

For Prisoners and Others  
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

They can  
Because they believe they can.

GIFT  
FEB 17 1922

Please Handle with Care  
And Pass on to Another

# THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

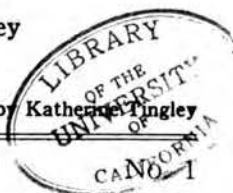
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THE RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY FROM THE EAST: THE MAIN ENTRANCE

International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California: where *The New Way* is published.

## Incarnating

"I WISH I could stop doing those things."

"My dear fellow, you must learn to incarnate and keep incarnated."

"What's that?"

"Study yourself and act on what the study shows you. When the cat's away the mice will play. When

she's half asleep they'll play as much as they think safe. If you'd get awake and keep awake you wouldn't find any doing of those things you wish afterwards you hadn't done. But that's not altogether a good expression, for in a sense you don't do them."

"Who does do them if I don't?"

"We're the cat and mice all in one and the cat part is half asleep — when not downright snoring.

Incarnating is waking up, coming in and taking charge of the situation.

"You saw Doc. Charley in here just now, smoking and swapping yarns with the rest of us with his feet on the table. Happen to be looking at him when Jim had that spell of fainting?"

"Can't say I was."

"Well, he was another man in a moment. Looked different; something different in his eyes. Took charge of the situation, gave the rest of us a few sharp orders, considered a moment over his little medicine-case and selected the stuff he judged right."

"He certainly got on deck."

"That's what I call incarnating. More of him came in, woke up. And the 'mice' that were doing the yarn-swapping and smoking and feet-lazing scurried to cover."

"Where does my case come in in all that?"

"'Multiple personality' — that's a great phrase nowadays. It means that a man is one thing at one time and more or less another at another time. Ever read Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*? There's a case of *more*. You and I and Doc. Charley are cases of *less*. When the Doc. was absorbed in looking after Jim do you think you could have got a funny story through his head? And as for his pipe you saw him step on it and never notice.

"Body, soul and spirit, Paul said we were made of — anyhow he's translated that way. I'd say body, intellect, and soul. I reckon that's what Paul meant.

"Body? Well, feet on table, pipe, funny stories, comfort, a good dinner, pleasures.

"Intellect, the part of Doc.'s make-up that came in and took charge and arranged everything the best way."

"But he might have had all the intellect you like and never stirred a finger. I've known fellows like that: cold as ice except where their own interests were concerned."

"Certainly, 'their own interests,' their own want to have money, mostly, ain't it? Back of which is their want to have comfort and fine things of every sort — to eat and drink, pretty much, likely — or have power. All that selfish lot of stuff comes under *body*. And it will *use* a fine intellect — if there is one — to scheme out ways to gratify itself. That's the part in you that does the things you wish afterwards you hadn't."

"Well, where does *soul* come in?"

"Let's keep to the Doc.; he'll do for the text of this discourse. What moved him so that in a moment he forgot his comfort and started to fix things for Jim? This part *used* the intellect so as to fix things the best way, used the science that was there ready in the intellect when called for. He sat up the other night with that typhoid child, and after a hard day too, and nursed the little fellow as if it was his own.

"Now, I'm not saying that a man shouldn't have

any pleasures, nor smoke a pipe, nor enjoy a good story, nor put the best of his intellect at the proper time into his business. But I do say he should be *all there* all the time, watching, cat awake but letting the mice play so long as their play is all right. He should teach himself to feel all the time — this show is mine, I boss it. That's a strong man. A man's not a strong man because he's got strong desires using a keen intellect to gratify them no matter who suffers or gets left. Would you call a fellow a strong man because he had so almighty strong a desire to smoke that he'd neglect his dying wife to gratify it? You'd say he was a *weak* man, a slave. Well, some of these other fellows, some of the 'big business men,' maybe, are run just that way, only that the desire is different. Weak men, all the same, though we call them strong: weak because they're run. And just as you regret afterwards some of the things you do, so these fellows, when they come to die and look back along their lives after all's still and they seem dead, so these fellows will regret that they let their lives be run by one master desire and wish that they'd awaked, come in, come on deck, incarnated, felt *themselves* instead of feeling only the desire, and lived the kind of self-ruled life, compassionate, service-full, others-helping, that we all know and recognise as the highest. Keep awake, I say. Learn to feel when you're being run; come in and stay in as *soul*. Tie up your intellect to the soul. For that's the only way for a man to know himself as immortal.

REPORTER

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### Behind the Bars but Free

IT was Sunday afternoon in the yard and I was pushing my way to get to a 'fish' in order to pass the time of day with him. A 'fish' of course was just our name for a new arrival at the prison. He was hardly more than a boy and he was plainly worried over his striped suit and the loss of his freedom. "Fifteen years for rolling a drunk," he said, was the 'package' that the judge had handed him, and the prospect of all that time to be spent like a skylark in a cage had got on his nerves.

Ikey Pennyfeather, an old 'guest of the state,' was walking near and listened in. "Young feller," he said, when the 'fish' had aired his grievances. "I know eggsackly how yer feels about it, but when all is said and done, who is there even outside the bars as is really and truly free, I'd like to know? 'Tis a mighty fine thing to be free; but if there's one in a thousand anywhere that is downright free to do as he wants to, I miss my guess.

"A man wakes up in the morning and his better nature wants to live the day through as it ought to be lived. 'Most everybody feels that way at the start. He wants to eat and drink to keep his body

in working order and not just for the fun of the thing. Well, the first thing he knows, his missus has jollied him into drinking four cups of cawfy and to overload his tummy with waffles just because she made 'em a purpose for him. First go-off, yer see, he's gone and done what he didn't wanter; in fact he's been fooled by his lower nature. All day long he'll get ordered about and made to do the very things that his better nature tells him he didn't ought to do. Don't tell me the fellers walking down Market Street is free — they ain't.

"Now I don't want to talk about myself too much; but I tell you straight that I've had more freedom since I came in here than when I was running about loose. I've got on to my lower nature for one thing and I've learned the trick of putting it in its place as the under-dog, 'stead of letting it lead me around like a bull with a ring in its nose. Many's the time, before I wore my zebra suitings, I'd rap out a cussword without thinking, if my mate trod on my toes, and start a lively argument that 'ud keep us both busy till one or the tother was lying quiet on the grass and both of us that stiff and sore the next day, that staying in bed came a whole lot easier than working. 'Twasn't me that wanted to get into no trouble, not I; it was just that temper-devil inside that I couldn't hold down that started the row. In fact *I wasn't free to do what I wanted to*, but had to take orders from him. See?

"Knew a man some years back who drank like a gold-fish in a bowl, and the doctor told him that if he kep' on he'd go blind, and no two ways about it. 'Well,' says he, 'if that's so, it's a case of good-bye to my eyes then,' and he steadily drank himself blind. I often used to see him tapping his way along Park Row with a stick. D'ye mean to tell me that the feller was free? He didn't want to go blind, you may gamble on that; but he had to take his orders from the booze-devil who had him on a string.

"We had a man here once who went by the name of Nettleship, and he used to read his *New Way* reglar, he did. He got the notion that he'd like to be free inside, even if the state had kind of cut him down on the matter of excursions as far as his outer life was concerned. Well, I know this, that though he was a regular slouch when he came here, he kind of picked up little by little and after a while he got to wearing his stripes as if they were the robes of an emperor, by golly! Yes sirree, he was monarch inside all right and don't you ferget it; and he'd a look in his eyes — just as calm and confident as if he was the ruler of a kingdom. I do believe that a bad thought had no more chance of getting into that man's mind than a razor-back hog has of nosing his way into the State House. He got a strut in his walk as if he was governor here; and he *was* governor in his own perticler little prison — I mean his body of course. A man of that kind is free I reckon, and it makes very little difference whether he's inside the bars or out.

"But there goes five o'clock and I've got to go help lay supper. Of course I takes my orders from the Captain of the Yard; but I'm free to do the work with a smile if I like to, instead of kicking like a mule inside, ain't I?"

P. L.



### A 'River of Hope'

NOW that you have made up your mind to go straight, remember this: no matter what happens to run you off the track and perhaps lead you to break all your resolutions, the moment that you find your brain clearing, start in on the right track again. It doesn't matter if your head feels like mud and you can't think clearly; it's you and your will to go straight that counts.

You'll be thinking: "Does that mean I can go on a jazz when I like and then straighten up?" Don't think about that at all: glue yourself to the fact that you're going to keep straight, and no matter what happens to soak that glue and let you down, you just glue yourself up again.

A good many years ago, three of us banded together, stuck to that plan, and won through. There was Nick Phipps, 'Gentleman Joe,' and myself. Nick had been a scholar once, and Joe a well-to-do business man. We were real tanks, the three of us; but we joined forces in a determination to go straight, and we won out. Yes, we certainly won out.

Nick reckoned that three tanks together ought to start quite a considerable river, so we called ourselves 'The River of Hope.'

It was queer, the way I took up with Joe. I was real down and out, sitting one evening on a seat in the park, when Joe came out of the shadows and stopped in front of me. He was well-dressed and looked well off, but his face gave me the creeps — it was dreadfully gray and hopeless.

He muttered, "You might as well have them," and shoved his wallet and gold watch into my pocket, and went off towards the river.

Like a cur I let him go, trying to persuade myself it was none of my business what he did. I hurried off to get a meal. But I couldn't settle down — his face haunted me; and I left my meal half-eaten and hurried back to the park. Before I got there I was running — and ran into a policeman, of course!

Well, what do you do with a ragged man in a hurry, telling a tale about a man who gave you his watch and wallet?

I ate my heart out for months, wondering what had become of the man in the park, knowing that I could have helped him. Going home one evening a couple of years later, I came across him lying helpless on the sidewalk. Although he was in a shocking state, I felt so relieved at finding him alive I could have

kissed him. I took him home to where I lived with Nick in a flat, and we sobered him up.

Nick and myself had started in on the reform racket then, and we reckoned we could carry Joe along with us. Joe was willing to try. He was a little wisp of a man, smart, but without much will; but we looked after him like a father and mother — it kind of gave us a bigger interest to keep straight ourselves, you see.

Joe used to be quite a success in business. But his trouble was that he was too much for business and neglected his home: married a young woman and thought he was making her happy by giving her everything money could buy. But she got tired of him being always buried in his office, and went off with someone else. That broke him up, and it was the evening he first learnt it that I met him. He had meant to do away with himself, but took to drinking instead.

When I found him he was pretty low down: said he realized he was a fool to take on like he did about his wife leaving him; but he couldn't give up drinking now he had started. But the three of us pulled through all right.

You want to remember this: that when you set out to straighten up, you get help from within yourself. Doesn't do any good to speculate about it; you just put in your punch along the right lines and you get the help. Do your part the best you can and the result will come out all right. E.



### The Value of Limitations

WE often bemoan the fact that we do not have greater opportunities than those now open to us, that we seem to be hampered at every turn. We are sick, we are poor, we have no friends, no rich relations to help us, no great power of body and mind, may even be behind the bars, and feel ourselves proportionately handicapped. We feel that these limitations are wholly against us, stultifying our most cherished hopes, and through this feeling we reduce still more the scant capital we possess.

Suppose an engineer running a train had ignored every danger signal along the route and then was on a track that led to destruction, and he found by some means or other that there was a breakdown in his locomotive just in time to avoid a great and overwhelming disaster,— would he complain? Suppose we look our lives over, see that we had never wisely used our opportunities, learned self-control or developed our intelligence, how should we then feel if at once a great influx of power came to us whilst we still had these same shortcomings, should we be able to make any proper use of it? May not the limitations we complain of be a necessary training in self-discipline and will and endurance before we could make good

use of any larger opportunities that might come to us?

There is only one road to real joy and advancement that is lasting, that is the road of self-mastery and of duty and service in the truest and deepest sense. On that road every effort, even though it looks small, counts for real progress and future happiness. On the other hand, no progress will be made so long as we are only living in a narrow groove which leads to nowhere, complaining of our lot or thinking only of pleasure.

The intelligent laws of this universe are so arranged that we must serve, or no real service can come to us. If we would have sunshine, we must create it and live in the noblest and best of our nature. What would you think of a man who had a grand mansion to live in, and yet would persistently hide in the cellar, and then bemoan the fact that no sunlight came to him?

We are greater than we know, and this hidden greatness does not come from the parent which gave this body birth, but it comes from our being one with the great Parent of all, the Father of all, and in that Fatherhood we are linked with everything that lives. And we have the privilege to be in company mentally with the greatest and noblest beings that ever lived here on earth and no one can shut us out from this companionship. And no matter how dark the moment may be, we may realize that when the summing up in the larger life comes, we shall see that justice and compassion have stood behind everything that really came to us, no matter whether we comprehended it or not.

Let us be mentally busy bringing cheer and hope in every surrounding in which we find ourselves. Then the fog that we so often create will be dispelled by the sunlight of love, and truth and justice will in the end bring to us the great reward of true life in a future, satisfying, grand and noble. THOMAS SEELE



### The Givers

THE Great War was not an unalloyed curse. For it compelled a selfish world to recognise a select class of people whom it had to admire without well understanding the inner springs of their conduct — the Hoovers, Herricks, Whitlocks, and the like of that London scrub-woman who was discovered devoting one-half of her scant earnings to the purchase of milk for the refugee Belgian babies at the railway station on their way to England's hospitable homes.

That war calamity gave thousands of such modest Nobilities their opportunity to express themselves to the world — these love-inspired people of whom Ambassador Page said: "These are the saving class to whom life is a bore unless they are helping somebody," — in this saying identifying himself as one of them. And what a sublime tribute he pays to them in

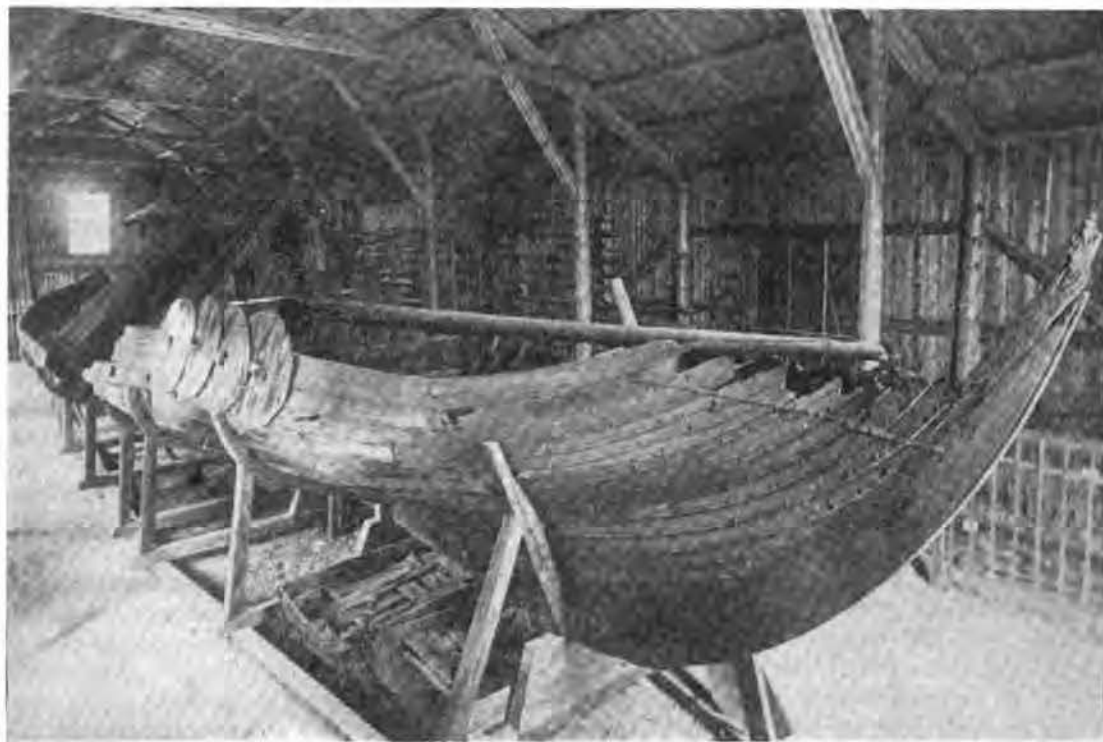


these simple, homely words: "Now there is a quality in the old woman with the baby-bottles, and in Whitlock and Hoover and Herrick, and this English nation which adopts the Belgians — a quality which is invincible. When folks like these come down the road, I respectfully do obeisance to them. They are a hard kind of people to run up against. I thank Heaven that I am of their race and blood."

How the mere mention of these Givers of Them-

heralded and unknown Doers of Things, rescuing the destitute and starving from death, never weary nor defeated, cheery men and women giving, giving, giving themselves! — every bit of bread made manna, so impregnated was it with love.

How everything else in life falls away, insignificant, petty and mean, before such giving of the hearts of simple men and women! How supremely they adorn life and raise it out of the mire of selfishness and greed,



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#### THE VIKING SHIP FOUND AT GOKSTAD, NORWAY

Dating from about the ninth century. It was found in a grave-mound near the coast, and is of the type used on the high seas, measuring 18 feet beam by over 100 feet in length. The rising stern and the dragon-headed prow have been lost. The ship is splendidly designed and the workmanship excellent; and its seaworthiness is attested by the fact that a Norwegian crew sailed an exact duplicate of this vessel across the Atlantic in 1892, proving the possibility of there having been Norse voyages to America before Columbus.

selves stirs the blood, cleansing and sweeping away all that is sordid and ignoble! How the mere thought of what they did brings realization of what is in every warm, true heart, the urge to give itself to the needs which are ever calling on the best in us! How rank and title level *up* into this one and only nobility when these externals are irradiated with this primest virtue, this inner nobility in which the queen and the old woman with her baby-bottles are equals with Hoover with his immense organizing powers; Herrick, great-hearted, freed by opportunity for noble work; painstaking, methodical Whitlock, overcoming every kind of hostile opposition so that each loaf of bread might reach the remotest need of a starved nation! Of one rank with these were thousands of the world's un-

initely inspiring us with the sure hope of the ultimate coming of peace and good-will among men.

Such are these Givers. They who have "lost life to find it," saviors of humanity from itself, lights showing the only way to a new heaven on earth.

STUDENT



#### Ruler and Subjects

I SAT upon a sun-bathed cliff, caressed by the soft breezes that mid-morning brings, an opal blue sky above, the immense sea stretching away to infinity. And as I looked out upon its limitless expanse and

listened to its thunderous messages as they lulled themselves into quieter refrain, a strange peace stole upon me. I felt the riddle of my being resolve itself to its final simplicity; and sky, sea, the waves and the shore whispered to me the secret of life.

I saw the picture of the elements of my human nature as they are compounded in one balanced whole, rightly to function harmoniously under the guidance of myself, who am neither the body, nor the mind of brain, nor the will, but above them, their possessor, with the power to use them as faculties and agents for the living of the rounded and perfect human life.

And I thought, If you could only hold your body and brain obedient to the behests of yourself! For can you say that body and brain are *yourself* when at every moment you can show your power to rule and guide them? When, for instance, you can stop eating after the body's needs have been met, refusing to permit this instrument of yours to be clogged with the wastes of excess? When, waking refreshed as each new day begins, you can refuse to let the reborn energies die down and be drowsed away? When you restrain the mind from its listless wanderings so that vision may be clear, purpose discriminating, and duty well done? When you deny entrance to the moods of dejection and ill-temper? When you call your will into action to compel the faithful performance of some irksome task?

So I saw, clear as the noon-day sun, that the self, I myself, ruler and guide of all these faculties and instruments, is distinct from them and of another nature, divine, enduring, immortal, forever beyond the reach of death; and that the more constantly I held myself to my true dignity as ruler, the fuller would be my realization of my birthright of divinity. This I understood, once and for all.

B. G.

infant; but then the other threads have not yet been woven around it. It exists in deep sleep, though then the other threads have mostly ceased to pulsate with consciousness. It is the *individuality*, while the wrapping threads are the personality; it is the soul; it is the immortal.

It is characteristic of the *I* that as soon as it comes to itself, it begins to reform, to strip off some of the threads and weave on others and better. It then shows its real nature and property. It tries to realize that nature, and its watchword is *opportunity*. Everything becomes opportunity, the whole personal life. Is there temptation to anger? That is opportunity for equanimity. Is there pain? That is opportunity for fortitude. Is there a sensual impulse? That is opportunity for will. Everything that happens or is, within or without, among the threads of character or in the train of events — each and all are opportunity, opportunity to make one step towards realizing and recovering *its own nature*, which is divine; its own powers, which are of the god; its own knowledge, which is of the universal meaning of life and all things.

In other words the purpose of its presence in terrestrial life, at first overwhelmed by circumstance, the world, and the developed personality,— that compound of long or short-lived impulses — is that it may *recover* its own nature, powers, and knowledge, against so much resistance; and therefore have them clearer, stronger and more intensely conscious than they could be to pure untried and unexperienced spirit.

Only when man begins this undertaking, the steps towards *true* self-realization in consciousness and then in lofty action, can he regain the knowledge of his immortality. From the basis of mere intellectual reasoning, immortality cannot be proved. The immortal thread must find itself and then it will know.

STUDENT

### The Mortal and Immortal

AT the center of his consciousness, man feels himself to be himself: as if he should be continually saying there, I am *I*. But he adds something to this *I*. He adds to it a mass of material which changes. He feels himself as *I* to be a little child, looking up to its parents and out to its schoolmates; to be a young man entering life; to be middle-aged; to be old; to be well, ill, handsome, important, deformed, passionate.

The thread *I* persists; these other threads, which are woven all around it, change. And these other threads make up the personality or mask. The outermost of them are his age and personal appearance; the innermost are his 'character.' The character may, by efforts, or by the absence of them, entirely change — in the first case for the better, in the second for the worse. The center thread *I* persists. It exists in the

### It Was not All a Dream

THERE is an old German story of a man who dreamed that he had become a god. He thought his old garments fell away from him and that he moved clothed in light. For him the sun shone with a new and extraordinary glory. The air was alive with light and was filled with scents and with soft melodies as it blew gently amid the trees and houses. As the stars rose he could hear their silvery tones.

It seemed to him that he knew now what life was for, what an inexhaustibly splendid possession it was, and how limitless its possibilities. He also saw that it could never end. The stones in the road glittered and pulsed with life and joy; the blades of grass were jewels and the trees were crowned with tiaras of gorgeous color. He saw that every atom of the stones and every blade of the grasses and every bush and

tree, was a life, a living, conscious, joying thing, moving through the days and years and ages up toward a manhood like his own. He saw that as he passed near them and the light of his robe of light fell on them, and especially when he actually touched them, they pulsed and thrilled with an added joy, and merely for that gained one sudden step of their growth manward and godward.

And then he saw that as he passed people in the street they looked wonderingly at him. They could not *see* his robe of light, but they felt it. With their dim vision he appeared to them as still clothed like one of themselves.

But then he found that if he stopped and spoke with and touched any of them, such ones awoke into gods as he had awaked, and saw and felt all that he saw and felt. With him they lived on a new earth which was yet this one, and looked into a new heaven through the blazing lens of the sun. They still did the common duties of earth, but in a new way, better, completer. And they lived now as it were two lives, one beside or within the other, one of heaven and one of earth. Then he and they, filled with an immense brotherhood and compassion, went about touching as many as would let them; until at last all the world was awake, and the old things had passed away for ever. . . .

But suddenly the dream ended and the dreamer awoke. Yet he would not be denied of his dream. He said:

"This life which we call waking, this is the dream. That which I dreamed was the true, the real. We, gods, move dreaming among shadows and are clothed with shadows and think phantoms. Yet we *are* gods, however thickly veiled and however heavily dreaming, and sometime we shall all awake into that new light and life whereof I, dreaming, partook for one long short hour."

STUDENT

"To work with the universal laws, in harmony with all the best aspirations and ideals of life, is to conquer. In this great process of evolution, intellectual training must of course have its place. Scholastic education is absolutely necessary. But our youth must be taught that their real strength lies in their spiritual will. When the intellect is colored and warmed by the divine light of truth, we have a splendid picture of the perfect balance of all the faculties — physical, mental, moral, and spiritual.

"The boys and girls of the present age are hungry for the truth. They desire to grow and learn and become. But the light is so dim that it often seems to them useless to make the supreme effort. To find the door that will open up their hidden possibilities, the youth must not make the attempt at self-conquest

in a negative fashion. Half-possession of truth creates dissatisfaction. That is why the life of the average youth in our present-day civilization is all awry. The outer aspects of life, with their allurements and false standards of living, help the youth to lose sight of their divine rights as souls. Life requires to be illumined by the inner light, which is kindled by seeking the truth, loving it, and affiliating with it. With this comes a knowledge of the inner meaning of life, which appears at first as a revelation but ultimately manifests itself as entirely rational." — *Katherine Tingley* (from a recent public address).

### 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. 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

"LET no one imagine that it is a mere fancy, the attaching of importance to the birth of the year. The Earth passes through its definite phases and man with it, and as a day can be colored so can a year. Those who form their wishes now will have added power to fulfil them consistently."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"AND he who does one task supremely well,  
However small or hid the ways may be,  
Is serving God supremely; mark you that."  
— *Julia P. Dabney*

"NOT for success alone,  
Not to fair-sail uninterrupted always;  
The storm shall dash thy face,  
The foam shall cover thee over,  
But thou shalt face thy fortunes and surmount  
them all."— *Wall Whitman*

"FEEBLE souls content themselves with wishes;  
great ones have *wills*."— *William Q. Judge*

WHEN the outlook is not good try the uplook.

"THE active man is a mystic when he knows his actions to be part of a greater activity." Let us say, rather, "when he *makes* his actions part of the expression of the Divine Compassion which is ever seeking human agents."

WHAT is there to be gained for self that does not turn to ashes in the desire for yet more? But to give one's self to others opens riches in one's nature which are exhaustless, treasures of ever increasing value, of which one's self is the mine and alchemic furnace, and from which one gains the joy of seeing them bless others also.

EVERYONE starting out in life should remember that the troubles and annoyances he will meet with will be greater than those of anyone else he knows. But in that case he should remember also that he will have more strength to meet them than anyone else he knows.

IF I am subjected to injustice and endure it, then do I raise myself superior to it, and to the one who inflicted it.

THE actions and purposes of others are theirs, and no concern of mine. It is mine which are. These right, then can I go forward with a confidence in ultimate victory.

THE supreme end and glory of man's life would seem to be the attainment of the power to be voice and hands and feet of the great Self of Humanity.

IN choosing between two duties take first that one which most involves the well-being of your fellows.

"YOU can't teach an old dog new tricks." *That depends on the dog!*

"To be unappeased save with infinity,  
This is the doom and heirloom only of man."  
— *K. V. Morris*

THOUGHT for the welfare of others is to a man's whole being what sunlight is to the physical world.

LET a man be assured that he has to become able, some day, to bear everything — and he will meet his present difficulties gladly, welcoming them as they come, as the athlete does his trainer.

GIVING from the heart brings priceless returns, though your gift falls into a pit.

IF, without loss of sensitiveness, I accept with equanimity the things which I endured yesterday with inner disturbance and difficulty, then am I a stronger and better man, though condemned by my fellows as a felon. The Father sees my heart and I am content.

WE spend so much time looking backward at the dead yesterday and forward at the unborn tomorrow that we have little time left for attending to today, the ever-present eternal.

INDECISION is a great ally to a man's lower nature. Once the latter succeeds in establishing in the mind the habit of vacillation, then its empire is secure.

MAN'S body is made of the earth, of which all other living bodies are made. His mind is made of that essence of which all other living consciousnesses are made. His will comes from the universal will. Why, then, shall he not try to feel himself a part of all living things, and part also of that which sustains them, breathes in them, carries them on in their evolution towards the far-off perfection?

THE 'service of man' and what is more or less accurately described as the 'Worship of God' must go hand in hand, until they finally become one and identical.

"No man can choose what coming hours may bring  
To him of need, of joy, of suffering;  
But what his soul shall bring unto each hour  
To meet its challenge — this is in his power."  
— *Century Path*

"REMEMBER that there is nothing in being superior to some other man. The true nobility lies in being superior to your own previous self."— *Sheldon*

For Prisoners and Others  
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

Do all that is possible  
and the impossible will melt away. APR 7 1922

Please Handle with Care  
And Pass on to Another

# THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY  
(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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TEMPLE OF PEACE AND WESTERN CORNER OF THE RĀJA-YOGA ACADEMY

International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

## The Hope of Hop-Along Toby

IT was a day of genial sunshine in fall, and Slim Jim had stopped his cart to deliver the silver-skin onions we had ordered. The business finished, he went on to complain of the neighbor's dog, the high

price of shoes, the scarcity of help, and the gum-boil in his lower jaw, until I began to feel as if life was hardly worth living. The little group of buyers gathered round were at the lowest depths of despondency when Hop-Along Toby stumped up on his crutches, and his good-humored smile upon the as-

sembly was like the sunrise on a foggy morning.

"Why Jim," he said, "you talk like a pessimist. Why can't you look at the bright side of things for a change?" But Jim hung on to his surly disapproval of things in general as a dog does to a bone, and growled out that he'd like to know which *was* the bright side of a gum-boil. "Well," said Toby, "I reckon that a gum-boil is a pretty bad kind of a proposition on all sides of the compass; but I mean that you oughter look at the sunshine of life as well as the shadders. The gum-boil, may be, is a trifle superfluous, but didn't your jersey drop a fine calf the other day? And suppose Dick's terrier did kill your chickens, you got first prize for cauliflowers at the fair anyway.

"I don't mean that a feller should shut his eyes to troubles and try to fool himself into thinking that they ain't there; that'd be plumb foolish, I consider. You've got to take good and bad together in making up your judgment. Now I call myself a optimist, I do, and I hold that everything is going to turn out for the best in this best of all possible worlds. And when I say 'best possible,' I mean the best that can be so long as we and the other mutton-headed donkeys everlastingly break in and spoil the song with our discordant bray.

"I tell yer, what with strikes and revolutions and famines there's trouble enough and to spare and you can't shut your eyes to it; but can't you savvy something out of sight that's always working to put things straight again though there is a heap of fellers working all they know to upset the public apple-cart? Just think of the slaughter going on in Europe only a few years back; but Nature starts right in to clean up, and now green grass and red poppies are waving in the very fields where they fought and skylarks a-singing in the same blue sky where the shells were shrieking and whistling.

"Then too you've got to look ahead and remember that the great wheel of life keeps a-turning and that day follers night and spring flowers are coming on close at the heels of winter. If you was to walk round your garden in December, not knowing that spring and summer were on their way, why I'd give yer leave to be a pessimist if you wanten — dead stalks, bare ground, no flowers to look at and nothing to eat, a dismal hole of a place sure 'nough. But it so happens that you know what's in the ground, all ready to start a-growing so soon as ever spring opens up.

"A whole lot of this yere pessimism is just nothing but ignorance I reckon. There's a small fly that lives for only a day, and one morning after one of these little fellers hatched out, a big thunderstorm come up and everything got dark. The rain fell, the lightning glared and the thunder roared. The day-fly got clean scared out of the little sense he had in his nut and he perched on the ear of a big cow that was busy with her breakfast in the long grass. 'Sis

Cow,' screamed the day-fly, 'the world's coming to an end; whatever shall us do?' But Sis Cow had lived through many a thunderstorm, so she just kep' on saying nothing and went right along with her jaw-work. The day-fly was a pessimist just because he wasn't properly posted on thunderstorms.

"Now I know some young fellers who is optimists simply because they's chockfull of that kind of good spirits that comes from being a healthy young animal that knows nothing of the troubles of others and has none of his own so far; but that ain't the real thing, not by a jug-full. That's nothing but the consequence of a good digestion and ignorance of life I say. Now I'm a cripple, on the wrong side of fifty, and an old jail-bird, and my last jolt robbed me of everything, and now I'm worrying along and trying to get ahead of old age. I sure have seen a peck of trouble; but I also know there's a river of hope that bubbles up in a man's inside and washes away the dirt from his eyes and lets him see God's sunshine all around in everything.

"I know you're on the level all right, Jim; but I'll say this for the benefit of any feller here that's got a hankering after 'the easy way.' I hold that you're just natchally bound to be a pessimist so long as you reckon that the world owes you a living just because it's you and you go to work to collect it. Folks *feel* that you're on the make for yourself first, last and all the time, and you've got the world agin yer and sooner or later they'll freeze you out all right.

"But quit your selfishness and take a friendly thought once in a while for others, and play a level game, and something new happens. You've changed sides; and 'stead of acting as if yer wanted to get yer hooks on everything that isn't screwed down for yer miserable self, you'll be ready to help the next feller along and to work for a bigger thing than number one all the time. They'll see it in yer eye and they'll see it in yer walk and they'll tumble to the notion that you're a chap that oughter be boosted along.

"And then you'll find before long that you've got the making of your future very much in your own hands — 'sowing and reaping' you know — and you'll get a sort of pride in yourself and look other fellows friendly-like in the eye.

"Howsomever, I don't believe that it's possible to argue a man into optimism. When you go into a dark room 'tis no manner of use to go hitting about yer with a stick to get the better of the darkness; you turn on the light, don't yer? Well, the same here I reckon.

"Say Jim, if you'll quit ladling out that gloom stuff and be an optimist, we'd know that your old cart had gone down the street by the trail of good feeling and smiles you'd left behind yer. What do you know about that?"

REPORTER



### Getting on Top

DON'T spend any time (or rather, energy) in worrying or fretting over a situation you can't alter. Use it. The fact that you cannot alter it for the 'better' shows that it is there for you to use. There isn't any situation any man ever finds himself against that he can't extract some juice from to his own profit. And it is just that particular drop of juice that he will be needing, either at once or later on.

The situation is unpleasant? Well, it requires *endurance* to meet it — still more, to meet it calmly. But this power of endurance, once acquired and to the degree that it is acquired, is good against *all* unpleasant situations for the remainder of your life! It is will, it is self-dominance, it is virile fiber. The worse the situation the greater the opportunity to profit. *If you are trying* don't think you are not succeeding because you seem to be just as irritated this week as you were last. Keep on, and you will suddenly notice one day that you are half way or more to victory, and no *small* unpleasantness will have any more power over you. It's the small efforts at equanimity from day to day that finally do the business for you.

How to gain the equanimity? There is a part of each of us, the higher part, the soul, that is always in equanimity, always in light and peace. It is so because it knows that everything is really all right. It takes long views and knows that we neither began to be with birth nor shall cease to be with death. Get up nearer that soul — for it is always present — and we begin to share its equanimity and light and peace, and take more nearly its long, calm view of things. The ultimate reward of practising the uplift of our minds in that way is more than can be imagined.

There are other kinds of profit in difficult situations. "How can a man study with all this talk and racket going on about him?" The man that asked that, or grumbled that, was weak in power of mental concentration and abstraction. He could not see, at first, that the very difficulty he was in, was precisely the opportunity to practise the power he lacked. But he presently saw the point and in a year you couldn't have disturbed him with anything short of the dinner bell.

The best and most thoroughly scientific mechanician the writer ever met is an ex-prisoner who during his year behind the bars got a job in one of the machine shops. He took the opportunity to post himself on every machine in the place and read up on machinery in the evenings. He might, instead, have just grumbled at being thrown with a lot of wheels and levers he knew nothing about, mastered merely the bare minimum of facts necessary to do his bit at the machine in front of him, and tried in the evening to forget the whole thing over a novel.

So the moral is, *use* every situation you are up

against; get something out of it, something spiritual, something for the mind, something for the body. Exhaust it; don't be exhausted by it. And it is a fact that when you have fully done this it will give place to a refreshingly new and stimulating successor.

STUDENT



### What about Your Mule?

DO you keep a mule? A queer question, perhaps, and yet many people feed, lodge, and encourage such a creature at their own expense without knowing it!

For years a man I knew suffered in many ways because he could not open his eyes to the fact that he owned a mule. He thought it was a fine, spirited horse. His first idea that there was anything wrong came from an incident that occurred when he was about fifteen years of age, but it was years before he honestly faced the facts, and then he realized that the beast had tyrannized over him all the time he thought he was master, and that it was no horse but an obstinate, vicious mule.

He had been out for a day's holiday with his father. They went to the farm where the old man was born and brought up. The father pottered about, telling all about things as they were in his day; the boy enjoying himself riding the ponies and boating on the big pond and so forth. When evening approached the old man wanted to stay a bit longer to see the moonlight on the water as he remembered it in his young days when he was courting the boy's mother — he was a bit romantic still — and he said he would like to take the later train. The boy, however, had settled in his own mind what he was going to do when he got home. When his father suggested staying a bit longer he saw that this would interfere with the plan which he had made up his mind to carry out, and the mule in him kicked, not so much for the loss of pleasure as for the simple, mulish reason that *he had determined to have his own way whatever anyone might say*. The father saw the expression written in the boy's face, and after a word or two of remonstrance he said no more and they returned by the early train.

After he was grown up the boy that was told me that he felt that night as if he had committed a crime. He had done many things the world would consider really serious errors, but he looked back with greater regret to the obstinacy which led him to disregard his dear old dad's wishes that day than to anything else he could remember.

It was a long time before he recognised that it was the mule in him that had run away with his better judgment, but from that moment he found a new life opening out for him. He had begun to find out something real about himself. *He* had not wished to dis-appoint his father, but some part of him which he

thoroughly despised, was set upon having its own way. He had now found that he had a mule in his personal make-up, a great surprise. He had never looked upon himself in that way. After a while he found quite a menagerie of strange beasts had been cavorting around within him, tigers and pigs and cowardly rabbits, even snakes and mosquitoes! But the mule was the revelation which opened the way for the searchlight to throw the things of darkness into bold relief. One of the easiest things is to deceive oneself into believing that obstinacy is firmness of character.

Sages speak of the Illumination that comes to those who persevere in well-doing, a glorious vision of beauty and wonder. It is a grand prospect, a living, triumphant hope, though it may not arrive for many days. But those who have had the good fortune to get a clear view of the lower side of their natures, without quailing at the prospect, know that such a picture, though not pleasant, is a true illumination too, one that is necessary before we can step forward on the New Way. Before the great foe, the enemy concealed *within* ourselves, can be attacked it must be unmasked. Where to begin? Anywhere; so long as we *begin*. It is the first blow that counts! C. R.

### The 'Big Personality'

IT is a curious fact that to become a big personality a man must cease to care whether he is one or not.

Though we all know at once what a 'big personality' implies, we may not be able offhand to get our idea into words. Perhaps we can come at it the back way. What's a *small* personality? He's a man that wants to be noticed, popular, liked, made much of, welcomed, applauded. When he is all this, he purrs. When he can't get it and remains unnoticed he's hurt and piqued.

Well then, if those are among the marks of a small personality, those of a big one must be the opposite. He does not care whether he is noticed or made much of or not. But in the end he always *is* noticed and considered and given weight to. Something comes with him when he joins a group of other men, something they feel or sense about him.

The big personality has a big will, though you may not be able to see how it acts. Things somehow come his way, work as he wants them to, even when he does not seem to have done anything much about it. What he wants or needs presently turns up, as if of itself. The way opens for him; conditions arrange themselves.

There is an old Japanese fable of a man bathing in the sea, whom the waves tried to overwhelm. Each great wave, as it rolled in upon him with its mighty and threatening volume, he surmounted with immense exertion. And from each one, with set purpose, he

drank as much as he could. Soon it was to be observed that his strength and stature were alike increasing. He surmounted the waves with greater ease, and also drank more from each. After a long while, he had become "of the stature of a god"; he drank *the whole of every wave*, and the vast and increasing efforts of the whole ocean no longer sufficed to move him in the least. Then the ocean declared him its master and became his willing servant.

The big personality doesn't have small desires, desires for little things and pleasures. He has got over the desire to be popular and made much of.

And here is the whole secret of a big will. Will grows only by 'swallowing' the ordinary desires and impulses that keep men so busy in trying to gratify them. The big man develops and lives in a greater and greater self inside of himself that is not accessible to these small desires — especially the desire to be thought much of and be conspicuous. Every time that that desire is downed, 'swallowed,' by a bigger state of mind, individuality has grown bigger; will has grown bigger. In other words, bigness and will come by self-mastery, step by step. There is no other way to a strong will. Get your little self out of your own sight. Remember that all his life every man has with him a greater self of which he commonly knows almost nothing. By conquering the other, day by day, he comes gradually into union with this greater one. Those who are some way along towards this achievement, though they may have much self-conquest yet to do and though they may not know clearly just what they are really accomplishing,—those we call 'big personalities.'

But in fact they are at any rate *some* way on towards outgrowing their personalities altogether. Through ignorance of their possibilities or of the soul that is beckoning them on, they may be content to retain a good deal of smallness,—ambition, vanity, sensuality or what not; and even slip back altogether under the influence of one of these. This has been the fate of many great characters in history.

Let us remember that greatness of character and greatness of will are within the reach of all of us, and that day by day, in the successive small self-conquests and endeavors at unselfishness, we can mount the steps toward the top. There is no one, whatever his failings and weaknesses, but can begin at once. Whatever he *cannot* do, there is always *something* he *can*. Do the *can's* and the *cannot's* finally vanish.

STUDENT

### Giving?

"CHRISTMAS will be here soon, Jim!" Mary was gazing into the fire, and its dying glow lit up her thoughtful face. Jim scowled sour-like:

"Christmas — huh — it's a lot of Christmas we folks get!"

Mary disregarded Jim's snarl and went on:

"Have you seen how prettily the shops are dressed up? They sure are a treat to look at."

Her brother looked up at her and his scowl deepened. "Lookin' in shop-windows don't make you warm, and you need a new coat, Sis."

"Please don't, Jim. I get along fine. You know

you want to look at it, there ain't no Christmas for us."

Mary handed him his coat:

"You'll feel better when you're clothed and in your right mind," she laughed. "I remember once, Jim, when things was going awful hard, Mother told me that to give somethin' away was the best way to feel rich. I've often thought of that when there was only a crust between us, and it always seemed more when we broke it in half and shared it."



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

#### CASTLE URQUHART, LOCH NESS, SCOTLAND

These old castles have a way of turning themselves into a part of nature when they get old enough.

ironing all day at the laundry ain't calc'lated to let you freeze."

The fire had sunk to a heap of ashes and only a few glowing embers showed that it was not quite dead, while Mary's needle plied busily to and fro in the tattered coat of Jim's that she was mending whilst he sat in his shirt-sleeves, watching her deft fingers.

"I'm thinkin', Sis, that Christmas ain't nothing but gettin' anyhow. If yer don't get nothing there just ain't no Christmas!"

"Oh, no, you're all wrong there, Jim, gettin's only half the game, and only the smallest half at that. How about all the givin' — that's the real joy of Christmas."

"Well, then we're cut out of that too, 'cause we've got even less to give than to get. So whatever way

"Yep, you're right there. I'd rather have half a crust with your smile to butter it, than a whole loaf all to myself."

"It always seems to me that no one is too poor to give something. 'Tain't no use givin' money or food or clothes if you can spare 'em easy — that's what they call charity, and it has a mighty sour taste. P'raps that's why so many folks don't seem to be able to give right, there just ain't any thing they'd really miss."

"It'd be a joke, wouldn't it, Sis, not to miss givin' away yer coat to a feller cause you had another one hangin' on the nail?"

"Yes, but *things* isn't all that counts, you know; if you give nothing but a word or smile to a fellow that's down and out you'll maybe do him a lot more

good than if you was to treat him a dinner. But if you tried to give him the dinner without the word or the smile it'd pretty near stick in his throat, I'll warrant you."

"Sure, he'd want to fling it in your face, I bet."

"You see, Jim, I've figured it out about like this, there's really only one thing anyone has to give, and that is himself. Everyone has that and if he only wants to bad enough he'll find some way of makin' it an acceptable present somewhere. Some folks has always a cheery laugh and a word of comfort wherever it's needed, and somehow it just seems like a party to be near them. Christmas ain't what you get, Jim, no, nor t'ain't what you have neither, but it's just plain and simple what you make it, and what you give from your own heart. Any one can do that, and it seems to me that you and I ought to be able to feel it all the time, and to make the year December 25th, 365 times over."

M. A. B.

### Self-Knowledge

HOW different might have been the history of humanity and the life of each of us if one single other saying of Jesus had been included among those in the Gospels! It was discovered early this century at Oxyrhyncus in Egypt. Here it is:

"The Kingdom of Heaven is within you, and whosoever shall *know himself* shall find it; for if ye truly know yourselves, ye are the sons and daughters of the Father Almighty, and ye shall know yourselves to be in the City of God, and *ye are the City*."

The recommendation to "know thyself" is in all the great religions and philosophies of antiquity. What does it mean? Some perhaps consider a man to 'know himself' when he recognises that he has a lack of business faculty or a tendency to be disturbed at trifles or lie abed of a morning. Can it be said, then, that a man who knows some few things like these about himself may expect to find the "Kingdom of Heaven"? "The Kingdom of Heaven is taken by violence," we have heard; but where is the 'violence' in *this* easy sort of self-knowledge? Truly the way to take the Kingdom would be pretty easy if this were all! But what is the real thing?

Suppose a man in the full current of a fit of anger were to pull himself up short, were to say to himself "I'm bigger than this thing; I won't tolerate it in me," and after a wrestle — perhaps not the first time, but finally, — come out quite peaceful, victor. Many accomplish this feat without any recognition that they are taking a great step to self-knowledge. For if the anger were actually the man's self he could not master it. A wild beast can be conquered because it is not identical with its conqueror and he wins his victory

by *violence*. Who or what is the *man* who did the conquering of his *anger*, offered it violence and expelled it from his mind? Self-knowledge comes from habitual thought of that question, following upon the 'violence,' the expelling of all the 'beasts,' little and great, and putting in their place their opposites.

Gradually the mind becomes quite clear in a new way altogether and the man realizes what he actually is. 'I' now takes another and higher meaning. When 'I' knows itself as complete ruler in its purified kingdom of feelings it knows itself as soul, as child of the 'Father Almighty,' and as the 'City.' STUDENT



### Imagination

IN setting to work to build a better house for the future dwelling-place of the true self within, one of the greatest powers is in our own hands, the creative power of the imagination, energized by the will. If this were more fully recognised we should not find so many persons looking for relief to outward forms.

The imagination is a tremendous force and, like the sunshine or the electric current, it is impersonal; it can kill or cure according to the way we use it. Accounts of its fatal effects are sometimes reported; one will be found in the daily papers which recently related such a case. An unfortunate man, tired of life and unaware of the terrible fate of the self-destroyer, asked for a bottle of poison. The druggist suspected his motive and gave him a harmless drug. When he drank it his imagination worked so strongly that he suffered the agonies of poisoning, and it was some time before the physicians proclaimed him out of danger from the shock. A more recent case is that of a girl who died of terror inspired by imagination in a dream. Hundreds of such facts are known. Read the accounts of the origin of birth-marks and the effects of imagination will be seen in action. An interesting description of the marvelous possibilities of the image-making faculty was lately given by a famous Japanese moving-picture actor, who says that when he wishes to produce his most subtil effects he uses no movements but thinks with intensity "down in his heart" the emotion to be conveyed; in that way he gets the finer shades of meaning to the audience.

The Rāja-Yoga system of education established by Madame Katherine Tingley encourages the wise use of the imagination; the pupils are shown how to build high ideals of conduct, to form noble conceptions of daily life, and are trained to use their own will-power to bring them into action.

It is harder for us older people, but when the spirit of brotherhood is aroused there is a strong motive for evoking the power of the imagination. Just as in all forms of natural progress, the desire for change, improvement, comes first; then the imagination, in-

spired by a light in the heart, builds a picture of something nobler and more beautiful than we ever before dared to think attainable; then, perhaps unexpectedly, like a thief in the night, comes the call to action, the opportunity, the battle. At first the effort to fulfil the picture created by the imagination is hard, for it is easier to run on the accustomed track; but the great object to be obtained is worth the labor.

The Bible and all the ancient scriptures say that in the innermost "ye are Gods," but without the use of the imagination we cannot realize that amazing fact or make it alive. C. R.

"No one is so busy or so poor that he cannot create a noble ideal and follow it. Why, then, hesitate in breaking a path towards this ideal through all obstacles, over every stumbling-block, every petty hindrance of social life, in order to march straight forwards until the goal is reached? Those who would make this effort would soon find that the "strait gate" and the 'thorny path' lead to the broad valleys of the limitless horizons, to that state where there is no more death, because they have regained their divinity. . . . As to the conduct of our inner life, we must concentrate the entire attention on the ideal we have proposed to ourselves, and look straight ahead without paying the slightest attention to the mud upon our feet."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

### The Royal Road

THE best preparation for good work tomorrow is good work today. Throw sentiment to the winds, if you like, and put it on the lowest, most selfish basis possible. You want to make money and get ahead in the world? Let me tell you right here, you will have to sprint for it, and when reached, if your ambition goes no higher, it will be but Dead Sea fruit, and turn to ashes in your mouth.

The quest of the Great Secret is the science of life — the art of living. Many think they have found it, just because they are off their trolley, and are sliding so smoothly into oblivion. Well, there is a road — a Royal one; but your heart must be stout and your feet sure if you expect to stick. It is the road traveled by the Illustrious of every age and of every race — those who have achieved something for which men call them great. It is the road that has been traveled by the advance guard in the great army of the world, who have toiled, striven, endured, sacrificed and starved, that you and I might have things come a little easier.

Perhaps you may say to yourself: "If the road is that hard, I don't care to travel it," and if you should, it is because you have never had your feet on it, nor known the exquisite joy that passeth understanding —

the power to help, and guide, and serve your brother and your calling. Success and happiness depend on your viewpoint, and are eternally progressive. Education is the development of character, not the acquisition of facts. The dominant man is the man of character, and there is no road that he cannot travel, no obstacle he cannot overcome. Those who, in foolishness, choose what seems to them the easy way, will one day find that the sluggish, untrained body, and empty, undisciplined mind are the sum of all curses, and they themselves dependent on the charity of those whom they contemptuously ridiculed in their hours of ease.

"Be thou faithful in a few, and I will make thee ruler over many," is more than a Divine command; it is a law of nature, and the first step on the Royal Road that leads to success, that no money can buy, nor any misfortune steal away.

— From an article by Dr. Chas. L. Hungerford in  
*The Articulator*

### 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.

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 the Divine Light has touched our intellects, then we shall see; and in seeing, we shall realize; and in realizing, we shall become."

— *Katherine Tingley*

"IN every country and every age there were and will be people, pure of heart who, conquering their earthly thoughts and the passions of the flesh, raise their spiritual faculties to such a pitch that the mysteries of being and the laws governing Nature are revealed to them."— *W. Q. Judge*

"MY boy, wherever you are,  
Work for your soul's sake,  
That all the clay of you, all the dross of you,  
May yield to the fire of you,  
Till the fire is nothing but light!"— *E. L. Masters*

"AFTER all, what is it you do when you run into the flames and rescue the kiddie from the top story? You save its life, I admit, and that's something, if you value human life; but the child may die a week later of whooping-cough, it may grow into a drunkard, an imbecile, a criminal. What matters is that you've taken yourself, your own soul, and given it a value!"

— *O'Rane, in McKenna's Sonia*

WHEN I weaken in the fight, I render my comrades weaker; when I am strong in the battle, I add to their strength.

"ALL the true Initiates have recognised the usefulness of toil and sorrow. Sorrow, says a German poet, is the dog of that unknown shepherd who guides the flock of men."— *Morals and Dogma*

"A MAN has, in his own soul, an Eternal; can read something of the Eternal there, if he will look!"

— *Carlyle*

'DRUDGERY' is the name we have given to whatever work our lower self dislikes doing especially. Nothing is drudgery *per se*. We ourselves are only 'drudges' when we so feel and act.

"ARE you in earnest? Seize this very minute; What you can do, or think you can, begin it. Boldness has genius, power and magic in it; Only engage, and then the mind grows heated; Begin, and then the work's completed."— *Goethe*

"THERE is an outer scale of rank and position among men in the visible world; there is a scale of their *spiritual* rank in the invisible world. When the two shall correspond and the former copy the latter, then humanity will be redeemed."— *George Latham*

"KNOW that 'religion' is but a reawakening of thine own Self from within."— *Carlyle*

"IT is perhaps possible for each of us who will with due earnestness inquire, to ascertain what he, for his part, ought to do: this let him, with true heart, do and continue doing. The general issue will, as it has always done, rest with a Higher Intelligence than ours."— *Carlyle*

A WILL that lacks spring and snap is a bow with its life gone out of it.

"I WOULD beget this larger faith in thee  
That naught we do or suffer is in vain."

— *Scott Craven*

Whenever your Captain, the Soul, orders a new advance, look to your rear defenses!

WHAT man is, he himself has created, and what he as yet cannot do is impossible to him because of his past omissions or commissions. But his future — that can be vastly different from his present, provided he does all that is now possible to him. Always man is his own architect.

"No man can incline his way in the slightest degree to the will of God without having a flood of light shine round about him that all the learning in the world cannot afford."— *James Denny*

IF a matter cannot be attended to now, why expend on it now the thought-energy needed for its attention at the proper time?

THE fact that one need not be thinking during every moment of one's waking hours may be new to the generality of Western minds, but it is none the less a fact for that. "Fewer thoughts and better ones."

"EVERYTHING in the Universe, throughout all its kingdoms, is CONSCIOUS: *i. e.*, endowed with a consciousness of its own kind and on its own plane of perception. We men must remember that because we do not perceive any signs — which we can recognise — of consciousness, say, in stones, we have no right to say that no consciousness exists there. There is no such thing as either 'dead' or 'blind' matter, as there is no 'Blind' or 'Unconscious' Law."

— *H. P. Blavatsky*

A TRIPLE test:

Either a matter is worth pondering on, or it is not.

Either the pondering will bring practical and beneficial results, or it will not.

And either this is the right moment to spend on it, or it is not.



For Prisoners and Others  
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

He who anticipates difficulties  
creates them.

Please Handle with Care  
And Pass on to Another

# THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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## THE GREAT PYRAMID AND THE SPHINX

THE ancient Builders left it to us to find out that they had made the four sides of the base of this Pyramid equal to the circumference of a circle whose radius is the height. In other ways they also built-in some of their astronomical knowledge — and maybe a good deal of other kinds that we have not yet suspected.

The Sphinx, at the base of the Pyramid, is ninety feet long and seventy feet high and between the great fore-paws was once a temple. "Its great ear seems to collect the sounds of the past; its eyes, directed to the east, gaze, as it were, into the future; its aspect has a depth, a truth of expression, irresistibly fascinating to the spectator" (*Ampère*). But time and vandalism have done their best to ruin both Sphinx and Pyramid.

### Charlie's Chance

"SAY, fellows, the old stove sure feels pretty good. I thought we'd all freeze up on the Henderson job this morning, what with the snow, and the wind cold enough to freeze a brass monkey. You fellows, here in the shop, sure have a snap."

Saying this, Burt, the outside foreman, drew up his favorite box and joined the other men already seated around the old stove and just starting to investigate the contents of their lunch-boxes.

But despite the genial warmth of the stove, and the relaxation of dinner-time, the boys all seemed busy with their own thoughts, and no one made any answer to Burt's remarks regarding the weather and the good time the boys in the shop had.

After a few moments' silence Joe gave voice to the thought that was in all their minds by saying, "Well, fellows, that's the last of poor old Charlie. Ain't it queer, the way a fellow will be working with you right along, and all of a sudden he's gone and you'll never see him again."

Then, looking at Burt he said, "Charlie died up at the hospital this morning. They telephoned to the Boss early that they didn't expect him to last much longer, and the Boss and Billie went up to see him, and Billie stayed with him till he died."

"I always liked Charlie," said Burt, "and I'll tell you one thing — if he'd taken a little care of himself he wouldn't need to have died for a long time yet. A fellow can't live the way Charlie did and get by with it; it's going to get him some time. You can't stuff a grease-cup with emery grit and expect your machine to go on running smooth and slick like as if all her bearings had good oil in 'em instead of emery."

Then turning to Billy he said, "Tell us about it, Billy; I guess you saw more of Charlie, since he was sick, than any of us."

"Yes," said Billy, "I went up to see him pretty often. We used to work together a good deal, and I got to like him first rate. There was something mighty nice in him, in spite of the way he acted and talked most of the time. The trouble with Charlie was that he'd do and say things without giving that part of him, that we all liked so much, a chance to think, and the result was that he wasn't the fellow he ought to have been at all. I know that for sure, for after he was sick a while he was quite a different chap. Why, one Saturday afternoon, when I went up to see him, he said to me: 'Billy, I've been thinking of lots of things I never thought of before, and I see I've been all kinds of a fool. I didn't have to be like I've been at all, and if I had a chance you bet things would be different.' So I said, 'Yes, I guess that's the way most of us feel when it's too late.' And then I felt sorry that I had said that to him. But Charlie didn't seem to notice, and he said, 'Billy,

if I was to live over again I'd sure live different to what I did; but I never thought of it before now, and now, when I see what I could have done I ain't got a chance any more.' And he seemed to feel pretty blue, and I couldn't think of anything to cheer him up.

"The next time I went up to see him there was a man sitting talking to him, and Charlie was saying, 'Yes sir, but I never did see it before, and now it's too late.'"

"My dear fellow," says the gent, "don't you know that it's *never* too late? Why, even the hard-headed scientists will tell you that life cannot be destroyed, that it goes on and on, and it is only its forms or coverings that change. And can you imagine that it is only we humans, who have in us the highest expression of life in this world, that cease to live, just because our form or body changes? Why, our bodies are actually changing every day we live; there is nothing permanent about them, and they are not the real *we* at all. Why, Charlie, your sick *body* is not *you*. You are the fellow quite apart from it, who now realizes the mistakes he has made, and wants a chance to live differently, and you may be absolutely sure that things are not going to end for you just when you have progressed so far that you see that you can make yourself a real man, instead of letting yourself be mostly an animal."

"Well," says Charlie, "I didn't make myself what I have been; I was just born that way."

"Certainly," says the gent. "But why were you born that way? And why was your brother, that you were telling me about the other day, born to be such a different man to you? Charlie, we don't stop living because we go to sleep every night, and neither do we stop living because we die every so often. Let's imagine that you finish a day and go to bed putting your heart and thought into something useful or brotherly you are going to do tomorrow, or some important duty, and then let's imagine that I go to bed all riled up or planning to get hold of some money tomorrow by hook or crook and go on a spree with it. You see, tomorrow will be a very different day for each of us with a very different line of thoughts running through, a line started the night before. We made the day by the thoughts of the night before. Well, it's just that way through all our living; we sow the seeds and reap the harvest, and it's up to us to make a new start any time, whether just before we go to bed, or just before we die, or any other time, because no matter what happens we go on living, and every moment we are deciding for ourselves what we will be the next hour, the next day, the next year, or the next life."

Just here Burt broke in and said, "I'll say that Billy is some reporter: he ought to be on the Herald staff! Who'd a' thought it, eh?"

"Well," said Billy, "I remember all this because

I got mighty interested myself after a while, and so I ain't forgot it. But about Charlie — from then on he sure got a grip on something, and although he knew he was going, he was just as contented and happy as could be. Why he died just like someone going to sleep, knowing that he would wake up tomorrow, and just a couple of hours before he died, he whispered to me, 'It's all right Billy — see you again some day — and say, won't things be different . . . never too late. . . .'

"Well, I'll bet that if Charlie had got well again he wouldn't have been like he used to be any more, for he sure got a-hold of himself and learned more while he was sick than he ever learned all his life before, so I guess he didn't live for nothing, anyhow."

Here a long blast on the shop whistle announced that the dinner-hour was over, and the men got up and began to disperse to their work.

"Billy," said Burt, as he walked away, "If Charlie had got all those ideas about twenty years — or even ten years — ago, I wonder what he would have been by now?"

"All depends on how much a fellow meant business, I guess," said Billy seriously. "Anyway he'd have a good chance to be ten or twenty years ahead of where he started. What I'm thinking about right now is — where are *we* going to come in on this?" E. K.



### Latin enough for a Life-time

EVERY now and then that red-headed boy of McFinlay's would stop me to inquire the pronunciation of some word that he had met with in the course of his reading. One day when he ran up to me with a book in his hand, I asked him whether he had stumbled over another of those terrible jaw-breakers.

"'Tain't that, Mr. Swinton," he replied; "I can read the words easy enough, but they don't seem to make sense somehow."

Taking the book into my hand and following his grimy finger, I recognised the familiar tag of Latin: "*Bis dat qui cito dat.*" "Oh, that's an easy one," I answered. "He gives twice over who gives at once." The boy beamed his gratitude and went back to his hoeing, and I called after him that if ever he wanted to learn Latin I should be very glad to give him a start.

Our next meeting was at the county fair, when he began as follows: "You sure slipped me an earful when you told me about that bit of Latin, Mr. Swinton. I've allers wanted to know what those old Romans had to say about things, they look so wise and husky in the statues you see; and so when Ma asked me to go down town after some flour that evening, I thought I'd do it right away 'stead of putting it off to the last thing. Running errands is a kind of

giving, I reckon, and I thought I'd double it by doing it at once, see? Well, it sure did work like a charm. Ma was kind of tuckered out with the washing; but gee! you ought to have seen how she perked up when I came in with the stuff half an hour after, and later on I heard her tell Dad what a help I was around the house.

"Tad Slowcum don't know nothing about Latin, I reckon, 'cause a few days after I heard his Ma ask him to buy a couple of stamps and a post-card. 'Sure, Mom,' says he, and then he goes and feeds his rabbits and throws sticks for the dog, and every now and then his Ma would call out: 'You won't ferget them stamps, Tad?' And he'd say, 'That's all right, Mom,' and just puttered around until when it was getting dark he started off at a run to go down town. Of course being a bit rattled he never saw the barrer standing on the path, and he just natchally wrapped himself round it, and when he got himself unwound he talked to that barrer like a quick-firing gun going off. 'Serves yer right, Tad, for putting it off,' his Ma called after him, and when he came back with the stamps, he found he'd clean fergot the post-card and had to go after it. His Ma was real mad with him and wouldn't kiss him good night. I see there's a whole lot to this thing of giving at once, and I'm going to try it for my New Year's motto.

"It sure saves me a heap of trouble, and I reckon that folks kind of respect a feller that marches off and does a thing right away; he gets a hustle in his walk that looks like real business, and he don't have his mind all cluttered up with loose ends of jobs what's got to be done. His memory slate is wiped off, as you may say. Older people has a lot on their minds, you see, what with the kids and the high cost of living and all, and if they can hand out a job to a feller and then ferget about it 'cause they know he'll see it through in double quick time, why, what a help that 'ud be!

"Oh, I've often noticed about the house when things is going smooth and Dad's whistling and everything's going fine, that all of a sudden there comes a jolt because someone has fergotten something and everything gets out of kilter. Folks speak out their minds, and the whistling stops, and a door slams, and people's voices get kind of harsh and the cat gets trod on likely enough, and all because somebody didn't do something right away, but kep' on putting it off. Thanks ever so much about those Latin lessons, but I reckon I've bitten quite as much as I can chew for a spell. 'Pears to me that if I can just keep right on 'bis datting and cito datting' I shall do a lot to make life easier for the folks at home."

He paused, and more for the sake of saying something than for any other reason, I recommended him to hang the words up over his bed as a motto.

"Nix on that," he said with a grin. "When you've

put up a thing on the wall, that's the last you see of it. It's staring you in the face all right; but you don't read the words any more. Funny thing happened when I stayed with Uncle Jake one Christmas. The preacher sent 'em a colored text in a frame: 'Little children love one another,' it said. Well sir, Aunt Susie would have it that the place for a text was the living-room where you could see it all day long; but Uncle Jake said no; it ought to be hung where you could read it while shaving and get an uplift for the day. They argued it up and down, and inside out and round about; but I lit out for fear I should get hurt, and those words about loving each other right in front of their noses all the time. It seems to me that the place for a motto isn't on the wall but right down in a feller's life, that's the ideer. Maybe when I'd got the cardboard, and lettered it out and colored it up and hung it, I'd think I'd done all I had to do; but now the only way to get the thing spread is for folks to catch it from the way they see me act. That puts it up to yours truly all the time."

EL VIEJO



### The Half-Truth of Fatalism

"WHAT is to be, will be," though true enough in one sense, is no argument for Fatalism, which is a deceptive half-truth. Unfortunately, the usual vague and purposeless idea of what life means, discourages faith in the fact that a man is 'master' of his fate. The majority take it for granted that we have no choice about being born, that 'luck' decides our course through life and dates our death.

This helpless drifting on the tide of affairs is a cowardly evasion of responsibility. We are something more than human wreckage of an unknown voyage. The curious idea that every soul is a special creation at birth is also misleading. The fact is, that the Soul is the real Child of Destiny; and at birth it puts on a suitable body when it comes to explore the unknown mazes of earth experience. The external "coats of skin" are only garments that the inner man wears during his earth trip. It is a suitable clothing for the place, just as we choose furs for Arctic travel or take cool, thin fabrics for the tropics.

Now the Ancients had no such vague and misleading views of human life and destiny as we have. They taught that "the universe exists but for the soul's experience and emancipation." In short, they recognized life as the Great Adventure of the inner man, who knowingly had become *involved* in a body of selfish impulses and desires that he might *evolve* consciously into greater strength and beauty. A *perfect* human being is something of a contract, you'll agree; but it is quite possible, since immortality has no

time limit. Moreover, this puts meaning into life as a work worthy of the soul, and nothing less than our innate divinity would be equal to it. Here, too, is the clue to the justice underlying the endless variety of conditions which make up a different stage-setting for each of us.

The modern view is a contradiction in itself. In our day of intense intellectualism we do not even expect to find a logical 'science of life.' Imagine an artist, or a musician, or an actor, trying to express himself by ignoring the rules of composition, or of harmony, or of dramatic unity and plot. How could an architect or an engineer safely and sanely handle nature's raw material without knowledge of the laws of physics and mathematics? No one expects that a military commander, however well equipped with men and supplies, can 'muddle through' to victory without knowledge of the rules of the game. The homemaker must have something more vital than a knowledge of the family's *material* wants. She must meet the deeper needs of soul and mind and heart, and this service is a more lasting reality than the external necessities of food and clothes and shelter which claim her care.

In short, while we expect to make a business of politics and science and art and industry and education and love and war and every department of human affairs, we have but a vague idea of how to rightly handle the scheme of life as a whole. Generations come and go, investing untold capital in the line of experience, without seeming to know what it is all about, or whether it is a paying business or a losing game in a cosmic lottery. Our commercial age calculates to a nicety the profit and loss on every kind of venture, and probes every situation with the query: "What do I get out of it?" But most of us forget the main question: "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world," and lose sight of the foundation fact that he *is a soul*, entitled to a suitable return for the time and experience invested in this earth business.

Now the inner man, the real self, is no namby-pamby, goody-goody affair, but is wise, courageous, pure and invincible,—an ideal warrior, in fact. And because of this, he is equal to facing any problem of poverty, ignorance, disease, vice, injustice, and, what is often as hard to handle, wealth, vigorous animal health, misleading knowledge or bigoted propriety. Would not the battle be half won if we believed from the first that *we ourselves* had chosen the conditions of our birth that we might winnow some valuable wisdom out of the heaped-up chaff of experience? And we would know this if we knew our real self better. For something in every one *does know* more than the mere brain-mind, which often prides itself on 'knowing' things that are not so. Notice how a new-born baby, whose brain cannot reason, knows right well

how to love its mother from the start. Here is a mystic hint of the truth that "pure love is immortal," and that it attracts the incoming soul to the family ties and the family place that fit its need of experience. That it may be bitter medicine for the body and the brain does not daunt the real self, bent on conquering his human weaknesses.

If, instead of resenting our surrounding conditions, and evading our duty to them, we willingly worked

### Why Safed the Sage Broke an Egg!

"THERE came unto me one who said, I have a Very Bad Temper.

"And he said it with what he thought was Humility, but it was as it had been a certain sort of Pride.

"And I said, Thou art a Narrow-Minded Man.

"Then was he angry, and I knew that he was no Liar when he said that he had a Bad Temper.



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THE DORIC TEMPLE ON THE FLOOR OF THE GREEK THEATER, VIEWED FROM  
ABOVE THE SEMICIRCULAR TIERS OF SEATS

INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

out the needed lesson they held for us, the inner self would easily move on to new fields of endeavor. Our very acceptance of the duty at hand would show it to us in an entirely new light. A determined, honest effort to *try* can never wholly fail. For the unerring Higher Law, ever working for perfection, will check us up with the discomfort of our mistakes, and so, in time, show us the better way.

Fatalism is true only in the sense that we have set the stage for our playing, before we begin; but *how we play our part* is an open question for each one to decide, *hour by hour*. We are free to make an early or a late victory of it; for the game is to go on until each one has learned to play every part perfectly, learning each as it presents itself. *Optimus*

"And when he had said More or Less, I silenced him, and said, I believed thee when thou saidest that thou hadst a Bad Temper; I did not ask thee to make such a Display of it.

"And he said, Thou hast Insulted me; for a Quick Temper is not the sign of a Narrow Mind, but of a Warm and Generous Nature: for if I am quick to be angry, I am quick also to get over it, and very ready to Make Amends.

"Now we spake in the Garden, and I left him for a moment, and when I returned I had been in the Kitchen, and I brought back an Egg.

"And I threw the Egg at the Back Fence, and it Brake and spattered the Fence.

"And I said, Thou speakest of Making Amends.



Gather up that Egg again, and clean off the Fence, and put the Egg back into the Shell, and set an Hen upon it, and make of it a Plymouth Rock Rooster. Then talk to me of Making Amends for thine outbursts of Temper. For thou spatterest over all thy friends, and splashest them with thy fury, and then thou dost leave them to clean off thy rage and try to forget thine unreasonable words, and thou thinkest thou hast Made Amends.

"And I said, The best way to Make Amends for a Bad Temper is to keep thy temper to thyself.

"And he said, Verily thou didst say of me that I had a Narrow Mind, and I will take that from no man.

"And I said, Thou wilt take it once again from me. Thou hast a Narrow Mind. He who hath a Bad Temper is a man who is capable of seeing but one aspect of a thing at a time, and incapable of withholding his snap judgment until he may learn the whole truth. And because he is both narrow-minded and childish, therefore doth he fly into a rage, as thou hast done and habitually dost do. Flatter not thyself that this is the sign of a generous nature, for I have told thee already of what it is a sign.

"And he was silent.

"And I went and got out the Hose, and started to wash off the Egg from the Fence.

"And he would not have it so, but caught the Nozzle from my hand and himself washed off the Egg from the Fence.

"And he said —

"Though I be not able to produce a Plymouth Rock Rooster from that Egg, yet hath it not been wholly wasted.

"And I am inclined to think that he had Learned Something that was worth the price of an Egg.

"And Eggs just then were Eggs.

"And I should like to buy some more of them and teach to other men, and some women, the same lesson."

— "SAFED THE SAGE" (in the *Congregationalist*)



### How to Make Ourselves Happy

**C**ERTAINLY! most everybody is hunting for happiness. That is the Big Drive in life, all the time. Awake we go for it, and go to sleep dreaming of how to get it: and sometimes we wake from dreams which have fragments of real happiness, brought from somewhere, where our souls go when sleep lets them out of the prison-door of the mind.

After happiness, then; but in what ways? And how much do most of us get? Now and again every one does some good turn to others, not thinking of himself or where he comes in — unselfish. Then he gets bits of the real thing we are after; and these need no brine-pickle to make them keep, for their

own purity and goodness preserve them, tucked away in the memory and in our lives as real sweeteners.

These little unselfish doings make us happy in spite of ourselves; let us into heaven for minutes, while being done and afterwards when recalled.

"What fools we mortals be!" always and everlastingly hunting happiness, — knowing just where to put our hands on it, and precisely how to get it — heaven! — and then not doing what we want to do!

If only we would follow the lead of the bits of happiness we do get, and be unselfish all the time — in *all* the *little* things we do, our big doings would take care of themselves, and we should have happiness in our lives all the time — and live in heaven.

This is all there is to it. We may get the habit — and it is catching — *once we get going*. STUDENT



### Self-Conquest

**T**HE future of civilization depends upon the right education of the youth. We must not be discouraged in our effort to achieve the best possible results for them, because the task seems difficult. If our boys and girls are to gain victories along the line of self-conquest and self-improvement — that is, if they are to build their characters on a solid foundation, they must have hand-to-hand battles with the evils in life, particularly with the weaknesses in their own natures. What can be more superb than to start our youth along the path of self-evolution, and help them to lead clean, pure, serviceable lives? In this process of growth and self-purification, those who seek the light must first find the beating of God's heart within their own hearts.

The negative, half-hearted youth, who goes on from day to day in a 'don't-care' fashion, recklessly, without assuming responsibilities, is doomed by his own actions to find himself at the tether end of things long before he finds happiness. Thus begins the disintegration of the character — heart-ache and sorrow, not only to himself, but to all who love him.

Uncontrolled desire, passion, selfishness, and vulgar appetites of the senses dwarf the intellect and shut the door to the higher life. Extinguish selfishness and desire. Conquer the instincts of self-indulgence and passion. Even the beginning of this conquest will bring new aspects of happiness and satisfaction to the youth of our race. The youth must be helped to find themselves, to understand the meaning of life, why they are here, whence they came and whither they shall go, and to persevere along the path of self-endeavor with determination. This will lead to great victories for them, and thus they will become really potent factors in the betterment of the human race.

— KATHERINE TINGLEY (*from a public address*)



### Found His Real Work

I KNEW a man — and he was a big one in every way — who was in prison for life because he had proved unsafe to himself and his fellow-men outside. He was put on to this trick of 'happiness through unselfishness' by one who lives to do good for others. That man found what we are all after, passing on this little-big fact to the thousands who sifted into and out of that prison through the years. He had found his place and work and, though offered his freedom, stuck to both all his life. He had won the gratitude, not only of the prison authorities, whose task of preserving good order he had made so much easier, but of his fellow-prisoners whose improved conduct under his influence had made possible the granting to them of much extra liberty.

Unselfishness is quite practical, it appears. Through its practice by that man he found heaven in — well, where it is not looked for. STUDENT

"WE believe in the Higher and lower natures in man,— the lower, animal; and the Higher, the Divine, the Ego. We believe the latter is Immortal and is ever striving to bring us to a Higher State of Comprehension of the true nobility of Life and to a deeper devotion to truth and the principles of morality and the love of Humanity. We believe that the human body is the Temple of the living Soul, and that man must control and master and work with this body, that it may become pure and do its highest work as a body. Therefore we abhor vice and anything that would interfere with the health of the body or the mind. We hold that a man cannot be true and pure and forceful on lines of real usefulness to Humanity if the body is misused, if it is not held as a Temple of the Soul — of the Christos Spirit within."

— Katherine Tingley

### Mother

Mrs. L. H. Gilman

*Dedicated to my Mother*

THERE is no sweeter name in song or story,  
In any language or on any tongue  
Than that of "Mother"— sacred, loved and holy,  
And unto men it's womanhood's high crown.

The darting bird, the plodding beast of burden,  
Men and women, peasant, prince or king,  
Dear God has given to each alike a blessing --  
Each one's been Mother's little helpless thing.

In every woman's neck there lies a hollow  
Made just to fit a little baby's head;  
And herein each man born of woman  
Has hap'ly snuggled in Love's cradle-bed.

America, a child among the nations,  
The second Sabbath in the month of May  
Has set aside that we may thus pay homage  
To "My Mother" on our National Mother's Day.

### 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 our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, 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 possible 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.

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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

"As mankind is essentially of one and the same essence, and that essence is one, infinite, uncreate, and eternal — nothing, therefore, can affect one nation or one man without affecting all other nations and all other men."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"WHAT is justice? Is it something that condemns alone? I say, No. Justice is also mercy. For mercy may not be dissociated from justice, and the word 'justice' itself includes mercy within it. Not the justice of man, which is false and erring, but the justice of Nature. That is also mercy. For if she punishes you, it is in order that she may do a merciful act and show you the truth at last by discipline."

— *W. Q. Judge*

"It's the melancholy face gets stung by the bee."

— *Japanese*

## A PRESCRIPTION FOR HAPPINESS

"LOOK upon yourself, not as twenty, thirty, or forty years *old*, but as twenty, thirty, or forty springs *young*."

"Don't cross bridges till you come to them — remember that, as the old woman said, 'Of all the troubles in my life three-quarters never happened.'"

"It is almost impossible to exaggerate the unimportance of many things that happen. When real troubles come look straight into the light and the shadows will all lie behind you."

— *Sir Alfred Fripp*, the great surgeon.

"IN general, every evil to which we do not succumb, is a benefactor. 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 temptation we resist."— *Emerson*

"THERE is a third silent party to all our bargains. The nature and soul of things takes on itself the guaranty of the fulfillment of every contract, so that honest service cannot come to loss. If you serve an ungrateful master, serve him the more. Put God in your debt. Every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the repayment is withholden, the better for you; for compound interest on compound interest is the rate and usage of this exchequer."— *Emerson*

"SOMEHOW, we must learn to act and live and build our future on something else than intellectual reasoning. The riddles that we see around us can be solved only through devotion, *i. e.*, through the heart, which may be the source of some kind of intuition. I perfectly understand that people who have not yet got the kind of heart I am thinking of are unable to follow."— *Professor Oswald Sirén*

"A FELLER that chatters all the time is bound to talk a certain amount of drivel." [But what about the 'feller' who chatters mentally to *himself* all the time?] — '*Si Sylvanne*'

"It pays 'bout once in a hundred times to git mad, but there ain't any way of tellin' beforehand which is the time."— '*Si Sylvanne*'

"YE'LL genilly find, jest when things looks about as black as they kin look, that's the sign of luck a-comin' your way, pervidin' ye hold steady, keep cool and kind; *somethin' happens* every time to make it all easy. There's always a way, an' the stout heart will find it."— '*Si Sylvanne*'

"THE eternal stars shine out again, as soon as it is dark enough."— *Carlyle*

"DOUBT, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone."— *Carlyle*

"WONDERFUL it is to see how the Ideal or Soul, place it in what ugliest body you may, will irradiate said body with its own nobleness; will gradually, incessantly, mold, modify, new-form or reform said ugliest body, and make it at last beautiful, and to a certain degree divine!"— *Carlyle*

THE possession of evil tendencies is of itself no shame to a man; the shame is in his weakness in giving way to them.

DOUBTS and fears are like the debris floating in a stream: they tend ever to collect when the current is checked. Especially do they gather where the flow is turned into a vortex around one set point. Keep, then, your gaze *forward* in hope, the currents of your mind and heart flowing *forward*, not eddying around some old memory or regret.

IT is never a man's *Higher Self* that rebels at circumstances we cannot control. If we would rely on it, it would show us how to *use* them, how to make steps of them.

How little of one's work in a garden touches the plants themselves! By far the most of it goes into the soil. So with all of Life's gardening: most of the work has to go into the common soil of our daily routine duties. But then the plants are growing!

"If you want an everyday test, you can ask yourself over every act you do or refrain from doing whether you're causing pain to a living creature — by word, deed, thought. That's the only standard worth having, and if everyone adopted it . . ."

— O'Rane, in McKenna's *Sonia*

For Prisoners and Others  
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

"Plan for more than you can do;  
Then do it!"

GIFT  
APR 16 1922

Please Handle with Care  
And Pass on to Another

# THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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BOYS' BUNGALOW HOMES AT KATHERINE TINGLEY'S RĀJA-YOGA COLLEGE, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA  
IN THE BACKGROUND THE ACADEMY AND TEMPLE OF PEACE

## A Working Religion

THIS morning the alarm clock found me with my mind filled with old pictures of a certain part of Nevada and a peculiar incident that there befell me. I had gone to Nevada on a common enough mission,

and had departed, with numerous others whose pocket-books had grown slender. Until this particular incident I wish to relate came about, I was more than willing to pronounce my mining venture a complete failure. But as I look back at it all it would seem that I managed to carry away something of more

value than the object of my all too eager quest. And this is it. This is what I read in a little book, said to be a translation from the very oldest scripture known:

"Some men by meditation, using contemplation upon the Self, behold the spirit within, others attain to that end by philosophical study with its realization, and others by means of the religion of works."

How I 'chanced' (as they say, but these things aren't chances), to pick up the book and read what I did come about through a life-long habit of looking into every book that ever came my way. So when I saw this little book opened and lying face down on a box of dynamite in a fellow's tent in Tonapah, I picked it up to see what he was reading. I had but a minute at it before he came in. I probably should have remained outside, had I not seen him riding down from the mine and I wanted to get in out of the wind which was blowing a gale at the time. I used to think this fellow was a queer ghink, but as experience had taught me that one might learn something from everyone you meet, I took the occasion to ask him a question or two about the book and to let me copy the words I had read. This he gladly did, and answered my questions with a grace one would never expect was in him, as he was something of a roughneck. But there was nothing of the gypsy about him. You could feel that. Have often wondered since whatever became of the fellow.

The first thing that impressed me in the words read was that the word 'Self' was spelled with a capital letter. Had run across the word thus spelled once before, which had set me to thinking in a new way. But the one underlying idea in the passage was, that there were more ways than one of gaining knowledge of the Self: that some men achieved this in one way and some in another — and each for himself. I never had been quite able to accept what had been taught me in childhood regarding these things, and my failure in this was often a source of worry to my young mind. But here was something different, something hopeful, something purposeful, and moreover, something that took for granted that it was only natural that one should approach Self-knowledge in a manner peculiar to himself. Then there was the assumption that there *is* a reachable spirit within. This took me back to my childhood, when I once overheard a dear old Quaker lady explaining to my mother something about the Inner Light. And last but not least, was the idea of a religion of work. I have come to know more about this since. But during that sheltered moment in the tent I heard again the words of a man I once worked with as a boy, whose whole gospel was one of work. He used to say that all work might be made sacred; that work could be worship. I thought if he so, then this man surely was the most devout

of men, for a more kindly and industrious man I never met. He loved work for its own sake, did his very best with it, "offered it up" as he said, and had no other religion, as far as I could make out.

It seemed at the time of leaving Tonapah as though I had an answer to many questions, a solution of many difficulties, an explanation of many, many things. It was as though I had taken away with me in those few words a bible of bibles. I have since learned that meditation is for all the hours. To keep one's mind on whatever one is engaged in, is a part of this. It is an ever present opportunity. For one begins to raise himself to his true dignity, as the holder and ruler of the mind, instead of its unconscious victim. G.



### "Getting By"

THE way *not* to succeed in making life worth while is to do things just well enough to 'get by' with them.

This was brought strongly to my mind some time ago, when in an office where four young men were supposed to be engaged in making drawings or plans for some work in which the company, by which they were employed, was interested. The man I was to see not being in, I had to wait a half hour and so observed what these young men were doing.

During that time I don't suppose they did five cents' worth of work between them, because one telephoned about a dance that evening, and the others had to listen to what he said and then make various comments about 'Fanny,' and afterwards all four had to tell each other about the partners they were going to take along; then another telephoned about a 'date' for next Wednesday evening; and so it went on.

Now I suppose they thought it did not make any difference, so far as their job was concerned, and perhaps it didn't, as they probably knew they could 'get by' with it and a good deal more of the same thing. But leaving aside their moral indifference in receiving pay for something they were not doing, the far more important question is, what difference did it make to them?

We meet so many people nowadays who carry about with them a permanent dejection of spirit which is discernible in their faces and in their actions, and which says, as plain as words, "What's the use of anything?" And that really epitomizes their outlook on life.

Now many of these people are far from poor and have had or are having their full share of all the so-called pleasures of life, so it is perfectly evident that it is not for want of a good job, or money, or pleasure, that they are so miserable. The question then is — what's the matter with them, or, how did they get that way? They didn't get that way all at once.

either. There was a beginning somewhere, and I imagine it was at that period in their lives when they began to acquire the habit of doing their job just well enough to 'get by' with it, and so gradually losing their grip on that quality of alert energy which alone can make life worth living and is the great tonic to mind and body.

What's the use of living, or what's the use of anything, all depends on what we get out of life, and what we get out of life depends on ourselves. There is in all of us a better part, a fellow who can be sincere, earnest and alert, and who can make life for us the most worth while thing imaginable. But if we push him to one side and start the 'just getting by' way of doing things, then good-bye to sincerity, earnestness of purpose and honor, and with the loss of these it won't be long before there will be no happiness for us even in pleasure, or money or our work, because nothing will seem worth while. And then will follow tedium and misery until we wake up to the fact that 'just getting by' don't pay.

How much better to get something really worth while *out* of life by putting something worth while *into* it and standing up to our jobs like men!

Nothing that amounts to anything is ever accomplished without sincerity. The man who just 'gets by' is his own worst enemy, because he is unfaithful to his better self. "Whatsoever a man findeth to do," etc., is sound wisdom, boys, and a sure prophylactic against the blues.

E. K.

### Just at Bed-time

"**R**EAD some of that out loud, Mac. Let's hear what it is."

"Serve me, fix heart and mind on me, be my servant, my adorer, prostrate thyself before me, and thus, united unto me, at rest, thou shalt go unto me."

"Well, if I heard anyone else but you reading that I'd say it was mush. Where did you get that long-faced stuff? It doesn't seem to fit the perpetual grin on that crinkled dial of yours."

"That's where you're mistaken, old sport: it's that 'long-faced' stuff that makes me bend my countenance so much. Like to talk about it? It's out of an old scripture."

"Yes, pile it on thick while I'm in the humor."

"Well, doesn't it seem as if the first thing you'd like to understand is who the 'me' is? 'Serve *me*, fix heart and mind on *me*' — I reckon it's just that inside feeling of what's best in everything that's meant, the Higher Power always urging things on and up. That seems very vague when you first think about it, but when you get to look for it always, it comes to be an inside companion, inside you as it's inside everything, a genuine, friendly presence, where you can

always go for help in difficulties. Am I hurting your poor head too much?"

"You're making me feel uneasy, Mac. You're talking about the 'voice of conscience,' ain't you?"

"It begins like that: but that's more of a '*don't* do this' and '*don't* do that.' What I mean is, when you make *friends* with that inside voice, and go hand in hand with it instead of being *warned* all the time, you come to *like* doing what you *ought* to do and genuinely distaste doing what you ought not. Don't you see that if you follow this up you've got your happiness with you all the time? It doesn't depend on the movies or any of the shows or anything outside of yourself. You just follow up your duty and rest content in that; and it's like living in a new world — a quiet, comfortable world with plenty of good company. You come into touch with things holy and divine, and without any sanctimoniousness or long-facedness. You're taking this straight, ain't you?"

"Don't be alarmed; go right ahead."

"Well, I think it's because even well-meaning people don't understand and don't follow up this line thoroughly, and so don't put all their trust in this inner side of their nature, that they get into a state of continual overstrained heart-ache about things. They are overloaded with troubles and doubts and fears, and don't get any real rest and no sense of this companion *Presence* in them."

"That's enough for this once, Mac. Just put out the light and close your face, and I'll think about what you've said before I drop off." E. J.

### Safed tells how he Waited for his Bed

"**I** WAS about to travel, and I went to them that sell Tickets and bought a Ticket and a Lower Berth.

"And the Number of the Berth was Eight, in Car 294. And when the day arrived, I boarded the Train, and found my Space, and sat me down. And the Train was Very Full.

"And there came a Red Cap bearing baggage, and he was followed by a Lady. And she stood in the Aisle and said, My berth is Lower Eight in Car 294.

"And I said, There hath been some Mix-up, and the Ticket man may have Crossed his Wires. Sit thou here until the Conductor comes, and he will straighten things out. . . .

"And when the Conductor came through, I said, There is a woman who seemeth to have a Ticket for the same space. If it be so, give it to her, and do for me the best thou canst.

"And he said, I would there were no Ticket Agents, for I have a sad Mix-up through their carelessness. Yea, the diagram showeth not a Lower nor even an Upper Berth, and I have a long waiting list.

"And I said, I know not how thou wilt adjust it, but I have faith in thee, even as in the Old Woman who Lived in the Shoe. Do for me what thou canst, and meantime I am not Worried.

"And when I said that he thanked me, and he said, That is the way to take it; for many people do act as if the fault were mine. And now, behold, thou shalt have a berth if I have to make one on the pilot of the Locomotive.

"So I sat with the men for a long time, and learned much from their conversation. But the Conductor came not to me for a long time. . . .

"But I worried not.

"And shortly before Bed-time the Conductor came, and said, I have waited until the very end of the day, for I desired to do something for thee; and I had not even an upper. But now, behold, a party who had a ticket hath failed to Show Up, and I have for thee a Lower.

"Therefore do I commend to men not only the wisdom of Watchful Waiting, but sometimes the policy of Waiting without Watching.

"For all the time that I waited, my train was going straight toward the place for which my ticket read; and at the end of the day there was rest.

"Wherefore, beloved, be not too fretful in things temporal or spiritual; for this well-filled train of human life is in competent hands, and there shall be for every man who waiteth and trusteth, progress through the day, and rest when the night falleth."

-- 'SAFED THE SAGE' in the *Congregationalist*



### Personality its own Enemy

"I AM tired — dead tired of it all! and want to go off somewhere away from folks and die!"

Hearing a man say this, it was not difficult to tell that his desire to get out of life was not because of physical weariness. He wanted to get away from people — was dead tired and sick of them. But *we* can think of what he apparently did not — that *he* is perhaps one of the fellows *we* would like to get rid of!

Always there are causes back of a cause. Our man was hurt by what other people were doing to him, and he blamed them as being the cause of his plight. In that he was wrong. No man's acquaintances make troubles for him just for the sake of doing it. There is a cause perhaps unknown to themselves, and this is *in the man himself*.

This man was like the fellow who blamed the hammer for hitting his finger. He had been striking society wrong, and he was getting the result back.

Perhaps he, like most of us, had got his personality and his individuality mixed. Individuality is the permanent and essential man, the inner, the spiritual; while personality is a kind of scale one lets grow over

his divine individuality, too often an ugly deformity that makes him repellant to others.

This man had been pushing ahead with his personality, grabbing for whatever he wanted, regardless of others, and naturally they kicked. He got it and felt sore, and said he wanted to die and get away from the nuisances.

But wherever he might go others would be there too, at the same old eternal job with him, working out their feeling towards him about the same as usual. He never realized that the trouble was his own personality, this selfish, bumptious part of himself which no one liked nor could like, always with a secret chip on its shoulder, pushing and grabbing for things, never thinking of others except to get something out of them for himself. Perhaps he was 'slick' and agreeable in doing this instead of being rough and ugly. But the mask had worn through, and people felt him as he was, and were giving him back his due. Sooner or later, a man's real nature always makes itself felt, consciously or unconsciously.

Of course nobody liked this man nor wanted him around after they had found him out. Everybody would treat him as a bore or a nuisance, firing back on him what he had sent out of himself.

What he felt was, being held away from the good side of others. He felt isolated, and wanted to die and get out of it and into agreeable company. But his thought-personality would have gone with him wherever he went, just the same. One can't get away from one's self either living or dead. So if we want good company we have first to make our natures attractive, and that is only done by unselfish regard for others in thought and deed.

That man is getting a fine lesson in the great School of Life, which he is not apt to forget. And we are all having our lessons, too, in the same educational Institution. He, and we, shall sometime say to our personalities the same as one of the spiritual Teachers did to his temptor: "Get thee behind me, Satan." Then we shall no longer be tempted to do the selfish things, and while ready to die whenever the time comes, we shall be glad to live with our fellow-men, helping one another and the whole Drive of Life, in working ahead towards greater perfection — beyond personality. For personality is the isolating and limiting principle.

STUDENT



### Words

THE use of words is such a common, every-minute affair, that not one person in a thousand gives any serious thought to the matter; much less pauses to reflect upon what really wonderful things words are. This, notwithstanding that more than one in a thousand makes his living by the use of them. Apart



from deep thinkers, who are interested in words as a means of getting themselves understood, and those who write advertisements, who are interested in the use of them for purely commercial ends, few are given to exercising any great care in the use of words.

As clothing for thoughts, particularly the spoken words, we must admit that most of us use very cheap material. Every individual enjoys being able to appear suitably and well dressed. But how many are equally interested in having proper clothing for their thoughts? If a becoming suit of clothes, together with the other outer incidentals, can lend dignity and distinction to a man, how much more so will a correct

and cast-off garments of the thoughts of others, he becomes partly dumb. He is bottled up, smothered under cover of a mask. For, more than half the time, these adopted words and phrases he uses so glibly do not begin to express his real meaning. Of course others know this, and he knows it. But the injustice he does himself in so doing never occurs to him. From the habit of slovenly speech, in no long time he drifts into a slipshod way of thinking, for speech and thought are closely allied. And from slipshod thinking, the sort that goes along of itself by the easiest path, the whole nature relaxes and weakens. The world is full of such people.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

#### CAMPING BY LAKE TAHOE

Lake Tahoe is a great body of water 1500 feet deep and 20 miles long, on the very summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, 6200 feet up.

wording of his ideas. One ought to remember that his thoughts are much more a part of him than the clothes he wears.

If one is satisfied to continue to use words and phrases that have become overworked to the point of being meaningless, merely for the reason that they are popular, or that they will perhaps save him the trouble of digging for the necessary expression, then is he decidedly nearer to being ill-clad than if he walked the streets in rags. He manages to get along, and that is all; just as a man may manage to get along, on a pinch, and for a brief space, clad in nothing but a barrel. His emergency thus easily becomes a habit, until, having chosen the threadbare

Think of the injustice of it. There is no injustice anywhere to equal that which a man hands out to himself. And the remedy is so simple. Here is an opportunity to give the man inside, the thinker, a chance. Every mortal has some ideas; often very helpful ones. But they require clothing; and they often require just a little coaxing. All that is needed is a suitable vocabulary and some effort for the adventure. It is quite worth while. The vocabulary will come through selecting material for your reading from the best literature. And, here's a secret: get the habit of reading with your ears, as well as with your eyes. Let what you read be as though you were listening to the author's voice. Hear the words.

It is easy to do, and will open up a new world within the world of literature.

STUDENT

### Be True to the Light you have

"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 what 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*

**L**INCOLN declares himself *bound*; he *must*. Where or to what, is the obligation? you will say. He must live up to what light he has. What obligation could be simpler? The Man in him asserted itself; it was its own law; it knew no other law than to express itself. This is real self-expression. When we talk about self-expression we sometimes mean the license to express our passions and foibles.

Did Lincoln act for Jesus' sake or to save his own soul? Did he appeal to his honor or reputation? No; he simply says that he *must*, he is *bound*. This is the moral imperative. The real Man speaks from within and says, "I am, thus have I decreed."

A clearer, terser religion cannot be imagined. This rule of life assumes without question that man has light sufficient to guide him. All that is necessary is to be true to it. Does he ask for more light? How many of us fail to be true to the light we have, and yet ask for more!

Who cares to argue whether Lincoln was a religious man or not? Here we have an absolute religion — a religion, that is, independent of circumstances and dogmas; applicable to all time; a religion of humanity; the very quintessence of all religion, comprehensive, adequate. *To be true to what light we have*. We may spend our whole life, a whole string of lives, trying to dodge the simple truth, but eternal law must bring us back to face the straight course again. For the Inner Man is the real immortal Man; and unless we are true thereto we cannot live. We simply must, in the long run, be true to our own essential Self — or lose hold of our immortality.

H. T. E.

### Waiting to do the Big Thing

**H**OW many people, having good intentions towards others, delay and miss carrying them out, waiting till they are able to do what they want to in a big way!

They are waiting to *begin*. Why not begin to do it now? Start in with the little things of which all big things are made up — and of nothing else! So begun, the ultimate good is already assured.

What a lot of fun and happiness one thus gets at the little end of big things! And these forces set going in one who is working to a definite end, how can he keep from radiating them and lighting up everybody and everything he contacts with beauty and responsiveness? They rise up and bless him all along the way up to his big beneficence.

Finally the big achievement is ready. What a climax of happiness comes with his completed effort! How strong and fine he feels! And the thanks of those benefitted do not make him proud, for he himself is grateful for all the pleasure and happiness which have come to him from his effort and final success.

Everybody wants to be happy in his associations with others. It is easier than not being. Thinking of little things which will help and please others; anticipating some need or wish; some bit of unexpected kindness. That kind of surprise is like a diamond. Giving a smile in passing, a cheery word, an appreciative glance -- and the sun will break out on a cloudy face and start a glow to warm and light up the sad or gloomy heart.

Discount the big with the little things, and there will not be any waiting for heaven till after death. There will be plenty of heavens of happiness all along the way, even for the biggest sinner.

F. P.

### Protectors of the Children

**M**ANY years ago Katherine Tingley said to a body of people who were anxious to help her, "You cannot all be teachers, but you *can* be the real guardians and protectors of the children."

This remark was a great comfort to me for I had always been fond of children, and at the time was making a very sorry attempt at teaching a small group, which I soon after gave up to others more competent. But the thought that I could still be a protector and guardian remained constantly with me all through subsequent years.

I have watched the unfoldment of character in all the children I have been acquainted with, and some of my keenest disappointments have been when I have seen the promise of early years gradually fade.

It may seem rather strange at first that those 'behind bars' may also be "real guardians and protectors of the children," but it is true, nevertheless. Who should be better able to be such than those who have fallen and suffered? Their very mistakes and the consequences should give them greater understanding of the conditions and characteristics which brought about their lapses from the right path, and consequently, they should be able to recognise early tendencies and indications in young children, and so, when the time arrives for freedom and contact outside

they will be able to guard them from the evils from which they themselves have suffered.

Quite as important is the promise and possibility of the present time. Tracing effects back to causes, and desiring to help other sufferers makes a thought-atmosphere which goes out far beyond present surroundings. Kindly feelings and helpful thoughts set up currents which flow in all directions and may touch those who are most in need of them at critical moments, and counteract those impulses which tend to wrong acts or habits.

It was along such lines that I interpreted Madame Tingley's remark, and the intervening years have but added to that conviction, and proved its truth. No one, therefore, need feel downhearted and isolated when he can send out from his heart waves of helpfulness — wireless messages which will be 'picked up' by many outside — and, as like attracts like, he will in turn receive and feel returning messages of comfort and help.

Try it for a few minutes every day, and so prove it for yourself!

STUDENT

### The Kings

Louise Imogen Guiney

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 harken 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.

"Though 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 ringletted 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 sabre  
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*

### 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 our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, 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 possible 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.

If you are not already a fellow-traveler on the New Way we invite you to join us. Let us send you a sample copy. If already you have begun your journey on the New Way we are confident that you will wish to get still others to join you. It will add to your happiness and to theirs.

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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 world in which blossom the transitory and evanescent flowers of personal lives is not the real permanent world; but that one in which we find the root of consciousness, that root which is beyond illusion and dwells in the eternity."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"WHEREVER you are you are a center of force, and it is your own fault if you are useless anywhere."  
— *W. Q. Judge*

"NOT till men live as brothers, conscious of their essential Divinity, of their higher natures, can they feel the nearness of that inspiration which should move every human heart. Because of this lack of insight, I presume to say that the human mind has not been able fully to interpret the real truths of Christianity."— *Katherine Tingley*

"BITE off more than you can chew,  
Then chew it;  
Plan for more than you can do,  
Then do it;  
Hitch your wagon to a star,  
Keep your seat — and there you are!"

"FAITH is not belief in spite of evidence, but life in scorn of consequences."— '*Mr. Duster*'

"To dodge difficulties is to lose the power of decision."— *Anon.*

"No power in society, no hardship in your condition can depress you, keep you down in knowledge, power, virtue, influence, but by your own consent."  
— *Channing*

"HE alone achieves all that is possible who forever aims at the seeming Impossible. This is the pathway of the great."— *Persian*

"IN every feast remember that there are two guests to be entertained, the Body and the Soul; and that what you give the Body you presently lose, but what you give the Soul remains for ever." — *Epicletus*

"OUT of the dusk a shadow,  
Then a spark;  
Out of the cloud a silence,  
Then a lark;  
Out of the heart a rapture,  
Then a pain;  
Out of the cold, dead ashes,  
Life again."

THERE can be no duty so important as to necessitate my turning aside from a deed of loving-kindness which it is obviously mine to do.

"EVERY man is worth just as much as the things are worth about which he is concerned."

— *Marcus Aurelius*

EXCEPT you keep your *power* running, do not expect your *machine* to work.

FORGET your troubles! Right here among your comrades you could find the match and more than the match for any or all of them, were it not for the fact that theirs are so bravely or so cheerfully borne that you would never guess their existence.

KEEP going forward! Innumerable helpers are waiting for you to come up to where your path and theirs join.

It is growth that counts, development, something gained for the world; not mere goodness so-called. Life, for man, is a battle between the higher and the lower. He has to fight — to win if he can — but to fight always, with never a thought of surrender. That is winning.

HE who uses his strength fully, gets more strength in abundance. It is as though he were tapping some vast reservoir of energy which constantly surrounds him and from which he can take as much as he has earned.

THE animal in me — as in my fellows — is of the same nature, much compounded, as that of the beasts of the kingdom next below ours. Its value in my service, my use of its powers, depend upon my constituting myself — which indeed I rightfully am — its god.

NEVER let a good resolution be still-born. Better never to have fathered it.

I WOULD not willingly be deprived of suffering until I find the strength to bear and endure and overcome it, even as the athlete tosses the weight which once would have broken his back.

WHY does man question that he is divine, when, were not this divinity the fundamental element in his nature, his conduct would have destroyed him from the face of the earth long ago? Were he not immortal, godlike, how could he go on breaking the divine law of his being and live? Truly, we are sons of God; the Divine Fire is in the hearts of all.

THE same power that is behind the great man is behind each of us who is not great. He, however, has earned the ability to connect at will with this great force and to let it play through him as instrument. And we — ?

For Prisoners and Others  
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

Tomorrow sings another tune —  
if you listen for it.

GIFT  
JUN 36 1922

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  
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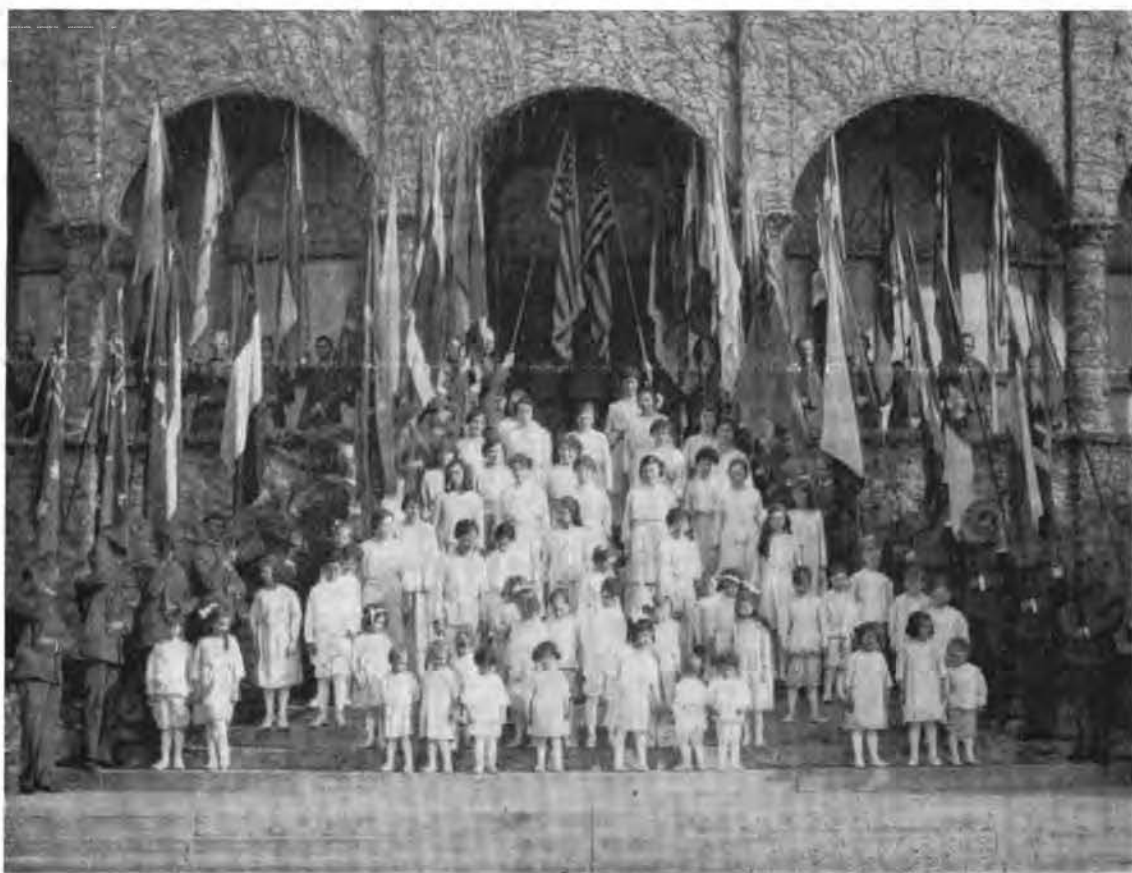
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*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

PEACE PAGEANT AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS  
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The blending of the flags

## What can a Fellow Believe in?

"I WISH there was somebody on the outside that would try to get to see me once in a while," said Tom to himself, as he enviously watched 'Doc' Kelly taking 'Shorty' to the office because there was

a fellow there who had got permission to see him. "I'm so all-fired tired of everybody and everything here — but what's the use, there ain't anybody cares a whoop for me"; and almost unconsciously he began to think of this one and that one who had been his friend in the years past, none of whom, during the

eight months he had been 'in,' had apparently made any effort to visit him.

One day the following week, Tom was very much surprised when 'Doc' came to him and said: "Tom, they want you in the office, there's a chap there to see you." So Tom went along and found Sam Lewis waiting there for him.

Now he hadn't seen or heard of Sam for nearly eight years, when they worked together for several months, and became quite intimate friends.

"Why, hello, Tom," said Sam, as they shook hands, "Who'd a thought I'd ever be coming here to visit you, eh? Queer world ain't it? You know I ran across Jerry Rees a couple o' weeks ago, and I asked him if he had seen anything of you, or knew where you were, and he told me that the last he heard of you was, that you had been 'sent up' for something, so I thought I'd try to come and see you sometime, and so here I am. Now tell me all about yourself; how did it happen? What was it? How long are you in for?"

"Well," said Tom, "I'm sure surprised to see you, Sam, and it's mighty nice of you to come up, and me just wishing somebody would come. About the rest of it — the less said the better — only I tried to get some easy money, and since I've been here, I'm wondering myself how it happened — I don't mean how I got here, but how I got so as I came to do the low-down thing I did."

"Why it all depends on what a fellow believes," said Sam.

"No," said Tom, "what a fellow believes ain't got anything to do with it. I never believed in anything much, except that the world owed me a living."

"Well, ain't that what I said? I guess you got to believe that the world owed you an *easy* living, and then you got to believe it would be all right to take what was owed you, and so the deed as usual presently followed the thought. I tell you a fellow's beliefs are working out into his doings all the time: must do."

"Well, if you put it that way," said Tom, "maybe you're right."

"Yes," said Sam, "there's sure lots of finer things to believe in than just having an easy time, and getting easy money, for the low part of us just grows bigger and bigger on *that* sort of diet, until finally we forget everything else and think this low thing's all there is to us. And then he's got us, and good-by to the chances of any better life! That's wrong *belief*, ain't it?"

"The reason a man makes a fool of himself and wastes his life is because he forgets all about, or don't believe in his *real* self, thinks that low thing *is* his real self, and then he's on his way to where you are now, old chap."

"Say Sam," said Tom, "how did you get this way? You didn't think this way in the old days. Why I remember lots of high old times we used to have, and you were just as keen on them as the rest of us."

"Yes," said Sam, "I remember them, too, and after you went away I kept it up, but every time I afterward always felt so blamed ashamed of myself, that finally I began to wonder *what part of me felt ashamed*, and what part wanted the high old times, and after a while I got to feel pretty sure that the fellow that felt ashamed was the right chap to listen to, if I didn't want to wind up where so many that I knew had, so I got to believe in *him* pretty strong and after a while I got on to it that *he* was really *me*, and that I wasn't such a no-account chap as I used to think. And I guess that's all, except that I got to believe in the better part of myself more and more, and found it the most worth while thing I ever did.

"There's *two*, I tell you, in every fellow, and what he's going to be in life depends on which of the two he's goin' to choose to be, inside. One gives him peace and light and self-respect and the other takes him — takes him where you are. But of course he can take a new hold on himself any time he likes."

"That sure explains some things to me," said Tom. "Maybe I ain't so bad off as I've been thinking I was."

"Of course you're not," said Sam. "If you believe in, and get acquainted with the real thing in you, you will find that lots of your troubles will clear up in short order, and instead of going from bad to worse, you will go from good to better. It sure pays to believe in the best.

"Well, so-long Tom, I've got to hustle home or the Missus'll think I'm going to stay up here for good." And as they shook hands, he said: "It's *always* the right time to make a new start, Tom, and there's a dandy little motto that says, *Do it Now*. You ain't goin' to be in here forever. Why not come out a new man, the *better* for having made a bad break and been given the chance to take a look over yourself? Drop me a line once in a while. I'll be round again before long and when you get out, the Missus and I will be glad to have you camp with us till you're on your feet."

K.



### Permanency

THE more seriously we consider material life, the life of change, the sooner do we become dissatisfied with the impermanency, the instability of things and conditions. Fortune is fickle; so-called friendships are matters of temporary convenience or interest; and betrayal of confidence, respect and affection is all too common. So we finally despair of ever finding any object to which we may safely attach ourselves today and not find it fail us tomorrow. Then come disillusion and pain which seem to crumble the very foundations of life.

What recourse, then, but for the mind to become



cold and selfish and the heart hard and cruel, faith lost and affection congealed and dead, only bitterness left? This, or withdrawal of all interest in the surrounding life — apathy and living death, and the fear of death. For faith in the after-life has been lost with faith in this one.

But why all this impermanency? this seemingly useless toil and suffering? For never has the man altogether lost the dim sense that there *is* a permanency somewhere, and that he himself is a part of it. This is an inherent instinct, planted in the deep heart of his being as the warrant of an indestructible reality. That this inner conviction remains under all vicissitudes, should stand to the man as presumptive proof that it takes hold on a permanency, a fundamental truth. As the mind becomes more confused and lost in the maze of questioning, doubt and fear, and finally despair, deep within is this persisting certainty of a permanent continuity in life of which he, the real man, is a part.

The *real* man! What is this? Is there, then, in himself, in his being of change, a self behind the material man? an immaterial, hence, spiritual self, not subject to change, super-mortal and eternal? Does this inner self know Truth beyond the confused reasonings of the mortal mind? Is he himself a divine self masked within his being of change? Is this immaterial self the permanency he has sought for with such travail of mind and heart?

The simple truth in the injunction, "Man, know thyself!" begins to dawn in his darkness. In its glow his dual nature begins to reveal itself; and as he opens his eyes to the growing light, he sees its like in all things and beings. And in the passing life of change, moving towards the ultimate illumination of the Spirit — its spark seen in all — the man sees himself, with the others, emerging from materiality, sees the divine nature gradually gaining the ascendancy over the lower nature or material self, the soul over the mind.

This state of spiritual self-hood attained, from then on he moves through the life of change as its helper, no longer a lost soul, but conscious of his divinity. He has "worked out his own salvation" — from materiality; has found and become one with his "indwelling God," and sets about organizing his life to harmonize with the "kingdom of heaven within him," over which the God presides. In working with Spirit he knows himself a part of it — the one and only Permanency.

F. P.



### The Needless Work We Do

**F**UNNY thing how people do a lot of onnecessary things that there ain't no call for," remarked Si Rogers as he relieved me of a rather heavy grip

which I was carrying back from the station the other day. "Now this morning as I went to the mill I met old man Klotpohl toting home a bucket of boiled water — it's always on tap at the back of the mill. 'You must be clean daffy about outdoor exercise, old fellow,' says I, 'or maybe you haven't been wised up to the fact that the order about boiled water was called off a week ago.' Well sir, Klotpohl had been toting boiled water for his folks' drinking all that time. Talk about 'hot under the collar,' he was hot all over! I reckon you could have fried an egg on any part of his skin, and I had to laugh to hear him let loose a lot of strong talk as he told the singing birds and the flowers in the neighborhood exactly how he felt about it.

"Yes indeedy, life is just cluttered up with jobs that must be done; but there's a big crowd of bone-heads as do a whole lot of extry labor they ain't no call to do and then get grouchy and kick about being overworked. Now my old dad was a case in point. You may talk about your hearty eaters; but I tell you straight he was a fair enthusiast in this matter of self-nourishment, and the way he would pack away groceries under his belt was a caution to snakes. He was always sick and loggy and would rather loaf than labor any day in the week. Mother used to say that although he saved a lot of bread from going mouldy by eating of it (she'd give him credit for that all right) it was the only thing he ever did to help about the house. In fact it was a common saying at home that Dad never worked except at meal-times.

"When Dr. Forest got settled in of course my father was one of his patients. Doc studied the case and finally he said to Dad, says he: 'Old gentleman, you're digging your grave with your teeth, I tell you straight. Cut your fodder bill in half and then some; chew your food for all your grinders are worth and eat nothing between times; drink a glass or two of water before breakfast and in and out through the morning and some on going to bed and take plenty of exercise in the open air. And do for Goodness' sake get it out of your noddle that because you're getting old you've got to feed up to keep up your strength. 'Tis tother way round,' he says, 'and the older you grow the *less* you need.'

"I tell you Dad was the surprisedest man you ever saw. He'd always figured it out that seeing a feller got his strength from the food he ate, it natcherly follered that the more he could get down his throat, the stronger he'd be. The poor old man was turrible scairt at first and thought he'd starve to death; but he steadily cut down on his diet and very soon found that Doc was dead right. After a little his step was lighter and his eyes were brighter, and bimeby he got chock full of pep and that ambitious that he worked up quite a little trade of his own by going around among the neighbors and buying their eggs to sell again to the dealers in town. Why very often

he'd split a pile of kindling wood before breakfast and feed the chickens into the bargain.

"Yes sir, his stomach had been working overtime for years and as soon as he let up on his appetite, his stomach let up on its habit of going on strike, and Dad and his stomach was good friends ever afterwards. I reckon that this yer habit of treating your stomach as if it was a warehouse for storing provisions makes a'most as much trouble as the booze itself. It certainly does beat the devil to see the work that a feller will do for years and then find out all of a sudden that there wasn't no necessity for it whatever at all."

Si put the grip on my front porch and refusing my offer of a glass of fizz, went on up the Bridge Valley Road to his diggings. "It sounds very easy to say 'control your appetite,' " thought I to myself, "but it's a man's job for all that, and the old gentleman must have called on the Big Fellow inside to help him or he'd never have been able to go through with it."

EL VIEJO



### Latent Gifts

**T**HERE are real gifts and artificial ones, and real needs and fancied ones.

A man who laments that he has no scope for the exercise of his gifts should remember two things: first, that his gift may be an artificial, an acquired gift, not belonging to his real nature; or that his gift may be imaginary and not real at all. And secondly, that any *real* gift he possesses has in the long run a peculiar power, a magnetic power, which will sometime draw to him (or draw him into) the precise circumstances and conditions that will call out and be a fitting field for the exercise of that gift. A man may think he has a gift for music, for instance, and lament that he has no chance to exercise it. Let him apply our rule: First, it may be no real gift at all. What is there may be merely a desire to shine or amuse himself, or the echo of a time in his life when he was much in the way of hearing music or practised it as a relaxation or display.

But, secondly, if it is a real gift, actually belonging to his nature, it will certainly, at some time, bring about the conditions for its use. So with every real gift. They cannot in the long run be denied their field.

In the long run — well, there may be something else much more important for his development that he should *now* attend to. We are all in the hands of a Divine Law, working for our benefit so far as we let it, in the wisest, most compassionate way, though the compassion may be hidden behind apparent sternness. It may be much more immediately important that a man should learn self-discipline, or self-control, or the power to stand up under injustice or work faith-

fully at something that does not interest him, than that he should develop any other gift or power. When the due time comes, as the times ripen, the field for the exercise and development of gift after gift opens right in front of us without effort or straining. He who can recognise and believe this will have content. He will try to quicken his evolution and bring nearer the time for his inner potentialities — those really belonging to his nature — to ripen and come forward for exercise, by the fullest doing of all the duties now presenting. He will fully occupy the field now in front, however unpleasant, sure that in so doing he is preparing his own way onward, sure that every field he leaves half worked must sometime be returned to for perfect cultivation. Much of what is now so irksome to us in our outer lives is just this return to us for completion of duties once half done or altogether evaded.

This knowledge of gifts latent in us all should prevent both pride and false humility. For every man, within, including the man you despise or dislike, is an unripened god; and somewhere, at some time, the full ripening will come to him as well as to you.

STUDENT



### How Old Fifty-Two Made Them Sit up and Take Notice

**"O**NCE upon a time there was a World's Fair in Buffalo. And there was a Railway that ran into Buffalo from the region toward the going down of the sun. And its officers said among themselves, Go to. Let us run a train against time, and per-adventure we shall beat the World's Record for a Long Run.

"And they took two fine new Locomotives that had been built to haul the Empire State Express, and they brought one of them to Chicago, and the other they placed at Collinwood, which was midway and nigh unto Cleveland.

"And the first of these fine new Locomotives left Chicago, hauling a Baggage Car and a Day Coach and a Parlor Car. And in the Parlor Car were the officers of the company. And they had Instruments whereby to Register Speed.

"And the fine new Locomotive pulled out of Chicago and hastened toward the Sunrise. And it made a good run, but when it pulled into Collinwood, it was Three Minutes under the World's Record for that distance.

"And the Officers said,

*"This will never do. The other new Locomotive must do better."*

"And as they were starting to hook up the other new Locomotive, behold, they discovered a Broken Valve. And they said, We cannot use that Locomotive.

"Then were their hearts heavy. But they said,  
*"Give us an Engine of some sort, for we must get to Buffalo."*

"And the Yardmaster said, Behold we have only one Locomotive in the Yards with Steam up, and

"Now the Engineer of Old Fifty-Two was no longer young, but in his day he had been a Great Engineer, and he knew his Engine. And he said,

*"Old Girl, we will give them a Run for their Money."*

"Now the Officers were sitting in sackcloth and ashes, when they chanced to look out of the window, and behold, the Telegraph Poles went by like a Picket Fence. And they looked at their Instruments, and behold, they were going Sixty-Four Miles an hour.

*"And they began to Sit Up and take Notice."*

"And after a time, they looked, and Behold, they were going Seventy Miles an Hour.

*"And they became Greatly Interested."*

"And the fireman was sprinkling in the coal, and keeping the steam pressure just where it belonged, and behold, the train climbed up to Eighty-Four miles an Hour. And when they pulled into Buffalo, the telegraph instruments along the way were hot with the reports of the flight of that train. *And the World's Record for a long distance run was broken.*

*"Now listen unto me, all ye men who stand idly upon life's side-track thinking that there is no great place in life for you. Hauling freight on a Branch Line is no disgrace, but highly honorable. Yet are there men who are fooling away life on Short Hauls of Less Than Car Load Lots, who ought to get out onto Life's Main Track, and actually Get There."*

*"I am no longer young, but I am running on the Main Line, with the Throttle Wide Open, and the Track Clear; and I invite other men who are no longer young, but who are capable of Going Some, to back out of the Round House, and undertake some job worth while and renew their Youth."*— 'SAFED THE SAGE,' in the *Boston Congregationalist*



### Curiosity

"FOR a young fellow that usually has a lot to say, you've been mighty quiet today."

"I've been waiting till after supper to tell you about it, Joe. You know we were reading a lot lately about



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

### THE PEACE PAGEANT. SOME MORE OF THE PROCESSION.

"Children of Light, as ye go forth into the world, seek to render noble service to all that lives."

that is Old Fifty-Two, that years ago went off the main line, and hath long been hauling Local Freight on a Branch Line.

"And the Officers said, *Give us anything that hath Wheels and a Boiler, for we must get on to Buffalo.*

"So they hooked up Old Fifty-Two.

'communicating with the spirit world'? Well, I reckoned I'd look up one of these séances last night when I went to town, and try it out for myself.

"When I left the camp it was just dark enough to make the moon look fine and bright as she climbed up from behind the hills, and when me and the pony got down in the shadow of the big timber we just naturally stopped to drink in the beautiful quiet there always is, just near that bend of the creek. You know how she gurgles pleasant-like over the pebbles under the bridge; and there was just enough breeze to make the high branches whisper. My, it was great!

"We let it sink in well before we went on into the town, and then I pays my dollar to get nearer to 'the spirit world'—not meaning any disrespect by that, either. Well, Joe, I lasted it right out to the end, and I saw and heard most amazing things—some of them just made prickly feelings run up my spine into my back hair.

"But here's what beats me: on the way back, when I gets into the shadow of the timber again I'd lost my nerve and I'd lost all the feeling of the beauty of it that I had a few hours earlier. When I brushed against a branch, instead of feeling it friendly-like, as I usually do, I was jerking away as if I'd been bit. And I finds myself hurrying the pony through the shadows into the next patch of moonlight and wishing for the open ground again.

"You know I'm no coward, Joe; but there I was like a kid with a bogey after him; and when I got into bed I says to myself, I feel about as fresh as if I'd been cleaning out the pig pens.

"You can't tell me that's the way to get nearer to spiritual things, when the first thing that happens is you near get scared stiff.

"I thinks to myself this morning when I was out after the horses, I'll stick to my own way in future. There was everything around so beautiful and full of that deep-down feeling of a great Presence that you just felt you didn't hardly want to breathe; and I says to myself, If I could get those people out of town on a few mornings like this they'd have a chance to find out something worth knowing. I reckon the silence of nature, day or night, 'll bring a man nearer to the *real* 'spirit world' and his own soul than he'll ever get at any of them séances, and he'll learn more deep truth about life and himself and immortality than he can put into any words I ever heard." E. D.



### Dope

NOT for a long while has a word so quickly won favor with so many people as the word 'dope.' To whatever the word is applied, it seems to stick, for the moment. It is a sticky word.

There are a number of words in every language that have something of real power, for good or ill, about them, whether we recognise what they do to us or not. Roughly speaking, any word that can call up a strong emotion of some sort, or even has traces of this power still alive in it, falls into this class. The same is true of some short phrases. The English language has no name for this class of words and phrases. In the older languages, however, in the Sanskrit for instance, there is a name for them. They are known as 'mantrams.' Such mantrams as we have and use today, we use without full awareness of what we are doing. Some of the older races used, and continue to this day to use them consciously and with a purpose. Poets use them and their poems get much of their power and beauty from this source. The words and phrases say something more than their surface meaning.

There's a time and tide in the affairs of even words. Such a word as we are now considering is a 'mantram' which could never have sprung into the popularity it has unless the condition was there for it. It is a good illustration of how subtle a power a word can have. For there is something of magic in this particular word. What *kind* of magic is another matter. The popularity of such words is one of the signs of the times.

The word 'dope,' however, is not an English word, strictly speaking, but comes from the Dutch *doop*, and corresponds to our English word *dip*, in the sense of a sheep-dip; hence any thick, *black* substance—note the color—as molasses, crude oil or *opium*. The word has been used as a name for this evil drug (or its product, morphine) for a sufficient length of time for everyone to be more or less familiar with the term. There can be no mistaking its sinister and definite association. Its extended meanings, however, have grown and are still growing. Beginning by denoting a drug which men secretly carried about for their own use or that of any friend who might ask for a dose, you can still find the traces of that idea in its wider employment.

Someone may stop and ask you if you have "the dope on the time," perhaps. Or, in the course of conversation with one supposedly cultured, one may hear such a remark as: "Yes, I've heard that Shakespeare had the 'correct dope' on that." Or in going into a bank or other business house to have some matter adjusted, you may overhear the clerk ask another: "Have you the dope on this?" referring to the matter in question. But always with this wild use of the word, there is an unconscious calling up of the root idea of the dark, sinister drug with which the word has been so long associated. This has a bad effect, whether one is conscious of it or not, and whether the word is used humorously or not. But are we obliged to use it at all? Let us regard it as a noxious weed, and treat it accordingly. G.

## The Goal of Man's Life is Perfection

THIS optimistic teaching comes home to us with a power that few can know of unless they have entered into the spirit of the idea that there is a possibility that this great Soul of the Universe, this Infinite Law which keeps the stars in place and brings us such wonderful revelations in the life of nature, has something for you and for me, something for the man behind the bars and the woman on the street and for those who seem to be lost to the best interests of humanity.

It is the spirit of divine brotherhood. We do not make it, but we can invoke it and we can develop it and we can work with it and we can become the controllers of our own destiny. Is there anything very fanatical in the idea? Is there anything very far-fetched about it? Is there anything to be afraid of? Is there not something of inspiration just in the thought, in the suggestion — something that will lift men 'out of their boots,' so to speak, and set them to thinking? That will bring man to a position of holding up his head and recognising the divine quality of his own nature, and then beginning life anew. No matter how heavy the shadows, no matter how much he is misunderstood, no matter how much he is persecuted, he has within himself the key to the knowledge of human life, just as far as he progresses in effort.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

## There's but One Way

Alfred Noyes

*Written by Alfred Noyes for the wreath which Lady Limerick placed on the Cenotaph on Armistice day.*

THERE'S just one gift that all our dead desire,  
 One gift that men can give, and that's a dream  
 Unless we, too, can burn with that same fire  
 Of sacrifice; die to the things that seem;  
 Die to the little hatreds; die to greed;  
 Die to the old ignoble selves we knew;  
 Die to the base contempts of sect and creed  
 And rise again, like these, with souls as true.  
 Nay (since they died before their task was finished),  
 Attempt new heights, bring even their dreams to  
 birth;  
 Build us that better world, O, not diminished  
 By one true splendor that they planned on earth.  
 And that's not done by sword, or tongue, or pen —  
 There's but one way. God make us better men.

*Selected*

"No man has a right to say he can do nothing for others." — *Katherine Tingley*

## To Anyone

Witter Bynner

WHETHER the time be slow or fast,  
 Enemies, hand in hand,  
 Must come together at the last,  
 And understand.  
 No matter how the die is cast  
 Nor who may seem to win,  
 You know that you must love at last,  
 Why not begin? — *Selected*



## 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 our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, 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 possible 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.

If you are not already a fellow-traveler on the New Way we invite you to join us. Let us send you a sample copy. If already you have begun your journey on the New Way we are confident that you will wish to get still others to join you. It will add to your happiness 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. 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

"PUT without delay your good intentions into practice, never leaving a single one to remain only an intention — expecting meanwhile neither reward nor even acknowledgment for the good you may have done."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"REMEMBER this: that as you live your life each day with an uplifted purpose and unselfish desire, each and every event will bear for you a deep significance . . . and as you learn their import, so do you fit yourself for higher work."— *William Quan Judge*

"THUS does he live, as a binder together of those who are divided, an encourager of those who are friends, a peacemaker, a lover of peace, impassioned for peace, a speaker of words of peace."

— From the Buddhist *Sūtras*

"WHOSO neglects a thing which he suspects he ought to do, because it seems to him too small a thing, is deceiving himself; it is not too little, but too great for him, that he doeth it not."— *E. B. Pusey*

"ONE must not follow the example of those who on Friday make the heroic decision that from the following Monday they will start to work, no matter what happens. If they do not apply themselves *immediately*, their imaginary resolution is only a deception which they practise upon themselves."

— *Jules Payot*

"FINALLY, even though our will may have been beaten, which is frequently apt to happen, we must not lose courage. It is enough if, like a swimmer who meets a rapid current, we make ever so little headway. It is even enough to prevent us from losing hope entirely if we are swept along less rapidly than we should have been if we had let ourselves go altogether. Time will accomplish what we want. It is *time* which forms habits and gives them the strength and energy of natural tendencies. The power of *the man who never despairs* is marvelous. In the Alps there are granite gorges over three hundred feet in depth. It is the incessant wearing of the water burdened with sand that through countless summers has worn these prodigious chasms. Just so the smallest actions repeated indefinitely achieve in the end results out of all proportion to their causes. Moreover our very defeats can be turned to good advantage, proving all the more how many resources we have for our self-perfecting. For example, the feeling of disgust, physical fatigue and mental weakness with which sensual gratification leaves us, is an excellent thing to keep constantly before our minds, so as to feel its unpleasantness and to fix its effects firmly in our memory."— *Jules Payot*

"As the outer man decays the inner man is renewed from day to day."— *St. Paul*

"THE eternal stars shine out again as soon as it is *dark* enough."— *Carlyle*

"NOT a day passes over the earth, but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows. Of these obscure heroes, philosophers and martyrs, the greater part will never be known till that hour, when many that are great shall be small, and the small great."— *Charles Reade*

"WHEREVER there is a soul in darkness, obstruction, or misery, there, also, is a power that can enlighten, liberate, and help. So far as I can observe, this power is indifferent to the names by which it is called; its action seems unconditioned by that or any such trifle, often proving itself mightiest to save in men who give it no name at all."— *L. P. Jacks*

"AND as to old age. Verily thoughts may come slowly and with difficulty, and still more the words to clothe them. Memory of men's sayings and of the things I have read may grow sluggish and unresponsive. But my true life will be beyond all this, and the more the failures of old age come upon me — perchance for that very reason — the clearer and more certain will be my consciousness of myself as an immortal light, present with my body when it was born, to endure undimmed when it is fallen away from me, and with the power to gain knowledge and think thoughts from which the brain and *its* mind shut me out in the years of their fuller activity."

— From *Gropings to Faith*

"WITH everyone there is a silent Presence, which is never wholly absent, our Inner Self, one with the Supreme Spirit, gentle and never chiding, while ever reminding us of the true way. How utterly alone and lost in the maze of life we should be were its companionship wholly withdrawn."— *F. M. P.*

"WE can feel our inner oneness with all beings, even if our minds cannot as yet grasp its reality. Each is a partial incarnation of the Great *I* of the race."— *K. R.*

"EVERY time we fall below our best standards of what's fine and right and honest we are doing a bit to drag someone down. So let's raise our standard high. We go through our days in a cloud of observation of which we are fortunately not conscious, but when the time of comparison comes let's be prepared so that whoever reviews, inspects or visits us may say, 'Well done, good and faithful servants of humanity.'"— *Dr. Brayton Kinne, M. D.*



# THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE<sup>GIFT 1911</sup> OF HUMANITY  
(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

PIAZZA CORVETTO AND STATUE OF KING VICTOR EMMANUEL I, GENOA, ITALY, WHERE THE  
RECENT INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE WAS HELD

## 'Kicks'

"WHERE'D you get *that*?" This was a common query in those days, for Jeff was always springing some new idea. Only he used to declare they weren't new; that there was nothing new under the sun. This time it seemed to have turned into a regular quiz party, and Jeff was *it*. The boys were

interested and in just the right mood to listen, so I listened in, too, knowing that something was coming.

Jeff had, as far as I could gather, been talking about the benefits of having something to do — that "all work was for the worker," as he put it. He had even gone so far as to say that there was such a thing as working to grow. And this was where the boys wanted to be shown; hence the aforesaid query.

"Now, fellows," says Jeff, "what I'm going to get off may sound like Sunday school stuff, but it isn't. It's just science. One o' these efficiency guys might call it something else, *Working to grow*, as an idea, has become extinct, like the dodo. It's like something that has grown old and out o' date, and been forgotten. So much so that it might easily pass for a brand new idea. I don't know but what it might be better if we *did* consider it as a new idea. We'd get a 'kick' then, to start with. Everybody gets a 'kick' out of what he thinks is a new idea. Now I'll try to explain just what I mean by working to grow. Let a guy tackle any sort of a job you can imagine. It doesn't matter much what it is, so long as it is something worth while, or something that has to be done. Let him put his best into it — do his very best at it, — and when it's done he'll find himself feeling better, inside and out. He's got something of a 'kick' out of it. And there's a reason. Perhaps some o' you can remember the time when you were just kids growing fast — growing so fast that you had growing pains. Most growing boys have 'em. Growing pains are well known, while growing pleasures aren't so well known. Well, here's the reason for the 'kick': when a fellow is putting his very best into whatever job he's at, he's *growing*, whether he knows it or not; and the 'kick,' pleasure, or stimulant he gets out of it is the result of the growth. It's simply the *inside* fellow stretching. He doesn't have to know just what it is though.

"Consequently, the fellow that does the best he can at his work finishes every job a bigger man. He is a bigger man to tackle the next job that comes along, whatever it is. He is a growing concern. That is how every real big fellow has got to be what he is. It's just the result of years of doing his best at whatever he's had to do. There's no other way. If there is I'd like to know it.

"I don't know whether I make this stuff plain to you, but I'm doing my best. One thing I am certain of though, and that is that there is something wrong, somewhere along the line, when a fellow fails to get a 'kick' out of his work. And it may not always be the guy's fault, altogether.

"I've often thought of Curly, here, with his pomes. Curly doesn't have to tell me that he's succeeded with something he's been trying to do. I can see it. He feels encouraged, and shows it. Most of the fellows laugh at his stuff, but that doesn't phase him. He has a sort of ideal of what his things ought to be, and goes to 'em; and when he gets 'em to suit him he's tickled. He's got his 'kick' out of it. By and by he'll get a higher ideal, and if he keeps on hammering away, the first thing he knows he'll grow to be a real poet. There's another thing in Curly's favor, and it helps him more than most anything else, and that is the way he goes at any other old thing that comes along in the way of work. The glad way he pitched in and helped to clean up that diamond for the

ball game the other day is a sample of what I mean. Although he wasn't on the team, he went at the job with more gimp than some of 'em that were

"Then there's Pete with his whittling jobs. That piece o' carving he's at now is away ahead of the last thing he turned out, which shows that he is growing too.

"The great mistake that most fellows with hobbies make is that they don't put near the same energy into the things that *have* to be done. They think *they* don't count. So they never fully enter into their ordinary work. They're not all there. They're only hitting on one or two cylinders. So they get nothing out of most of their efforts and time. I'm reminded of some words I once ran across in a very old book that contains a lot of good stuff, where it says 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.' That is all right, as far as it goes. It's fine. But it isn't enough. It doesn't tell you *why* one should. Carlyle came nearer to explaining this when he said 'He who can work is a born king of something.'

"A fellow's life can be a perpetual tonic to him if he'll put his best into everything that turns up to be done. They talk a lot about 'will-training,' nowadays. This is the prescription, boys; no other way to it."

REPORTER



### Forgetting the Past

"HULLOA Matt! You look all in this morning. Say, did you have a bad egg for breakfast; or maybe it's the crimes of a lifetime you're repenting of?"

"You've struck it just about right, mate," replied Matt as he paused in his whittling and looked up with a crooked smile that was plainly manufactured for the occasion and not the genuine blossom of joy. "I can't say that I've been a regular gun-man or a crook; but that's because I've never had no temptation, seeing I was always brought up pretty comfortable and lived among decent people all my life. All the same I've sure done a pile of things that I wouldn't like to see in the paper against my name. And the thoughts that pop into my head sometimes would make a decent man throw a fit if it so be as he could see into my skull. I've been a bad un for sure, and if a man reaps what he sows, my back-yard'll be chock full of thistles and the like when harvest-time comes round.

"I've just been watching the kiddies going into school and putting my life alongside of theirs. I've seen where I stand clearer than ever before and it's clean taken all the heart out of me. Don't you reckon it's a good thing to sit down once in a while and figure out how bad you've been? I've a notion that it ought to keep a feller from doing the same thing over again."

"Matt, you long-eared jackass!" I said, "you're barking up the wrong tree, and no mistake. I know very well that you didn't always quench your thirst at the faucet and that after tanking up on old rye, your language and habits left something to be desired; but take it from me that pondering over the shadows of the past never brought a man into the sunshine of his better nature, and the less he visits the grave of a buried weakness, the less chance there is of its coming to life again.

Whatever you set your mind on for long has a way of happening sooner or later, and things get themselves done in a man's mind before they break out in his life. A feller gets to thinking of what he'd like to do to his enemy, and some fine day he gets his chance and murder happens; and if you let the desire for something grow strong by thinking of it all the time, likely enough you'll find it in your pocket some day, provided it isn't screwed down tight. The moral of which is: don't let your mind dwell on what's bad in your record, even in protest or horror, and put your thoughts into the idea of making a clean *now*. *Now's* what we've got to attend to.

"You must have noticed by this time that there are two altogether different fellows inside of you, the higher and the lower, and if you call up the memory of some bygone evil, even with the idea of renouncing it for ever, there's that bad fellow down under that just naturally licks his lips and perks up and starts in to plan out how to do it again. You're a gardener and ought to know that the best way to keep the weeds out is to have the ground full of strong-growing flowers and vegetables. The good plants suck up the rainfall and spread their broad leaves and overshadow the weeds as they struggle up through the soil, and before you know it they are starved out and crowded under and get no show at all because of the fine, vigorous crop already in possession of the ground. Fill up your mind with good thoughts and the bad ones won't find standing room even.

"No matter what you've done, turn your back on it and never think of it again. It only leads to discouragement and the loss of faith in your better nature. Thinking of evil never produced anything good. Rouse your will into action and take the stuff your mind is made of and turn out something really worth while from it."

While I had been speaking a change had come over Matt. A light had kindled in his eye and a trace of a smile flickered about the corners of his mouth. Having finally whittled down his piece of wood to almost nothing he got up and put the knife in his pocket.

"I guess I'll just turn the water on to my carrots," he said; "it beats all how dry the ground is getting these days;" and giving me a friendly nod he walked off with more spring in his step than I'd seen in a month of Sundays. Seemed to have a new idea. P. L.

### Growing Younger

MARK TWAIN once lamented that we couldn't all be born old and grow younger and younger with the years.

Was he right? Shouldn't we find, as we grew backwards towards youth and infancy, that if we were gaining in some ways we were losing in others? Losing such wisdom as we had acquired, losing the results of experience, steadiness of judgment, many valuable powers, all the capacities acquired by effort and practice, balance of character, self-control? "Alas," we should say, "as the years go by I am failing in all the important things of life, gaining (up to now) in physical strength (though that will presently go too), but in all else losing, losing!" And with the thought of this steady loss we should fall into a gloom which would undo all the good that would have been done us by the youngening, knowing that in the end, by the time we had reached birth, nothing but a helpless infant would be left. Birth would look to us as death now does, infancy like senility.

Mark Twain was mistaken. Don't let us be such fools as to lament anything provided for us by nature. Nature knows.

Nature — what is it? Viewed from the standpoint of its activity, nature is life and evolution. Nature throws away the leaves of a plant that there may be flowers, throws away the flowers that there may be seed for further life. Man is a sort of plant that can think, yet with all his thinking has not sense enough to co-operate with nature and work at his own evolution. Usually he will not take hold even of his body and see that by exercise and care it shall become and stay healthy; nor of his mind and see that it is disciplined to steady thought and furnished richly with the best knowledge of his time and the best fruits of the thought of great thinkers and creators; nor of his character, the final seed of him, and see that it is made ready to flower in a grander life, under a more glorious sun and sky. In a word he will not live the natural (nature-al, evolving) life.

There are some failings to face, of course, as old age comes on — though not near so many as we need have if we kept the body limber by daily exercise of every muscle and joint, and the mind alert by study and thought and discipline; and also not near so many as we should have to face if we grew younger day by day. Some of these failings of advancing years are, moreover, imaginary only. "My memory is not what it was," says the aging man. Often the truth in such case is that his mental power is merely preoccupied and busy in other ways, turned into channels of thought and invention, or spent in actively meeting the needs of daily life. The best of our mentality, too, is often paralysed by auto-suggestion, the increasingly permitted thought that "I am begin-

ning to fail," "I am not what I was once," "the years are beginning to tell," and so on. Don't admit any of this self-poisoning into the daily thought at all. Instead get back to what we were talking about a while ago — *nature*. Which is evolution, in our case self-evolution. For nature, in her evolutive work, has finally evolved a being with the power of co-operating consciously in that business, a power which, as we saw, we hardly ever use. We block nature's further work — which has, in us, to be largely done by us if it is to get done at all.

Evolution, then, *self-evolution*, is our keynote, continued up to the very last, a last which, like birth, is really a first.

How are we to achieve this self-evolution? "The mind of the flesh is death," said Paul, "and the mind of the spirit is life and peace." "The mind of the flesh," of the brain, the ordinary mind, compound of ordinary thoughts, wishes, memories, our ordinary personality. In insisting upon fulfilling some duty we find tiresome or difficult, in carrying out something we have willed to do and now feel too lazy for, in sacrificing our own comfort for the interests of another, in subduing a fit of irritation or bad temper, in these and many other ways we find ourselves up against the resistance of our personality with its outfit of wishes and inclinations and mental picturings. But is there not an inner satisfaction, once we have achieved these victories, a contentment of conscience, a sense of approval coming from somewhere within and above? That is at first all we know about it. But we have got that much into touch with the "mind of the spirit," of the soul, our other mind, of which constant presence so many of us know nothing. Conscience is a chief manifestation of our "mind of the spirit," the mind that we sense within us when for a few moments we silence the chattering of the other in aspiration for fuller and nobler life.

And it is this mind alone that is out of the reach of death. It is by acting according to the urge of this mind that we bring it more and more into our lives, learn to use it, learn from it our immortality and divinity, grow in every quality of character belonging to the higher and eternal manhood. And it is by this sort of work that we make old age a ripening and illumination instead of a decaying and darkening.

STUDENT



### The Message of the Stars

WALKING home from lodge-meeting one night with Jim Shenstone, we fell to talking about the stars which sparkled overhead in the frosty air. "There's nothing like a little astronomy," I said, "to broaden a man's outlook and correct the ridiculous conceit which makes him fancy that he stands at

the very center of the Universe, and everything turning around him."

"Now that reminds me of Isaac Peace," remarked Jim, "a dyed-in-the-wool star-gazer if ever there was one. He could tell you off-hand how long it would take you to reach the Pole Star by a fast train with no stops for refreshments by the way. If I remember rightly you'd be a pretty ripe corpse before the guard called out '*Pole Star; change here for the Milky Way.*' It always seemed to me that watching the stars night after night ought to cure a man of that selfish absorption in his own affairs which is the main trouble with most of us. Peace knew pretty much all there was to know about the stars, as far as head knowledge goes, and yet the reverence, the humility, the self-forgetfulness that should have followed the study he somehow seems to have missed.

"I shall never forget that night when he had some of us fellows in to look through his telescope. He showed us Venus with two horns like the moon, and Saturn spinning away with a hoop round his waist, and one of Jupiter's little satellites rising over the edge of the planet. Then we had a look at some of the stars — every star a sun mind you — with planets of its own swinging around it and no doubt a special kind of humanity suited to the conditions up there. The ground would be thick with voters, likely enough, he said, though they might have six legs apiece for all he knew about it and their eyes on stalks like the lobsters; and maybe there were animals queerer than camels, and creeping things like insects, only a good bit different you know. I went home that night walking on air as you may say, clean lifted out of myself, and I didn't worry a mite although that careless girl had left the back door open all the evening.

"Next morning Peace and I got into the same car, and thinks I to myself: 'I shall get an uplift for the day from this fellow's conversation. There can't be anything mean or small about a man who is studying the mighty sweep of universal law all the time.' I was badly out in my reckoning for all that though. Peace seemed to be at war with all the world that morning and he started in on 'friend wife' because the toast was black and the birthday of his egg was so remote that its only appeal lay in its interest as a relic of ancient times. His bacon was cold; but *he* was hot all right, just boiling over and no mistake and so full-up with his private sorrows that he'd clean forgotten the Milky Way and the 'music of the spheres' he'd been so eloquent about the night before. All he was conscious of was his disappointed stomach and how he felt about it."

"Peace would have been better off if he'd known less and felt more," I said. "It isn't so much the learning of new facts about the stars that does a man good, as the letting of what you do know sink down deep into your mind while you extract the full

value of it as it seeps in. And it's the same way with geology. You study a seam of coal and try to imagine how it looked when it was all green leaves and brown tree-trunks with the sunshine flickering through the fern fronds and the insects crawling about the undergrowth. It makes a man feel pretty small so long as he thinks of himself as a body to be shovelled underground at the cemetery before many years are gone by. But let him get it into his head that his intelligence is one with the Mind that planned all these things, and that the Universal Life streams through his veins as well, and calmness, peace, and deep content rise like a fountain in his inmost soul. There's many a common man whose duty takes him out under the stars who gets more real good out of them than some of these professors do who only know them with their heads."

My remarks started a hidden memory in my companion and with his deep and sympathetic voice he rolled out those beautiful verses of Matthew Arnold into the frosty night:

"Unafrighted by the silence round them,  
Undistracted by the sights they see,  
These demand not that the things  
about them

Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their  
shining,

And the sea its long, moon-silvered roll;  
For self-poised they live, nor pine with  
noting

All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves and unregardful  
In what state God's other works may be,  
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,  
These attain the mighty life you see."

We parted at the corner, and as I walked up the path I thought that the poet had really got the kernel of the nut, while most of the astronomers were only studying the outer shell.

ASTEROID

### Apollo's Sign

**T**IRED of yourself, aye? Then why not have another self?

"Another self? I'm as my Maker made me, ain't I?"

You are. But as you yourself are the maker you can go to it and do a better job. A fellow don't have to stay the way he is.

"Well, I have tried to change, but I never seemed to make any success of it."

You made just as much of a success as you did the trying for. If a man's sawing a block of wood he gets

just as far into the block as he makes strokes with the saw. What would you think of the fellow that made three strokes with the saw and then chucked the job, complained that he had tried but couldn't make a go of it? Wouldn't you tell him that the job needed perhaps thirty strokes, and that if he'd made three he'd necessarily done one tenth, neither more nor less?

"But he could see what he'd done. When you're trying the other job — making *yourself* over — you *can't* see."

Well, that just happens to be the difference; that's all. But if you couldn't see the work of the saw, you'd know, all the same, wouldn't you, that if you'd made so many strokes you'd have done that much

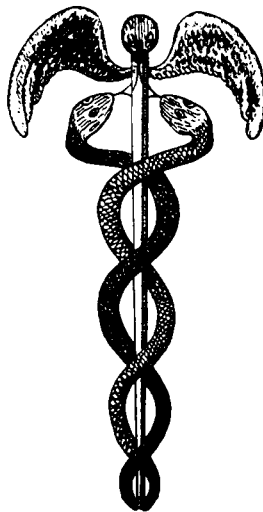
of the job? Suppose you were sawing a big branch of a tree. You keep on five minutes, ten minutes — apparently there is nothing doing. Results *nil*. But suddenly, crash, down comes the branch. That's sometimes the way with character-changing. You try and try, and the more you try the more the thing's the same way. But suddenly one morning — see the idea? You've won out on some point, got the better of a weakness, find you don't any longer want to do some customary shady thing.

Tired of yourself, you said. That's not strictly the way to put it. Know that old medical sign, the Caduceus, the wand of Apollo, standard of Aesculapius? Some of the doctors are taking to fixing it on their autos lately.

"Can't say I do."

Well, it's two snakes twined round a wand. The top of the wand widens out into wings, and it's really a winged snake with the other two snakes twisted round it. I've seen one where the middle snake, the wand, was gold-colored, shining, and the two coiled round it were red and green. The wings were gold, and the head above; and the eyes were clear diamonds.

That was the symbol of a *man* in the old days when they understood human nature. The real man was the upright, straight gold shaft running up the middle, winged and with shining eyes reflecting the sun. And the two snakes twisted round it and everlastingly squirming were the *mind* with its everlasting motion of thoughts, and the *emotion*-apparatus with its everlasting squirming of wishes, lusts, longings, impulses, fears, likes, dislikes and so forth. And the real man, with this everlasting motion of thoughts and emotions going on around him, this man takes that squirm to be *himself*, forgets what he really is, the upright shaft of conscious winged light in the middle; and so, saying *I*, means the double squirm instead of the *real I*. *I* is an upright line, even in print, isn't it?



A man's thoughts are not himself; that's why he can take hold of them and change them. And his impulses and lusts and longings are not himself, and that's why he can change *them*. He never needs to change *himself*, needs only to *be* himself. He's divine light, himself, come down into the midst of this double squirm of thoughts and passions. It's that squirm — which he thinks is himself — that he's got to change and bring to order. All that he's got to do with himself is to *be* himself. He never gets 'tired of himself'; he gets tired of what's going on *around* himself, the squirm of the two snakes.

Don't all that put a new complexion on things? "What's the prescription?"

Keep up your 'saw' work, day by day, little by little, that self-uplift work you tried a while and quit because it didn't seem to be getting anywhere. Keep it up, but do it with the thought of our symbol, the Apollo symbol. Apollo was the child of the sun, a ray of it. And each of us is the child of the great *Spiritual* Sun of the world, a ray of it. And so, if, along with the 'saw' work, for a few moments night and morning we'd try to silence the mind and feel ourselves as what we are, feel the presence of the Great Light around us and over us and in us, feel ourselves to be a ray of it, if we'd rise with this feeling and go to bed with it, we'd not be long in getting the power to 'change ourselves,' get a move on the 'self' we are 'tired of' and make one around us that will answer to our highest notions of what it ought to be, clean, strong, fearless, and a help to everyone that needs help. Keep that symbol in mind and live accordingly. It's a shorthand abbreviation of human nature and the New Way. It's the doctors' symbol because it's the symbol of healing, and self-healing. STUDENT



### The Pine-Tree and the Matches

"I JOURNEYED, and I came into a great Forest of Tall Pine-Trees. And men were at work cutting them down. And not far away was a Saw-mill that sawed them into Lumber.

"And they sawed down a Great Pine, and it fell with a mighty Shout that woke the echoes of the Forest.

"And I said, I am a lover of trees, and I could almost as easily murder my father as cut down a tree so fine and tall as that. Yet I know that it must be done; and it may be that yonder tree will cut into lumber for a Temple of Worship, or a Hall of Justice, or an Happy Home.

"And the Foreman spake unto me, saying, This tree will be cut up for the making of Matches.

"And I said, Thou mightest make matches out of the chips and splinters of it, but the tree itself would make matches enough to set the world on fire.

"And he said, All the Lumber which thou seest at the mill, and all the saw-logs that lie beside the mill, and all the trees that these men are cutting, yea, and every tree in this vast Forest is for the making of Matches.

"Then was I sad to think of those monarchs of the Forest casting down their crowns and tumbling from their thrones to light the cigarettes of fools.

"But I considered that there be other and more honorable uses of Matches, and that so great a tree would not give its life without serving many noble purposes. For it would light the evening lamp in many a home, and kindle a glow on many a hearth-stone, and set ablaze the fires of Industry and Productive Toil.

"And I began to think less unkindly of this match business.

"And I thought of my own life and of the lives of other men, into how many splinters they are divided. And I said within myself that I had never been able to make of my life one single, solid, undivided contribution to any heroic achievement, but that it had been cut up into matchwood and kindling by the exigencies of the daily demands.

"Yea, what is this Parable but a Splinter, with the end dipped a little space into the Personality of him who writeth it, that peradventure it may kindle a Kindred glow in the heart of some one else who hath seemed to himself to fritter away his life in trivial duties, with no opportunity for Conspicuous and Heroic Deeds?

"Now this is my message unto all such: —

"If thou hast lighted the lamp of hope in the humblest life; if thou hast put a torch into the hand of a child that he might walk aright down the path of temptation; if thou hast set in the window of thine own soul where it is visible unto men a candle lighted by a spark of thine own conviction or experience so that thereby any life hath been guided aright; if thou hast kindled anew the flame of love upon the hearth of any cold and troubled home; if thou hast warmed the milk of human kindness in the cup of any human being, then thank God that He hath permitted thee and thy life to be cut up into Matches."

— 'SAFED THE SAGE' in the *Christian Century*



### Now is the Time

THE time to do a thing is the moment that it needs doing. That seems clear enough. But then it is so much easier to put off doing it, and it always seems as if it would be just as well later; so that some people fall into a way of not doing the thing that needs doing until it is too late. There is a right time for everything, and when that time comes it is NOW. But the lazy man always wants to do things



in the future, which never comes. So that he never does the right thing at the right time. No! 'tomorrow' never comes: it is always 'today,' and the present moment is always NOW and that is the only time for action. The future is a dream, a fancy, a guess. If a thing needs doing, do it now! To put it off is to put it out of reach where it will always be tomorrow. Tomorrow never comes.

When a thing is done, forget it! It is past: it is a memory, another kind of dream. You are living *now* and if you keep a lot of memories around you they will drag you back so that you will miss your opportunities and always be trying to live in the past which is dead. The past is a ghost; and ghosts are bad company. They are just bad dreams. The present moment is alive and never dies. Catch your opportunity! Do the thing that you know to be right at the moment it becomes right! When the thing is done forget it! The consequences will come to you without your help. You need not worry about that. Then when they come accept them as your due. Don't spoil your opportunity by grumbling at what comes. If you knew all the consequences of an act you would know too much and perhaps do nothing. It is enough to know that the thing is right; and a man knows that at the moment for action, if he wants to know it at all. If not, he will have to learn by long experience. But the real man inside knows somehow what is right and why it is right.

R. M.

### Davy

Louise Imogen Guiney

DAVY, her knight, her dear, was dead:  
Low in the dust was the silken head.

"Isn't there heaven,"

(She was but seven)

"Isn't there" (sobbing), "for dogs?" she said.

"Man is immortal, sage or fool;

Animals end by different rule."

So they had prated

Of things created,

An hour before, in her Sunday school.

Trusty and glad and true, who could

Match her hero of hardihood,

Rancorless, selfless,

Prideless, pelfless? —

How I should like to be half so good!

Firebrand eye and icicle nose;

Ear inwrought like a guildler-rose;

All the sweet wavy

Beauty of Davy:—

Sad, not to answer whither it goes!

"Isn't there heaven for dogs that's dead?

God made Davy, out of his head:

If he unmake him,

Doesn't he take him?

Why should he throw him away?" she said.

The birds were busy, the brook was gay,

But the little hand was in mine all day.

Nothing could bury

That infinite query:

"Davy — would God throw him away?"—*Selected*

✱

### 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 our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, 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 possible 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.

If you are not already a fellow-traveler on the New Way we invite you to join us. Let us send you a sample copy. If already you have begun your journey on the New Way we are confident that you will wish to get still others to join you. It will add to your happiness and to theirs.

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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

"LET once man's immortal spirit take possession of the temple of his body, and his own divine humanity will redeem him."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"THE longings of no human heart are to be lightly set aside; each one of them is a sub-tone in the great harmony of life; each one is the cry of some brother who has often forgotten his language, but still feels his wants. In his heart burns, however feebly, the spark from the Divine ever seeking the way back to the center from which it came."— *W. Q. Judge*

"Do *anything*, so that it helps others; and that will help you more a hundred times than if the same effort were expended on yourself."— *W. Q. Judge*

"THERE is always the superb energy of Eternity in the heart of one who does his best. If, at the moment when this is felt, the man would pause, reflect and meditate, he would find his way to the Light. The mysteries of his nature, his own Inner Self, would be revealed to him."— *Katherine Tingley*

"If we could know one half the secret sorrows of our enemies it would be enough to disarm all criticism."

"LIFE is a school. The world is neither prison nor penitentiary, nor a palace of ease, nor an amphitheater for games and spectacles; but a place of instruction, and discipline."— *Albert Pike*

"THERE is white laughter, but there can be black laughter also."— *Greek Proverb*

"DON'T worry if you stumble — about the only thing that can't fall down is a worm."— *Exchange*

"THE acquirement of knowledge or tricks of trade are ornamentations that can only be successfully attached to a structure built upon character, and duty is character's foundation stone. In our haste to build some lofty edifice, we overlook and forget the humble bricks and mortar of which it is composed, the seemingly trivial tasks of the every day. To concentrate all our energy upon the duty of the moment is a universal solvent for all trouble."

— *Charles L. Hungerford, D. D. S.*

"THOUGHTS are things of power, which ceaselessly swarm out into the thought atmosphere, to secretly lodge in minds receptive to them. Thus broadcast but hidden, they act to purify or to infect the world's thought. Let humanity turn its thought to peace, and war will be abolished without further conflict: and with pure affection in its mind, the Kingdom of Heaven would be on earth, and the Supreme Love would rule over mankind."— *F. P.*

"IT is not a question of how much we ought to do, but of how it is to be done; it is not a question of doing more, but of doing better."— *Ruskin*

"How much right have we to demand a better world after death if we have not tried to make this one better now?"

"THE ordinary man has perhaps one line of work which he pursues with enthusiasm and enjoyment; all else is done as it were under protest or as matter of routine. Such a man lives fully only while engaged on his one line. But the really live man is he who throws the force of his enthusiasm into every act and duty of every day. He lives all the time. Why should we not practise this great art till we have perfected ourselves in it?"

"THAT part of our nature will grow and wax strong which we habitually vitalize with our thought."

"THAT state in which music is the natural expression of the soul within is a true and safe one. Let us rise to it daily and hourly."

"NATURE gives everything 'another chance,' year after year. Why, then, should I despair of having mine?"

"SOMETIMES the flash that illumines the mind after one has done a kindly act reveals more of Truth than could be acquired by any amount of brain-study. But we disregard this moment of intuition because it may not be capable of expression in words or concrete thought."

"No one could tell me where my soul might be;  
I sought for God, and God eluded me;  
I sought my brother out, and found all three."

"IMPULSE writes the letter, and intuition tears it up. Many, many mistakes are avoided by putting the letter on the table instead of into the post. During the night, the matter cools off and the letter goes into the waste-basket. Impulse prompts the hasty word; but experience may advise a delay; and then intuition can get to work and the word is never said."

— *H. T. E.*

"WHEN I hear a man discoursing virtue, or of any sort of wisdom, who is a true man and worthy of his theme, I am delighted beyond measure; and I compare the man and his words, and note the harmony and correspondence of them. And such a one I deem to be the true musician, attuned to a fairer harmony than that of the lyre, or any pleasant instrument of music; for truly, he has in his own life a harmony of words and deeds."— *Plato*

For Prisoners and Others  
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

"They only are vanquished  
who admit that they are."— *Marshall Foch*

Please Handle with Care  
And Pass on to Another

# THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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AMID THE GROVES OF COLONUS: A SCENE FROM *THE AROMA OF ATHENS*. GIVEN UNDER THE DIRECTION OF KATHERINE TINGLEY IN THE GREEK THEATER, POINT LOMA

## Jeff's Idea

"WHAT'S the old man's graft, anyhow? I can't quite get him. I don't fall for the stuff he spills, about a fellow getting ready to make good when his time's up; and yet, I'll admit, Jeff's not the same guy as he was when they landed me here, a

guest o' the state. What's the big idea anyhow?"

Jack knew I was in the old man's confidence, and that if anybody knew what was really in Jeff's mind concerning his future I'd likely know. At this time, Jeff was counting the days against his freedom and was feeling pretty confident over a plan he had. Now Jack knew, and most of the others knew, what

Jeff's main idea was. But, to use Jeff's own words, it was too simple for 'em. And he was right; for here was evidence of it. So I told Jack all I knew about it.

It was over two years ago that Jeff got his idea. I remember the day he was quietly reading a paper when all of a sudden he jumped up stiff-legged and shouted "I've got it! I've got it!!" and paced around like a caged lion, his eyes fairly dancing. I'd never seen Jeff act that way before. His usual comment on the news, if any, was: "Bunk! rot! lies!" or, "propaganda!!" He used to declare that what wasn't one was the other. So, when he got cooled off, I asked him what he'd got. He said that while reading he was more than ever reminded that things were in pretty bad shape, and getting no better fast; that there was more selfishness and crookedness and indifference, and less decency, justice and love of truth in the world than there was some fifteen years ago, and far less now since the war. Then he said it suddenly dawned on him, that this being so, a man who was reliable and willing to work stood more chances of making good today than at any time during a hundred years, and that the more rotten things got the better the chances were for anybody making good that wanted to, and why not go to it.

"You know Jack, that Jeff is generally right about things. What he says is common sense. You said yourself, after reading that article in the magazine, 'It's Up To You,' that it sounded like Jeff. And I think he's right in what he says about most of us wasting our time, instead of learning all we can while we are here, so that we could, if we would, be worth one hundred per cent. more when we went out."

"That's just it," broke in Jack, "you know that an ex-con has about as many chances of making good at going straight, as a yellow-tailed dog has chasing a flash o' lightning."

"Yes, I've heard Jeff get that off, too, but not since he got his new idea. Jeff says a fellow don't have to know so much, after all, in order to make good, but that the more he knows the better. A lot of the fellows respect Jeff because he's square, and takes his own medicine. You know the big fellow wouldn't have called him up a year ago to give him the job he had if he hadn't showed himself trustworthy. The big fellow knows the human gizzard pretty well. What do *you* suppose it was that changed Jeff from the worst kind of pessimist? If it wasn't what I'm telling you, then I don't know. But you can take it from me, that religion hadn't a thing to do with it. No, it's just about as he says, I guess it's the way a fellow looks at things."

Well, Jeff's gone now, and I miss him. But then I'm not the only one. I hope he makes good his promise to let us know how things pan out with him. I feel dead sure of one thing, and that is that we won't see him back here.

4702

## Concerning Law-Breakers

**D**ID you ever break the law? . . . You did? — break it?

Well, everyone will probably say so too,— if he's honest.

But, all the same, he hasn't.

No, not man-made laws — the *dos* and *don'ts* written in statute-books; but real laws, the kind that need no writing, that do not even have to be legislated, because they *are*.

Now most of us will admit having broken these laws — God's laws, if you please; and point — if we have to — to this and that sorry result as proof: poor health, an ineffective life, a damaged reputation, an unhappy home,— any one or more of a thousand things counted as unfortunate or reprehensible and making for disintegration.

But wait a minute! What is disintegration? — the opposite of integration? Quite so.

But does it follow that one is the result of law kept and the other of law broken? Hardly.

The process of disintegration is accomplished, not by breaking, but by keeping the law — *the law of disintegration*,— just as integration is accomplished by keeping *its* law.

And the more strictly and devotedly either law is kept, the greater must be its results. A trite enough comment, but worth recognition.

But how often does it occur to us that the consequences we dislike are but the logical results of law-operations we have ourselves evoked, consciously or carelessly?

It is a fact — isn't it? We *started* it — didn't we? — every time.

As this thought settles in, the grim pall of personal responsibility may settle also,— which is quite as it should be. But its secondary action may be — *can* be — to open our mental shutters to *opportunity*.

Now opportunities are of two kinds: those that just come and those we invite; the sort that *seem* to happen fortuitously, as if so ordered by a supervising providence; and another sort that is free from any suspicion of chance origin, because consciously summoned by one's own volition.

So why wait for opportunity to knock at the door?

Why not knock at the door of opportunity?

Human conduct is the knocker; volition, the hand that raises it.

Like everything else under the sun, opportunity must be the product of natural law; and since we cannot help evoking law, in every act of our lives, why not be good evokers? — evokers of good? — good to ourselves? — to everyone?

Is not this the working basis for the wonderful promises in the *Book of the Golden Precepts*? —

"Thou canst create this 'day' thy chances for thy 'morrow.'"

"Help Nature and work on with her; and Nature will regard thee as one of her creators and make obeisance."

What a spur to effort! — to a try at "self-directed evolution"! For what is Nature but evolution?

L. B. C.

### Man's Finer Forces

WE were standing on the dam of the new reservoir and looking down at the enormous mass of masonry rising sheer up from the bottom of the valley to where we stood. "Yes," said Tim Foggarty, "man's little better than an insect crawling about on the skin of the world; but it's wonderful the work he can do! He can scoop away a mountain and fill up a valley with the dirt, or turn a river into a dusty desert and make that a garden of roses."

"And yet," broke in Si Williams as he packed the bowl of his pipe with the horny tip of his finger, "the work you can measure up and pay for ain't a circumstance compared to what a man can do with his finer forces that you *can't* check up on. Look at two fellers fighting — though it's a thing I hate to do — and see how hard they work. Two bodies in rapid motion, and resistance being overcome — that's work I reckon. But just suppose that one of them had held his temper back and passed off their little misunderstanding as a joke; wouldn't that be a finer kind of force at work? You wouldn't see nothing and you wouldn't hear nothing; but instead of a twister of arms and legs, and 'language' to beat the band, there'd be ca'm and quiet.

"And what's the name of the big, silent force that kept the noisy ones from breaking loose, I'd like to know? There's some fellers that have a powerful respect for the guy with a running flow of cuss-words and who hits out like the kick of an army mule when he's peeved; but I reckon that the power that keeps the rough stuff from breaking out, is a bigger thing than the force it controls. A man in a temper ain't strong, not a particle; it's the *temper* that's strong and gets the better of *him*, and he ain't man enough to down it.

"Now Ned Strongheart used to fight for nothing at all at one time; but somehow he got hold of the notion that it 'ud be more like a man to keep ca'm and hold his temper back. He wasn't no coward, mind you, as he proved that time when he jumped into the river above the falls and pulled Murphy's boy out just in the nick of time. No, he simply got the notion 'go easy, keep cool, an' don't let your temper run away with you,' and I do believe that in holding himself back, he'd hold the other feller's temper back too. Anyway we all noticed that Ned seemed to carry something about with him that brought peace and quiet into any company he happened to mix in with. Low talk would kind of die out when he joined a group, and I've often thought that a feller got more

good out of Ned's silence than out of another man's gab, though he was a slick duck at talking, mind you, and could almost argue a dog's hind leg off as the saying goes, when he wanted to.

"Most of us are like machines, half the time, I reckon. Push a button and we do a certain stunt; but you could never reckon on what Ned would do. Give him a piece of candy and sometimes he'd eat it and sometimes not; sometimes he'd refuse, or maybe he'd put it into his pocket for a kid. Anyway he'd use his judgment about everything that turned up. He bossed his body and kept on top all the time like. There was a certain power that went along of Ned, that's sure and sartain, and if he did but step into the bunkhouse you'd feel the difference in a minute. 'Twasn't that he'd talk big and bluster, for he was quiet in his manners, and for all he was built so heavy his tread was soft and easy; but I used to think it was just because he held himself in check all the time that the finer forces had a chance to get in their work. It's the silent power working out of sight that really does things I reckon. Everybody knows when the donkey engine is running by the puff and the roar and the rattle; but the earth turns on her axis so smooth and easy that it doesn't even scare a rabbit nor ruffle a rose-leaf.

"And this here quiet control don't require such an awful lot of strength neither. Did you ever see the winding engine of a big colliery at work? Well, when the driver wants to stop her he don't start in to wrastle with the fly-wheel. He just puts her out of gear and claps on the brakes, and no more trouble than stroking a cat I tell you. And there's an easy way of holding down your temper too, if a feller could once get on to it, with no more fuss nor struggle than there is in turning off a faucet.

"Hulloa, there's the auto at last. Been held up by the washout at Slattery's Bend, I reckon." P. L.

### "Go Thou and Do Likewise"

NOW it came to pass that on a certain afternoon as I sat with a Heart at Peace — for I had dined Well and had just swatted the last Fly — mine ear did catch the sound of coming Footsteps.

Whereupon did my Heart commence to Sing within me, for those were not the Footsteps of any Tom, Dick, or Harry, but verily of One much loved. And my Heart went out to meet that One and did enwrap him as it were in a Cloak of Warm Affection. And the Footsteps drew nearer and nearer.

Then did mine Office Door open, and as I looked up with a Great Gladness, lo and behold, it was not He!

Now the One who was come was of the number of Those *Whom I Simply Couldn't Stand*. But even as I looked I began to Laugh within me — for, as I said,

my Heart was at Peace that Day — and I said unto Myself: "Shall I now Snatch away the Cloak of mine Affection? Nay, go to! Let him wear it for This Once."

And it Came to Pass that, while we attended to the Business that was to be Done, mine Eyes did constantly see *Through* those outward things in that Man for which *I Simply Couldn't Abide Him*, and I did gain Much Wisdom concerning his real Inwardness therefrom. And when He rose up and departed He still wore the Cloak of mine Affection, for I saw that it did *Fit Him*.

So when the Door was closed on that Man I sat me down to Think. And lo, this is the Gist of my Thinking:

"Now," said I unto myself, "hast thou acted in any way Wisely in This Thing, or didst thou do it just to Save thy Face?" And it seemed to me that, even if I had but purposed to Save my Face, yet had I acted Wisely. "Surely," said I, speaking within myself unto myself, "surely, then, hast thou been a Fool all these Years in that thou didst always Refuse the Warmth of thy Heart to all save those Few whom thou chancedst to Love. For verily, if thou hadst seen one of Those Others in danger of his Life, thou wouldst have Run to save him; or, if in Need of Food, to succor him; yea, nor wouldst have Patted thyself on the Back overmuch for thy Valor, nor Puffed out thy Chest because of the Bigness of thy Heart; but wouldst have unostentatiously Gone Around the Back Way to avoid the haply applausive Crowd. A Great Fool, truly!"

Whereupon did I swear a Mighty Oath that, from that Hour henceforth, if any Man, Woman, Child, or Dog, should come unto me, or I unto such an One, I would Send Out to Each and All this warm Flow of Kindly, Hearty Feelin<sup>g</sup>. To some, perchance, in Secret, for their Minds would understand it Not; to Others, openly; (for I would fain treat all Men with Common Sense).

Thus and thus did I swear; and thus have I done to this Day. And lo! mine Enemies are Become my Friends — though indeed there be Some among Them who Know it not — and They have taught me many Things. And my Friends are Become as Parts of Myself — though some, also, there be of These who Know it not. But *I* know.

Now Go Thou and Do Likewise! Is not This the Way of Wisdom and Peace of Heart?

THE MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF



### Associations

QUEER how you get to associate certain thoughts and feelings with things! Here's an instance: I happen to be the printer who gets THE NEW WAY out; and every time the Doc. sends in his copy I have

to read it through and get it all ship-shape for the comp.

Well, the Doc. uses a lot of paste, for the reason that he doesn't pin his sheets of copy together like most writers, but pastes the top of the second sheet to the bottom of the first, and so on, until you can measure up his copy by the foot instead of by the page.

It has its advantages, but it's the paste I want to talk about. The Doc. puts something in the paste to keep it from going bad. Believe me, it's powerful stuff: I can see every microbe in the paste-pot putting up its hands when the Doc. approaches with the bottle.

Now, when I first took on this job and got the packet of copy each month, I'd open the envelope and say: Phew! here we are again! But as time went on I got to notice the paste less and understand THE NEW WAY more, until now when I open the packet and get the first sniff I get a regular *New Way* thrill: pictures come up of men chirking up and taking hold of their lives and characters and making good. The real man, the immortal self — without beginning and without end — comes into view, challenging the gloom of the lower side of human nature, confident of winning out, no matter how many lifetimes it takes to do it; and the certainty rises up in me that man is divine.

I tell you it's great! And all that from a sniff of paste!

I've noticed this same law of associations in connection with people. You'll run across someone you're not on particularly good terms with, and as soon as your eye lights on him up come all the grouchy thoughts you've had about him; and most likely the same thing happens with him. Seems to work automatically, just as if there was a patent card-index apparatus in a fellow's head.

Some fellows are worse: they dig up these memories when the other fellow *isn't* by, and gloat over them and add something to them, and then stack them away again for future use. Reminds me of a dog we had, Any meat he couldn't eat he'd bury, and every day or so he'd dig it up and see how much greener it was getting, and then bury it again. Maybe he had an eye for color, but he was no judge of smells, and I'd have to bury it where it couldn't be dug up.

Same thing applies to us. We don't want to let that card-index pup in our heads go to digging up grouches and disagreements and misunderstandings with other fellows. Bury them deep! Forget them! Bring out a cheery word instead. Even if you don't feel it, make yourself say it; and by the same law of associations the sound of that cheery word brings along with it a cheery feeling. The other fellow gets it as well as you, and if you keep it up steadily day after day, in spite of all difficulties, the fog lifts, the clouds melt, the sun comes out, and there's an end to the disagreeable thoughts that were poisoning



your mind and body — not to mention the other fellow's mind, too.

As I said: it's queer how things call up associations! I started in to talk about a sniff of the Doc's. paste, and finished up with the pup's old piece of meat. —D.



### Present-Day Duties

IT was pouring with rain that day in Albany and I had taken refuge in a barn on the outskirts of the city. A sturdy navvy, also driven to cover by the storm, was my companion and we were soon deep in conversation. At a casual reference to Egypt, the face of the navvy lit up with a broad smile and with a most infectious chuckle from the bottom of his lungs he broke out as follows:

"We had a chap living here one time who was so dead stuck on Egypt that the boys called him Pharaoh. Well, Pharaoh McGregor fixed up a lecture on 'Bread-making among the Ancient Egyptians,' and he got it down pat, I tell you. He had pictures of how they growed the wheat and drove the cows over it to trample out the grain, and how they chucked it up into the air for the wind to blow the chaff out, and the kneading and the baking and all. Come along Sunday and Mrs. McGregor was under the weather — down with the grip or something — and she up and arst Pharaoh if he wouldn't bake the biscuit for breakfast. But no sirree, nothing doing. That poor fish could 'a baked 'gyptian bread and done it up brown; but he didn't know nothing at all about twentieth century biscuit, which was a pretty good joke on him; at least I know I thought so.

"No, I don't hold with a man's turning his back on his own times and the place he lives in, and getting himself buried out of sight in the dust of by-gone times. The sun shines as bright today as it did in Egypt, don't it? And the bobolinks sing just as sweet and sassy as the birds of ancient times, and we've the same old, cantankerous human nature to tackle now as they had then I reckon.

"I'll tell the world it's surprising to see how interesting a feller's job gets to be when he gives his mind to it. One time I was slated as cook in a grading camp up in the foothills and I was a bit peeved at first 'cause I wanted to swing a pick with the rest of the gang; but seeing as I'd got to bake bread, I thought I'd make a fine-haired job of it or bust in the attempt. I read all I could lay hands on about making bread, and I studied yeast and the mixing of dough and oven-temprachours and I watched out for the fine points and after a while I got it down so fine that the bread and biscuits of Black Rock Camp were talked about clear down to the end of the valley. They used to tell about the poor mutt who baked for 'em before me, that you had to take a hatchet to his

crusts and scoop out the insides with a teaspoon; but perhaps that's off the line of what I had to say.

"No, a man's got to live in his own times and 'tend to his present duty if he's going to make a success of it. These 'gyptians did big things not because they kep' their eyes glued on the fellers who lived a thousand years afore their time, but 'cause they 'tended to the work that lay right in front of their noses in the modern times in which they lived; for of course you understand that when the ancients was alive it seemed like modern times to them, and they were just as much up to date then as we are now, see?

"Why, there's young Dawson in the barber-shop, as is always saying how happy he'd be if only he could visit furrin parts, and so he reads about travels in Asia and travels in Spain, and one time when he's day-dreaming about Bagdad he drops the razor and nicks the edge. So I says to him, 'young feller' I says, 'you'd best let furrin parts alone for a spell and 'tend to your business at home. Did it ever strike you that New York State is a furrin part to the Frenchman visiting over here? He's come three thousand miles to see this ornery, homely, old place and yet he thinks the time's well spent and the money too. Why can't you get your peepers open and see what the Frenchy has traveled all this way to see? Put a little punch into your barbering and all the brains you've got, and you'll get so dead stuck on your own job and the place where you live that you'll be well satisfied to let the furriners alone.'

"Mind you, I'm not saying it isn't a good thing to study up on the ancients if you have the time for it. They could give us fellers pointers as to how to harden copper fit to shave with; and mix colors that wouldn't fade; and make glass so tough that if it got dented you could hammer it back into shape on the anvil and it wouldn't crack on you. What's more, they say that even our American Bible was written by some of those ancients — furriners they was too, and like enough had never even heard of the good old U. S. A."

My talkative friend had paused for breath, as well he might, and seeing that the rain had almost ceased he walked back to his work. After all, when a twentieth-century ditch is waiting to be dug, the ancients must wait; their case is not so urgent.

THE BYSTANDER



### Habits

THE word 'habit' suggests nearly always, unfortunately, the thought of bad habits, just as the word 'passion' implies, with many people, evil tendencies. But it must not be forgotten that there are good passions and good habits that are as helpful for the accomplishment of what is best in life as bad passions and bad habits are harmful. A repetition of

acts is needed for the formation of good habits just as for the establishment of customs of evil. Usually, however, and this must not be forgotten, the beginning of a good habit is easier than the beginning of a bad habit. Once formed, the good habits are even more beneficial than the bad habits are harmful. It is almost as hard to break a good habit as a bad one. Good habits preserve health, make life easier and happier; bad habits have the opposite effect.

Every failure to do what we should has its unfortunate effect upon us. We get into a state in which it is extremely difficult for us to do the right things. We have to overcome not only the original inertia of nature, but also a contrary habit. As Professor James said:

"Just as, if we let our emotions evaporate, they get into a way of evaporating; so there is reason to suppose that if we often flinch from making an effort, before we know it the effort-making capacity will be gone; and that, if we suffer the wandering of our attention, presently it will wander all the time."

Permitting exceptions to occur when we are forming a habit is almost necessarily disturbing. It is like letting fall a ball of string which we have been winding. It undoes in a moment all that we have accomplished in a long while. To quote Professor Bain:

"The peculiarity of the moral habits, as distinguished from the intellectual acquisitions, is the presence of two hostile powers, one to be gradually raised into the ascendant over the other. It is necessary, above all things, in such a situation never to lose a battle. Every gain on the wrong side undoes the effect of many conquests on the right. The essential precaution, therefore, is so to regulate the two opposing powers that one may have a series of uninterrupted successes, until repetition has fortified it to such a degree as to enable it to cope with the opposition under any circumstances."

This means training the will by a series of difficult acts, accomplished in spite of the effort they require, but which gradually become easier from repeated performance until habit replaces nature and dominates the situation.—DR. JAMES J. WALSH in *Health through Will Power* (Abbreviated)



### A Hero

**P**EACE more than war has its heroes. But so long has mankind looked for them among those who have made *war* their trade, that the heroes of peace have been mostly overlooked and left unknown to fame.

Even the prize-fighter's highly paid brutality makes him a hero to applauding millions, and the bully of the village and school is a celebrity.

Among the many heroes of peace engaged in the

world's constructive works, here is one, Jack Shea, a quiet, kindly man whom the writer knew for years, giving no outward sign of the herosim that lay waiting its opportunity.

A daring engineering project was under way: driving a railway tunnel under a great river through its silt bottom, without a lining to hold the mud from giving way and the water breaking through the roof.

Massed soldiers would quail to charge over a loaded mine. But, with the deliberate courage of workmen, foreman Shea and his crew of a dozen hardy men, went to their labor under a danger as imminent. Trusting to an artificial air pressure to balance the superimposed weight of water and hold the mud roof from collapsing and letting the water in, they drove the tunnel ahead.

Entrance to the bore was through an air-lock. Going in, the outer door was left closed and the inner one open. When the men inside of the lock were to come out, the inner door was closed, and, the inner and outer air pressure equalized, they opened the outer door and came out.

The momentary safety of the men inside the tunnel depended on the alertness of one or two of their number in detecting a low hissing sound where an air-leak had started which, if not instantly stopped with a handful of mud, would become a blowout and let the river in through the unsupported silt roof, the air pressure gone.

Some one neglected a small air leak. A big hole was blown through the mud and the river rushed in to flood the tunnel. Shea and his men were in the heading, hundreds of feet from safety in the air-lock. First to see the peril, Shea shouted to his men to come as he ran for the open air-lock. But he did not enter it himself, close it against his comrades, and save his own life. Made of heroic stuff, here was his opportunity. Holding the door open against the rushing mud, he waited quietly while his men reached safety. Later, his body was found caught in the door-flange, thus, with the mud, sealing it against the water and saving the lives of the others.

If there is honor in the invisible life for those who have earned it, the noble soul of Jack Shea is throned with the saviors of men. For: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

F. P.



### Self-Evolution

**T**HE inner man, the real self, is no namby-pamby, goody-goody affair, but is wise, courageous, pure, and invincible — an ideal warrior in fact. And because of this, he is equal to facing any problem of poverty, ignorance, disease, vice, injustice, and what is often as hard to handle rightly, wealth, vigorous

animal health, misleading knowledge or bigoted propriety. Would not the battle be half won if we believed from the first that we ourselves had chosen the conditions of our birth, so that we might winnow some valuable wisdom out of the heaped-up chaff of experience? And the way to know this intuitively is to know our real self better. That the choice may be bitter medicine for the body and the brain to take does not daunt the real self, bent on curing his human weaknesses. We certainly are fated to meet whatever effects result from the many causes we have set in motion in the past, but we are no less free to build better for the future.

If, instead of resenting surrounding conditions, and evading our duty to them, we willingly worked out the needed lesson they hold for us, the inner self would easily move on to new fields of endeavor. Our very acceptance of the duty at hand would reveal it in a new light. A determined, honest effort *to try* can never wholly fail. For the unerring Higher Law, ever working for perfection, checks us up with the discomfort of our mistakes, until, in time, we learn the better way.

L. R.

### The Body to the Soul

Ellen M. H. Gates

SAID the body to the soul:

You are master, you control;  
Viewless, coming from afar,  
Mystery to yourself you are.

Strange companionship is ours,  
Separate lives and mingled powers;  
You will conquer time and death,  
In my nostrils is my breath.

He who made you, made me too;  
In my face His breath he blew;  
In my veins, with art divine,  
Mixed the blood as red as wine.

Since His hands have fashioned me  
I must unforgotten be;  
If you cause me needless pain,  
He will hear His dust complain.

Oft my lips are parched with thirst,  
While you give me drink accurst;  
Oft I starved for bread to eat  
While you burned the fields of wheat.

You are lonesome, homesick, lost;  
You have learned what life can cost;  
Leaping upward like a flame,  
You will vanish whence you came.

Through my fibers I shall feel  
New sensations; I shall reel,  
Drooping earthward; be a part  
Of old Nature's peaceful heart.

Soul of mine, if e'er you pass  
Lake of Heaven as smooth as glass,  
Bend above it; you may see  
Some transfigured type of me!

— *Selected and Condensed*

### 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 our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, 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 possible 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.

If you are not already a fellow-traveler on the New Way we invite you to join us. Let us send you a sample copy. If already you have begun your journey on the New Way we are confident that you will wish to get still others to join you. It will add to your happiness and to theirs.

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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

"If the hopeless, discouraged men in our prisons could be made to realize the potential strength of their higher natures, the latent spiritual force that lies within them waiting for the call, they would have the key to the problems of life."— *Katherine Tingley*

"If a man by suppressing if not destroying, his selfishness and personality, only succeeds in knowing himself as he is behind the veil of physical illusion, he will soon stand beyond all pain, all misery, and beyond the wear and tear of change, which is the chief originator of pain. Such a man will be physically of matter, he will move surrounded by matter, and yet he will live beyond and outside it. His body will be subject to change, but he himself will be entirely without it. All this may be achieved by the development of unselfish, universal love of Humanity, and the suppression of personality, or *selfishness*, which is the cause of all sin, and consequently of all human sorrow."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"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, but it returns again under the same cyclic law in some form either better or worse, and wakes up once more the old impression. Even the very feelings that you have of sorrow or gladness will return in time, more or less according to your disposition, but inevitably in their cycle. This is a law 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. When a person begins the study of a difficult subject or one more grave than usual, there is a difficulty in keeping the mind upon it; the mind wanders; it is disturbed by other and older ideas and impressions. But by persistency a new cycle is established, which, being kept rolling, at last obtains the mastery."— *W. Q. Judge*

"FIVE minutes just before going to sleep, given to a bit of directed imagination regarding achievement possibilities of the morrow, will steadily and increasingly bear fruit, particularly if all ideas of difficulty, worry, or fear are resolutely ruled out and replaced by those of accomplishment and smiling courage."

— *Dr. Frederick Pierce*

"RETIRE to your sleep, O man, with a thought of the True Self, so that with the same thought you may rise."— *Book of Items*

"AFTER all, it must never be forgotten that the only thing necessary in order to break a habit effectively is to refuse to perform a single act of it, the next time one is tempted. That breaks the habit and makes refusal easier and one need only continue the refusal until the temptation ceases."

— *Dr. James J. Walsh*

"SERVITUDE to self is the heaviest bondage, which yet it is easy to break if thou wouldst cease asking many things for thyself; if thou wouldst cease giving thyself rewards; if thou wouldst keep before thy eyes both thy nature and thy age — though this be youth — and wouldst say to thyself: Why am I so senseless? What do I pant after? Why do I sweat? Why do I haunt the earth, the forum? Nor is it a task either difficult or long."— *Seneca*

"PEOPLE are prone to take too narrow a view of life, and to imagine that it runs in one direction only; whereas a closer inspection shows always currents running in opposite directions. I am growing older and laying aside some of the advantages of youth; but at the same time I am gradually maturing certain other qualities, which in youth are very imperfect, and only reach their zenith in later life. Are we not dying and being reborn all our lives? And shall we, with our eyes glued down to the tombs of departing eras, miss the golden dawns that are glowing overhead? The snake does not pine over his shed skin and bury with it himself and his hopes; nor does the moulting bird think that all is now at an end. The mental resources of a philosopher are vast and inexhaustible. Life, for him, is always just beginning."— *Student*

"THERE is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance, that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in Nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried."— *Emerson*

"WHEN Heaven is about to confer a great office on any man, it first exercises his mind with suffering and his sinews and bones with toil. It exposes his body to hunger, subjects him to extreme poverty, and confounds his undertakings. In all these ways it stimulates his mind, strengthens his nature, and supplies his incompetencies."

— *MENCIUS (an ancient Chinese philosopher)*

"THE light of the eye fadeth, the hearing leaveth the ear, but the power to see and to hear never deserteth the immortal being, which liveth forever untouched and undiminished."— *Book of Items*

For Prisoners and Others  
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

"Do your best,  
Trust, wait, and hope."

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE  
AND PASS ON TO ANOTHER

# THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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## AN OLD GREEK FLOWER FESTIVAL

Banquet Scene from *The Aroma of Athens*, as presented in the Greek Theater, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

### Jeff's Idea, No. 2

(See July number)

"WELL," said Jack, "Jeff didn't make good his promise to let us know how things panned out with him." This remark I took as an admission

that Jack was interested in Jeff, if not in his idea. It was going on two months since Jeff went out, and while I had no doubts about his promise, I knew that some of the rest had; and partly for this reason I was hoping we'd hear from him soon. About a week after this, along came the promised letter. The

postmark showed the name of a small town, well off the beaten track and several hundred miles from here.

"I've been on the go most of the time since you saw me," began Jeff. "Have been enjoying myself like a kid. Seemed like I never was a kid before. I'd start out to walk the country roads, only to be picked up by some passing machine. I just couldn't resist the daily invitation to ride. These were my first auto rides. You must remember that autos weren't so plenty in the old days (Jeff had done seventeen years); so I'd ride on, mostly for the joy and adventure of it. These have been my joy rides. I'm about fed up on 'em now.

"Country life in the old days never appealed to me at all. But from what I've seen of the common run o' folks on ranches, they're a heap sight happier than city people ever were. Some of 'em know it, and some of 'em, the younger ones, don't. They're pining for city life, more interesting work, short hours and high wages, the latest movies and the rest of it. They think they are lonesome, too.

"I spent more than half my money right off on blankets, etc., so I could hike and be ready to go to work wherever the first job turned up. Part of my plan you know was to keep away from the cities, for a while, anyway. My first job was with a road-gang the second day out. They were knocking off for the noon meal and I stopped to see what the chances were for getting something to eat. After dinner the foreman asked me if I wanted a job and I told him yes, so they put me to wheeling sand and cement. It was hard work all right. But I didn't feel any worse tired the second night than I did the first, although I worked harder than the rest of the fellows. They struck me as a shiftless, lazy lot. After a week of this the job was finished and most everybody was paid off. I was \$9.60 to the good; wages being three dollars a day and meals forty cents apiece. Then I had two or three days of straight joy riding, stopping over night in small towns where I took in the movies, or studied the people. They get the same pictures in the small towns at about half the price one has to pay in the cities.

"Nobody yet has asked me any leading questions, as to where I came from or what I'd been doing. And I didn't have to tell 'em this is my first auto ride, or the second or the third. Have got now so things seem more natural like. I can see things as they are and feel natural about everything. Haven't even changed my name. I've been helping a fellow move five hundred stands of bees the last two or three days, and he tells me of a fellow that has a big almond orchard out towards the desert who is looking for a good man who will stay the year round. He pays \$45 a month and board. This bee man says he's a splendid fellow to work for, and that he has worked for him himself off and on. Soon as we get through with the bees he is to take me over in his flivver.

I'll finish this after I see the almond man. Then I'll mail it to the big fellow with a note asking him to turn it over to you. I arranged about this and the address before I left.

"We got through our job around four o'clock. After an early supper the bee man said he'd run me over to see his friend now, or he'd take me the next morning, whichever I liked. Was anxious about being late for the job, as he had spoken so highly of his distant neighbor, so we cranked up and went. After about ten miles of sage-brush and small trees, in which we passed but two or three houses, we seemed to be heading straight for nowhere. Soon we swung round the low end of a long lonesome looking hill, and there, in a little valley which the bee man said was once an arm of the desert, was the prettiest patch of alfalfa you ever saw. Closer to the hill were the almond trees, acres and acres of 'em. It was a beautiful sight, and quite a surprise. I was told that I ought to see the ranch when the trees were in bloom. Then came the ranch house, under the hill and in a clump of trees. Beyond were big stacks of drying racks, a modern barn, sheds, corral, windmills and water tanks, a garage and a vegetable garden. We were greeted by three or four large English collies and then by the man himself. I say greeted, for the collies were as friendly as the man himself, and fine fellows, too.

"If the ranch looked good, the rancher looked even better: a man of middle age, medium height, sun-burned, an intelligent face, eyes with little wrinkles in the corners that were good to look at. His hearty welcome to both of us made one feel as though he'd found a friend. After the briefest kind of introduction and the visit explained, we must come right in and hear some new records and sample a touch of his wife's pie and cream.

"The house looked better inside than it did outside. Here was a real home atmosphere. I was introduced as the bee man's friend who had come to help them. The house is furnished like a palace. There are all the appointments of a modern home: library, piano, roll-top desk, magazines and newspapers on a table; and the victrola seemed to be well supplied with good records, not cheap stuff. Casting my eye over the magazines I got a shock I won't soon forget. There, right on top of *Asia* and *The World's Work* and some others was a copy of *THE NEW WAY*. I'll leave it to you to imagine how I felt. It was as though I was in two places at once, and turning hot and cold, half expecting someone to bawl me out for an ex-con. But this didn't last as long as it has taken me to tell you about it. I'm still puzzled over the thing, and hardly know what to make of it. Will have to wait and find out.

"Remember me to the fellows. I haven't tried to forget any of 'em. Tell Curly he'll be foolish to pike right off to the city next month."

4702



## Self-Creation

"WHEN will and imagination are in conflict, it is always the imagination that wins."

A dead enough looking statement, but yet worth looking into. It may give us a key. Not that we are in need of the key. We have it already, but without knowing that it is a key.

A few years ago, before these 'one tenth of one per cent.' days, a man would decide to give up drink. Decide — that is, *will* to.

Then, before he knew, he would suddenly think of having a drink, the taste of it, the pleasant, invigorated, warmed-all-over sensation; and often enough the drink would be presently going down his throat.

*Think* of having it — does not that mean *imagine* having it?

But he had willed not to. So there was a conflict between his will and his imagination, and the imagination won out.

The obscure-looking statement we set out with, turns out to be quite clear, and something we knew all the time.

Now, if there is going to be a conflict between will and imagination it would be well to get on the winning side? If the imagination is going to win, let's back it.

For a moment return to the man who willed to give up drink and then found he couldn't make good. Suppose *he* had done the imagining, instead of letting the imagination do itself. Imagination is doing itself all the time and running away with us. We get into most of our troubles for that reason. A man who wants to create himself new, into something he can respect, must get hold of his imagination and use it on himself to suit himself, to suit his ideal. Suppose our friend, instead of simply *willing* not to drink, had imagined himself as too big, too strong, to be run; had imagined his drink impulse *with himself not yielding to it*, above it, passing over it; had imagined himself a *man*, capable of feeling any impulses without yielding to them, as the ruler of his body and its appetites; had spent three or four minutes every night before bed-time in this soul-realization of his power. What then? *This* picture would have come to life in his imagination, deepened itself in his hours of sleep, and shortly become a power that the other could not conquer.

And that is the key that we all have without knowing it or using it, the key of self-transformation and self-evolution. It is the key of imagination which will open to us our own greater nature and possibilities. It is the key to the conquering of fear, of all meannesses and smallnesses of character. For, to imagine we are something is very different from *fancying* it. Imagining is creating ourselves for the time into what we have imagined, actually becoming it for the time. It requires will to imagine something,

none to fancy it. — "When will and imagination are in conflict, it is always the imagination that wins."

We have found that this statement is not true. What happened when our man willed to give up drinking and then got beaten? Merely that he had not creatively imagined himself giving up the habit with power and clearness enough. So the other imagining, the stronger, came in and overruled the weaker. Most of his will was in the other, put there gradually through the years of drinking, absorbed by the habit he had allowed to grow. He has to call it back from there and use it to guide his imagination along a new line.

The rule is: The stronger of two conflicting imaginings wins out, *and it rests with the man's will to energize the weaker till it becomes the stronger*. If at night we call up the occasions in the day where we let our conduct fall below our ideal of what it should be, as when we lost our temper or succumbed to a weakness: if then, we will imagine ourselves as once more meeting these same occasions of failure but *not* failing, *not* falling short of our ideal of manhood — then, little by little, the ideal becomes stronger and in no long time we find we have the power to win. Our will has energized the imagined ideal. A man becomes what he thinks of himself as becoming, what he imagines (not fancies) himself as becoming. For true imagination is creation.

STUDENT



## Potter's Boarding-House

"WHEN I was a youngster," said Mike, as he settled himself on a pile of straw on the shady side of the barn, "I used to work at Potter's Boarding-House, and I reckon 'twas the best time of my life. 'Twasn't that the wages were high or that the hours were short, but everything went with such a hearty good will that the day's work was more like a family picnic than a dull, business proposition. For one thing old Potter wasn't on the make for himself like most bosses, though of course he had to make a living; but he'd got the notion that the old town needed a boarding-house and he reckoned that he was the best fitted to run it, and so long as he made both ends meet he was pretty well satisfied.

"The fellers that worked round the place kind of picked up the notion out of the air as you may say; and especially after he had that trouble with his knee, they felt it was up to them to make the place a success. So instead of everybody trying to hog the fancy jobs, they was all ready to do any old thing to make the wheels go round. Nobody struck the old man for a raise so long as he could make a go of it, and nobody crabbed if he had to stay after time to wash dishes when the folks were late at supper. We'd turn off the gas if it wasn't being used, and I saw one chap carry

a soap-box half a block to chop up for kindling just to save a few cents. I never could figure out what it was that made us all so stuck on the job; but I suppose a feller forgot his troubles by losing himself in his work. His real troubles slipped out of sight, and also the ones he thought he had; nothing seemed to matter very much so long as Potter's Boarding-House was going strong.

"The very boarders seemed to catch the spirit of the place and didn't go up in the air if their breakfast egg happened to be a little over-ripe, nor make remarks if there was an extray gravy spot or two on the table-cloth; and if so be as the dinner was a trifle late, instead of rattling their feeding tools and glaring round like hungry tigers, they'd start a pleasant line of conversation to smooth things over. I tell you it was a wonder how the days went by with our private worries clean forgotten and everyone set on making the place a success. Fellers' voices got smoothed out and softened, and we fell into the habit of speaking to each other as though we felt that a helper at Potter's was quite a bit special. You simply had to respect the other fellow because he was working in a big kind of a way for the good of the place as a whole and not for his miserable little private self.

"I've heard people say that they weren't in business just for their health — to excuse some bit of graft; but I'm not sure that it wasn't a cure for some kinds of sickness to work at Potter's. For one thing, a feller had to be careful of his eating because he wanted to keep fit for his work, and then he didn't have to worry about the cash coming in, because he knew that the whole gang was bent on making the place a success. Mind you, I'm not saying that Potter's was a rest cure. It wasn't. But I reckon that steady, interesting occupation with all worries cut out is pretty good treatment for lots of illnesses; and we got all of that at Potter's. We had a feeling of pride in the place, too, 'cause we knew that it served a public need in that little, old town of ours, and the feeling that goes with that sort of pride is worth more than a lot of medicine for keeping a feller in health, I reckon.

"We used to look upon the old folks as our own uncles and aunts, and we'd go out of our way to make 'em comfortable whether they tipped us or not. Potter wasn't cracking the whip at his help all the time; but he had a way with him that made a feller toe the mark and swear he'd never throw the old man down. He was more Dad than boss, we often said, and the place had such a homey, folksy feel about it that you sometimes forgot that it was supposed to be run for profit. I guess that was one reason why we never had no trouble about getting fresh boarders: it felt like home and people thought it was a snap to get a room at Potter's, and those that left, recommended us to their friends.

"One day I made so bold as to ask Potter what his

religion was, seeing that he never 'went' anywhere on Sundays. Well, he kind of grinned and stroked his chin for a spell before he answered: 'I reckon you can put me down as a member of the H. T. A. Church,' he said finally. 'H. T. A. means Helping Things Along, and you can tell the members by watching how they act.' And that's all I could get out of him."

H. T. A.

✱

### As Concerneth an Opportunity of Being Sensible

"AND why dost thou bring *two* souls just on closing time?"

"O Guardian of the Gate, they insisted on descending to Earth together. They wish Another Chance to be Sensible."

"Well, bring thou them forward, and I will look up their record and endeavor to adjust their needs to their wishes." And having disposed his wings away from any chance stain of Heaven's indelible ink, the Angel took counsel of his ledger and checked up their history.

"Behold! I find that these two are old enemies. Of this first one it is written that he was a strong character and diligent, but too Highly Respectable and Intolerant: he had no sympathy for his weaker brethren."

"Then couldst thou not arrange that temptations should assail him on his way so that through his falls his pride might peradventure be humbled and cured?"

"That I might do with safety, as he hath a clean disposition and will struggle manfully and will acquire much compassion for all who are likewise overborne by temptation.

"And now as to this next one. I find that the diligent one did have this his companion *Sent Up for a Twenty* when as an employee he did appropriate a trifle that was not his. And then it did hap that when this his companion came out he did soak his former employer, even nigh to kill him, and was Sent Up for Another Twenty, so that most of his life was wasted in bitterness of spirit.

"Now, it seemeth good to me to place these two in the same family, that their natural affection may help them strive against their old enmity.

"Listen, O souls! Know that when ye return to earth ye will have to wear again the cast-off clothing of your unconquered weaknesses!"

"We wish to wear it, O Angel, and we will Clean It Up, and show that we can Be Sensible. For we are ashamed of our former enmity and wish Another Chance to make good."

And behold they were Highly Contradictory when they grew up on earth, for they hated each other because of their former enmity, and loved each other

greatly because of their natural affection. And their parents said they inherited their dispositions from their ancestors; which was Rather Rough on the Ancestors, and not at all enlightening to the children.

So at length in desperation they Said To Each Other: "We are tired of being Highly Contradictory; and we do not think we are composed of portions of our many ancestors, but we think we are Ourselves, and we are going to Take Each Other Seriously and help each other to Be Sensible."

And thus it came about that after much suffering they learnt to be tolerant of each other's weaknesses and to help each other, and there was one sore spot on earth healed and life was Easier for All Concerned.

Behold! it is a truth that for all men who wish Another Chance To Be Sensible, both nature and the gods do go out of their way to further their good intentions, for verily and unfortunately such men are not to be picked up every day in the week.

JOHANNE



### How I Came to Quit the Habit

"WHY, Bob," said Big Bill, "they tell me you've quit smoking. What's the idea, and how did you do it? Come on now and hand us your story."

"Well mate," I said, "it's just because I felt I should be lost if I couldn't have my pipe that I gave it up. I'd got to the point when I'd have to smoke even when I didn't want to, and so I reckoned it was up to me as a self-respecting human to make a break and get on top of what was running me. I knew well enough that the little baccy chap would put up the fight of his life if I jacked him up short, so I went to work in a roundabout way and tried a little diplomacy with him, you see. Now, a feller can't smoke if he don't have any tobacco, that's a sure thing; so I let myself run out of stock and then put off getting a fresh supply. See? Putting things off is a very old fault of mine, but I thought I'd see if I couldn't use it in this business of bossing the tobacco habit. The little baccy chap would jog my elbow every once in a while; but I only had to say: 'Ain't got no baccy at present; you'll have to wait'; and he'd quiet down after a while and forget.

"Every Saturday morning, Dave Johnson would pull up his horse outside my little shack and call out: 'Anything from town for you, Bob?' and I'd answer 'I guess I'm fixed up for another week, thank ye just the same,' and off he'd go clattering down the road; and that meant there was another week without smokes for me. The little baccy chap would let out with his customary kick of course; but he thought he'd get his smoke all right, pretty soon, so he didn't make such a terrible fuss about it, after all. It got so after a while that the thought of my pipe didn't

bother me any, or if it did I'd just switch my mind off and think of something else as soon as I would feel it coming on, and that, boys, is how I came to quit the tobacco habit."

A laugh like the growl of a good-tempered bear exploded just behind us, and for the first time we realized that Jack Tuckwell had been listening in unknown to us. "Quit using tobacco!" he chuckled; "why, you bald-headed, barrel-bodied, very distant relative of the curly-headed little boy who never told a lie, didn't I see you smoking stogies like a house a-fire at the plumber's and gasfitter's picnic no longer than last Friday? Now it's up to you to explain yourself, or I'll tell the world that you're a tamperer with the truth. How's that, umpire?"

"That's all right," I answered with an easy smile; "I never said that I had taken an oath against the use of tobacco: it's the *habit* that I said I'd quit; and I *have* quit. 'Tain't no crime to take a few draws at a pipe, I reckon, and on a special occasion I've no objection to join in with the rest of the gang for the sake of being good company. But when it comes to a man's having to reach out for his pipe every time he sits down to read his paper and he feels like he's lost if he can't get it, why, 'tain't so much 'he's got the *habit*,' but it's 'the habit's got *him*,' I reckon, and the sooner he issues his Declaration of Independence, the sooner he'll be a free man again, that's all."

But Big Bill, still unconvinced, sat plunged in thought while he lovingly fondled the bowl of his briar with the fingers of his left hand. Finally his face lighted up with triumph as he cried out, "Now Bob, I've got yer, and no mistake about it. The doctors ought to know what's good for a fellow, I reckon; and I *do* know this, that old Tom Hapgood was told to smoke by the doctor himself for the sake of the assmy in his breathing tubes."

"Oh well," I said, "it's not for me to deny that tobacco may be down-right good for some men some of the time, and no great harm, maybe, anyhow, taken moderate-like. But what I kicked at was being *bossed*, see? And I judged it was up to me to get so's I could smoke when I wanted to and not do it when I didn't want to. In fact, make the little baccy chap inside me come to order and not speak another word when I told him to shut up. And when I'd got on top of that habit I found I'd likewise got on top of two or three more that were accustomed to run me, and reckoned they could keep on doing so.

"There's habits and habits, boys. Some of them, the right-out bad ones, want *breaking*. Some, again, need breaking *in*, bossing. And some, all the good ones you can think of, want making and encouraging all the time. Broken habits, broken *in* habits, and well-made habits — how's your record, boys, in the matter of that trio?"

"Quite a philosopher, ain't he?" said Jack. "There's somethin' in it, though."

REPORTER

### Diamonds

**DIAMONDS** — gleaming centers of light, reflecting the sun from every facet.

Well enough. But just have the diamond let go of itself, and see what happens. Diamonds are only carbon, anyhow, black, lusterless, uninteresting stuff out of a gas retort.

But would you prefer to say that diamonds are nothing but carbon, or that carbon is really diamond that has let go of itself and hasn't yet caught tight hold again?

Iron has carbon scattered through it or dissolved in it, invisible, seemingly inseparable from the black metal. To make diamond from carbon you must put some carbon into the iron, heat the whole mass, and throw it into cold water. If then you break up the iron or dissolve it away you find the shining diamond separated out.

"Sermons in stones." There is a little bit of philosophy in this little bit of chemistry.

"Know thyself" — as a soul, the spiritual diamond, shining, reflecting every ray of the Spiritual Sun.

But we've forgotten ourselves, let go of ourselves, and so seem to ourselves nothing but ordinary stuff, just carbon. And we're so thoroughly mixed up with the body and feel its passions and sensations so thoroughly as *our* passions, that we've lost ourselves there and may be said to be dissolved in our bodies. And so it needs the long heat of pain and the hard pressure of painful experience and the chill of disappointment to make us come to ourselves again and recognise ourselves as souls, and come out of it all as the clear, pure diamond again. CHEMIST

### The Soul's Touch

**WE** all have our better moments and our worse. It may be that the better and higher come at night when all is quiet, including our own minds. The day's pressure and rush is forgotten; we begin to see ourselves a little, how foolish was that quarrel, how mean that deed, how unkind that word. The soul is then beginning to speak; we feel more, larger, better, in some indefinable way, than by day — nobler, more forgiving. And then, too, nature is more beautiful, distant music more beautiful, and the scent of the flowers. That is also a consequence of the stir of the soul, more humanity, more beauty, more peace, more compassion, more brotherhood.

If the soul can do that when it just stirs, when we can just feel it merely because the world and our mind are for the moment quiet, what can it not do, what could it not make of us, if it were fully awake — or rather, if we were fully awake to it? In truth,

*it* is always awake; it is *we* who must do the awakening.

We must seek and compel those quiet moments, day by day or night by night, find our divinity. For they are our evidence, evidence for us ordinary persons, apart from what the great Teachers have said, that the soul *is* in us, that we *are* veiled gods and divine, and that the veil is the mind with all its worries, meannesses, quarrelsomeness, greediness, passion and changeableness. STUDENT



### Safed Rides in the Lift

**"I** DESIRED to see a Man, who had an office on the Umteenth Floor of a Tower of Babel in a Great City. And I entered the Building on the Ground Floor, and there was a lad in a Flivver that ran from the Sub-basement up on to the Roof. And I entered into his Jitney, and waited for him to start. And others entered, until the car was full.

"And certain of the Passengers Got Off at the Second Floor and Some at the Third Floor, and Some at the Fifth Floor, and some at the Ninth Floor. And by the time we arrived at the Umteenth Floor I had the Bus almost wholly unto myself, save that the lad who operated the Machine was there also.

"Now, I tarried in the office of the Man whom I went to see for the fourth part of an hour, for I was so busy and he pretended to be; and I did that for which I came, and I pushed the button and the same Airship ascended for to carry me down. And I entered into it and prepared to drop Umteen Floors. But I had no such Experience. For, albeit I started down alone, yet was the car full when we reached the Ground Floor. For there were certain that got on at the Eleventh Floor, and others at the Ninth, and divers others at the floors below.

"And I said within myself, Behold, there is something to consider in the habit of an Elevator; for when it ascendeth it doth stop and let men out at nearly every Floor, and Taketh but few unto the Top; Whereas when it descendeth it gathereth men from all elevations and bringeth them down to one common level, even unto the level of the Street.

"And I said within myself, Thus is it in life. As men ascend they measure their progress upward in Achievement and Virtue, and many are content to dwell a very little way above the level of the Earth, and others attain unto a little greater height, and only a few reach the Top Floor of Goodness or Success. But when men descend they tend to reach one common level of failure and debasement.

"But the Elevator that I run is Going Up. Please stand thou back in the Car, and let us welcome others."

—'SAFED THE SAGE,' in the *Christian Century*

## Clear the Way

Charles Mackay

**M**EN of thought! be up, and stirring  
Night and day;

Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain,  
Clear the way.

Men of action, aid and cheer them  
As ye may!

There's a fount about to stream,  
There's a light about to beam,  
There's a warmth about to glow,  
There's a flower about to blow;  
There's a midnight blackness changing

Into gray;  
Men of thought and men of action,  
Clear the way.

Once the welcome light has broken,  
Who shall say

What the unimagined glories  
Of the day?

What the evil that shall perish  
In its ray?

Aid the dawning tongue and pen;  
Aid it, hopes of honest men;

Aid it, paper; aid it, type;

Aid it, for the hour is ripe,  
And our earnest must not slacken  
Into play.

Men of thought and men of action,  
Clear the way.

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish  
From the day;

And a brazen wrong to crumble  
Into clay.

Lo! the Right's about to conquer,  
Clear the way.

With the Right shall many more  
Enter smiling at the door;

With the giant Wrong shall fall  
Many others, great and small,

That for ages long have held us  
For their prey.

Men of thought and men of action,  
Clear the way! — *Selected*

## There is a Soul

R. W. Dixon

**T**HERE is a soul above the soul of each,  
A mightier soul, which yet to each belongs:  
There is a sound made of all human speech,  
And numerous as the concourse of all songs:  
And in that soul lives each, in each that soul,  
Though all the ages are its life-time vast;

Each soul that dies, in its most sacred whole  
Receiveth life that shall for ever last.

And thus for ever with a wider span  
Humanity o'erarches time and death;  
Man can elect the universal man,  
And live in life that ends not with his breath,  
And gather glory that increaseth still  
Till Time his glass with Death's last dust shall fill.

— *Selected*

## 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 our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, 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 possible 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.

If you are not already a fellow-traveler on the New Way we invite you to join us. Let us send you a sample copy. If already you have begun your journey on the New Way we are confident that you will wish to get still others to join you. It will add to your happiness and to theirs.

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### The New Way Quotebook

"THE whole order of nature evinces a progressive march towards a higher life. There is design in the action of the seemingly blindest forces."

— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD is not a mere theory. It is a fact, a living and ever present fact, from which no nation can hope to escape; no man can escape from it, and every man who violates it violates a law, violates the greatest law of nature, which will react upon him and make him suffer."— *W. Q. Judge*

"I FIND myself thinking the same thing today that I did yesterday, holding the same ideal but each day living closer to it, nearer to the warmth and glow of the real life. Soon, habit is established, the habit of aspiration and self-control, the foundation of character.

"Were this knowledge universal, there would open new paths in life. We should have no disharmonies, no war . . . we should have *religion itself* — religion that would lead us to see the beauties of nature in a new way, to study humanity in a new way, and to find the virtues of our brothers and cultivate them so understandingly and so generously that in time all hatred would disappear."— *Katherine Tingley*

"WE must admit that within ourselves is the most potent factor in human life: it is character. Now if character is to take its proper place in the readjustment of the nations, in the readjustment of home-life, and of many unhappy conditions that we meet from day to day, we must accept the basic thought that man is naturally aspiring, and that evolution is one of the great factors that move us on to greater and better efforts. Thus, instead of feeling that we are shut in and shut off from the better things of life, we shall feel something of companionship with the Supreme, we shall feel the touch of something that raises our eyes a little higher, something that warms our hearts and brings us to a consciousness of the divine power in life. This will bring us new hope, new courage, new patriotism, and new desire to serve Humanity."— *Katherine Tingley*

MARSHAL FOCH wrote: "A battle is the struggle of two wills. It is never lost until defeat is accepted. They only are vanquished who confess themselves to be."

Let everyone who is struggling to overcome something in his lower nature consider himself as in the thick of a battle and apply to his case the words of the great French commander.

"HE is not worthy of the honeycomb who shuns the hives because the bees have stings, nor of the rose because the stem has thorns."— *Proverb*

"GENERATION after generation, race after race, humanity after humanity, we climb, step by step, towards perfection in recognising our divinity and godhood, children of the one Father, the Supreme. From material darkness into the spiritual Light, an ever-increasing splendor and majesty of ever being and ever perfecting. This is the superb fate of every soul. Why then loiter by the way? Eyes upward and onward."— *F. P.*

### NEVER SAY DIE

"THE habits of a lifetime cannot be changed in a moment.' A mere dogma. Put in quotation-marks, to show that we do not necessarily indorse it. It is of course true that a force which has been a long time accumulating cannot be annihilated by an opposing force which has only just begun to operate; or, at least, not unless that opposing force is of enormous strength.

"But, on the other hand, suppose that a habit has been operating all through life, as far back as you can remember, and perhaps even farther back, into times preceding birth; and suppose further that a contrary force has also been operating during the whole of that time. There will eventually come a time when the opposing force has at last completely neutralized the habit; and that moment may surely arrive at any time.

"Experience tells us that the habits of a lifetime are often overcome 'in a moment'; but we may fail to realize that the process of overcoming has not been momentary, but continuous throughout a long past period. It may be that the man has been resisting the habit ever since it began. It may be that the contrary tendency was set up even before the habit began.

"Thus there is perhaps no need to discourage ourselves with the idea that a habit which we can trace back to our childhood is necessarily ingrained; it may be just at the point of vanishing."— *Student*

"THEY all thought that he'd up and kill himself. He said he would, but he didn't. Instid o' that he put an open bottle on his table and he looked at it and said: 'Which is stronger, now, you or John Worth? We'll make that the test,' he said, 'we'll live or die by that.' Them was his exact words. He couldn't sleep nights and he got haggard like a sick man, but he left the bottle there and never touched it."

— *David Grayson*

"It is the tragic necessity (but the salvation) of many a man that he should come finally to an irretrievable experience, to the assurance that everything is lost. For with that moment, if he be strong, he is saved."— *David Grayson*

"HAPPINESS is the Order of Life, and service of Life is the way to it. Why not, then, help others gladly — and be happy?"— *Student*



# THE NEW WAY

FROM

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## LOMALAND FROM AN AIRPLANE

INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, WHERE 'THE NEW WAY' IS PUBLISHED  
In the foreground the boys' bungalows, executive offices, Juvenile Home. North of these the Rāja-Yoga Academy and Temple of Peace, with Students' Group Home No. 1. Beyond are the Athletic Grounds.

### Round and Round again

"WHAT'S the use of trying to get over it? I'll only get beaten every time."

"'Every time': it's just because you can say 'every time' that you can make sure of winning.

It comes round every so often, doesn't it?"

"Yes, and every *that* often it gets me."

"'Comes round every so often': well, do you put up a fight against it?"

"No; I tried a few times and 'twas no good. Now I just lie down under it and wait till it goes by."

"Like Saul. *He* used to have the blues, you remember, blue days, black days, a regular pall over his soul. Once he had young David come in, to play and sing the black cloud away for him. Saul evidently knew only *half* the doctrine of cycles."

"What's that?"

"Well, he knew as much as you and not any more. Knew the black days came round every so often. And he didn't know what you likewise don't know."

"I once saw some gorgeous poppies gradually fill up an old weedy garden. Took them some years to do it, though. First year there were just two or three of them blooming right in the middle of the weeds. The fellow that had the garden watered them, and next year, when bloom-time came round again, there were a few more for a centerpiece. Next year, more. At last the patch was full of them. The man just watered the flowers he wanted to seed well and let the weeds stay dry."

"Every man is his own garden — a garden mainly full of weeds, with most of us, I'm thinking. Weeds come up every year: that's 'cyclic return.' Say you make an effort to fight your blue and despairing days when everything seems against you and nothing goes right. Say you sow a few seeds of hope and confidence and light, hold hope and confidence and light in your heart — as a beginning, two minutes, five minutes. The clouds may close in again right after, but what's happened? You've sown a seed of the flower you want. And there it lies, all ready to sprout and bloom. There it is when the black time comes round again. Same program. Some more of your moments of hope and confidence and vim. That's watering the flowers. The *weeds* aren't your concern. You just attend to the flowers. Every time a shadowed, chill day comes round, the other thing comes round with it, right in the middle, a little color, a little less depression. Every time you add a little, and at last you win out altogether."

"See? The law of cycles is that everything tends to come round again and again. The part you forget, and that Saul forgot, is that you can *use* the law, can put something into the mind that you *wish* to come round again and again, and that will finally oust and rout the thing you wish not to come any more."

"I learned this trick from a not yet very well-known thinker and philosopher, William Quan Judge. I copied out what he said and keep it by me, a bit of a speech he made many years ago at the Chicago Congress of Religions. Let me read it. It'll put still clearer what I've now been trying to say:

"'Every idea that you have, every thought, affects your brain and mind by its impression. Even the very feelings that you have of sorrow or joy will return in time, more or less according to your disposition, but inevitably in their cycle. This is a law 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 a difficult subject or one more grave than usual, there is a difficulty in keeping the mind upon it; the mind wanders; it is disturbed by other and older ideas and impressions. But by persistency a new cycle is established, which, being kept rolling, at last obtains the mastery.'"

STUDENT

### Failure as a Success

BY WILLIAM G. JORDAN IN MCGILL'S MAGAZINE

IT oftentimes requires heroic courage to face fruitless effort, to take up the broken strands of a life-work, to look bravely toward the future, and proceed undaunted on our way. But what, to our eyes, may seem hopeless failure is often but the dawning of a greater success. It may contain in its débris the foundation material of a mighty purpose, or the revelation of new and higher possibilities.

Failure is often the turning-point, the pivot of circumstance that swings us to higher levels. It may not be financial success, it may not be fame; it may be new draughts of spiritual, moral or mental inspiration that will change us for all the later years of our life. Life is not really what comes to us, but what we get from it.

Whether man has had wealth or poverty, failure or success, counts for little when it is past. There is but one question for him to answer, to face boldly and honestly as an individual alone with his conscience and his destiny:

"How will I let that poverty or wealth affect me? If that trial or deprivation has left me better, truer, nobler, then,—poverty has been riches, failure has been a success. If wealth has come to me and has made me vain, arrogant, contemptuous, uncharitable, cynical, closing from me all the tenderness of life, all the channels of higher development, of possible good to my fellow-man, making me the mere custodian of a money-bag, then,—wealth has lied to me, it has been failure, not success; it has not been riches, it has been dark, treacherous poverty that stole from me even Myself." All things become for us then what we take from them.

Failure is one of God's educators. It is experience leading man to higher things, it is the revelation of a way, a path hitherto unknown to us. The best men in the world, those who have made the greatest real successes, look back with serene happiness on their

failures. The turning of the face of Time shows all things in a wondrously illuminated and satisfying perspective.

Many a man is thankful today that some petty success for which he once struggled, melted into thin air as his hand sought to clutch it. Failure is often the rock-bottom foundation of real success. If man, in a few instances of his life can say, "Those failures were the best things in the world that could have happened to me," should he not face new failures with undaunted courage and trust that the miraculous ministry of Nature may transform these new stumbling-blocks into new stepping-stones?

Our highest hopes are often destroyed to prepare us for better things. The failure of the caterpillar is the birth of the butterfly; the passing of the bud is the becoming of the rose; the death or destruction of the seed is the prelude to its resurrection as wheat. It is at night, in the darkest hours, those preceding dawn, that plants grow best, that they most increase in size. May this not be one of Nature's gentle showings to man of the times when he grows best, of the darkness of failure that is evolving into the sunlight of success. Let us fear only the failure of not living the right as we see it, leaving the results to the guardianship of the Infinite.

If we think of any supreme moment of our lives, any great success, any one who is dear to us, and then consider how we reached that moment, that success, that friend, we will be surprised and strengthened by the revelation. As we trace each one, back, step by step, through the genealogy of circumstances, we will see how logical has been the course of our joy and success, from sorrow and failure, and that what gives us most happiness today is inextricably connected with what once caused us sorrow. Many of the rivers of our greatest prosperity and growth have had their source and their trickling increase into volume among the dark, gloomy recesses of our failure.

There is no honest and true work, carried along with constant and sincere purpose that ever really fails. If it sometimes seem to be wasted effort, it will prove to us a new lesson of 'how' to walk; the secret of our failures will prove to us the inspiration of possible successes. Man living with the highest aims, ever as best he can, in continuous harmony with them, is a success, no matter what statistics of failure a near-sighted and half-blind world of critics and commentators may lay at his door.

High ideals, noble efforts will make seeming failures but trifles, they need not dishearten us; they should prove sources of new strength. The rocky way may prove safer than the slippery path of smoothness. Birds cannot fly best with the wind but against it; ships do not progress in calm, when the sails flap idly against the unstrained masts.

The alchemy of Nature constantly transmutes the baser metals of failure into the later pure gold of

higher success, if the mind of the worker be kept true, constant and untiring in the service, and he have that sublime courage that defies fate to do its worst while he does his best.

Fear of failure is the worst of failure.



### Where do you live?

"LOOK here, Dan! What do you make of this here, where it says: 'Learn to live in the best side of your nature'? Queer way of speaking, seems to me."

The old man flicked a horse-fly off the flank of the nigh mule, and let go the brake-rope as they neared the foot of the grade. Then, while the wagon went clattering down into the canyon road, into the cool shade of the sycamores and the live-oaks, he took off his hat and replied:

"Dunno, son, 's I kin say eggzac'ly. But I mind th' time when I wuz a boy, 'way back east. Thet wuz 'fore we come out t' Californy. Thar wuz a parlor 'nour house back thar, whar all the best cheers wuz kep', an' th' black-wood table with th' wax flowers under a glass bell, an' th' ostrich-egg, an' chiny-dog an' cat on th' mantelpiece, 'longside th' marble clock, an' so forth.

"Well, sir, thet room wuz sartinly th' best 'n th' hull house, an' th' most interestin'. But 't wuzn't lived in, no sirree! 'twuz kep' tight shet an' dark, all th' time eggceptin' oncet 'n a while when city comp'ny wuz comin'. O' course we kinder knowed 'twuz thar, jes' like our Sunday-go-t'-meetin' religion; but it never done us nor nobody else much good's I cud ever see — none t' brag on, thet's sartin. But then everybody else had theirn closed up; nobody never thought t' dew diff'rent.

"Bimeby us folks moved out here t' Californy. Brung 'long th' furniture an' th' wax flowers et cetera. Somehow, tho', we never did set up no parlor like that'n back east." — Old Dan paused to chuckle softly. "Son, these here western folks sure made us set up an' take notice. Yes sirree! Why, they wuz thet trustin' they never bothered t' lock up when they left home, not even at night. Everybody 'peared to be friendly t' everybody else. 'T 'peared t' come nat'ral to 'm t' be happy, an' t' laugh an' smile an' joke.

"Mebbe they didn't go t' church 's reg'lar 's in th' beginnin' we thought they'd orter; but purty soon we seed 'at their religion, whutever 't wuz, kep' a-showin' up well durin' th' week. Fust thing we folks knowed, we wuz beginnin' t' dew th' same 's them. Done our hearts good, I kin tell ye.

"Well, sir, purty middlin' soon we'd got t' livin' 'n our hull house, includin' th' best room. Made thet parlor th' airiest, prettiest an' comfetablest room 'f all, too. An' they wuz mighty few days

passed withouten we hed friends in t' enjoy 't. Useter say, some on 'em, thet it done 'em good jest t' sit thar!" — There was a long silence. The mules had slowed down to a walk, and the noonday hush lay over the canyon.

"See th' pint, sonny? Everybody's got some kind o' best room shet up in hissself somewhars. Only, everybody mostly ain't never ben showed thet they had orter open 't up an' live in 't. Fac' is, son, we've kep' it dark an' shet up fer so long thet we gin'ally fergit it's thar at all.

"Folks 's got t' 'come west,' inside, 'fore they kin live in thet room, I cal'late. An' folks 's doin' it fast, more an' more on 'em. Thet's whut's goin' t' change th' hull world, son. Better jine th' percession now."

SAM



### The Close Call at Slattery's Bend

WHILE waiting for our train we had been talking about accidents and near-accidents, when Burrows leaned forward and began as follows:

"I don't know whether any of you fellows remember old Sears who used to work here way back in the nineties; but the closest call I ever had was when working alongside of him. We was drilling holes on the west slope and things was going fine as they most always did when Sears was around, when all of a sudden his voice rang out like an officer giving the word of command in a battle: 'Step back both of you, quick!' You can't argue with that kind of a voice so we did what he said; but nothing happened and I was going to slip him some chaff and get back to my hole, when something went 'crack' overhead and a great slab of rock from the bed of jointed limestone near the surface, came sliding by with a roar like a train of freight, and went thundering down into the valley below. I know my mate turned the color of chalk and I guess my gills looked none too rosy, for I tell you 'twas a mighty close call for both of us.

"Of course we asked Sears how he happened to get a hunch on what was coming; but he didn't seem to know much about it. He said he was just plugging away and keeping his mind pretty well centered on the job, when the words just broke out as if some one was using his mouth without asking leave. I've got the notion that deep down inside we're a lot wiser than we've any idea of, and my uncle Peter will have it that even in a little thing like cutting your finger, there's something inside that always tries to warn you; but one's idiotic mind is gen'ly so full of click-clack and run-away thoughts, that the warning only gets through when it's too late."

"Yes," I replied, "I remember old Sears very well and the reason he sticks in my mind is because he was so very ordinary. What I mean to say is that

he never claimed to be anything out of the common; he never talked about himself at all, but just kept right on his job all the time. He was never so cocksure of his opinions as to argue about them, and being ready to learn like a good child as you may say, the wisdom of Nature sometimes spoke through his lips. It's no use talking, a man's mind is like a whirlpool, a boiler shop and a school play-ground in the lunch hour combined, and if we've got an inside self a-looking after us and trying to teach us and help us, how's he ever going to get in his work if we never hold our minds quiet and listen? Now old Sears was a great fellow for just sitting quiet, and some of the boys used to pick on him for it and say he'd better be reading or having a social chat; but I don't know about that. I reckon a fellow can soak up a lot of wisdom by just holding his mind at attention and trying to get touch of his inside self. There surely is something high and spiritual as comes to every one at odd times when he's alone, and maybe if we gave it half a chance we'd learn a lot that way."

"Bad as we may be," broke in the foreman, "we certainly do sidestep a whole raft of accidents, some way I can't explain. When you consider running machinery always trying to drag you in by your sleeves, and banana-peels on the side-walks, and autos dashing round corners, and ropes breaking under their loads, and runaway horses and all, it's a wonder that we don't go home on a stretcher more often than we do. But I'm dead sure of this, that if we kept our minds calm and clean like old Sears and weren't always picking on the other fellow — in thought as well as spoken word, mind you — we'd stand a better chance of dodging these terrible smash-ups. S'posing you and Sears had had words that morning and you'd both been scheming how to get back at each other, d'you believe that warning would have got through? Not on your life! Maybe these accidents are a heap more under our control than we've any idea of, and after Bob's story I guess I'll be more careful to watch out for the fine inside hunches that tries to hold us back from doing things and saying things that we'll be sorry for afterwards."

The long whistle of a locomotive announced the approaching train, and we picked up our tool-bags and stepped off to one side of the track. REPORTER



### A Little Self-Mastery

SUNDAYS were always dull at our boarding-house, but this one seemed worse than usual. I couldn't go anywhere more interesting than the corner park (which I despised) because I was broke. The weather was hot and sticky; I wasn't inclined to read; I had three letters I knew I ought to write, and I couldn't think of anything to say but "My dear friend. I

have much pleasure —," and I didn't feel any pleasure about it at all; and there was no one to talk to.

My room-mate was upstairs shaving — with my soap, I was sure, because he always used it if I left it out. From downstairs floated the voice of the cook: she cleaned the stove Sunday mornings, and sang while she did so. But she had that irritating way of breaking off in the middle of a line and leaving you suspended until the next note linked up again; and I got an acid satisfaction from speculating whether, when she broke off after "Way down upon the,—," she probably had her head up the chimney or in the oven, and whether the next outburst of — "S'wanee River" marked her triumphal emergence.

Presently my room-mate came downstairs, borrowed my matches, and went out sketching. His hobby was landscape painting, and I must admit, notwithstanding his ways with my soap, that he did some very attractive stuff.

But I could never bring myself to respect his artistic peculiarities. Some days he would come home very depressed: "Rotten luck," he would say; "couldn't get any inspiration; everything commonplace." Other days he would come home beaming: "Fine, fine! Everything glorious!" It always grated on me to think of having to wait until something turned a tap on in you before you could get any good into your work.

I fell to wondering about another artist I knew in times past. He used to say that he set to work vigorously, whether he had any inspiration or not, and if he didn't have it then it soon came.

A bright idea came to me: what about trying the scheme of writing letters without inspiration? I couldn't think of a blamed thing to say, but I got the materials out, shut the window so as to fade out on the cook, and set to work with plenty of pep. Why, it worked like a charm! I got down the first few sentences, and then one thing led on to another, and the three long letters were finished before dinner, and I had taken a walk through the despised park and enjoyed it.

There certainly is something in tackling a thing with determination, whether you feel inclined for it or not. And the determination is there in you when the job's done, waiting to be called on again and growing bigger the more you do call on it. I reckon a man never gets the blues who's got a good, healthy determination ready for work inside him. . D.



### The Song of Life

AS foreman of the yard, my morning had been spent in shouting orders to the men in strenuous rivalry with the scrunch of the machines for crushing stone; while rattling chains and grinding cogs and the

harsh rumble of the contractors' carts combined in such an intermixture of conflicting sounds that every jangled nerve was crying out for rest. But now at last the welcome whistle blew its shrill announcement of the hour of noon:

"And silence, like a poultice came  
To heal the blows of sound."

A tall cypress which overtopped the wall had caught my eye more than once during the forenoon, and I had vaguely speculated as to what seemed to be a swelling on the topmost branch. Suddenly through the unnatural stillness of the air, the bold, clear ripple of a mocking-bird's voice rang out over the silent yard. "*Terew, terew, terew*," he cried, followed by "*Chee, chee, chee, tio, tix*," and then I realized that all the morning long the dauntless bird had poured his soul in melody on high, but that the unremitting roar of our activities had absolutely drowned his song. My lunch finished, I walked out of the office and whistled some of the simpler phrases of his song, whereat the bird like a good sportsman warbled back to me his best. At last in an ecstasy of pure delight and triumph he was carried right off his feet, rose singing madly into the air flapping his wings, and finally settled upon his perch with a chuckle of immense satisfaction.

"What a wonderful thought," I said to myself, "that the air may be ringing with harmonious sound and yet not the faintest echo of it penetrate our hearing! That ancient teaching about the Music of the Spheres may after all be firmly based on fact. Why should not every planet as it swings along its path send forth melodious chimes, unheard by our dull ears because we are enclosed within a 'muddy vesture of decay' that shuts the music out?" And then I fell to thinking of an English public singer whose voice had failed her, and of how she had spent her leisure in singing sustained notes over a membrane covered with wet paint, watching with wonder and delight the colors group themselves in delicate designs of tree and flower obedient to the increase and the diminution in the fulness of the tone.

May we not imagine that a growing flower is sensitive to harmonies which ring through space to which our ears are deaf, and builds its structure in obedience to creative sounds where all is silence to our grosser sense? And then the patterns of the frost sketched on the window-panes — do water-crystals too extend their graceful curves and trace their fern-like boundary lines conformably with strains of music far beyond the range of dull ears?

It may have been my fancy, but during all that afternoon through the perpetual roar and tumult of the yard, it seemed as though the cheerful murmur of a tune kept running in my head which sounded like the ripple of a mountain brook not far away over its pebble bed, but hushed and softened by a screen of

intervening trees. If one will only make a silence in his mind, something will come and fill that vacancy with song. However loud the storm may rage outside, the bells of Fairyland will chime within and life will then be recognised as a triumphant song and not as a discordant cry. The very air we breathe may be resounding all day long with tones of sweetest harmony, with notes of love impersonal and free. The echoes of the song which heralded Creation's Dawn, "when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy," may still be sounding on and by its sweet persuasion trying to win our hearts to join the universal chorus and to guide our thoughts and lives in harmony with Nature's plan.

LISTENER

### Mental Mosquitoes

THE desire of the newspaper-reader to see a *picture* of somebody or something in illustration of the article or news-item he is reading, is very natural. Natural, because it is the nature of the mind. The mind does most of its thinking with the aid of mentally made pictures.

But if you were thinking of the *mind itself*, could you make a picture of that?

The other evening about the cool of sunset I took a walk down to the bottom of my garden where there is a little pond for water-lilies. It was a damp evening with a good many little clouds of gnats about in the last rays of the sun. Pretty soon I was walking *in* one of the clouds. A lot of the little stinging winged things settled on me and every move I made disturbed them into renewed buzzing and fussing. Some of them just clouded about, coming and going, but hindering me from giving attention to the deep peace of nature. Some settled on me for a moment, flying off with every movement I made. Some bit with poisoned tongues, injected poison and got their drop of blood, leaving a burning spot.

Here, I thought, is certainly a picture of the mind. Does it not symbolize what is always going on in ourselves? — an incessant cloud of thoughts that we certainly did not summon of our own will. The movement of the cloud is what most of us regard as thinking, though it is doing itself, usually without any direction of ours at all. Some of the thoughts just flitting in and out again; some, painful memories for instance, staying and stinging, not to be driven away; some stirred up by every movement we make in our work. For bodily movement may stir up thoughts just as it stirs up gnats that have settled on us.

Oh for silence — of mind, inner peace! A chance of finding the touch of the soul!

It never seems to occur to us that this silence cannot

be got by merely wishing for it. It must be practised at, a little while at a time now and then, as the singer takes a few odd moments for practice at his voice. Results come from the very first; but the complete mastery of mind, so that it only thinks as and what we choose and can be perfectly stilled in our moments of aspiration for the pure spiritual light and strength — is an achievement not made at once nor in a month. Still, try! Nothing is better worth while than this.

STUDENT

### The Gift of Old Age

"OLD AGE, when one's forces are weakening —"  
 "No sir! When the forces of the *enemy* are weakening! Well, maybe I'm wrong — for the case of most men. Most men have never known how to live. So they let *themselves* be weakened by the weakening of the body. Life's a fight, or ought to be, a fight between man and what's lower than man — his lower nature, as they call it, the impulses rooted in the body. As old age comes on, then if during the earlier years the man *has* put up something of an honest fight and held to himself as a man, as a spiritual something *in* the body — then, I say, in old age nature is to be counted as working *with* him in weakening the enemy. His lower impulses tend to fall away. And because he's now got less and less to contend with, to take up his attention, his real nature may shine out clearer and clearer to him. He can come to understand himself better than ever before, come at last to know his own divinity.

"But for that he must have put up something of an honest fight in the years gone by and must practise the daily and nightly habit of trying to realize himself in the silence as something that only the silence can reveal to him."

REPORTER

### Looking this Way

IF you could stand the other side of death and look this way you would see people being reborn from your then point of view at the time when on *this* side they were being regarded as dying or dead. Reborn into light; for that is what 'death' is — freedom and rebirth.

Paul said *I die daily*. He who aspires and attains, 'dies' in a sense — for the time; gets some of that benediction, that light, that rebirth into freedom and joy which others must wait for till what we call death. Why should we wait? The mind is ordinarily filled with outward things. But in the silence of ordinary thoughts, in aspiration, it can look inward, look beyond, and know *now*. Practice makes perfect. Let



us reckon the last few minutes of the day, those before retiring, as the best of the day. The doors are then almost ready to open of themselves. STUDENT

Get your grip on life once more. Carry yourself as if you mean something in the scheme of things. Take a good look at yourself. The sight may do you good."— *Daily Express*

### It Couldn't be Done

Edgar Guest

SOMEbody said that it couldn't be done,  
But he with a chuckle replied,  
Maybe it couldn't, but he would be one  
That wouldn't say so till he tried.  
So he buckled right in with a bit 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.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,  
There are thousands to mock and to rail you;  
There are thousands to point out to you one by one  
The dangers that lurk to assail you.  
But just buckle right in with a bit of a grin,  
Take off your coat and go to it;  
Start in to sing as you tackle the thing  
That cannot be done and you'll do it.

— *Selected*

### The Two Voices

METHOUGHT a voice cried: "Now's the time  
To mount the heights you fain would climb!"  
Another voice took up the cry  
And sweetly counseled: "by and by!"  
I pondered long; weighed well the words  
That bade me leave the earth-bound herds.  
Between the two I knew no rest,  
No easement for my troubled breast,  
Until I willed — set out to do it,  
And let the other fellow rue it.  
I willed, and rolled away the stone  
That kept entombed my very own.  
And lo! within the hour of choice  
The rueful one had lost his voice.— *Selected*

"Of all the sad sights that the streets of London afford there is nothing more moving than the man who expresses a sense of futility. He may have an occupation, but life has lost its zest, its meaning. His walk is listless. His eyes see nothing more than the commonplace emergencies of the traffic. His voice is slovenly, and over his whole frame there is an indefinable impression that his batteries are running low.

"His number is legion in London — and it is well to ask yourself if you are not drifting in the same direction.

"Feed the flames of ambition with some fresh fuel.

### 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 our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, 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 possible 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.

If you are not already a fellow-traveler on the New Way we invite you to join us. Let us send you a sample copy. If already you have begun your journey on the New Way we are confident that you will wish to get still others to join you. It will add to your happiness and to theirs.

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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

"BETWEEN man and the animal . . . there is the impassable abyss of Mentality and Self-consciousness. What is human mind in its higher aspect, whence comes it, if it is not a portion of the essence — and, in some rare cases of incarnation, the *very essence* — of a higher Being: one from a higher and divine plane? Can man — a god in the animal form — be the product of Material Nature by evolution alone as is the animal, seeing that the intellectual potentialities of the two differ as the Sun does from the Glow-worm? And what is it that creates such difference unless man is an animal *plus a living god* within his physical shell?"— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"THERE is something very wonderful about this brain-mind of ours; there is even something sacred about it because, though it does belong to the physical make-up of man, there still shine upon it as upon a flower the rays of the Spiritual Sun. But when some selfish desire shuts that light away, there seems no limit to its capacity to be used on lower, destructive lines."— *Katherine Tingley*

"SOMETIME there will be comradeship universal and all men will have awakened to their divinity."  
— *W. Q. Judge*

"No losses or misfortunes can hurt the hidden man of the heart, our real self; still less can they impair the welfare of the universal life in which our little lives are included."— *Dean Inge*

"SINCE then the soul is so precious and Divine a thing, be persuaded that by it thou canst attain to God; with it raise thyself to Him. Be sure that thou wilt not have to go far afield; there is not much between."— *Plotinus*

"JUST as wrong thinking opens the doors of a man's inner nature to the destructive forces that war against mankind, so right thought brings him into touch with those that build up. The choice is his, eternally."

"TRY sometimes, in your imagination, to get the feeling, in your own self, of the blind man, for example, or of the young prisoner during his first night in jail, or of any other particular case among the thousands of unfortunates that surround you. In this way you will not only begin to remove the hard shells that close in your heart, but you will also begin to realize your responsibility as guardian of treasures of health, happiness or good fortune that those others do not possess."

"WORK is the sunlight that drives away the fogs from the valleys of the mind."

"THERE is a rare and perpetual joy in finding that, as one learns to work in accord with the true laws of life, daily events shape themselves into the best opportunities for real growth, answering to the aims of one's Higher Self."

"BAXTER, why do you spend so much time on that table? Who's going to know whether or not the last touch has been put on the under side of it?"

Baxter straightened up and looked at the Doctor in surprise. "Why, I will," he said.

"THE simple work you do  
Circles beyond the last thin rim of earth,  
And somewhere, past the blue,  
Someone is sending back your drudgery's worth  
To you — most surely *you*."— *W. M. Hatch*

"UNLESS I put my best into the present duty, I may be sure that those ideals I look forward to attaining some time in the future will always keep about as far ahead of me as they are now."

"THE man who is never on time, who habitually fails in punctuality, is not only not adding his part to the great 'Rhythm of Life' but is actually and continually breaking this rhythm, thus letting himself serve to a degree as a hindrance not merely to his own best interests but to those of all his fellows."

"THERE are times that come to us all when we can only see our way dimly and for just a few feet ahead, as it were. At such times, instead of letting the mind lead us into all sorts of swamps and brier patches, we need to hold fast to our simple duty of the moment in silence and patience, knowing that the light is sure to come, that it may return at any moment."

## HOW TO TAKE LIFE

(*Author unknown. From a well-worn clipping preserved in an early notebook of Mark Twain's*)

"TAKE it just as though it was — as it is — an earnest, vital and important affair. Take it as though you were born to the task of performing a merry part in it — as though the world awaited your coming. Take it as though it was a grand opportunity to do and achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes, to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be heart-broken brother. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and straightway becomes famous for wisdom, intellect, skill, greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, idolizes, and it only illustrates what others may do if they take hold of life with a purpose. The miracle, or the power, that elevates the few, is to be found in their industry, application, and perseverance under the promptings of a brave, determined spirit."

# THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY  
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## DOGS IN WINTER QUARTERS, AT TALKEETNA, ALASKA

(The quarters look as though they might be a bit draughty, sometimes.)

### The Hope for Discouraged Humanity

(From a recent address by Katherine Tingley  
at Amsterdam, Holland)

WHERE can humanity find light? Men know so little about the infinite laws that control all life! The only way I can conceive that man can grasp the meaning of these divine laws, is by realizing

the magnitude, the grandeur, and the sublimity to be found in reliance on the Higher Self, in a recognition of a higher state of consciousness, in realizing that the soul, with all its wonderful possibilities, is here on earth to fulfil a sacred mission — to unfold, to grow along the path of self-directed evolution. Man in his experiences during earth-life, passes, as it were, through different schools of thought and effort. But

instead of moving from this life into the next with certainty; instead of going out into the new life unafraid, he finds himself questioning the meaning of death and the meaning of life; whence did he come and whither does he go?

These problems are in the minds of the people today — perhaps more so, in the minds of the masses, since the war than ever before. Man has been brought to a point of inquiry by the horrors and pains of war. So that in spite of all the adverse conditions that we have had to contend with, and all the uncertainty and distress of the time, it really is an age of inquiry.

The urge of my heart, my mind, and my soul, is that humanity may awaken to the realization of the simplicity of the basic truths of life — of the ease with which man can solve the great problems confronting him and find the real path, by working on lines of least resistance with the infinite laws that are ever at hand awaiting recognition. But it requires individual effort. You know that if you are ill and the physician tells you to bask in the sun, if you shut yourself up in a dark room you might even declare that there was no sun. And that is just the way many people do today with regard to Truth. They have gone through so many experiences, so many disappointments, and suffered from so many misleading teachings and impositions that they have become slow to turn towards the light. But spiritual light, the divine light, the guiding light, is in every man, and it can be readily found.

I think one of the greatest stumbling-blocks we have to remove from human life is the idea that we were born in sin. Our philosophy teaches the very antithesis of this. It declares that we are dual in nature; that we were born for a high purpose; that our souls and our spiritual natures are splendid with all the infinite possibilities of human life; that the soul is the Knower, the Inspirer; that the soul is immortal, and the physical is mortal. So the physical has its weaknesses, its passions, its greed, its deceit, its imperfections; it is on this plane for the purpose of self-evolution; it is not evil, it is only undeveloped good. And so we have the soul the Inspirer, the protector; and the mind the vehicle, receiving the inspiration from this higher source, as far as it is able to.

But according to the best analysis that I can make, and with all the splendid genius that we have in the world, man can still put only just so much into his mind; and as two things cannot occupy the same place at the same time, if we burden that mind with the luggage of our prejudices, our misconceptions, our doubts, our weakness, our lack of faith in infinity and in the grandeur of a more perfect life, we lose sight of this Inspirer. And so we should picture a man who goes wrong as following his lower nature, and when he is doing right as following his conscience, his Higher Self. But he does not do it understandingly; and not until he realizes that this divine part

of his nature broods over his life and actions like a mother's love, can he follow with understanding. Until then, we hear not, we see not, we know not; and so we, as a family of human beings, are in the truest sense, asleep.

So to bring a knowledge of this to a man is to arouse him to his conscience, to let him realize the splendor of his heritage of power to evolve, and to overcome evil. What is there more beautiful in life to think of than a struggling life, a life awakening to its divinity, awakening to its power, feeling the incoming force of these spiritual laws which are merely the outgrowth of the higher life? And in doing this, we can live in the light, we can live in hope, we can live in confidence — confidence in ourselves, confidence in our neighbors, confidence in other nations, and can become living examples of such a character that almost by the raising of a hand we could stem the tide of unbrotherliness and say, "There shall be no war!"

If we would spend as much time in trying to find the inner nature and this inner power, as we do in eating, drinking, following our desires, racking our worried brains with dread about the tomorrow; if we could arise to the belief that there is something great and splendid in life, and that this great central force is omnipresent, unknowable in a sense, but yet we are a part of it — then we could come to the point where we could say: "Get you behind me, all ye things that hold me down, that impel me to go through life bound with the curse that we were born in sin." It is the conviction of something more splendid in life than we have found — if we could but have a vision of it, if we could but dream it! Somewhere in the Bible it is said that the man without a vision perisheth. When the higher nature, the nobler, inspiring part takes hold of man, he begins to visualize the tomorrow, and lifts himself above doubt and fear and weakness and temptation, and like your great genius in music or in art, he lives in a world of his own, he visualizes, grasps a picture that tomorrow shall be grander than today, and tomorrow and tomorrow, on and on; and he will realize that he is working with the infinite law, that he has the sublime secret of self-conquest; and that is what we want. First the individual effort tomorrow to be wiser, tomorrow to be better, tomorrow to be more courageous and loving and compassionate towards all that breathes — a psychological wave of optimism sweeping over your country, knocking at your doors, entering and staying with you — a spiritual expression of the divine life.

So, to build our nations we must build our characters, we must put our mental houses in order, we must have a grasp of what life means — that this life of seventy or one hundred years is a school of experience with chances coming to us all the time to do better. And then we can tell the murderer, the drunkard, all the wrecks of human life, that there is another

chance,— failure everywhere, perhaps, but still another chance — that is the sublime dream, so beneficent and so inspiring, for every human soul.

Then in our collective life we would unite into one Universal Brotherhood, we would unite in the belief in a Deity all-powerful, omnipresent, so that all we have to do is to look toward it, think toward it, feel toward it and love it, and we will have begun to lay the foundation — a solid foundation — for the readjustment of human life, and then must follow the readjustment of the nations.



### Keep a Grip on Yourself

EVERYBODY was feeling pretty serious. We were out on survey work, and just that morning the boss had gone stark, staring mad, and we had to overpower him and send him away to town.

We were having a discussion about the probable cause of his trouble. The particular kind he had, seemed to come with a habit of flying into a violent rage. Wouldn't last long, but it would leave him shaking like a leaf, and he'd have to rest up a while to get over it. This last time he just didn't get over it. It was shocking to look in his eyes: there wasn't any man to be seen there — nothing but a devil of some sort.

Well, when we had talked ourselves quiet again, we about arrived at the conclusion that we didn't know what caused it, but we agreed that if it didn't come about through a man's own fault, then it wasn't fair play.

Just here it occurred to some to stir up old Dad Hegan, sitting by and saying nothing.

"You knew the boss, Dad, when he was a youngster. Did he ever act as if he was a bit weak in the head? Wasn't there any signs of madness in his parents or in the rest of the family?"

"Well, no," answered Dad. "His parents were just average people. But the boss was a clever youngster, and they spoilt him — let him have his own way in everything, with the idea that they were growing a spirit of independence in him. They showed him off before the village as a marvel, and by the time he got through college he was that uppish you had to get a long pole to touch him.

"I lost sight of him for some years, and then found myself on the same surveying job with him. He was second-surveyor and I was one of the laborers. We were working in a suburb where the roads were new-formed through chocolate-clay soil. There'd been a thunder-storm, and the roads were mighty slippery and full of pools.

"Well, the young fellow happened to step on the rising bank at the side of the road, slipped down on the greasy clay, and slid into a pool of water. He

had a light-colored summer suit on, and you can imagine what a sight he was when he got up. He was in a vile temper, and when the fool boss, some distance away, began to 'Haw! haw! haw!' at what appealed to him as a joke, the young fellow seemed to lose his balance completely.

"To make it worse, two dogs from a near-by house began to yap at him. You know how dogs sometimes get excited at unusual things. Quick as a flash, the young 'un grabbed one of the dogs, whirled it around and threw it against the other dog with a thump that broke both their backs and about settled them.

"He was rushing over like a madman to get the dog again, when one of the laborers slipped in front of him and says, 'Enough of that! Be a man!' Well, he looked for a minute as if he'd tackle the laborer, but pulled himself together with a great gasp and collapsed all of a tremble.

"The fool boss had been standing up near the next peg with his mouth open like a fly-trap, and now he came toddling over saying 'By Jove! By Jove!' And blest if he didn't slip on the same spot and come down with a thump that sent the specs spinning off his nose out of sight somewheres; and he got up and peered around with his tune changed to 'Well, well! Well, well! Well, well!'

"The little girl belonging to the house that kept the dogs had come up and put her arms around them. She hadn't seen what hurt them, and she says, 'Poor doggies, is you sick?'

"This stung the young fellow, and he lifts his face out of his hands and says 'I'll buy you some more doggies.' But the look of his face frightened the youngster, and she ran to her mother. She'd seen what happened, but she didn't bear any malice; and she says: 'You'd better help him along to my house and maybe we can get his clothes cleaned up a bit and dried.'

"He didn't take the offer, but went off to his lodgings in his machine. I went with him, and on the way in I reckoned it was up to me to point out that if he let that habit grow on him of breaking into a rage over trifles, then the thing must get worse and worse, until there was no telling what would happen. I told him straight that I reckoned it came from being let to have his own way every time he was bad-tempered as a youngster. Of course, in a way, you might say it was none of my business; but I'd have felt mean if I'd said nothing, so it must have been my business. He heard me through, and then he says, quite icy like, 'Old man, in the future, when I want your advice I'll ask for it.'

"That was some seven years ago, and now look what he's come to!"

Old Dad Hegan seemed to have forgotten our presence, and went on muttering as he stared into the fire, "He wouldn't listen to me. What more could I do? What more could I do?"

E. D.

### The Fighting Instinct

"THAT'S all right," replied Mark Hulbert to old man Shapcott, who had been giving expression to the gloomiest forebodings with regard to the future of the human race. "I admit all you say about the fighting instinct. It leads to wars between nations, misunderstandings between neighbors, and scrapping in the home. But the point that I want to make clear is that like many other things that cause trouble, the fighting instinct is a mighty good thing in its proper place, and that it does harm only when it gets out of hand."

The light of battle shone in the old man's eyes, and he was about to break out with a ferocious speech in favor of peace, when Sam Jones, who had been standing near unnoticed sat down on the grass between the noisy wranglers and was fairly launched upon his subject almost before we knew it.

"I'm an older man than either of you," he began, "and I've noticed that the fighting instinct is pretty strong in everybody. Even the children like hearing about battles — heroes killing dragons and giants and all that — and if you want to educate the fighting instinct out of us I tell you it would be about as hard as to persuade folks to stop eating. In fact I quite agree with Mark that we really need the fighting instinct in our business. We are born with two of us under one skin, as far as I can make out: there's the better nature trying to lead us up to honesty, kindness and decent living, while there's the lower nature all the time bent on dragging us down to the level of the pigs in the sty, and it's hard scrapping from the word 'go.'"

"Now this fighting instinct, as I look at it, is simply the power born in a man by which the higher part of him keeps the lower in check, and if I were to meet a man who didn't have the fighting instinct in him, why I'd sooner take off my hat to an angleworm than I would to him, and that's how I feel about it. Where the trouble comes in, as it seems to me, is that a fellow gets tired of fighting the beast under his skin and slacks up and takes it easy for a bit. Keeping the beast in check kind of hurts, I reckon, because he's been making a pet of it all his life, and holding it back seems like putting the clamps on himself.

"Well, the fighting instinct comes bubbling up all the time whether we use it or no, 'cause it's part of our very inmost nature, and if it isn't used in self-conquest, it's bound to come out somehow, and so it happens that the fellow who shirks his job of self-mastery, finds himself in a row with some other fellow in double quick time. Just so long as he tries to keep on top of his animal, he is steadily using up his fighting force as it comes along; but when he quits and takes things easy, the fighting force comes pouring in the same as before and sooner or later it'll burst out some way, as sure's you're born. If you want to keep

the peace with your neighbors you've got to use the fighting force on yourself and keep the lower nature in order; but if you slink away and try to dodge the battle, your lower nature gets out of hand, makes himself offensive to the neighbors and they'll take it out of your hide all right, or my name isn't Sam Jones. Everything under the sun is good for something I reckon; but it's got to be handled rightly at the proper time and in the proper place or there's bound to be trouble in camp.

"The most peaceful feller I ever met was Bob Hackett and yet that man was loaded up to the muzzle with the fighting instinct. He'd fight his habits, he'd fight his natural appetites, he'd fight his temper and he'd fight the very thoughts in his head I believe if he considered they weren't just what they ought to be; and yet that feller never got into trouble with nobody that ever I heard of. The reason's as plain as the nose on your face. He was so busy fighting the rebels at home, as you may say, that he didn't have the forces to spare for expeditions abroad, and seeing that he kept his lower nature so well in hand it never gave no offense to nobody."

Sam had spoken such plain horse-sense that no one felt he could make the subject any clearer, and so after a little desultory chat about the ball-game and the recent rains, the little group dispersed as if they wished to be alone with their own thoughts.

A FIGHTER



### "Honkee-honkee Louie's" Victory

"HONKEE-honkee-honkee — how you shlawfen?" Every morning regularly, as we passed the kitchen door on our way to the pump, big Dutch Louie would greet us with this strange query as to how we had slept.

Some people have what they call an "impediment in their speech." Art Gibbs used to say of Louie's impediment that it was "suey generous," the which being Latin for the disease, I reckon. Anyway, if any of you fellows thinks it's a joke to have to introduce every remark with a "Honkee-honkee-honkee" like that, he's free to try it on himself for a week or two, that's all. Why, poor old Louie hadn't ever been able to say enough English at one go to give himself any real practice in the language.

All this was away back in the early nineties. For about six years after that I lost sight of "Honkee-honkee Louie" completely. Then, one day, as the train I was on pulled into Hamey Station, there he stood, waiting to get aboard. As he passed down the aisle I grabbed him and pulled him down into the seat beside me.

As the surprise slowly left his face and a broad grin spread over it, I braced myself for an onslaught



of "honkees." "Vell, vell, vell! Dis is aber goot to see you once more again! How you bin all de vwhile? Und where you going now? . . . Vhy, vat's der matter?"

I was dazed, and showed it. All at once my companion burst into a hearty laugh. "Oh, begause dere is no more of dot 'honkee-honkee' bizness, aind id? Vait, I vill dell you all about dot.

"T'ree year ago, vun day, I shpilled me a big bot of poiling vater all ofer mine legs. My, dot vass some-dings awful, de vay id hurd! De poys dey dook me so quick dey gould to der hospital — fifty mile; vat a ride! . . .

"Bretty soon I began to get a leetle besser. But I gouldn't say nodings at all to der doctor or der nurse, begause dose 'honkee-honks' dey shoog me oop so pad.

"Vun day der doctor shtops by mine bett und he says to me: 'Louie, ve're going to gure dat imbediment in your sheech for you.' Und I t'inks me, 'Ach! some more medicines yet!'

"'But it's oop to you to do your bart, Louie. You've got der chance of your life now, lying here in bett, to get on dop of it, brovidet you vant to do it bat enough. Guess you vant to all righd, aind id? Yess? . . .

"'First ding, den, you're going to bromise me to do yoost vat I dell you, yess? Dot's righd. You got ein imagination, aind id? Vell, use id. Make a bicture in your mind of yourself dalking yoost like oder peoples. Make dot bicture so glear dot you gan hear yourself shbeak. Forged all about does 'honkee-honks': you haf finished mit dem for goot.

"'Den, nefer oben your moud to shbeak midout you see dis bicture first, all blain in your mind.

"'Segond, t'ink slow und dake blenty of dime to shbeak. Dake it easy und den easier, ondil you can yoost enchoy yourself dalking.

"'Third, nefer gif oop. Dere's blenty of dime left in der uniferse; help yourself. But geep everlasting ad id, Louie. Und Nurse, you gan help a lot, too. Goot pye; led's see vat you gan do.' "

My companion was silent. But the glow that had come into his eyes was the greatest thing in the world, but one: it was the light of victory over self. K.



### The Unintended Good We Sometimes Do

I DON'T know what put it into my head to look up Tom Wrexall one Sunday morning after breakfast, but I found him sitting at his window staring moodily at the passers-by and with a look as black as a thunder-cloud upon his face.

"I've come to take you out to see the monkeys," I said, and whatever may have been on his mind, it seemed to lift as I spoke, for he went to fetch his hat

and joined me in the street in less time than it takes to tell it.

We walked among the trees of Central Park already turning gold and crimson at the touch of coming winter, and inhaled the fresh, invigorating air of early fall as we strolled in a leisurely fashion towards the celebrated collection of animals assembled at the Zoological Gardens. The Monkey House was full of eager suppliants for our bounty, and as we were amply provided with peanuts and popcorn, we were treated with the greatest respect and consideration by the sportive inmates of the institution.

The monkeys from South America swung by their tails and performed the most astonishing 'stunts,' while the dog-headed baboon displayed a shocking lack of self-control on being refused a second serving of popcorn, and bared his glistening teeth and used language which could not possibly be printed in these pages. A Barbary ape, whom we christened Darwin, solemnly hunted for insects in the furry coat of a bosom friend with all the gravity of a philosopher bent on discovering the ultimate secret of life. No one of all that eager crowd was troubled with false modesty nor hesitated to accept favors from utter strangers, and then like *Oliver Twist* to hold out their hands for more.

The grizzly bear, an exile from the Californian Rockies, laid his dignity aside for the occasion and munched marshmallows "like a Christian" as Tom said, though as I remarked at the time: "If a love of candy is a sign of conversion, the churches have pretty well accomplished their mission."

We sat out in the mellow sunshine and enjoyed some light refreshment while we watched the shifting crowds of sight-seers and an obliging elephant with an easy gait who carried children on her back for a very low fare. After an hour or two of desultory chat, we turned homeward, and as my way lay past Tom's diggings, we walked together speculating upon the passers-by and indulging our idle fancies like a couple of schoolboys let loose from school.

Before we parted I made some kind of an apology for my frivolous behavior and regretted that my conversation had not been more serious and improving. But Tom cut me short with a laugh and said that 'improving' conversation was the last thing he stood in need of that morning. What he needed was not to be 'edified,' but to be shaken up and turned to the 'right about face.' He very kindly compared my company to Cowper's cup of tea that "cheers, but not inebriates," and as we shook hands at his door he suddenly dropped his banter and with a degree of feeling quite unusual with him declared that he could never thank me enough for what I had done.

"To tell the truth," he said, "when you called this morning, I had practically made up my mind to take my life. Circumstances had crowded me up into a corner from which I could see no escape; but while

we were out everything seemed to change, and now I think I see my way through. At any rate you have given me fresh heart for the struggle and as I owe it entirely to you that I am still in the land of the living, you can imagine how I feel about you."

To say that I was staggered would be to put it very mildly. I went home in a maze of conjecture as to how a little effervescence of fun and laughter could possibly effect so much. I do know this however, that I had waked that morning with an unusually clear assurance that somehow all was well with the world and that a future of splendid promise lay before us if we chose to work for it. It was not a reasoned conclusion, for I am a fool at argument, but I was bubbling over with joy as the result of a settled conviction beyond all proof that the black storm-clouds which seemed to threaten all humanity would scatter and disperse and let the cheering sunshine through to gladden and encourage a disheartened world.

The next time I met Tom, he said that the stumbling-blocks had vanished and his outlook was bright. I had no need to ask him how he felt because his face gave him away.

I cannot but believe that a strong, unwavering optimism radiates a very real force that works unseen upon the souls of men, and that without any deliberate intention, the light of hope that glows within the heart may kindle a responsive flame in hearts in which that light has dimmed and flickered or has even quite gone out. It is certainly an inspiring thought, that by maintaining a right attitude of mind, we may become a center from which good influence may flow to help our fellow-men, unrecognised, unheralded, and unperceived. There is 'radio' work on mind planes as well as through the air and all of us are receivers and generators. The fellow that does his duties in a cheerful, hearty spirit is a public benefactor and there's unintentional votes of thanks coming in to him right along.

OPERATOR



"Just as I am . . ."

AM I possessed by a quarrelsome, fault-finding disposition which makes me a burden to myself and — what is worse — a thorn in the flesh to those around me? Do I continually inject a bitter stream of gall into the current of other men's lives? Does my mind tend to darken and poison the world's thought-stream? — No matter; *I'm* not responsible for my disposition. I'm as my maker made me, or else a helpless product of heredity and environment. No use my trying to help it and no use blaming me for what I can't help.

So men and women do habitually accept themselves just as they are, with the whole sorry bundle of their

faults and weaknesses, half-virtues and unused strength — the responsibility for which they think to shift on to the shoulders of Providence, or their parents, or what they call 'nature,' forgetting that *they* no more began to be when the body was born than *they* will cease to be when it dies. Very few people ever learn to separate themselves in mind from the physical bundle that was born and will die, nor to realize that they themselves are not it at all but only its tenant for the space of its life.

Here and there, however, there are men and women who *have* become convinced that in the real essence of themselves they are as distinct from their bodies and brains, as the body is from its clothing. Such persons can no longer rest content with singing the old tune "Just as I am." They realize that the 'bundle' is to them as their exactly fitting opportunity for self-conquest, and that they have within themselves the power to transmute its contents, to change weakness to strength, evil to good, hate and suspicion to love and trust and friendliness.

Refuse to believe that growth is impossible for you. That is an excuse for inertia made by the lower self trying to prevent your making efforts that will place *you* in control of it. Have nothing to do with it. You *can* overcome; you can get on top of your weaknesses; you can become strong; you can wipe out the past as far as your character is concerned. Remember always that it is never too late to redeem the past so thoroughly that were the old temptations to meet you again they would have no power to move you; never too late, in fact, to open the door to a new and noble life. And the key is self-study and self-conquest and aspiration.

STUDENT



### Happiness and Reason

IT is not unreasonable that we should want to be happy, but on the contrary, of all things the most reasonable and natural. Yet how many of us mortals use reason in seeking happiness? The proof of our unreason is the popular verdict for *unhappiness* as the keynote of life.

Stop your thought-rambling for a moment — if you can — and think what you are doing with your mind, or rather, what it is doing with you. Ah! hardly can you rope it from uselessly hopping from one thing to another — like a monkey among forest trees. But we must not insult this hypothetical progenitor of ours, for *he* is after exercise or food, both necessary to him.

You have caught your mind — perhaps! — What at? Jumping from one worry to another, in the main about things which have not happened but *may* show up; or engaged in some strife or quarrel it has imaginatively conjured up as it jumps about among phantoms

of memory and anticipation, not even quiet in sleep.

If with your will you have held this imp of the mind still long enough to get a straight look at it, you are seeing the 'coon in your — excuse me — woodpile of unreason, whose reasonless antics deprive you of happiness — of nearly all you should have. Cage him and 'beat him up' till he quits his nonsense and keeps quiet when you tell him to; then see how easily you can rout disturbance and disturbing thoughts with a pleasant or a beautiful one. The day is beautiful and serene, after all.

There now! Get your 'coon' in hand, keep him under discipline, and he will help you to find real happiness in yourself, the real joy all the time in your heart. "What fools we mortals be!" FRIEND

### An Indian Invocation to the Great Spirit

"**G**REAT Lord! Master! Supreme Spirit!  
Shed on me today thy gladdening light, that  
I may live.  
Turn towards me, O Thou Victorious-over-Darkness!  
Now Thou shalt hear my call above the noise of waters;  
Even in wild places my voice shall reach Thy universal ear.  
Give heed and sanctuary to my need, sustaining Lord!  
Take me unto Thee! Give me of Thyself!  
Oh that I might feel Thee and cling close to Thee!  
For without Thee I am nothing; but having Thee  
Thy light shall shine forth from my face,  
My voice shall ring out with thy Breath."

### I Saw a Weaver

(Author unknown)

**I** SAW a weaver seated at his loom,  
And as he worked, the weaver crooned a tune;  
Hard by the loom some threads discarded lay,  
They were the snarls — mistakes of yesterday;  
And there were threads by far of brighter hue,  
They were of hope — the threads of prospects new.  
I saw the weaver choose the threads with care,  
Slowly he wove them in a pattern rare;  
Some threads appeared in bold relief and free —  
High lights were they in Life's bright tapestry.  
You are the weaver of your future days;  
Sing as you weave — success will reign always.

### No Star is Ever Lost

Adelaide A. Procter

**H**AVE we not all, amid life's petty strife,  
Some pure ideal of a noble life  
That once seemed possible? Did we not hear

The flutter of its wings and feel it near,  
And just within our reach? It was. And yet  
We lost it in this daily jar and fret.  
But still our place is kept and it will wait,  
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.  
No star is ever lost we once have seen:  
We always may be what we might have been.

### 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 our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, 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.

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"MAN'S best guide, religious, moral, and philosophical, is his own inner divine sense. . . . He should lean upon that better self — his own prophet, apostle, priest, king and savior. No matter what his religion, he will find within his own nature the holiest of temples, the divinest of revelations."

— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"THE power to know does not come from book-study nor from mere philosophy, but mostly from the actual practice of altruism in deed, word, and thought; for that practice purifies the covers of the soul and permits that light to shine down into the brain-mind."— *W. Q. Judge*

"WE must bring the material and intellectual part of our nature into closer touch with the wonderful mysterious power of the spiritual life that is at the very root of our being. It is mysterious because we do not find it often. Only occasionally a little of it comes into our lives. But to have its full companionship, to go through life depending on it and guided by it — it is all in the great scheme of life; and you and I can have it; and even the humblest, the most unfortunate, the most depraved, they too must have it."

— *Katherine Tingley*

"THE race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it from their fellow-mortals. No one who holds the power of granting can refuse it without guilt."

— *Sir Walter Scott*

"HAVING got hold of an inspiring bit of truth, dwell on it with your best mental powers; try to get at the *feel* that lies behind it; aim to make it a living power in your life."

"So long as the proper doing of our duties is to even the slightest degree dependent on the approval or disapproval of any being except our own Higher Self, just so long, it would seem, must we find ourselves placed under the guidance of others. Both fear of censure and love of praise must disappear before we can hope to be truly *free*."

"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*

"BLESSED are the happiness makers! Blessed are they that are without friction, that make the course of life smooth and the intercourse of men gentle."

— *Henry Ward Beecher*

"DUTY determines destiny. Destiny which results from duty performed may bring anxiety and perils, but never failure and dishonor."— *William McKinley*

"BEHIND every great career there lies a denial of self, of which the world knows nothing — unless it have the wit to discern, in the finished product, not only the visible traces of skill, but also those invisible achievements of the will over self-indulgence of all kinds, which give the heart courage, the spirit poise, and the mind clearness of vision. There is a heroism of toil and consecration of which no trace remains save that perfection of line and form which is the last form of victorious striving."— *Matthew Arnold*

"Take counsel with yourself. 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."— *Alberto Jonás*

"'S a reel splendid world," said Uncle Eb. "'S a reel splendid world. God's fixed it up so ev'ry body can hev a good time if they'll only *hev* it. Once I heard uv a poor man 'at had a bushel o' *corn* giv tew him. He looked up kind o' sad an' ast 'if they wouldn't please shell it. Then they took it away. God's giv us happiness in the ear, but He ain't a-goin' t'shell it for us."— *Irving Bacheller*

## APHORISMS FROM 'SI SYLVANNE'

"YE may be very sure of this, boy, yer never licked till ye think ye are; an' if ye won't think it, ye can't be licked.

"The older I git, the more I'm bound to consider that most things is inside, anyhow, and what's outside don't count for much.

"When ye done kindness to *him*, ye mightn't a meant it, but ye was bracin' up the goodness in *yerself*, or bankin' it up somewher' on the trail ahead, where it was needed.

"Trouble is only sent to make ye do yer best. When ye *hev* done yer best, keep calm and wait. Things is comin all right."

"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 — as if there were something really wild in the universe which we, with all our idealities and faithfulnesses, are needed to redeem."— *Professor William James*

# THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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## A SCENE FROM THE OLD GREEK DRAMA OF AESCHYLUS, 'THE EUMENIDES.'

This drama was recently presented by Katherine Tingley in the Greek Theater at Point Loma, California. The 'Furies,' who had been haunting Orestes (standing on the Temple steps at the right) for his crime, have been induced by Athena (in the center), the goddess of Wisdom, to desist from their vengeance, and as a reward for their compliance have been changed from darkness into Powers of Light, Orestes becoming once more a free man and citizen. In Katherine Tingley's presentation they signalize their transformation by performing a flower dance.

### The Two Handles

"SAY, Joe," called young Alf from the tent where he lay resting after the day's work, "I wish I had a chance to get a job in town where a fellow could get near some of those free libraries. It's books I want — feel as though I could read myself blind. None of your trashy stuff, either; it's philosophy I want — something solid."

"What's that you say, Joe? 'Where's the soap?'" Oh, I put it up in the fork of that tree — there was a cow wandering round the camp last night.

"But listen; here's a list of books in this magazine that just makes my eyes water to get at them. Let me read you some of the titles. Are you listening, Joe?"

"If you wait till I get the soap out of my ears I'll have no excuse for not hearing you, Alf."

"All right, I'll wait till you come in. What I want to know, Joe, is what a fellow is, what he's alive for, and what the whole show is all about. You know, a man's a wonderful thing: he's chock full of all sorts of thoughts and feelings, good ones and bad ones, ones that make trouble and ones that keep things moving along easy. But what's the big idea in it all?"

"Well, Alf, just to keep you from reading me that list of books, I'll tell you as much as I figure out about it. As you said yourself, we've got different sorts of thoughts and feelings in us, some that make trouble and some that keep things harmonious. Well, if you make a deliberate study of the ones that make things harmonious, and act on them, so as to choke the others off, there's a kind of a quiet certainty, a knowledge about things and people and life and your own nature that grows up from inside you. And it's kind of infectious, too; you don't just keep it to yourself. A cute old thinker, Epictetus by name, said everything had two handles, a right and a wrong one, and right life, the truly easy life, consisted in taking hold of things by the *right* handle. It's a deep philosophy, but it's one you don't need any books to study, only common sense and good-heartedness."

"If you'd been here the other evening when I caught that fellow sneaking through our camp, you'd have seen what I meant. Suppose I'd just kicked him out and thought no more about it? — How much better off would he have been for that? Not any; he'd have gone on with a determination to be a cleverer sneak at the next place he came to. But I reckoned I'd show him there was something better in human nature than thieving and being kicked out. I roared out at him: 'Aye, what d'you mean by poking into that tucker box? If you want a feed why don't you say so? Come over here till I have a look at you.'"

"He didn't look anyways vicious, so I reckoned I'd feed him before I passed him on. I bounced him

round and made him get the fire going and carry the water; but he was that weedy and full of asthma he couldn't do much. I gave over the bounce after a while, and sat him down to supper as though he'd just called in casually. He didn't know what to make of it: you could see he was wondering where the catch was. But after a while he settled down and ate a good feed and was willing to talk.

"The things that fellow knew about books was amazing. But they hadn't done him any good. He made me think of dry ashes — didn't seem to have got any plain human sympathy out of his reading. But he wasn't quite bone dry, because presently he says: 'Look here, old man, I don't know why you've treated me square when I was playing low-down to you; and maybe there's some catch in it that I don't see. But anyway I'll risk it. Do you like music?'"

"Say, I woke up there; and I says: 'You bet I do! What have you got to play?' Well, he unstrapped his blankets and brought out a violin. Alf, I wish you had been here to enjoy it too. If I ever got a longing to live in town it would be for music, not for books."

"Next morning I gave the fellow a note to Macguire up at the Homestead — you know how crazy Mac. is over music, and he'd find a light job for him just to have the music by, — and he went away with such a puzzled look in his eyes I was tickled to death. He'd had a lesson about human nature that he'd never found in all his reading; and as far as I can see, Alf, the big idea is to work along those lines all the time, so as to make things easier for everybody. And all the time you get nearer to the great compassionate Power that's behind everything and in all of us, the great Teacher, little by little, of just what you want to know."

"Now it's much too late to read that list of books, Alf. Besides, I'm going out to put the soap up in the tree again — I can hear that old cow about." E. D.

### Silence

"WHAT'S all this talk about 'mind-silence'? I'll be hanged if I can get the rights of it! Why should a fellow silence his mind? Ain't it the duty and business of the mind to think? Ain't mind just what separates man from animal? And then you talk about silencing it. What's the game?"

"Well, Jim, the thing's like this. Supposing you was trying to give a fellow a lesson in piano-playing — allowing you was a piano-player, which you ain't. You would say, 'Sit back and let me show you.' And then, instead of sitting back and leaving the keyboard to you, this pupil of yours keeps fooling with the keys and running off all the snacks of tunes



he knows, and discords and flumdoodles that don't mean anything, and never even listens to what you're saying — even forgets you're there at all.

"So you says, 'Quit your nonsense and let me get to the keys and give you something that *is* music so's you'll want to play like me. And if you listen long enough you *will* get the idea.'

"Well now, what's the one condition required for him to learn? To stop his own fooling with the keys, ain't it? And as soon as he stops and listens, you can begin, whether he's forgotten you're there or not.

"Now see where all this comes in, in the *silence* proposition? The *mind's* the instrument. *You're* the pupil. The *Higher Self's* along with you, a-wanting to teach you how to think splendid thoughts with that instrument; for, if you can learn to think splendid thoughts you'll find life a splendid thing and you'll live it splendidly and understand what you now can't understand about the spiritual inwardness of things and the great loving Power that *is* that inwardness.

"But you don't give the Higher Self a chance to teach you anything. All day long you're playing that instrument — your mind — yourself, fooling along through an everlasting line of thoughts and memories and what not that aren't any sort of good to you and some of 'em pure harm and nuisance. And having that line of thoughts you naturally live a corresponding life — a no-account, get-nowhere (except into mischief) sort of life, and never have any understanding whatever of deep things. And that's why you think of deep things as *dull*, whereas they're all that I've said before.

"Silence, then, consists in stopping the mind from its ordinary flow of thoughts and giving the Higher Self a chance to use it for your benefit. That don't mean trying to stop thinking all day long. The *best* piano pupil don't sit back all day long and let his teacher play. The Higher Self's best teaching time is towards night, when a man's closed up his day, the last thing of all. Then, when his muscles and nerves are mostly tired and his senses inclined to rest, then's the time to clear all the rubbish of the day out of his thoughts and bring the mind to silence in the effort to feel after the Higher Self and let it in — the great softener and inner peace-maker, the antiseptic, the friend and sustainer and heartener.

"After a little spell of that, when you've got the touch and know it's there on you, you get between the sheets and let go. And in the night, I tell you, the Higher Self will continue its work and heal up and purify and refresh and tune the mind just as nature does the body, and when you begin the next day you find you've got a mind that is peaceful and has some light in it and is already begun — just begun — to be able to have thoughts and feelings that are a help to you all day instead of a hindrance and a nuisance. See, my boy? Just you think it out and try it."

A SILENCE-SEEKER

### Too Much Talkee-talkie

"I'LL tell you what it is, fellows," said Tatsfield as soon as he had settled himself in the auto-truck that was to convey the break-down gang back to the city. "The energy that goes to waste in talk at our place would run the buzz-saw if we could only connect the machinery with the power, and what we should miss in fun and information wouldn't amount to anything you could notice. I had it driven into my skull this morning that most of this here click-clack, chit-chat and tittle-tattle don't amount to a hill of beans.

"Now I came home from the dog-show last week with Jennico Clark and I got to gassing about my taste in tobacco. I told him how I came to start smoking, what I began on, how it burned my tongue, the different brands I sampled, and finally how Peter Pauncefoot put me wise to 'Old Moss Rose' which I've been smoking ever since. In fact I gave him the whole story from soup to nuts, and yet just now when he met me with my pipe in my mouth the jackass called out: 'Hulloa Tatsfield, I didn't know as you smoked.' I believe that all the time I was blatting away, he was just waiting his chance to tell *me* what *he* liked, for as soon as I'd done, he slopped over with the whole story of *his* adventures in the tobacco line, which, by the way, I've clean forgotten. Most everybody's got the craze for coining their breath into words, in fact the greater part of the talk you hear is just 'hot air' and that's all there is to it. There's precious little thought in it, and how *can* there be when it's poured out without stopping to think, and if a fellow speaks without thinking first, what he says is just so much pure and unadulterated punk."

"I don't know as how I hold with what you say," objected Tom Loosely. "I reckon it's kind of sociable to jabber when you're in company. A man's got to breathe out air anyway and he may as well make words of it while he's about it."

"Your're wrong there, dead wrong," replied Tatsfield with some heat. "It *ain't* sociable to be talking all the time. There's nothing spoils good feeling between folks and makes more fuss and friction than this everlasting talkee-talkie. You gab about your neighbors and it gets round to them all twisted up, and they take it like you was finding fault with their goings-on, and the next time you meet 'em they give you the dog-eye and the good feeling between you goes glimmering. This here everlasting gossip queers old friendships, makes trouble between families and generally raises Cain. And talk isn't just hot air in motion. You mightn't think it, but there's got to be a certain amount of *mind*-power used up to make it into words, and like a leaky pail, the continual drip, drip, mounts up, so that by the end of the day a man feels all tuckered out and thinks he's worked too hard. There was a young fellow here once who was the

hardest case I ever saw. He didn't talk in his sleep that I'm aware of, but the rest of his time he did, so long as anyone was in ear-shot of him, and when he fell sick the doctor said it was nothing in the world but nervous exhaustion brought about by being too 'sociable' as you call it.

"Whenever a man speaks, I reckon he gives body to a thought and loads it up with a certain life-force. It's bound to be like that. You rile a man as you go to work in the morning and he says right out what he thinks of you in about six plain words. Those words will rattle around in your mind and chafe you till you're raw, and by bed-time you'll be plumb wore out, just with worrying about six little words. When a man says a thing, he *makes* something, and it's good or bad according to the thought that's at the back of it. And if he pumps it full of brain force, as he's very apt to do if he's feeling mad, it will last a long time. If a fellow wants to be a *man*, he's got to close down on this everlasting tittle-tattle and give his throat a vacation. It won't be long before he feels a reserve of strength building itself up inside of him and he begins to get a grip of a new power that he can work with in the silence. People feel his influence and respect a man who is careful how he spends his words and when he *does* speak, he gets listened to.

"And there's another thing. If you're going to do something difficult don't *tell* about it. The power you need will run to waste in chatter before you start, and after a lot of brag of what you're going to do, the thing peters out in talk and nothing gets done."

I shall never forget the effect of Tatsfield's praise of silence. It did not "give rise to an interesting discussion," as the newspapers would say; but better still we paid him the compliment of acting on his advice. There was very little said on the way home, and more than one of us, judging by his looks, appeared to have entered, for a time at least, into the peaceful Empire of Silence which I hold to be man's true home. I know that I heard Loosely remark as he got out: "I do believe the time ain't lost when a feller keeps his head shut, and just sitting quiet is a pretty good scheme to pass away the time I reckon. But you've got to hold your *brain* still as well as your tongue if you want the full benefit of the practice-time."

LISTENER



### As to your Eyes

#### THE DOCTOR SPEAKS UP

I KNOW, of course, that some of you are in trouble about your eyes, failing sight and more and more difficulty in reading at night. The light in your cells is not any too good, unfortunately, and some amount of eye-strain is unavoidable. Many cannot afford to buy the glasses they need, too; and so I thought

that a little talk about the care of the eyes would be useful.

Most people do not know that the eyes are as much benefited by special exercises and gymnastics as any other part of the body. As they are a small part of the body they will only need a small part of your time to care for them, to help them to stand the necessary strain, and to prevent their needing glasses for years after the time when glasses usually have to be adopted.

You are in your cells for the night about 6 o'clock and from then till 9.30 is likely to be a spell of three-and-a-half hours' reading. The eyes naturally get strained and tired, very likely ache a little and are congested. Many of you no doubt have to put aside your reading altogether after an hour or so.

Now it is just before bed-time, *when you don't intend to read another word*, that the five fruitful minutes of exercise come in. There are several items to consider. First, the muscles attached to the outside of the eyeball, whose work is to move it about. Second, the muscle *inside* of the ball whose work is to alter the curvature of the lens according to the nearness or farness of what you are looking at. It is on that muscle that the strain of reading falls so hard. For the curvature of the lens has to be constantly altered so that the picture of whatever you are looking at may be brought to a focus on the nerve plate at the back of the eyeball. And lastly there is the eyeball as a whole with its humors, nerves and blood-vessels.

As the years go on, the lens — which is like the lens of a microscope or an opera-glass, but better than they because it is springy and elastic and can alter its curve, — becomes stiff, losing this elastic power. It is that stiffening that you want to prevent. This you do by giving it a massage and a cold bath. And both the massage and the bath also give tone to the little blood-vessels and relieve the congestion caused by the strain of reading.

Massage of the eyeball means compressing it. You can rub the eye, gently but firmly and deeply, with the fingers, from the inner corner outwards, for a minute or two. Then you can rotate the eye in a circle, up, to the left, down, to the right and up again — eight or ten times, strained to the limit in every direction. Do another minute of the same rotation, but this time *under the tightly closed lids*. This is making the muscles of the lids do the eye massage.

After a minute or two of all this, keeping up the movements till the muscles feel rather tired, put your face under water, open the eyes, and go on rolling them around so that the water reaches all the way in under both lids. And finish by sloshing the cold water against the eyes till they feel chilled. Don't use them for reading any more that night, *not a word*, and the very next morning you will already feel some benefit from what you have done. Keep it up and in a month or two you are quite likely to find that you no longer

need your glasses, or not nearly as much as you did. Don't drop it any more. It may be a bother, but it's worth doing.

If you want to make a perfect job of this exercising business, try this also, done before you get to the cold water stage. Lightly close one eye, and with the other open bring a page of print so close to it that you can only read with great strain. Carry the page further and further away, thus relaxing the strain, till it is as far away as your arm allows. Then look on beyond the page to the door of the corridor. You can feel something going on in the eye, a tightening as the page comes up close, a relaxing as you remove it, as you look at the grating, as you look through the grating to the other side of the corridor, and, in imagination, beyond that, to some star or a light in the distant city. Then you tighten up again and gradually come back to the close-up page.

That is the exercise. First letting the eye be quite relaxed, as if on that distant star. Drawing it up a little for the opposite side of the corridor. Up a little more for the door. Up more for the close-up page. But learn to do it *without the page*, by a simple effort of will, tightening and tightening as if the page were there being brought closer; then suddenly relaxing on to the star and gradually back again as if to the page, which is imagined as if getting closer, the same effort in the eye being made as if the page were actually there. Do this about half a dozen times. Then the other eye similarly, closing the first. Then the cold water.

This last exercise is difficult, though very valuable as a means of removing the need of glasses.

All this sounds troublesome, but it will not take more than five minutes and it is well worth doing. In the morning you do not do it again, merely putting your face under water, opening and shutting the eyes and doing a moment's sloshing. Ditto each time in the day when you wash your face.

The idea underlying all bodily exercises is — or should be: "I propose to keep this tenement of mine as fit as possible as long as possible, for I am here as its tenant to live out as much experience as I can, and develop through this life as much self-control and will as I can." I'm not here to preach, but I do say this to myself all the time: — that I want to quit this bodily tenement of mine at death a more worthwhile specimen of humanity than I was when I awoke in it, kindlier, with more will and more *good-will* to everybody, leaving a trail behind me that I shan't be ashamed or regretful to look back upon at death — as they call it; and that for this purpose I want as much time as possible, and for that as much health as possible. And remember that even these little eye exercises, if you do them as carefully and concentratedly when you *don't* feel like it as when you *do*, are no small aid in developing the will. Good luck, boys! Keep it up and see what happens.

### Standing up to Temptation

WHEN I was in town last week I met Dick Bowditch, his face all over smiles, and as he plainly wanted to share his joke with somebody and I had made my purchases, we walked down the Avenue together.

"Last night," said Dick, "as I was riding home, I heard an old fellow taking a rise out of wife, and it was so funny that I thought you could get a laugh out of it too. From the way they were dressed up, you could see they had been to some kind of a party. 'I hope my dear,' said the old boy, 'that you were prudent at the supper-table; as for me I was tempted to have two goes of roast crabs and three cups of coffee.'

"'Well of all the foolish things!' she chirped, 'If that ain't the limit'; and her voice registered several kinds of emotion and none of them pleasant. 'You ought to know by this-time that crabs in any shape or form is rank pizen to your stomach and makes you "dream dreams and see visions," as the Good Book says. As for coffee, it always gets you all excited so you can't sleep. I'm glad that I don't pay your doctor's bills, though I may have to wear myself to a bag of bones nursing you through a spell of gout. The very idea of a man of your age!' — 'Hold hard Mother,' broke in the old man, 'who's done any harm?' 'Harm!' she snorted, 'Harm enough, I reckon. You might as well make your supper off phosphorus paste for rats, and wash it down with proosick acid as fill yourself up with crabs and coffee!'

"'But Mother,' persisted the old fellow, 'I never said I'd taken either crabs or coffee; I said I was *tempted* to, didn't I?' 'Well,' says she, her voice getting kind of soft, 'I never saw no difference between a man's being *tempted* to eat something foolish and his *eating* it. So now you try to make out that you stopped short at the being-tempted-stage; is that it?' 'You've got it, old woman,' said he, and then they both laughed and she called him a silly old goose, and the storm-signal was hauled down and replaced by the 'settled weather' sign; but it certainly was funny and the old man played his part well."

"Quite a little comedy," I remarked, "but it certainly is queer that whenever a man tells you that he was tempted to eat this or drink that, you may always take it for granted that he fell to it. The fact is that we are brought up with the idea that the way to deal with a desire that rises in the mind is to stop it right away by giving it satisfaction, just as you feed a dog to make him hold his noise. If you know what a man *wants* to do, and he has the chance to do it, you can pretty well tell what he *will* do. It's only when a man takes himself in hand and decides to *deny* a desire that he first discovers the tremendous force that works in his animal nature. As long as you stroke a cat's fur the right way and call her

'Pretty Pussy,' she's as sweet as pie; but the minute you try to give her a dose of medicine she yowls to beat the band and lets you know that her legs are sharp at the ends.

"There's nothing gives strength to a man's character like the habit of passing judgment on his wants from the standpoint of duty rather than of inclination; but if he lets himself be bossed by every desire that crops up, his manly vigor goes to rot and he can no more stand upright than can a puddle of rain-water. Why, my young Johnny came blubbering to me the other day because he had neglected his chores, and he wanted me to beg his mother to let him off because he 'didn't want to.' 'My son,' said I, 'if I was to start the day with the idea of doing exactly what I wanted to, I should end it in the City Jail for sure. You go along and do your sweeping like a good boy.' Of course if you make up your mind to go to work along these lines, you'll have to go without a whole lot of pleasures. But pleasures! What do our precious pleasures amount to after all? They're pretty much like fireworks, very nice so long as they last; but then they don't last very long. Now if a man tries to forget pleasure and pain, and just keeps on trying to do the right thing through every minute of the day, he feels at bed-time a solid satisfaction that no pleasure in the world can give him, and what's more it stays by him. He gets the feeling of having acted in a big way, and I believe that to a degree he has actually allied himself with the impersonal forces of Nature, and, working with them, he shares their settled calm and peaceful confidence and strength. In fact I sometimes think — By Jiminy! If that clock's right I must make a dash for it if I want to reach Piddington Rise tonight. Thanks for the story. Good night old man."

EL VIEJO



### Pedro

"NO one can be happy in this worl', you say? Oh, I think so. Me, I was ver' happy once, sí señores. You laugh? And I too. But it is the truth.

"When old Don Porfirio was Presidente I use' belong to the *Banda de Policia* of the City of Mexico. Ah! that was one fine banda all righ'! We come to this country, one, two, many time', to the big Expositions and Fiestas, and every time we carry off prizes and medallas of gold. Sí, señores. Our Director had two row' of medallas, so, across the chest. An' we all so proud of our banda and of our director.

"When we use' play in the parque or in the street, I use' forget everyt'ing but the music — Dios mío, I can feel it yet! Ah! in those days I *live*'. But I *live*' in the banda, for the banda, not for myself. . . .

"Came the revolution, and I emigrate' to this

country. I catch the money-fever; I try to get everyt'ing for myself, *so that I could be happy*. . . . Sí, señores, I laugh too. Happiness comes not so. *In the banda, for the banda, there is happiness*. So I laugh — at myself. But I laugh with a tear in my heart. For I think — ah, if all the peoples could make themselves one big Banda, live *in* that Banda, *for the Banda*, — ah, what happiness then! Well, some day, that will come, I think. But we can make the small bandas even now. Is not that so? A banda among the hearts?"

The flash died out of the speaker's dark eyes. And the veil that habitually hid the soul of him slowly spread over them again. Then came, like a bugle-call, from Jerry the foreman: "Boys, let's start a band!"

A BANDSMAN



### "On the Straight"

DEAR EDITOR: You might like to know how I got on after leaving —. It's a long time since I wrote to you from there thanking you for THE NEW WAY, and a lot of things have happened.

I made up my mind I'd go straight when I got out. Ned — said he'd give it a trial too. He came out at the same time, and we reckoned it was best to get away from town into the country. Well, I never was very strong, and my stay in the 'sanitarium' did me no good that way; so when we got caught in a storm just on nightfall the third day out from town I was feeling pretty sick. We hadn't struck a job and we were clean broke, and there didn't seem a chance of getting out of the wet anywhere. So when we came to a garage with the doors swinging wide open in the wind, we pretty soon slipped inside and put some rugs around us that we found in the car.

Ned got poking around, and he says it looked to him as if the folks had the car ready for going out when the storm came up, because everything was fixed up for a long run. So he says suppose we slip back into town and take on the job that Casey offered us. We could leave the flivver out on the road and no one would be the worse for it.

And we had a row then, because I'd steered Ned off Casey because he wasn't straight, and I wasn't going to be mixed up in any joy-ride either. So when Ned said he was going anyhow, I cleared out so as not to get mixed up in it. But I was feeling pretty dizzy in the head and I forgot I had the rug around me; and I didn't get far before I was blocked between a wire fence and a creek, and when I climbed through the fence I came to a kind of garden shed and laid down in it because I felt so sick I didn't care what happened.

Next morning I was like as if I didn't know whether I was hot or cold; and while I was lying there and not

feeling able to stand up, along come a girl with a big dog nosing around. And presently the dog brings her to the door and she says, "Oh, we've found one of the rugs, anyhow."

I don't know what happened when I tried to stand up, because next thing I knew I was inside a house lying near a fire, and a man and a woman and the girl was there. And the man was saying, "Well, Ma, what had we better do?" And she snaps back at him: "Why, ring up the police, of course." But she seemed to me like she was crazy, because when he started to ring up she grabbed the phone out of his hand and says: "Don't be a fool. Go and get the hot water out of the kitchen." And when he'd gone she says: "Here, you, Cynthia, phone for the doctor, and tell him to be quick." But when the girl says: "I've done it already, Ma," the old lady seemed kind of struck dumb for a minute, and when she got her breath she yells: "Well, don't stand there like a fool; get his wet boots off."

I don't remember what happened for a good while after that, but they certainly did the square thing by me; and now I'm holding down the job of gardener for them. I never can make out the old lady, though; she's just like she chokes you with one hand and feeds you with the other.

Ned got pinched and sent up again, but he squared things for me and showed them I had no hand in taking the car. You bet I'm going to keep on the straight. Do you think you could spare a NEW WAY now and again?

Yours sincerely, D—— J——.

### Self-Evolution

**P**ROGRESS, real progress, is not so much dependent on doing this or not doing that, as in keeping the right inner feeling or attitude. If this is steadily maintained, all outward actions gradually become efficient and harmonious, without any strain or undue effort. And — which is more to the point — they become imbued with a new force, a great vitality, so that they radiate light and joy and peace on all sides. Then life becomes something grander and more worth while, day by day and year by year. This is 'self-evolution.'

STUDENT

### Nature

**A**S a fond mother, when the day is o'er,  
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,  
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,  
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,  
Still gazing at them through the open door,

Nor wholly reassured and comforted  
By promises of others in their stead,  
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;  
So Nature deals with us, and takes away  
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand  
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go  
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,  
Being too full of sleep to understand  
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

### 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 our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, 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 possible 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.

If you are not already a fellow-traveler on the New Way we invite you to join us. Let us send you a sample copy. If already you have begun your journey on the New Way we are confident that you will wish to get still others to join you. It will add to your happiness 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. 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

"If the action of one reacts on the lives of all — and this is the true scientific idea — then it is only by all men becoming brothers and all women sisters, and by all practising in their daily lives true brotherhood and true sisterhood, that the real human solidarity, which lies at the root of the elevation of the race, can ever be attained."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"THIS moment holds in itself a promise of renewal, and to each one who works, grows and creates, and; above all, loves, there will always come renewal. This is the magic in life."— *Katherine Tingley*

"IN every moment strive for that moment; the results will follow of themselves."— *W. Q. Judge*

"PERSIST, if thou wouldst truly reach thine ends,  
For failures oft are but advising friends."  
— *George Meredith*

"EVERY failure is a step advanced  
To him who will consider how it chanced."  
— *George Meredith*

"NOT for success alone, not to fair-sail always;  
The storm shall dash thy face, the foam shall cover  
thee over,  
But thou shalt face thy fortunes and surmount them  
all."— *Walt Whitman*

"MAN is his own star, and the soul that can  
Render an honest and a perfect man,  
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;  
Nothing to him falls early or too late."  
— *Beaumont and Fletcher*

"YOU are day and night moving in the direction  
of your thoughts. Watch yourself for one day.  
Where are you going? Are you a blind victim?"  
— *M. E. Hinkle*

"To be able to meet graciously all demands upon  
us is to win the victory that leads to other victories."  
— *Katherine Tingley*

"EMPTY hours . . . ; and always the emptiest are  
the heaviest — those unfilled baskets of time which,  
strangely, become lightest only after we have filled  
them with the best we have to give."  
— *James Lane Allen*

" 'A SILENT MAN.' Yes, but he always gives you  
the effect as he passes of having said a kindly and  
encouraging thing, or *shared* himself with you. There  
are two sorts of silence, I guess: One like his, and a  
morose, surly, self-absorbed silence."— *David Gerhardt*

"Of all things, learn to revere your *Self*."  
— *Pythagoras*

(The Greek word used here means, not the ordinary  
little self, but the Higher Self, the real man.)

"DON'T be so intent on a man's faults that you  
can't see any of the good in him. Would *you* like  
that?"— *F. P.*

"THE soul of a man never comes to his aid until  
he claims it, until he discards everything else that he  
has and turns to it for the strength without which he  
can endure no more."— *Gilbert Cannan*

"WE meet trouble and defeat only on those paths  
where our weaknesses lead us. They are the medicine  
the Good Law gives us for the curing of those weak-  
nesses."— *Student*

"IN dealing with the lower nature, you have got to  
hit it hard. Then it will retire to its place and give  
the higher nature a chance to come forward."  
— *Katherine Tingley*

"DID you ever hear of a man who had striven  
all his life faithfully and singly toward an object and  
in no measure obtained it?"— *H. D. Thoreau*

"IT is marvellous what a man can do when he puts  
his entire mind upon one faculty and bears down  
hard."— *David Grayson*

"THERE is, after all, in this world no real good for  
which we do not have to surrender something. No  
service, no reward!"— *David Grayson*

"THERE is no goal that is so near as it appears to  
the hopeful or so remote as it seems to the timid."  
— *Lloyd George*

"EACH and every thought and act of a man tends  
to confirm other men in similar thought and action or  
to break up contrary ones. The point is, that we are  
'our brother's keeper.'"

"SILENCE is the absolute poise or balance of body,  
mind and spirit. The man who preserves his self-  
hood 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.'"

— *Ohiyesa* (Dr. Charles Eastman)



For Prisoners and Others  
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

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  
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## The Promise of the New Day

**T**HE soul of man still cries out;  
the darkness is still so close  
about him that he knows not the dawn  
is so near. But those who have climbed  
to the hilltops have seen the glow in the  
eastern sky and the rays of golden light  
in the heavens; and with the suddenness  
of the break of day in the tropics, in the  
twinkling of an eye, the light will come,  
the scales fall from our eyes, and we  
shall see— not in the uncertain gloom  
of night, but in the glorious sunlight.

— Katherine Tingley

### Finding one's own Light

*From one of the writings of Katherine Tingley*

NO man has his freedom until he has found the secret of self-control, self-discipline, self-government, which are, as we know, the prime factors in the building of character. Not until he has gained that certain knowledge which comes through the power of introspection, self-control, and self-denial, can he draw the line intelligently and consciously between the animal part of his nature and the spiritual. Without this knowledge, man must still be a mystery to himself; he must still be a sad disappointment to himself; he must find the world all awry, having so little faith in himself that naturally he has little faith in his fellow-men, and thus he loses courage.

To find an anchorage in human life and to have the knowledge that comes from the two ideas of self-government and self-discipline, is to have the key to the situation — something priceless, which no money can buy. When man has attained this knowledge, he has taken the first step towards mastering his own destiny; for it is self-mastery that brings man to the knowledge of his Higher Self — that Self that lives on and is immortal. It is self-discipline that acquaints him with the mysteries of his own being.

For the soul of man is spiritual; the soul has the power to enlighten the mind and bring home to it a knowledge that neither books nor preachers can give. It is the power of making clear to man his own possibilities. And when he reaches this point, he realizes that he is the maker of his own destiny; he becomes the interpreter of his own life and can solve some of the sublime mysteries of life. He can see why yesterday in anger, and with feelings of resentment and hatred, he was ready to kill his brother, and the next day under different conditions his heart was filled with a spirit of compassion and love for all. Here we have a picture of the contrast between the animal, mortal man, and the soul in its dignity and majesty and power, expressing the spiritual nature of man.

Let me give an illustration: a boy, whose life has shown no marked tendencies to evil, suddenly under the impulse of some provocation kills another. We follow him to prison; we see him hanged. What was it that sent him to the gallows? Was it not his lower nature, his lack of self-control, of self-discipline? He was unacquainted with the divinity of his nature and the duality of his make-up. He knew not how to distinguish between the evil and the good in the truest sense. He had not the power of discernment and discrimination. He was lacking in self-control; and, under the spur of ill feeling, which belonged to his lower nature, he killed one of his fellow-beings.

Yesterday I was reading in the paper about a young man who had a sweetheart; and because she refused to marry him and repulsed him, he tried to kill her. The report tells how he is waiting by the bedside of

this dying woman offering his blood to save her life!!! Here we have the two pictures — one, the undisciplined, unbridled nature with all its desires and everything that belongs to the passionate, mortal part of man, which was not ready to give up that which he felt belonged to him in the physical sense. But after the crime, when the cowardly side of his nature has accomplished its purpose, it recedes, and he awakens to the realization that he has made a terrible mistake, and he offers his blood to save that life! A tragic and unpleasant illustration, but a true picture!

The easiest way to overcome the stumbling-blocks of the lower nature is to draw the line between the physical and the spiritual — the animal and the divine; to see the two playing their parts, and to face the actual conditions of the world today; to think more determinedly, more broadly, more independently for the future, and thus learn the valuable lessons needed for all time.

I was once asked how one could carry on this line of self-discipline and self-control; and in trying to impress the inquirer with the contagion, so to say, of these ideals, I pointed out the influence of habit — that if one can habituate himself to thinking even once a day that the universe is ten thousand times bigger than one dreams; that millions and billions of stars are now in existence that have yet to come within one's sight; that the world is governed by universal law, and that man is part of this divine scheme — these thoughts and the contagion of them, so to speak, reflected upon every day, would in the course of time become a habit, and the broader ideas that would follow would bring man closer to the realization of his possibilities. Truly it is habit of thought that makes for the weal or woe of humanity.

If we go along day by day playing hide-and-seek with our own natures, we retrograde. But if we take these ideals and implant them in our minds and natures, and hold to them from day to day affectionately, in the course of time this influence becomes a power through habit; our ideals become more and more potent; they ingrain themselves into one's very being, and ultimately work with one's conscience. And surely the awakening of the conscience is the needed force today throughout the world.

Here is another picture showing the influence of habit — of the habitual thought of the man who makes his first mistake: When he was a boy perhaps he stole only ten cents from his father; perhaps a little later he stole twenty; and, a little later, more. Thus he became habituated to the thought which at first had been ingrained by a fugitive desire. It carried him on and on until other weaknesses in his nature appeared to fortify him in his tendency to steal and in his acquired habit, and ere long we have the criminal.

The power of habit should be studied more closely by educators and by mothers and fathers. They have not studied it enough. It is a mighty power, whether

rightly or wrongly used. It is these simple factors in life that are constantly making us either angels or demons; they are based absolutely on this idea of the duality of man, of the lower which dies with the body, the desires and passions; and the higher which is ever seeking the light.

But one must realize that if he desires to be a great musician, he cannot become such in a day; he has to begin with the simple exercises and practise constantly; he has to habituate himself to the idea of music, to its theories, and more than all else, to its practice. It is the same with these ideas. We can talk about them, we can preach them, we can read the books, we can criticize them, we can scorn them if we please; but we can never reach the truth, never find the light within our own souls, or the power to control, the power to discipline ourselves, the power to serve, to love, or the power to become, until we have reached the one point of the realization of our Divinity. This is the key to all the other problems of life.



### How about your Clutch?

“**H**IS real nature is good, if it had a chance, but he mostly lets his blood run him.”

The writer once heard a great student of human nature say this, in explanation of the contradictions apparent in the life of a young man who, meaning well and with intelligence enough to accomplish anything, was too unstable to hold steadily to a single purpose, followed his successive impulses as they came along, and was on the way to be a complete failure in life.

“I don’t want to do wrong! I hate it with all my strength. But my will is gone. If temptation comes my way, I fall to it; I just can’t help it. My God, it is hell!”

This was the anguished cry of another fellow, well known to the writer. Yet, in the end, he did win out.

Maybe at first glance these two cases seem very similar. But they are not.

In the first, there are simply two elements: the ordinary ‘I’, that wants, in a general way, to do the right thing, but is equally ready to follow the impulses of the ‘blood,’ the unthinking tendencies of the physical man, the lower side of the nature. There was something of a fight going on, it is true; a sort of half-battle for supremacy, but not such a one as we can get enthusiastic over. And in the end the lower usually won out and so ruined that life for the time being.

But in the other case there was what we call a ‘weak will,’ the better nature consciously dragged down against its own wish. Here, there was a constant fight between the struggling man with the helping soul behind, and the ‘blood,’ though he sometimes

seemed to himself to be almost reduced to the role of a helpless spectator of his own fall. But to this warfare, if it be courageously kept up, there is always in the end one sure outcome: final victory.

“How, if the will is dead?” may be asked.

The real will is never dead, nor will be while the universe lasts. The will that wins is part of the great, unseen driving-force that moves the sun and the stars in their courses, that brings the plant from the seed and the flower and fruit from the plant, the power that lies behind all the evolving activities of Nature. It is ever-present, resistless, sure, and always trending upwards.

When a man’s will is what we call ‘weak,’ it simply means that the ‘clutch,’ whereby he connects his personal machine with this mighty engine of the universe, fails to get a good grip; it slips. If it finally does not hold at all, then the will, we say, is ‘dead’ in that man.

We all of us suffer from weakness of will, somewhere in our natures. Yet no man who still feels himself a man is weak-willed in *everything*; always there is some point where he remains strong. So long as he doesn’t let his ‘clutch’ slip and wear at *that* point, he can always lay hold on the great driving force. But if a man were simply a machine, with no chance to rebuild or replace worn-out parts of his moral make-up, his outlook would be truly hopeless. Experience, however, shows that the more he makes use of his will-clutch where he can in connecting with the great cosmic engine, the firmer hold he gets and the more points he finds out at which to make the connexion. “Do all that is possible and the *impossible* will melt away.” At last he comes to see that he can remain connected all the time, if he wants to, even during sleep. In fact he sees that he *must* learn by practice to remain connected *all the time* if he wants to be safe. This sounds hard, but the effort to do this brings him a new life, one of joy and strength and usefulness, far beyond anything he would ever have thought possible.

Indecision — what is called ‘inability’ to make up one’s mind — is a great weakener of the will-clutch. Better sometimes to make a mistaken decision and take the consequences than to be forever wobbling. And once the Higher Self begins to get control there will be fewer and fewer mistakes. How many chances come, every day, to practise prompt, decisive, quick-thoughted, clear-cut choice!

Procrastination — putting off what ought to be done now — is another destroyer of the will-power. Make yourself ‘do it now.’ Let ‘Now’ be every day’s password.

A very old teaching says: “Behind the will stands desire.” Now, let us go back to the boy who wanted, in a general way, to do right, but who mostly “let his blood run him.” Everyone but he himself could see that what was lacking in him was a firm, strong,

unswerving motive, a burning aspiration to *be* right, to feel the pressure and inspiration of his own soul, to live on the highest levels of his own nature, not just to make a showing to himself with which he could be pleased. So he failed, when he felt most certain of himself, because he was content just to *be* what he was.

The other, with everything apparently against him, still 'hated wrong,' still wanted to *be* better, to be strong, true, courageous — and time brought him all he wanted, because of this pure desire standing behind the will. Little by little his will-clutch began to get a better grip despite many discouraging failures in between; but he couldn't lose out, for he had the whole of the great building-force of the universe on his side.

And so it may be with all of us.

K.



### The Women, God bless 'em!

IT was that good-for-nothing Dick Larkin who stirred up Summerfield to step forward as the women's champion, by some disparaging remarks that he had made because it was a woman's evidence that got him 'jugged.'

"No sir," broke out Summerfield, "I can't hear the women attacked and sit still and say nothing. My mother was one of that crowd and though they have their weaknesses the same as you and me, we're all one family and ought to help each other along and not start in to look for faults. Did you ever stop to think what a mother will do? She'll take a six pound, toothless baby as bald as a duck's egg, colored like a beet, and a stranger that she never saw before; and just because it's *her* child she'll slave for it night and day though it's no manner of use about the house and don't know how to behave any more than a woodchuck does. She'll work herself lean for that homely little animal and never a red cent does she get for all her trouble."

"Oh come on now," said Slim Jim, "duty is duty you know, and I reckon it's only right for a woman to do her duty by her own child. You mustn't be puttin' them up among the saints for doing their simple duty."

"Duty!" exploded Summerfield uncrossing his legs and sitting bolt upright. "The Lord preserve me from the mother who looks after her kid just because she thinks she *ought* to. That word 'duty' has been so much used for something unpleasant that a fellow does because he has to, that I can't abide the sound of it. My old mother didn't feed me, and wash me, and care for me every moment, day and night, because she looked upon it as her duty. She did it because she just nacherly loved me and would rather be doing those very things than anything else in God's world. I never set much value on anything that's done only because you're afraid you ought to; there's

always a feeling of strain and being forced like. Nothing ever gets properly done unless it's a case of 'want to.' A man can't always love his duties, maybe, but he can love the right *doing* of them. And he ain't a full man if he don't.

"It's one thing to have your wife serve your dinner with everything piping hot, and the cloth as white as snow, and a flower on the table if it's only a bit of pink clover, and the light of love a-shining in her eyes. And it's quite another thing to have a hired waiter dump the dishes in front of you with no more human feeling than if he was feeding rocks into the hopper of a stone-crushing machine and watching out for a possible tip as a cat looks out for a mouse. You can't blame the poor feller, of course, 'cause he hasn't got no special call to love you and it's all in the day's work, and he'd rather be doing a heap of other things if only he hadn't got his living to earn.

"I've watched the cons in this pen cleaning up after dinner and seen how hard some of 'em took it; it seemed to me sometimes that I could almost hear their bones creak. And yet I do believe that if only we had the proper feeling for each other, work like that would come just as easy as playing a baseball match for the fun of the game and the honor of the team. And when a mother combs the baby's hair or puts its little socks on, why it's no more work than it is for a girl to dress up her doll.

"When they turn me loose out of this dump, it's me for mother and don't you forget it. She won't throw it in my face that I made a mistake. She won't think I'm a tough old jail-bird who's got to be watched like a dog in a meat-market. She'll see me as I used to look all fresh and clean after Saturday's bath and she'd tucked me up all warm and comfy in my little cot. She'll help me to go straight and make a man of myself 'stead of living on the public like a flea on the hide of a dog, taking all he can and giving nothing in return.

"And say, boys, there'd be no more hangings if the voters understood how that every time a poor fellow swings, there's one woman at all events who doesn't see 'a dangerous criminal' dangling at the rope's end. What the *mother* sees is the soft little handful of human flesh that used to cuddle close to her breast and is now jerked out of his body and sent into the unknown country, with never another chance to straighten out his life and make another try for a clean and honest living.

"'Tis no use blamin' the women, Dick. They has their faults, same as men. I'm not denyin' that. But in the heart of the toughest of 'em there's always ready on call the part that'll love and protect and serve and sacrifice itself. And if that ain't the Divine there ain't any Divine anywhere. . . .

"Jim, dip me a drink of water. My throat's that husky it looks like I might have caught a bit of a cold somewheres."

REPORTER

## Lend me thine Ear

BEHOLD I went one winter's evening to view a class in *jiu jitsu*. And there was one there to

Said the Instructor to that young man: "Smite thou me with this stick!" And the youth remonstrated, saying: "I shall surely do thee an injury!" But the Instructor replied: "Smite on!" Then said the young man: "Be it upon thine own head!" and he smote at that particular spot.

And then I marvelled greatly, for immediately there was something doing; and from the midst of many arms and legs came a sound resembling "Wow!!!" And when the youth had recovered the natural position of his body and also his wits, he exclaimed, "Sir, thou didst hurt me!" Whereat there grew a great disgust upon the face of the Instructor; for how could he teach one who did not understand that a little pain was part of the game?

And I treasured the memory of this happening, and told it to my friends for many days and with much chuckling.

And on a certain day not long after, things went wrong with me. Ill fortune and curses pursued me, and the latter end of the day was as evil as the first. And I pondered before I retired that night, saying, "Behold, I am an injured man! What have I done to deserve all that hath befallen me this day? I have not known whether I was on my head or my heels."

Whereat there rose within my mind the picture of the *jiu jitsu* lesson, and the mixture of heads and heels and the sound of "Wow!" from the midst thereof. And I said to myself: "After all, am I not even as that youth, inasmuch as I am complaining because Life hath given me a little jolt by way of discipline and instruction?"

Verily, I see that there is a *jiu jitsu* of the soul as well as of the body." And I resolved to take my medicine and keep cheerful. (Though be it known I did not recount this to my friends for many days and with chuckling.)

Thus, then, was that winter's evening well spent. J.



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept

## THE INDIAN'S INVOCATION OF THE GREAT SPIRIT

By Mr. Leonard Lester, Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California

receive tuition, of whom I concluded that his father had sent him for the good of his soul and his mother had kissed him good-bye before he left. And my conclusions were the result of observations which did thuswise come about on that winter's evening:

## "Thou Shalt Not Kill"

BY GOV. J. FRANK HANLEY OF OHIO

I HAVE read and thought much upon the subject of capital punishment. Six times in my life I have faced the responsibility of its infliction, holding within my own will decision concerning it, with power to suspend it or to let it be imposed — the power of life and death over its intended victim. My convictions concerning it are deep-rooted and firmly established. I am opposed to it in any form. Every fiber of my being, physical, mental and moral, revolts at it. Four times out of the six I set aside the penalty and commuted the sentence to life imprisonment. Twice I let the bloody thing be done.

I was at the time governor of a great commonwealth. The law provided for the death-penalty. I had sworn to enforce the law. The power of clemency was mine; an attribute of the great office I held, a high and solemn power. But it was not mine to use at will or to arbitrarily exercise, or, indeed, to exercise at all, except for grave and public reasons. I had no right to suspend a law duly and solemnly enacted, simply because my own personal conviction did not accord with its mandate. My duty seemed to me to be aptly defined by Justice Samuel F. Miller, of the United States Supreme Court, in sentencing a prisoner found guilty of murder, in a case over which he presided while on the district bench: "The penalty which the law attaches to your offense is one which my private judgment does not approve; for I do not believe that capital punishment is the best means to enforce the observance of the law, or that, in the present state of society, it is necessary for its protection. But I have no more right, for that reason, to refuse to obey the law, than you have to resist it."

In the four cases in which I extended clemency there were palliating circumstances that seemed to justify executive mercy. In the other two there was no fact or circumstance upon which to base such action, and I permitted the sentence of the court to be carried out. But to my dying day I shall not be able to acquit or justify the law that imposed the awful responsibility upon me.

The death-penalty is inconsistent with the highest principles of American penal codes or constitutions. There is scarcely a modern bill of rights that does not provide that penal laws shall be founded upon the principles of reformation and not on vindictive justice. Capital punishment does not reform! It exterminates! It rests wholly upon the ancient doctrine of revenge — an eye for an eye, a hand for a hand, a life for a life. It is out of harmony with the spirit of the age, in conflict with modern culture, and in contravention of every teaching of the religion we profess to live.

It is part of the old penal system of torture and of bodily mutilation, a system founded upon retribution.

It belongs to the days of the Inquisition, the wheel and the rack, the stake and the fagot; to the hatred and furies of a time long gone, fitting only the iron hand of a Nero, the metallic soul of a Bismarck. Depending for its authority upon "what dead men have written in old books," it has no place among the just, merciful, and solemn enactments of a free, enlightened and Christian people.

Its deterrent quality lies only in the dread of death, the agony of execution. But neither of these is often present in the mind of the murderer. Most murders are done in passion. In such cases there is present in the mind at the time no thought of the penalty at all. Even when the crime is premeditated the perpetrator calculates not upon detection and apprehension, but upon concealment and escape. It is the certainty of punishment and not its severity that deters.

The more lightly the state regards, and the more publicly it takes, the lives of its citizens, and the more frequent, inhuman and terrible the punishment it inflicts, the greater the brutalizing effect upon the people. If the state would have the citizen hold human life in high and holy regard, the state itself must also hold it sacred. The power of suggestion and example by the state upon the individual can scarcely be estimated. An English divine who had attended one hundred and sixty-seven criminals through the final scenes of their dissolution testified that all but six of them had themselves witnessed executions. All scientific reflexion and knowledge, all experience, all history, and all statistics are against capital punishment as a deterrent for crime. There are fewer murders in states that do not inflict it than there are in those that do. Where the death-penalty has been abolished murders have not increased, and mobs and lynchings are less frequent. It is unrightful and inefficient — an expiation, cruel, bloody, and ineffectual. The modern mind repudiates it, the twentieth century conscience sickens in contemplation of it; and a Christian people ought not to inflict it.

— *The Yeoman Shield*, Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 1, 1922



## The Human Soul

THE personal human soul is, in its highest form, a compound of spiritual aspirations, volitions, and divine love; and in its lower aspect, of animal desires and terrestrial passions imparted to it by its association with its [physical] vehicle, the seat of all these. It thus stands as a link and a medium between man's animal nature which its higher reason seeks to subdue, and his divine spiritual nature to which it gravitates whenever it has the upper hand in its struggle with the inner animal.

— H. P. Blavatsky



## Immanence

By Evelyn Underhill

I COME in the little things,  
 Saith the Lord;  
 Not borne on morning wings  
 Of majesty; but I have set my feet  
 Amidst the delicate and bladed wheat  
 That springs triumphant in the furrowed sod.  
 There do I dwell, in weakness and in power;  
 Not broken or divided, said our God!  
 In your straight garden plot I come to flower;  
 About your porch my vine,  
 Meek, fruitful, doth entwine;  
 Waits, at the threshold, Love's appointed hour.

I come in the little things  
 Saith the Lord;  
 Yea, on the glancing wings  
 Of eager birds, the soft and pattering feet  
 Of furred and gentle beasts, I come to meet  
 Your hard and wayward heart. In brown, bright eyes  
 That peep from out the brake I stand confest.  
 On every nest  
 Where feathery patience is content to brood  
 And leaves her pleasure for the high emprise  
 Of motherhood —  
 There does my Godhead rest.

I come in the little things,  
 Saith the Lord;  
 My starry wings  
 I do forsake  
 Love's highway of humility to take;  
 Meekly I fit my stature to your need.  
 In beggar's part  
 About your gates I shall not cease to plead —  
 As man, to speak with man —  
 Till by such art  
 I shall achieve my immemorial plan;  
 Pass the low lintel of the human heart.— *Selected*

## Transformation

Edwin Carlile Litsey

IN the frosty mould of a garden's close,  
 Ugly and shapeless and withered and brown,  
 Something lay frozen and lifeless and still —  
 A seed from its parent-stem cast down.  
 Dry was the husk which the cold wind swept,  
 Scarce more than a tiny clod it seemed;  
 But out of an April sky one day  
 On its patient face a warm sun beamed.

Then, deep in the heart of the lifeless seed,  
 Something was born — it was God's behest —  
 Something which struggled and broke its bonds,  
 And thrust in the air a verdant crest.  
 Then why are the minds of men in doubt,

Seeking to cloud their lives with fear?  
 As with the seed, so with the soul;  
 From the darkness of earth it shall reappear!

— From the *New Idea Woman's Magazine*

## 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 our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, 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 possible 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.

If you are not already a fellow-traveler on the New Way we invite you to join us. Let us send you a sample copy. If already you have begun your journey on the New Way we are confident that you will wish to get still others to join you. It will add to your happiness and to theirs.

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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 whole aim of Theosophy . . . is to direct your attention to a brighter future, which lies before each one of you; to tell you, each one of you, that you hold the key to the present and the future; to proclaim to you that you, each one of you, can find in a moment of time, if you have the desire, a door to golden opportunities and a glorious future stretching out into the limitless Eternity."

— *Katherine Tingley*

"THERE are a thousand problems at home and abroad. There is one key and one only which unlocks them all. It is 'Partnership,' a new way of working together. If that key is not applied, it would be better not to live in the world that will be."

— *J. L. Garvin*

"I AM a man who looks now toward the end of life; . . . I live in days of hardship and privation, when it seems more natural to feel ill than well; without holidays or rest or peace; friends and the sons of my friends have been killed; death seems to be feeling always now for those I most love; . . . yet never have I been so sure that there is a divinity in man and that a great order of human life, a reign of justice and world-wide happiness, of plenty, power, hope, and gigantic creative effort, lies close at hand."

— *H. G. Wells*

"THERE is full compensation for failure in every true life, and the highest, when the struggle and the loss have been the deepest." — *John Ker*

"THE power of self-control comes not from the brain-mind, but from the immortal, indestructible part of man. There is where self-control is to be found. There is where exists the Divine Will, the Spiritual Will. The will that men use generally — the will which they think gives them the right to drink when they want to, gamble when they want to, and make their mistakes when they want to — that is the will of the brain-mind, the will that carries them to destruction. And the brain-mind is like the stage of a theater upon which two forces work — the animal with its desires and its appetites, its notions, its idiosyncrasies, and its selfishness, as it plays its part upon this stage and uses the intellect to that end — and the Higher Self, which is ever trying to clear the mind and inspire it, to bring it to understanding, that it may depend on this Higher Will, and control. There is where the battle is fought — the lower nature struggling to gratify its desires, its ambitions and its passions, and the higher nature struggling for the salvation of humanity through soul-effort, the exercise of the Spiritual Will." — *Katherine Tingley*

"EACH by his own life reaches reward — rises to the heights of knowledge and power for the good of all who may be left behind him."

— *William Quan Judge*

"WHILE the bells are ringing on the outer plane, calling men to a recognition of the New Time; the soft silvery tones of the Compassionate Heart of Life are sounding forth their sweet music to the Souls of men, calling them away from the paths of darkness, unrighteousness and despair, to the ever-abiding glory of a truer and better life and the hope and peace of a New Day." — *Katherine Tingley*

"LIFE is made up of changes so that there shall be progress. When these come don't get a case of mumps or of dumps, but smile, take hold of and master the new at once — and be thankful for the chance. If it puts you out of action, that will give you more time for thought — which is probably what you needed. If you hold back from the pricks in front you will back up against those behind. It would be a fine kind of a schoolmaster who did not advance his pupils when they had finished a study."

"O MAN, hold thee on with a courage of soul  
Through the stormy shades of thy worldly way;  
And the billows of cloud that round thee roll  
Shall sleep in the light of a wondrous Day."

(*Author unknown*)

"It is no disgrace to feel fear, but whenever you do feel fear, act like a hero." — *Clemenceau*

"Do not get discouraged, no matter if things do seem to go against you for the moment. Remember it is often *the last key that opens the lock*. Worry is the interest on trouble paid before it falls due — if it ever does." — *Anon.*

"If your side of the street is dark and gloomy, cross to the other side, where the sun shines. Keep your face to the sun and let the shadows fall behind you." — *E. W. LIBBEY in Kallipolis Kronikle*

"WHEN you make a mistake, don't look back at it long. Take the reason of the thing into your own mind, and then look forward. Mistakes are lessons of wisdom. . . . The past cannot be changed. The future is yet in your power." — *Hugh White*

"You have a disagreeable duty to do at twelve o'clock. Do not blacken nine and ten and all between with the color of twelve. Do the work of each, and reap your reward in peace. So when the dreaded moment in the future becomes the present you shall meet it walking in the light, and that light shall overcome its darkness." — *George MacDonald*