" Looked at from the ordinary standpoint they seem to lack relation one to another, and when repeated they have a peculiar way of refusing to coalesce, refusing to become a commonplace formula.

"Truth, Justice, Silence!" — What effect might these words exert when entering as living factors into the life of a human being?

'*Truth!*' That which *is*. The actual essence of things. *Reality*, as opposed to the illusions and superficialities of existence. Surely if I can rise with each morning's sun attuned to this one keynote of truth I am taking the first step in the banishment of sham, of make-believe, of illusion in my life. I face the realities of life as a reality. All that there is of immortality, of spirituality, of nobility, dignity, worth, in the universe—all that I have aimed to attune myself to. My aim is far from accomplished; were it so I should be one with the saviors of the race—an Elder Brother. But I have sounded the keynote, I have set the atoms of my being, the forces and energies of my life, into vibration with the pulsating of the universal life. The door is opened in me for the entry of some breath, some note, some fleeting vision—call it what you will—of the greater life. In so far as I succeed in dedicating that day to truth I have come as near as is possible for me at that time and in that point of growth and evolution, to identifying myself with the Heart of the Universe. Because I have done this I myself have achieved a larger growth, have pushed back the limits of my possibilities for growth. Better still, because I have done this all whom I have contacted have been benefited, have perhaps sensed an urge to greater aspiration, more daring efforts, have been challenged to strive for greater things. Unquestionably, for every human being who sounds this keynote of truth in his life, truth—universal truth—receives by that much its fuller incarnation in him.

*Justice*—how difficult it is to be at any time ab-

solutely just to oneself and to others! There are so many things to consider—so much both unknown to us and known to us. And when it comes to exercising absolute justice on the human plane, whether towards ourselves or towards others, we discover that our real knowledge of it is pitifully inadequate. One thing we may be certain of: that danger of undue severity in our judgment of others is far greater than undue severity of judgment of ourselves. We have to take the injunction to heart to "Be more severe with yourself than with others; be more charitable towards others than towards yourself." Our duty is not to condemn our fellow-man but to learn by his mistakes, remembering always that perhaps were we in his position, with his weaknesses, his heredity, we might do no better or not as well.

It is an ample ideal, this of justice, to carry in the heart and mind and make practical even for one day. Try it and see. Think of many interweaving skeins of human destiny and human happiness, depending in some way, small or great, on your administration of justice in the minute tribunal of your day's duties. Think of yourself and feel yourself doing what is due from you to the utmost of your ability in every detail of the day; in the relationships with personalities that always rub you the wrong way; in the little tasks and duties you should do each day, but which being so insignificant and easily overlooked, or perhaps so distasteful, you usually slight. Try all these small forms of administering justice in your own little life-world, including that justice to *yourself* which consists in self-control of every sort, and see if the word itself is not a tonic for your whole being. Let us, a few of us, for the sake of the welfare of the rest, begin to introduce this vital leaven of justice most intimately and conscientiously into our daily lives, that sanity, poise, and strength and compassion may find their way once more into the world's living.

And *Silence*—mystery of mysteries; most potent of all potencies; the philosopher's stone of human character. Silence—its own best definition. Profaned rather than elucidated by words, it is the gateway to the eternal mysteries of man's deepest self. Is it not our unrest we would all be freed of, this tossing hither and thither on the troubled tides of moods and emotions, seldom knowing the calm, clear, silent depths of the ocean of spiritual life within us? Nature's supreme creation, Man, is a strange paradox. He prays for "the peace that passeth all understanding." But moving restlessly and clamorously up and down before the temple he lacks the temerity to turn the key and enter. The question always is, of course, does he really *want* to enter? If he really wants to enter he can enter; when he really wants to enter he will enter; until he really wants to enter, entrance is utterly forbidden. And he can only approach this abiding-place of peace through the Hall of Silence. Why shall we not practise it, if only for a



few moments at the first and last of the day, this listening inward with thought stilled, till we have found what it holds for us?

Can we not call back to our midst something of the depth and sincerity of the ancient days? With the builders of the pyramids, of the Sphinx, of Karnak,

and live them. There will be moments — moments of change, of stepping forth into the vale of peace when the 'I' that now so cramps and troubles us will fall away, and That which is, the real Self, will know that It is Truth, It is Justice, It is Silence. It is these moments that open for us the real life. M. M.



THE MULTNOMAH FALLS, OREGON

The main fall has a drop of 605 feet



LOWER FALLS OF MULTNOMAH

From a terrace above Columbia Highway

reposed secrets of silence now unknown to us, but still discoverable were we willing to turn to the interior of our own souls. There we shall find at once the peace we seek, together with the power and wisdom wherewith to attain and hold it. It is the old, old question of self-knowledge and becoming actually that which we are potentially. Truth — justice — silence. In our best moments we are the expression of truth. Justice abides with us ever and takes its rise from this same Eternal Self. Silence is the language, the only true and adequate expression of the Warrior within. All these things we have, all these things we are. But we have wandered far away from ourselves. To be sure, in this bodily mansion we can but see truth as through a glass darkly; justice is ever relative and conditioned; and the singing silence seldom sounds within. But let us cherish these words, love them

### Happiness

**H**UMAN life doesn't look much of a success in the way of happiness, does it? And yet we are all incurable optimists about it. If things could only be this way or that way, if we could only have this or that, we think, then there would be happiness. We never get the thought for a moment that there is *no* way and never will be to weave the myriad threads of life so as to come out into the pattern of general and permanent happiness. In the meantime each follows as well as he can the lines that he finds do lead to short spells of pleasure.

What would be your prescription for bettering things? Just think that out a minute and take a careful look at your own answer. Perhaps you will be thinking that if wealth were better distributed there

would be an end of the main troubles. Everyone would then have a chance to get or to do what gave him happiness.

But in giving this prescription you forget that the people who already have as much wealth as they know what to do with are not happy. You have only to look at them or know them well enough or even read about them in the newspapers. All you can say is that they haven't *poverty* to trouble them — that one thing; but they have a lot of other things, just as you have — *and* something more to balance the absence of the poverty. There seems to be always an even balance of pain and pleasure in every life, one varying with the other. You may make the utmost of every pleasure you can get, increase your enjoyment of them to the limit. But you have only made it more painful for yourself when you can't get them. If you try to side-track your troubles you have only become more sensitive to those that do reach you. If your pleasures are very few you enjoy all the more intensely those which you do get. In fact the amount of happiness or unhappiness that anybody gets in his life depends on his own nature much more than on anything he gets possession of or that happens to him. So if wealth could be so redistributed and the getting of it so regulated that there was no more poverty and everyone was free to pursue his own happiness he would find that unhappiness was pursuing him just as ever.

The problem, then, must be, so to alter our natures that we have happiness anyhow, whatever the external conditions. We shall see that if we solved that, we should find that we were somehow altering the natures of others in the same satisfactory direction, and that social difficulties and unjust pressures would soon be eased away to nothing. In other words we are not at all victims of life but have forced into life all the evils it contains, being more or less guilty one and all.

Still, the guilt was more from ignorance. But if so, where is knowledge? How shall we get the knowledge of human nature that is needed to alter it?

What do you find when you look into human nature — your own? There's no use in looking outside till you have seen all there is to be seen inside.

Well, first of all, you *think*. Thinking is *one* of the activities of our threefold human nature. What do you mainly think of?

As soon as you consider this you see a whole lot of appetites, desires for pleasures, comfort, wealth, gratifications of all sorts. In so far as these occupy your mind they exclude the thought of the welfare and happiness of anyone else. In other words this center of appetites and desires is the absolutely selfish center in our make-up, separating us from everybody else. A man who let nothing else sway him would become a monster and probably kill himself by his excesses.

But there is another center of desires in us, quite distinct from this and pulling exactly the other way.

To the extent that *these* occupy the mind we consider the happiness and the interests of others. It is the center of *unselfishness*, of compassion and sympathy and love, love given out and love and gratitude necessarily attracted in return. If we choose to live in this center and thoroughly energize it and cultivate it, we have already found the way to permanent happiness. Conscience is with us all along this way.

But what is conscience? "Conscience is what tells you to do your duty." It does. But it does much more than that. It *is* something. It *is* the center of desire for the good of others and for our own good — our real good — and it is the wisdom which shows the way to work for this and what *not* to do. It guides into happiness and away from what would ultimately bring unhappiness. But it could not do this unless it were a something that knew what it was about. So it is a center of knowledge; and a center that inspires us to do right and to care for the welfare and happiness of others. Why should we not call it the *soul*?

So we have human nature as a triple: (1) That which thinks — the mind. (2) That which desires personal gratification regardless both of others and of our own real welfare. (3) That which inspires us to right, to consideration for others and for our own real welfare; and whose knowledge of what is our own real welfare is much greater and farther reaching than our *mind's* knowledge. Sometimes it comes in quite suddenly and takes charge of our conduct. In every great emergency, a fire, a shipwreck or what not, you see one or more perhaps apparently quite commonplace and ordinary men become heroes, forgetting their own safety and risking or throwing away their own lives to secure the safety of others. The man becomes for the time 'more than himself,' as we say. But why should we not say that he becomes for that moment his *real self*?

And just as conscience (or the soul) inspires right and noble conduct, so it inspires higher *mental* activity. The poet, the musician, the scientific discoverer, the thinker, may ordinarily appear to be no unusual men. But they get moments when their minds are suddenly illuminated with a new light and under its influence they write the poem or the melody or conceive the great thought or invention that is an uplift or a help to their generation. The soul is energizing them for the good of others, as it always does in all of us — and for their own good. They are even bettered in health for that time of uplift or illumination.

Why is the soul so apparently careless of the man's life that it should inspire him to throw it away in the service of others? Must it not be that it knows *he does not really die*? He could not throw away his life. He merely became big enough for the time to let his *body* go. Can we suppose that the creator of a great poem or symphony has less life than that which he created? That whilst it lives on perhaps for centuries *he* ceases to be? Whilst the inspiration was

upon him, at any rate, he would know that to be impossible. And whoever will let the soul into himself, become as it were more than himself through the noblest and most unselfish conduct he can carry out, will presently find growing up in him the certain knowledge that whilst his body will in time wear out and drop from him, he himself passes on immortal.

Our intuition is right. Real happiness is a natural element in life, attainable by us all, to be attained sometime by all humanity. It is not the program that human life should be the poor thing it is, so painful, so limited in depth and knowledge. STUDENT

### Looking Inward and Outward

(From *Old Fables Retold*)

JUPITER, the All-Maker, looked upon the men he had created and saw that though he had made them as souls that could understand all heavenly things, he had placed them in the world blind and deaf and speechless, so that they knew not where they were nor could have any outward communion one with another. So he completed his work by piercing holes in them for eyes to look out through and ears to listen outward with and nostrils to smell the scents that floated upon the sweet air. And also the opening of the mouth that they might emit the sounds that were to become speech and might thus talk the one to the other and tell each other what they saw and heard.

So they all fell straightway to looking and listening outward and telling each other of the strange new experiences. In which new powers they were soon wholly absorbed and forgot themselves as souls. But some few did yet turn their gaze betimes away from the outward, inward into themselves, and beheld the divine light within; and likewise their hearing inward so that they heard the inward divine harmonies; and their speech inward for the invocation of their own divinity. But the rest remained wholly absorbed in the outer world and spent their strength in the search for outward pleasures and in ceaseless talk with one another, gradually becoming quarrelsome, unloving and selfish, forgetting their brotherhood. They lost touch more and more, and at last altogether, with their divinity and with the All-Father and became afflicted with numberless ills and pains and their lives were darkened with hate and strife.

"So it must be with them," said Jupiter pitifully, "till they learn to look inward at their own light which I gave them, to make silence in their minds and ears and listen inward to the harmony which is the voice of Myself in their bodies, and invoke Me with the voice of their hearts. And for him who loves his fellows and has naught but love for them in his heart I will give ever-increasing joy and strength in life, make smooth his ways, and dwell always with him."

### For Those Who Fail

Joaquin Miller

"ALL honor to him who shall win the prize,"  
The world has cried for a thousand years,  
But to him who tries and who fails and dies,  
I give great honor and glory and tears.

Oh, great is the hero who wins a name,  
But greater many and many a time  
Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame  
And lets God finish the thought sublime.

And great is the man with a sword undrawn,  
And good is the man who refrains from wine;  
But the man who fails and yet still fights on,  
Lo, he is the twin-brother of mine.— *Selected*

### The Hill Difficulty

Frank Walcott Hutt

ALL in good time the hill was reached, and then  
I climbed as once I feared I could not do;  
And so I prayed, as prays a traveller who  
Desires beyond his ken.  
I strove my best, as I had never done,  
Searched my heart deeply for its childhood trust,  
Dared my soul's worth, raised honor from the dust,  
And, in good time, I won.  
I climbed the best I knew. Lest I should err  
I roused my hope to spurn fear's leisure hour,  
And stirred my soul's strength to its utmost power  
Against the odds that were.  
O hill of many dreams, my thankful heart  
Throbs, as along thy higher slopes I go,  
Glad that from mine own path of joy and woe  
Thou wert not set apart!  
For thus from life's debatable low ground  
I overcame old sloth and faithlessness,  
Proved my soul's worth amid Time's nobler stress,  
And lo, my strength I found.— *Selected*

"OUR doubts are traitors and make us lose the good  
we oft might win by fearing to attempt."

— *Shakespeare*

THE NEW WAY. Subscription price (Domestic), Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Get your friends to join you in subscribing. Foreign Subscriptions per year \$1.00. Five subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten subscriptions for \$5.00.

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

### Quotes from Many Sources

HUMANITY: "The *successive* incarnation of God." (*Dean Stubbbs*). "A picture that the Divine Artist is perpetually working at." (*Vinet*) "Fallen gods, who have a recollection of heaven." (*Lamartine*)

"OVER in the immemorial desert yonder there goes the Arab. . . . The desert is a desert to him. It is merely sand, and nothing more. But one day there comes a man who . . . pauses at the same place in the uncharted desert. And he says, 'Dig there.' . . . And presently they lay bare a temple filled with memorials of a great past, a temple of which the frescoes are as fresh as when they were painted. He knew it was there. There is a buried magnificence in every man. There is a hidden splendor, a secret temple, and God alone knows that it is there."—*W. J. Dawson*

"As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptations we resist."

—*Emerson*

"ALL the world is crying, 'we want a *man*.' Do not look so far for this true man. You have him right at hand. This man — it is you, it is I, it is each one of us. But how to constitute oneself such a man? Nothing harder if one knows not how to do it. Nothing easier if one wills it."—*Alexander Dumas*

"How am I going to lift myself out of the mud in which I am immersed? When I think of the things I have done, how I loathe myself! And yet how I long to be clean and self-respecting!"

"That self you are when you long to be clean is not unclean. How could that which is really bad wish to be good? Step right out of longing into being. Dare to assert your right to be as pure as you wish to be; put the past resolutely out of sight; take one step forward. Think of the thousands held down by the same feeling of helplessness. That forward step of yours will sound on the inner planes of life a sweet, strong note of music that will echo in other longing hearts, and raise them to the tone of yours — and you will have helped another out of the mire. Try."—*E. D.*

"THOSE who shirk from facing trouble, find that trouble comes to them."—*Smiles*

"TOMORROW's character is determined by today's action. Therefore it is not only possible to control the future: it is our positive duty to do so. Whether we will or no, we are making or unmaking character today, for 'character is habit crystallized.' To recognise this ought to help us to take the higher ground always. No man can safely say that he will 'take things easy' today, and tomorrow do differently. Tomorrow may not come; but if it does come, he is less likely to do well than he was today, if today he has shoved character a peg downward."

"COULD you and I but to each other say  
From what a lordly House we took our way,  
And to what Hostel of the Gods we wend,  
Oh, would we not anticipate the end?  
Oh, would we not have paradise today?"

"WHEN we ascend a hill, do we rise in spite of it, or because of it? Manifestly we do both. The hill tends to force us back, downward, and so we rise in spite of it. On the other hand, we could not rise without it. Unlimited energy on a dead level will not carry us upward. Our rising, in spite of the hill, then, is to be credited to our energy or our will; and our rising because of it is to be credited to our wisdom in taking advantage of circumstances, and making of them an opportunity of rising. In either case we must do — the hill does nothing. Difficulties, losses, sorrows, tend to depress and throw us backward. They are circumstances which we must regard as opportunities. We can rise in spite of them, and rise because of them."

—*Patterson du Bois*

"THERE is in man a power to see the invisible, to hear the inaudible, to know the unknowable, to enter into the non-sensuous and the spiritual; but this power lies in many a man dormant. Glimmerings of light come to him, glimpses of the invisible are afforded to him; but for the most part he walks by sight and not by faith. He must be born from above. The power to see the invisible must be awakened. He must be lifted out of his lower self; out of a lower realm into a higher realm. Then he sees what he did not before see; he understands what he did not before understand. He finds himself in a world of which before he knew nothing, although it was all about him."

—*Lyman Abbott*

"I HAVE lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage, 'too many irons in the fire,' conveys an abominable falsehood. You cannot have too many — poker, tongs, and all: keep them all going."—*Dr. Adam Clark*

"ALTHOUGH men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of."

—*Swift*

"SOBERLY and with clear eyes believe in your own time and place. There is not, there never has been, a better time or a better place to live in. Only with this belief can you believe in hope."—*Phillips Brooks*

"NEVER did any soul do good but it came readier to do the same again, with more enjoyment. Never was love or gratitude, or bounty practised, but with increasing joy, which made the practiser still more in love with the fair act."—*Earl of Shaftesbury*

# 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  
Point Loma, California

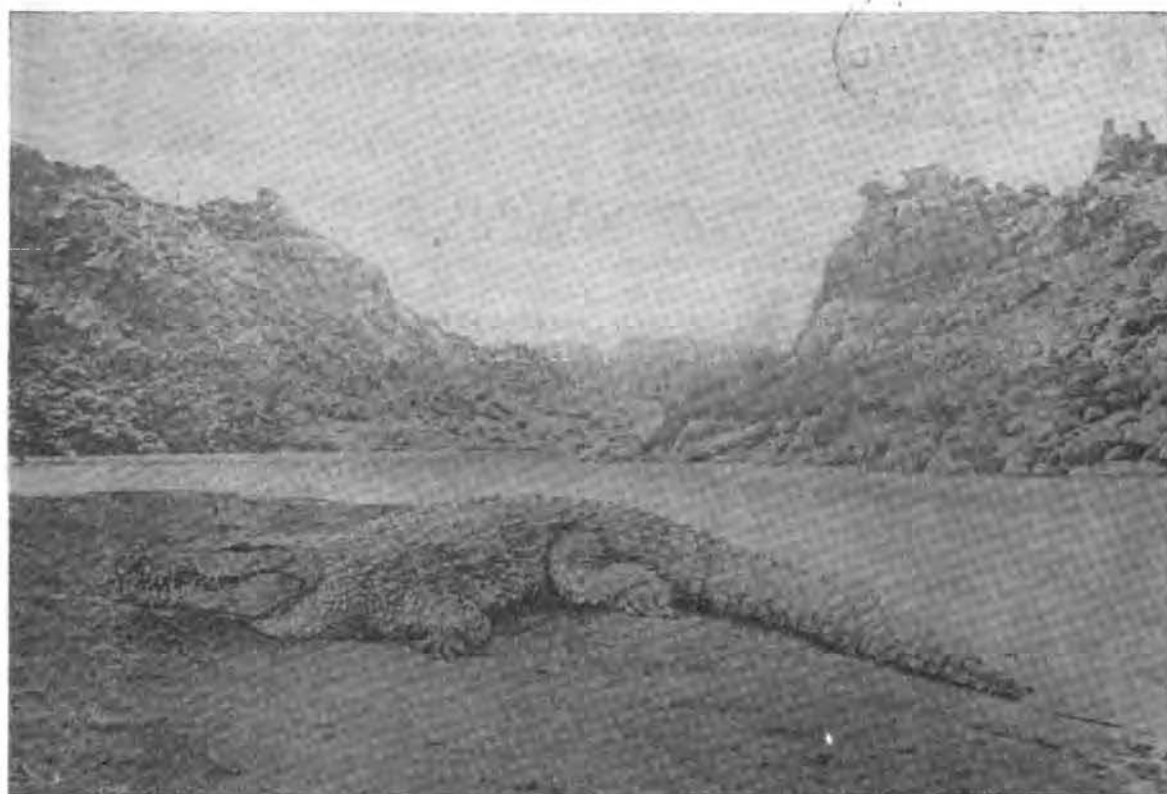
EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

Copyright 1921 by Katherine Tingley

VOL. X

FEBRUARY 1921

No. 2



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

## CROCODILE ON A SAND-BANK, UPPER NILE, EGYPT

The highest of the reptiles, closely related to our little lizard friends of the front door-step, just as fond of music (when he can get any) as they are, and, like them, possessing the remains of a now disused third eye in the top of his head, the pineal eye. Even we humans have traces of the same.

### The White Wings of Trouble

AN OLD WAYFARER'S PHILOSOPHY

THE first thing I always say to myself when any trouble comes upon me is, What can I get out of it? What is there in it expressly for me to get? put there for me?

• Fooling myself? No, sir! I *used* to think it was, reckoned it was just a nice way of looking at troubles and disappointments so as to make them easier. Even so, if it *was* fooling myself, it worked; it made the troubles and disappointments easier to go through — easier and easier ever since, in fact. But in the end I found there was an actual live meaning in

them, a meaning that was meant for me to find.

Somewhere in the deep inwardnesses of his mind I reckon every fellow has knowledge of how he ought to act and how he ought not in every set of circumstances, pleasant or unpleasant; also, what qualities he ought to acquire and what tendencies to get rid of. But we've disregarded this fine intuition so long and so thoroughly that we hardly hear it at all. The half-heard and occasionally-heard bits of it that we do get we call conscience. But something has to be done to reinforce it. What do you do if a man can't take a hint? Speak a bit more plainly, don't you? And if he still can't see what you're driving at you probably *do* something to get him wise to what you want.

Now, that's just what troubles and disappointments mostly are, to my thinking. The Power that runs this universe, and the power in the deep inwardness of our minds that understands things, the soul part of us — these two are in collusion for our profit. If we can't hear the soul from inside, the difficulty is reported, so to speak, to the grand Power outside, the *grand* Soul; and that proceeds to *do* something that will get us awake to our own needs and deficiencies and superfluities of character. (Superfluities, you understand, is a polite word.)

A trouble, then, is or contains a message to us from the grand Power that's all around our lives, saying (in the only way it can), "Son, you've got a weakness; correct it. You lack something in your character; get it. You give way in some points to what shouldn't be yielded to; stop that. You haven't taken advantage of your opportunities or you've misused them; screw yourself tighter and do better. Get on top of that temptation that you're always allowing to get on top of you." And sometimes the worst suffering a man gets is to knock the callousness out of him to the suffering of others, make him tender and sympathetic and rouse in him the urge to help.

You understand? Messages like this. Sometimes it's quite a while before you see what the message is talking about, what you're wanted to do. But if you look out you'll see it in the end. No need to wait till death opens your eyes to the meaning of life. Even if you can't see it in any exact way that you can put to yourself, you'll find (if you're trying to live rightly at all) that the trouble has done a work upon you that's bettered you or strengthened you in some way.

Some troubles come upon us from the injustice of other men. Did the grand Power send them? I guess not! But it'll *use* them in its work for us, just the same, get a message into them for us; and it won't forget, either, to attend to the case of those other fellows later on and bring their injustice home to their earnest consideration! In the meantime as I said, it'll take advantage of the situation for our benefit if we hold our end of the line right. The inside

help it gives to a man in bad trouble, the sustaining compassion — which he can knowingly feel if he will — is one of its ways of making itself known to us. The great end of human life is knowledge of and oneness with that Power. And when the trouble is over, met like that, when the wounded man has recovered, he will find himself stronger, richer in character in some way, than he ever was before.

Co-operation, I say, is the key to meeting troubles. Look out for what's in them. Take the hint; follow it up. The things that happen to us — sometimes even the very smallest, the most chancey-looking, a word dropped by somebody, any little half-noticed trifle — are a language, a set of messages. Keep your eyes open. And when a man does you an ill turn, put your thought into what you can get out of it for your growth rather than into dislike of the man and the ways to get even with him. All this is philosophy, son: *natural* philosophy, if you like.

✽

### Climb, Ever Keep Climbing

WE all know the man who lets every trifling uneasiness or temporary touch of bodily trouble pull on his attention so that his mind is never really free except when his bodily machinery happens to be in perfect running order. He does not see that he can never come to his best or get any mental efficiency till he has acquired the habit of disregarding and putting his foot down on these small unpleasantnesses.

The same with our surroundings. "Never take into consideration whether circumstances or duties are pleasant or unpleasant," said the great Indian Teacher, Gautama Buddha. If you habitually put your foot down on the thought that something is or will be or has been unpleasant or pleasant, it becomes a step upward to a level where a new mental life opens out, one that cannot be disturbed in its peace and strength by any outside conditions whatever. The way of ascent to all the heights of life is by states of mind one rising above another like the steps of a ladder. But we must put our foot on a lower step to reach the next higher, always thinking of this ladder of mind as having its top in the uttermost Light whilst its foot is on the earth — in the body, if you like. The man who can disregard bodily discomforts and go ahead energetically with his work, takes one great step upward. If he will do it habitually, in a little while he scores that step for good. The man who can disregard the unpleasantness of circumstances or duties, taking them as they come and continuing his inner life undisturbed, will score the next step. If he can disregard an injury or humiliation or affront, and forgive and keep serene, there's another and a big one. Be always looking out for the chance of



a step and always think of the Soul as on the very highest steps of this ascending ladder of mental states, way up in the Light and always with a hand stretched down to you for you to grasp and climb by.

Make a picture of all this and live with it: The ladder of mind, the steps below to be trodden on, and the steps above with increasing Light upon them as they range higher and higher; and the Light itself shining down from the top, with the Soul standing *in* the full Light like some figure on the horizon with the rising sun behind it. We can always work better on ourselves if we make a mental picture and keep hold of it and touch it up now and then with our imagination. "Climb, ever keep climbing," is the watchword corresponding to the picture. STUDENT

### Begin Each Day Anew

(From the *Dearborn Independent*)

A PROMINENT business man, who always seemed fresh and full of vim and vigor, although he had a multitude of cares in the corporation with which he was connected, was asked one day how he managed to keep himself in such good physical and mental condition, free from worry and distraction. His reply is well worth remembering:

"I retire from business every night when I leave the office," he said, "and begin business afresh, every morning."

In other words, he meant that he did not allow the cares and worries of business to stand over him as a threatening menace when the day's work was done. When he left the office, he literally retired from business until the next morning. His home life, his social duties, his pleasures, were never tinged with the thought of the perplexing problems that the next day was sure to bring. By this method, old age was kept at a distance, worry was a stranger, and each day was begun anew with a fresh inspiration to meet and overcome the difficulties which might arise in the complexity of business life.

What is true regarding business is equally true in relation to the other activities and experiences of life. Many persons will not allow their yesterdays to remain buried. They still live in the past and constantly keep the sorrows and, perhaps, misdeeds of bygone years before them. . . .

To the man and woman whose experiences of yester-years have been bitter, and still rankle in the memory, reaching out to clutch the heart and cause it pain, to begin afresh each day is a solution of their trouble. What if the years have been wasted, what if they have brought sorrow and distress and bitterness? They are gone, never to return. Blot them out of your memory as if they had never been. Think no more of the past, but greet the dawn of each day as the birth of a new

world for you; a world which pain and sorrow has not touched; a world that by your own actions you can make worth living in, for yourself and others.

And don't let the clouds of today reach over and make tomorrow a day of gloom. Perhaps at this very moment things are going wrong with you. Today you have passed through an unpleasant experience. You have been hurt by an acquaintance, knowingly wounded by one whom you have considered your friend, defrauded, perhaps, by one in whom you had implicit trust. Don't let that cause you to be cast down. When you retire and close your eyes, say to yourself "Tomorrow will be a new day; I shall awake upon a world made new."

### The Two Ideals

WHAT is the mission of Man on Earth? That is a question that each man has to meet in some form even if he refuse to put it into words, or even though he decline to think about it at all. The question is there for him to answer, and he answers it with his life. He may indeed never have given it a thought, but he has given it an answer by the way he is living. The same is true of the man who thinks and talks a great deal about the purpose of life: it is his actual way of living that is his real answer to the voiceless question that Nature puts before him when he enters the natural world, and that question remains with him till he quits the sphere of human action and returns to his spiritual condition.

There are two great ideals of life that answer this question. The one is the ideal of *giving*; the other is that of *getting*. Altruism and egotism. Self-sacrifice and self-aggrandizement. These are the two ideals between which a man must choose, and does choose, whether he will or no; for a man must act in some way and his acts are his life, whatever his explanation of his acts may be; and his life shows his choice, even though his words and wishes seem to point another way.

But what is giving? and what is getting? What is it that enables a man to choose whether he will be a *giver* or a *getter*?

It is said "the divine give . . ." and to become divine a man must act divinely. How is this possible if man is but man? Simply by the fact that the divine is universal and is potentially present in every man: but while man is man he can shut his eyes to his own inherent divinity and act as if he were an animal of that strange kind that materialistic science has invented, an animal that is free from the restrictions of natural law, (which is the expression of the divine in nature) and that is not bound by the higher law of the human kingdom.

This false ideal of man as a creature of matter,

soulless, less than an animal, the willing slave of his own passions, knowing no law but desire and no limitation to his greed or lust but that imposed by mere force: this degrading ideal places man in the region of chaos, where the unconscious atoms blindly obey the laws of chaos, which is matter in its lowest and simplest stage of evolution. This ideal in practice makes a man absolutely selfish and absolutely unmoral. While such a man thinks he is growing great and strong in his self-development, he is in reality falling at every step back on the path of evolution towards chaos, to be again the sport of the titanic forces of primitive nature.

But the divine give. How can a man *give* unless he has first *gotten* something to *give*? There lies the real point of interest in the whole subject: for it forces us to ask, what can a man really get? what does he really own? and what can he give?

Property, wealth, position, are so little his, that in a moment he may lose them all by no fault of his own: nor can he really *give* these things to others, (as all who think deeply know) for there is no real or *permanent* possession of things possible in the world as we know it here.

The only real possession a man can have is that which he has made a part of his own character, a part of himself. A brave man can give courage to others, a cheerful man can give hope, a generous man can give love, a capable man can give efficiency, a true poet, musician, artist or orator can give inspiration. A religious man can give devotion or just such other qualities as his religion has developed in him. A man can give what he is because that is all he has to give. And the mission of man is to *give*, because the destiny of man is to become divine.

Divinity is the goal of human evolution. R. M.



### The Mountain and the Sun

AS a rule our dreams are as foolish as they are fantastic. When nobody is there to keep it in check, the mind seems to enjoy itself by preposterous mixtures of any materials that may be at hand; thoughts or experiences we had during the day; impressions that came to us; things we saw or would like to have seen — what not.

Now and then however, we have a dream, so different from the usual ones, so lofty and coherent that we feel as if something higher than the mere mind had had a hand in it. Such a dream came to me last night. I shall not try to explain it; it carries its own explanation.

In my dream I was a young man, almost a boy, full of hope and generous enthusiasms. I was in a thoroughfare, somewhere in a big city. There were high houses on both sides and the side-walks were crowded

with people. When I looked closer, I saw that everybody was weighed down by a heavy load. Old men and boys, old women and young girls, even the tots were carrying their burden. Most of them walked with utmost difficulty; they stumbled along one side of the street and when they came to the end, they just crossed and came back on the other side. They were working hard, but were getting nowhere; though most of them seemed not to know that.

I asked a woman who happened to pass: "Why do you walk in this senseless way?" She looked at me, astonished. "What other way is there to walk?" she said. And on she went. Again I asked a man: "What's the use of all this?" "What's the use of kicking against it?" he answered. "Ask him there, he's a philosopher." And he went on.

I waited till the philosopher came along. I saw that his burden was even heavier than that of the others. "What's the meaning of all this?" I asked. "What makes you think the thing has a meaning at all?" he said and stumbled on.

I was greatly puzzled and stood there for a while, thinking it over. Until then I had not noticed what was at the far end of the street. But there I saw that it opened upon a green plain and beyond that was a high Mountain. There were dark pine-forests at its foot; higher up there came meadows full of flowers. Its top was covered with gleaming snow. Above it the sky was of a marvellous deep blue. As I stood there, watching it, the Sun rose slowly from behind the Mountain. Its gold blended with the deep-blue sky and with the sparkling whiteness of the snow. It was magnificent. I felt thrilled with joy and could not help crying out: "The Sun! The Sun is on the Mountain!"

Nobody in the street looked up; nobody seemed to notice anything. I could not understand it. I rushed to a woman and cried: "Have you seen the Sun?" She looked at me, almost angry. "I have other things to think about," she said and went on. I tried a young man next. "Look up! the Sun is overhead!" He laughed bitterly. "Not for such ones as we are," he said. "My load is too heavy; I cannot even stand straight; I cannot lift my head."

I didn't give up yet. An old woman passed. "The Sun is shining," I said; "wouldn't you like to take a look at it?" She stared at me, puzzled. "The Sun?" she asked. "The Sun?" She had never heard of the Sun.

I felt discouraged. I began to question myself. What was the use of the Sun shining above the Mountain while nobody noticed it?

Almost mechanically, I joined the others in walking up and down. I thought it all over. I ceased to look at the Sun; I became too occupied with the scene around me, gradually becoming accustomed to it, gradually coming to do just as the rest.

In my dream it seemed as if I walked up and down

with the others for many years. Once or twice I tried to look up. The Sun was still there but there was a film before my eyes. I couldn't see clearly. The white snow, the blue sky, they looked gray and somber. The Sun itself could only just be seen through the fog. "No use kicking against things," I said to myself.

Once I suddenly caught sight of myself in a mirror. It startled me, but then, I really had already known it for years. I saw that my load had grown as big as that of the others. I had become one of the crowd, as burdened and careworn as they.

Then one day it happened. A young man with whom I had been walking along for some time, gave

afraid he would find out by the way it trembled, how faint I was. I felt that I had gone too far. The end had come. My heart seemed about to stop; I had to close my eyes. I wanted to tell him I must rest for a few moments. Then suddenly he himself stopped. He drew a deep breath; he straightened up; he threw back his head. And then I heard him cry: "The Sun! I see the Sun!" His voice rang with the same joy I had felt years ago. Like lightning the past flashed back to me. I saw myself once more, watching the Mountain and the Sun.

"The Sun! The Sun! I see the glorious Mountain and the Sun!" He suddenly rushed away from me. I knew what would happen to him; had I not gone through it myself?

However the joy I had heard in his voice had given me new courage. I went on; it seemed almost as if my load had grown lighter. I began to walk straighter myself. And suddenly I heard a woman behind me cry out: "The Sun! I see the Sun!" Startled, I turned round. I saw my companion; I saw how he had taken part of the woman's burden and thrown it on his own back. Who had taught him? Where had he picked up the trick? I had been very careful in keeping it away from him. But I saw him; he carried a huge load but was standing straight, staring upward. I saw the joy in his eyes. And I understood that we had solved the riddle. I saw the meaning of it, and an

immense joy came over me. I straightened up and threw back my head. I too saw the Mountain; I saw the Sun once more. There was the sparkling whiteness of the snow; there was the deep-blue sky; there was the gold of the Sun.

I believe we worked for years in the street of the city. At first we were two only; then three, then five. Wherever anybody gave up, we took some of his load. There was magic in it, for the more we piled on our backs, the more we could carry; there seemed to be no limit to our strength. We would hear the cry: "The Sun! The Sun!" more often all the time. Slowly it began to dawn upon the people as a whole that something was going on, that there was a new hope and promise in life, that a new day had begun for them.

Then I felt that I was going to wake up. The picture grew fainter. The last I saw was the picture of a few beginning to climb the Mountain. The last I heard was the outcry of a hundred voices: "The Sun! The Sun!" I woke up. P. B.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**'THE LAST MOVE': HENRIETTE RONNER**

*They checkmate the old lady.*

it up. He tumbled down. "It's no use," he said; "the thing's too heavy. I can't stand it any longer; I am out of the game." I tried to cheer him up; asked him to try once more. But it was useless. Then, suddenly, a strange thought flashed through my brain. "Lift some of his load!" I was already carrying as much as I could manage. A little more and I would have to give up myself, I was sure of it. But the thought came back all the time, growing more and more insistent. "Lift some of his load!" I obeyed. Quietly I took some of it and threw it on my own back. He did not perceive it, but when I asked him to try to go on again, he did try. But it was in vain. I took some more, still without his knowing. Slowly he picked up. He began to walk on unsteadily. I took some more, a little at a time. I was ready to fall down; I felt I couldn't keep it up much longer. Things went better with him though, and he knew it. He grew more cheerful and walked straighter. "You're a magician," he said; "what have you done?" He had taken my hand. I was

### "I Like That Fellow"

**C**URIOUS mix-up of reasons we have for liking and disliking other men! — some creditable to us and some not, and a good deal of a philosophy of human nature mixed up among them.

First, then, we like them when they do things for us, show us attentions. Then we purr like stroked cats.

Secondly, we like them when, as we talk to them or contact them, we catch off their minds — feel in their minds — a favorable and pleasant picture of our noble selves. We feel that in their notion of us they endow us with qualities we like to be thought to have. Then we purr again, perhaps a little more inwardly and unconsciously than in the first case. We may accept their picture of us, too, and go round strutting in the proud consciousness of qualities we haven't got — courage, for instance, when in reality we may be a coward. It may be some time before inevitable circumstances come round that puncture the bladder and show us (to ourselves and others) in our real shape.

Take notice that we fall into this trap because we get the picture straight from mind to mind, very insidiously, consequently. If the other man said in words that we had the qualities he credits us with or pictures us as having, we might see the mistake at once and privately reject it.

Thirdly, we like them (if we ourselves have a streak of good — and who has *none*?) when we see them doing fine, noble, courageous or self-sacrificing things.

And, fourthly, we like them when in our inner nature we get a direct feel of *their* inner nature and find it genial and kindly. This, as you see, like the second reason, is a touch from inside to inside, not dependent on anything outward.

Fifthly, there are various mixtures of all these.

The first reason for liking another man, taken alone, is not particularly creditable to us. But it may be mixed with reasons three and four. Nor is the second one creditable, and it is a subtle pitfall, parent, first of vanity, and then of falls into the pit.

Reasons three and four are excellent. The more we hunt for them and are glad to find them, the more progress we ourselves make on the New Way.

The reasons for *disliking* other men are — well, never mind. They are all bad. The furthest we should go on this line is to the point of disapproval of their *conduct*, leading, in proper cases, to proper resistance to it.

Let us remember that what is good in any man is part of his real self, and survives with that self. What is bad will sometime, somewhere, dissolve off and leave the other standing eternally. As this is true of you and me as well as of the other man, we might as well take a hand in the dissolving of this transient part of ourselves, escape thus a lot of trouble, and immensely quicken our progress. It is always better to be your own pruner. STUDENT

### The Big Fellow Looking On

**"O**H that ain't nothing!" — it was the voice of Humpback Dick — "you'd ought to have seen the time when the old north wing burnt down. The fire started in the carpenter's shop — chockful of chips and shavings — and almost before you could say Jack Robinson everything was ablaze. There was a quiet sort of a fellow here then that the boys used to call Mouse Williams, because he soft-pedaled his chin music all the time and was a sure 'nough miser in his use of words, and yet he was a good steady worker all right.

"Well, sir, the most of the gang was a-rushing around like a bunch of chicken with their heads cut off; every other man was getting in the way of the next fellow, and he was doing the same to the man by him, and nothing was getting itself done and there was danger that the boys up in the building would be burnt to death, you understand. Well, up comes Mouse Williams and everything was changed. He got the fellers into a bucket-line and passing along the water so quick that you'd a-thought that it had all been practised beforehand. There wasn't nothing that the fellow didn't think of and start a-going, and when the warders come up he never batted an eyelid, but kep' right on; and seeing that it was all going so smooth, they let him boss everything and so he was High Muckamuck until the fire was got under."

"The fact is," remarked Long Tom, "we're all a heap bigger fellers down under than we've any idea of. The trouble is that the little scrub fellow on top runs the show the most of the time, and a precious mess he makes of it too. Now Mouse Williams, as I take it, had kind of come into touch with the big fellow down under as he was steadily plugging away with his work day after day, and when he seed the danger those fellers was in, he jest stepped aside, gave a call to the big fellow and simply carried out the ideas as best he saw them. There's lots of times, as I've seed meself, when one of these quiet, no-account, sawn off, two-by-four chaps stepped to the front and acted like you say Mouse Williams acted that time. It's just a matter of calling for help as if you wanted it, and believed in it, and then standing by and doing the best you see."

"'Tis my belief," remarked the yard philosopher, "that we'd get along a heap better if we realized that 'tisn't only on the speshul occasions that we need the help of the big fellow. What's the matter with looking at every minute as a speshul occasion? Isn't it the little mistakes that we make in common moments that get us into trouble half the time? There's lots of fellers in this place who would be outside the walls today if only they'd been wise to the fact that jest a little slip-up in the matter of self-control, which may happen any minute, may land you safe in the arms

of a policemen, and that the little slip-up would never have happened if only the big fellow had been allowed on deck as a habit. There's many a man has quite a notion about the big fellow (who is nothing in the world but their own better natures); but they reckon he wouldn't do as a chum to go through the day with because he'd be a wet blanket and a spoil-sport when they wanted to have a gay time and paint the city limits a tomato red. It's a mistake they're making, that's sure, for while of course they'd have to cut out a lot of high jinks — which is really low jinks and make a beast of a man — they'd have a steady flow of satisfaction that would last the day through. Say boys, wouldn't that be something worth while? Well, it don't pay to brag about what you're going to do, and hot air is a cheap thing anyway you look at it; but I've made up my mind under my own hat and its up to each of you fellers to do the same for himself." It's a game that grows on you. P. L.

### Get Behind It

**W**ATCH your own mind-talk — that's the first step inward to self-knowledge. How would it read afterwards if a stenographer were to take it down? "I'll do this or that"; "I wish he hadn't . . ."; "If only I could . . ."; "Why mayn't I . . .?" etc., etc. Each of us knows the stream of talk-flow that runs along incessantly in the mind, all of it centering around "I . . ." even when it seems to be centering around some 'he' or 'she.'

What's the good of all that stuff? What does it come to but worry and irritation? Anyhow, the man that wants to find his soul, his true self, to find and recognise himself as a soul — which he is all the time — must get *behind* all that chatter, get into the silent place, the silence, within. There, when he can get there for a few moments, he *is* the soul. The soul comes to itself only in what seems at first to be silence and void. But there *is* thought there, though of another and much higher sort than most of what we now call thought; the void is really a fullness; there is realization of immortality and of God.

The great Teachers of humanity learned to stop for a while, when they would, all the surface thought that *we* live in; they made silence in the mind till they could realize the *other* thought and give it voice for the teaching and help of humanity. That is why their message went home to the hearts of the peoples they taught. They spoke the eternal truths they had found, in such varying forms as suited the peoples they spoke to. The place where they sought and found these deepest truths of life is within each of us, and we too can find it. "Secreted and hidden in the heart of the world and in the heart of man is the light which can illumine all life, the future and the past. Shall we not search for it?"

STUDENT

### RESPONSIBILITY

"If this life be not a real fight, in which something is eternally gained for the universe by success, it is no better than a game of private theatricals from which one may withdraw at will. But it *feels* like a real fight. . . .

"Be not afraid of life. Believe that life is worth living, and your belief will help create the fact. The 'scientific' proof that you are right may not be clear before the day of judgment is reached (or some stage of being which that expression may serve to symbolize). But the faithful fighters of this hour, or the beings that then and there will represent them, may then turn to the faint-hearted who now decline to go on, with words like those with which Henry IV greeted the tardy Crillon after a great battle had been gained: 'Hang yourself, Crillon! We fought at Arques, and you were not there!'"

— Professor William James

### It Can Be Done

**S**OMEBODY said that it couldn't be done,  
But he, with a chuckle, replied

That maybe it couldn't, but he would be one  
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.

So he buckled right in, with the trace of a grin  
On his face; if he worried, he hid it.

He started to sing as he tackled the thing  
That couldn't be done — and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that —  
At least, no one ever has done it."

But he took off his coat, and he took off his hat,  
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it;

With the lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,  
Without any doubting or quiddit;

He started to sing as he tackled the thing  
That couldn't be done — and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done;

There are thousands to prophesy failure;

There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,  
The dangers that wait to assail you.

But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,  
Then take off your coat and go to it.

Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing  
That "cannot be done" — and you'll do it.

—Selected

THE NEW WAY. Subscription price (Domestic), Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Get your friends to join you in subscribing. Foreign Subscriptions per year \$1.00. Five subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten subscriptions for \$5.00.

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

THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

## The New Way Quotebook

"OF what does the great wisdom of all ages and all nations speak? It speaks of the human spirit. Penetrate in thought into the deep significance of these words and into the meaning of your life. You know not the limits to the power of the spirit. You do not know over what impassable obstacles your spirit bears you, but some day you shall awake, unharmed and everlastingly regenerated. And when life is hard and weary and there seems to be no way out, do you not feel that some helper, your own divine spirit, is speeding to your aid? But his path is long and your faint-heartedness is swift. Yet does the helper come, bringing you both the 'sword of courage' and the 'smile of daring.'"— *Professor N. Roerich*

"I CONCEIVE a man as always spoken to from behind, and unable to turn his head and see the speaker. In all the millions who have heard the voice, none ever saw the face. As children in their play turn behind each other, and seize one by the ears and make him walk before them, so is the Spirit our unseen pilot. That well-known voice speaks in all languages, governs all men, and none ever caught a glimpse of its form. If the man will exactly obey it, it will adopt him, so that he shall not any longer separate it from himself in his thought, he shall seem to be it, he shall be it. If he listen with insatiable ears, wider and greater wisdom is taught him."— *Emerson*

"How shall a man think on that which belongs to his peace, if he yields himself wholly a servant to those things which be without; and how shall he carry any message to others, who cannot hearken to the voice of his own soul?"— *LADY DILKE, The Book of the Spiritual Life*

"PLATO believed, and I believe with him, in the existence of a spiritual antitype of the soul, so that when we are born there is something within us which, from the instant we live and move, thirsts after its likeness. This propensity develops itself with the development of our nature."— *Beaconsfield*

"THERE are many things made in this world from day to day, there is a great deal of making that goes on, but the most important kind of making that goes on is that which goes on most silently, and that is *man-making*. Man is the great commodity, so to speak, which the whole structure of this world and society has been organized to produce — to produce, I mean, a state of his nature in which all that is best shall be developed in the best manner. The nature of man is capable of sinking to the most deplorable depth of corruption; but is also capable of becoming a work so noble that we can hardly conceive how creative power itself can go further."— *W. E. Gladstone*

"LET me, as an old man, who ought by this time to have profited by experience, say that when I was younger I found I often misrepresented the intentions of people, and that they did not mean what at the time I supposed they meant; and, further, that, as a general rule, it was better to be a little dull of apprehension where phrases seemed to imply pique; and quick in perception when, on the contrary, they seemed to imply kindly feeling. The real truth never fails ultimately to appear; and opposing parties, if wrong, are sooner convinced when replied to forbearingly than when overwhelmed."— *Professor Tyndall*

"THE sower sows the seed, which mouldering  
Deep coffined in the earth,  
Is buried now, but with the future spring  
Will quicken into birth."

"O, poles of birth and death! Controlling Powers  
Of human toil and need!  
On this fair earth all men are surely sowers,  
Surely all life is seed!"

"All life is seed, dropped in Time's yawning furrow,  
Which with slow sprout and shoot,  
In the revolving world's unfathomed morrow,  
Will blossom and bear fruit."— *Mathilde Blind*

"WE make ourselves more injuries than are offered us; they many times pass for wrongs in our own thoughts, that were never meant so by the heart of him that spoke them. Words do sometimes fly from the tongue that the heart did neither hatch nor harbor. While we think to revenge an injury, we many times begin one; and, after that, repent our misconceptions. In things that may have a double sense, it is good to think the better was intended; so shall we still both keep our friends and quietness."— *Owen Feltham*

"AT the age of seventy-five one must, of course, think sometimes of death. But this thought never gives me the least uneasiness, for I am fully convinced that our spirit is a being of a nature quite indestructible, and that its activity continues from eternity to eternity. It is like the sun which seems to set only to our earthly eyes, but which in reality never sets but shines on unceasingly."— *Goethe*

"THERE is a right and a wrong way of setting about everything, and, to my thinking, the right way is to take a thing up heartily, if it is only making a bed. Why — ah! dear me! — making a bed may be done after a Christian fashion, I take it, or else what is to come of such as we in heaven, who've had little enough time on earth for clapping ourselves down on our knees for set prayers. Just try for a day to think of all the odd jobs to be done well and truly in God's sight, not just slurred over anyhow, and you'll get through them twice as cheerfully."— *Mrs. Gaskell*



Special Edition  
for Soldiers and Sailors

GIFT  
APR 7 1921  
"These are the times that try men's souls."— Paine

Please Handle with Care  
And Pass on to Another

# 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  
Point Loma, California

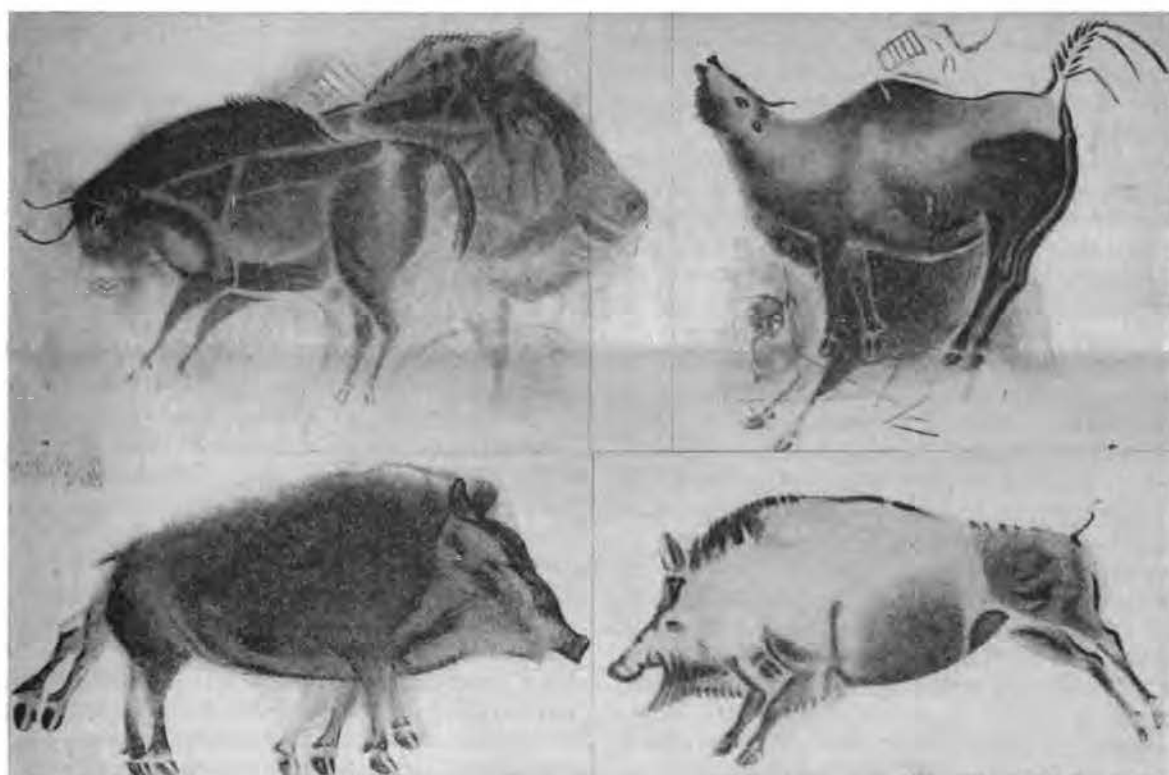
EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

Copyright 1921 by Katherine Tingley

VOL. X

MARCH 1921

No. 3



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

## PALAEOLITHIC CAVE-PAINTINGS—FROM THE ALTAMIRA CAVE NEAR SANTANDER, SPAIN

Art is older than we commonly realize. Science now thinks that these ancient cave-dwellers *may* have been putting in their spare time adorning the walls of their underground home as much as 250,000 years ago. From plates in 'La Caverne d'Altamira á Santillane' by M. Emile Cartailhac and the Abbé Henri Breuil (*Imprimerie de Monaco*)

### A Letter

TO ONE BEHIND THE BARS

WHOEVER you are, wherever you are, whatever your mistake or misfortune — you are a member of this great human family still. Life has probably not been so kind a school to you as to some. When

you began to study in it you may not have been told that it was a thing of infinite nobility, infinite beauty and infinite possibilities of growth.

In the early days when Father and Mother were at hand to guide you, with all their love they may not have fully known the secret of human Duality, which would have enabled them to explain to you that there

were two contending forces inside you all the time: one, the divine power of good, the 'Angel'; the other of darkness, selfishness, sensuality, the 'Demon,' whose watchword is ever 'I WANT.' You probably never knew that all your young life was a swinging to and fro between these two selves, in which little by little the pull of the 'Demon' grew stronger, and the call of the 'Angel' less clear to you. So life became confused to your eyes, and Desire usurped the place of Duty, and "that little spark of celestial fire, called Conscience" becoming dim, you started to drift downstream. And the drifting was so easy and so imperceptible, and there were so few ready or able to say just the right thing to help you, and when they said it, the 'Demon' managed to keep your attention elsewhere and prevent you from responding to the 'Angel,' so that at last the long series of small victories for the 'Demon' and small defeats for the 'Angel' led to the big mistake, which the 'Angel' would never have permitted you to make had you let him guide your life in the past. And that mistake has placed you behind the bars.

There is an ancient motto that some of us live by. It consists of the one word, Now, but it holds the key to self-redemption. And experience has taught us that this is the only time that counts — Now. Yesterday has gone, and won't be back; tomorrow is expected, but not here yet. *It is Now:* and about all you or I know about ourselves *actually*, can be summed up in the two words: HERE, NOW. And this Now is always full of opportunities — opportunities that were not here yesterday, perhaps, and may not be here tomorrow, because they just belong particularly to Now. So Now is your chance to begin putting your house in order, to begin taking advantage of the opportunities for growth which this particular experience is offering you.

The first thing to remember is that humanity and society need you. You are a part of the world-life, one note in the great human chord. You are here for a purpose, and were you to shirk your responsibilities by trying to get out of the body before the Higher Law releases you, then there would be one note missing in that great human chord. Because you have been sounding your note out of tune all these years, and adding to the all-too-prevalent discord of the world, that does not entitle you to cease sounding your note at all. And you will not learn to sound your note more harmoniously by seeking to escape this present experience behind the bars; you have sown the seed and your manhood calls upon you to reap the harvest *and learn your lesson in the reaping!* Your being in this particular position is an opportunity to discover your bad intonation and correct it. When hate, despair, revenge, indifference have left your heart, your note will sound out in tune, and because it is in tune, the great human chord will be richer and grander.

Then some fellow who has perhaps fallen lower

than you, and may not yet have had the good fortune to have been brought to his senses by an experience such as yours, may, for some (to him) inexplicable reason, 'get a hunch,' as we say, to straighten up and be a man. He has never heard of you; you have never heard of him. But you are both parts of the great universal scheme of things, and on inner lines *you are inseparably connected.* And so your new note strikes his inner ear and he gets that 'hunch.' And you have taken the first step — proved yourself a part, and a necessary part, of this great universe!

It always helps to remember this: we never act alone; every time the 'Demon' in us scores one small point, the lower forces throughout the entire universe have been strengthened by an infinitesimal fraction and some one, or more, is finding it easier to slide downhill than he did yesterday. Similarly the smallest obedience to the better part of ourselves is a blow struck for the divine Self of the universe, and somebody is going to get up in the morning a little less selfish, a little more kind-hearted because of our victory, morally a little stronger.

Don't forget that life — real life, that isn't just vegetating, — is a fight for all of us, in which the forces of good are for ever doing battle against those of evil in us. We are left to choose with which side we will league ourselves, for we are always on one side or the other. When we just let ourselves go with whatever impulse happens to be uppermost, we have stepped out of the great battle and are for the time useless to the world. But when we take up the fight with ourselves the sense of usefulness and self-respect come back; when we step beneath the banner of the 'Angel,' then new things begin to happen and we realize what an eventful and stimulating business 'just living' is.

We need never give way to discouragement, even when all seems hopeless. For we can always remind ourselves that life and the universe have *Law* at the heart of them. And this Law is just, merciful, divine. He who serves under the 'Angel's' banner has all the *constructive* energies of the universe behind him; is, in fact, an exponent of this Higher Law. He who serves the 'Demon' is working against Nature. So the great thing is to fight on, cheerfully and manfully, and just cut all acquaintance with Despair — drop him from the visiting list!

A certain little book which is highly prized by thousands who are earnestly engaged in this great battle, says:

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

"Remember, thou that fightest for man's liberation, *each failure is success, and each sincere attempt wins its reward in time.*"

Let the knowledge of fellowship in the fight add strength to your arm and courage to your heart, and

the certainty that a benediction is bestowed upon the world by every man who dedicates his manhood to this eternal fight.

STUDENT

### Freedom

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH," said Dr. Johnson, "wrote like an angel but talked like poor poll" — that is, had next to nothing to say for himself. The real man came out only when he took up his pen.

Should we say that the real hidden man of each of us is the part that could come out under certain circumstances, but is ordinarily a shut-in? And sometimes so fully shut in that we ourselves never suspect him to be there at all? In that last case the unfortunate 'real man' never finds *any* circumstances in which he can come into action. But if he cannot come into action we cannot know him. For a man really only knows as much of himself as he has been able to bring into action of some sort, speech being, of course, one sort of action. Otherwise he will only have a vague feeling that somewhere in him there is something more than he has ever been able to get at. The hidden man is really an extension of (and the best and divinest part of) the man we already know ourselves as.

But what are the hindrances? What prevents the best that is in us from getting out and staying out?

The hindrances are, in each man, simply and solely the things in his nature that he ought to conquer.

Here, then, is a new reason which will help us to undertake the great task of self-conquest, as it is called. A bad phrase, though; for the self is not what is conquered, but what does the conquering, and in the conquering comes to his proper freedom. How many of us have fully won our freedom in this glorious sense?

Do we always know our faults and failings and weaknesses? Not all of them. But we always know one or two chief ones to begin upon. And as soon as we have seriously begun upon them the next layer will come into view.

A man who begins this sort of fight with himself for his own freedom becomes an optimist at once, and wherever he is he finds life worth living. The pessimist and the sneering cynic are self-revealed as men who are knowingly shirking the work of self-conquest. They want to paralyse and sneer away the initiative and confidence and moral strength of others in order to have plenty of company in the spiritual poverty they themselves live in. The way not to be chilled by the pessimist and cynic is to treat them as materials for good-humored study. As soon as they find you are doing that and that they cannot affect you they will sit up and take notice what is the matter with them.

Don't try to be 'good.' That isn't the way to look at this job. Try to be *free* — from weaknesses. Try to be always coming more and more into action as a self-conqueror. That is the 'feel of oneself' that gives happiness and self-respect. It is the beginning of self-knowledge.

There is a kind of pleasure in yielding to a weakness — just at the time. But the pleasure we are after is of another sort, one that stays by you, that bears looking back upon, the sort that comes from saying to oneself: "No, you don't; *I* propose to run this show," and then winning out. In the evening look back along the day and see which pleasure you are glad of having had.

Well then, self-conquest is the one thing splendidly worth doing in life, the one way of realizing how great a thing is man when he has won his freedom. Let us take this as our idea of the soul — the man himself in perfect freedom, self-guided along the highest lines. This man is strong, clean, compassionate, unselfish; lives above anger, envy, contempt; is sought as helper, friend, counsellor; is in conscious touch with Divinity and knows his own divinity. And therefore to him *Life is Joy!*

STUDENT

### What about Tomorrow?

THIS morning I woke up with a feeling of immense relief. A heavy weight that was crushing me had been taken away. I had dreamed and my dream was a pretty bad one. After a while I could recall it and understand why I was so glad to wake up and find that a new day had begun. It was this:

Before waking in reality, I *dreamed* that I awoke, and the first thought I had was: "You'll have to die at sunset." For a moment I was dazed, but the thought came back and I felt that there was no getting out of it. "Die at sunset; die at sunset."

I resolved to make the best of it. After all I had a whole day before me and much could be done. I sat down and made some kind of a schedule. To my alarm I saw that I wouldn't be able to go through the tenth part of my program. The difficulty was that I didn't know what to drop and what to go for. Finally I resolved to start at the top of my list and simply work down until sunset.

I set to work. Not a minute to be lost. All went well for a short time. It was still morning and I was full of energy. The one thing that troubled me was that 'die at sunset' business. It seemed to come nearer and nearer and grew more threatening all the time. I clenched my teeth together and forced myself not to listen to it.

Noon came; the sun had reached its highest point; from then on it would go down steadily, slowly at first, then faster and faster. It meant the beginning of the

end for me. I had seven hours and a half more. I worked feverishly; tried to do an hour's work in five minutes. Now and then I would begin to doubt whether my schedule was right. There seemed to be many important things that had no place on my program. And then I knew that I would never get what I was working for. The time was too short. There was no proportion whatever between the time given me and my aspirations. It did not seem just somehow.

But I threw off my doubt; I braced up again and went forward once more. Louder and louder it banged through my head: "Die at sunset; die at sunset." It was like the somber notes of a huge gong that somebody was striking not very far off. My doubt came back, stronger than before. With it came fear. My schedule was utterly wrong, I was sure of it: I had better change it before it was too late; still better — start something altogether new, something really worth while. I did not know what. It was four o'clock; I had three hours and a half more. All my self-confidence of the morning had gone. I didn't know what I wanted myself, and even if I had known it, what could I do in the few hours I had left? The whole thing was ridiculous; a mad rushing about and a getting nowhere. Five o'clock. It was booming in my head: "Die at sunset, die at sunset."

Six o'clock. I gave it up; I was down and out. Was it just to give me one day and then to demand of me to do something really worth while? And then, what would happen to me after sunset? I couldn't find an answer — all was blank after seven-thirty. What had happened to me before waking up? Another riddle — another blank.

It was roaring like thunder in my head: "Die at sunset; die at sunset." Seven o'clock. I did not want to die; I wanted more time, another day. If I only had another day, I might still be able to do something. Another day would mean another chance. "Die at sunset." But a few minutes left. I had wasted my day; I had done nothing. The whole thing was unjust. All my hope of the morning was gone: all my energy gone. All my faith in myself was gone: nothing left but indifference, doubt, fear, bitterness. "Die at sunset." There was no meaning to it. The whole thing was silly, silly, unutterably silly. — The sun was down — I waited. . . . I woke up in reality — and found that a new day had begun!

Of course, all this was sheer nonsense. I had no business to think that sunset would be the end of everything. There would be a sunrise next morning.

Just the same, what interests me about this dream is the fact that in real life we act as a rule exactly as I acted in my dream. The same vain rushing about; the same feverish haste and no real, worth-while accomplishment; the same desperate attempts to get somewhere; the same doubt and fear and disappointment. No time to go for something real, no justice,

no meaning to it all. Coming from nowhere, we plunge into life, live one day of sixty or seventy years and then there's another nowhere. We die at sunset; that's the end — so we think.

What's the matter with us? Are we all having a bad dream? Are we going to wake up one of these days and find that our sunset is followed by a sunrise, that there are somewhere many more days to come, many more chances somewhere to make good, to correct our mistakes, to conquer our failings, to attain our ideals of manhood and nobility of character? I haven't a doubt of it. P. B.

### Just a Minute!

IF the circumstances in which a man finds himself don't suit him he will always try to make some adjustment of them. If you are learning a foreign language and there is some sound you can't get, you practise at it till you can. You don't accept the difficulty as inevitable any more than the other man accepts the circumstances.

Why don't we treat our own natures in the same way? Why do we accept as inevitable such parts of our natures as are always giving us trouble? Why don't we practise till painful difficulties in our temperaments have disappeared, till we can speak with ease the language of a larger life?

You can see in the faces of some men that they live with worry as a constant companion. The machinery of their minds runs always with grains of sand in it, grates and scrapes, never works easily and steadily. They are always in a stew about the unpleasantness or injustice of what is, or an unpleasantness or restriction that may happen, or one that has been. "I'm as my maker made me," they may say, or, "I was always of a worrying nature." As if that settled it! As if it wasn't precisely the purpose of life to get a *better* and *stronger* nature than the one we started with!

A week. One minute. Why should we not try to make the coming week interesting by the use of one-minutes? Why not take the enemy by surprise and disconcert him by one minute of wholly unexpected treatment? He will never be quite himself again.

Suppose I get a bit of an insult, an intentional slight from somebody. I don't perhaps feel it so much at the moment, but later in the evening it begins to work around in my mind and I can't turn it out, keeps coming back and back at me like a wasp. I think of it when I wake in the night and I don't get to sleep for an hour.

At last I face the trouble in a new way and say to it: "Yes, you happened; you or the like of you will happen again. But for *one minute* I'm going to accept you, feel quite peaceful about you, feel that

you are good for me as a bit of exercise in equanimity and disregard, a curative and excellent drop of medicine for my tendency to want everything always my own way. *I'm glad of you.* I'm going ahead with my

of *dismissal*, of peace, several times a day, letting happen what will happen in my mind in between, but every now and then taking this small, potent dose of peace and acceptance.



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

(ABOVE) 'MERCHANT'S TABLE', LOCMARIAQUER, BRITTANY, FRANCE  
(BELOW) UNDERNEATH THE 'MERCHANT'S TABLE'

We haven't a guess how those ancient builders got the mighty roof-stones up on the supports, nor why — except perhaps to show us down the ages that they knew a thing or two in mechanics!

life, leaving you behind to do what you choose." And then I dismiss it and stay peaceful about it — for the one minute.

I never did that before. My worrying department has got a jolt, something to think about.

Suppose that for a week I treat all my wasps like that — with one-minute doses of peaceful facing and acceptance and disregard: — envy, dislike, resentment, criticism, apprehension of trouble, unpleasant memory, anger — whatever I find, one-minute doses

A week, What have I done? First, had a quite interesting week; second, begun to gain a power over my mind which I had never thought was possible, and seen the way to gain ten times as much of it in a few more weeks; third, formed the beginnings of a *habit* of rousing myself and facing myself and ruling myself along the line I want. And lastly, begun to get sight of the possibility of a new grade of mental efficiency, a mind that will stay where it is put without sliding away towards irrelevant topics and memories and states of feeling.

Now just you try this for a week. It won't be many weeks before you find you have the power not only of dismissing unpleasantnesses from the mind after they have happened, but of going through them without loss of equanimity even while they are happening.

Remember that these one-minutes of mind-silence finally become occasions in which a man can feel the help and light and presence of his soul. Besides all that we have said in their favor, they are steps to the highest knowledge man can gain, steps to the recognition of himself as more than anything he has hitherto imagined, — divine and immortal. STUDENT

✱

### Voices from Nowhere

I PICKED up a book the other day which purported to be a history of Christianity. I read the first chapter and then put the book down to do some thinking. For it had informed me that the Founder of Christianity was a myth, never existed, was just a meeting-point for some old Jewish traditions and prophecies, an invented figure into whose mouth had been put a number of fine-sounding sayings from various sources. Incidentally the writer ascribed to Gautama Buddha, Krishna, Zoroaster and three or







And I guess it is another big step, if we can get the idea that the Universe is so tender to that Real Part of us, so anxious to have it out and doing its great work, that it hurls all the events of our lives at us as a kind of challenge, and calls up and wears away and grinds down all the weaknesses, all the selfishness, that obstruct that Real Part and keep it buried; and the end and aim of all things is that that should make good, and come to its own.

R. P. J.

### Self-Knowledge

**D**ESIRING to know my Self, I sat down to find my Self.

But I was hungry and my mind gave me pictures of eating and drinking and the laughter and wit of comrades.

Desiring to know my Self, I sat down to find my Self. But I was in a great city and my mind gave me pictures of the sea, of forests and of silent lakes.

Desiring to know my Self, I sat down to find my Self. But I began to hear strains of ethereal music. Great harmonies stirred and went to and fro in my inner hearing.

Desiring to know my Self, I sat down to find my Self. But the desire to know awoke profound thought. Thought followed thought along the ways of philosophy.

And One said:

He who would approach the Temple door, the Temple of himSelf, will find luring by-paths up to the very last step. And the nearer he approaches that last, the more will those by-paths seem to be the path itself. It is only when thought and desire come to perfect silence that the way to Self is seen.

I stood in my heart, there where love of comrades shines forth. And then I saw the open door and the Self. And in the strength of that love I attained; no otherwise.

### An Old Scandinavian Story

**O**UT of the darkness — for a moment in the light — out into the darkness again. So the soul of man. It comes into the light of life; flits across the years; then vanishes again into the same darkness of the unknown."

The chieftains sat in the great hall at their evening feast, after the chase. In the dim light of the torches they had seen a bird fly in from the night, cross the hall beneath the smoke-blackened roof, and pass out again into the dark. And the king had likened the fluttering, bewildered creature to the soul.

"Not so, O king," said the bard at his right. "For verily the darkness is *light*, had we but eyes to see, soft, silver, radiant light from a thousand thousand

stars. To one whose eyes were attuned to the intense, steadfast glory of that heavenly light, it were *we* in this shadowy, smoke-grimed chamber that sat in the darkness, darkness but made visible by the sullen yellow glare of the flickering torches. From divine light and life comes the soul, forgets its godhood, flies troubled and uncertain across the years, and then — *home* once more to the light and its fellow-gods of light. That is my thought, O king; and thine own kingliness and courage are because thou hast the god-light glowing hidden in thine heart. Yea, it is in the hearts of us all that are true men." STUDENT

### Drop a Pebble in the Water

GUS WILLIAMS

**D**ROP a pebble in the water; just a splash, and it is gone, But there's half a hundred ripples circling on and on and on,

Spreading, spreading, from the center, flowing on out to the sea, And there is no way of telling where the end is going to be. Drop a pebble in the water; in a minute you forget, But there's little waves a-flowing, and there's ripples circling yet, And those little waves a-flowing to a great big wave have grown,

You've disturbed a mighty river just by dropping in a stone.

Drop an unkind word, or careless; in a minute it is gone, But there's half a hundred ripples circling on and on and on, They keep spreading, spreading, spreading from the center as they go,

And there is no way to stop them once you've started them to flow.

Drop an unkind word, or careless; in a minute you forget, But there's little waves a-flowing and there's ripples circling yet, And perhaps in some sad heart a mighty wave of tears you've stirred,

And disturbed a life once happy when you dropped that unkind word.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness, just a flash, and it is gone, But there's half a hundred ripples circling on and on, and on, Bearing hope and joy and comfort on each splashing, dashing wave,

Till you wouldn't believe the volume of one kind word you gave. Drop a word of cheer and kindness, in a minute you forget, But there's gladness still a-swelling, and there's joy a-circling yet,

And you've rolled a wave of comfort whose sweet music can be heard

Over miles and miles of water just by dropping one kind word.

— *Selected*

THE NEW WAY. Subscription price (Domestic), Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Get your friends to join you in subscribing. Foreign Subscriptions per year \$1.00. Five subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten subscriptions for \$5.00.

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

## The New Way Quotebook

GRATITUDE does even more good to him who feels it than to him for whom it is felt.

"I HAVE lived to thank God that all my prayers have not been answered."— *Jean Ingelow*

DON'T refuse to do anything because you can't do everything.

THERE is one sort of great man who makes every man feel small: but the real great man is the man who makes every man feel great.

"IN warm moments make your resolution, and in cold moments make that resolution good."— *Tyndall*

"GIVE us not men like weathercocks that change with every wind, but men like mountains, who change the wind themselves."

"THOSE who bring sunshine into the lives of others, cannot keep it from themselves."— *J. M. Barrie*

"A MAN cannot touch his neighbor's heart with anything less than his own."— *George Macdonald*

"LABOR to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called CONSCIENCE."  
— *George Washington*

"PUTTING off an easy thing makes it hard and putting off a hard thing makes it impossible."  
— *George Horace Lorimer*

"HE who holds back rising anger as a man restrains the horses of a chariot, him I call a real driver; others are but holders of the reins."— *Eastern*

LET us remember that in life we never pass *into* a place, merely, whether pleasant or unpleasant, but *through* it. For we are all journeyers along the path of time. It is therefore in the nature of things that the pleasant and painful are successively entered, traversed and left behind again and again. Let us accept them as they come and press forward.

"ONE good deed does not make a good habit. Many of us are self-deceived just here. When a man has resolved to get up at six every morning, and has actually done so one morning, he is liable on that day to think complacently that he is in the habit of rising at six. Let us be frank with ourselves. That which we contentedly imagine to be our practice may be what we have done only once or twice. And one of the surest ways of preventing a good habit is to go cheerfully about our business imagining that we have that habit, when we have nothing of the sort, but only a spasmodic yearning for it and an empty dream about it. The way to get the habit of rising at six is to rise at six."— *Great Thoughts*

"No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum-total of human happiness, not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connexion. There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disc of non-existence, to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world; everywhere his presence or absence will be felt — everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence. It is an old saying, and one of fearful and fathomless import, that we are forming characters for eternity. Forming characters! Whose? our own or others? Both — and in that momentous fact lies the peril and responsibility of our existence. Who is sufficient for the thought? Thousands of my fellow-beings will yearly enter eternity with characters differing from those they would have carried thither had I never lived. The sunlight of that world will reveal my finger-marks in their primary formations, and in their successive strata of thought and life."  
— *Elihu Burritt*

"THE one opportunity that lies ready for the student's effort is the present time. The hour at hand has always its duty, perhaps only some neglected mending or an overlooked letter that ought to be written. Yet there within that duty lies the soul's immediate opportunity for self-mastery. Faithfully performed, it finds the soul with a stronger, surer grasp of itself. If neglected because of laziness, vacillation, or indifference, the cloud settles a little lower over the inner vision and obscures the path of development.

"Opportunities for supreme self-sacrifice come to few. But every student, in every moment, has a vital opportunity to do some one positive thing, make one more definite step towards final perfection."  
— *Leoline Wright*

"IT is weak to be scared at difficulties, seeing that they generally diminish as they are approached, and oftentimes even entirely vanish. No man can tell what he can do till he tries. Confidence of success is almost success, the obstacles often fall of themselves before a determination to overcome them. There is something in resolution which has an influence beyond itself, and it marches on like a mighty lord amongst slaves: all is prostration where it appears."  
— *Great Thoughts*

"THERE is no day born but comes like a stroke of music into the world, and sings itself all the way through. We need not join in the music, and help it along, unless we choose. We can make discords and strike all sorts of jarring notes instead. But the day-music is there; and it is our own fault if we miss it."  
— *Great Thoughts*

Special Edition  
for Soldiers and Sailors

Now can always spell *Won!*

Please Handle with Care  
And Pass on to Another

# 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  
Point Loma, California

EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

Copyright 1921 by Katherine Tingley

VOL. X

APRIL 1921

No. 4



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

THE OPENING OF AN OUTDOOR PAGEANT AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE LEAGUE

## Self-Creation

“HOW did you do it?” I asked.  
“I didn’t do it at all, in one way of speaking: it did itself.”

He had been telling me that he had once had the drink habit — pretty badly; though it had not gone so far as with some poor chaps; and that he no longer had it. Naturally I wanted to know how he had

cured himself. And then he explained that one day when there was the usual temptation to have his dose he had suddenly felt that he didn’t want to do that any more, and that after a few minutes balancing of the situation he had let the thing go — for good, as it turned out.

“I have never wanted to touch the stuff again. It was a radical cure, and it did itself. I’ve never felt that I could exactly claim the credit. Some

power in me suddenly stepped forth and took charge."

"You had never struggled?" I asked.

"Oh, there was struggle, good and plenty, but it never came to anything. It was a queer-feeling situation. When I was in the thick of the trouble and the time came for the dose, temptation hot and strong, it used to seem to me that there was three of us at the business. One fellow, or one part of me, was set on his dose and going to have it anyhow. Another was putting up a fight or protest against it. And I seemed to be just watching till a decision was registered."

"And the fellow that was going to have it anyhow always won out and got it?" I asked.

"Yes, till the day I told you of. Then he seemed to wilt away or pack up his traps and quit. I told you I used to struggle. Well, for a long time I thought I struggled more than I did. What I thought was struggling was just grieving and cussing myself for yielding, and feeling agonized and helpless, like a chap slipping over a precipice with nothing to hold to.

"One day I said to myself, '*This ain't struggling; it's just whining. Can't I do something more? Maybe it's me feeling helpless that gives the enemy his main hold.*' I thought to myself, '*A man acts according to a program that's got fixed in his mind, whether he knows it's there or not. This whining and grieving comes out of the thought of failing, and that thought is really a program.*' I remember going along the street one day and seeing a big poster about a play in one of the theaters. The scene out of the play that was on the wall was one man stabbing another. And I thought, '*There's a lot of fellows going along here that looks at that, some of them sensitive or negative, and some of them inclined already to slip loose on occasion and do a brutal thing. They get that picture printed in the back of their minds, and some day, before they know what's happening, and the provocation's hot and a knife's handy, the picture slips out into the front of their brains and before they know it they've done the murder. The picture was a program, though they never knew it was there waiting and ready.*'

"Well, it's up to a man to make his own program and not have it made for him by a red and yellow poster on the wall, or anything else. And if he can't make it right away let him keep at it till he does make it."

"And so, every time when I'd come to myself after a dose and knew I'd been beaten again, I turned down the lamenting business and the struggle idea. I looked back at the situation and called up the memory of the desire coming on and rushing in on me — like a sort of separate thing waking up — and I made myself feel in imagination bigger than that thing and saying, '*No you don't! Out you go!*' And in imagination winning out, as the stronger party, the *man* of me bossing a dirty crave, the *will* crushing

a low-down seduction which had no place in me.

"Well, for a long, long time I never took a dose without afterwards going back in mind or memory and making a picture — a sort of inside picture — of myself as *not* having yielded, as riding over that chap and crushing him down.

"Now, this was a *program* inside me, neck and neck with the other program of taking the stuff as usual. And my new program got stronger and stronger, quiet, all to itself in the back of my mind. And so, one day, it was strong enough for business and it stepped forward and did the trick once and for all.

"Man, they say, is a creator. So he is — of himself, if he chooses. And he does it with his imagination of himself as triumphing over something low in himself. Nothing to do with making a big show, no imagining of himself as strutting about in the admiration of others. Nothing to do with others at all. A private affair of self-conquest, as they call it. A private realization of his dignity as a man amidst and over the low things in his nature. And the self he imagines or makes himself feel himself as — strong, fearless, self-ruling, self-restrained, kindly and friendly and considerate, not to be run by passions and lusts — comes gradually to be, with these powers he's created into it. And at last it wins out.

"In this drink business I don't say that the crave may not in some cases get so far hold of a man that outside help is needed. I wasn't that far, as the event showed. Perhaps nobody is that far who has a steady, honest wish for his own freedom from it. But in regard to all the ordinary failings a man has, bad temper, lust, laziness, ill-feeling to others, resentments, selfishness and so on, I say he can create himself different with the power of his imagination. Every time he fails along his particular line he can look back afterwards, perhaps in the quiet of the evening, and recall his failure and create a picture of *not* failing, of being too strong and big; and in time, if he's got grit enough to persevere, he can win out, create himself a winner.

"And that's the way to the soul. For the stuff of which creative imagination is made, and the energy of will in it, are the stuff and the energy of the soul itself."

STUDENT

### Letters to a Son

MY DEAR SON JOHN: In this letter we will go a little deeper into human life, looking for the forces which control it.

You only need to notice what is going on within yourself to know that there are two main forces in your nature, one good and the other bad: one *knows*, and tries always to lead you to do right, while the other, always scheming out what it thinks will be

a pleasanter path, will ultimately get you into nothing but trouble. These you can observe in yourself as plainly as in Nature about you — as light and darkness, for instance. The one acting for right gives you the light of true knowledge, and the other holds you in the dark, blind to Truth.

When a man has become conscious of his dual nature he gains knowledge of the contest constantly going on within himself and in which he is the deciding power. So awakened to himself, the man can no longer stand an idle or curious spectator of the conflict. If he throws his influence and will on the side of the Self which knows the right of things, then, gradually he will *become* that Higher Self of right knowledge and god-like power. A lost soul will have found itself, redeemed itself, from then on to live and work in the light of true knowledge. The man has 'worked out his own salvation.' This is the process of salvation, and there is no other, Son.

As I have already said, you can easily identify your Higher and lower self by comparison with exterior Nature. Your Higher Self is like sunshine, tending to make you healthy and happy. It loves brightness and harmony; while the lower self loves darkness and discord and gives way to passion and crime. It seeks to destroy rather than to create and build up, making life gloomy and selfish instead of cheerful and genial. Persons in whom the heart-force controls have the sunshine in their hearts and radiate warmth and joy, while the selfish and self-seeking have night in their hearts and live in the shadows; are more or less secretive, deceptive, and not to be trusted. And as there are degrees of sunlight and darkness, so are there all degrees of natures.

This is your dual make-up, Son. And there is not an exception in Life. The essential difference in people is, which of these two forces is the main control in their lives. Which do they love most, light or darkness, and to what degree?

Surely the outward appearances of people are tell-tales of these forces in them, infallible in measure as one has observed and knows one's self; for, being essentially of one nature, there are certain traits and characteristics common to all people, and on occasion these will make like showing, any differences in appearance being due to the varied development of individuals. These common traits are sometimes seen in involuntary and unconscious acts which the individual does not think to conceal, and which, for this reason, are true to the nature of the thing thought or desire hidden, good or bad.

Fix this in your mind. To the extent that selfishness acts in any life (including yours, my boy!) is that person untrue and is not to be fully trusted in any matter. Selfishness blinds such people even to their own vital interests. They betray themselves. How can then they always keep from betraying you?

Make it a habit to keep the skylight of your mind

open. Then the sunshine will come in and will reach and warm the rooms of your heart, and the mind, heart, and soul of you will be in unison, making a harmony which will fill your being and pour out into life as a great joy. This done, then the bats will vacate your house!

Think of it, John! What a warm, sunny stretch of heaven the earth would be if only men and women would become like little children in their heart-life! Become worthy of simple confidence and trust — loving one another unselfishly! Become what most of us yearn to be, once we could move out of the somber shades and cheerless night into the warm, glowing sun with the desire uppermost to give (and so have) happiness! How easy this would be to bring about!

Both forces are subject to the call and direction of the human mind. Every thought we have and every impulse we feel sets one or the other of these forces into action. So you see that everyone, save a fool, has a god-like power of producing either evil or good in life. Compound interest scarcely touches the return your thoughts and acts will bring you, Son.

Awaken in your nature that Self which stands as spectator; observe it adjudging each thing and incident, telling you the truth as to every impulse, thought, and deed. Listen to it counseling you to throw your weight of will on the side of right. Obey this, your in-dwelling God, if you would find happiness and growth, and be a self-respecting and noble man. Let your heart bloom under life's divinely and compassionately adjusted discipline.

— YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER



### Three Suits of Clothes

I HAVE been thinking about externals and the difference they make to a man's feel of himself.

Take clothes, for instance. "Clothes make the man," say the French. If you doubt the truth of that, go round a bit in your old working togs and then change into your spruce, well-pressed, new, 'company' ones. Any difference in your feel of yourself? The musician Wagner used to dress himself in a tiger-skin when he wanted to compose music of a certain sort.

Get further in — to that more intimate suit of clothes we call the body. We take it new from the factory of nature. In the course of its life it goes through a long, slow series of appointed changes and becomes at last so threadbare that it has to be returned again to the factory for thorough re-winding and renewal. And all along this series of changes in the suit of live 'clothes' there is a similar series in our feel of ourselves — childhood feel, manhood feel, old-age feel. And our feel of ourselves is also at the mercy of most of the body's swings to and fro

across the upright line of perfect health and function.

And then the thoughts in our minds. Some men feel so chronically mean and small because of the mean, small, crooked thoughts in their minds, that they can never look anybody straight in the eye. Now and then one of them makes a fine effort, puts on a new set of clean, open, manly, friendly thoughts (with deeds to correspond), and he feels himself (and looks) another man at once.

I'd say, then, that a man has at least three suits of clothes: the first, what we call clothes proper; second, the body, always on the change; third, the mind, woven of thoughts and prompting deeds to correspond with them.

And inside of all there's the man himself, altered in his feel of himself by the condition of each of these suits.

The most important is of course the mind-suit, or mind-deed-suit. If he'll take charge there, or in proportion as he takes charge there, he won't be at the mercy of the other two suits.

It's the effort to take charge, the will to take charge, that brings to a man the feel of himself as he actually is, that finally shows him what he is. We are nearly all of us weak commanders of our mental forces and bodily impulses, mostly don't take real command at all, don't know that we can do so, don't know ourselves, in fact, as commanders, don't suspect our own proper and separate existence (as far as any understanding feel of it goes), are willingly pulled off our base by every impulse and thought that takes hold of the rope we allow ourselves to be made to dance to. We go unresistingly with what is pulling. If we were to think every time, *I am being pulled and run*, we could soon come to understand the situation, alter it, send the puller to heel and take up the dignity of our proper place as commanders.

I suppose we are essentially young, as souls — not the same as being young as bodies! — or have forgotten the job we were commissioned to come into the body to do. All the pains of human life have come upon us by that forgetting. We are comrade chiefs by nature; but instead of supporting each other we ignore or oppress or fight each other, and all is confusion, darkness, and trouble. For our business is to make life in this world a joy and splendor that none of us can imagine, to bring out all its hidden possibilities and *our* hidden possibilities.

While waiting for that, waiting for a general waking up, let us each make a beginning for and in himself. *Right action* is the key, action against the pull of something in our natures that doesn't want it or that wants something else, action that gives at once the feeling of self-respect. For then we stand up as commanders, and the beginning of self-command is the beginning of the feel of ourselves as souls. Keep the feeling; keep it working out into actions. And we shall presently know that we are no more the body

than we are the shirt that clothes it, no more wear out because the body does than we wear out because the shirt does; and that the mind, rightly guided and controlled, has the power of knowing things we now suppose to be beyond any human knowing,—

Divinity, Immortality, and the Life which is Light.

STUDENT

### Hidden Reserves

NEVER judge a man by what he seems. You don't know what's behind. Nor does he, mostly. Jones, at college, may be a brilliant student in classics, but you could never guess it in watching him blundering and floundering in mathematics. Listen to ever so fine a pianist beginning on the violin, scraping and squawking on the strings just like any other beginner, nothing to give you the least suspicion of what he can do at his previous instrument.

I often think of that when I look at a baby or a child. "Beginner on a new instrument, perhaps," I say; "who knows what capacities are hidden there, unable to make the least showing of themselves?" The "little soul of a child" might look like a pretty big and mature soul if it were seen at its previous 'instrument.'

But the pianist must learn the violin too, if he's to round himself out as a full musician; and for that learning must become (musically speaking) a 'baby' again, with a wholly new set of movements to acquire, a new set of mistakes and incapacities to get over.

That thought cleared away what had been considerable of a difficulty to me. Every man is a soul: I always believed that. And a soul with a great stretch of experience behind it. But here, on this earth, it may seem like a beginner at the job of living, committing follies and mistakes of every kind, grave or trifling — with corresponding pain to follow. But the pain is the necessary teaching. And all the while, what powers and capacities may there not be latent, inactive while *this* 'instrument' is learned? An 'instrument,' too, so difficult as is the body and requiring so much attention, new experiences so painful and pleasurable by turns, that for the time these blot out all memories of the past. Yet perhaps not quite; for a sort of a vague feeling is there in the background of the mind. Some of the poets have the idea. Here is James Russell Lowell, for instance:

"Sometimes a breath floats by me,  
An odor from Dreamland sent,  
Which makes the ghost seem nigh me  
Of a something that came and went,  
Of a life lived somewhere, I know not  
In what diviner sphere:  
Of memories that come and go not;  
Like music once heard by an ear



That cannot forget or reclaim it;  
 A something so shy it would shame it  
 To make it a show.  
 A something too vague, could I name it,  
 For others to know:  
 As though I had lived it and dreamed it,  
 As though I had acted and schemed it  
 Long ago."

And L. E. Landon:

"Methinks we must have known some former state  
 More glorious than our present, and the heart  
 Is haunted with dim memories, shadows left  
 By past magnificence; and hence we pine  
 With vain aspirings, hopes that fill the eyes  
 With bitter tears for their own vanity.  
 — Are we then fallen from some noble star,  
 Whose consciousness is as an unknown curse,



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

"DON'T YOU WANT TO THROW THIS BALL FOR ME?"

And we feel capable of happiness  
 Only to know it is not of our sphere?"

And of course Wordsworth:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:  
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
 Hath elsewhere had its setting,  
 And cometh from afar:"

Let us remember that there may be more human  
 homes in the universe than this earth; and that we  
 can't be full-grown musicians till we have got perfect  
 and competent on *all* instruments of the grand or-  
 chestra.

STUDENT

### Efficiency

ROOSEVELT did not invent the word efficiency,  
 but he gave it a new currency. He preached it  
 and he was himself an example of what he  
 preached. Whatsoever his hand found to do he did it  
 with his might. For the moment there was nothing

else for him but that one thing, anywhere in view.

The novelist H. G. Wells once wrote a story of a  
 scientist who had invented a "time-machine," a  
 vehicle that moved in *time* instead of space, forward or  
 backward into the tomorrows or yesterdays of any  
 remoteness.

As a matter of fact we all have a machine of that  
 kind, flitting to and fro in time. Its flittings are the  
 cause of all our inefficiency and unhappiness and  
 ignorance. If the mind would stay still, even for a  
 few moments, we should be able to get some notion  
 of what we really are in ourselves. But we have to sit  
 in this machine so ceaselessly moving to and fro, and  
 our whole attention is tied up in its movements.  
 In some degree men like Roosevelt are able to stop

this fluttering and hold their machine  
 steady upon whatever they wish. They have some of the *Now* power.  
 The *Now* power is the power of hold-  
 ing the mind upon what you are  
 now doing and compelling it to think  
 only of that. So the *that*, whatever  
 it may be, is done more and more  
 efficiently. It is the power to create  
 a temporary interest and even en-  
 thusiasm in the mind with regard  
 to that thing, just like your enthusi-  
 asm and concentration over some-  
 thing that really appeals to you.  
 Why should we not become efficient  
 in everything that we have to do?  
 Why not make a bed, if it has to be  
 made, with every last touch of per-  
 fection? The bit of *Now* power ac-  
 quired in compelling the mind to  
 attend only to the making of the bed

till the little job is finished, is then available for every  
 other thing we do in life. No effort is lost. We can  
 be adding to our all-round efficiency just as well in  
 making a bed as in doing anything else.

We should keep the will and the mind always at a  
 stand-up fight till the latter yields, little by little,  
 and consents at last — at long last — to do exactly  
 and only what is wanted of it, to attend to the thing,  
 the whole thing, and nothing but the thing.

And that is the way out of nearly all our troubles,  
 worries and fears. It is, in a sense, not *we* who have  
 these. It is in the *mind* that they arise. They come  
 from *thoughts*. So that if we have in any degree  
 practised the disciplining of mind, we can expel such  
 thoughts directly they show up, stop worrying and  
 fearing instantly. Our mind-time-machine runs for-  
 ward or backward into an unpleasant place, a painful  
 memory or an anticipation of evil, and it wants  
 (for some strange reason) to stay there and suffer.  
 Well, we have learned to pull it back into the *Now*,  
 learned by the practice of bed-making *et al!* "What-  
 soever thy hand findeth to do," etc.

Then with this *Now* power, stilling the mind now and then for a few moments into silence, we can begin to appreciate that we who have this power are souls, rooted in the Great Soul; lights from the Great Light. And that is the highest reward of 'efficiency.' We, who have to live a while in the time-machine, are really beyond it and its changes and out-wear.

STUDENT

part which needs control but as that which proposes from now on, more and more as strength comes, to do the controlling. It is separating self from what is not truly self, that head-strong creature that has hitherto pulled us about wherever it wished to go, along any line of conduct it wanted. It is beginning to find oneself as *soul*. Human nature is always divine; there is always soul in it. But there are not many of us who have found that out.

STUDENT

### Getting a Glimpse of Oneself

NOW and then as he goes along the street, a man will suddenly get a sight of himself reflected in one of those full-length mirrors in a store-window. He doesn't generally recognise right away who it is, though there will seem to be something familiar about the figure. And when he does catch on he is more likely to be humbled than flattered. "So *that's* what I'm like, is it?" he says to himself. His private photograph had not contained any of those disagreeable features that he now notices in the original.

But we sometimes get a deeper sight of ourselves than that, a sight of our *character*; and the sudden exposure may give us a worse shock than in the other case, fill us with utter loathing and contempt for ourselves, and chill out of the heart all hope of living a higher and nobler life. "So *that's* the creature I really am," we say to ourselves. "There isn't a man who'd associate with me if he knew what a cur he was talking to. I ought to be kicked out of the place."

It is a valuable experience, a long step to self-knowledge if we treat it the right way and don't get frightened or discouraged. There's no harm in that case in being suddenly blinded for a while to the *good* in one's nature. It shows us at once what to get to work on in ourselves. We've got a compass to steer by. We've a newly-opened eye to keep on ourselves through the day. We can now see the real nature of some of those little crooked ways and shady tricks of ours. We never gave them a critical thought before; it seemed just natural to do them. It's a chance to begin cutting free of them and finding pleasure in the self-respect that comes with every touch of our knife, every little act of self-restraint. The picture of what we are and have been has wakened up an ideal of what we would like to be in the future.

But there's more than this in the experience. To see one's own personality in that clear way can only have been possible because for a moment we *got out of it*, for a moment were separate from it and above it and could look down on it. And we can only guide it henceforth to better ways by practising every day the taking of this same attitude towards it, the attitude or feeling of holding reins and whip for it. This is self-knowledge — to feel ourselves as not that

### Reading Human Nature

"HIS a keen reader of human nature": don't we mostly mean by that, the *weaknesses* of human nature? For it is curious how seldom we apply the phrase to the man who sees the latent *best* in other men. But would you say a man had read a novel if he had read only those pages of it that were concerned with the doings of the villain, and nothing about the hero?

"I can't stand that fellow with his. . . ." (Here we specify some peculiarity, fault, weakness, objectionable trick of some sort.) If we dwell on this long enough we are quite likely to feel we could give him a blow, so irritated do we become. How many *murders*, even, come out of letting that sort of thing grow and grow?

"Let something good be said," is the refrain of an old song. Let something good be *seen*. But you can't see that something if you let your mind be fogged and obstructed with dislike or contempt, or heated with hate. You are no reader of human nature. You haven't insisted on seeing the whole picture. You haven't read about the hero.

The real artist sees more than we do in a sunset or a bit of natural scenery. Why? Because that aspect or department of his higher nature — the artist aspect,— is more awake than in the rest of us. In the same way any *real* reading of human nature is done — when it is done at all — by a higher part of us than that by which we pass our ordinary judgments on each other, the part that gets irritated or contemptuous. To awaken and use this higher part, contempt and irritation must be wiped out. We must see what we do see in other men without letting the clouds and obstructions of dislike come across our mental eyes. Then only do our eyes get clear and see all — the *really* latent or hidden good, and the good that was merely hidden from *us*. We begin to understand why men do and are what we find them doing and being. And the good in ourselves now sees and welcomes and responds to the good that is mixed up in their failings and weaknesses. The good in ourselves grows by the good it sees and dwells on in others; and the evil and weakness in ourselves by the evil and weakness of others which we dwell on

and permit to stir us into ill-feeling. "Judge not that ye be not judged." "Judge not" does not mean *see not*. The 'judging,' in this sense, is the ill-feeling, the dislike, contempt or hate with which we usually see the faults and failings of others. While we have these we can neither appreciate their good nor develop our own. The steady will to see this good will cure the tendency to dislike and contempt. We must surely get that cure if we want to win out for ourselves, to help others to win out, or to 'read human nature.' Ill will towards others, active or latent, is the great vampire of our own spiritual strength and manhood. It keeps us bankrupt in the energy we need for our growth. STUDENT

### Outgrowing Yourself

"GOING up in life means growing greater in our life. We may grow very great and go very high, and yet never get out of our kitchen or out of our shop. But we will take the kitchen or shop right up with us. . . . We get great on the inside, not on the outside. Greatness is not measured in inches, dollars, acres, hurrahs, or by any other of the world's yardsticks or barometers. . . . We get up by our own growing. Nobody can do it for us."

Some fellows are always measuring themselves against others. Am I smarter, cleverer or what not, than he?

That's a mistake. Each of us should measure himself against *himself*. Face your three or four chief failings — you know them! — and say, Am I any further forward in conquering them today than I was yesterday?

Put in that way you may not be able to answer your own question. Try it this way: Have I stood up and done some actual thing today, however small, that one of those failings tried to get me not to do, or refused to do something that one of them wanted me to do? If you can say, 'yes,' you are further forward: if not, not. There's no cure for vanity and self-patting like a straight question of this sort. 'Growth' means *will-growth*, and will grows only by use against resistance, inner resistance, the resistance of one's own weaknesses and failings, — no other way for it. So we can even be glad of them. STUDENT

### A Wish

Frederick Locker-Lampson

TO the south of the church, and beneath yonder yew,  
I have watch'd two child-lovers, unseen;  
More than once were they there, and the years of the two,  
When united, might number thirteen.

They sat by a grave that had never a stone  
The name of the dead to determine;  
It was Life paying Death a brief visit — a known  
And a noble text for a sermon.

They tenderly prattled: ah, what did they say?  
The turf on that hillock was new:  
Little Friends, did ye know aught of death or decay?  
Could the dead be regardful of you?

I wish to believe, and believe it I must,  
That her father beneath them was laid:  
I wish to believe — I will take it on trust —  
That father knew all that they said.

My own, you are five, very nearly the age  
Of that poor little fatherless child;  
Ay, and some day a true-love your heart will engage,  
When on earth I my last may have smiled.

Then visit my grave like a good little lass,  
Where'er it may happen to be;  
And if any daisies should peer through the grass,  
O be sure they are kisses from me.

And place not a stone to distinguish my name,  
For the stranger and gossip to see;  
But come with your lover, as these lovers came,  
And talk to him sweetly of me.

And while you are smiling, One Greater will smile  
On the dear little daughter He gave;  
— But mind, O yes, mind you are happy the while —  
*I wish you to visit my grave.* — Selected

### Permanence

R. A. V. Morris

NOT all our work to nothingness will go.  
The greedy, harsh, inexorable years  
Obliterate alike our hopes and fears;  
And arrogant and humble, high and low  
In dust will intermix; as April snow,  
So empires vanish; and the fane that rears  
Today its pinnacles to heaven, appears  
Tomorrow but a cairn where lichens grow.

Yet of our acts a remnant will survive;  
And of our thoughts the essence will remain.  
The finer deeds we do, while yet alive,  
Will yield some lasting good. Not all in vain  
We grope and toil and struggle, urge and strive  
Towards a goal we never quite attain.

THE NEW WAY. Subscription price (Domestic), Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Get your friends to join you in subscribing. Foreign Subscriptions per year \$1.00. Five subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten subscriptions for \$5.00. Money orders and checks should be made payable to THE NEW WAY, and all subscriptions and correspondence should be addressed to: THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

### The New Way Quotebook

"WHEN you get into a tight place, and everything goes against you, till it seems as if you couldn't hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just the place and time the tide will turn."

— *Harriet B. Stowe*

PHILLIPS BROOKS says: "Ask yourself what you would have been if you had never been tempted, and own what a blessed thing temptation is." Suppose we amplify: Ask yourself what chance you would have of knowing your true self if, through temptation, you had not learned to separate the part tempted from that part that can outlive any temptation.

"IN that last and final account it will be happy for us if we shall then find that our influence through life has tended to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, and soothe the sorrows of those who were sick and in prison."— *Peter Cooper*

"OUT of the common stones of your daily work you may build yourself a temple which shall shelter your head from all harm, and bring down on you the inspiration of God."— *Theodore Parker*

I HAVE always noticed that men can look their best, or their worst and most animal, while eating. It is a question of whether they have learned to feel themselves as superintending the animal, or are letting the animal absorb them. On the wall of the dining-room of the school where I boarded, behind the headmaster's chair, there were three sentences done in gold letters: 'Look up: Look pleasant: Leave a bit.'

A man changes his body all through, they say, every seven years. What a difference it must make to the body he comes out with at the end of the seven, whether he has eaten those 7665 meals one way or the other! Why not give the food the right send-off for its long job?

"WHAT I feel sure I know by this time is that all the things we think happen by chance and accident are only part of the weaving of the scheme of life. When you begin to suspect this and to watch closely you also begin to see how trifles connect themselves with one another, and seem in the end to have led to a reason and a meaning, though we may not be clever enough to see it clearly. Nothing is an accident. We make everything happen ourselves: the wrong things because we do not know or care whether we are wrong or right, the right ones because we unconsciously or consciously choose the right ones even in the midst of our ignorance."

— *Frances Hodgson Burnett*

ALL life is a school, a preparation, a purpose: nor can we pass current in a higher college if we do not undergo the tedium of education in this lower one.

WHAT I am learning in life is that action and reaction are equal and opposite — that if a man grasps special pleasures for himself, he has in the same act grasped equivalent pains to develop later. A man's higher nature cares nothing one way or the other for what we call pleasures and pains, and if we would only learn little by little to live up there in the Light we should not care either.

Using the body in the regulated movements of work and exercise, is good for it; letting it make any movements it liked would be its ruin as an instrument of service. Using the mind in study and real thought, is its tonic; letting it ramble where it likes — is its ruin as a fine instrument. But as we all have in greater or less degree unmastered minds we don't notice it till the unruliness and incapacity have passed a certain far point.

"I THINK it's al'ays the plan in a dilemma to pray God and walk forward."

— *Mrs. Berry in Richard Feverel*

THIS injury — shall I resent it, remonstrate, or try to get even with the man who did it to me? Or shall I get more permanent good out of it by shoving it out of my mind, rising up altogether over it to 'The Heights' and keeping serene? In ten years which shall I be more glad that I did? 'The Heights of Light' — those words stirred my very soul and I won out.

"HARDLY any faculty is more important for the intellectual progress of man than the power of attention. Animals clearly manifest this power, as when a cat watches by a hole and prepares to spring on its prey. Wild animals sometimes become so absorbed when thus engaged that they may be easily approached. Mr. Bartlett has given me a curious proof how variable this faculty is in monkeys. A man who trains monkeys to act used to purchase common kinds from the Zoological Society at the price of five pounds for each; but he offered to give double the price if he might keep three or four of them for a few days in order to select one. When asked how he could possibly so soon learn whether a particular monkey would turn out a good actor, he answered that it all depended on their power of attention. If when he was talking and explaining anything to a monkey its attention was easily distracted, as by a fly on the wall, or other trifling object, the case was hopeless. If he tried by punishment to make an inattentive monkey act, it turned sulky. On the other hand, a monkey which carefully attended to him could always be trained."

— *Darwin*

"I USED to say, 'Nobody uses me right. Nobody gives me a chance.' But if chances had been snakes I would have been bitten a hundred times a day. We need oculists, not opportunities."— *Ralph Parlette*

Special Edition  
for Soldiers and Sailors

"Greatly begin! though thou have time  
But for a line, be that sublime."  
JUN 10 1921

Please Handle with Care  
And Pass on to Another

# 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  
Point Loma, California

EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

Copyright 1921 by Katherine Tingley

VOL. X

MAY 1921

No. 5



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

## LOMALAND — WHERE EAST AND WEST MEET

A tropical garden spot on the grounds of the Rāja-Yoga College, Point Loma, California.  
Where the *New Way* is published.

### Just Drop It!

THERE are some fellows that never seem to have any troubles of their own on hand. When you go to them you find the attentive and sympathetic listener to *your* troubles and worries. And not only is their advice good, but even when they cannot give any the mere fact of your having been with them

seems to smooth out your mind and make the going easier for you. What is the secret of these men?

You find them of course in the pulpits as well as in ordinary life. Those of them that are in the pulpits may not be eloquent or profound or learned or with any command of fine phrases. But what they say goes home to you. They make you want to do and be better than you have previously done and been.

They raise you: you actually are better.

Well, if we could look right into the minds and inner lives of these people we should find two or three quite plain acquirements that it would be well worth our while too to get. They are not acquirements that can be made in a moment, but they are such as begin to yield good results from the very earliest attempts at the practice of them.

The first thing we should notice in these men is that they live in the present, the Now.

We all know that the present never grows any worries of its own. Worries always root in the past or the future, come always of looking backwards or forwards. "There was nothing to be done about the thing," said one of these strong, helpful men once to the writer, "so I dropped it from my mind." What he 'dropped' from his mind was a serious attack on him that he knew to be coming. But there was nothing he could yet do about it. So he 'dropped' it till the time for useful action. It did not belong to the present and had no right there, and he accordingly turned it out of doors. That left him free to deal quietly with whatever the present happened to contain. What the present happened then to contain was a trouble of *mine* upon which I wanted advice and help. And he gave them along with an attentive sympathy that of itself doubled my strength and courage. He showed me too how advisable it was to begin to get the power of closing up the past behind you as you went along, and refusing to let the mind fly off into the future and imagine troubles that might never come, and how much better you would deal with them when they did come if you could meet them with a mind trained not to worry, not to cross bridges till you came to them nor keep crossing them after you had left them behind.

All that he said appealed to me with great force, and I knew that it did so because it came from a man who was himself actually doing and had done what he was advising me to do.

And that leads right up to the question of the two sorts of men in the pulpits: the one that doesn't move you, however fine the language and delivery and learning and even intellect; and the one that comes right home to you. For the latter is the man that is actually trying all the time and in all sincerity and all humility and modesty to practise himself what he is urging his hearers to practise. He is opening to us his own heart and inner life and letting out the soul in its desire for the good and welfare of others. The light that he gets himself in his moments of quiet thought and aspiration day by day he is trying to share. He takes the attitude of sharer and comrade rather than that of superior and instructor. And he is further along the path than those he talks to in proportion as he has more than they of this divine wish to share the light.

Which brings us to the third point. These men have

a constant warmth of benevolence in their hearts. We all have some of that, more or less hidden even from ourselves. And one of the chief influences that prevent its doing its full work in us and so getting out for the help of others is our habit of dwelling on what is past and what is not yet come, letting these disturbances in on us so that our minds and feelings are filled up with our own personalities and unable to appreciate the troubles and needs of others. We are all naturally sympathetic, but the sympathy is overlaid and blotted out by this more than by anything else.

We spoke of "quiet thought and aspiration." What does that mean? If we could look into the minds and hearts of these men I think that we should never find an atheist. We might find that the beneficent Power and Presence they aspired to was variously named by them, variously pictured and thought of. But we should find in the case of every one that however they might name and speak of it they all recognised and in their silent moments and hours felt after something higher than their personal selves, something they looked to as the source of their best, that they felt to come in sustainingly upon their aspirations and to be present with them in their troubles, that gave mental light beyond expression in words and that increased their desire to help.

In all this we have the whole way of life, the New Way, fourfold: To live calmly in the present; to be ever ready to sympathize; to *keep climbing* whatever the falls and failures; and to search daily for the touch and companionship of the Highest — call that Highest what you will.

STUDENT

### Under the Chisel

IF the statue under the hands of the sculptor were conscious it would make endless complaint of the pain of the chiseling. Till the work was over it could perhaps never understand that the pain was all along a necessity for the final perfection. "We fail," says a recent writer, "before our misfortunes and we scarcely have the courage, much less the sagacity, to look beyond them and see in the scourgings of Today the healings, and even the greater beautifyings of the Morrow. We are apt to consider each of them as a crisis or as a catastrophe, when, in truth, it is but a surpassing tangle, or an accidental knot, or ravelling of the silken cord on which our lives are strung. The pain is very real in the enduring, and the consolations of religion are oftentimes absent, and the arguments of philosophy are most unsatisfying, even if they come not too late; and 'tis only in the retrospection that the true harmonies, and the sweet uses of the cruel-seeming mercies, become apparent to us."

Pleasure comes from the successful attainment of



something we want or the successful elimination of something we desire to be rid of. Pain is inability in respect of one of these aims. But none of us, looking at the lives and characters of *others*, would say that it would be good for them to have all they wanted or to be delivered from all they disliked.

'Good for them'—in using those words we show at once that we are thinking of growth of character and seeing that such growth may be brought about precisely by the *thwarting* of desire,—that is, by pain. We can see that so far as *others* are concerned. Why should we not try to see it where it is we ourselves who are concerned? What is true for others must be true for us too. Why should we not try to see that the

in the *Now*, is one of the ways of co-operating with the Sculptor and one of the fruits of trust therein.

STUDENT

### Which are We?

"YOU never know what a man really is till he's partways drunk." Just one of those snatches of conversation you hear as you pass people in the street.

But what a view of human nature! As a man gets drunk his worst qualities gradually come up into view, one after another. After a while there's nothing *but* worst qualities. And so that's what a man 'really is,' underneath: a mass of worst qualities waiting for drink or something to take the lid off!

Certainly we all do have a lot of evil hidden in there behind. But isn't there also a lot of good, equally waiting *its* chance? It isn't often that all the good or all the evil in us gets its opportunity for a full fling. But there's never a fire or a shipwreck or a general peril of any sort, but what some quite ordinary-appearing chap suddenly stands out for a moment as a hero and risks or sacrifices his life for others. Why shouldn't we say *that's* what the man 'really is'—a hero? The writer once knew a young fellow that was—outwardly and to talk to—a half-wit that could hardly get off a coherent sentence. But he was

nevertheless the author of some anonymous articles appearing in one of our monthlies that could hardly have their better for poetic intensity and elevation of thought. He said they 'came to him' when he was sitting quiet and not doing anything. That was what he 'really was,' in behind.

Men sometimes say they don't believe in the soul. What they mostly mean is that they don't believe in a lot of ideas attached to the word soul that have no business there. But a man who doesn't believe that there is something higher in him than the ordinary self of his daily life must be very rare. Isn't it reasonable to think that if there is something *lower* in us than our ordinary work-a-day self, something that sometimes suddenly gets its chance and sweeps us off into some action which we are ashamed of even as we do it,—so there must be something *higher*, at the other pole, equally ready, if *its* chance comes, to sweep us into an action or expression as much higher as the other was lower than our normal?

So we live our days and lives between these two,



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

### TAKING IT EASY AFTER BREAKFAST

Great Sculptor — Divine Law — has the good of each of us in view and that all pains are the mark of its planned work for us and on us? Each of us is the statue, the perfected soul, in the making, needing the Artist's hand.

Nor is there need for mere blind faith in this. For whoever will look back from a far enough remove at the great pains and stresses of his life and try to read and estimate himself, can easily become assured that without any one of these keen troubles he would have been in some way *less* than he now is, in some way lacking in something his character now possesses. Then we can quietly face anything, knowing that when its work on us is done it will be no longer there, or we so changed and grown that we no longer care whether it is there or not.

But let us remember that much of our trouble never came from the Great Sculptor at all, but was made by ourselves in unnecessary re-living of the past in memory and in foolish anticipations of evil that will mostly never be realized. Active and confident life

oscillating up and down towards one or the other, the angel or the demon: one of them *using* life for the grandest purposes, the other *misusing* and exhausting it for selfish gratification. He who will co-operate with this using of life is beyond the reach of death, whilst the misuse is death itself. STUDENT

### Hit the Mark

ARCHERY is a practice that symbolizes concentration. There is the archer, the arrow, the bow, and the target to be hit. To reach the mark it is necessary to concentrate the mind, the eye, and the body upon many points at once, while at the same time the string must be let go without disturbing the aim. The draw of the string with the arrow must be even and steady on the line of sight, and when grasp, draw, aim and line are perfected, the arrow must be loosed smoothly at the moment of full draw, so that by the bow's recoil it may be carried straight to the mark. So those who truly seek wisdom are archers trying to hit the mark. This is spiritual archery. . . .

In archery among men a firm position must be assumed, and in the pursuit of truth this firm position must be taken up and not relaxed, if the object in view is to be ever attained. The eye must not wander from the target, for if it does the arrow will fly wide or fall short of its goal. So, if we start out to reach the goal of wisdom, the mind and heart must not be permitted to wander, for the path is narrow and the wanderings of a day may cause us years of effort to find the road again.

The quality of the bow makes a great difference in the results attained by the archer. If it is not a good bow of strong texture and with a good spring to it, the missiles will not fly straight or with sufficient force to do the work required; and so with the man himself, who is his own bow, if he has not the sort of nature that enables him to meet all the requirements, his work as a spiritual archer will fall that much short. . . . The archer says too that the bow often seems to alter with the weather or other earthly changes, and will on some days do much better work than on others. The same thing is found by the observing student, who comes to know that he too is subject from time to time to changes in his nature which enable him to accomplish more and to be nearer the spiritual condition. But the string of the bow must always be strung tight; and this, in spiritual archery, is the fixed determination to strive always for the goal.

When the arrow is aimed and loosed it must be slightly raised to allow for the trajectory, for if not it will fall short. This corresponds on its plane with one of the necessities of our human constitution, in that we must have a high mental and spiritual aim if we are to hit high. We cannot go quite as high

as the aim, but have thus to allow for the trajectory that comes about from the limitations of our nature; the trajectory of the arrow is due to the force of gravity acting on it, and our aspirations have the same curve in consequence of the calls of the senses, hereditary defects, and wrong habits that never permit us to do as much as we would wish to do.

Let us hit the mark, O friend! and that mark is the highest spiritual life we are at any time capable of.

— W. Q. JUDGE, from *The Path*

### Porpoise Philosophy

MEN don't talk secrets in the yard so that others can hear, and so it will do nobody any harm if I just set down what I heard last Sunday between Tom Straker of the one part, and Crabbie Johnson of the other part, as the lawyers say.

"What's that about 'porpoise philosophy,' Tom? I never heard of that before," said Crabbie Johnson.

"Oh well, it's just a name I give it, that's all, because it all come to me through watching a porpoise in the bay, way back when I was an innocent young kid. 'Twas just like this: the porpoise would come heaving out of the water every once in so often, and then plunge down under again. Up in the air and sunshine once more, and down in the cold dark water again. 'Peared to me just like life, you know. We have our good times and then our bad times; our health and our sickness; our good luck and our bad luck. Everything seems to keep on a-coming and a-going the same as that there porpoise what I'm telling you on. 'Taint in the nature of things to travel on the level all the time, no, nor even to go quietly traveling up a light gradient to Heaven and the road getting easier and your burden getting lighter as you go on. That ain't the way of it at all as I figure it out. Life is like a porpoise; up and down; day and night; summer and winter; pleasure and pain; first one and then the other. And a feller may do what he will but he can't sidestep a law of Nature like that.

"P'raps a guy is on the upward heave and he takes the notion to get hold of himself, live on the square you know and act decent all round, and for a time everything goes on greased wheels. Then comes the downward curve — he can't help it — and the light seems to fade out of his heart, and he don't have any spring in his step any more. He thinks he's going rotten, that it ain't no use to try and that it's just a case of 'Let her go Gallagher' and he quits trying any more.

"A fellow's got to have the grit to hold on through the dark times and feel sure that the light will come again just as certain as tomorrow's sun. If you go and get too chockful of hope and spirits on the up-

curve, you'll feel it all the worse when you go down, just the same as that there porpoise would dive the deeper the higher he jumped out of the water.

"The proper caper for you and me as I see it is just to go plugging steadily on, taking the light and the dark and the up and the down just as they come, but forging ahead all the time for where you're bound for the same as that there porpoise. You know how it is with a kid — give him a new toy and he's all cock-a-hoop and excited, and then he takes a tumble and barks his knees and the waterworks begin to play. You've just got to find something firm and steady inside of you that doesn't float up and down as the tide rises and falls.

"It's easy to be good on the up-curve, but it's the down-curve as shows the stuff a man's made of. Yes indeed, and what's more it gives a feller the chance to get his sleepy will into action and make a little real progress. We grow by hard times, I know that for sure. Did you ever see a flea in a basin of water? 'Tis a pitiful sight I'm telling you, Crabbie my boy. The pore, unfortunate insect' kicks out with both his legs; but the soft stuff he's floating in don't give him no manner of a kick-off, you understand. You can fish him out if you've a mind to and set him on the soap-dish and by Jiminy once he's got something hard underfoot — click goes his heels and he's gone, or what's worse, come to you likely enough.

"What with the fleas and porpoises this sounds like a lecture on Natural History; but boiled down it just comes to this: up and down is a law of life and we've just got to put up with it. Take advantage of the up and hold on tight when you're down and wait for the turn of the tide.

"What's more, don't kick and whine about your temptations, because it's in the resisting of 'em that a feller gets his strength. The good old universe is all right, Crabbie my boy; but you've got to do your part with a good will and you want to know the ropes and work in with the rest of the boys like a good feller.

"Well I'll be switched if I haven't left my matches behind, so I must trouble you for one of your spark-splinters if you've no objection, Crabbie." P. L.



### Tomorrow's Troubles

**T**ROUBLES are always ninety per cent. easier when they come than they looked before they came. In other words ninety per cent. of the blackness and difficulty is imagined into them by the mind. Most of them would be hardly black or painful at all if when they actually came we were not multiplying their painfulness by the thought of their staying a long time or coming again in the future or leading to others still worse.

And as to the difficulty, there is always a path

through, very likely narrow, but wide enough, and with the peculiarity of never being visible till you get to it. Even then it may not be visible because of the imagined obstacles and shadows the mind has thrown over it in advance. The writer was once going up a little narrow winding river by steamboat. The high cliffs seemed to close in ahead, showing no way through. But always as we got close enough to the apparently unbroken rocky barrier in front an opening appeared and we wound our way through it.

Don't be frightened at anything and don't look forward. For if the mind is allowed to do that it will surely fill up the scene with imagined obstacles and menaces. 'Living like an animal' does not sound like a very high ideal. But so far as not looking forward at possible coming troubles is concerned it is first-class wisdom. In a few years *this Act* of the grand Drama of our lives will be over and we move forward to the next with whatever powers over ourselves we have acquired, and lacking whatever powers we failed to acquire. Things are much easier to put up with if we keep this thought in mind till it is a living and self-acting power from moment to moment. Let us practise taking *this* sort of looking ahead.

STUDENT



### Facing the Light

**A** FEW days ago a woman burdened by what seemed to her an unavoidable affliction came into my office and said: "I am in the shadow of a great sorrow. What shall I do?"

Years ago I heard the same question asked, and I seized upon the answer of that far away time and said: "Turn to the light."

It is impossible to cast a shadow without a light.

And the one way to eliminate all impressions of shadow is to face the light. Once you do that the shadow disappears from view.

Do you know that shadow is the only thing in all the world you can see that has absolutely no thickness? Breadth and length it has, according to the object, but there is no third dimension. It has no edge; a million of them piled one upon another would be as thin as one itself. But, impalpable and unsubstantial as it is, all creation is impressed by a shadow. The dog barks at it. The horse shies at it. And man, superior as he conceives himself to be, contributes his share of the universal alarm.

It is fear that cripples the most of us in life's race. Not fear of realities nor of things present, but the fear of anticipated evils, the shadows of things expected.

The things we fear assume a greater horror than is their own in reality. Job, who was about equally afflicted with fear and boils, said:

"The thing which I greatly feared is come upon

me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me." Perhaps if he had not so "greatly feared" them they would not have become so seemingly actual.

Don't mistake unreality for substance.

Don't tremble about something you only *fear* may happen. And especially don't be afraid of shadows. Turn about. Face the light.

— F. A. WALKER, in *The New England Craftsman*

### Capital Punishment

EDITOR *San Diego Union*: This appeal is made to all citizens of California. It is upon a subject that touches closely the dignity and honor of the state, that is, the people of the state. A bill to abolish capital punishment for minors is being introduced into the state legislature by Assemblywoman Anna Saylor. Whatever our views in regard to capital punishment for adults, surely we should ponder very seriously before, by our silence and apathy, we withhold our support to this bill. The following are a few of the reasons for the abolishing of capital punishment for minors:

1. Because minors in the eyes of the law are children and have not yet come to years of full judgment and discretion. How then can they be held to be fully accountable for any crime they may commit? And if they are not fully accountable the state has no right to inflict upon them the supreme penalty of capital punishment.

2. Capital punishment is an irrevocable penalty. If a man or boy is hanged and afterwards new evidence proves his innocence, the state cannot undo the terrible wrong. Capital punishment was abolished in Rhode Island in 1852 because it was found that the state had hanged an innocent man, and in Maine because in 1887 two innocent men had been hanged. The state can restore property, reputation, citizenship — it cannot restore life. Shall California show itself less enlightened in this respect than Rhode Island, Maine, and other states?

3. Because there will be greater certainty of conviction if the death penalty is abolished. Many a man on a jury has held out against conviction of a boy or man simply because of the horror he has had of sending him to death.

4. Because to take human life is unnatural: it offends every noble instinct, it is purely revenge and not in any sense remedial, it does not undo the first wrong.

5. Because life taken by the state is as much murder as if taken by an individual and is a violation of the Mosaic commandment, "Thou shalt not kill."

6. Because enlightened men and women in all ages and countries have held and now hold that penalties inflicted by the state should not be for punishment

only or mainly, but for reformation. If minors, *i. e.*, the children of the state, commit crime, is not that proof in itself that they have not been properly trained, and may it not be that the state, as well as the parents and guardians of those minors, those children, has failed in some respect in its whole duty to them? If a minor then, has committed a crime, what should we do — for we are the state? Should we hang him and then think we have done our duty to him — a child, a minor? I say, shame on us, if that is our response. We cannot, like a minor, claim we are not fully accountable. We are supposed, at least, to have reached years of discretion, and for us, *i. e.*, the state, for we are the state, to hang a minor would be a thousand-fold worse crime than any which he might have committed; for our crime would be done in cold blood, whereas almost certainly his was done on impulse, unpremeditated and as a result of sudden passion.

What, then, is our duty to him? Surely, to give him another chance — to use Katherine Tingley's words — to grant him continued life at least, and, if we are wise, an opportunity and our help to reform.

Capital punishment is a blot upon the statute book of California. Shall we, the people of California, permit it to stay, or shall we remove it? At least let us not be so small-minded, so lacking in dignity and self-respect, or so lacking in resourcefulness, as to demand the life of a child for any crime he may have committed.

I appeal to you to support this bill to abolish capital punishment for minors. Write to the senator or assemblyman of your district (address them at the Capitol, Sacramento), urging them to support the bill.

— JOSEPH H. FUSSELL, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

— From the *San Diego Union*, March 5, 1921

EDITOR *San Diego Union*: Mme. Katherine Tingley, the Theosophical Leader, is giving energetic support to the bill to amend Section 190 of the Penal Code, by which the death penalty for minors will be abolished in this state. This bill will be brought before the state legislature at Sacramento by Assemblywoman Anna Saylor within a very short time. Through the Woman's International Theosophical League and the Men's International Theosophical League of Humanity, which were founded by Mme. Tingley some years ago for educational and humanitarian work and both of which have for one of their stated objects "to abolish capital punishment," Mme. Tingley is making a special appeal to workers for human uplift, particularly along lines of education and prison reform. As she said in her lecture at Isis Theater, Sunday evening, "It is a monstrous thing that murder should be legalized, but it is more than monstrous in the case of the youth. There is no logic in it and no justice."

We shall hear many arguments pro and con regarding this moot question, doubtless, but Mme. Tingley, who has been engaged in prison-work and in work for the abolition of the death-penalty in several states and for a period of more than thirty years, declares that capital punishment is retrogressive, unjust, barbarous, inhuman and an interference with divine law, because it is contrary to the divine commands, "Thou shalt not kill," and "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." It makes of our common law an instrument of retrogression rather than of justice and upliftment, for it is manifestly contradictory and illogical for our laws to indorse in the state an act that in the case of the private citizen they both prohibit and condemn. Moreover, capital punishment is no deterrent of crime, a fact established by testimony dating from the dawn of history, and brought out by Blackstone, among others, who cites instances from the history of Russia, England, and Rome in derogation of cruel punishments, and who sagely observes (what might be pondered over today with profit) that "sanguinary laws are a bad symptom of the distemper of any state, or at least of its weak constitution."

We hear a great deal from opponents of a more humane interpretation of our laws about the old Mosaic injunction, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." But that argument is weak, for logic sometimes keeps going when to be gracious it really ought to stop. Blackstone observes very keenly on the *lex talionis*, or 'law of retaliation,' that "there are very many crimes that will in no shape admit of these penalties, without manifest absurdity and wickedness. Theft cannot be punished with theft, defamation by defamation, forgery by forgery, adultery by adultery, and the like"; and he adds, with regard to "removing one murderer from the earth and setting a dreadful example to deter others," that even this instance "proceeds upon other principles than those of retaliation." Quite outside of the pleading of compassion, here is something to think about. Can we afford to be so behind the times?

And also, can we afford to discredit our beloved state in the eyes of the world by allowing this amendment to be lost? It is so even with enlightened public conscience, and so in line with the policies of our more progressive states and nations, particularly those who have already abolished the death-penalty and given the departure a fair trial, that patriotic reasons alone should make us pause and question. But behind all argument there looms the pathetic shadow of the condemned, children in the eyes of the law, bewildered, unbefriended, often ignorant and alone. Has not mercy a right to plead for those who cannot plead for themselves?

If this bill is to receive your support in time, immediate action is imperative, and all who feel urged to support it are asked to write or wire, without delay,

to the senator and assemblyman of their district, addressing them 'The Capitol, Sacramento, California.'

— GRACE KNOCHE, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, March 7, 1921

— From the *San Diego Union*, March 8, 1921

### The Kings

Louise Imogen Guiney (1861-1920)

A MAN said unto his angel:  
"My spirits are fallen thro',  
And I cannot carry this battle;  
O, brother! what shall I do?

"The terrible Kings are on me,  
With spears that are deadly bright,  
Against me so from the cradle  
Do fate and my fathers fight."

Then said to the man his angel:  
"Thou wavering, foolish soul,  
Back to the ranks! What matter  
To win or to lose the whole,

"As judged by the little judges  
Who hearken not well, nor see!  
Not thus, by the outer issue,  
The Wise shall interpret thee.

"Thy will is the very, the only,  
The solemn event of things;  
The weakest of hearts defying  
Is stronger than all these Kings.

"Tho' out of the past they gather,  
Mind's Doubt and Bodily Pain,  
And pallid Thirst of the Spirit  
That is kin to the other twain,

"And Grief, in a cloud of banners,  
And ringleted Vain Desires,  
And Vice, with the spoils upon him  
Of thee and thy beaten sires,

"While Kings of eternal evil  
Yet darken the hills about,  
Thy part is with broken saber  
To rise on the last redoubt,

"To fear not sensible failure,  
Nor covet the game at all,  
But fighting, fighting, fighting,  
Die, driven against the wall!"— *Selected*

THE NEW WAY. Subscription price (Domestic), Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Get your friends to join you in subscribing. Foreign Subscriptions per year \$1.00. Five subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten subscriptions for \$5.00.

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

## The New Way Quotebook

"MANKIND is not only the whole in general, but everyone in particular. Every man or woman is one of mankind's dear possessions; to his or her just brain and kind heart and active hands mankind intrusts some of its hopes for the future; he or she is a possible wellspring of good acts and source of blessings to the race."— *R. L. Stevenson*

"EVERY man has chums, one or more, men whom he loves — if I may use that much-misused word. If now, setting aside those particular men, he will find in his heart the love he has for them, and radiate it *universally*, and hold that attitude, recurring to it day by day, he will soon find a permanent joy in life whatever be the outer conditions, joy and light in mind and body."

"FELLOWSHIP is heaven, and lack of fellowship is hell; fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death; and the deeds that ye do upon the earth, it is for fellowships's sake that ye shall do them."— *William Morris*

"IN the best of times, it is but by flashes, when our whole nature is clear, strong, and conscious, that we enjoy communion with our soul. At the worst we are so fallen and passive that we may say shortly we have none. . . . Consciousness becomes engrossed among the mechanical parts of life, and soon loses both the will and the power to look higher considerations in the face. This is ruin; this is the last failure in life; this is temporal damnation, damnation on the spot and without the formality of judgment. 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and *lose himself*?' "— *R. L. Stevenson*

"SELF-KNOWLEDGE begins when a man, trying to hold his mind silent a few moments in aspiration, turns inward to what is holding it as well as outward to what is being held. When this holding can be to any degree accomplished he may become conscious of his greater self, his immortality, his divinity. But there are few that persevere to this point."

"BUT we, who cannot fly the world, must seek  
To live two separate lives; one in the world  
Which we must ever seem to treat as real;  
The other in ourselves behind a veil  
Not to be raised without disturbing both."

— *Henry Adams*

"THE supreme task of culture is to possess oneself of one's overstanding self, to be truly the SELF of one's self."— *Novalis*

"WHEN you play, play hard; when you work, don't play at all."— *Theodore Roosevelt*

"If thy soul is a stranger to thee, the whole world is unhomelike."

"EVERY experience in life has something to do in shaping character, just as every rain has something to do in forming the hills and saying where the rivers shall run."

"THE soul does not age with the body. On the borders of the grave the wise man looks forward with equal elasticity of mind and hope; and why not, after millions of years, on the verge of still newer existence? For it is the nature of intelligent beings to be for ever new to life."— *Emerson*

"My humor does not depend on the weather. I have my fogs and my sunshine in myself. The going ill or well of my affairs even counts for little. I try sometimes to set ill fortune at defiance, and to conquer. The glory of conquest makes me conquer gaily, while on the contrary I sometimes feel disgust in good fortune."— *Pascal*

"LET fortune empty all her quiver on me,  
I have a soul that, like an ample shield,  
Can take it all, and verge enough for more.  
Fate was not mine, nor am I Fate's.

— *Dryden*

"THERE is no place in the life of the successful man for idle hours. When he works, he works; when he plays, he plays. He does each in its appointed time and with purpose. But he is never found just waiting for 'something to turn up.' It is necessary that healthy minds have a certain amount of recreation, but when playtime comes he seeks the kind of diversion that appeals to him and pursues it just as assiduously as he does his work. Hours wisely spent are an investment which will pay dividends during your whole life; hours spent in idleness are a depreciation charge that must be added to your overhead when striking a balance in your Book of Life."— *From Monotype*

"WHAT helped you over the great obstacles of life?" was asked a successful man. "The other obstacles," he replied.

"It is not in my power to hinder something disagreeable from happening to me. But it *is* in my power to refuse to be anxious before it comes or disturbed when it has come. By which you see the division between what is not in our power to regulate, and what is. The Gods demand of us that we act well and bear ourselves like men, inwardly and outwardly. More than this they ask not. And this they will greatly reward. But how should we bear ourselves like men if there were nothing in circumstances to call forth this manhood? Cry not, therefore, for fair weather and a smooth sea."— *Stoic Maxims*



GIFT  
JUL 11 1921

Special Edition  
for Soldiers and Sailors

There is always a way through.

Please Handle with Care  
And Pass on to Another

# 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  
Point Loma, California

EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

Copyright 1921 by Katherine Tingley

VOL. X

JUNE 1921

No. 6



Lomalind Photo & Engraving Dept.

CHILDREN'S DANCE IN KATHERINE TINGLEY'S PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S  
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, IN THE GREEK THEATER, INTERNATIONAL  
THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

## Who is 'I'?

OLD man Smith stood on the brow of a hill overlooking the sea, where the sun was going down in flame-pink and gold. He smoked a short black pipe, and his rustic weather-beaten features wore an expression of calm reverence. Neighbor Jones, also out for his evening pipe, came up beside him with a cordial, "Howdy, Smith!"

"Howdy Jones! Seems like heaven had got a bit

nearer earth than usual tonight," replied the other, nodding to the splendor before him.

"Hm!" assented Jones, "it do look good, don't it." Then, after a moment's pause: "Ever tasted my wife's Mother Hubbard pie? Beats anything you ever set your teeth into."

Smith looked at him a moment, turned to the sunset again, and said nothing. The silence continued while the sun sank below the horizon. When the dazzling wonder of the scene had waned to the

merest shadow of what had been, Smith turned and eyed Jones for a moment or two quizzically, then observed:

"You sure are some queer outfit, Jones! Didn't you and me stand in this identical spot yesterday evening at this identical time watching this identical sun go down? And didn't I commence, when that old sun was getting 'along towards his last lap, to talk crops to you? And what did you do? You let out at me almighty hot: 'Don't you reckon them crops will keep till this here old sun gets down? Carrots and potatoes and onions!' And here tonight you stand in front of one of the biggest blazes of color a man ever set eyes on, and you can't see anything for Mother Hubbard pie!"

Jones grinned, smoked in silence for a little time, then said, meditatively:

"Last night I didn't care for pies and I sure did enjoy that sunset. Tonight that pie is to the front of my mind."

"Cal'late they both hit you in the same place?" queried Smith quietly.

"N — no! don't calc'late they did."

"One a bit higher in your make-up, the other a mite lower?"

"Maybe."

"Cal'late they both hit the same *man*, eh?"

"You don't figure there's more than one man in one man, do you, Smith?"

"Looks like there might be. There's one that can see sunsets and forget pies and carrots, and one that dotes on pies and don't see nothing in sunsets."

"Then," said Jones, "you figure that the part of you that wouldn't stand crops last night because of the sunset, and the part that might have talked pie tonight in the face of that sunset, were two different outfits?"

"That's so," replied Smith, quietly, "I cal'late we're all that way, double, body and soul. Seen 'em in myself as plain as black and white — and, by George! that's just about what they can be if they get their full fling — pitch black and clear white. And from my experience of 'em, fondness for pie is just about the decentest kind of hankering of the *body* feller, sort of legitimate, you might say, in its place and time, but what he's capable of hankering after when he's het up and havin' things all his own way I don't guess was ever written or told, leastways, I hope not! And you can take it from me" — here Smith took his pipe from his mouth and laid one hand on Jones' arm — "that there sunset we watched tonight wasn't more'n just sign painting to what the *soul* feller can see and can be, when he gets to lifting his great white wings and sweeping straight for the everlastin' glory of things!"

"Hm, how do you tell when the white feller's on deck, and when the one you was alludin' to as a trifle

dusky has the reins loose and is runnin' the concern all his own way?"

"Tell? — no trouble about tellin'. Just ask yourself any time of the day or night who's at home, and you won't be needin' any intelligence bureau to give you your answer. No sir! We all know, once we stop to think a piece, just which feller has hold of things. But the thing we've got to do — the way I figure it — is to be everlastingly reminding ourselves that *we are* the white feller, and *we are not* the other one, the body chap. And I figure we've got to go right on hammerin' that fact into our thinkin' apparatus until we can catch that dark chap every time he tries to run us — just see him for what he is and put the curb on him. The trouble, the way I see it, is that if you're not everlastingly on the jump, he'll get ahead of you, and you'll get to talking about 'I want this,' 'I'm going to do that,' 'I don't feel up to this.' And all the time perhaps *you're* not on deck at all, and it ain't *your* voice that's speaking."

"And you don't have no question but what the white feller is the real man?"

"No sir, I haven't. And I notice that he's the one that's wantin' the big, clean, beautiful things of life — things that go with the sunshine, the stars and that big blue sea out there, honor and right. No sir, no question; and I'm tellin' you, when you feel *him* stirring, you know you're more than the body and are right sure that death can't touch you, and your selfishness lets go of you and you want to open your arms and take every man, woman and child up out of the darkness and sorrows."

As he said these words, the man stood transfigured, illumined with his own aspiration. Jones looked at his neighbor with a touch of awe, then said quietly:

"You're right, I just know you're right. And you've shown me a bit of the place, tonight, where the greatest sunsets and sunrises that were ever seen, come from. I want to think it over with nobody but my pipe for company. Good-night, Smith!"

And the two men clasped hands in silence. M. M.

### This 'Age of Education'

"AND so, in this age of ours, the Age of Education, the sun of mental enlightenment will rise higher and higher. Who can foresee the grandeur of the future?"

It was the eloquent conclusion of an auditorium address by one of our brightest fellows, a university graduate. I was considerably impressed by it, and correspondingly surprised, therefore, to hear my neighbor mutter 'poppycock!' under his breath.

"You don't seem to have thought much of that," I said, after we got out. "What's the matter with it?"

"Matter with it!" he said. "There's more than

six hundred fellows in this institution of ours and there's a new wing a-building. Got to be building a new wing, I reckon, in half the prisons in the country. What's that mean? Crime increasing, of course, year by year — in this 'age of education'! Moreover if this 'education' of ours that we're so proud of goes on another two or three generations there won't be anybody left to educate. Leaving out of count the babies and young children, reared according to better medical science and more common sense than they used to be, the general life length's shortening decade by decade. Heart disease and artery hardening and kidney trouble and cancer, catch more and more of us all the time and earlier and earlier in life. In 1910 five times as many died of heart disease as in 1900. What's the good of the 'sun of enlightenment' rising higher year by year if there's more and more of us dying before it gets a chance to enlighten us.

"'Age of education'! Age of *mis*-education. Education upside down, I call it. Education that *makes* criminals; education that does nothing for the will and next to nothing for character, education that leaves young fellows in the power of all the habits and tendencies that shorten life."

"'Education upside down'?" I queried.

"Yes sir, upside down, hind end before, mentality before philosophy."

"Philosophy!"

"All serene, my son. Philosophy I said and philosophy I meant. Can't teach a child Latin or mathematics, can you, when he's three years old? Hasn't got the brain for it. But you *can* teach him sense of duty — to do his little chores right; and self-control — not to gorge himself and not to let his temper get on top of him, for instance; and the idea of helping and sharing — true comradeship with his little chums, unselfishness. In other words you can teach him what *Right* means. That's *practical* philosophy, ain't it, right conduct? And if you teach him that he's got a higher and a lower nature, a part that can control and a part that needs the controlling; a part that's unselfish and likes right and duty, and an animal part that's selfish and only wants a good time; a *soul* part, in fact, and a human-animal part, and that the soul part's divine — why, that's *theoretical* philosophy, the counterpart of the practical. And you can get in your work with that and lay the foundation for a fine life long before you can open up much on the *mentality* line. To begin with philosophy is the natural sequence.

"Yes sir, education is wrong end first and right end mostly nowhere. Why's all these fellows here and a new wing a-building to accommodate another five hundred of them? Because they *didn't* learn Right, wasn't it, and *didn't* learn self-control, and *did* learn that the right way to treat all other fellows was to get ahead of them — in school-days and right onward through life — and get all you could out of them and get them out of your way whenever they stood in it

and never think of *their* rights and interests and welfare and happiness — except so far as the law compelled? Want of self-control makes a man do all the things with his body — from over-eating downwards — that bring on its diseases and bring it prematurely to the scrap-heap. Lack of self-control makes a man want what isn't his, want it so much that he's going to take it anyhow. See any reason for that new wing now? Want of self-control makes a man do something with his knife or his six-shooter that can never be undone nor wiped out. And the *I'm-looking-after-number-one* proposition is responsible for making social and family life as much of a hell as it might be a heaven.

"There's a 'sun of enlightenment' all right, sure and eternal, the grand 'Sun' of all; and a sure and eternal reflexion of it as the soul and higher nature of every man, woman and child of us. It don't need to 'rise.' It's risen and there anyhow. It's *we* that have to do the rising, rising to a perception of it in our hearts and thoughts. That's what I call education right side first, education that makes the child grow up sound-bodied, self-ruling and with a ready mind that can learn more of your mathematics or what else in a concentrated half hour than our present young folk can learn in a week of lessons. Teach 'em philosophy — which, if you come right down to it, is religion — and the mentality following on will be something we don't dream of in its unspoiled growth and power.

"I reckon I'll put up a paper myself for the auditorium next Sunday and get after that chap a bit. 'Age of education,' indeed! — Let's go and have a look at the new cell blocks.

REPORTER

### A Forgotten Medicine

"IT'S a right curious power duty has to burn up disease, a power you never thought of, I'll bet.

Not every disease — no, no; I never said that. You wouldn't expect that of the finest of cure-all specifics from the drug-store, would you? But you *take* it just the same. I want you to give *duty* a try.

"You take your cure-all in a hopeful believin' way, don't you, positive-like? Don't let it mosey down your throat as if you didn't care whether you swallowed it or not?

"I want you to try your duties in the same way, do them in a positive hopeful, believin' spirit and see if they don't help that old chronic trouble of yours. There's better reasons, of course, for doing your duties with some vim and go and finish; but just you try *that* reason till you do see your way to a better.

"Remember the story of that woman that was bit one morning by a rattlesnake that crawled out of the woodpile and took a snatch at her finger? She had

three or four little children and her husband was away for the day and she was miles from the nearest neighbor.

"Well, she let on to herself that she'd got to die and her husband had got to find her stretched out cold when he came back. But, by jimini, she said to herself, he shall find the place all in apple-pie order and the children all fed and washed and tended same as usual and me all decently laid out for the coroner and a letter alongside to explain. So she set to, and hour by hour she went for the usual chores and cleaned and scrubbed and fixed things up. And she felt ghastly faint and sick and all in a bath of cold sweat and her heart and breath like to stop every minute. But she grit her teeth and went at it all the same and forced herself to drag along. And after an hour or two it seemed to her she didn't feel quite so bad and her skin not quite so clammy and her breath a bit fuller. And in an hour or two more she was sure she was a bit better. And to cut a long story short, by the mid-afternoon she was a heap better but 'most too tired — *healthy* tired — to stir another finger. But she stirred it, I'm tellin' you, a while yet, and fed the kids and swallowed a go of strong tea and along about sundown she threw herself on the bed and *slept*. And when her husband came in and she told him and he got her some broth or something, she was *right*, son, but, of course, all-fired weak.

"Anyway you get the moral. Now just you stop grizzling over that old rheumatism of yours and thinkin' it's goin' to your heart and is bound to finish you up. Don't you let the thought of anything the matter with you, or your wearing out, or failure, or old age, or worseness with the years, or no-useness, or death, get in on you one moment — anyway not the *fear* of any of it. Get the sunshine in your heart and keep it there. And buckle away at all your jobs and duties with the full of your strength, not anywise overdoin', mind you, just quiet and peaceful but steady and confident-like, and allers with that sunshine-and-spring-mornin' cheerfulness and goodwill in your heart and no grouch against anyone nor anything, just contentness, and see where you get to in half a year of it. Take a feel then, of your rheumatics or your bad liver and digestion or whatever it is, and see what's happened to them. I tell you, man, you can burn up a lot of diseased stuff that way and put in a healthy new supply. Body changes all the time, don't it, new for old? Well, you put your mind on this job and the *old* will get dug out as it never was before, and *new* put in to replace it as was never the like of it for you before.

"You try it, I say, and all the best part o' your nature — *soul* part — 'll lend a hand and show you presently that this last-touch-o'-the-hammer way of doin' duties is not only a grand tonic and cleaner for the body, and helpful even against some diseases it as can't *cure* outright, but the same for the

mind and feelin's and all the rest of the make-up. "Sail in, Sam! Wake up. Take a hold. Get busy, etc., etc., you supplyin' what them phrases may have forgot to say."

REPORTER

### A Hopeful Failure

JACK RADDLE was planting onions as I passed his house; but I judged by the grin on his face that he was not too busy to swap stories with a friend, so I stepped in.

"'Pears to me", he said, as he straightened his back and looked around him, "as if some folks h'aint got no more notion of good manners than a turtle has of dancing. There was young Trotter in here last night and he put in a good half hour in handing me a whole raft's load of pointers on the raisin' of pertaters."

At this point Jack chuckled softly into his whiskers for a while, from which I gathered that he rather fancied that the information was a trifle superfluous.

"I don't know what I done, I'm sure", he went on, "but I seem to have rubbed his fur the wrong way somehow, and before he left he told me that a party he knew had give it out at the grocery round the corner that I was a sure 'nough hopeless failure. I guess he wanted to get back at me because I didn't swallow his line of garden talk at a gulp and ask for more. Now it didn't bother me any to be called a failure 'cause I've allers felt that the man with the right kind of ambition in him was bound to be a failure — for a time at all events. It's just like this: You make a picter like what you want to be and try to live up to it and the first thing you know is that you've taken a tumble in the dirt. It comes hard on a man to change his ways, and he's set and hardened the same as cement. What's more, it's a new stunt for him and he'd best make up his mind to fail, like a guy who's learning to skate reckons on sitting down sudden every once in a while as a matter of course.

"But what I gagged at was the '*hopeless*' part of it. Now I may be short as far as succeeding goes; but I'm long on hope all right. If I was a sure 'nough *hopeless* failure I should be a down-and-out and no mistake, like a ship at sea with her boiler bust, or a grasshopper with the rheumatism in his hind legs. But it allers seems to me that no matter how often you tumble, it don't count for nothing so long as you come up smiling and make a new start. And look'ee here a minute: If you didn't have a pattern in your mind to work to, you'd never have found out that you'd failed, that's what I say.

"Yes, sirree; I call myself a *hopeful* failure 'cause I'm one of that breed of pups that tries again after a million falls. One of the kind that never knows when he's beaten 'cause he never *is* beaten s'long as there's a glimmer of hope left in him. No, I don't care a

great heap about success; that comes as a dead cert if you keep on trying. I never was one of that kind that likes to sit down and figure out how much he's done a'ready, 'cause I feels it more interesting to try for something just ahead.

"But hold on. You never asked me for a sermon, not that I knows on. So if you'll come into the barn I'll give you a settin' of eggs from the finest leghorn that ever scratched dirt, to pay you for listening to my gag. And look'ee here; no matter if the rats swipe the eggs, or they get smashed on the way home, or go addled in the nest, my old leghorn is a-layin' more all the time and you shall have another try.

"As I look at it there's an everlasting leghorn right inside a feller that never lets up on her job, and it don't matter a continental how many settin's go wrong; the eggs keep a-comin' all the time and some fine day you'll hatch out your chicken all right.

"Yes sir, I call myself a hopeful failure — failure with a small 'f'; but large caps for the HOPEFUL. They'll travel safer if I put a bit of straw in the bottom of the basket, I reckon."

REPORTER

### A Blind Man's Sight

FOR some years there was a fine-featured old fellow, gray and bronzed, who stood every day on Nassau Street, New York, by the curb, with a tray in front of him. He stood there calling, "Razors to sell!" — a figure and personality to attract, even to command attention. There was a dignity about him which forbade the slightest expression of charity or patronage. He was a gentleman engaged in an honorable business, and his bearing and voice told it as he called, "Razors for sale!"

The appearance of the old man greatly interested me and I made a purchase so as to get him into conversation.

Disguising my curiosity, we met as man to man; on my part feeling myself in no way the better of him, though I presently saw that he was blind. Perhaps this discovery brought a sympathy into my voice while we traded, and I delicately spoke of his misfortune.

He responded at once to my tone, as his slightly changed attitude and voice showed. This gave me permission for a more personal and intimate conversa-

tion, in which I learned that he was once a well-known figure on the Wall Street Exchange and that he had been ruined in one of its crises of speculation, at the same time suddenly going blind. Loss of health and a train of other misfortunes followed and at last he was left absolutely without resource.

So he came at last to 'operating' in razors, "convenient to his old acquaintances," he said, a flit of a smile over his face. In that venture getting something of a living, he had time and opportunity to think and gain a new insight into people and life.

He told me that when gradually coming into this new perception, what he first saw in himself and others was so mean and small that he almost wished to go spiritually sightless again; that as he became more and more understanding and sympathetic he began to sense that in nearly all men, though often far in the background, was a heart waiting to come out. This discovery had made up for a lot of evil things with which men cover their hearts over, as once had been the case with himself.

So to him life had taken on a new aspect, principally because he had become awakened to himself and to life in general and had got a clear view of the realities and hidden possibilities of human nature. He said: "Now no one speaks to me that I don't feel to know. Selfish people are like a passing ice-cart, while those with hearts feel like sunshine, each in degree as they let their hearts warm their lives. So in a

very real way there is compensation for me, and I have come to believe that behind every calamity, once the shock has gone by, there is a compensation waiting, if the man looks for it; a deeper understanding of what life means, and more sympathy. It's good to know that life really has a meaning and a purpose in it for us all and is — yes, overwatched. It's worth being blind outside if you see more of the inside.

"No, my friend, I am a larger and happier man since being let out into life through being shut in with myself. It concentrated my attention on my own smallness till I *had* to get out into the bigger life. Now I know more and have a new peace. Anyone shut in with himself is not much of a man if it don't let him out into this fuller and freer life.

"The razor will suit you, I think, and you will find it a good one. Good day and many thanks to you."

The old razor man had set me thinking. Was I



Lamaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

### A BIT OF OFFICE FURNITURE



a spiritual blind man without any real sight and with no faith or insight into life? STUDENT

### Get up and Do it!

SOME of the older nations, in their sacred writings, used the *snake* as their quaint symbol of spiritual regeneration. The snake sheds his old skin and becomes clothed with a new one.

But the snake sheds his skin as a whole, and even the strongest and most eager of us humans don't usually regenerate our characters at one go. Rather little by little, drop by drop, something each day. The bird in the late autumn, moulting a few feathers every day, would seem a better symbol.

Most men end the days just about the same sort of man as they were at the beginning of them. So they must end *life* just about the same sort of man as they were at the beginning of it — except of course the changes done on them by the years. Done *on* them, not *by* them with their active will. So after all the snake may be a better symbol of spiritual regeneration, for he crawls out of his old skin by will and effort, whilst the bird takes no more part in the moulting than we in the changes wrought on our bodies and minds by the flowing years.

A man who forces himself to do a courageous thing when there is fear in his heart, finds, the next time the need for courage arises, that there is less fear to hamper him. Some, even men timid at first, finally kill fear altogether out of their natures in this way.

Evidently every action has two effects, one outward — the thing, whatever it was, that was accomplished; the other inward — the alteration of some part of the character, good or bad. The deed and back-tell, the shot and the recoil. A man who has all sorts of fine ideals and aspirations and never does any actions that correspond with them is like a man pointing a gun for a shot and never pulling the trigger. It would not matter how perfect his aim was; he would never hit anything nor learn to better his shooting. The musician sits down to his instrument to play outwardly to himself what he is inwardly hearing. This is, in one sense, a 'right action.' And the back-tell, the recoil, consists in the growth and nourishment of that part of his nature in which his inspiration arose. If he never thus outwardised his inner music by his action upon the instrument, the center of his inspiration would gradually wilt and fade away. Whenever you think of a feasible right action, *do it*, remembering the back-tell, the growth of character and will. If no action is done, there is no back-tell, and the part of the nature where thoughts of right action arise, wilts and decays from disuse and starvation. For right actions are the food of right thought and its stimulant, necessary for its health.

And so every *wrong* action stimulates and feeds the *wrong* part of our natures, the lower, the part that gets us into all our troubles, the part that is essentially ignorant of our divinity and immortality, and insensible to the un wisdom, the un-horse-sense, of such conduct. A man may think he cannot kill out or even weaken this part, that it is too strong for him. Well, let him feed and strengthen the other part, doing all the *right* actions he can see open to him; and then this other part will grow and grow, grow when he is sleeping, grow when he is not thinking about it at all, grow at the expense of the evil in him, and at last he will find that he is easily winning, one by one, the victories, the self-conquests, that he formerly thought impossible.

"Let us end the day with more power of thought for self-conquest than we had at the beginning of the day.

"Let us close our eyes tonight with a clean conscience and with a feeling of generous love for all that breathes, which is the best side of our natures.

"Let us seek more knowledge, more light, more strength, in the silence of our last thoughts before retiring."

STUDENT

### Man and Animal

FROM time to time we hear of some good boy who, falling on his head, is thereafter a bad boy. Taken to a surgeon it turns out that a splinter of bone is pressing on his brain. This is raised or removed and he is a good boy again.

*Deduction:* We are therefore not responsible for our tempers or temperaments. They come from bodily conditions, and we cannot help our own feelings or conduct.

A convenient plea, perhaps, for some of us, if it would hold water! But will it?

The ordinary man, who does not know much about his own power, may be more or less at the mercy of his bodily condition. If his liver is out of order he is cross and may accept the crossness as a phase of *himself*, knowing no remedy but a pill. An *animal* whose liver was out of order would have no choice but crossness. Roughly speaking, the animal's feeling is conditioned and complexioned by the bodily condition. So is man's, *to the extent that he is an animal*. But he is a man, more than animal, precisely because there is awake in him, present in him, a center of conscious will capable of *dominating* the animal, of permitting or refusing to permit any phase of temper and emotion. He is of course not wholly independent. If his liver is out of order he will have *difficulty* in suppressing irritability and substituting geniality and placidity. But he *can* do so, first and easily in speech and act; with more difficulty — which diminishes and



vanishes with practice — in feeling. The slightest study of his own nature will convince anyone of that simple fact in practical psychology; the slightest attempt along that line will show him his duality, show him exactly where he differs radically from the mere animal, and enable him to face the fact of the restoration to goodness of the bad boy with no loss of his sense of human dignity. Indeed if that very boy had been properly trained to know himself and his power, it would have been left for sligher or merely physical symptoms to indicate the need for the surgeon.

Man is, in fact, a *soul*, associated with and in charge of an animal, and if he is willing that the animal should have *him* in charge he has lost his dignity. The first step to recovering it is to study his own nature, feel himself for what he is — the properly controlling soul — and begin acting accordingly. STUDENT

### The Pessimist Firefly

S. W. FOSS

A PESSIMIST firefly sat on a weed  
In the dark of a moonless night;  
With folded wings drooped over his breast  
He moped and he moaned for light.  
"There is nothing but weeds on the earth," said he  
"And there isn't a star in the sky;  
And the best I can do in a world like this  
Is to sit on this weed and die;  
Yes, all that I need  
Is to sit on this weed,  
Just to sit on this weed and die.

"There is naught but this miserable swamp beneath,  
And there isn't a star overhead."  
"Then be your own star! then be your own star!"  
An optimist firefly said.  
"If you'll leap from your weed, and will open your wings  
And bravely fly afar,  
You will find you will shine like a star yourself,  
You will be yourself a star;  
And the thing you need  
Is to leap from your weed  
And be yourself a star."

Then the pessimist firefly leaped from his weed  
And floated far and free;  
And he found that he shone like a star himself,  
Like a living star was he.  
And the optimist firefly followed and said:  
"Why sit on a weed and groan?  
For the firefly, friend, who uses his wings  
Has plenty of light of his own;  
He has plenty of light  
For the darkest night,  
He has plenty of light of his own."

Ye firefly souls with your folded wings,  
Why sit with the weeds in the night?  
Lift up your wings and illumine the dark  
With your own self-luminant light.  
For darkness comes with the folded wings  
And shrouds the starless land;  
But there's light enough for the darkest way,  
If you'll let your wings expand.  
There's plenty of light  
For the darkest night,  
If you let your wings expand.— *Selected*

### June

WELCOME to you sweet, mellow June  
Come softly down from merry May.  
The birds more gently pour their tune  
As milder breezes round them play.

The flowers maturing, smile to bloom  
In fields assured of rich increase.  
For coming Summer you make room —  
And in my heart for dreams of peace.— *Student*

### The Soul to its Higher Self

EVANGELINE RYVES

AM I thy Shadow — thou my Sun or Star?  
Am I thy word, and thou the Thought unspent?  
Vainly I seek to ask thee what we are:  
Thou art: I feel thee, and must be content.

I am the Question, thou the Answer whole.  
Thou the swift lightning, I the restless thunder.  
Thou keep'st the key and seal of all my soul,  
No force in Heaven could set our lives asunder.

Thou art my Music, I the broken lyre;  
And though so faint thy spheric whisper blows,  
It drowns my soul in limitless desire,  
It wafts me upward to the Self that knows.

Thou knowest, my Daemon, and thou speakest ever,  
Crying through all the winds, "Awake! awake!"  
Giving to dreams the glory of endeavor  
Till shadows flee, and till the day shall break.

THE NEW WAY. Subscription price (Domestic), Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Get your friends to join you in subscribing. Foreign Subscriptions per year \$1.00. Five subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten subscriptions for \$5.00. Money orders and checks should be made payable to THE NEW WAY, and all subscriptions and correspondence should be addressed to: THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

### The New Way Quotebook

To the strong man difficulties are only a lens through which he sees success.

SOME people are always grumbling because roses have thorns; I am always thankful thorns have roses.

KEEP your eyes towards the sunshine and the shadows will always fall behind you.

"THE dog in the kennel barks at his fleas, but the dog who is hunting does not feel them."

— *Chinese Proverb*

IN raising us to recognise our divinity the Soul makes itself felt and known by its insistent presence as ideals, aspirations and conscience. This method of the Higher Self in man proves its divinity; for it is the same we attribute to God; hence, is God with and in us.

THE office of pain is to teach where our mistakes have been. It is not the act of a revengeful God. The Law of Harmony as been transgressed, and rights itself.

"OH, if my spirit may foretell  
Or earlier impart  
It is because I always dwell  
With morning in my heart."

#### SPIRITUAL SELF-DISCIPLINE

"WHEN a man, becoming conscious of his own divine nature, in the silence, begins to think himself different from what he seems, begins to think he is divine, begins to let the imagination pulse through his heart telling him of mighty things beyond ordinary comprehension, begins to feel something that reminds him of his duty to humanity — *that is discipline.*" — *Katherine Tingley*

"WE cannot eliminate fear from the mind of man if we are full of fear ourselves. We cannot teach him the divinity of his own being, when we do not recognise it in ourselves. We cannot show him that Brotherhood is a fact in nature, when we do not act upon it. The age of mere theory has passed, the teachers of the present and the future must be living examples of their teachings. By their works ye shall know them." — *Katherine Tingley*

"WITH the great majority of us happiness is like the moon, it comes and goes. We lack that firm grip of it which carries the undaunted minority cheerfully through the whole day, and leaves them in the evening as it found them in the morning, smiling upon their fellow-creatures, pulling them out of the ruts of life, themselves unconscious what a power for good lies embodied in their character." — *Great Thoughts*

"YOUR first duty in life is toward your after-self. So live that your after-self — the man you ought to be — may in his time be possible and actual. Far away in the twenties, the thirties of the twentieth century, he is awaiting his turn. His body, his brain, his soul, are in your hands. He cannot help himself. What will you leave for him? Will it be a brain unspoiled by lust or dissipation, a mind trained to think and act, a nervous system true as a dial in its response to the truth about you? Or will you turn over to him a brain distorted, a mind diseased, a spinal cord grown through and through with the devil grass of that vile harvest we call wild oats? Will you let him come, taking your place, gaining through your experiences, hallowed through your joys, building on them his own, or will you fling his hope away, decreeing, wanton-like, that the man you might have been shall never be?" — *Prof. Jordan*

#### PROMISE YOURSELF

"To be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind.

"To talk health, happiness and prosperity to every person you meet.

"To make all your friends feel that there is something in them.

"To look on the sunny side of everything and make your optimism come true.

"To think only of the best, to work only for the best and to expect only the best.

"To be just as enthusiastic about success of others as you are about your own.

"To forget the mistake of the past and press on to greater achievements of the future.

"To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and to have a smile ready for every living creature you meet.

"To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticize others.

"To be too large to worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear and too happy to permit presence of trouble." — *The Messenger*

"SILENCE is the absolute poise or balance of body, mind and spirit. The man who preserves his selfhood ever calm and unshaken by the storms of existence — not a leaf, as it were, astir on the tree, not a ripple on the shining pool — his, in the mind of the Sage, is the ideal attitude and conduct of life. If you ask him, 'What is silence?' he will answer, 'It is the Great Mystery. The Holy Silence is His Voice.' If you ask, 'What are the fruits of silence?' he will answer, 'They are self-control, true courage or endurance, patience, dignity and reverence. Silence is the keystone of character.'" — *Dr. Charles Eastman*

"WE know that this long life is in itself another initiation wherein we succeed or fail just as we learn the lessons of life." — *William Quan Judge*

Special Edition  
for Soldiers and Sailors

SEP 2 1921  
It is Tomorrow's difficulty  
That is so difficult.

Please Handle with Care  
And Pass on to Another

# 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  
Point Loma, California

EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

Copyright 1921 by Katherine Tingley

VOL. X

JULY 1921

No. 7



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

BACKGROUND OF PACIFIC SEEN FROM THE GREEK THEATER, INTERNATIONAL  
THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

## Moving Healthward

**E**VERYBODY who has begun to think about health at all, desires more of it. As a general statement it may be said that more of it is within the reach of everybody. That is true of the prisoner as well as of anybody else. For though

his regimen is largely arranged for him, and not always for the best, yet if he will find in this very fact a stimulus to use fully the ways that *are* open to him he can do much more than he now thinks possible. Prison diet far from ideal? Very likely, but perhaps not so far from it, after all, as that of the average outsider who burdens his digestion with whatever

varieties and mixtures of food may happen to attract him and at whatever times his impulses suggest to him. Perhaps also not so far as that of the faddist reader of all the books on diet that nowadays hurry from the press.

*How* you eat, and how *much* you eat will always count for more than *what* you eat. Remember that there are people in perfect health on every diet system and on no system, and people who would ruin their health and digestion on the best system that was ever devised. And among those who have most to say about the injuries done them by prison regimens are men whose private habits would paralyse the effects of the very elixir of life.

The writer knew a doctor once who got into prison for some offense, and finding the diet very bad in quality and preparation, resolved to set himself a new lesson in self-control and in thoroughness of mastication, and came out at the end of his year with more health than he had ever known before. He found, moreover, that his new meal-time habits reacted on his mind and called out a new quality of serenity and will. If the prisoner will do what he *can* for himself and put out of his mind the irritating thought of what he *cannot*, he will presently surprise himself with his progress healthward.

Let us go into a few details, beginning with the diet matter.

The prisoner of today may take it for granted that he is furnished with the main essentials of diet, even though their proportions and the form in which they are given him may not always be of the best. Does he recognise that the body is a marvellous cook and chemist, if he will let it be? And it is in his power to start both cook and chemist on the right track at every meal.

Digestion consists of many stages, but each stage has a great deal to do with the next one. The first, for instance, can powerfully help the work of the second. Some people don't permit the first to have any say in the matter, or hardly any. As a consequence the 'say' of the second — and all the rest onward — is likewise reduced in efficiency.

Mastication, or thorough mixing-in of saliva, is the first stage. Look after that; don't let anything go down that is not thoroughly attended to and levelled out to a smooth paste. Then you have done that much of your duty and by that much brought the second and succeeding chemists and cooks — from the stomach chemist onward — to *their* duty. And don't think that softening something hard in your tea-cup is any substitute for putting saliva into it. That duty remains just as it was. Defective teeth you can help out in that way as well as with extra use of the knife and fork; but for saliva there is no substitute.

All this means that two-thirds of the cases of dyspepsia can be cured in a few weeks or even days

by the dyspeptic himself. Naturally, for he created his own trouble by stinting his saliva, stinting the time of mastication and bolting his food.

Another meal-time point. Everybody knows that a sudden piece of bad news may stop digestion. Irritation and sullenness will make it very slow and perhaps generate much acidity. A cheerful, confident man, on the other hand, is likely to be able to digest anything and know nothing about it. A Russian experimenter found that he could completely arrest the movements of an animal's stomach in the midst of its work by making his cat or dog angry. We have an example here of the powerful influence of mind on body and the body's work — for good or ill. Poor food, properly eaten, and eaten cheerfully and in a mood of kindness and friendliness to those around, and eaten with the thought that for all the while it is in the body it will (or *shall*) be building up the healthy bodily tissues he wants — will do a man far more good than the best of food bolted hurriedly and in any old mood that happens to be on.

Give your food the right send-off in all these ways *a thousand times a year and more* and see where you stand after the year in comparison with where you are now. Food will, in a sense, be what you make of it, what you do with it, have in it what you put into it. It will be charged with tonics or vital depressants. It will build into you the mood you eat it in. A meal is a real pivotal event that you can turn into all sorts of profit. An unkindly stream of thoughts or a mood of grouch, allowed while eating, is an outrage to one's own body, certain to be paid for at once or later.

The next point that everybody will think about in connexion with health is exercise. In general, under modern systems, the prisoner is likely to think his work affords him all the exercise he needs. But let him remember that any kind of work usually calls for the play of one set of muscles or movements only; whilst for good health and blood-flow a good tone of *all* muscles is needed. And this is achieved only by giving all the joints a daily pacing through all the motions possible to them. Of particular importance is the spine. Some men get so set, down along the length of these thirty or more joints between the vertebrae of the spinal column, that they cannot turn their heads without making the whole spine help out the half rigid neck. How many of us have really straight spines? How many of us have thoroughly limber spines capable of rotation from end to end, of full sideways bending — so necessary for healthy liver and spleen, and fore and back bending — so necessary for activity and freedom of stomach and bowels? Do these motions with the arms straight up from the shoulders, and the lungs get an expansion they never had before!

So every morning before eating, and perhaps every

night too after sitting still all the evening, every man should spend a few minutes in giving every joint in his body a good twisting to the utmost limits of all its motions. Remember further that the blood, flowing everywhere, is the great cleanser of the muscles and nerves, and that by the end of an evening both muscles and nerves are apt to have a good deal of waste matter and almost stagnant blood in them. So even if no other exercise is done at night, the whole body, stripped, should have a deep, swift, firm rubbing with the bare hands, two or three minutes of it. And there is no such relief for tired eyes, no such preventer of old-age sight failure as a cold sloshing of water at bed-time. Rub the eyes firmly with all the fingers and then put them under water and open and shut them several times, following that with the sloshing till they are right cold.

Exercise, and food, and free water-drinking. Yes, there is something more.

Most men think they cannot change their temperaments, especially under prison conditions, — never was a worse mistake. What would you think of a sculptor that looked at a rough block of marble and said to himself, "*That* can't be changed into a statue"? So many taps of the hammer and the chisel, and the thing's done, grandeur and grace out of shapeless ugliness. So many taps of the hammer, each one seeming to accomplish next to nothing.

And that's the way character and temperament are changed; little touches for the better all day long, a smile when you feel least like smiling, an extra spring in the step when you feel depressed, the mind held for a moment in peace and light when the memory of some injury is hot and raging, a courageous bracing of mind and muscle when you are inclined to fear tomorrow — these are the *one-minute* steps from hour to hour, the taps of the chisel, that finally bring about the new character and new temperament. Not till this work is well entered upon and some hope and confidence born in the mind — not till then can the other measures for the attainment of health yield their full fruit. Touch the mind with the thought of this new work and of its results the first thing on waking in the morning and the last before sleeping at night — and conduct to correspond will come of itself. There is nothing else so well worth doing in life as this, nothing else which finally develops in a man a light which death cannot extinguish.

M. D.

### Take Care of Yourself

"I'LL do anythin' fer yer, yer wants me to, brother Pettibone."

This was said in a small hall which Mr. Pettibone had hired in one of the poorer parts of New York. Mr. Pettibone had no theories, no reli-

gion to preach, no axe to grind. His only idea was to get in friendly touch with some of the young toughs and help them to a new ideal of real manliness.

Easy Grabo was the speaker. Easy was one of a gang with which Mr. Pettibone had got in touch. Easy's pals in this gang were Fritzzy Yack, Lanky Jack, and the Boa Constrictor. They were a tough bunch that the police kept their eyes on, but the bunch swore by Mr. Pettibone.

"Oh, go away, Easy. You can't do what I want you to."

"Well, just you try me," replied Easy.

Easy's notion of helping any one was to get up a scrap for that person. He was nineteen, wiry, quick, invincible with his fists.

"Oh, dry up, Easy. You ain't man enough."

Easy was now sure it was a fight, and began to warm up.

"I dunno about that," he said again. "Wot is it? I think yer might tell a feller wot it is."

"Well then, I want you to *take care of yourself* on a new line — that's all. But I tell you you aren't man enough, haven't got the grit for it."

This was a new one on Easy. The idea of *his* not having grit!

"I'll tell you what it is, Easy. Come down to my office tomorrow and I'll give you a show — nine o'clock smart."

Easy went down the next morning and was put in the shipping department.

One evening two or three of his old pals laid for him on the favorite street-corner.

"Aw, cum along, Easy," they said. "Wot yer afeard of? Yer wont lose yer job if ye take a drink. Cum along."

"Naw," says Easy. "I'm *takin' care of meself* and I means to stick to it, see! Wot you fellers cumin' to, anyhow? I knows the game an' I tells ye it don't pay. Look at Mike Finnigan — behind the bars. Look at Jo — under the sod. Look at —"

"Aw, we ain't in that rough-house bizness."

"Naw, but ye'll get there mighty soon, the ways ye're goin'. Naw, I sticks to wot I've got."

One day Lanky Jack and Fritzzy Yack met Easy at work on the sidewalk outside the store. He was piling boxes on to one of the trucks.

"Where's the driver?" asks Fritzzy.

"Down by the water-front. Won't be back in two hours."

It was a hot day and Easy was sweating to beat the band. He wiped his face with his shirt-sleeve.

"Holy Mike, Easy, are ye tryin' to kill yerself?" asked Lanky. "Better rest up while ye've got the chance. Where's yer pipe? Aw, cum and have a smoke round the corner."

"Naw," says Easy. "I give me word I'd put the

job through as quick as she'd go, an' I'm goin' to stand by it."

"Aw, who'll know?"

"No matter who'll know. The boss ain't goin' to lose nuthin' by me — I ain't goin' to skimp me job. I'm *takin' care of meself*. See!"

"Say, Easy, wot's that little bundle there worth?" asks Lanky.

"About twenty-five dollars," says Easy.

"Well, who'll know if we swipes it?"

"Nun o' that fer me. Now you fellers had better git along. I ain't goin' to turn me back on yer while yer loafin' round here. See! I know yez."

Lanky gave a guffaw. Fritzzy began cursing as they slouched away. Turning the corner Lanky yelled back, "Bye-bye! Be a good little boy. Keep yer nose clean."

In five years Easy was head of the shipping department. While the business grew and Easy got ahead, Mr. Pettibone's hall had been given up and a whole building taken in its place. There was no one now on whom he depended so much as on Easy. Easy had been through the mill, had learned to *take care of himself*, had found the right stuff in himself — that strong stuff which is in every man — and knew better than any one else how to give the right word and the right lift to the fellow that was down and out.

*Take care of yourself*, your real self, the self you can respect; give it a show. STUDENT

✱

### Go to Sleep

**M**OST of us go to sleep in a pretty crude and animal way. In fact we don't *go* at all; we *let* go.

But we might make each sleep-going a step to the realization of the very best that is in us.

The soul, the highest part of us, that which has nothing in common with the animal part that is about to sleep, slowly loses its touch with bodily sensations, is no longer preoccupied with them as it is during waking hours, and begins to realize its own proper state. Then the sleeping brain-mind, thus left to itself, goes mulling around among the dregs of memory, dreams about among almost incoherent memory-pictures. So it is these dreams that the soul-self comes back amongst and becomes conscious of as the hour of awakening approaches. And so it can hardly bring down into the dreaming brain any sense or memory of the higher life to which it regained temporary access during the body's sleep. As well could one hope to draw a recognisable sketch on a sheet of paper that a lunatic had covered with scrawls.

If we are wise we shall, for our last few minutes before sleep, clear the brain of the dust and smoke

of the day, refuse to go to sleep with the whirl of the day still going on in the brain, make a spiritual silence there and try to realize that we are souls, divine, immortal, in touch with the great Soul of all and a part of that; "sons of the Father Almighty."

Most of our growing old occurs at night. The millions of living brain-cells, which should at night have opportunity for rebuilding the waste of the day, go on in dream with the doings of the day or of days long gone by. And this is at the expense of the power to build. Since the health of the whole body largely depends on the health of the governant brain, the whole body suffers in proportion to the vividness and rapidity of dream.

Those last two or three minutes of silence and aspiration, then, in stilling down the brain and making it gradually less and less workful among dreams, enable it to rebuild better and better and stay the ageing that the years bring about. And in the morning, when as souls we come again into full touch with the body, we bring back more and more of the sense of the glory of real soul-life. We learn more and more that we are more than we seem, more than we have ever before seemed to ourselves to be. There comes a certain quiet light and peace into the deep background of our minds and stays with us all day. Outer troubles and worries disturb us less and less; we are slowly finding ourselves beyond them and beyond fear of death. For death is but a fuller and richer going to sleep. We are finding in our outer life more and more of the sense of the inner. There is more strength to endure, more friendliness, more forgiveness, more desire to help.

Truly, *how to go to sleep* is an art worth acquiring. As embodied beings, dwelling in animal bodies, we have to do many things with the body that are also done by the animals, but we need not do them as they do them. And among other things we need not even go to sleep as they do. STUDENT

✱

### You can't Love Nothing

**A**S ships that rise above the dim horizon line display their mutual signals, and proceed each on their separate way; so perfect strangers meet, exchange a word or two, and parting, never see each other's face again.

In some such fashion did I meet a man in Boston years ago. The lecture was over and the people were gathered in little knots for friendly chat before they said good-night. Drawn by some hidden tie I found myself discussing death with a perfect stranger.

"Well," he said, "I had always thought that when



a man died, he was dead and done for — *gone out*, as you may say, like a spark that flies from the iron that's being hammered on the anvil. But I had a pardner once that was so dear to me that it seemed we'd always known each other from the first. We never had no hard words. 'Twas just as if our better natures stood on guard to nip our quarrels in the bud. But anyway we never had any. I used to dread his dying first sometimes because I reckoned I should never be able to get along without him.

"One day he died, and of course I thought that he'd passed out of my life for good and all, and that I'd be feeling sore about it for a good long

they put the body under ground and I never even asked 'em where the grave was dug — didn't seem to want to know somehow. The body is no more to me than the tea-leaves when the strength of the tea is drawn off. You've steeped out the tea and what does it matter to you what becomes of the leaves?

"Of course I can't talk to him no more; but Lord! talk don't amount to much anyway. Why, when we'd go walking together on Sundays, oftentimes we'd never speak a word for an hour at a time. You don't have to be everlastingly jabbering to one another to enjoy a man's company, I reckon.

"I never wonder where he is 'cause miles don't seem to amount to nothing at all between one man and another. He feels as near as my heart-beat at times, while there's men as works alongside o' me that's a thousand miles away — that is, as far as knowing 'em goes. Yes sir, there's no getting around it; we love each other still and a man can't love nothing."

I left Boston shortly afterwards and have never met my chance acquaintance since — I didn't even know his name, nor did he know mine — but his simple, manly common sense is still as fresh as ever in my memory.

I may never see his face again, or I may run across him tomorrow. No matter, we are friends till death and after.

P. L.



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

#### THE CENTRAL 'KIVA' IN A HOPI VILLAGE, COLORADO

The Hopi *kiva* is their ceremonial or initiation crypt where the elders invoked the Great Spirit and at night instructed the young men in the mysteries of their religion.

spell. But no sir, there wasn't a break in our friendship at all. Of course I couldn't touch him, nor I couldn't see him nor hear him; but I found that I loved him just the same as ever, and a man can't love *nothing*, can he?

"I don't take no stock in any talk about 'spirits' coming back with messages for a fellow, nor figures in white robes and all that; and if you say I'll meet him in another life, well all I can say is that maybe I will; but I don't know nothing about that niether — that is real *knowing*, I mean.

"Go to the cemetery?" No not I; I'd rather keep the car-faré for something sensible, and as for putting flowers on the grave, I'd sooner give 'em to a live neighbor. 'Taint the body of my pardner that I cared about, 'twas the man inside, and the corpse ain't no more to me than the house where a friend of mine used to lodge.

"It so happened that I was out of town when

#### The Grand Remembering

"CAN'T remember his name anyhow. My! but I've got a bad memory!"

"A bad memory, my son, is the leading characteristic of mankind."

"Why, some fellows never forget anything. Macaulay, for instance —"

"Just the same with him as the rest. Life's a drama, staged on the earth, and all of us are actors, playing parts. Got so absorbed in the parts, haven't we, so mixed up in the characters we play, that we have absolutely forgotten who we really are and what sort of a life we lived before this play began."

"You mean, before we were born?"

"Certainly. The instant a man gets born he finds

the scenery all about him and the play going forward and all the other characters doing their parts and ready and anxious to get his attention and fit him in. So he gradually takes up a part and starts to play it and fits into it and is absorbed in it and forgets all about anything else and goes through life with it. But when he's dead — as we call it — he gets back to his *real* self and the *real* life he's forgotten so long, and rejoices to find that other was a dream — seeing, though, that it was a dream he got a lot of experience out of, and wishing he'd made his performance something he'd more willingly look back at."

"That's a rum idea."

"'Tis to us, but in ancient times it didn't seem so. They believed it and knew it, and said the soul descended into forgetfulness when it got born, into a sort of death, and that its memory came back only when it returned after death to its real life."

"They *knew* it, you say?"

"Sure thing, son. For some of 'em so lived as to get back their memory while they were still outwardly playing the part."

"What was the trick for that? I mean, what's the prescription?"

"There's moments to every man when he feels, so to speak, more than himself, kind of serene and elevated, a quieting down of his common daily brain-chatter and a sense of something big all around and in him and with him. It's learning how to call those moments back, and live 'em longer, night by night and in between whiles, that makes a man feel that this life ain't so deadly real and that there's another that's more real and that our troubles and worries don't matter so much after all. The poet fellows and music fellows get these moments more'n we do, but we can do it just the same and maybe get more'n some of them out of 'em.

"Well, this is what those old fellows said was the way, day by day and night by night to get nearer and nearer to awakening. And at last, they said, the awakening came — all of a sudden, p'raps, and the memory of the real life.

"So on this showing it's all right to say that we're the champion forgetters in the universe, the fellows with 'good memories' just the same as the rest. Still, we've all got memory-touches from that other life we don't know as *is* memories.

"True or not — and I know it *is* true, this here doctrine is mighty good to live by. If a man wants to know whether an idea like this is true, it don't do any good to twist it up too hard in his brain, nor, maybe, talk about it much. Let him just keep it in his mind, and take a quiet look at it now and then, sort of brood over it and see how it fits into things and explains things. In time it'll get clear. The *brain* ain't competent to pronounce on *everything*, mind you, though it thinks it is. There's

things a man's got to ruminate on in a much deeper way than that, with the brain's nonsense stopped for a while."

REPORTER

✱

### Charging our Batteries

PYTHAGORAS is said to have kept his pupils for seven years in silence so that they might have a chance to fill up on mental energy, charge their mental storage batteries, get concentration of thought, and find themselves.

It is in Silence that strength is born, strength not so much to *do* or achieve some particular thing as to *be* henceforth on a higher level of life. There are resolutions that will not go into set forms of thought and cannot be well expressed in words. It is only these that have the strength of eternal fulfilment.

*Imagination* works in the Silence; talk fritters away its power. By the energy which imagination absorbs from Silence, it can create the man over again and according to his highest ideal of himself.

There is a Silence not only of the voice, but of thought. To get the deeper Silence it is not only voice that must be stilled, but mind also must still its chatter, its reminiscences, its anticipations, its argumentation, its thinkings about other men's personalities.

Force spent in talk is not bodily force only, bodily vitality. Were *that* all, the effects would be insignificant enough. As a mere matter of physical force, one may suppose that five minutes' good walking expends as much as hours of chattering. But the former is entirely beneficial, and we have never heard it maintained that talking is a healthful form of physical exercise! We all know that there are states of exhaustion after sickness during which even a few minutes of talking may cause a fatal relapse.

No, it is the very life of the mind that goes off in talk. The mind's essential power lies in picture-making, what we call having ideas. For each idea is a picture of some sort. Running behind the stream of talk is the stream of mental pictures, ideas, every one arousing or aroused by some feeling or emotion, however faint. Intense enough, though, sometimes! No time may be spent in dwelling on these pictures. But however brief may be their flash in the mind they contain some of our vitality, some energy that might have been used to make pictures worth having, pictures or ideas of what our life might be and ought to be, what character might be.

We live in and by our imaginations. A flash-picture of some possible pleasure on the screen of imagination — and we are off, if possible to obtain that pleasure. All the sins men do, come up first as

mental pictures. How important, then, to grasp and discipline this power of picture-making! Be silent *sometime* each day; be alone; find the place of Silence; practise it as an art; let the mind rest in the idea of Silence. It will soon find that Silence is the birthplace of will, the source and opportunity of all that inspires and sustains human life.

A little of that self-discipline, of that meditation, and we shall begin to understand what life is for and how to live it. STUDENT



### HINDU APHORISMS

HE who speaks well of others increases in himself the virtue he approves in them.

He who speaks with contempt of the failings of others attracts the same into his own nature.

He who views a good deed commendably shall himself share the future reward of it.

He who views an ill deed without protest shall himself at some time suffer it.

He who can receive unkindnesses without wrath shall have the power to pour healing balm on the wounds of others.

### CHINESE WISDOM

THE superior man, in the world, does not set his mind either for anything or against anything; what is right he will follow.

THE superior man does not, even for the space of a single meal, act contrary to virtue. In moments of haste he cleaves to it. In seasons of danger he cleaves to it.

"THE true will is a concentrated force working steadily yet gently, dominating both soul and person, having its source in the spirit and highest elements of the soul. It is never used for the gratification of self, is inspired by the highest motives, is never interposed to violate a law, but works in harmony with the unseen as well as the seen."

— William Q. Judge



### 'Tis the Set of the Sails

ONE ship drives east and another drives west  
With the self-same winds that blow.

'Tis the set of the sails,

And not the gales,

Which tells us the way to go.

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate —

As we journey along through life,

'Tis the set of a soul

That decides its goal,

And not the calm or the strife.— *Selected*

### The Test

THE test of a man is the fight that he makes,  
The grit he daily shows;

The way that he stands on his feet and takes  
Fate's numerous bumps and blows.

A coward can smile when there's naught to fear,  
When nothing his progress bars,

But it takes a man to stand up and cheer  
While some other fellow stars.

It isn't the victory after all,

But the fight that a brother makes;  
The man who, driven against the wall,  
Stands up erect and takes

The blows of fate with his head held high,  
Bleeding and bruised and pale,

Is the man who'll win in the by and by,  
For he isn't afraid to fail.

It's the bumps you get and the jolts you get,

And the shocks that your courage stands,  
The hours of sorrow and vain regret,

And the prize that escapes your hands,  
That test your mettle and prove your worth;

It isn't the blows you deal,  
But the blows you take on the good old earth  
That shows if your stuff is real.— *Selected*



### The Man Who Wins

THE man who wins is the man who works —  
The man who toils while the next man shirks,

The man who stands in his deep distress,  
With his head held high in the deadly press —

Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who knows  
The value of pain and the worth of woes;

Who a lesson learns from the man who fails  
And a moral finds in his mournful wails —

Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who stays  
In the unsought paths and the rocky ways

And, perhaps, who lingers now and then  
To help some failure to rise again.

Yes, he is the man who wins.— *Bindery Talk*



THE NEW WAY. Subscription price (Domestic), Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Get your friends to join you in subscribing. Foreign Subscriptions per year \$1.00. Five subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten subscriptions for \$5.00.

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

## The New Way Quotebook

"ACT well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity."— *Lavater*

"YOU cannot prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you can prevent them from building nests in your hair."— *Chinese*

"IS anyone able for one day to apply his strength to virtue? I have not seen the case in which his strength would be insufficient."— *Chinese*

"WE cannot kindle when we will  
The fire which in the heart resides;  
The spirit bloweth and is still,  
In mystery our soul abides;  
But tasks in hours of insight willed  
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled."  
— *Matthew Arnold*

## HOW TO MEET EMERGENCIES

"WHAT we know and what we are has already been determined before the particular opportunity in which we are to act. How we shall behave in any emergency has been settled beforehand. The man who regularly wastes minutes in indecision and lack of concentration is not going to save a great cause when an instant decision and a powerful blow for the right are called for. We shall do in an emergency not as we dreamed we should do at such a time, but as the sort of men our dreaming made us must inevitably do at such a time. If dreaming made us indolent and procrastinating, we shall not be energetic and prompt. If it made us selfish and indulgent, we shall not be heroic and self-sacrificing. The only way to do the strong thing is to be strong beforehand."— *Great Thoughts*

"WE are never fully incarnated. The man we see and know in each other is so much of the real spiritual man as can work through that apparatus, as can get into it. The body changes from decade to decade and if we pressed our possibilities we should find that with every change we could get more of ourselves into work in it. Even the changes that are downwards, when the physical pulses begin to beat lower, permit because of that very fact the entry of a part of hitherto latent consciousness, a ray of finer mentality which might shine right up to death and be itself a preparation for death."

— *Century Path*

"PATIENCE appears as restraint from annoyance and anger, while it comes through a steady mind from the calm soul. For the soul sees the beginning, the middle and the end, and is undisturbed by the processes of the good law, which is neither in haste nor slow in working all things for good."— *F. P.*

## THE MAN AND HIS FRIEND

"A MAN quarreled with his friend. 'I have been much deceived in you,' said the man. And the friend made a face at him and went away. A little after, they both died, and came together before the great white Justice of the Peace. It began to look black for the friend, but the man for awhile had a clear character, and was getting in good spirits.

"'I find here some record of a quarrel,' said the Justice, looking in his notes. 'Which of you was in the wrong?'

"'He was,' said the man. 'He spoke ill of me behind my back.'

"'Did he so?' said the Justice. 'And pray how did he speak about your neighbors?'

"'Oh, he had always a nasty tongue,' said the man.

"'And you chose him for your friend?' cried the Justice. 'My good fellow, we have no use here for fools.'"— *R. L. Stevenson*

"THERE is no sequestered spot in the Universe, no dark niche along the disc of non-existence, from which he [man] can retreat from his relations to others; where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world; everywhere his presence or absence will be felt — everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence. It is an old saying, and one of fearful and fathoming import, that *we are forming characters for eternity*. Forming Characters! Whose? Our own or others? Both — and in that momentous fact lies the peril and responsibility of our existence. Who is sufficient for the thought? Thousands of my fellow-beings will yearly enter eternity with characters differing from those they would have carried thither, had I never lived. The sunlight of that world will reveal my finger-marks in their primary formations and in their successive strata of thought and life."— *Elihu Burritt*

## A TRUE GENTLEMAN

"A MAN that's clean inside and outside; who neither looks up to the rich nor down on the poor; who can lose without squealing and who can win without bragging, considerate to women, children and old people; who is too brave to lie, too generous to cheat and too sensible to loaf; and who takes his share of the world's goods and helps other people to have theirs, has the characteristics of a true gentleman."— *Anon.*

"SURELY death acquires a deeper significance when we regard it no longer as a single and unexplained break in an unending life, but as part of the recurring rhythm of progress — as inevitable, as natural, and as benevolent as sleep."— *Prof. J. M'Taggart*

# 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  
Point Loma, California

EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

Copyright 1921 by Katherine Tingley

VOL. X

AUGUST 1921

No. 8



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

## MOCCASIN BEND, TENNESSEE RIVER

The scene of a great two-day battle of the Civil War, Generals Grant and Braxton Bragg commanding respectively the Blues and Grays along a 12-mile front, about 100,000 men being engaged.

### Each Day a Step

**G**OT out of bed the wrong side, aye? Things all going wrong with you today?

But nobody ever got out of the bed the wrong side unless he got *into* it the wrong side the night before. The two always go together.

What happens when you awake? Dazed, sort of, first; then you begin to remember — remember the story you read last night, the thing that was worrying you then, the chief thought you were thinking, the plan you were working out. And the mind goes ahead again on these lines. Along with this comes the *mood* you will be in for the day — for most of it

anyhow; and at last, fixed up in this way, you face the day's work.

What part have *you* played in it all? None at all! It did itself. The thoughts set in of themselves; the mood came of itself. Sometimes it may be the mood of the night before; sometimes it happens to be a quite different one — just as it happens.

Now, is that the way for a *man* to do and be? In general the *tasks* we have to do for the day are set for us; we haven't much choice. There is outside authority of some sort, rules or bread-and-butter-winning necessity. But the thoughts that buzz through our minds, the mood that colors our minds and shows in our bearing — need *these* be set for us? And they are much more important from the standpoint of our real welfare and evolution than the outer conditions. In fact from that point of view the outer matters hardly count at all.

The contents and working of our waking minds are, then, mainly the same contents as we had last night, the continuation of them. So we can understand that by arranging the last thoughts and lines of mental action in the evening we can secure the return of the same selection in the morning. But the *mood*? That may be quite different. We may go to bed in one mood, perhaps full of geniality or hope and find ourselves in quite another in the morning.

But a very similar rule really holds true in the matter of moods as of thoughts. We did not create the mood of last night; we just happened to be in it, good or bad. And though the morning's mood may be different it is so far the same as last night's in that it came of itself.

It is obvious that no one has true Freedom, no one is master of himself or can make progress as a man while he steps unresistingly every morning into a mentality and mood that are already arranged for him. It is because of not recognising this, that men end each life about the same, essentially, as they were at the beginning. Something, of course, has been learned from experience and sufferings, but there has been very little or no self-guided evolution, no self-creation. Life is made of days, and unless a man takes hold of himself and asserts and makes good his divine Freedom as every day begins, he accomplishes nothing.

But the matter is really quite easy. It merely consists in observing and acting upon the fact that each morning takes up the line of thoughts, and usually the mood, of the evening before.

Get hold of the idea that *the* important thing for this short life of ours is self-evolution in and with the mind, evolution man-wards in the true sense (which is the same as divine-wards); to leave life far more than we were when we began it, to *leave* each day more than we were as we went *through* that day, and so begin each day more than we were when we began the day before.

The mood of each day will be more and more

(with practice) the same as the mood created by will the night before. The thoughts, guided and held at night, will be those of the waking mind next morning. The enthusiasm of the night and its hope, if willed and induced, will be the enthusiasm and hope or peace of the next day. Each day will be a step. No *chance* in the matter should be allowed. We are going to guide ourselves henceforth. We may not always have or even know of the best book or piece of reading for the last thoughts to rest upon. But where did the writers of such things get what enabled them to write as they did? That Source is open to us all though we may have no slightest gift of writing. It is ready, around us, in us, over us, though it is invisible and inaudible. But the presence of it in our minds can be felt and known if we will silence our common thoughts for a few moments in aspiration. We can come home to the root and sustainer of our being. It is present always; why should we not make ourselves aware of it, let it in on us, invite it to work secretly in our natures? This is *the* mood for the last moments of our evening, the mood of peace, confidence, trust, hope, the mood in which to close our eyes. It is co-operation with our own highest; and if our side of the work is attended to, day by day, the other side will be.

This is a man's effort, to brush away the brain-stuff that hides from him his divinity, and let in the Light. Then he has made for himself, with his own will, the atmosphere for his own awakening next day. And in the first moments after his rising he can call back the spirit in which he lay down and so go out upon the day in confidence. Practice makes perfect. Little by little, day after day, he grows in this power of self-mastery, this transformation. The work is not done in a day, but in a day we can see that it *can* be done.

Let us therefore create our days for ourselves. And we shall presently find that the days when 'everything goes wrong' are days when we ourselves and no malicious outside power gave things their misdirection. More than we suspect are events the answer to our thoughts and moods.

STUDENT

✱

### The Philosopher with a Game-Leg

I HAD called in to see how Ned Clatworthy was getting along after his accident and found him loaded up to the muzzle with talk. He brushed aside my condolences with scant ceremony and it was clear that all he wanted was an opportunity to blow off steam, which he proceeded to do as follows.

" 'Taint no joke to have a heavy casting fall on your foot, that's sure; but there's a bright side to it after all, I reckon. Fact is, I was always all balled up with my work and planning ahead for more of it, so that I never got no time to sit down quiet-like



and look where I was driving for. But lying on the sofa all day long I get thoughts popping into my head about all kinds'er things, and one of these days I'm thinking I'll turn into one of these wise guys who can see to the bottom of everything — *fill o' phosphorous* they call 'em, I reckon, or some name like that.

"'Taint enough just to *know* things; you've got to chew on 'em if you want to get the juice out. And loafing here all day I certainly do everlastingly chew on what I see. F'rinstance, look at them sweet-peas poking their pretty heads out of the dirt in this old pot. I told Johnny to scrape up a handful of common dirt out of the yard and I just stuck in the seeds and up they come. Wherever you put in a seed its allers the same. There's something around what you can't see that takes common muck and slop-water, and makes 'em over into pink and yaller flowers, and sweet vi'lets and delicate sprays of fern.

"I've heard say that folks used to think that lead could be turned into gold; but bless your heart alive, there's something going on in this old pot here that's just as wonderful to my thinking. I sometimes speckerlate if so be as this power of changing things mayn't be *inside* a feller too, and Lord knows there's work enough to do a-turning his dirt and common stuff into something that may come out like flowers in his daily life as you may say. No, I don't have no hankering after being a saint like what you see in the colored winders in church with gold plates floating over their heads; but I do think that a man ought to get some kind of a grip of himself and act decent; have a smile and a kind word for his wife and kids instead of an everlasting grouch and cuss-words to beat the band. There's something around that never lets up on its job of turning dirt into flowers; and seeing as it's everywhere, why shouldn't it be in you and me? Got to have seeds? Well, ain't that very thought I've just said a seed? Or any other good thought a fellow lets stay in his mind a while, he looking at it kind of approving for a spell? There's a whole heap to be got out of that idee, I reckon.

"Now I never had no religion to speak of; but sometimes layin' here I kind of reach down deep inside of me till I find a warm, growing feeling that fills me all up with hope and strength. Why shouldn't there be a springtime *inside* a feller as well as outside, with life and growth, and dirt changing into flowers?

"You know my wife used to work up to Potter's Boarding House before we got married, and old man Potter allers used to say that the servants with the worst tempers were the best ones to polish the silver. Now as I figure it out, what we call bad temper is nothing but a lot of good force coming out the wrong way, and if you get that woman busy with the spoons and forks she puts the force into her polishing and makes a good job of it. Now how about that?

"I've got a whole heap of faults, I know; but they don't worry me any more now that I looks at 'em

that way. Says I to myself, says I: 'Gardener, here's your black soil and your manure and your waste water a-plenty; now go to work and turn them into apples and pertaters and roses and lilies. There's your raw material all right; get a move on yer and change 'em into something worth while.'

"I feel real sorry sometimes when I see one o' my old mates pass by. He seems to be everlastingly on the rush after something, but if he only knew the good to be got out of holding quiet and trying to find what you want *inside* he wouldn't tear along that way or have that desperate, hungry look of hunting in his eyes. 'Taint what a feller *has* that makes him happy, not by a long chalk; it's all according to how he *feels*; and if a man is peaceable and friendly and contented inside, I don't see how a million dollars is going to make him any happier."

Passing out into the gathering twilight, I brushed my head against a drooping mass of exquisite white roses breathing their sweet perfume. "Take home a handful of 'em with you if you have a mind to," came the cheery voice from the window, and as I cut myself a splendid handful of the fragrant blooms a larger hope sprang up within my heart for human-kind, for is there not an inward power at work "changing the bad to good" and darkness into light, if we will only let it have its way? STUDENT

### Opportunity

"THOU canst create this 'day' thy chances  
for thy 'morrow.' "— *The Voice of the Silence*

THE man who was in jail for a theft, had decided that he could never hold up his head again.

"Is your higher life for a man with a past like mine? Don't you have to have some sort of a clean soul to start with? I guess I might steal again if things got as bad as they were then and the chance opened. I tell you I'm terribly weak. Yet I'd like . . . if there *were* any sort of a way. . . . What have you got to say, anyhow?"

The word *opportunity* is written across the whole stretch of life. But the letters are too big to see, their radiance too indistinguishable from common daylight.

Well then: it is written down the page of each year. "Oh we all know the value of New Years' resolutions."

But it is written at the head of the chapter of each particular new-born day; it is written on every line of the chapter. Behold! *It is every word of the line* — save one: that one is *now*. Yesterday is *then*, and that was never written in any book of *life*. And *tomorrow* has to have the breath of life in its nostrils before it becomes a living soul, a *NOW*. Life never breathes twice alike, and so tomorrow is unfore-castable, not to be bothered with.

Thus whatever is now right in front and around, whatever condition now is, is opportunity.

Sometime we have all got to be perfect men and women. This will not be soon, but it will so be. Perfect men and women will possess every kind of power; their souls will be full-fledged.

Well: life is so cunningly arranged for every mortal, that every particular hour and condition contains an invocation to some power to come forth, to function and thereby grow — perhaps not much, one step; still, the whole thing is an affair of those one-steps.

If the condition is viewed by the mind in one way, it may, like the crying baby or the crippled and pain-racked body, be a deadly and impassable barrier; viewed in another way that same condition becomes an opportunity. In one view there is little but barriers, difficulties and discouragements, in life; in another there is nothing but stairway and opportunity.

Pain is difficult to bear. Think of it as an opportunity for development of the heroic pain-bearing power. Make the best effort you can to think of it and bear it in that way. Whereupon it becomes a step up the divine stairway to the Light; that *will* in you, which in your far-future perfect manhood or womanhood will be so splendid, does the bit of growth possible to it in that particular moment. The divine Heart *present in that moment* is pleased and satisfied with you for the use you made of its gift. It does not ask perfection; it just asks the effort of that moment.

Mental inefficiency, perhaps dependent upon bodily frailty, is difficult to bear; and so is the sense of inferiority to those whose minds can quickly grasp things or which have been finely trained. *Try*, try to understand what you can. Think; think, say, of the full meaning of the word opportunity. The perfect man will have a perfect mind. You have taken your step toward that height of mental outlook to which you will assuredly sometime attain.

You love music but are too poor to get much of it. 'Chance' now and then puts some fine music in your way. Drink hard and deep of it. 'Chance,' which is that divine Heart of the moments and of eternity, knows that some other developments are just now — perhaps for all this present life — more important for you. So it does not give you much music; expecting you, however, to do the utmost with the bit it does give.

The perfect man will be perfect in compassion. Compassion is a great power whose real use in the world we only faintly understand, since it is part of the creative power. Every day come opportunities for its use. See that you miss none; a friendly word, a cordial 'good-morning,' may do more than you know. Be particularly careful about it when you are feeling altogether irritated and irritable and chilly and selfish, for those moments are naturally the most fruitful opportunities of using creative energy.

Some man does you an injury, or his failings look repulsive to you. Seize that as the opportunity to think of him kindly, as misled by some passion, as overpowered by some circumstance that he cannot see as opportunity, as a son of Light that does not yet know it. In the far-off times you and he will look back at this together, each seeing how he helped or hindered his fellow.

If you have a vice under which you fail and fall, *fight*. Don't fight tomorrow, or this afternoon, but NOW. This afternoon will be NOW in its turn. There is always a difference that widens to eternity between a used NOW and an unused one. If you are going to fail this afternoon, you will nevertheless be stronger for the effort you made NOW. The great men of every sort are so because they used their NOWs. Now begin yourself.

In other words, stand front-on, to all the moments, and do something in each. Fill your whole consciousness with the sense of opportunity until you can see nothing else. And in each moment try to feel in your own heart that great Heart of the world which answers human life, the cries of human life, with opportunity; which yearns that we come at last to understand it, to know it, to feel that even in the pains which we see that we ourselves have brought about, it offers in each a blessing, a step, missing no single one.

Let us understand that life is nothing but opportunity. It is a mountain-side with a vast glory upon the top. Every moment can be made a step; out of every barrier and every difficulty can be drawn a strength. And the great benediction streams down into the lowest valleys upon him who *tries*, touching him from the first moment of the first effort, without any reservation on account of his past. It not only blesses him who tries, *but pre-eminently him who heartens someone else to try*.

"It's never too late to mend," says the old proverb. But don't let us try to mend; let us begin a new garment every day.

STUDENT



### On Chewing

"BUT look, Jake; for an old chap that's always handing out good advice to us young fellows, don't you think that chewing habit of yours is — well, unfitting?"

"Well, my sons, there's different sorts of chewing; and the one that you had better consarn yourselves most about has nothing to do with tobacco.

"What you need to avoid is chewin' over in your mind things that ain't no good to you: that little thing that Jim said behind your back, and that row you had with Bill yesterday. It don't do any good to let these things go turnin' and turnin' over in your mind. They grow and spread quicker'n thistles

and turn out a lot more prickly; and before you know it you'll find yourself hittin' back at somebody. Some folks lets this inside chewin' get such a hold on 'em that they ends by bein' put under medical observation.

"And you'll find, too, my sons, that chewin' over pleasant things is just as useless, and uses up the brain ile that you need for things more nourishin'.

"No, I ain't thinking of salad when I talk of ile: and no sort of dressin' is going to make that dwellin'

if you really want to open it — Well, some does it one way and some another. S'pose you try reading a book that takes some powerful thinkin' to get what it means; or a book that gets you to thinkin' about the majesty of the heavens. Use your will some. Put in a spell of work on something with a touch of generosity in it, and before you know it you'll find yourself in a calm, forgivin' and forgettin' atmosphere. But just think it out for yourselves, now."

"Well, Jake, you do get something useful off your



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

#### NORTH CAPE, NORWAY

The tip of Europe's nose, north of which one may see the sun creeping at midnight along the vast, unbroken horizon of the arctic.

on pleasant things and ugly things into good up-buildin' mind-food.

"You've got to just step outside of that little shut-in room you call yourself, where these thoughts go cannoning off one wall on to the other, and back on to you and in amongst the furniture until they get things all glum and addled. Ever been in a room where the wall-paper got on your nerves? Well, them thoughts of yours makes the wall-paper in that shut-in place you think is yourself: and the uglier you make the wall-paper the more bilious you get lookin' at it.

"But that little room isn't yourself; because if you just open the door and walk out into the sunshine, or out under the stars, you'll find yourself feelin' more at home than you ever did before.

"How do you open the door? Well, if you're askin' just for curiosity I guess you'll never open it; but

chest when you get going. But ain't there now and then just a trifle of tobacco-juice on the wall-paper of your own little room?"

E. D.

✱

#### "No Cross, no Crown"

"DISMISS it from your mind, man. Don't let it upset you."

"What's the good? It'll only come back at me later when I've got nothing to occupy me — in bed, likely, when I want to sleep."

"All right. But why, because it will take the first chance for *its* innings, shouldn't you take this present chance for *your* innings? Won't you be at any rate a trifle better able to fight it then because of the bit of practice you give yourself now? Don't you reckon

that if you practise at these things by day when the going's good, you'll gradually get strength enough to win out when the going's bad? How else does a man's will ever get to its strength if he won't take the opportunities for practice?

"Practise, practise! Every defeat in the battlefield of his mind that any man ever goes down under — down to the lunatic asylum sometimes — is because he didn't use the small easy opportunities for practice.

"You think that Fate's against you because she sends you the big troubles. Man, she shows she's *with* you by sending you the small ones to practise on. There's really no small or big in troubles. A trouble's a small one if you can get up above the troubling of it. The same one's a big one when you can't. And if Fate sends you the times when you can't she takes care to send you many more of the times when you can — for practice. But many won't take the hint and do their practising.

"Never look ahead to see how big a thing is *going* to be. See how light it is now. Hope — that's the keynote. Not hope that things are going to be pleasanter, but hope that you are going to be too strong for them. Look up! Have confidence in your self of tomorrow, your self of the future! Do that in the right spirit and it's the same thing as having confidence and faith in your *Higher Self*, the Self of Light that every man on earth is the shadow of.

"Shadow: that implies a light, and something opaque between, don't it? What's between each of us and his Self of Light? Poor thoughts, aye? A doubting, gloomy, apprehensive, cowardly, unbrotherly mind? Clear up the mind with hope and will; clean it up with healthy, brotherly thoughts, and the Light will shine through and there won't be any shadow. Takes time? Oh yes; but faster than you can get ready for them the chances for practice will be sent along, little things or big things that can be made little and dismissed *at the moment*, whatever they may do to you afterward. Life's a great study; set for each man by a Teacher that's working for his good. The difficulties just answer to a man's needs, his weaknesses, and are arranged from day to day to *show* him his weaknesses, show him what to work at in himself and conquer. The other man's difficulties aren't yours. He's got *his* set, special to him. And because his are not the sort yours are, you're apt to think he has an easy time and envy him. Probably he thinks it's you that have the easy time. As a matter of fact no man has an easy time. Life is not (in the main) for the purpose of easy times — so far, at any rate.

Every man's got the problems and worries that's going to do him the most good in the tackling of. Just live it along day by day, attending to the difficulties of each day. And betimes, living like that, there come moments of clearness when you can understand the game and see what it's for and learn to

play it better — aye, with zest. Trust Life, trust Fate; try to understand her and what she's at. Fate's our servant. She answers to the calls we make on her, the calls made by our inner and real needs. And behind her back is a crown she's anxious for us to win. Look right at her and you'll see her eyes are kindly enough, whatever she's handing out to you."

REPORTER

✱

### Eyes Up!

THERE are some four millions of young Americans whose ears would prick up and who would instinctively look about for the drill-sergeant, were they suddenly to hear the order, "Eyes up!" They would recall themselves as they were when as raw recruits they were being drilled into upright carriage and manly poise, moving with eyes up, looking out straight at things and life, away from themselves in vision and thought.

Then they might drop again into their previous habit of slouching, eyes down, looking into the ground as though hunting for worms, shut in to themselves with narrow and not over-bright thoughts.

How many of us have tried the *Eyes-up* attitude long enough to make it easy and familiar? Anyone who has done this has found himself living and moving in a new world. His attention is attracted away from himself by the sight of a thousand things of interest which he scarcely knew existed before. If previously his walks were tedious, now he forgets the mechanical part in his new touch with the world about him. He is an upright man, more self-respecting, more commanding respect, living a higher and broader life within himself. He feels more of a man, and is. By looking up he has got away from and forgotten himself, realizing himself as being an integral part of the large life he now sees and moves in.

How different now from the old gloomy fellow who once went slouching along, bent-shouldered, looking into the dirt, shut in with himself and away from the vital, animate life about him, more than likely grouchy and out of tune with the world, ready to snap or glower at whatever he might stumble against!

A man's outward attitude reacts on his inner. And as surely as the recruit who does not form the habit of *Eyes up*, will never make an upright soldier, so will no man's *mental* nature attain to the freedom of movement and uprightness that it should have, until he acquires that same outward habit of *Eyes up*. The military order runs along with the Biblical command: "Look up and behold the glory of the Lord." For it is precisely that glory which he will see about him when moving through Nature, looking not on the ground but — *Eyes up!*

F. P.

## Our Harvests

WHY is it the case that men implicitly believe in the fact, "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," as applied to wheat, or oats, or barley, but do not believe it (*really*) as applied to the moral life? There must be some reason, some explanation for this strange fact. One reason, no doubt, is because the moral seed-sowing and harvest cannot always be so easily connected as we can connect the sowing and harvesting of ordinary grain. We sow an evil thought, or word, or deed, and cannot always connect the evil harvest with the evil seed; hence it is that our lower nature, or our lower mind, is able easily to persuade us that we may and shall escape the evil harvest of the seed we have sown. If every time we acted wrongly, or spoke falsely it were followed by a severe headache or the bursting of a vein, we would all very soon be on our good behavior — speaking the truth, and acting rightly.

"Times are as naught, tomorrow thou shalt reap, or after many days." It is this fact that we do not reap, in some cases, until "after many days," that makes us less ready to believe in the certainty of the law of harvest in the moral world than in the physical world. We have poor memories. But, if we could look back over our whole past, and trace the connexion between the moral harvest and the seed sown, then we would all be not simply theoretical but practical believers in the law of harvest, in the certainty of reaping the seed we sow.

The seed-time is ever NOW. The time of reaping may be tomorrow, or next year, or a thousand years hence, but it will *certainly* come. There are seasons when the seed we sow will have special help to grow; but no matter when we sow, the seed will always grow to some extent. If we sow good seed at any time there will always be a harvest.

S. J. N., from an article in the *Century Path*



## A Tale of the Trail

By James W. Foley, in the *Pentagon News*

THIS life's a middlin' crooked trail, an' after forty year  
Of knockin' 'round I'm free to say th' right ain't always clear.

I've seen a lot of folks go wrong — get off th' main highroad  
An' fetch up in a swamp somewhere, almost before they knowed.  
I don't pretend to be no judge of right and wrong in men,  
I ain't been perfect all my life, an' may not be again;  
An' when I see a man who looks as though he'd gone astray,  
I think perhaps he started right, but somehow lost his way.

I like to think th' good in folks by far outweighs the ill:  
Th' trail of life is middlin' hard, and lots of it up hill.

There's places where there ain't no guides or signboards up,  
an' so

It's partly guesswork an' part luck which way you chance to go.  
I've seen th' trails fork some myself, an' when I had to choose  
I wasn't sure when I struck out if it was win or lose.

So when I see a man who looks as though he'd gone astray,  
I like to think he started right an' only lost his way.

I've seen a lot of folks start out with grit an' spunk to scale  
Th' hills that purple over there an' somehow lost th' trail.  
I've seen 'em stop an' start again, not sure about th' road.  
An' found 'em circlin', tired out, with every pathway blind,  
With cliffs before 'em, mountain high, an' sloughs an' swamps  
behind,

I've seen 'em stringin' through th' dusk, when twilight's  
gettin' gray,

A-lookin' for th' main highroad — poor chaps who've lost  
their way.

It ain't so far from right to wrong — th' trail ain't hard to lose,  
There's times I'd almost give my horse to know which one  
to choose.

There ain't no signboards on th' road t' keep you on th' track,  
Wrong's sometime white as driven snow, an' right looks awful  
black!

I don't set up to be no judge of right an' wrong in men,  
I've lost th' trail sometimes myself — I may get lost again,  
An' when I see some man who looks as though he'd gone astray,  
I want to shove my hand in his an' help him find the way.



## THE LARGER BROTHERHOOD

"THERE is an inner self of each nation, struggling to come forth. We sometimes picture the American nation as a glorious youth, strong, radiant with life and energy, clear-eyed, clear and swift of thought, liberty-loving, instant to the defense of the weak. We know that that hidden ideal is a fact somewhere in our common inner being, and that sometime it will come out.

"And in the same spirit go round in imagination among all the nations, and see in the clear sky above each the perfect figure of its ideal self, its angel, waiting, waiting. No two are alike; the Christos of the regenerated world will need them all for the coming symphony; and each needs all the rest. Yet each and all look around at the rest and call them foreigners! The sun of a new morning has arisen; but before it can be seen the nations must open their hearts to each other and become one company."

— *Century Path*

THE NEW WAY. Subscription price (Domestic), Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Get your friends to join you in subscribing. Foreign Subscriptions per year \$1.00. Five subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten subscriptions for \$5.00.

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

### The New Way Quotebook

"THE cruelest lies are often told in silence. A man may have sat in a room for hours and not opened his teeth, and yet come out of that room a disloyal friend or a vile calumniator."— *R. L. Stevenson*

"MAN's only way to win his great hope and to know the truth is to seize hold on himself, assert and realize his potentially all-dominating Soul-existence. Making his mind and memory register beyond all future cavil and doubt what he then knows to be true, holding himself at his true dignity, guiding into right conduct all the elements of his nature, his body, mind, and emotions, he will maintain from that moment strength and joy in life. That once done, could he but stand in that attitude for a few weeks or months, he would have made of his mind a willing instrument of service, harnessed it to the chariot of the soul and dissolved away its limitations."— *Katherine Tingley*

"I, WHO have seen, in the dying eyes of a dog, a look which was almost human, am not sure whether, by some law of evolution, unknown to man, God may not use suffering and pain to call into being, even in the dumb creation, the embryo of something which I can only liken to a soul. For if it be possible to see looking out at us from the dying eyes of a dog, love which even death cannot conquer, is it not possible that by death that love shall *not* be conquered, shall not be utterly slain?"— *Coulson Kernahan*

"THE Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." But quite often the case is the other way about, and the lamb finds to his surprise that he is quite adequately tempered to the wind. Which was it in your case?

NEVER pity a man simply for being dead. For that is the state of peace and Light. Pity him, if you will, for the pain he may have had to go through in getting there; or perhaps for not having more fully overcome himself during life. But then, may there not be other opportunities somewhere?

AS a man successfully meets some sudden financial stress by drawing out at once the accumulated sum of his small savings through the years, each made as opportunity presented, so is great and sudden temptation met by the banked-up moral energy of all the small past victories in resistance.

THAT word *opportunity*! If we would only say it to ourselves all day long, what a meaning we should presently find in it! For instance: We should be so strong in will that nothing could disturb our equanimity. Well, how could we ever get this if it were not for the irritations that come in daily life? You cannot conceive of any other material to practise equanimity on. Well then, these are *opportunities*. So I say, Blessed are opportunities! Let us have more of them!

PEACE, happiness, joy,— these are degrees of the same state and change about into one another. They have nothing to do with pleasures, which in this life are always alternating with pains. They exist in the heart-life and are not affected by externals.

PRACTISE the power of dismissing unnecessary and valueless thoughts at will. This is the power of dismissing temptations, for all temptations begin as thoughts.

"WHERE do we find ourselves? We wake and find ourselves on a stair; there are stairs below us which we seem to have ascended; there are stairs above us, many a one, which go upwards and out of sight."

— *Emerson*

"ABOVE all, the depressed patient must be taught ever to keep the corners of his mouth turned upward; if he laughs outwardly, he will soon *feel* like laughing, and this becoming a habit, the victory is won."

— *Dr. Bram*

EVERY defeat in the battlefield of his mind that any man ever goes down under — down to the lunatic asylum, sometimes — is because he did not use the small, easy, day-by-day opportunities in self-mastery.

THERE is no mental aptitude or power exhibited by man, whether he be a genius or not, that is not the product of *will*, the interest of will invested in the past. If you say such powers often manifest too early in life to be thus accounted for, I will ask you what is your warranty for limiting *life* to *this* life?

IT is in the silence of mind that the great ideas and conceptions of poets and inventors are born. But this fruitful silence can only come to those whose minds have been disciplined in concentration. The mind that has always been permitted to drift will never create. Ordinary thought flows in words; when the words are not spoken aloud we call it silence. But the real and fruitful silence is equally a silence of the *unspoken*.

IT is well for us to think of our neighbor's immortality rather than our own, because it helps to keep us from the stupidity of contempt. He whom we are tempted to scorn on account of his apparent failure hitherto, is also a child and pupil of the eternal life. He may be only like the century-plant which spends years on years in getting ready for a conspicuous blossoming. He may be asleep, and run so fast on his awaking as to outstrip our measured steps. In any case, we are not done with him as we pass by with averted looks. Again and again in the course of the long journey our paths may cross and there be room for interest and kindly greeting. Our contempt hinders us more than it hurts him. God, at least, is interested in his life and learning and would have us remember the enduring brotherhood of man.



# 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

Point Loma, California

EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

Copyright 1921 by Katherine Tingley

VOL. X

SEPTEMBER 1921

No. 9



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

THE GREEK THEATER IN ITS SETTING OF FOLIAGE

International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California

## The Little Saturdays

"I COULDN'T help thinking about it all the rest of the day."

"Were you thinking about it, or were there thoughts about it running along in your brain of themselves?"

"Well, that's thinking about it, isn't it?"

"No; it's rather *being thought by it*, being dragged along by your thoughts. That's shown by the fact that you didn't want to have them, didn't want to go along. Real thinking is *guiding* your thoughts just as you wish. But at times it's all right to be run by your thoughts if you've first seen to it that they're

the right thoughts to be run by. Know what *inertia* means?"

"Sluggishness, isn't it?"

"Not necessarily; it's the tendency to *keep on* at anything, whether the anything is action or rest. A car keeps on running a while after the current is turned off: that's inertia. A man keeps on sitting in a chair when there's something to be done and he even wants to get up and do it — inertia. His mind will keep on thinking of something even when he's tired of the subject. All that is inertia: a brown study is inertia.

"What we need is to *use* this principle of inertia, instead of being the victims of it. We want to get the mind into the habit of running along useful and progressive lines, lines that are helpful to our evolution, instead of useless and mischievous lines. It's to have a mind that moves of itself outward and upward, always towards the large things of life."

"What are the large things anyhow, and how can you get the mind on them?"

"If you turn it off the small things and give it a habit away from them, it will of itself find out the large ways, ways of usefulness to us, of light and peace. It will have to. It must do something, and if you don't let it do small things it will do large.

"The smallest and most mischievous thing a man can think of is himself, his personality. And this is the easiest, with a few days' practice, to begin the habit of getting the mind away from. A fruitful and splendid bit of practice, I tell you — scatters all the clouds of life in a while! '*I've been wronged, insulted, slighted. I've had an injustice done me or a cruelty.*' Very likely you have. But think of this: there are a thousand million wrongs and injustices and cruelties going on all around us at every moment, sufferings immeasurable, black. Who are you and I that we should expect or hope that our individual cases should be exempt from all of that, from having our share of that to put up with? Take life as it comes. We can even be glad of troubles because it is only by means of them that we can sympathize with the troubles of others. That sympathy is the first step to growth, to freedom, to mind-mastery, to getting our own personalities out of our light."

"Taking life as it comes is easier said than done."

"I know it. But not after some practice."

"Practice how?"

"Just looking forwards instead of backwards. Thinking of a wrong or injustice is always and necessarily looking backwards, isn't it? *Back* at the thing.

"Time flies. You said just now that the Saturdays seemed to be always coming along, just a nothing since it was last Saturday and here it is already again. We're pushing forward quickly through this little life of ours.

"Don't you think that the soul of man, the real,

essential part of him, has some purpose behind it when it comes into life?"

"To learn something, I guess."

"And that a great and splendid future opens out ahead of it — light, power, knowledge, freedom, joy?"

"I've always had that idea. I couldn't get rid of it if I wanted to."

"Well, let's see where we've got to. A great destiny for the soul opening up, higher and higher, progress for us always in this great universe, an eternal *onward*. And this present little stretch, trotting along from Saturday to Saturday. Don't it strike you that if we took the Saturday-to-Saturday troubles and worries as they came, refused to get all tied up with them, learned to look habitually at the endless stretch of life opening out beyond death, practised looking at these little Saturdays (in which, however, we will do our full duty) in terms of the great universe — that if we did this we should presently get a mind that could be trusted at times to run along of itself without being a nuisance to us, without getting into personal thoughts and memories that we are better without? Some other fellow did me a shabby little trick, let us say. Well, when I come to be dead and look back through my life, shall I be more glad that I got into a red heat about it for a couple of days and hardly thought of anything else — or that I calmly sailed through without a hard thought of him?"

"Not so easy, that!"

"Not at first, no. But if you keep at it a few weeks you begin to get the mastery of all situations and can sail through anything. And to that extent the mind has become *free* for its real work. It can only do that real work in the new peace that comes out of this practice, only reach and live in Truth when we've trained it away from personality. A man's personality is that part of him that's all absorbed in the Saturday-to-Saturday littlenesses and does its thinking around them only; he becomes aware of his *grander* self only when he gets beyond the littleness. For in each of us *is* a grander self that is always beckoning us on. Give this self the loan of your thoughts and imagination and see what happens. Think of death as a sunrise, not a sunset, a beginning, not an ending." REPORTER



### Try the Top Story!

THE question is: Where do you live? A man's self-directed evolution consists in going upstairs and occupying higher and higher stories of his house, the furniture getting finer and the light greater in each successive story. This is religion. Religion, put in practice, has nothing gloomy or forbidding about it. It simply consists in this going upstairs to the top and occupying that splendid floor you have a right to. And you don't leave the lower floors

unoccupied. Each continues to have its proper tenant, now behaving much better than he did before.

The body, which is the lowest floor, the basement, you might say, of course has its tenant. We say, *I want to eat or sit down and get rested*; but we know very well, the moment we think about it, that it is the *body* which wants these pleasantnesses. We can often feel the body wanting to eat, for instance, when *we* want to go on with some piece of work or study. Or we may be so absorbed, mentally, that for a good while we do not recognise the request of the tenant of the body that it may be allowed to take food or to rest. We are up in the next story.

It is very desirable to understand and realize that this tenant of the basement, conscious and intelligent as it is in its own way, is not ourselves. Otherwise how are we going to master it? It would never occur to you to discipline your dog if, in some strange phase of insanity, you thought you *were* the dog.

We speak of 'self-mastery,' 'self-command.' These are not good phrases. For it is the self that does the mastering and commanding. What he masters and commands is not himself but a tenant of one of the lower floors — the body-tenant, for instance. And the full mastery of it is only possible after he has seen that it is not himself at all, though he previously felt that it was. But now, when for instance it wants to be at the meal-table too long and damage itself, he says inwardly to it, "Now you've had enough; you come along with me." And if by thought and practice he has come to realize the situation as it is and clearly enough, he will easily get himself obeyed. When a man has really moved upstairs and looks down from that position, he can easily command all the tenants of the lower floors. And then they begin to behave in a new and admirable way, surprisingly beneficial to him.

The floor next above the basement is the mind-floor. There is a tenant there too, always at work — always in activity, at any rate. His activity consists in thinking thoughts, and he never stops. We wish he did sometimes, especially when we want to go to sleep. "I wish I could stop thinking of this or that," we often say, "but I cannot."

That is rather a wrong way of putting it. What we should say is, "I wish I could stop that mind-tenant of mine from going along that line of thoughts and memories."

As soon as we feel or see the situation in that way, we have begun upon a new sort of self-mastery. But as in the other case, it is not properly called self-mastery. Self does the mastering, or tries to. The *mind* is what is mastered — when it is! But we shall never master it while we feel that it is ourselves, or that we are it. It is the tenant of the middle story. And it has so much power and wilfulness and is so difficult to guide because we have so long identified

ourselves with it and thus given it (or allowed it to develop) the self-willedness we now lament.

You may say, "Yes, I see all that now." But don't let us be premature. Tomorrow we may be in some black, surly, or depressed mood and quite thoroughly accept it as our *own* mood. It is not, strictly speaking. It is the *mind's* mood and we are *in* it. It is quite correct to say, "I am *in* an ugly mood." If we say to ourselves, "I'll get out of this ugly mood; I'll have some light and friendliness and good feeling about me. I won't stand that ugly thing," — then we have gone upstairs still further, to the top story where there is always light, and from there look down on the tenant of the middle story. And when we have practised doing that for weeks or months enough, we find that tenant gradually coming to behave and having moods and thoughts that are uplifting and helpful and make for every kind of efficiency. Part of the practice consists in saying to this rickety tenant, "Now shut up altogether. For two or three minutes don't you disturb me by any of your thoughts. Let's have a couple of minutes' *silence* in your quarter so that I can be in peace and light before I turn into bed or go to work or business or a meal (or what not)."  
"And another thing," you add, "when I *am* at my work or study, just you keep your thoughts henceforth confined to that and not scamper them all over the universe or dig up memories I don't want."

Thus we are beginning to live in the top story, where all the light and peace is, full always of the blue and gold of the morning and the secret melodies and harmonies of nature. We can have color and shine and light all the time, in all our nature, if we will learn to live and find ourselves on the top story. And from there the presence of *That* which is the Source of all light and harmony can be felt, and communion opened with it, and its power drawn on for our help and that of all with whom we live. For the higher we go in our storied being the more do we gain power to command and make serve us rightly all tenants of the lower floors. *All* the tenants, for they are more than a mere two, and every one of them has a hidden gift for our use that neither it nor we can know of till we begin to learn the way upstairs.

STUDENT



### A Monument That Wasn't Washed Away

**I** WAS sitting by old Ben on the sun-warmed pebbles as he mended his nets, when all of a sudden he started a subject which was uppermost in my own mind, namely the curious way in which a very fleeting, transitory thing will sometimes long outlast another which appears to be far more enduring.

"I was raised in a little town on the banks of the Mississippi," he began, "and the mayor was a very popular man with everybody, includin' himself. Well,

some of the fellers had gone round with the hat for a fine statter to be put up in his honor, and it so happened that when the great flare-up of the unveiling of that statter was the general talk, I was waiter in the restaurant where the feller as sculpt the marble used to take his breakfast. Some of the biggest toads in the town puddle was there one mornin' and the big man was blowin' for all he was worth about his perfection and how while us ornery folks was soon fergotten, the man as chopped out a statter was always remembered, 'because,' says he, 'he has left a perpetooal memorial so that his reppytation goes aechoing down the corrydoors of time,' he says.

"At that he stretched out his paw like he was making a regular speech, so sudden that I dropped a cup of hot cawfy on a lady and it didn't do her white dress a cent's worth of good, and the stuff was hot I tell you. Just for a sec' I thought she'd sure get mad, and it takes an old soldier to stand up under the heavy barrage of the quick-firing tongue of a woman who sees red, and him so sitywated that he can't talk back. She wrastled with her temper for as long as it takes a lamb to shake its tail and then, quick as lightning, she got hold of herself and let loose a smile with her white teeth like the sun breaking through a thundercloud, and started in to ask questions about the Great Sea-Serpent or somethin' by way of changing the subject. I never forgot the smile she gave me nor the way she downed the words that so nearly bubbled out but didn't; and thinks I: 'that smile goes down the corrydoors of time so far as I'm concerned.'

"In doo course the great day came and the orators spread themselves, and the gas escaped like a family of locomotives blowing off steam; and the statter was unveiled and the great sculptist went home thinkin' of his fame echain' down those corrydoors, and the town cooled off and finally got to work again.

"Well sir, it 'come to pass' (as the Bible says) that the big river went on the rampage about a week after the great unveilin'. He got to work and nosed his way clear into the bank where that statter was, and come morning, the marble mayor who was going to carry that sculptor down those corrydoors was rolling along the river-bottom bound for the Gulf of Mexico. Got there, maybe, by this time, and forgotten these fifty years. I was a young feller of eighteen then, and now I'm just into my eighties; but the thought of that girl's smile, a thing with no more substance to it than the shadow of a passing cloud, you'd think,—that smile and laugh have lasted all this time and just as clear now as the day it all happened. And I guess she let loose the likes of 'em a dozen times every day of her sweet life. There ain't no river that can undermine the effects o' *them*, I tell you.

"No sir, you don't have to sculpt monuments to get yourself remembered. It's the *little* things you do that ain't fergotten. It's the smiles and the tones in your voice; the way a feller walks and holds his

head back as if he meant to be the master in his own body or break himself. Why, a man may preach a sermon just by the way he carries his shoulders, and the friendly smile in his eyes and the cheery word he gives you; and it's a sermon that *lives*, I tell you, and marches down them corrydoors of time all right.

"No, it don't worry me any because I can't paint picthers or write pomes and all that; there's other things a feller can do that's more use and maybe last a heap longer an' keep gettin' riper." REPORTER

✱

### Man and the Mind He Uses

**H**OW few of us ever think of the mind as the *instrument* of the man who uses it! We are so much bound up with the thoughts and feelings that ripple through it, that we actually believe that the flowing stream is our very selves. But thoughts cannot watch other thoughts. It is the *man himself* who is the spectator of the stream of thought; and even when the thoughts vanish from the mind as they do in sleep, the man lives on and like a spectator in a theater when the curtain drops and there is nothing more to see, returns to himself and quietly waits for a new act to begin.

Every day we have proof that man and his mind are two different things. Every day we turn our minds from one train of thought and apply it to some study, or duty, showing that we have the power, to some extent at least, to control its activities. If our lives are to be worth anything at all we must certainly wake up and make a start in this matter of self-control, for to make no effort to control our thoughts, is to give up the battle of life and to miss the chief lesson we came here to learn.

One of the greatest powers of the human mind is the imagination, and yet you sometimes hear people talking about 'mere imagination,' as though imagination was just a puff of air and absolutely unproductive of results in this substantial, solid world in which they live. But imagination, backed by will, is in fact the master faculty in man and if correctly used may act for good or evil with tremendous power.

It is said that two rival doctors in Persia agreed to settle their quarrels by a duel in which poison should take the place of the usual weapons of destruction. The doctor who was to make the first attempt handed a drink to his opponent, which was immediately swallowed; but his knowledge of drugs was so extensive and his sense of taste so keen, that he recognised the drugs employed and he at once compounded an antidote which neutralized its effect. He then offered his rival a rose over which he had first muttered a mysterious incantation and made some magic passes. The other took the flower with shaking hand and — fell dead on the spot! He had been slain by his terror

of a poison which had no existence outside his vivid imagination!

Doctors have cured their patients by bread pills, or to speak more correctly, patients have cured themselves by the healing power with which their *imagination* endowed the remedies. Everyone knows of cases in which a new and lively hope or some fresh interest in living has dragged a sick person from the very jaws of death. Let us no more speak of 'mere imagination' any more than we would speak of 'mere dynamite'; for imagination, energized by will, and perseveringly applied could utterly transform this crime-stained planet and in its place create a very garden for the gods.



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

#### THE BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Can't you see his mother at the door in her old apron, calling him in from making mud pies to have his dirty little face washed?

It is by his imagination and will that man differs from the animals; by imagination that he can re-create himself with the power to overcome all his weaknesses. By his imagination he can create peace and good-will in himself when there was turmoil and hatred. At night he can look back at the day that has passed, note where he failed, and with his imagination gradually create in himself the power to surmount all such occasions of failure. And it is by imagination that he can realize, little by little, that he is an immortal self *in* the body, not *of* it, and that he can recover his rightful divinity by the mastery of body and mind.

As we persevere in our attempts at thought-control we discover that it is the passing moment which counts. Special occasions may be left to take care of themselves if we will only look after the common moments as they flit by at the rate of sixty to the minute during every waking hour. It is the sum of these passing moments—or rather of the kind of

thoughts we fill them with,—that goes to make up our characters and to form our destinies. If we wish to gage a man's character and to prophesy as to his future, let us inquire as to how he occupies his mind when walking to his work; or when waiting those dreary ten minutes for his dinner; or when, half asleep, he dozes in his easy chair.

The separate moments of man's life, so inconsiderable singly, but of such tremendous momentum when added together, these are truly the important occasions of our lives on which our destiny depends. To control the mind is not an easy matter, but even if we should have to spend a whole lifetime in acquiring the first rudiments of the great art, would not the time and effort be well spent?

An unregulated mind dragging the spirit in man up hill and down dale "o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent," at its own sweet will is surely hell of the worst kind.

The perfect mastery of the mind leads us to a settled peace that passes all understanding. This peaceful refuge of the harassed soul is only to be won by long and sustained effort; it "suffers violence and the violent take it by force," and as Milton tells us through the mouth of Satan in his *Paradise Lost*:

"Long is the way  
And hard, that out of Hell leads  
up to light."

Let us remember for our encouragement, however, that every attempt, even though it appear to have failed, makes the next effort easier, and that final success is

certain for all who persevere. For endless time is before us and opportunities will not be wanting for earnest souls unless the laws of life were framed in utter disregard of human welfare and worked in blind unsympathy with our difficulties. P. L.

✽

#### Our Right to Our Troubles

EVERY man feels that he has a right to his life. Some men, after a long stretch of pain and trouble, feel they have a right to their death.

In respect of *some* of our pleasures and easy times, at any rate, we feel that we have a right to them, have earned them. Do we ever feel, in respect of our pains and disabilities, that to them also we have a right? I got some new ideas about this once.

"Nothing ever happened to me in the way of trouble," said our old janitor one night over his pipe,



"that I didn't find some time that I'd got something out of that I wouldn't have missed. I was glad of 'em — but not thankful, mind you. A man ain't exactly thankful for getting something he's got a right to. A man gets a rest or a relaxment-time of some sort, as a rule, just about when he needs it. It answers to his need and does him good if he behaves right while it lasts. Well, I say he gets troubles and difficulties as a rule just about when he needs them to stiffen up his character or ripen something or prune away something. They answer to his need and do him good if he looks at them the right way. He's got a *right* to them, then, ain't he? Just the same as some other time he's got a *right* to his rest or relaxment. Both are the right fit for him.

"Now you be quiet a minute and listen," he went on as I prepared to raise a demurrer. "You know that *some* troubles, anyway, do a man good in some way. I say he's got a *right* to have that good done him. And if that's so, he's got a right to the sort of trouble that'll do him that sort of good. Why don't he take it quietly as *his*, just the same as he takes his Saturday pay-envelope quietly as *his*, meaning to get the good out of both of them?

"There's lots in this here argument that can be argued about, but in general, on broad lines, it's straight goods I'm giving you.

"You may say, for instance, that his rights is something a man always is glad to get, and he *ain't* glad to get troubles.

"Well, firstly, as I told you out of my own case, a fellow often *is* glad, after a trouble's over, that he had it. It don't need much practice to make him glad while he's having it.

"And secondly, if he'll find his rightful inside nature, what lives always in the upper story where the light always is, the more troubles he's got the more that upper fellow comes closer to him and tries to tell him it's all right. Troubles is just the easiest way, oftentimes, of getting to know that upper fellow and finding that he knows all about the troubles and can adjust them and attend to them so that they do the most good. It *takes* troubles, mostly, to make a man know his own soul. He don't look for it while all's going smooth.

"And again, what would any of us be worth if we didn't have troubles? No more than so many sugar-sticks! You know that. Well, what call have you to draw a line anywhere and say *this* trouble is p'raps good for me but *that* one is unjust and bad? How do you know? How do you know that some man with injustice in him ain't *let* to turn his injustice your way and treat you unjustly? He'll get his trouble for it some time; don't you bother about that. The trouble he'll get will be his *right*, enough of it first and last to burn out of him his unjust or cruel streak. But that ain't your affair.

"No sir; don't you draw the line between troubles

and troubles. Count 'em all as your right and your need. Count it that you really put in a requisition for 'em. A little while of that sort of attitude to 'em will make 'em show you a new face. A man can be in a thick of trouble, outside, and inside at the same time be all peaceful about it and knowingly with the soul's light and comfort in him.

"The soul? We come back, sometime, to *be* the soul. That's all I can say. Till then, the soul's our Helper and Companion."

REPORTER

✱

### And So Outward!

"The evil that men do lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones."

SHAKESPEARE — if it was his own idea that he made Mark Anthony express — got only part of the truth. For all the evil and all the good that men do or think lives after them. And also the good or evil that they *are*.

"We used to like to see that fellow get on the car of a morning," said a business friend to the writer once. "He had a kind of a nice friendly way of looking round him and giving the rest of us the top of the day — whatever sort of a day it *was* — that by gum we all felt the better and friendlier for it."

These business fellows went to their offices day by day with the little friendly touch of that man still on them. And *their* "Good morning, boys!" when they got there was a trifle the better and friendlier — and so outward. You can follow it as far as you like to work your imagination. *That* man's "good" would never be "interred with his bones."

"Don't do a mean thing because you think nobody's looking," mother used to say; "*God's* looking."

Let's say the *rest of humanity* is looking, and you can't do a mean thing alone. For your character is the meaner for having done it. And a man's character works out (must, mustn't it?) little by little in everything he does with or to his fellows, as well as in the general color of his thoughts. You're never with a man a few minutes without being affected a little — for good or evil — by him and he a little by you. Each of you carries away something of the other. And so outward: use your imagination again and follow the eternal ripple. A man's character, his deeds, his words, his thoughts, go into solution in the whole great human sea and help to color it, to lighten or darken it.

A fellow went over the side of a ship outside New York the other day and saved a child — at the cost, as it happened, of his own life. A deckful of people looked on. Not a one of them but was a little ennobled at the sight of it, brought a little nearer in character to the power to do the same sort of self-sacrificing thing if the chance should come. From that new



touch in their character and thought a something would go out in their own homes, among their children and the circle of their friends. And so outward: always "*and so outward.*"

A great triplet of words, that! Get them going in your mind whenever you feel like doing a shady thing. A shady thing done gives a shady touch to character, and that must necessarily work out into shady things done or said directly to our associates: with effects on them — *and so outward.* At death we carry away with us our characters, and we leave behind to live after us all the deeds, all the words, all the thoughts, that such a character gave birth to.

Follow one such ripple outward as it passes on from man to man in widening circle. Pretty soon it reaches some man at his turning-point, the point where the least touch will decide him to make or break, to hold on or give way, to do or not do. The touch of the ripple from something you have done or said, from what you *are*, may just decide him one way or the other, wreck his life or keep his course straight for good.

Every man is a power in the world, and the more he thinks that and acts accordingly, the more of a power he becomes — even though no being but his own soul recognises what he is doing for — or against — humanity, a power for human progress and peace and happiness or for something added to humanity's difficulties and pains.

So let us remember that we are going into solution all the time in the great human sea and that in the long run every one has his full opportunity to leave an eternal, deathless benediction behind him. S.

### The Creed of My Heart

From a Poem by E. G. A. Holmes

A FLAME in my heart is kindled by the might of the morn's pure breath:

A passion beyond all passion; a faith that eclipses faith;  
A joy that is more than gladness; a hope that outsoars desire;  
A love that consumes and quickens; a soul-transfiguring fire.  
My life is possessed and mastered: my heart is inspired and filled.

All other visions have faded: all other voices are stilled.  
My doubts are vainer than shadows: my fears are idler than dreams:

They vanish like breaking bubbles, those old soul-torturing themes.

The riddles of life are cancelled, the problems that bred despair:  
I cannot guess them or solve them, but I know that they are not there.

They are past, they are all forgotten, the breeze has blown them away;

For life's inscrutable meaning is clear as the dawn of day.  
It is there — the secret of Nature — there in the morning's glow;  
There in the speaking stillness; there in the rose-flushed snow.

It is here in the joy and rapture; here in my pulsing breast:  
I feel what has ne'er been spoken: I know what has ne'er been guessed.

I breathe the breath of the morning. I am one with the one World-Soul.

I live my own life no longer, but the life of the living Whole.  
I am more than self: I am selfless: I am more than self: I am I.  
I have found the springs of my being in the flush of the eastern sky.

I — the true self, the spirit, the self that is born of death —  
I have found the flame of my being in the morn's ambrosial breath.

I lose my life for a season: I lose it beyond recall:  
But I find it renewed, rekindled, in the life of the One, the All.  
— *Selected*

### A Little Valley Down in Maine

I KNOW a little valley down in Maine,  
Where silently the seasons come and go,  
Where sweet-briar roses wet with summer rain,  
And myriad wild flowers in one long, sweet train,  
Freight with their fragrance all the winds that blow.

The brook winds downward on its wandering way,  
Where swallows dart and wheel on flashing wing;  
The cool cloud-shadows o'er the meadows play,  
The partridge drums through all the dreamy day,  
And when the twilight falls the thrushes sing.

Across the fallow fields the robins call,  
The veery winds his mellow wood-land horn,  
The freckled tiger-lilies, fair and tall,  
Flash forth their stars along the crumbling wall,  
Wet with the sweet ambrosia of the morn.

Gone are the feet that trod these paths of old,  
The loving friends of happy days of yore,  
Gone, too, sweet childhood with its heart of gold,  
Its noisy games, its wonder stories told,  
All these have vanished to return no more.

How gladly would I fold away my care,  
O Little Vale, thy paths to wander free —  
To catch thy fragrance, breathe thy pure, sweet air,  
To hear thy thrushes voice their evening prayer,  
And live the long, calm, quiet days with thee.

O peaceful little valley down in Maine!  
Through toilsome days I feel thy matchless art,  
Thy magic charm that soothes away my pain,  
The sweetness of thy roses, wet with rain,  
Lives, an undying fragrance, in my heart.

— Julian S. Cutler in the *Boston Transcript*

THE NEW WAY. Subscription price (Domestic), Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Get your friends to join you in subscribing. Foreign Subscriptions per year \$1.00. Five subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten subscriptions for \$5.00. Money orders and checks should be made payable to THE NEW WAY, and all subscriptions and correspondence should be addressed to: THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

## The New Way Quotebook

"To know and love Good, and to be and do good, are the keys to all happiness: therefore it is better far and far happier for a man to suffer and be punished by men and gods for any evil that may be in him, than to escape punishment and gain enjoyment."

— Edward J. Urwick

"THE trickster who covers his tracks so carefully will infallibly find them one day all exposed."

"It is a simple fact that the will to do anything can and does, at a certain pitch of intensity, set up by conviction of its necessity, create and organize new tissue to do it with."— G. B. Shaw

"NOTHING can resist the will of man, when he knows what is true and wills what is good. The more numerous the obstacles which are surmounted by the will, the stronger the will becomes."— Éliphas Lévi

"A GREAT misfortune properly endured is a progress accomplished. Those who suffer much live more truly than those who undergo no trials."— Éliphas Lévi

"WHEN we are joyful we are most truly *alive*. Wherefore is it most certain that 'Life is Joy' itself. The tendency to moroseness is lethal, for it is encouragement to the germs of death, their own atmosphere."

"UNLESS one is at one's ease, interiorly, it is impossible to do one's best work. Duty well done brings such inner ease; duty ill done, neglected, or deferred, destroys it."

"THERE would seem to be but one way to acquire true good manners: to 'raise the self by the Self,' not to permit the self to be lowered. It is self-mastery that is the key. Those nations in whom self-mastery is a tradition, a habit bred into a thousand generations, as is the case with the Japanese, and . . . the American Indians, are the truly well-mannered people."

"THE unfoldment we see all about us in nature, whereby beauty is born of ugliness, light of darkness should teach us to be slow to judge of the ultimate character of any human being. Tomorrow — who knows? — the most abject of my fellows may turn hero."

"WORK for the well-being of all things and expect nothing for thyself, and whatever is thy due will come to thee spontaneously. That, then, is the concern of the good Law — which never fails — and is not for thee to consider."

## AN ANCIENT TEACHING

"WHATEVER state of mind a man finds himself in — still more, whatever state of mind is habitual with him — constitutes either a protection to him or a danger. The Indians believed that Washington could not be touched by their bullets. This good or evil influence was said to take in even those with whom the man associated. Even those far away who were linked to him by some tie were believed to be reached by the influence he had created about himself."

"ONE who lives to help his fellows is, because of this direction of his will, in constant touch with the Divine. Hence the quality of the power that flows through him."

"KEEP your 'fire' burning with a strong, pure flame; and it will happen that each time you contact one whose 'fuel' is ready to catch fire your flame will light his. Then he in his turn will help spread the divine light."

"WE go forward, truly, as we obtain more and more control of *life*. And *Life is Joy*. As we seize hold of the one we gain also the other; as we radiate joy we give also life."

"THE commonest duty can be made a ceremony of devotion, an expression of trust, an outpouring of compassion, or of love, or of spiritual enthusiasm."

"THE lower aspects of collective human life are in reality but an extension of our own lower individual lives. Let us not imagine ourselves separate from the rest."

"If the Divine could get but one word and idea into our minds, that word might well be 'Forward!' For is it not true that in all forms of soul-expression we find movement, progress?"

"PRACTISE doing promptly and thoroughly the duty you dislike to do. Or, better still, stop disliking it. Neither like nor dislike a duty, but love *Duty*. That is the sure prescription for peace and happiness."

"It is a beautiful thought, this of the ancients, that a man may, by holding himself up to his highest, carry with him wherever he goes, quite unconsciously, a real, actively protective influence over his fellows."

"THERE is a way of rising on the crest of each new circumstance and thus riding right over it, whether it seem favorable or not to immediate plans. In the end one finds that there is no possibility under heaven of any circumstance being of itself unfavorable; it all depends on how one steers one course across it."

# 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  
Point Loma, California

EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

Copyright 1921 by Katherine Tingley

VOL. X

OCTOBER 1921

No. 10



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

## THE STONE-CIRCLE OF SUNKENKIRK, CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS, ENGLAND

These temples of pre-historic man are found in every country. The circle is sometimes associated with the cross and square.

### The Two Paths

UNCLE JOSHUA BROWN was a noted character in a mining town of Arizona. Nobody knew where he was born or where he had been before he landed there. He was a great worker, and always seemed to carry with him a budget of funny stories; and he would prescribe them in allopathic doses whenever he found one of the boys had 'the blues.' He said that good humor was a cheery tonic, and it paid to keep a good supply in your pocket all the time.

Occasionally, after work was done and the boys

collected around in the old dingy office of the lodging house, Uncle Joshua Brown would break out with odd bits of conversation. He would sit a long time smoking his pipe, looking off into the distance, and then he would say:

"By Jove, boys, I've be'n a-readin' the newspapers lately, and somethin' awful bad has come to us through this turrable war. I never wuz very gingerly in my patriotism. I alluz thought the Constitution of the United States wuz about the best thing a man could have in this gineration; and I kinder had the idee that liberty in the sinse that our forefathers brought

it out meant genuine freedom. But I niver could eat my breakfast after I'd read in the papers the way our boys wuz killed at the front.

"I kinder sized up the situation in this way: Now, in the name o' God, whut wuz man put here on this earth fer, but to do somethin' worth while, and to grow into some kind of a character that other fellers could trust? I niver could see whut right man had to take upon hisself the authority to take other men's lives. I niver could put that in my pipe and smoke it; and after I thought a long time on the dismal subject, I used to git dazed in my stomach and in my head, and the whole world seemed out of gear.

"Now I believe it is our dooty to stand for justice and right, and I believe too, that we ought to keep right straight in our minds all the time, the idee of sticking to our colors and defendin' this old country of ours; but somehow when I think of the thousands of men — bright men, too, all over the country, better eddicated than me, I can't for the life o' me see why some one or two in ev'ry nation can't work up some sort of a scheme or gear that would set somethin' new in motion; and the whole arrangement could be brought right down to a peaceful settlement through the brains of men, and without havin' the history of our country blurred with some of the savagery of war.

"Old Gin'ral Sherman wuz a big feller and he knew his business, and he knew how to talk sinse, and he said, 'War is Hell,' and I say so too. I wish I wuz young and in my prime, 'way back in my old New England home with the ideas that I've got now. You see, boys, these idee's of mine, they come from experience. I've made up my mind that I would not grow hard-hearted under disappointment. My mother learned me all the soft and good things of life; and when I've be'n a little hellish myself, I've alluz remembered her, and I've found the tears runnin' down my cheeks and me sayin', 'No, mother, you can depend on me, I'll square up and niver do it ag'in.'

"Now my notion right now is that there ought to be a kind of eddication in the schools and in the newspapers and everywhere, to bring the citizens of America up to a higher livel, so they can see out beyond the end of their noses, and they can work together for the common good of all; and they will oppose war and set up somethin' that will make the enemies of freedom stand up and hold their horses. Now I call that followin' the right path.

"And the wrong path is when we git down to rollin' roun' in our minds and burnin' in our hearts the desire for revenge, the wish to git even — by takin' another feller's life, if it has to be. Now that's the wrong path. And many a feller in prison today, if he will jest stop and think, and go back to the beginnin' of his mistakes, he will find that there are two paths for ev'ry man: one is the straight road, where he's honest and square, no hidin' behind the scenes, no playing hide-and-seek with all the fine things that are

stored up in the mind for good. It don't pay; an' it niver did pay. Perhaps, boys, that's why I'm honest; because I've alluz known what Jesus said in the Bible that, 'As ye sow, so must you reap'; and I've heard that them same teachings used to be brought out by the wise old men of ages ago. Mighty simple, ain't it?"

Just at that moment, Sam Potter, who always used most of his wages to get drunk and went home with empty pockets to his wife and four children, jumped out of a chair, laid down his pipe, and said, "By Gosh! Joshua Brown, you've hit me right straight between the eyes. I'm beginning to *think*. I can see now that about all the Hell that I ever had in my life, came from followin' the wrong path. But you've set me to thinkin'; and I've decided I never done any thinkin' before. Well, anyhow, watch me, boys, watch me next Saturday. I'll show you that I've stepped on to the right path. So hurrah for Joshua Brown!"

Now Sam Potter had a strange look in his face. He put his hands in his pockets and slowly passed by the bar where before he had lingered into the late midnight hours swigging bad whiskey until he acted like one drugged, and had gone home to abuse his wife and children.

The straight path pays — doesn't it?

AUNT MARIA



### The Right Turnings

"**S**EEK ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all these things shall be added unto you."

I'm always reminded of that saying when I think of the philosopher who was so absorbed in thought that he passed his own doorway late at night and lost himself in the great city. His thoughts might have been ever so interesting and desirable in their way, but because of them the man missed the important thing — which was *to get home*.

Now let us translate that saying: "Seek first (in importance) your real home, and having found it your thinking will be ten times better done, your life a hundred times better lived."

The philosopher, we may suppose, got home at last, but only after much wandering and many unpleasant adventures. *We* shall all get 'home' at last, but we might do it far sooner if we made that the principal business.

We regard 'the kingdom of heaven' as something to be reached — if at all — after death. But that Teacher at another time remarked that "the kingdom of heaven is *within you*."

'The kingdom of heaven' must be a state of spiritual and mental *light* if it is anything at all, and that is why, after it is reached, all our thinking is of such infinitely better and more fruitful quality.

The philosopher on his way home might never have got anywhere near his own street even. Pre-occupied by his thoughts he might have missed all the turnings that would have led him right, and so got further and further away.

The kingdom of heaven must be a state of supreme happiness. The man who has reached it must say to himself: "Now then, this is *it!*" We are all after a state of supreme happiness — but don't get it! We think we have to put up with gleams of it, such poor gleams as are got for a little while by acquiring something or doing something or going somewhere. It is not those things or doings that we are really after. It is the bit of happiness that they promise to afford. But they are all the wrong turning. They don't lead 'home,' to the state where happiness and light, spiritual and mental, are at their extreme, and permanent.

Well, the right turning is *duty*. There is nothing else for it. There is no substitute 'just as good.' Duties faithfully attended to as they turn up give *peace*, a certain peculiar satisfaction of their own, even when they are unpleasant. We all know that. Particularly such duties as the helping of others who are in need of help or encouragement.

Every well-done duty is a right turning seen and taken, a spell nearer *home*. Think of them in that way and look out for a sight of this 'kingdom of heaven' that is to be won by a steady attention to these turnings. Don't get *absorbed*, like the philosopher, in a lot of other matters. If they need attention, give it to them. If rightful pleasures come along, enjoy them. But remember the main business.

You don't have to be dead to reach the sudden happiness and peace and light of the kingdom of heaven. What sort of a home would it be if the members of it had to wait till their bodies were worn out and dead before they could get there? A man does get there after death — as a consciousness, of course, not as a body. But not necessarily all of him, the conscious 'him.' Only so much of him as was faithful in duty and in love for and helpfulness to others. The rest of him — what claim would *that* have to this home? Why then should not each of us turn himself wholly, during life, into pure metal? Why not take all the right turnings, however dark the way? For all dark and perplexing places can be lighted with this inner lamp that is lit by duty and brotherhood and compassion, and that gradually brings a man wholly home in his life.

Any man who will think constantly that the kingdom of heaven is within him will find the power to take day by day all the turnings that lead there and he will soon feel that he is indeed upon the right road. There will open before him the sunlit vistas of the heart-life. There is no happiness equal to that which comes when we have done our whole duty to another by extending a helping hand. C.

### Pat's Education

AT 2.00 a. m., Patterson, Jr., on duty as night nurse in the prison hospital, found his charges all resting. So he wrapped himself in a blanket and followed suit. A brisk north wind, rattling at the windows, reminded him of a chilly world outside. A little shiver rippled up Pat's moral backbone — at least it felt like that. For in two weeks his time would be up, and he would be free after five years of stagnation, as he reckoned it. Somehow he was curiously upset between eagerness to taste the old-time freedom, and a vague dread of facing a world that had changed from peace to war and back again while he had stood still.

Now Pat had inherited a strain of his father's energy, which was somewhat offset by a decided streak of laziness all his own. His father, when young, was too busy taking his training in the school of poverty and hard knocks to indulge his lazy impulses. But, like many another mistaken parent, ambitious to give their sons an easier and better chance to get ahead, he had fairly cheated the boy out of valuable practical experience that belonged to him as a man in the making. The result was that when Patterson, Sr., suddenly lost his fortune, and the untrained youth tried to ease up his debts with an illegal loan, he found himself under the paternal care of the state. Even at that, he wasn't half bad, and he left plenty of worse people outside.

As Pat, Jr., lying blanketed and thoughtful, reversed his mental gear, his memory traveled back to his first job in prison, — a very awkward helper of the engineer in charge of a new strip of roadway nearby. Somehow the mechanical 'bumps' in Pat's head were about as large as dimples, so that he knew as little about machinery as he did of millinery or of Choctaw. To him the engineer seemed like some magician disguised in overalls. This man had such amazing ease and power and certainty about handling the great black iron Juggernaut roller that, having imbibed quantities of oil and gasoline, would purr and cough and chortle its way back and forth, crushing everything before it. That is, everything but the big engineer, though *he* was but a pygmy beside it. It obeyed every move of his hand, that made passes over it like the wand of a fairy godmother. He knew just how much to feed it and how to clean it up, as a mother would a baby; and he knew how to set its heart-beat throbbing inside at his touch. Then, when he took his seat, it carried him, like a royal potentate, up and down the rough earth that, with their passing, grew into a smooth ribbon of fine roadway. With 'Jumbo,' as he called the big roller, he could do the heaviest kind of work, and then he could bring it to a standstill on any chosen inch of ground. And when the work day ended, its hoarse voice was hushed at his touch, and it settled down for a night's rest.

If Pat's superior guessed how scared his helper was at the idea of handling this monstrous pet, he made no sign. It was not his 'to question why' the warden had given him this raw material to mold into a near-engineer, with some knowledge of the mysteries of mechanics. He just began to manage the case with the same firm, light hand that had mastered the giant Juggernaut. He went about it in the simple, natural way that he used in making good, lasting roadway grow out of loose sand and jagged rocks and slippery mud holes. What he talked about to Pat was engines and soils and grades and the like. But by some magic of his own, he set his pupil to thinking how *he* could level up and smooth down and clean out and strengthen the loose ends and inequalities in his own disorderly makeup.

Not that Pat changed in a hurry, any more than you and I do. It takes time to see that something is wrong with yourself when you are busy feeling wronged. At first he dodged the painful truth, telling himself that his bad luck wasn't fair; that he was no worse than others who escaped punishment; that he was not understood — Oh, yes, he recited all those familiar quotations that the dodgers have used in self-defense ever since Adam laid all his troubles to Eve and the apple.

Little by little, it dawned upon Pat that his luck was about what he might expect from the chances he had taken; and that somehow neither he nor any other could escape from the wrongs that each one did to himself; and moreover, that he was a long way from understanding himself. His job of caring for Jumbo showed him that no matter how brave and bright a showing one made outside, it was no go unless things were right *inside*. This idea came home to him the day he failed to clean the spark plug, and the engine balked until the engineer took it in hand, and then it picked up in a jiffy. It was such a foolish bit of grime, too, to stop the progress of a great machine that rode rough-shod over cart-loads of earth and rocks.

The same night Pat dreamed that Jumbo came to his cell on the quiet to say that an engine's spark plug was its conscience, and unless his was clean, he couldn't get ahead. And Pat, being asleep, slapped the big roller on the back for a good fellow who knew when to tip his friends, and said: "Righto, old chap, same thing here." Then they winked 'good-bye' to each other, and Jumbo just vanished into thin air and blew out between the bars. Of course, Pat, in a wide-awake state would have been huffy to have Jumbo knowing more secrets than he did. But it seemed all right in the give-and-take customs of dreamland, which is different from day-time, when Jumbo pretended he knew no language but his own hoarse mutterings and busy coughs and whistling screams.

Somehow what struck Pat the most was the way he was always being brought up standing by *little*

things — by the importance of them. Why, once when a good-sized piece of Jumbo's makeup fell off in the road and a rod hung loose like a broken leg, everything kept on going, with never a waver or groan from the engine. But another time, when just a little screw got loose, everything went wrong. That night, as Pat sat mulling over a book on engines and their ways with men, his mind wandered off to the engineer's talk on loose screws generally. Somehow the idea seemed to apply to human nature, too; as though a man was an engineer, with a life-job of making something worth while out of himself, by handling the pent-up powers of his body machinery. It looked as though if the human machine got the upper hand and ran wild with the engineer, there was disaster ahead for both of them. Pat wondered if the idea came home to him because the engineer always spoke of Jumbo in such a familiar, friendly way, and treated it as if it had a good machine's feelings, and had certain rights and a power to serve well a master who understood him.

Anyway, it struck Pat that *his* troubles mostly came from little things going wrong. As he went back over his life, step by step, to his young boyhood, he saw where he had made the wrong turn, again and again. He was not naturally cruel or vicious or dishonest; only he was just a bit too timid or a little too lazy to face unpleasant issues or to push through hard places. The growing impulses of his youth's body got ahead of his weakened will-power, and left him feeling a little less than clean and frank and courageous.

The engine book was forgotten, as Pat's mind followed the boyish deceptions practised on his father, and he saw them growing into habits that led up to borrowing from his employer's cash-drawer. His prison term really hinged on those boyish fibs to a father who would have forgiven him for the worst of the truth. And his stolen pleasures, innocent enough in a way, always left him with a bitter taste of self-reproach and a damaged self-respect. His father's very trust and fondness made it harder to act up to the deceitful pose. In his dishonesty with his father, he had robbed his own character of its fine-grained strength. Pat shrank from a flash of the truth that he had convicted himself as he went along from boyhood to manhood, stamping a living sentence on his own character. He was no less self-made than his father was, though he had made quite a different piece of work of the contract. ENGINEER

✱

### Mr. Getby and the Higher Law

"I GUESS I can get by with it." This was what a well-dressed, respectable-appearing man was heard to say about some matter he proposed to



put through. He knew it was off color or else he would not have mentioned it as something he had to 'get by' with — like a thieving salesman passing the door-guard at closing time.

It would be hard to overestimate the proportion of our general and personal troubles that come from our thinking as that man did. Any and all of us. With almost all of us the question comes up as to the right and wrong of anything we propose to do, little or big. One must be a pretty hard case if something within him which knows, don't post him as to the right of it. And it is a safe guess that the majority of even unhardened people do not always take the interior advice, but begin to compromise the right way to the wrong way. Why? Because they wish to do the wrong thing most, to gratify some notion or appetite, run by their selfishness or passion.

When once a mental discussion over the right and wrong of a

vantage which his ability or conditions enable him to. For 'getting by' is a practice easy to fall into, is of rapid growth, and will stop at little in no long time.

Say this I-think-I-can-get-by-with-it man succeeds in doing it — and too frequently he does — what of it?

He thinks he is smart, of course, and if not too mean, he will invite a friend to lunch with him, he feels so good over doing the thing he knew was wrong. He may get to be a billionaire through this 'get by' method, and he feels proud of himself. No strong hand has taken him by the shoulder and said: "You are my man. Come!"

But in all the time of his 'getting by,' how often has he felt startled and glanced over his shoulder, fearing that hand? How constantly has he had to defend himself against himself? Mr. Get-by has not had what might be called an easy or comfortable time with himself, nor found himself good company. A kind of sneer-



Chief 'Pretty-voice Eagle,' Sioux



Chief 'Running Fisher,' Gros Ventre tribe



Chief 'Two Moons,' Northern Cheyenne

SURVIVING ANCIENT AMERICAN TYPES. NOTE THE POWER, DIGNITY, AND KINDLINESS IN EACH OF THE THREE FACES

thing is permitted, that usually settles it. Mr. *Wrong* is the principal speaker, and when he has got the decision you will probably hear him mutter: "Well, anyway, I guess I can get by with it!"

Say he does? He works some shady, mean or unprincipled trick on a friend for his own advantage, or defrauds or deceives another, or takes some ad-

ing fellow has sat on the arm of his easy chair and grinned contemptuously down at him when he was alone. And before prohibition was, Getby was pretty apt to get into a way of numbing up his secret self-condemnation at the end of the bar, alone. He thought it was because he did not want anyone to talk to him. Was that the reason, or was it that

he felt himself unfit to be in company with men?

What was this something of a man in Getby that made him feel uncomfortable and mean and fear arrest? Perhaps it was what is called conscience? — that is quite in the order of life. Or it may have been a fore-feeling of a law which no one can escape from — not in all eternity — which waits, more patient than Job, giving our man ample time to straighten up his get-bys all by himself. And if he don't, then to take hold and help him in whatever way is best for him — and that won't be a pleasant way, either!

For, finally, he gets himself arrested, and is in the hands of justice and faces a compulsory square-up of his get-bys, which he has to work out, either under a tireless guard, or if he is tractable, on probation.

Getby may find comfort in thinking that he will 'get by' when he dies. But if he thinks a minute he knows that he has to live on somewhere. And he can assure himself that "As a man sows so also shall he reap," a saying which is as true and practical as ten-penny nails. As surely as the cart follows the horse, so does everything a man does or says,— the good to bless and help him, the other to trail him till he straightens it out.

Getby is not so smart after all. OBSERVER



### Hard Labor for Life

THE other night as Towser and I were taking a run before bed-time, I thought I would go round by Armory Square and drop in on my friend the night watch-man. Sure enough, there he sat in his little shelter roasting his chestnuts and heating his coffee over a wood fire, whilst meditating on the duality of man and that strange blending of angel and animal with which all students of their inner life are so familiar. To illustrate his point of view he related his experiences with Warbler Van Tromp, which I will repeat in his own words as nearly as possible.

"Thish yer Warbler," he began, "was named by contrairies as you may say. His tread was like a elephant, and his lightest whisper put you in mind of the waves breaking on a rocky shore in a gale of wind. And that's why the boys called him Warbler, you see.

"'Tother fellers hadn't much use for Warbler 'cause he kept to hisself a good deal and would often give the boys a short answer like he didn't want to be drawn into no chorus of chin music. Some on 'em would have it that Warbler was masterful and bossy, but they didn't get him right. He looked that way I know; but it was *hissself* he wanted to boss and not the other feller; and I ought to know 'cause I was his mate down to the quarry and held the drill while he struck, you understand. Anyway I got to know him better than the balance of the gang, and the longer I knew him, the better I got to like him.

"He looked all the time like a man what was trying to down something inside of him, and 'twas that that made him bad company sometimes. I often heard him mutter under his breath, 'I will, I will,' and often he'd grunt them words as he struck the drill, just jerked out of him, like. He never said what he was going to do; but I know now that it was self-mastery he was after and not letting himself go. I mind one hot day when I pushed him hard to get him to talk, just to pass away the time; but pretty soon he put down his hammer and said very solemn: 'Look'e here, Sonny,' (for I was little more than a boy at the time), 'if you was wrastlin' with a bear for yer life and yer mate come along and wanted to swap funny stories and gas about the neighbors, would you act like a good feller and play up to his pitching, or keep right on with yer argument with the bear? Now I tell yer, I'm busy with a bear the most of my time. Get me?'

I got him all right and left him to fight it out all by himself 'cause 'tain't reasonable to ask a man to act nice and talk pretty when he's up against it with a wild beast, is it?

"One day the boys were rapping him behind his back for some little thing he dorie ('twant nothing to amount to anything) and I ups and says: 'If you fellers had a brute to handle like what Warbler has you'd be a darned sight worse than he is, I reckon. Any fool can put his finger on that there fly-spot you spoke of; but which on yer knows what Warbler *wanted* to do and held hisself back from?' Good old Warbler! It was a stand-up fight with his lower nature all the time with him, I reckon, and knowing what I did, I got to respect him the more, the more I saw of him. We'd often work a whole forenoon and never a word; but he'd give me a grateful look out of the corner of his eye as we walked to our lunch-pails as if he wanted to thank me for keeping quiet and giving him a chance.

"Most of us is muddy gray as I figure it out and neither black nor white and we slouch along sometimes rather bad and sometimes pretty good; but Warbler, as it looks to me, was split up into, clear white and pitch-black, and I know I've seen the devil he had to fight looking out of his eyes more'n once. P'raps that's why he didn't care to catch a feller's eye more than he could help because he didn't want anyone to see his lodger looking out of the winder.

"I never heard that his wife and kids had any kick about the way he treated 'em; but though he seemed to do his duty by 'em pretty well he suttinly wasn't what you might call a striking success. Looks to me as if there's some guys as are doing very well if they do no more than hold themselves back from raising mischief all over camp. *Their* great stunt is to mark time and just not misbehave theirselves, and Warbler done his part well, I consider. Oh, but that man was ballasted and loaded up to the water-line in a way that no other feller that I ever knew was ballasted and

loaded up, and the fact that he got through life as a decent citizen cost him more hard work than some of these yer light-rigged, pleasure-craft fellers, what's more like ladies than men, has any ideal of.

"I saw his body after they got him out from under the fall of dirt that crushed him, and he lay there with such a happy, peaceful look on his face that you'd think he was a child who'd been doing hard sums all day and the teacher had come along and said: 'You've done a good day's work, Warbler; now go take a rest for a spell.'

"I often think of the dogged way he'd get up and go to work, plugging along through the dust and the heat and fighting away inside with God-only-knows-what temptations. Well, the hard fight he put up must suttinly count for something, and if he was ever to come back, I believe he'd find it easier to handle his new make-up because of what he went through as Warbler Van Tromp."

A chestnut fell from the fire and the glowing embers settled themselves, but neither of us had a word to say. Perhaps we were thinking of Warbler, or perhaps we were nerving ourselves for a harder struggle than ever with our own particular wild beast. P. L.

### Hope is Life

**W**HAT is the best kind of life-preserver? Why, Hope. It is Hope that keeps a man alive all the time: and it does not matter whether his hopes are ever realized. Hope does not depend on getting what you think you want. It is something that is quite independent of reason or experience. It is a state of mind that acts like a stimulant to the body and like a food also.

It is like food, too, in another way. Hoping is like eating; you must do it for yourself. No one can do your eating for you; and no one can make you hopeful. That is work for each individual. Other people may give you food; but you must do the eating. So it is with hope. Others may give you a new idea, or something to hope for, or reasons for being hopeful; they may offer you hope, but they cannot make you hopeful. You must do that for yourself: and you CAN do it for yourself if you WILL. That is the secret of life: to will. It is quite simple. That is why so few people understand it. All the things we find hard to understand are really quite simple; and when we find them out at last, we say to ourself, "Why, there's nothing new in that; I knew that all the time."

Yes! That is why it is so hard to understand the meaning and purpose of life. It is because we know it all the time, deep down inside, and we are hunting for someone to give us what we have already: and they cannot do it.

Hope seems a foolish thing to a man who has let go

his hold on it, and so has lost all that makes life seem worth living. It seems like mere fancy and self-deception. But it is really life itself, that is to say it is the inner life, that which makes a man really alive. It is like a fire that must be kept up; and the man to do that job is the real man himself. If a man *wills* to live, he will find hope burning up naturally of its own accord inside; and then his brain will get busy and will imagine or find out reasons for living, and then the man may believe he is hopeful because of this or that reason. No! he is hopeful because the fire of hope, *which is life*, has been relighted in his heart by his own WILL. All this can be easily explained to a man who has some real understanding of his own nature; but it may seem fanciful to those who have not studied themselves in the right way.

Now life is always worth living to the man who wills to live rightly. If he can keep his will strong and bright, hope will be there and he will know that in reality Life is Joy.

R. M.

### Light

E. J. D.

**W**ARMTH and the glow of a heart,  
Tenderness patient and true —  
These do I bring,  
Love do I sing:  
Take of my bounty I pray.

See, I have plenty to spare:  
Fountains eternally fresh  
Spring from the heart:  
Take then a part,  
Share with my generous store.

Come to the glow of the east,  
See with my eyes to the hills:  
Hail to the morn,  
Beauty is born;  
Lift up your heart and be glad.

Now is the end of your dream:  
See how the shadows have fled.  
Come, let us go!  
Others must know  
Dawn and deliv'rance are here.

THE NEW WAY. Subscription price (Domestic), Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Get your friends to join you in subscribing. Foreign Subscriptions per year \$1.00. Five subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten subscriptions for \$5.00.

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

## The New Way Quotebook

"WE call our 'Father in Heaven' that deific essence of which we are cognisant within us, in our heart and spiritual consciousness, and which has nothing to do with the anthropomorphic conception we may form of it in our physical brain or its fancy."

— H. P. Blavatsky

"IN the assurance of strength there is strength, and they are the weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers."— Bacon

"I WANT to prove that whoever acts rightly and nobly, can by that alone bear misfortune."— Beethoven

"WHEN we listen to Beethoven's music we can understand the old-world tradition that now and then a divine creature from the heavens takes mortal form and suffers in order that it may embrace and redeem mankind."— Edward Carpenter

"If you would succeed, take counsel with yourself. There is within your soul a force which, if awakened and wisely directed, may transform the world. It will, at least, transform your life."— Albert Jonas

"IN the matter of concentration of the whole mind on every duty, it is not that every duty necessarily requires the whole mind for its proper doing. But until the mind has been thus disciplined by practice it is not to be trusted to roam at its will, nor is it an efficient instrument for thought or for the acquisition of knowledge."— The Master Printer

"THE Mind, while higher and more subtle than the body, is yet only an instrument used by the Soul in gaining experience, just in the same way as an astronomer uses his telescope for acquiring information respecting the heavens."— W. Q. Judge

"INTO each of us who are born into this world God puts something of Himself, and by reason of this Divine part, all things are possible."

"Yet the world is full of failures."

"Alas! yes; but only because men do not realize power within them. For man is a selfish creature, and self is always grossly blind. But let a man look within himself, let him but become convinced of this Divine power, and the sure and certain knowledge of ultimate success will be his. . . ."

"What do you mean by self?"

"I mean the grosser part, the slave that panders to the body, a slave that, left unchecked, may grow into a tyrant, changing man to brute."

— JEFFERY FARNOL in *The Amateur Gentleman*

"WE know, if we think at all, that our acts of omission and commission are telling along the broad path of humanity; and because we have failed others have failed; and because we have lost our way in the past, others have also lost their way. Think!"

— Katherine Tingley

"THE consequences of our acts run eternal through time and through space. If we impinge never so slightly upon the life of a fellow-mortal, the touch of our personality, like the ripple of a stone cast into a pond, widens and widens in unending circles across the aeons, till the far-off Gods themselves cannot say where action ceases."— Kipling

"EVERY man is a window into Heaven, however thickly the dirt incrusts may render that window opaque. Every one is a channel, however clogged, between the God-world and this. Poets, artists, musicians, though no more advanced in their evolution than other men, are those who have a singular faculty of getting glimpses of that divine and most real realm, and of putting on record what color, what luminosity thereof they may have seen. When they rise to any height, they give you a picture of the Soul of Man: something, to say nothing more than that about it, as beautiful as any flower,— clean, pure, beautiful, and holy. Of such essence are we made; only we catch no vision of it, or very rarely: the essence here is mingled with the dust of earth, and these muddy personalities result."— K. V. Morris

"IMMORTALITY means more than merely living on and on without end and indefinitely. Immortality is indispensably bound up with love. I am not sure whether without love, immortality can ever be. I am not sure that the dog who loves his master is not surer of immortality than the man or woman who loves no one, and is loved by none."— Coulson Kernahan

"IN everything thou wilt find annoyances, but thou shouldst well consider whether the advantages do not predominate."— Menander

"THE world is looking for a man who can do something, not for the man who can explain why he didn't do it."— E. O. Grover

"To what part of your total make-up will you attach your feeling of I? As what will you feel yourself to be? Body? Impulse? Brain? Appetite? Or the Soul of Light that dwells in the inner Heaven of you?"

— Platonist

"A GENTLEMAN . . . one born with the Godlike capacity to think and feel for others, irrespective of their rank and condition."— Jeffery Farnol

DEC 19 1921

# 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  
Point Loma, California

EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

Copyright 1921 by Katherine Tingley

VOL. X

NOVEMBER 1921

No. 11



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

GRANITE LION FROM THE PERIOD OF KING TUT-ANKH-AMEN, ANCIENT EGYPTIAN

(Looks rather a kindly old fellow, don't you think?)

## Cleansing Fires

ON the second tier of a penitentiary in the State of — two young men sat talking together.

One was in an excited state of mind, rebelling in a frenzied manner because he was in "this infernal dungeon." He blamed everybody but himself for what had happened to him. He said he hated all

humanity, and the time would come when he would get out and even things up.

His companion, of a more temperate mood, looked on and said, "Charlie, I'm not ready to believe that the present prison system is the kind that Jesus would have had; but, according to what I know, if the men who make the prison laws, and the officers appointed to carry them out, haven't yet grasped the fact that

there are higher, unseen laws in life, they're about as hard pushed as we are. I believe some of these fellows are doing the best they can; and I know that the warden and his deputies here have been good to me, though I've seen a look in their eyes that showed plainly that if I didn't do my part in following the rules and regulations, they could be very firm and rigid and give me a dose of severe punishment, just as you have had.

"What do the officers here in this place know about us, anyway? We have come in with a bad record and our heads down in shame. You know as well as I do, that the tricks we practised and the way we lived before we got here haven't been much of a recommendation for us. The officers have found us with hard looks in our faces, and we generally carry with us an air that is not pleasing to people, who know just the mistakes we have made.

"Let me tell you something, Charlie. About a month ago — that was before I made my big mistake, which was second-floor burglary, — I went into a hall where there was a meeting going on. I was a half-decent fellow then. It was the music that attracted me, and I felt that I could not go past it. There were some mighty nice things said there that day, too. And oh! the music! I tell you I could feel the tears stealing into my eyes. I was miserable, and yet I was happy. That music kept saying to me, 'Young man, don't wait until it is too late. Remember there is another chance even for those who make the greatest mistakes.' I didn't know what to do with myself. I thought then, if only I could look as happy as these people did, and get right down to honest business! I was all stirred up inside by that music and the sweet voices of those pure, innocent girls. Here are the verses of the music that just knocked me out. I borrowed a pencil from another shabbily-dressed fellow who seemed to be in about the same fix that I was in, and wrote them down; and now when I get discouraged, so that I don't care whether I live or die, I pull these verses out of my pocket; and I tell you they are better than a glass of whiskey used to be. They are the real stuff; and they set me up for days:

'Let thy gold be cast in the furnace,  
Thy red gold, precious and bright;  
Do not fear the hungry fire,  
With its caverns of burning light.  
And the gold shall return more precious,  
Free from ev'ry spot and stain;  
For gold must be tried by fire,  
As the heart must be tried by pain.

'In the cruel fire of sorrow,  
Cast thy heart; do not faint nor 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.

'I shall know by the gleam and glitter,  
Of the golden chain you wear,  
By your heart's calm strength in loving,  
Of the fire they have had to bear.  
Beat on, true heart, forever,  
Shine bright, strong golden chain.  
And bless the cleansing fire,  
And the furnace of living pain.'

"So now, the way you were talking brought back to me these verses; and if you will just turn and look around the corner, and think in a way that you have never thought before, something new will come into your life, and you will bless 'the cleansing fires.' It will then purify you and cease to be suffering. Stop laughing, Charlie. I'm in dead earnest, and I believe that, no matter how far we have got from the track that brings a man to his own, we can follow it and have another chance for right doing.

"I remember that the lady who spoke at that meeting said it was not in the great universal scheme that souls who were born to lead happy, useful, and sensible lives should, often in their young life, drift into bad company and bad habits. Gosh! I can tell you that hit me straight, because I can remember the first lie I told my mother, and the first money I stole. I began by taking ten cents out of my father's pocket when he was asleep; and then I would take a quarter; and then I went around the corner one time with some of the boys and we worked a game on the old grocery-man, who was generally half asleep, and we got a nice little haul there; but I was miserable and knew I was a coward even at that time.

"The next day I happened to meet a fellow who gave me a ride in an automobile; and he set me up with a plan to get some more money. That caught me, and here I am today. Now according to what that lady said, we are something more than we seem; and in order to do the right thing by ourselves, we have to know the difference between right and wrong. She said another thing that puzzled me then; but I understand it now: that there were two natures in man — one the high and helpful part, that will never die; and the other, the lower, selfish part; and when the body ceases to live the lower part dies, while the higher part goes on to new experiences and comes back to this earth to attend another class in the school of life.

"Now there's some first-class business in that proposition. I knew there was, then, and it keeps haunting me; and I believe that what I heard there that night about a man having another chance, even though he had made many mistakes, is just the dose that you



want now. What do you say to turning around and blaming yourself for all the mistakes you have made, and making up your mind that you are going to get acquainted with this bigger, higher self, not only with good intentions, but with daily practice, as the lady said was necessary?

"Now, here's a trick for you: when any of the officers of this gloomy hotel come around, be polite to them. And the next time they correct you for anything, if you know you are wrong, say 'Thank you.' It may knock them fellows off their feet; but it will do you good and it will do them good. It will make the burden of this slow manner of living something that can be borne with patience.

"Then, when you go to the work-shop, don't carry all the worries of the past with you. Work! Get into the 'up-and-doing' spirit, and remember that tomorrow you can live in a new world of thought, if you will. Let them see that you have some grit, and that your will is not dead. Just fire up on the things that you have not done, and forget many things that you have done in the past, which have helped to make you a welcome guest in this hotel.

"I tell you, the power of that music that I heard, and the sweet voices, and the ideas that are in those verses, make me feel that I am passing through cleansing fires right now. By jinks! Charlie, I found that night after going to the meeting, that there's nothing like keeping on the hopeful side of life. I thought of my mother and how she would like me to be, and of my poor father, and how he tried to have me do right. Little did those dear old home-folk ever think that their boy would be in this gloomy hotel. We have the iron bars between us and humanity; but occasionally we can get a bit of daylight and sunshine; and it will fall dead upon us and do us no good if we haven't got the inside hope, and the determination to use every day as another chance for doing better things. Now, I'm in for another chance right up to my eyes, Charlie. See?

"Maybe after all, much as we hate the outside crowd, we will find that we owe them a debt. I'm talking of the people like that lady who said that mistakes could be corrected, and that a man could get on his feet again and rub out the dreary past. Not all people are cheats, yet I will own there are a lot of knaves and rascals outside prison, slipping along through life without being caught. But if the lady who spoke knew what she was talking about — and I think she did — they will get their *karma*. Don't you remember in one of our Sunday meetings here, one of the speakers made a long talk on this *karma*, which means the law that as you sow, so will you reap? There's a lot of ginger in that, and it won't hurt us to get some of it into our systems.

"Hurrah! there's the supper-bell. Let's go!"

AUNT MARIA

## Your Whole Self

"SAY, that was a grand thing you wrote, Jim." Jim had turned out a mighty fine poem for our college magazine.

"Much obliged; further compliments now in order."

"No joking. Why don't you do some more like it?"

"A fellow can't always grind out stuff like that, if you'll excuse me patting myself on the back. It don't come at call."

"Come? Where from?"

"Well, maybe that's just a way of speaking. Maybe it isn't. Something *comes*, anyhow."

"I rather stick at that *comes*; it's you that's doing it, isn't it?"

"It is and it isn't. Something comes in on me or comes over me."

"I see, you just take it down on paper."

"No sir, none of your medium and control business. I'm all there, hard at it, hard work all through my mind, the splendidest feeling a man can get. But it's *me*, all right."

"Well, if it's you and you are here now (ain't you?) why can't you take a pen and turn off some of that fine stuff this very minute?"

"That's a mystery I'd like to solve — may, some day, perhaps. There's more *me* sometimes, and sometimes less. There's more *you*, sometimes, and sometimes less. If a man could be *all* of himself anytime, he'd be a god for that time, I reckon. But mostly he's much less than that. Don't you know what I mean?"

"I guess so. A man's not the same man (in a way of speaking) when he's just lounging or smoking, and when he's all there — say up against some hard business proposition."

"Or when his sympathies are roused and stirred to the bottom by something?"

"Sure."

"But he's *himself*, anyhow?"

"Yes."

"Then there's more of him and less of him according to circs., — more sometimes, less sometimes. My problem is, where's the *more* part at times when there's only the *less* part visible? And how big is the *more* part? And why shouldn't we be the *more* part all the time? This thing's sure: That it's when the *more* part ain't there that the man does all the mean and selfish and sly things that's in him to do. An the more the *more* part is there, the higher is his feeling and conduct and powers of thought and creative powers in art or poetry and the more complete is his sympathy with others. Being *stirred*, as we say, when we hear of a distress, or hear a great inspiring speech or read some fine thing — being stirred means being *more there*. That's as far as I get, but it's a pretty good way. For it means that wherever the *more* part may be roosting when it don't seem to be attending to

business (of any sort that we can understand, anyhow), it's a mighty fine bird. It's the grandest thing there is to a man, the only grand thing. And as we've all got it, this more part, I can't make out why we don't live so as to get it more and more into us, all the time. Why shouldn't we be gods? Why should we be run by the little miserable and mostly contemptible self we are content to live with — or live *as*, rather?"

"What sort of living would it be, this *more* living?"

"Well, anyhow, the beginning would be to get it clear in the mind that there *is* a big grand self to us. And then, with that thought, to try to stop doing things that are out of key with nobleness and big-ness. The very sense of self-respect and pleasure you get when you don't do a small mean thing that you want to do, would be a mark of the presence of the *more* self. If we keep more-ing and more-ing ourselves by fine sympathetic, open, big doings and feelings and telling the small self to get out of our way or be a man — why, we're getting more and more to be the big self. Keep that up in spite of everything, and one day we will surely win out."

REPORTER



### A Successful Man

**I** MET him aboard ship coming from Australia to America, and in the course of our three weeks' journey we gained each other's confidence and exchanged many views on life. He was sub-editor of a weekly paper in an Australian town; and he gave me the astonishing information that he owed his success to having, as a young man, served a term of imprisonment. Let me put the story in his own words.

"I held a job on a weekly paper, and could have advanced myself if I had wished. But I just muddled along without heart in my work, doing only enough to hold my place. I had all sorts of grievances, and amongst them a pet one that I repeated until it must have become an obsession with me: 'A man might as well be in prison as live under these conditions.' Needless to say, I had fellow-croakers amongst my work-mates, and between us we accumulated an imagined grudge against the firm as being responsible for our misery.

"I put my wits to work to find some way of diverting part of the firm's profits into my pockets, persuading myself that I was only getting my own in doing so. I succeeded in this, though I think it was the satisfaction of my grievance that pleased me more than what I got from my scheme.

"Of course, in time the thing came to light, and I was taken before the manager. He was a kindly man, of wide experience, and disposed to treat me leniently. But I was defiant from my imagined wrongs, and refused to listen to him. Even after he let me cool off for a while in a side room, thinking I was

perhaps only excited, I was not in the least more reasonable, and was very discourteous to him.

"The result eventually was that I got a term of imprisonment. My defiance began to evaporate when I realized the effect on my parents. They had really done nothing to correct my wrong ideas — poor souls, they hadn't knowledge enough — but that made the blow no less keen to them. It is a memory too painful to dwell on.

"In my new conditions I was at first terribly morose and gloomy, and continued so until I felt quite hopeless. There seemed no cheering ray of light anywhere.

"One day, while I was pondering on my condition and beginning to feel quite desperate, my old pet saying seemed to stand out before me in living letters: 'A man might just as well be in prison!' A hot resentment surged up within me. I felt I had been tricked — that some power had taken my foolish words at their face value and put me where I would realize them.

"And then, by one of those fortunate turns of the imagination, I saw the humor of the situation: I *had* been taken at my word, and the whole thing served me right! I could not refrain from laughing out aloud, and then and there I determined to make the best of the situation. The gloom lifted from me, and with a light heart I set myself to make the best of what I had so thoughtlessly invited.

"First of all I dealt with the unpalatable fact that I was a prisoner. Nothing could remedy that unpleasantness except the serving of my sentence. What was the good of kicking against it? I only hurt myself and annoyed others. So I cheerfully conformed with regulations more stringent than I had ever before imagined, and without a murmur put up with conditions that made my old shop surroundings a palace by comparison.

"You may find it hard to believe, but I found myself better off than I had ever been in my days of freedom. The enforced order and discipline, the efficiency with which everything proceeded under the system, had its effect on me: it was such a marked contrast to my former slovenly, grudging style of living.

"And comparing my experience with ways of living generally in the outside world, I could see that discipline — self-discipline — was the necessary thing for happiness and satisfaction. Who were the reliable men in the printing office that had employed me? They were the men who sacrificed their own whims and comforts to meet whatever situation duty seemed to demand of them. I saw with certainty that those who got the most quiet satisfaction out of life were those who exercised self-restraint. I made up my mind that when I got free I would keep up the practice of disciplining myself.

"Well, when my term was up, at the first oppor-

tunity I called on my former manager and apologized for my rudeness to him. He was pleased to see me and would have spent a while in conversation; but I was shy of being worded by my former acquaintances, and left the office as soon as I could. A few days later

### "There is Clay Everywhere"

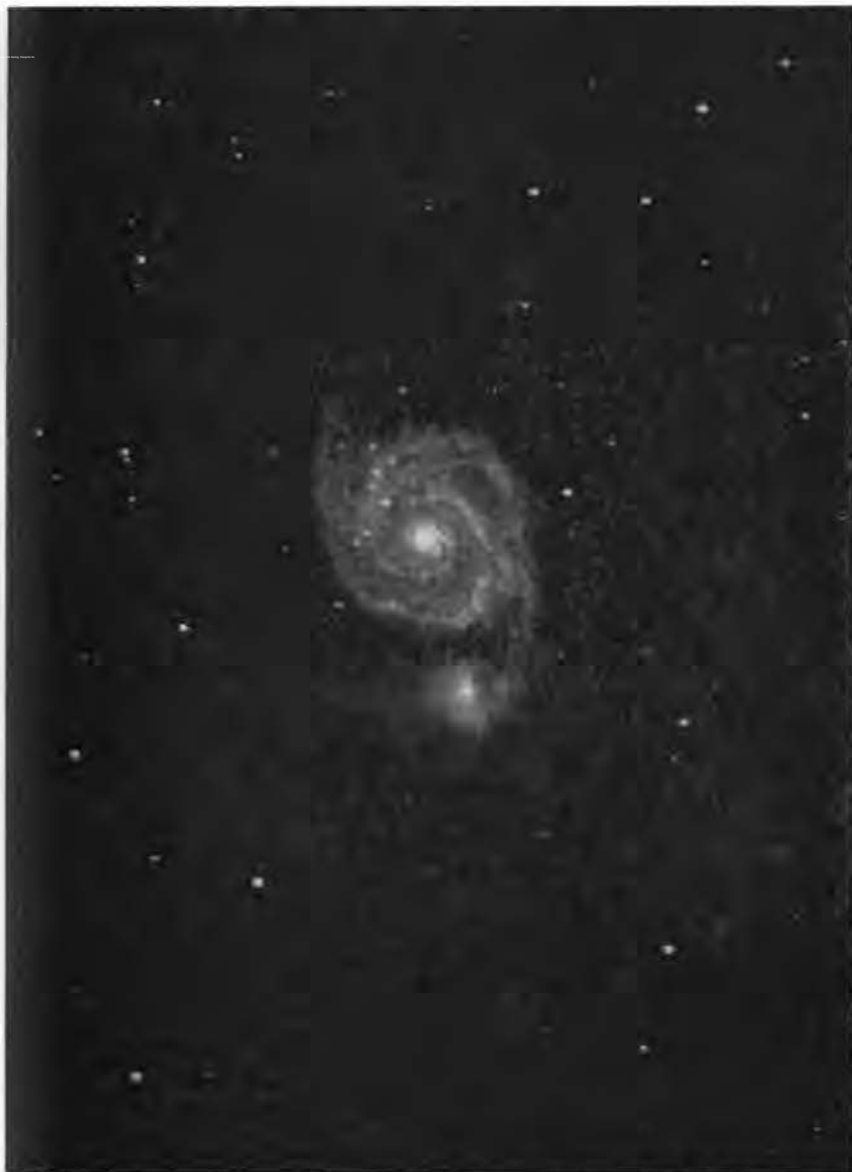
IN one of his poems Robert Browning gives us a picture of a young French sculptor, Jules by name, who, tortured by a cruel deception, is in the clutch of evil and revengeful thoughts. It is his marriage-day and should be a day of great happiness, but thanks to the thoughtless cruelty of so-called 'friends,' it has been turned into one of extreme wretchedness. His hopes, thoughts, ideals, plans — everything — are in a muddle; he is in a state approaching moral ruin and despair when — Pippa passes. And this is the name of the poem: *Pippa Passes*, for on the passing of Pippa, with her happiness and her songs, the entire action turns.

Pippa is a child of the silk-mills, a poor little factory-girl of Asolo, in Trevisano, Italy. Her life is spent, as she tells us in the poem, "in wearisome silk-winding, coil on coil," with but a single day's holiday in the entire year. But that day comes at last, and she plans to spend it in a quest for happiness. As the surest way to attain it (so she thinks) she plans to pass by the door of "the four happiest people in Asolo," merely to come close to them: happiness seems to her such a wonderful thing! One of these must, she thinks, be the artist Jules, and as she passes his door she is singing.

It was only a little song, about castles and maidens and queens, their pages and "hawks with their jesses" — just a little picture out of feudal days; and Jules had doubtless modeled fancies drawn out of similar pictures many times, as artists do. So that it could hardly have been the song itself that stirred the despairing man so deeply — for he was stirred. In fact, he was lifted

right out of a black psychology of evil thoughts into an atmosphere of brotherliness and aspiration. He rises, puts aside thoughts of revenge and even determines to turn away from his former paltry ideals of art and seek a new and higher one, saying:

"I wanted *silence* only — there is *clay* everywhere." There is a whole philosophy of life in those simple



Lick Observatory

Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

### A SPIRAL NEBULA IN THE NORTHERN SKY

One of Nature's mighty workshops, a universe of suns coming into being. Despite its vast magnitude, to the naked eye this vortex is invisible.

I got a letter from the manager offering my old job back again. I didn't like the idea, but just to discipline myself to do what was personally unpleasant I took the position. From that time I never looked back."

He was a fine type of man, one who inspired confidence. I hope to renew his acquaintance later. D.

words. Circumstances hadn't changed for Jules, but *he* had changed. Instead of looking at his life and its wretched muddle from the dark valleys of rebellion and despair, he climbed up into his soul towards those higher places where one can look at one's life *from above*. The life was the same, and so were the circumstances — but Jules had found a different point of view, and it made just the difference for him between the black pit of despair and radiant heaven.

Is it any different with the rest of us? Isn't it just the same, always? We are sculptors in life, everyone of us, in one or another degree of mediocrity or perfection. There is never lack of 'clay' with which to work; never is there lack of material, for that is all about us, everywhere, in every trifling incident or event. The real lack is for the moment of pause, the *silence*, that the song of the soul, in passing, may be heard — just the moment of silence, in which to climb and uncover the larger view.

One of the keynotes of philosophy in every age is *the sovereignty of the soul*. Whatever may be the circumstances in which we find ourselves, however disheartening the environment in which we are placed, however strident or despairing the note sounding in our hidden lives — be sure that these things are just the soul's material, its 'clay,' to fashion forms of strength and beauty from. And "clay is everywhere." Let us write it upon the tablets of our hearts: there is no lack of material at any time; the lack is in ourselves.

History is filled with accounts of those who have taken hold of the most discouraging sort of material in the shape of untoward circumstances: poverty, sickness, disgrace, ignominy — every last thing that you and I would strenuously avoid as 'clay' for our sculptor-work in life — and from it have produced forms of strength and beauty both. The worlds of literature, discovery and invention have been enriched by their skill and they have done self-forgetting deeds of heroism, spirituality and love, deeds immortalized in the memories and the hearts of men. So precious are they to that greater, celestial sculptor that we call the Soul of the World, these deeds, that the memory of them is more imperishable than marble, stronger than statues of bronze.

And all that is wanted to make this possible is "silence only" — that is, a silencing of thoughts and things that are revengeful or cruel, petty or mean, a quieting down of fret and worry, of selfish effort and strain. For this sort of silence is an open door, through which will come trooping, if only we will let them, whole legions and armies of celestial helpfulness, dowered with fine energies and new light, eager and able to bring us to our strength. No matter what the circumstances or hardships of our life, all things, all hardships, all environments, are material for the work these inner powers, latent in us all, can do. Everything, if only we do not act to prevent it, will be material and opportunity for their finest skill.

The weakling and the craven will complain, of course, and say, "Oh, if this or that were only different, what wonderful things I would do!" Perhaps! But things *do* become different, again and again — for the wheel of life *keeps on turning* — and yet these 'wonderful things,' somehow, we never see produced! As philosophy has always pointed out, what folly to think that a man is bettered in any substantial way by merely a change in his environment, while *he* remains the same! We carry ourselves with us wherever we go, and if that fact darkens every situation, whose is the fault? And if we suffer because of it, isn't the remedy plain?

No, if our life isn't what we would like it to be, the first thing to set about changing is *ourselves*. We must wake up, to start with, and then determine to be no longer the tyro or the clod but the *artist in life*, able to take whatever material comes to hand and shape from it something splendid and worth while. To the hand of the true sculptor, the real statuary, "there is clay everywhere." NUMBER 2750



### The Two Selves

HOW often have I been puzzled over the many changes constantly taking place in my own nature, changes which affected my whole outlook on life!

Sometimes there would be a sense of the unity of all that lives and a realization that I was an inseparable part of the Soul that lies back of all the material world which we see about us. At such times a feeling of peace and harmony would come over me. I would have a sincere and earnest desire to do some good in the world, to help all who were suffering, and to radiate the joy which I felt within myself. Then suddenly the urgent desire for personal gratification of some kind would sweep over me and I would be lost in the anticipation of the pleasures which to many seem to be all there is in life. However, I always found that to attempt to gratify these desires was as foolish as the squirrel's attempts to get somewhere by revolving the wheel in his cage. It was simply a never-ending round of gratification and satiety leading always to disappointment and weariness.

After each breaking away from what I gradually began to call my inner, true self, I would return to it with a firmer resolve to remain in it in spite of all the temptations to which my other self was constantly trying to induce me to yield. Each refusal to be beaten, I found, made me stronger and gave me the sense of self-respect, whilst every time I yielded my power of resistance was weakened and instead of self-respect I had self-contempt and remorse.

Thus in studying the many changes in myself, I found that there were really two distinct selves in me:

the lower, the seat of the never-to-be-satisfied desires and impulses which, if they are gratified, lead to suffering and misery; and the Higher, the seat of all that is ennobling, the Divinity which is the source of life in all beings and which if we will rely on it for guidance will give us the strength to overcome our lower natures; for as Katherine Tingley has said: "The knowledge that we are Divine gives us the power to overcome all obstacles, and dare to do right."  
— B. V.



"EVERY idea that you have, every thought, affects your brain and mind by its impression. That begins a cycle. It may seem to leave your mind; apparently it goes out; but it returns again under the same cyclic law in some other 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 that it would do good for everyone to remember, especially those who have variations of joy and sorrow, of 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 some difficult subject 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



### The Better Way

Edgar Guest in *Detroit Free Press*

IT is better to lose with a conscience clean  
Than win by a trick unfair;  
It is better to fail and know you've been,  
Whatever the price was, square,  
Than to claim the joy of the far-off goal  
And the cheers of the standers-by,  
And to know down deep in your inmost soul  
A cheat you must live and die.

Who wins by a trick may take the prize,  
And at first he may think it sweet,  
But many a day in the future lies  
When he'll wish he had met defeat.

For the man who lost shall be glad at heart  
And walk with his head up high,  
While his conqueror knows he must play the part  
Of cheat and living lie.

The prize seems fair when the fight is on,  
But save it is truly won  
You will hate the thing when the crowds are gone,  
For it stands for a false deed done;  
And it's better you never should reach your goal  
Than ever success to buy  
At a price of knowing down in your soul  
That your glory is all a lie.



### Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by Mme. Katherine Tingley in 1911 "for the benefit of prisoners and others whether behind the bars or not." The publishers, The International Brotherhood League, following out Mme. Tingley's plan since the establishment of this little paper, have distributed, and continue to distribute, every month, several thousand copies free, without money and without price, among prisoners in all the Federal Prisons, most of the State Penitentiaries, and many of the County Jails in the U. S. A., sending also a large number abroad.

The whole expense of publishing and mailing is borne by the International Brotherhood League — no subscriptions being accepted from men in prison.

In addition to this free distribution there has gradually grown up an increasing list of subscribers. It is a maxim of New Way philosophy that helpful pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure, and we hope also profit, we ask you to share that pleasure and that profit with others by getting them to become fellow-travelers with you along the New Way. Send us the names of your friends that we in turn may send them sample copies. By helping to increase our subscription list you will help to make a wider distribution of THE NEW WAY among those who are less fortunate than we and who find themselves deprived of their liberty and behind prison bars.

Another suggestion. What better way to begin the New Year than to start your travels on the New Way, or if already traveling thereon to get others to join you. It will add to your joy and to theirs.



THE NEW WAY. Subscription price (Domestic), Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Foreign Subscriptions per year \$1.00. Five subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten subscriptions for \$5.00.

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

"DON'T you think men overrate the necessity for humoring everybody's nonsense, till they get despised by the very fools they humor? The shortest way is to make your value felt, so that people must put up with you whether you flatter them or not."

— *George Eliot*

"If we had a keen vision and feeling of all ordinary human life, it would be like hearing the grass grow and the squirrel's heart beat, and we should die of that roar which lies on the other side of silence. As it is, the quickest of us walk about well wadded with stupidity."— *George Eliot*

"FAILURE after long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure."— *George Eliot*

"By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is and cannot do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil, widening the skirts of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower."— *George Eliot*

"I BELIEVE that people are almost always better than their neighbors think they are."— *George Eliot*

"No man ever sank under the burden of today. It is when tomorrow's burden is added to today's that the weight becomes more than a man can bear."  
— *George Macdonald*

"If you do not quarrel, no one on earth will be able to quarrel with you."— *Lao-tse*

"If any one on any one day can make a new man of himself, let him do so every day."— *From the Chinese*

"THERE is nothing but tit for tat in this world, though sometimes it be a little difficult to trace: for the scores are older than we ourselves, and there has never yet been a settling day since things began."  
— *R. L. S.*

WITH invincible trust in the Good Law one may wait assured of final exact justice and every needed opportunity for unfoldment.

CALMNESS is the strength which conquers, and without blows. Silence is its weapon.

CEASING to progress, one runs down towards old age and the grave. Activity is life; inertia is stagnation and death.

"IN nature it is the dull, misty days that are the best growing days."

As the cragged mountains, grim and cruel, become translucent and tender in the restfulness of evening, so is life to those passing from it toward the heights.

"YOU are not in charge of the universe; you are in charge of yourself. You cannot hope to manage the universe in your spare time, and, if you try, you will probably make a mess of such part of the universe as you touch, while gravely neglecting yourself."

— *Arnold Bennett*

"EFFORTS are always successes. It is a greater thing to try without succeeding than to succeed without trying."

"DON'T put your wishbone where your backbone ought to be."

"I AM not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to the light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right — stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong."

— *Abraham Lincoln*

"YOU mark my words — it ain't never no use puttin' up yer umbrel till it rains."— *Alice Hegan Rice*

"USEFULNESS is the rent we are asked to pay for room on earth, and some of us are heavily in debt."  
— *Dorothea Beale*

"UNLESS you are deliberately kind to everyone you meet you will be unintentionally cruel every day of your life."— *Ruskin*

"Do little things as though they were great things, and you will live to do great things as though they were little things."

"It is not so often the greatness of our trouble as the littleness of our own spirit which makes us complain."— *Jeremy Taylor*

"WHEN God shuts a door he opens a window."  
— *Italian Proverb*

"It's no use to argue with the inevitable; the best argument with an east wind is to take an overcoat."

"ONE can go a long way after one is weary."

"CHARACTER is made of small duties faithfully performed, of self-denials, of self-sacrifices, of kindly acts of love and duty."— *Emerson*



Special Edition  
for Soldiers and Sailors

"And the Flame of the Heart's alight  
In the man that tries with his might."

Please Handle with Care  
And Pass on to Another

# 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  
Point Loma, California

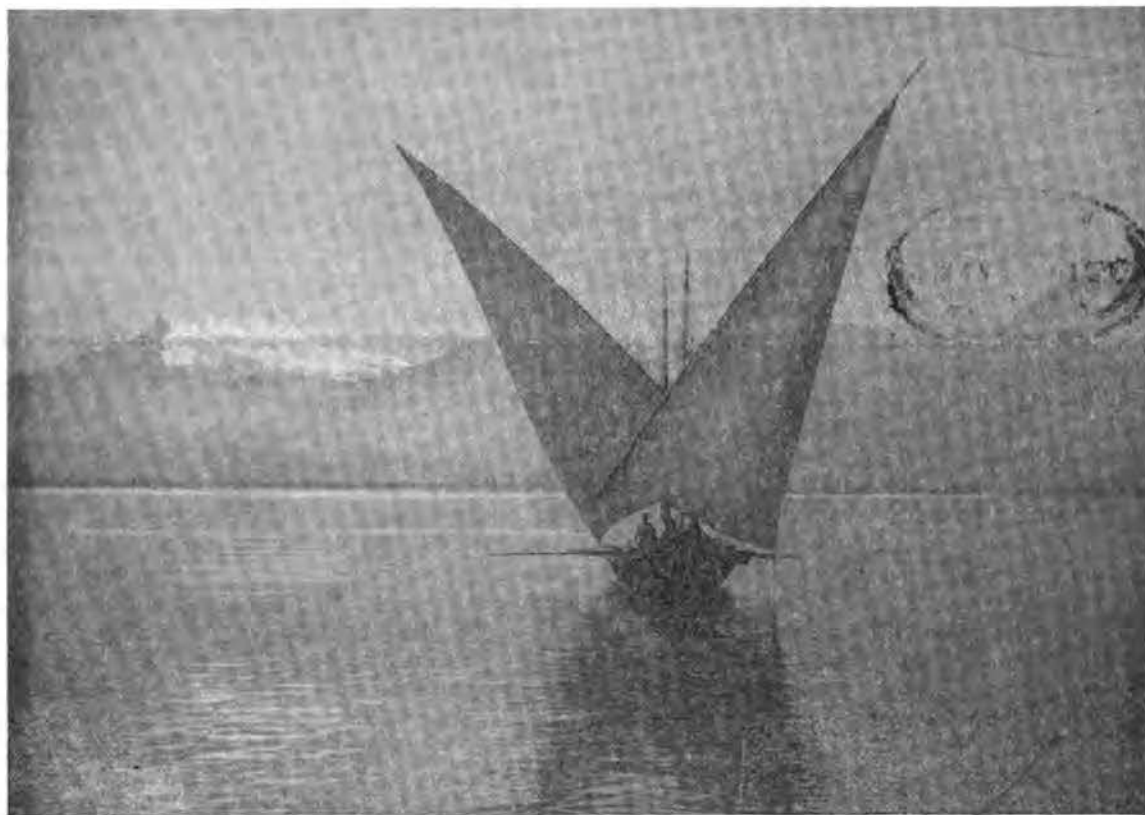
EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

Copyright 1921 by Katherine Tingley

VOL. X

DECEMBER 1921

No. 12



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

## FISHING ON LAKE GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

(How did the fish get there?)

### The Two Paths

OUR minds have been turning out some pretty fair thoughts last month and so all our boys are looking forward to Christmas with the idea that "somethin' is goin' to happen" and that sets up a feeling of goodwill for all the folk, here in camp and everywhere else.

A new man came into the mine last week. He

looked as though he was all tired-out and quite ready to 'turn in,' and I took him to be mighty sick, and thought he needed a doctor. But after a while we got acquainted and after supper when we went out on the porch to smoke, I said:

"How do you like this place up here in the mountains, where you can find God's fresh air, and there is not so much cussedness going on as there is

down in the big cities where you came from?"

"Well," he said, "You have just hit it. This is what I like. I can breathe and sleep and work and eat better: there is nothing like being near Nature."

This kind of talk set me to thinking and I decided that after all life was a great mystery; and if we were not so darnedly stupid and selfish we'd dig into our own natures in order to find out what all this mystery means. I never could get out of my head that we all are something more than we seem. I have had ideas that never stopped moving until they reached to the stars, and sometimes I seemed to go up with them, but I never stayed there long, because there were so many things to pull me down.

One day I was down at our little library, which is made up of books sent in by people interested in helping a feller along, and there I read something about the two natures in man. "Well," says I to myself, "this is a thing that you want to get at, old man. You don't do enough thinking and you're all wrapped up like the men down there in the city, fussing with worries and doubts, and their minds all the time on the almighty dollar."

Last Sunday night, while I was reading this new book that was called 'Helpful Thoughts Along the Way,' I saw my neighbor, the young man I had been talking to, looking mightily discouraged, and reading the Bible. "Well," says I, "this feller's right out of the church, and after a while he's goin' to begin to preach to us." Well, we didn't like that. We folks up here have seen enough and heard enough of humanity to know there is not much good in preaching unless the preacher's got a heart, and then he has got to give us something out of it to make us clear-headed.

While I was looking at the feller with the Bible, I saw him smile and then he turned round and said:

"Look here, what do you make out of this? I cannot find it in the Bible; but an awful good man whom I met on the train, and who had lost his son in the war, was talking about Jesus, and this man, with tears in his eyes, was saying how godlike man was, and how godlike he could become. He said that somebody had told him that Saint Thomas had said that Jesus said in about these words: 'I am with the child when it is seven years of age, and I stay with it, and at fourteen years of age I manifest.' Well, I could not get anything out of that and so I was wondering what you thought."

"Well," says I, "according to the little I have read on the subject of man and his possibilities, he is two in one. It looks to me like this: that when a little critter is first born he is just like a little animal, just common instincts, but if he has lived before he must have brought something along with him some kind of memories of his past, though they're not very clear; and it is just that time, from the time he is born up to the time he is seven years of age, that he is awfully alone, although he may have a good mother and

father, and be brought up on sweetmeats and affection. And then," says I, "it strikes me that that is just the time he ought to be eddicated. There is some good wisdom that could be put into that child because its little mind is so fresh and will take on an impression so easily. That is the time to help the growth of the child. Do I scare you, mister, with the big words?"

"Oh, no," said he with the Bible, and looking at me encouragingly. "Oh, no, you are talking sense."

"That is a good idea to put into the minds of our men in the mines and them that are behind the bars. Just think about it. You can see there is something inside us at work which we don't understand. And then Christ says: 'At fourteen I manifest.' Well, that is, the boy commences to be a man, and much of the mysterious side of things is commencing to manifest. It is then that we can study the human being from both points; and it is then that many a feller starts wrong — that is, from the lower side of his nature. Now it is just from that time that a feller needs a guide. If he has not found that he has got his two selves why he is just as sure as the sun shines to get off on the wrong track, and make his mistakes. Because he does not know who he is, and does not know what a power is within him, and he does not know that the spirit of eternal life has been with him all these years, from the time he was seven.

"That is what Christ meant. Christ did not mean that just Christ, the man, would be with him, and he did not mean he was a son of God in the ordinary sense as some folks say. It was the true Christ-spirit he was trying to teach — the great truth of the Great Life, and so on.

"Well, I blunder, I can see, but possibly you can get the meaning of what I am trying to say; you may get some new ideas. I am on the path, trying to see things cheerfully; I may not be doing anything else, but I haven't time to tear down my neighbors and discourage them. You may build your castles in the air for yourself, but life is serious. But here's something I read in a book years ago. It caught me so that I sat down and wrote it out, and I found it in one of my coat-pockets tucked in with a plug of tobacco. It's this: 'Life is a succession of lessons which must be lived to be understood. All is a riddle and the key to the riddle is another riddle. There are as many billows of illusion as flakes in a snowstorm; we wake from one dream to another dream.'

"I have found the difference between the two paths, and as long as I can go on steadily and find my conscience clear at night, I am on the road to something bigger than myself. I will swear to God that when I go to bed I don't feel alone any more. It is a queer kind of feeling, but it's awfully good. And when I was shaving this morning, I found myself smiling, just as though the other feller was in behind there, saying: 'I am here.'

"Now why would not that idea be a good sermon

for all the fellers that are down and out? I believe that there is a big feller in each of us that wants to help others and wants to keep a man on the right path. Some people will call it conscience, but I have got a new idea about it. I think the bigger self is the feller that has stayed right there all the time since the boy was seven, and when one is trying to go forward along the right path, if he meets anything that interferes with his ideas and they are right ones, why he jumps over it; and then if something comes up in the way of temptation, why he knocks it out, and on he goes.

"Some of them ancient books that I found in a library in one of the towns I was stopping at, talked about how the ancients, hundreds of years before Christ was born, were enlightened because they led simple, honest lives, and kept their minds clean, and stood up and did something."

Well, my Bible friend, he patted me on the shoulder and said: "Well, I have been suffering pretty severely from dyspepsia, but I am going to eat that second-class boarding-house food with relish now, for I have got something helpful that will last me for a week or so."

And then I took my pipe and sat down under the trees to commune with my inside friend, and tell him how glad I was I could just say a few words to cheer a feller up. But I was not satisfied with that, so I hollered to my Bible friend as he went down the road: "When you get tired and want some more, just come around." And then thinks I, "Yes, that is the gold in life — Truth is the gold in life, and Love is the power, and Charity is the sweet sign of the soul."



### Say "No" at the Start

"WHY don't you let yourself go, sometimes, Sam? Help us to warm up the old town tomorrow."

Sitting around the camp-fire, we had been 'joshing' Sam about his refusal to go along with us to town on pay-day. Sam was the oldest and most respected man in the camp, and had helped many of us with his level-headed advice.

There was a twinkle in Sam's eye. "Are ye goin' to put bridles on yer hosses when ye start into town tomorrow?"

"Why, of course! Don't be silly!"

"Why don't ye try lettin' 'em go, sometimes: see if it helps to warm up the old town."

"Now, what are you getting at, Sam? A horse is no good to anybody unless it is bridled."

"Jest so! And I'm goin' to keep hold of this horse of mine that's called a body, and not start it to runnin' me around the town at its sweet will."

We felt we were losing ground, so tried a different line of attack.

"What an angelic kid you must have been, Sam, to have accumulated so much wisdom since that time! You must have been mother's pride and father's joy,

and the hope of the village. How old were you before you had your curls cut off?"

This seemed to tickle Sam. He chuckled reminiscently and refilled his pipe — a sign to us that he had something lengthy to say.

"Why, I was a real softy as a kid: well-meanin' but with no backbone of my own. Liked to be petted plenty. My mother used to mollicoddle me somethin' fearful, and my dad used to apply what he called a 'counteracting influence' by near knocking my head off."

The old man laughed quietly to himself as he let his thoughts run back. "Things got too warm for me — or else my head was gettin' summat loose. Anyhow, I was gettin' fair addled between the two of them, so I plucked up courage and ran away. Spent all I had on a ticket that took me about fifty miles into the country, and stayed that night under an old tipped-up cart. How I did blub through that night!"

Sam roared at the memory, and we joined with him.

"Next morning, as I was sittin' on the cart, and feelin' pretty glum, along came a chap not much older than myself. He says, 'Hullo, sissy! Has mumsey gone and left ye?'

"In them days I couldn't take a josh, and I fired up hot and strong. But he only looked me over like I was a curious insect, and says, 'Better come along o' me. I'm startin' work on the next farm, and they want more hands.'

"Well, that suited Sammy. Someone to lean on, d'ye see? So I swallowed my dignity an' went. We got on first-rate at the job. The hard work in the open air did me good, and Kelly, my mate, was used to it. At the end of the month we took our pay into the nearest town (at Kelly's suggestion) and 'let ourselves go,' as you boys call it.

"Kelly showed me lots of ways of doing the town, and it was great for a while. But after a time I began to feel downright ashamed o' these bouts. Couldn't understand, either, why the boss didn't fire me. Kelly was a tough, but I took quite a while to straighten up after a jaunt to town. Was gettin' dull and gloomy, too, an' used to muddle my work.

"Why didn't I pull out of the gang? Frightened of bein' unpopular; frightened of bein' called 'sissy.' When I hung back, they joshed me into going. But things got so bad with me that I went to the boss and told him I was goin' to leave.

"He was a quiet, observin' man, and he knew just what was the matter. He didn't give me any quiet, fatherly advice like you read about in books. No; he blew me up for not havin' a spine of my own and wantin' to run away from trouble. It was such a novelty to be called 'sissy' for *going* with Kelly and the gang instead of 'sissy' for *not* going, that it kind of gave me a new point o' view, and I left the boss with my ears red and tinglin'. I hadn't left the job, though. Things were quiet for a couple of weeks.

"After next pay, Kelly says, 'Come on, Sam; we're waitin' for ye.' But I'd been doin' some tall thinkin' since the boss had his say, and I answers, good and solid, 'I ain't going any more, Kelly; I'm through with yer.' Kelly says, 'Yes, yes, the road is muddy, an' ye might spoil yer frock' — and a lot more josh o' the same sort. But when he found I didn't come across, he got nasty, an' he says, 'Kid, I'm going to drag ye to town.' And he could have, too; he was a lot bigger than me. But the boss was near by — somehow, I think he meant to be — and he says, quiet-like, 'Let him alone, Kelly.' And then, 'Kelly, come up for yer money. Yer fired.'

"Next day I started in to thank the boss. He cut me short, and says, 'Ye chump, I'd have sacked Kelly long ago if ye had straightened yer spine earlier.'

"Oh, I forgot to say that my dad knew where I was all the time. He'd arranged with the boss to keep an eye on me.

"Well, I'm going to turn in, now. If any o' you chaps like to come to my place over the hills for the week-end I've got a dozen new records just out from town, and plenty of eats for ye all." D.



### Mind-Mastery

WHEN you take your dog out for a walk he's with you, of course, when you start and with you when you come back; with you also for a moment a hundred times in the course of the journey. But in betweenwhiles he's doing a multitude of things you will not consciously notice, stirring up a rabbit, trying to run a bee down, suspiciously nosing a frog and losing himself in the wheat-field over the hedge. Now and then he'll make trouble for you in the way-side farm-yard chasing a hen or getting into a fight with the farm dog.

Four kinds of behavior! — when you call him and he comes up and attends to you for a moment: when he's doing a lot of momentary things about the road and hedges that you just absent-mindedly notice without knowing that you are noticing: when he's out of your sight in the field the other side of the hedge: and finally when he's doing something — as in the farm-yard — that may get you into a good deal of trouble and for which you may have to pay.

It is curious how very like that dog our minds are. They do just the same four sorts of things, but whereas the dog has his own private supply of energy, the mind draws all the time upon its owner's and keeps him paralysed for the want of it.

Some part of most men's work is mechanical and routine. It doesn't want much thinking about and the mind accordingly takes the opportunity to run all around, flies about from topic to topic like a butterfly. Now and then comes some little difficulty or

problem requiring a moment's special attention and care. Then the mind is called in from its wanderings, made to attend to what we are doing and give the necessary thought and consideration — and then let loose again.

It proceeds to run around as before, touching in its scattery way upon this and that, usually not staying more than a moment or two upon anything. We hardly notice what these scattery thoughts are, could not remember one of them afterwards — no more worth remembering than the bee-chasing and frog-teasing of the dog.

The dog goes through the hedge and is altogether out of sight in the field now and then.

And so the mind. Besides thinking any number of little thoughts that we *hardly* notice, it thinks many more that we do not know of at all. There are many proofs of that, but none is needed. For as the mind thinks some thoughts that are intensely vivid and attractive, and some that are less so, and some that are quite casual and commonplace, and some that are so faint and pale and momentary that we can hardly be said to notice them at all — so, obviously, there must be many more that we actually do *not* notice at all, that are quite out of our sight, 'over the hedge,' or too quick and transitory. And this lot is a thousand times more numerous than all the others put together.

And lastly, the mind will often stray into other peoples' yards and do a lot of mischief there for which, sooner or later, we shall have to pay. We never think harshly or contemptuously of some other man without that happening.

A dog has other tricks too, in some cases. There are days, for instance, when our dog is in a bad humor and snaps at the legs of some innocent passer-by and even at all passers-by.

And then again, in his casual nosings into the hedge he may stir up a wasps' nest and we may have a quite lively time for a while. Don't you know that as your mind thinks along, in its casual, scattery way, it may suddenly throw up a thought or a memory that will be like a gnawing neuralgia for the rest of the day and perhaps the night too?

The consequences of all this behavior on the part of our minds are really very serious and half sterilize our lives. For the mind is never at command long enough to allow us to make a perfect accomplishment of anything. If the energy expended by the dog in the course of our morning's work could be drawn in and concentrated it would perhaps suffice to drag a two-ton truck! And the energy (of a higher sort) expended by our minds as they flit about in the course of our ordinary morning's work would probably suffice to learn a language! The mind is properly a servant. But it is not *serving* except at the few moments when it is strictly where we place it — shall we say one-tenth of one per cent. of the time?

Clearly we must take the mind in hand and re-train it if we are going to make much of our lives.

The first step is to get into a way of watching it all the time. Don't let it talk to itself. We must not begin to read something or think of something and in ten minutes come to with a start and find that the mind has been off all the time on something else more interesting. When you are looking at something, look at it; when you are listening to something, listen to it. Don't let the mind-jerk off into thoughts of something else that come between you and what you

attend carefully to whatever is in hand. Besides the better doing of that thing — if only making a bed — this habit of close attention will make the eye more observant, the touch and hearing more delicate, the judgment more accurate. All the while, too, the mind is becoming an ever more efficient instrument on every line and a better purveyor to the ever sharpening memory. Happiness lies this way. For not only is there the sense of progress, but life under any conditions becomes interesting. Disturbing thoughts and memories are prevented from intruding.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

#### ROTHESAY CASTLE, SCOTLAND

Peaceful enough now in their picturesque decay, these old ruined castles of Europe must have plenty of memories of strenuous by-gone times to dream over, haunting yet the stones of their great walls.

are attending to.

That is the first thing — the habit of attention to what the mind is doing, which is fellow to the habit of making the mind attend to what *you* are doing. It is the first step to acquiring the power of dismissing instantly all wrong impulses, all objectionable or dangerous lines of thought. For ordinarily, we are often far out on one of these lines or in the grip of one of these impulses before we have really noticed what is happening.

And along with that slowly acquired habit — though a week will produce very encouraging results — is the habit of keeping the mind upon whatever we are doing. There is always a better and a best way of doing the simplest thing. Find it. Make the mind

A bit of bare, sterile soil looks uninteresting enough. See it with the microscope and you have opened to you a new world with a life you knew nothing of. And a trained mind looks at the previously sterile and uninviting present with a microscope (of another sort) and finds it full of unsuspected life and possibilities of growth. Man is naturally a growing creature and there is no limit to his possible growth, no conditions in which he cannot accomplish some growth.

We think of old age as sterile. It will never become so nor growth ever cease through its years if we have learned how to work with our minds. New ways are always opening out. And the way lies in mind-mastery, in serenity, and in good-will to all. STUDENT

### Keeping a Diary

THERE'S Jim, at it again." — "Say, Jim, old boy, what good do you get anyhow, out of that infernal scribbling?" —

It was the noon hour, the first sunny day for weeks, and the 'hands' of the big factory, from the foreman down to the little fellow who cleaned the windows and mopped the floor, were out in the yard, enjoying to the full the glorious warmth that seemed to make their very bones feel good. Some were taking an after-dinner snooze, while the rest smoked and just talked a bit when the spirit moved them; but Jim just sat off in a corner on an up-turned barrel, pencil and book in hand. At the question, he looked up.

"Well, fellows, you see it's kind of like this: some of us takes to one thing, and some to another. Now, Bill over there was just made for playin' the fiddle; it's meat and drink to him; Ned ain't happy without he's whittlin' away at somethin' with his jack-knife, and Bob's all for foolin' with machinery; and me, why, seems as if I just had to keep a diary."

"But what do you put in it, Jim?"

"Oh, well, thoughts about life, mostly, and things in general. Oftentimes when I'm workin', a new idea pops into my head right out of somewhere, just the way those sunbeams come floatin' down through the air; then, first chance I get, I write it down, 'cause then it comes easier to think of it again. And it helps a lot. Now, I ain't much of a talker, but if you don't mind listening to me a couple o' minutes I'd like to tell you about an idea I got this mornin'."

"Fire ahead, Jim, you've got the floor."

"Well, it seemed to me, that in a kind of a way we was all writin' diaries — I mean in our lives, only we mean to write down one thing, and it comes out another. Do you catch on to that?"

"I guess you're just about right, Jim. When I was a kid I could ha' been at the top o' my class easy, and sometimes I wanted to awful bad, but I just didn't study; so here's my mother's son, spelling failure, and doomed to be a factory-hand all his life."

"Yes," said 'Fiddlin' Bill,' "there's somethin' in that. I set out to be a real violin player, and teacher she always said I'd make a name for myself — but somehow I didn't."

"And I always meant to save up and do somethin' real nice for mother; she was a good mother to me; but somehow I never did; and now she's gone."

"Seems to me we've all got the right pattern somewhere inside of us; not right on top inside, but way down underneath, only we don't use our will to make ourselves follow it. Makes you feel pretty cheap when you look at what you've made of your life and then think what you wanted to make of it."

"Yes, but you know, boys, I read something the other day about another chance — not this time, but next time; and I believe it's true, because I've been

thinking about it pretty hard. What's life for, anyway, if we can go just so far and no farther, and then comes the end? If we can't ever finish what we've begun, then there's not much use in anything. So I made up my mind not to bother about what I meant to do, but to keep on doing the best I could every day; then when the next chance comes, next life if you will, I'll be better able to make the best of it."

"There," said Jim, "didn't I tell you there was some use in keepin' a diary? And if it doesn't come out the way you want it to, why just keep on accumulatin' will-power by doin' all the little things you don't like to, and you see if next time it don't come easier. A man don't always have to write things down to keep a diary. He can keep it by takin' a look over himself at his regular diary time and notin' where he fails to measure up to his own standard. Top of the page, every page, he's got his standard, his ideal of his rightful self. Down the page he makes a note of where he fails to answer to what's at the top. Doin' that day by day he slowly finds that more and more strength comes to him, and at last what's down the page and what's at the top answer to each other letter for letter, and then? Then he finds he's written down a *higher* standard! And so it goes on. No end to the heights a man can reach, more and more Light all the time. Keep your diary, boys!" F. S.



### A Letter

DEAR BOB: IN your last letter you told me to tell you about good old Cachett. Well, at the trial we did our best for him and managed to get his sentence reduced five years. You know of course what a baseball fan Cachett is; you can call him no end of hard names and he would only smile sweetly at you, but if you made the slightest insinuation that the New York Giants were not the best team in either league then you'd better look out for trouble. You also know that he and Joe were the best pals ever, only Joe was just as stuck on the Cubs as Cachett was on the Giants, and they both of them quarrelled often enough about baseball. Their last disagreement, which ended so fatally for Joe, started from a peaceful enough discussion as to the merits of the battery, then to heated talk and from that to blows. They were standing where the old National Bank Building burned down last year and the ground was being dug out for a new building. Cachett struck Joe and sent him crashing through the flimsy rail protection. A gang of men working below rushed to his help, but he was past all aid. To say that Cachett had lost his temper and struck a man would seem ridiculous to one who knows how mild he is; and it sure was a shock to us all.

We boys were discussing the matter at the office



today. Usually our talk is no different from the kind we used to have in your days but today we were considerably sobered up and we let ourselves out a little more to each other. You remember Hanover? Well, he put up about the best argument of the whole lot, it satisfied me considerably anyway. He said that every man is off his mind on one point. Some more than others of course, but there is always a favorite pet idea that will demand (and usually get) due respect and attention — it may be anything from two lumps of sugar in his coffee to the theory of relativity. Otherwise he is quite O. K. He said that the man who is always safe is the man who is balanced and equal-minded in his opinion of all things. That he is always happy because he regards pleasure and pain with the same equal-mindedness.

"Go along Jim, you got that out of a book." He admitted it, but would not tell us the name of the book. It sounds strange, doesn't it, that one is happy only when he treats pleasure and pain in the same way.

"Do you mean to tell me, Jim, that when my machine stalls on me a thousand miles from nowhere on a drizzly night that I must have the same feelings about it as when I am driving along Driveway at 35 miles per?"

"Well, next time anything like that happens just out of cussedness take pleasure in getting the best of it and watch results."

He talked a lot of stuff — good stuff too — about this idea of keeping balanced. Said it was as necessary to us as a balance-wheel is to a watch. Say, old man, it set me thinking all right. What's your little pet idea? Never mind all those 'No Thoroughfare' signs he puts around himself, just step in and see what he is like. In most cases he is only a selfish little fraud who doesn't care where he lands you so long as his little plans are not interfered with. It is awfully interesting.

So long,

MARK

### Have Faith in Thyself!

Whittier

WHAT is that the crowd requite  
Thy love with hate, thy truth with lies,  
And but to faith, and not to sight,  
The walls of Freedom's temple rise?

Yet, do thy work: it shall succeed  
In thine or in another's day!  
And if denied the victor's meed,  
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay!

Then faint not, falter not, nor plead  
Thy weakness! Truth itself is strong!

The lion's strength, the eagle's speed,  
Are not alone vouchsafed to Wrong!

Thy nature, which, thro' fire and flood  
To place or gain can find its way,  
With power to seek the highest good,  
Can Duty's holiest call obey! —

Is it uphill going today? Then keep looking up to the top and remember how grandly the view will open out from there.

### Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by Mme. Katherine Tingley in 1911 "for the benefit of prisoners and others whether behind the bars or not." The publishers, The International Brotherhood League, following out Mme. Tingley's plan since the establishment of this little paper, have distributed, and continue to distribute, every month, several thousand copies free, without money and without price, among prisoners in all the Federal Prisons, most of the State Penitentiaries, and many of the County Jails in the U. S. A., sending also a large number abroad.

The whole expense of publishing and mailing is borne by the International Brotherhood League — no subscriptions being accepted from men in prison.

In addition to this free distribution there has gradually grown up an increasing list of subscribers. It is a maxim of New Way philosophy that helpful pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure, and we hope also profit, we ask you to share that pleasure and that profit with others by getting them to become fellow-travelers with you along the New Way. Send us the names of your friends that we in turn may send them sample copies. By helping to increase our subscription list you will help to make a wider distribution of THE NEW WAY among those who are less fortunate than we and who find themselves deprived of their liberty and behind prison bars.

Another suggestion. What better way to begin the New Year than to start your travels on the New Way, or if already traveling thereon to get others to join you? It will add to your joy and to theirs.

THE NEW WAY. Subscription price (Domestic), Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Foreign Subscriptions per year \$1.00. Five subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten subscriptions for \$5.00.

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

## The New Way Quotebook

"WE ought to set up a high ideal at which to aim, for a low one gives a lower result at the expense of the same effort. We should not put before us an aim less than the highest merely because it seems that our success will not be as great as we think it ought to be. It is not so much the clearly perceived outward result that counts, as the motive, effort, and aim. The act which we have done touches us only in mortal life among the delusions of material existence; but the motives with which we live our lives go to make up our greater being, our larger life, our true self."

— *W. Q. Judge*

"No man has a right to say that he can do nothing for others, on any pretext whatever. 'By doing the proper duty in the proper place, a man may make the world his debtor.' A cup of cold water given in time to a thirsty wayfarer is a nobler duty and more worth, than a dozen of dinners given away, out of season, to men who can afford to pay for them."

— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"IN the conquering of the lower self you will remove the barriers that now separate you from the mysteries of your inmost nature. Thus you will know yourself as you really are, and the laws governing your being, and the splendor of the Universal Life. Then we shall all be able to interpret those glorious words of one of the Great Teachers: 'Peace on Earth, and Good Will to men'; for we shall then be the united citizens of the inner Republic of Souls."— *Katherine Tingley*

BROTHERHOOD is the divine fire either active or latent in every human heart and its expression in words and actions is all there is which renders life sweet or endurable. For the mind of itself is cold, hard and repellent, and the soul has need of the heart to make itself felt and known. Why, then, do intelligent beings restrain the expression of brotherhood, as though ashamed of this supreme divine attribute? Is this because it has been so often betrayed? Yet the feeling of brotherhood is our warrant for the presence in us of the Supreme Love, and its expression in word and thought is the condition for the continuance and increase of that presence. "Love ye one another," and so bring the mind into unison with the heart.

"It takes a god to become a man."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"LET not him that seeketh cease from his search until he find, and when he finds he shall wonder; wondering, he shall reach the Kingdom, and when he reaches the Kingdom he shall have rest."

— *'Sayings' of Christ*

"THE tragedy of life is despair; everything is possible to those who have courage."— *Beresford*

THE way in which a man will act in an emergency is determined by his general state of mind and by his previous thoughts. Anything which he has been accumulating in silence is apt to break out in such an emergency. "I do not know what made me do it." "I cannot think why I said it." "Something seemed to get hold of me; but the minute I had said it, I saw my mistake." This is impulse, the result of suppressed broodings, escaping suddenly in an unguarded moment. Had our silent thoughts been of a better kind, our action in the emergency would have been corresponding.

"THERE are limits to growth of body — none to growth of mind."— *Dr. Marvin Dana*

It is a wonderfully inspiring thought that, while in our mental and physical natures we may seem to have approached our limit, yet in our real, spiritual self there is no boundary, no "thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

YES, potentially we are all great, unimaginably so. But until we ourselves clear away the obstructions, that greatness can neither get into action nor even be known to us.

THERE come times when just a slight but positive push in a certain direction would enable us to break through old obstacles and to step out into new light and life.

"NOTHING, to my mind, is such real religion as to live joyously: the purest of joys, to make others happy."— *G. F. Watts*

THE hidden universe behind the visible is a vast motor. An act of rightly directed will on our part is the connecting of our particular vehicle with this great spiritual engine. But how often our clutch slips!

WHEN we live merely the personal life we limit ourselves to the here and now. But when we forget ourselves for the good of others we link our force with the great universal energies which work everywhere and for all time.

WHEN you feel that you have done your very best, and still things are not going as you think they should, it may be that they are not meant to do so — just now, at any rate. So, be happy!

A MIND held firmly to duty has no room for the promptings or appeals of the lower man.

HAVE you, then, been born into conditions calling for a strong man? Then it must be that, potentially at least, *you are that man*.