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LOOKING SEAWARD AT SUNSET INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA. THE WOODLY TERRA-SANTA IN THE FOREGROUND

There is something serene and spiritual in the character of this shrub apart from any healing virtues ascribed to it. Its supple grace of movement, its subtle color quality, responsive to the reigning condition of light in its reflexion and absorption of the sky hues, taking up and blending with itself the glare of intense sunlight, the peaty greys of cloud or mist or the opalescent glows and glooms of twilight and dawn, all these transient phases of sky or season it will translate into some subdued, ethereal harmony of its own. And its movement, like running water is constant, its velvety, serrated leaves, poised and balanced on fantastically coiled stems, sway responsive to the slightest breeze.

For Review and Other
Whishes, Please Refer to the Editor

Science is the key to the miracle of man.

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley

Point Loma, California

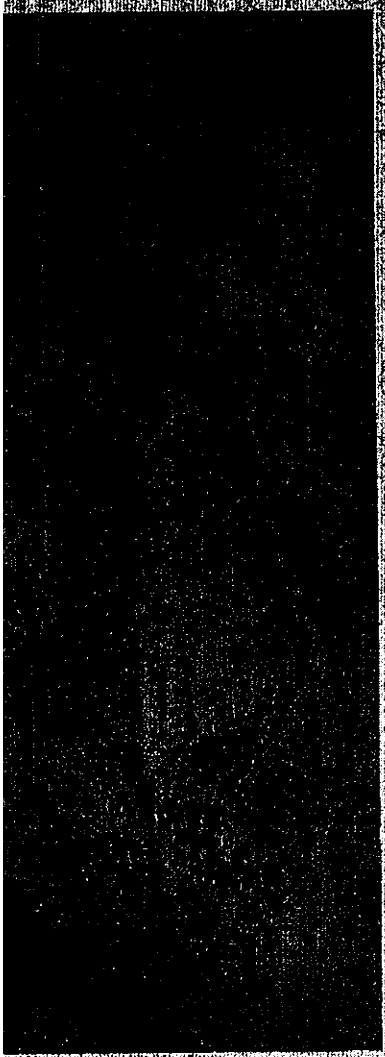
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A Bouquet of Gathered Flowers from the Writings and Speeches of Katherine Tingley

HUMANITY is stifled and the world held down and back by the psychology of pessimism. So many have no faith in themselves, no faith in each other. Some are pleading for help and light, it is true, pleading for something that can still the craving of the heart; but so many are contented with the superficial. And this black psychology, sweeping in, affects to some degree the minds of all. Even the strongest, the best, find it a constant struggle to live up to their possibilities because of this subtle, disintegrative force. Yet to everyone who seriously pushes forward in spite of this, a new door opens with each day, a new cycle—truly, a new world.

We have to realize what a potent force is psychology. The whole mass of humanity is a psychological field on the inner planes, a vast aggregation of opposing forces, some pushing towards light and harmony, but the great bulk of them against advancement and against the truth.

The great onward rush of human effort for better things is intense, very intense, yet so many wander away from the path of light. Losing sight of their Divinity, of the godlike guiding power within, they wander this way and that, searching one way and the other, through this book and that. Their faces, their words, their writings, tell the story of disillusion and failure. And the remedy? Does it not lie in the finding of the Self? We have ignored the existence of the inner life, the Real Self of man, that which looks behind the veils of illusion and sees things as they really are. Many people with splendid possibilities seem to be so near—almost touching in fact—the fringe of the great truth. But they close their eyes to the need, they turn away and walk on, satisfied with their own little path because to do other-wise is 'too much trouble.'

Nevertheless, because of the thought and effort of just the few who love humanity, a benediction is certain to come. In time our thought life will become rarefied, men's minds will be touched by a new power spring from the optimism and the hope of the few who defend the truth, we shall look down over the hills and into the valleys and see god-like men and women walking there; we shall feel ere long the influence; the mighty overshadowing, of a new civilization. Oh that love could flow freely through the hearts of all men, uncolored by personalty! Then the new day would dawn, verily.

Great as have been the discoveries of the past century, still greater are those to follow. Great exponents of art will be born among us, presenting higher standards and grander ideals. Literature will gain a new impetus from new creators who will come to serve the masses on lines never dreamed of in our modern times. Science will astonish the world with

its discoveries of some of Nature's finer forces. But the greatest development is not to be looked for on the material plane and in physical science and invention. More marvelous still will be the unfolding of the nature of man on spiritual and mental lines. The possibilities that lie before us in these directions would, if presented today, meet only with incredulity and condemnation, for in this material age man cannot understand the heights that may be attained through self-mastery. But if we could realize the voice of the soul working behind the ordinary mentality, we should become consciously receptive to higher influences and more spiritual realities. In this way we should become pioneers, opening up the vision of men to the vast and unexplored regions of life, and being conscious of this possibility, so stimulate every energy that the very atoms in space, the atoms composing every organism, would change and begin to respond to the divine impulse.

To attain! Man was born into this world to attain, and to do this he must struggle as the child struggles, to pass through the gates of birth. To attain he must surmount conditions, break through all limitations, and persevere in effort until he reaches that spiritual perfection that is our ideal.

But this cannot be accomplished unless men realize the essential Divinity of their own natures. True progress begins with this step alone. Too long has poor humanity been living on the outer edge of truth and light, too long has help been sought from without, too long has the inner divine nature been obscured and the shadows of external life mistaken for reality.

So that with all my soul I urge you to *look within*. Even to the man who has lost faith in humanity and in himself, even to the pessimist who dares not look a week ahead in hope—to such as these I say: Look into the chambers of your soul for truly you are a soul. Rediscover the energy and strength of your manhood. Take time to think not in the ordinary way, but deeply, and the laws that govern life will be revealed.

Man's only way to win his great hope and to know the truth is to seize hold on himself, assert and realize his potentially all-dominating soul existence. Making his mind and memory register beyond all future cavil or doubt what he then knows to be true, holding himself at his true dignity, guiding into right conduct all the elements of his nature—his body, mind, and emotions—he will maintain from that moment strength and joy in life. That once done, could he but stay in that attitude for a few weeks or months he would have made of his mind a willing instrument of service, harnessed it to the chariot of the soul, and dissolved away its limitations.

Self-analysis, self-study, self-control! These are the divine, protective power, the golden keys to an understanding of the Self.



The Way to Real Freedom

"POWERFUL intrusive forces arising in the lower, passionate nature of man" in that phrase lies the key to freedom from our real jailors, who are within us. Life is tremendously powerful; it consists of forces, not merely things. We form habits, ignorantly or otherwise, and then find ourselves in the grip of "powerful intrusive forces," as Katherine Tingley puts it.

The next part of the phrase — "arising in the lower, passionate nature of man," — gives the clue to the way of escape from the domination of these forces. We have a higher, divine side to our nature, just as we have a lower, passionate side to our nature. The lower is all too familiar to us; the way to escape from it is to turn strongly to the higher; the higher and the lower cannot be in the mind at the same time. Definite pictures may be formed of that in us which is higher. Consideration for others is one of its prime characteristics. To think of the intensity of the universe broadens the mind and lifts it out of the commonplace; and other ways of raising the quality of our thoughts gradually appear as our attention is turned that way.

It might appear that the lower tendencies are too firmly fixed to be removed; but consider how many things have faded from our minds for want of our attention being repeatedly turned to them. Are all the lessons learned at school remembered? If another language has been acquired, does it not little by little slip from the memory unless it is used? So will our acquired habits fade away if we deliberately set to work to forget them. They have a tremendous force of their own, but the higher in us has a greater force if persistently invoked. D.

On Being True to Oneself

Extracted from an Address to the Inmates of the Oregon State Penitentiary

SOCIETY is closely watching us; let us therefore be careful to make no slip, no mistake. And when we say Society, whom have we in our minds? Why, those who don't think, who live for their own pleasure, those who are thoughtless and selfish.

But were *we* always thoughtful, did *we* always think of others' welfare? Have *we* always tried to live rightly, and did we try to understand the woes of the world? I think not. Do we do so yet? Do we *now* try to think of others and to act unselfishly? If we do not we not only were, but *are yet* a part of that Society we sneer at and criticize. We had, possibly, we still have all its faults of thoughtlessness, carelessness, and selfishness.

But now, though the blow has been most severe,

and the experience most bitter, we have been brought face to face with the great truth that we are our brother's keeper. Yes, Brotherhood is a fact in Nature, and as one of the world's Teachers has said: "Until we realize that, and until we begin to work to that end unselfishly and without prejudice, it will be absolutely impossible for us to have any idea of what real happiness means, for true happiness is based on unselfish work for others."

Has not the general tendency of our past been to encourage selfishness and utterly to ignore our responsibility? Have we not always looked for the fault in others, but never in ourselves? This is the pivotal time for our awakening. The means are at hand for us to know, and knowing, to take our true position in life.

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. This is a divine law, and it is just through this very reaping that we get an opportunity to learn. Let us resolve that in the future we will sow only such seed as will make us reaping a joy, the seed of noble thoughts and deeds. For every aspiration, every thought, every act is a cause, a seed sown, that will produce an effect, a harvest, and just as surely as we set in motion the cause, so *we* shall receive the effect. Is there not infinite hope in this?

There is no one of us that does not know of the duality of his nature, that he has two natures: the higher and lower — the Angel and the Demon. Boys, recognize this fact and live! Grasp this truth and enter into an understanding with yourselves! Know your real enemy, it is your Lower Self! It is the unsatisfied, unreasonable, selfish part of you, built up on your passions and desires. We let our passions run riot and forgetting our Divinity, our Higher Self, plunge into the abyss, degraded, despised even by ourselves.

At times, the Higher Nature shines out, if lightens the gloom, knits us together as friends, and then we suddenly give way again to our passions and desires, crush the better Nature in us, break faith and confidence with any one and every one and wander further into darkness.

But however far we wander, our better Self is ever with us, awaiting the time when we shall realize our position, recognize our Divinity, and then like the prodigal son arise and go back to our Father, acknowledge our mistakes and work for a true balance of our affairs. That balance must be brought about on three planes of expression before we can enter into the enjoyment of that condition which is really our right. We must clean up and balance the physical, mental, and moral, and the fruit of our efforts will be the at-one-ment, the Spiritual. Then we shall be a Light, an example, an encouragement to others who are still in darkness.

The opportunity is NOW, it's up to you! Are you ready to shoulder your load like Men, step out

and join that mighty army that is fighting for Man's Liberation? It requires Men, who against all temptations, however great, will smile at them, and standing 'pat' say to themselves, "I am pledged." I gave my word, my parole, all I have, all that is sacred, my honor, my manhood?"

Now the best and most effective work that you all can do, is to make discipline and order easier to maintain, and this can only be done by a cheerful, willing obedience to the rules of the Institution. Never mind if to you some of those rules appear unjust or difficult to understand. Don't you see that with a cheerful obedience to them, they must advance with your advancement?

When you are singled out as the one to whom a parole should be granted, and your parole is taken, don't you realize the responsibility you assume in giving it, your word of honor? The fate of others depends on your success. You hold the key to their opportunities.

So as you wish others to give you a square deal, do you give them a square deal, and when you get a trial on the outside, don't take any chances by flirting with those things that you know are temptations and stains. Remember your responsibilities and the comrades left behind.

W. D.

The New Way (According to Old Smoky)

THE Lieutenant of the Yard came into the Clothing-room the other day with a comparatively new arrival, whose zebra pattern pants were a misfit. I had sent my assistant for another pair, and while we waited the newcomer who was beginning to find the use of his tongue, picked up a magazine from the table and began as follows:

"What's all this about? THE NEW WAY! Seems to me it's the Old Way dolled up in a new suit of clothes. Here's an article on Self-Control, a text from the Buddhist Scriptures, a bit of a Psalm, and a string of verses 'Selected from the Persian.' Old stuff, I say! Give me something new!"

The Lieutenant was going to turn him down for being a little too fresh for a newcomer, but seeing Old Smoky had something on his chest, he very wisely let him have the floor.

"You've got this thing all mixed up," he said with that friendly, human smile of his. The teaching may come from way back — it's about as old as the world, I reckon — but the newness of it comes in when a fellow puts it into practice. You read about the Golden Rule — do as you would be done by, — you read about holding down your temper when you feel like striking out. You see where it says to use a little self-control in eating and not just let yourself

go, and you say it's old stuff. Of course it is. But here's where the novelty comes in. *Do like it says you ought to do*, and that's as new as a new laid egg.

"New Way may mean two different things. It may mean a new fashion, as you might say — a new way of cutting your hair. Or then again it may mean a new path or roadway, and that's the way I take it. A new path for your feet that's going to take you somewhere worth while. A fellow may read as to how he ought to act for years and years, and yet never get started on the New Way. To travel on a roadway you've got to put your foot forward and step out. See?"

"The minute you do that, you're off. You've made a departure from your old line of life. You say good-bye to the kind of thing that brought you here, and you're out for new adventures, and new adventures you'll get — a plenty."

"How'd it be for instance to start off the new year that's coming with the idea that you're going to boost things along and give a helping hand to every one you come across, not looking out for an easy job for Number One all the time? Why not try to take a bigger view of things than just the little point of view of 'how will that fit in with my little plans?' A bit of a change that would be, wouldn't it?"

"Say, if you're tired of the daily grind, doing the same old jobs in the same old way, in the same old place, why not make a break and start on the New Way? Forget your tough luck and how hard the world uses you, and try to make the world a decent place for some other fellow. Every blessed thing will change with your changed attitude of mind."

"Don't you know that a volunteer always gets better treatment than the man who has to be dragged to his work by the coat collar? You make up your mind to be a volunteer. Of course in a place like this you've got to toe the line chalked out, but even here you'd be surprised how a little readiness to start work without being forced will be appreciated, and everything is bound to ease up for you."

The man with the keys has his little worries the same as you and me, and if you treat him like a human being, instead of giving him the dog eye all the time, he's just naturally bound to treat you different — can't help himself. And another thing —

But what more he had to say was interrupted by the arrival of the new pants and the serious business of trying them on.

I picked up the paper before I went back to my work and a single passage seemed to start from the printed page and challenge my attention.

"Dare to be yourself — your greater Self. Dare to leap forward, and be something you never before knew it was in you to be!"

"Truly," I said to myself, "if we want some new experiences in this New Year and take that as our motto and live up to it, we shall find that we are

traveling on a new and unfamiliar way. A New Way, which, if we only persevere will lead us to a future of greatness and splendor, beyond our wildest flights of imagination." No. 99

An Impersonal Ambition

ONE morning, a lady stopping at a news stand for a purchase, noticed that the young man in charge was studying intently. To her friendly question he replied that he was attending night classes in law, and to her comment that law was a long, slow study and a still harder pull to succeed, the youth said earnestly:

"Yes, I know that, because I have had two years already, and I have to work for my living by day, but I do not care for what is meant by success. My reason for becoming a lawyer is that I have grown up among the poor and have so often seen them helpless at law, or fleeced by shysters, that I want to give them one who will take care of them for themselves, one of themselves whom they can trust, whom they know will be true to them."

"But," answered the lady, "if you aim to make your standard of action higher than others, your own life must be straight and true to win such confidence. Is that a part of your intent?"

"Of course," he responded firmly. "One cannot live a false life and look straight. I often watch the folks passing here. The true ones have their heads up and a light in their faces. Others pass along timidly with their eyes on the ground as if they were afraid, or were up to some mischief. Working here helps me a lot. Then I have already a good many coming to me to tell them what to do or to act as go-between or peacemaker. You see, lady, I don't mind being poor. I am used to it."

But the lady shook her head and said: "It will take money to do all that. You will have to pay for office rooms as well as your living expenses which you are now earning."

"Oh yes!" he cheerfully replied, "I am laying by for the news stand which I am going to keep with someone to help me at it, some will be able to pay and also help those who can't. It's the pulling together which will carry us on, and we all do that with each other. 'United we stand' belongs to our country, you know."

With a bright smile of sympathy she said softly: "I have a little fund which belonged to a child who is gone. Would you use it for those in need?"

The lady was startled at the radiant response in his eyes and the eager clasp of his hands together with his kind words: "Oh, lady! it is the children's cases which need the most help. I would keep it for them. Do you really wish to help them in this way?"

As the lady went on her way, she said to herself: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." A WAYFARER

In the Orchard

I GOT off the train at the little country station, and started on foot for the old Sadler Place. It was a letter from Tom Sadler that had brought me here, some hundreds of miles away from my home and business, and as I climbed the hill I wondered what I could do for him.

Tom and I had chummed it here when we were boys, and the place was full of memories of valorous explorations, Viking expeditions, and other exploits. Since then we boys had each gone a Viking on his own account — some to 'succeed,' others, — well, look at Sadler, for instance. For several years back, whilst I had been sitting snugly in my study of nights, well pleased with the world and all about me, Tom Sadler had sat in his cell, with a number instead of a name, trying no doubt in his own way to hold the thread of his life together and preserve what he could of its integrity for the future years, when he should be free.

Well, he was free now, and life was to be tackled anew. His uncle, it seems, had died shortly before Tom's release, and left him as a poor sort of legacy the old Sadler place, long neglected and in a ruinous condition, but still an anchorage for a homeless man.

"Uncle Joshua was always fond of his little joke." Tom had written in his letter, "and if it had an object-lesson in it, and a tinge of bitterness, all the more relish it had for him. Of course I was surprised when I heard he had left me this old place, but as soon as I got here I saw the point he wanted to make. Overgrown with weeds, and with everything apparently falling to ruin, it was a pretty good outward picture of what I felt I was like inside."

After this, of course, I had decided to go to him and see what could be done. Tom met me at the gate. In spite of the changes effected by years and sundry experiences, there was still about him a gleam reminiscent of the Tom of old days, and I took that to be a good omen.

"Nothing much worth salvaging here, you see!" was Tom's remark as he followed my first glance at the old place. He had waved his hand towards the weed-choked garden and broken fences, but there was something in the gesture that seemed to include himself also.

"That remains to be seen," I stoutly replied. "To be sure, there'll be a bit of weeding to be done —"

"Weeds, weeds!" said Tom as if to himself. "Only let them get a start, and look at the hell they can make of a place."

It was plain to me that he wasn't talking so much

of the weeds all around us, as of those other weeds of self-indulgence and indifference that cause so much after-suffering to the self-neglectful man.

"If I could go back twenty years and begin it all over again! But it's no use talking about that now."

"Cheerio, old chap!" I cut in here. "Let's go a little slow, and find out what assets we still have left. No use letting the devil have more than his due, you know."

"That's just why I wrote to you, hoping you'd come," said Tom. "You always were a fellow to take the bright side. Not that I intend to hang on to anyone for support, understand; but I thought one sight of that full-moon face of yours might set me right again, don't you see, and give me a start."

Tom tried to speak lightly, but I could see that it was no common need that had forced him to call a friend to his side. Under the pressure of remorse and discouragement he had been wavering between a strong desire to take the easy slump back into his old ways, and an inner urge to play the man, and to lift himself up into a brighter and finer world of real living.

"The weeds, I think, have somehow got under your skin, Tom," I said to him; and went on to give him whatever I had in me to give, in the way of a brighter outlook on things.

Soon after this we went into the house and had a sketchy supper off the pantry shelf. The supper seemed to function in the usual way, however, for we both emerged from the pantry feeling that life had something of a background after all.

We spent the evening almost in silence over our pipes and a fire of pine-knots; and though little was said, I could feel the atmosphere warming up for a change. By the time we parted for the night I felt distinctly cheered, and so, I believe, did Tom.

After breakfast next morning I found that I had but a couple of hours left to stay. We went out to the orchard — the scene of no end of fun in former days — and stood at the gate looking in upon a sea of weeds and brambles in which the trees stood submerged, stretching out pathetic dried branches like emaciated arms to the sky. It was a sad sight indeed: but I knew something about trees, and remembered the wonderful way they have, during times of drought or neglect, of conserving the life that is in them, keeping themselves inert, suspending activities, waiting, with a miraculous patience, till better conditions come to wake them up again.

There ought to be some new life stirring here. It was early in the year — not quite Spring yet; — but the air was quivering with a presage of it.

I opened the gate and trampled a way through the weeds to the nearest apple-tree. Tearing away the creepers and mosses from its limbs, I found unmistakable signs that it was alive. I broke off the end of a twig, and the wood inside was green, and moist

with sap. By this time Sadler had followed me and was watching intently, hardly breathing, as if some great discovery was about to be made. Some of the smaller branches were covered with the usual little brown nodules. I lifted off the husk of one of these with my finger-nail, and there was the tender green embryo leaf, only waiting its day to come out and help clothe the tree in the jocund green of Spring.

Then I looked at Sadler, and we both laughed. We had been so intent over this simple proceeding that we might have been lifting the lid off a most tremendous secret. And perhaps we had been — who knows? At any rate, we had found what we were looking for. With this miracle of rebirth before him, could a man doubt that there were still untapped fountains of life-sap in himself, adequate to nourish and sustain him in all his best efforts if he would only draw upon them?

It was a rare moment for both of us. We stood there in the crystalline spare sunshine of the early morning, and felt, beneath all the surface desolation, the magic of the persistent, pulsing vitality around us and within us. I looked at Tom, but he was too busy with the delightful new thought that had come to him, to notice me. I knew he was seeing himself in the near future, with suitable fellow-workers to help him pruning, plowing, weeding, fertilizing, putting things to rights, both outwardly and inwardly; and the prospect was a goodly one.

We talked over the practical side of the thing before I left, and hit upon some rather good ways of going ahead. And the years that followed proved our practical wisdom, for his dream of reconstruction came true — not as ideally as he had pictured it, perhaps, but there was this to be said: through all his future struggles with unforeseen problems, he never once lost the knowledge of that hidden reservoir of strength which he had found that morning in the old orchard. S.

Planting Seed-Thoughts in the Soil of Silence

THIS is a subject that has many aspects, and calls for thoughtful attention. To create a state of profound silence in our natures requires study, time, and a strong will. We must make a study of the obstacles to silence in our natures that would prevent the desired stillness in our house, so to speak.

When we have made an honest examination of ourselves, we realize that before we can progress along the Path of Life, we must clear away the stumbling-blocks which hinder our advance.

Having mapped out a plan of battle, we set out with determination to fight our way ahead. It is strange but true that once the Higher Nature is recognised and leads us forward, the Lower Nature feebly tries to slow things up and throw obstacles

in our way. Then is the time that we must keep up our enthusiasm, our courage, and our determined will. Just as a farmer carefully prepares the soil before sowing his seed, so must we clear the field of our mind of poisonous thoughts, harmful habits, and unworthy desires, and encourage pure thoughts, and absolute honesty with ourselves. When we have done this, then shall we be ready to plant seed-thoughts of the right kind, and having prepared the soil, these seeds will sprout and grow stronger and stronger in the silent chambers of the soul.

Once we have silenced the mind with its ceaseless chatter, its personal schemes and endless desires, and put it in its rightful place as the servant of the Real Man, then, and only then, can we enjoy real peace. Truly, the mind *is* the slayer of the Real! But as we cultivate and control it, understandingly, the seed-thoughts that we silently plant in our moments of inner vision, will grow and reflect themselves through our minds, and as we continue to be true to ourselves, we prepare ourselves in the Silence for greater usefulness in the

R. G.

Give Them the Flowers Now

Length M. Hedges

CLOSED eyes can't see white roses,
Cold hands can't hold them, you know,
Breath that's stifled cannot gather
The odors that sweet from them blow.
Death with a pease beyond dreaming
Its children of earth cloth endow,
Life is the time we can help them,
So give them the flowers now!

Here are the struggles and striving,
Here are the cares and the tears,
Now is the time to be soothing,
The frown and the frown and the frown.

What to closed eyes are kind sayings?
What to hushed heart is deep vow?
Naught can avail after parting,
So give them the flowers now!

Just a kind word or a greeting,
Just a warm grasp or a smile,
These are the flowers that will lighten
The burdens for many a mile.

After the journey is over,
What is the use of them now,
Can they carry them who must be carried?
Oh, give them the flowers now!

Blooms from the happy heart's garden
Plucked in the sport of love,
Blossoms that are earthily reflections
Of flowers that blossom above,
Words cannot tell what a measure

Of blessing such gifts will allow,
To dwell in the lives of many,
So give them the flowers now!— Selected

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.— *Tennyson*

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. Get your friends to join 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

"NATIONS must be their brothers' keepers. They must be ready to aid one another. They must deal justly and show mercy and make allowances. They must not live in fear and suspicion. They must understand and act upon the knowledge that all are members of one family, that what hurts one hurts all, that prudence and good-will should make them work together for the common good." — *Hamilton Fyfe*

"We are beginning to realize just how much we have need of the things of the mind and spirit, as well as of the material things of life. We have fed our pocketbooks and starved the qualities of mind and soul without which our wealth is useless." — *Paul Bowman*

"WHEN we think most deeply we think musically." — *From the German*

"A WORLD in which there were no labors to be accomplished, no burdens to be borne, no storms to be endured, would be a world without true joy, honest pleasure, or noble aspiration." — *Mabius*

"CONSIDER when thou speakest whether thy words will promote love; if not, speak not. But if thou canst justly say a good thing of anyone, be not silent."

"He drew a circle that shut me out
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout,
But love and I had the wit to win
We drew a circle that took him in."

— *Edwin Markham*

"THE story is well known of an unwary magician who summoned a demon; and the demon said: 'If you don't find me something to do, I will tear you to pieces. This seems to be the state of quite a number of people. Watch them on a street car. One demon has to feed on magazines, another demands candy and chewing-gum, a third insists on tobacco, a fourth calls for conversation, and the unfortunate owner of all these demons never secures any of that repose so essential to wisdom or strength. And, if these distractions are not provided, the demon of somnolence may claim his share.' — *H. T. E.*

"ALL roads are safe to thee this night,
If thou canst walk by thine own light." — *A.*

"THROW your very soul into the scales ahead of you! The power to achieve and conquer will come to you as you need it on the way. Your business is to make a start in trust. The rest is provided for."

— *Katherine Tinsley*

"HALF of what we eat keeps us alive; the other half keeps the doctor alive." — *Dr. Copeland*

"Hate always follows hate; hate will be eternal." — *Japanese Proverb*

"KIND words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems beyond natural causes." — *Becket*

"FEEL mankind as a part of yourselves, and act accordingly." — *H. P. Blavatsky*

"THIS might have been prevented and made whole
With very easy argument of love,
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate." — *Shakespeare*

"GREAT souls are always loyally submissive, reverent to what is over them; only small mean souls are otherwise. The sincere man is by nature the obedient man, and only in a world of heroes is there loyal obedience to the heroic." — *Carlyle*

"The glory is not alone to him who wins the victory, but equally to him who fights nobly and well." — *Gilbert Sargent*

"MUSIC is to the soul as the sun is to the flowers, as the waters are to the thirsty trees, as a thing of beauty is to the artist's eye, as love is to the world. Let us then know real music."

"They are never alone who are accompanied by noble thoughts." — *Sir Philip Sidney*

"A RASCAL does not laugh in the same manner as an honest man; a hypocrite does not weep the same class of tears as a man who is sincere. All imposture is a mask; and, however well the mask may be molded, it may always be distinguished from the natural face with a little attention." — *Alexandre Dumas*

"THERE is a central repose beyond the motions of the worlds; that wide stillness, that silence of the soul, which is not desolate, but rich with unutterable harmonies." — *George MacDonald*

"WHO is wise? He that learns from every one. Who is powerful? He that governs his passions. Who is rich? He that is content." — *B. Franklin*

"BROTHERHOOD is not sentiment, is not emotion, is not so-called love. It is putting oneself mentally in the place of another, and realizing his difficulties, while showing him that true compassion which we would hope for in his place." — *W. Q. Judge*



For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

"Defeat is instalment of Victory"

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley
Point Loma, California

EDITED BY PERCY LEONARD

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VOL. XVII

FEBRUARY 1928

No. 2



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This statue of Hermes and Dionysius (or Bacchus) was found in the Heraeum at Olympia just below the spot where Pausanias had seen it seventeen centuries before. It is especially interesting as being the only statue which has come down to us, that is known to be the work of one of the great sculptors of Greece

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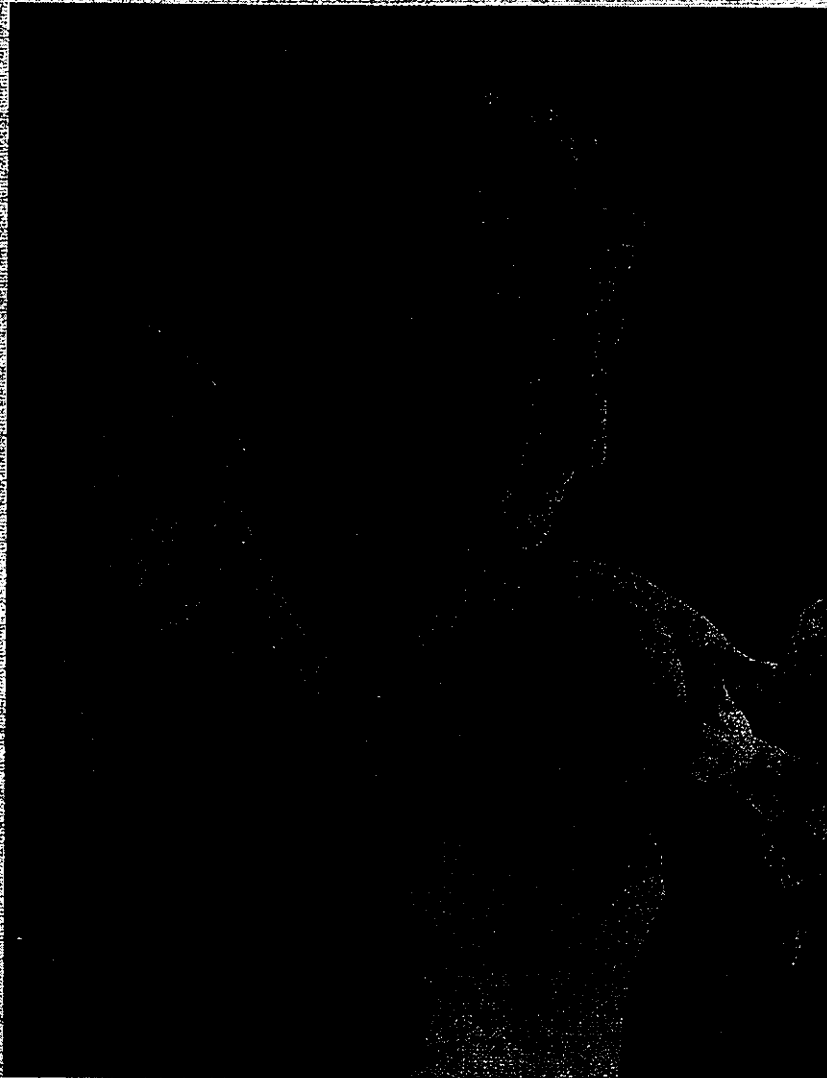
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A Bouquet of Helpful Thoughts from the Writings of Katherine Tingley

UNBROTHERLINESS is the insanity of the age. It menaces to no small degree, the progress of our civilization. Its power cannot be broken or destroyed until man has had ingrained into his heart and mind the fact that he is divine in nature, until he realizes that he possesses the immortal potentiality of good, that true freedom exists only where the Higher Law holds in subjection the lower nature.

Not until he seeks to gain the ascendancy over his lower nature can man do his highest duty to his fellow-men, or be a brother in the truest sense of the word, or live in the freedom of Freedom.

Let us hope with that grander hope of the soul, the energy of right action, that the day is not far distant when the great sweeping force of Love of true brotherliness, shall encompass humanity, when the knowledge of right living shall be in the grasp of all, and shall be lived in the truest sense of the word when children shall be conceived and educated in the atmosphere of purest thoughts and grander action; then and not till then shall humanity commence to build the solid foundations of a golden age and work in the Kingdom of Freedom.

We are indeed at the pivotal point of the world's history, and we are called upon to act our part nobly, wisely, dispassionately, and justly.

It is a glorious work, and those who take part in it are indeed fortunate. Their responsibility is great, and the calls made upon them often heavy. But they should know that they are working with the tide of the world's life working with them. They can afford to keep in their hearts an immense courage, an utter fearlessness, an unshakable determination. For victory is ready waiting for them. They, for their part, have only to do their simple duty.

There should be in all things one single devotion, one motive, one desire and aspiration. Differences of nature and mind are inevitable, each should therefore accord to all the same toleration he asks for himself, and then the single thread of devotion will unite all into one force, the power would be immense. If this were put into operation it would send to all along the invisible but real currents, a stream of help for mind, soul, and body, uniting all on the inner plane, and thus show the world the real power of co-operation on all the planes of force and consciousness.

There must be heroic determination in our hearts for continuity of right action. The knowledge that we are divine gives the power to overcome all obstacles and to dare to do right.

If we would all stand, even for a short time, face to face with our own souls, we should realize that the sin and shame of the world are our sin and

shame, and that we have a great responsibility in righting it.

When you think that you are standing alone in your struggles to gain the victory over your lower nature, and that you are forsaken, arouse and declare yourself a Soul and make the 'I WILL' of your higher nature vibrate through your own being so truly, so deeply and trustingly, that the temptations of that time will disappear, and then will come the 'I WILL' of that great love which ever seeketh a place in the hearts of all men.

As we move out into the future with this mighty soul-urge of universal love, we implant in the very atmosphere in which we live and breathe a something that was not there before, seeds that take root and grow and blossom in the hearts of all with whom we come in contact. So that, since these things are true, there must be in the work of a true worker a forgetfulness of self, a confidence superb in its power, a soul-confidence that will impregnate our very mental atmosphere with a wisdom that can be breathed in mentally by all who come in contact with us.

The golden light is shining, the herald of the morning proclaims the message of love, anew, the ripples of the waves on the sea shore hush the glad song, the breeze bears it on its bosom, the tints of the flowers convey it, the birds warble it forth from every tree, the new born babe is a complete revelation of it, the eyes of the loved ones passing into the great beyond impart the strength and courage of that great hope. For hope incarnates from age to age, and where hope dwells beauty and love abide for ever.

The Chatterer's Loss

THERE is one great disadvantage about this habit of incessant chatter that should not be overlooked. Once we have got the habit of talking out our thoughts as soon as they are formed, and as fast as they are formed, what happens when we have a thought which is too deep to put into words? Why, the natural result is that such thoughts are ignored because they are of no use for our purpose, and thus we lose the power of thinking deeply. In other words we lose the power of meditation. And yet it is only as we develop the power of thinking thoughts too deep for words, that we are able to pass through into the Light, and live the life of active joy that is based on the vision of things as they really are.

Even the most talkative among us may be visited by such thoughts from time to time, but inasmuch as he is only interested in such thoughts as are readily come into conversation, the flashes will go by, for the most part unnoticed.

Another disadvantage of the chatterer is that

all his thought slows down to the speed at which it can be put into words, though it may well be that his rapid stream of talk may gain for him the reputation of rapid thinking. As a matter of fact the talkative man will have one clear thought while the deep and silent thinker will have a score of them. And even when the inveterate chatterer is alone, the current of his thought will always move in broken interrupted gushes, not in a strong continuous flow, because he has trained his mind to stop still every little while to give him a chance of listening to his own words. And he is so much occupied with putting thought into words, that he has no spare energy with which to direct the thought itself, so that the mind wanders in every direction without the proper guidance.

Among all the many exercises suited for those who wish to develop their powers the better to serve their fellow men, there is none of greater value than the practice of stilling the mind when we are not obliged to talk. But this does not mean a vow of perpetual silence, nor even the refusal to take part in a friendly conversation when the time is suitable.

Silence is golden according to a common saying, but so is tactful, well-considered and appropriate speech, and Solomon was surely in the right when he wrote, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in network of silver." There is no such conversation as that enjoyed by those who know how to speak, because they have prepared themselves by silence, but there are those who stoutly will maintain that even so, the pauses between their remarks often convey more than the utterances themselves. H. C.

The Watchman and the Tides of Life

I HAD asked Jervis to come and take a look at my new diggings, of which I was rather proud. He came, he saw, and after he had properly admired my various contrivances, we settled down each in his arm-chair and got to talking on life and things in general.

"I've had my share of troubles all right," he began, "but there's a passage I read in Emerson, when I was a young man, which has stood me in good stead right along. I guess you know that place where he says that when things are at their worst we are conscious of being divided into two. There's the suffering personality striking all manner of tragic attitudes, and all the while there's a superior self which looks down and notes the distress and sympathizes with the suffering partner, and yet stands perfectly serene above it all. Well, I've never failed to feel that way in even the rockiest crises of my life.

"It's just as if the companion overhead had a wider outlook and could see better times ahead and was therefore able to view existing troubles in their

right proportion," he added, after a moment's pause.

"I'm with you there," I heartily agreed, "but I don't believe that the calm companion you speak of is able to put up with the bad times because he can look ahead and see the good times round the corner. It's always been my notion that he lives in a condition where good and evil, pain and pleasure appear as two opposite poles in a life of sensation to which he has risen superior. The path on which we have to travel never runs on the level for very long. It rises to a certain height and then slopes down again, and if we think we can always keep to the mountain-tops of joy, that's where we make a very big mistake."

But Jervis was inclined to think that was a very gloomy view to take, and quoted a text from *Isaiah*:

"Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh. There's some comfort in that," he urged. "The sorrow and gloom of night are driven away by the brightness of the rising sun."

"A pretty picture all right," I replied, "but how does it square up with your experience of life? And what's more, when you quote a text, give us the whole of it. If my memory serves me it runs like this:

"Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night?"

"A wise watchman, I call him, who knew that the two poles of opposites are the world's eternal ways. There's nothing gloomy about it that I see, because once you realize the flow of the tides, you try to rise above them to the place where this calm companion that Emerson speaks of is living.

"What a man has to do, as I see it, is to keep everlastingly on with his job, fair weather or foul weather, and get his satisfaction out of doing it the best he knows how. If at any time he feels a little extra cheerful he'll say to himself: 'A nice fresh tide running today.' The day after maybe he feels a little under the weather and he thinks: 'Rather low water today.' But he keeps at it all right, and doesn't much care what sort of tide is running, and by and by he finds he's getting near the condition of the calm companion self who lives high and dry and far beyond the reach of any of our tides."

I didn't succeed in convincing Jervis, and I didn't try very hard to do so. In fact I never do try to force my views on a man if he doesn't come half way to meet me. But I still hold that pain and pleasure, grief and gaiety, follow each other like day and night. You may try your hardest to cling to your light-hearted mood, but it fades into dullness and depression do what you may to hold it. But it's a selfish mood after all with a strong feeling of 'I' in it. And above and beyond both these opposites there's a steady feeling of inward joy and satisfaction which comes from working in harmony with the soul of things.

When a man is living for Humanity as a whole,

it seems as though he entered a state—not where past pains are paid for by present pleasures, but where both pain and pleasure are swallowed up by something so far superior that we simply haven't got the words to describe it.

I don't propose to bother about convincing Jervis. Some day he will be in an absurd mood and what I said will soak in; but anyway it might be a good idea to see how it works out in practice. Remember

Self-Analysis

"WHAT does this talk about psychoanalysis mean anyway?" said Pete to his doctor, who had the somewhat rare habit of thinking for himself.

"To my mind, it's more or less a counterfeit of the real thing, which is self-analysis," replied the family physician as he settled himself in his chair again. "And like many other real things in life, we don't have half enough of it. If a man knew himself—which he might do if he had the nerve to face himself—he would neither need nor permit any one else to lay his soul bare by a practice which amounts to moral vivisection."

"Tell me how the doctors go about this psychoanalysis business."

"Well a case comes along in which the patient isn't exactly diseased, but seems to have some unhealthy idea at the back of his head that prevents him from getting into the sensible normal current of life. This mental or moral snag has no recognised name or place or form to the patient or his friends, yet its influence obstructs the current of his thoughts and feelings and hinders him from going on his proper course. Then the doctor with his questions fishes around in the subconscious mind and emotions, stirring up all kinds of muddy sediment until he thinks he has found *the snag*. He then upon dragging it up for the patient to acknowledge and get rid of."

"But surely you'll admit that almost everyone has lots of old ideas and desires that he'd be better without. What's the matter with the treatment anyway?"

"I tell you it's bad for several reasons," replied the doctor warning to his subject. "For one thing, the very probing for and the exposing of some unclean or unhealthy idea may cause the patient to fix his attention on it to such an extent that it lowers his self-respect. There have been cases which became nervous wrecks with brooding over their condition.

"And another thing, real self-analysis throws light upon both sides of one's nature. It shows up the shadows as black as they really are, but it *also* shows the superb energy of our better self by which the very worst that is in us may be controlled. For

this reason a man need never feel disheartened or disgraced because of this invincible reserve of power to meet and handle any condition. But this vital fact of the soul's essential Self is very little recognised by men of science as a rule. On the contrary, these cases of so-called 'complexes' are persuaded to let the doctor put them into a hypnotic sleep. Of course this means that the negative patient's will is for the time paralysed and his mind reduced to a blank, ready for the doctor to imprint his 'suggestion' that the troublesome idea is gone and that he will be free from it on awakening."

"Sounds like an easy cure to me."

"Oh! it sounds as plausible as the advertisement of a patent medicine, but in principle it's just as wrong as for a doctor to let a case of gutta serena depend on medicine, instead of insisting that the patient do his part by controlling his appetite. Sickness and disorders are Nature's hints that we ought to change our ways. Medicine can help in putting things right; but there's all the difference in the world between *being cured* and *getting well*. It takes thought and will to get well, but tests a paying investment of one wants to stay on the high levels of health. There is no doubt, however, that bodily suffering may be a valuable experience if one learns the meaning of the lesson."

"But what I want to say is this—It's a man's own business to control his inner life. That's what his will is for, just as his lungs are meant to breathe the fresh air and get rid of stale gases. Will reigns supreme within the very center of man's soul. It is the dynamo by which he runs his life, and it is wholly wrong for anyone to tamper with another's will. A man's faults at the worst are the lesser part of him—merely the shadows in the pictures that he makes of his daily life. The hidden self is something grand beyond description, and is the source of positive health and healing. True self-analysis would show us that if we had the courage to face the heights and depths of our inner nature."

—Meadows

Putting the Convict to Work

(An Extract from Henry Ford's *Today and Tomorrow*)

IT is necessary and will be necessary to put men in jail until the news gets about that the profits of dishonesty do not compare with the profits of honesty, but there is no reason for thinking of the prison as a tomb for the lying. Under first-class, non-political management every jail in the country could be turned into an industrial unit, pay higher wages to the men than they could earn in outside industry, provide them with good food and reasonable hours of labor, and then turn over an excellent profit to the State.



We already have prison labor, but most of it is ill-directed, degrading labor.

A criminal is a non-producer, but when he has been caught and sentenced, it is very wasteful to continue him as a non-producer. He can surely be turned into a producer and probably into a man. Yet, because we value human time so lightly and materials so highly, we do not hear much about the waste of man power in prisons, nor do we hear much of the terrible waste of withdrawing support from the families of the convicts and throwing them on the community.

Ashamed of Capital Punishment

THE subject of the death penalty is forcing itself into prominence as a live issue at the present time, and the appearance of *Quind*, by the late Mayor Wallace Blake is therefore opportune.

For many years he occupied the position of Prison Governor and for this reason his words will carry weight. On the subject of capital punishment he says:

"I cannot help asking myself why, when one was called upon to superintend an execution, one should have been affected with such a keen sense of personal shame. And that this feeling is not confined to those executions with which I was personally connected is proved by the circumstance that each of the other prison governors and officials with whom I have discussed the question have admitted to being affected in the same manner.

"Does it not, then, go to show that if men, who, though possibly somewhat hardened, are still essentially humane, feel they have participated in a not altogether creditable proceeding, there must be some thing fundamentally wrong with the law which has the effect of lessening the self-respect of those whose duty it is to carry it out?"

"A man is not improved either morally, mentally, or physically, by being hanged. To my mind, capital punishment is tantamount to a confession of impotence on the part of the State."

To a thoughtful mind, the invincible repugnance to capital punishment confessed to by this wide circle of prison officials is evidence of the still small voice of the Divine in man that ever tries to lead us on out of a dying past into a future bright with hope for all.

One is irresistibly reminded of that fine saying of Florentin:

"The faintest assured objection which one healthy man feels will at length prevail over the arguments and customs of mankind."

STUDENT

Life is Simple, if one is Honest and Courageous

COMING upon this thought, hidden away among the daily jottings of a beloved comrade long since passed on into the Great Peace, I was at once struck by the note of profound wisdom which it strikes. And knowing this wisdom to be the fruit of a life unusually rich and beautiful in which unflinching pursuit of duty, a great love of the good, the true and the beautiful, a wide experience of the varying phases of life; and a full measure of pain, sorrow and disappointment, as also of joy, happiness and peace, had given to it the value and completeness of a dozen ordinary existences, I knew it would be well to ponder on this thought with care. It might well be, indeed, that herein was to be discovered something of the nature of a last will and testament in our favor, by virtue of which we might enter into a heritage of great price.

Leaving aside for the moment all lesser considerations, there remains this: that man's greatest good lies in service, and that the power to serve depends upon the character of each. To gain more and more of this power would seem to be the main object of man's evolution, and all the suffering, frustration and opposition he receives at the hand of Nature, are only her means of warning him that in his pursuit of personal ends, he has lost sight of his main object. But let a man once pass from selfishness, through unselfish service, into the wide spaces of self-forgetfulness in the realization of his oneness with all life, and he will one day find himself — so the old teachings declare — freed from the labyrinth of complexity, and breathing the sweet air of the simple life.

All about us in Nature we see that behind and beneath her endless forms and interblended forces, there are powers that are most simple and that are yet the most beneficent and, ultimately, the most irresistible. We have only to remember the almost unimaginable force locked up in a single electron, for example. The closer man's researches take him to the realities lying behind the 'veil of Isis' that we call material Nature, the nearer he approaches simplicity. But it is never the simplicity of cold death or of negativity, but a simplicity vibrant with life, fresh from its source in the Primal Point.

Another analogy suggests itself here: that of the individual athlete who is taking part, among thousands of others, in some great mass drill. The on-looker sees in the whole a succession of intricate evolutions, amazing in their complexity; but if he studies for a time the single unit, he will see the latter is going through movements that are quite simple. Here again simplicity is found to be the basis of complexity.

The power that man needs to acquire is thus seen to be intimately bound up in the attainment of simplicity in life. And this he will attain, of course, just as soon as he succeeds in clearing away all non-

essentials — which is easy enough, provided he is truly honest and courageous. When his mind is one-pointed, so that it moves straight onward towards the goal it has in view, simplicity is the natural result. This fact is universally recognised.

The trouble is, that it is rare to find a man who is fully honest and courageous. Let each ask himself if life is, for him, simple: a true answer will show him just how far towards entire honesty and courage he has progressed. For the most part, our western modes of life have tended more and more towards complexity, towards an endless multiplying of things to be possessed or enjoyed or striven after; it has brought such complications, such an infinite number of problems to be solved, that many men are quite unable to see any goal at all in life — they never feel that they are going anywhere in particular, except perhaps along some exceedingly vague road called the 'path of evolution.'

As our means of satisfying desire increase, desire itself takes on ever new forms, becoming more and more insistent in its demands, and leading farther and farther away from simplicity: so that we find ourselves being hurried along through a maze of wants and desires, with their corresponding results of pleasure and of pain, finding very little in life that is lastingly satisfying, perhaps — unless, indeed, we are fortunate enough some day to wake up to the fact that there is no need to remain in that stream, and that we have the power to pull ourselves out of it.

To live simply is to live healthily. For even in those cases where because of past mistakes we still must suffer physical illness and pain, we shall nevertheless win to health in our inmost selves, and that is of infinitely greater importance than mere bodily well-being.

K. R.

The Philosophy of Work

A WISE man — I believe it was Carlyle — has said: "What a man can do is his greatest adornment, and he always consults his dignity by doing it." And W. Q. Judge once wrote: "It is not *what* is done, but the *spirit* in which the least thing is done, that counts."

Here we have two excellent foundation-stones on which to build our philosophy of work. First we must learn to do things worth while. This gives us a fitting dignity as human beings. And having learned to do things worth while, we are told to do them in the right spirit.

How simple and yet how difficult! What a vast deal of torture many people inflict upon themselves by not learning this lesson: "It is not *what* is done, but the *spirit* in which the least thing is done, that counts."

How many of us have thoroughly learned the lesson

of the International Brotherhood League's first object: "To help men and women to realize the nobility of their calling and their true position in life." And truly, what calling is not noble, if the duties incident thereto are done well and in the right spirit?

How often do we have occasion to remind ourselves of these simple, fundamental lessons of life? I am thinking now especially of that saying of Katherine Fuglev: "Do well the smallest duty, and when the day is done, there will be no regrets, no time wasted, then joy will come."

Our philosophy of work is firmly based upon another of her sayings: "Do every act as an intent and loving service of the Divine Self of the World, putting your best into it in that way."

How sweet is work performed in this spirit! The most strenuous task becomes a joy — the most humble effort is ennobled by a divine purpose! We approach our daily duties in the spirit of the Happy Warrior. H.

Ancient and Modern

I N excavating a Roman villa in England some years ago, certain shelves were discovered on which were stored a number of quaint curios collected by the occupant of the villa as relics of his ancestors. Little did he dream he, the collector, so keen and full of life, so eager in his quest for remnants of the past — that he was really an 'ancient' himself. Nor could he ever guess that his familiar home would be spaded up by us moderns and studied as an interesting ruin of a past civilization.

As surely as we excavate the site of Troy, so future students of antiquity will search the buried ruins of Chicago, Paris, and New York, and speculate upon these times which seem to us so modern, with all the interest we reserve for ancient Greece.

If we could only free ourselves from our absorbing interest in our present, petty personalities, we too might share the calm of that Omnipotent Eye which views all epochs as Eternal Now, and sits as gods and watch the pictures flickering on the Screen of Time.

EL FOWEN

Germany and Capital Punishment

THE laws relating to crime in Germany have remained unchanged since 1876, because the consideration of the new code which was being drafted had to be postponed on account of the World War. Another attempt is now being made, and though it is not proposed to abolish capital punishment at present, yet the new code admits that its end is in sight.

There were only four executions in Prussia during

1926, although in the more backward states they were more numerous, but it appears that in those states where the death penalty is seldom enforced murders are no more common than where hangings are frequent.

The question of capital punishment is everywhere being seriously discussed and all the important newspapers have recently been devoting many columns to the subject.

The great argument against capital punishment in Germany is the consideration of the fact that the dead man cannot be recalled to life in the event of his innocence being established later on. Many cases of innocent persons being put to death in recent years have stressed this aspect of the question, with the result that there is probably not another country where there is such a rooted horror of killing, whether by the hand of the law or the assassin.

STUDENT

Watch Yourself Go By

S. W. Gillham

JUST stand aside and watch yourself go by,
Think of yourself as the "instead of I."

Note closely as in other men your note.

The bag-kneed trousers and the steady coat

Get flaps and faults, forget the man is you.

And strive to make your estimate ring true.

Confront yourself and look you in the eye

Just stand aside and watch yourself go by

Interpret all your motives just as though

You looked in one whose arms you did not know

Eat undigested contempt surge through you when

You see him shrug, O commonest of men!

Despise your cowards, condamn what is

You none of faleness in you anywhere

Detach not one defect that shames your eye

Just stand aside and watch yourself go by

And if men with eyes unveiled to what you do

Pass you with that sweet charity you'd clothe

Back to your self-walled torment you'll go

With tolerance for all who dwell below.

The faults of others then will dwindle and shrink,

If you seem grow stronger by one mighty link

When you with "he" as substitute for "I"

Have stood aside and watched yourself go by

Selfish

Selfish

Selfish

My Day

"THE day will bring some lovely thing" — I say, it over
each new dawn

Some gay, adventurous thing to bold against my heart till it
is gone

And so I rise and go to meet the day with wings upon my feet

I come upon it unawares, some sudden beauty without name,
A snatch of song, a breath of pines, a poem lit with golden
flame.

High rang'd bird notes, keenly thinned, like flying color on
the wind

No day has ever failed me quite, before the grayest day is done

I come upon some misty sight or a late line of crimson sun,

And so at eve I rest, remembering some gay, adventurous,
lovely thing! *Anonymous*

lovely thing! *Anonymous*

Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by Mrs. Katherine Tingley in 1911 "for the benefit of prisoners and officers whether behind the bars or not." The publishers, The International Brotherhood League, following out Mrs. 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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The New Way Quotebook

"There are many other educations besides a college one, some of them tending far more than to develop the common sense, or faculty of judging things by nature. Life intelligently met and honestly passed is the best education of all, except that higher one to which it is intended to lead."

— *George Macdonald*

"We cannot cleanse the world of its plague-spots and impurities, believe me, until we have first made clean our own homes, our own gardens, the gardens of our hearts, and of our lives. We cannot touch the hearts of those who need us, until we have first found the Divine Light that shines within our own."

— *Katherine Tingley*

"To accept the worst that fate can deal, and to win courage from it, instead of despair, that is success." — *Book, Tarlington*

"By thought man either blesses or curses himself. By thought he brings into his life either success or failure, health or disease, happiness or unhappiness, poverty or prosperity." — *H. I. Hamblin*

"The toil-worn craftsman that with earth made implements laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse, when in notwithstanding, has a cunning virtue, indelibly royal as of the scepter of this planet!"

— *Thomas Carlyle*

"What makes life dreary is the want of motive." — *George Eliot*

"Resist not evil! He who said this well knew his duty, and desired to convey to us knowledge. That he did not intend us to sit silent and inactive while that which is called evil worked its will upon others, when by the lifting of a finger perhaps it might be thwarted and annulled, is certain. He who taught that men should resist not evil desired them only to forget themselves. Men think that all things which are disagreeable to themselves are evil. By resistance he meant complaint, anger and objection to or against the inevitable, disagreeable, or sorrowful things of life that come to us. It is our duty to live and accept incomplainingly all of life. Resist not evil, but rather learn of it all the good which in reality it only veils." — *W. Q. Judge*

"How sweet and gracious, even in common speech, is that fine sense which men call courtesy! Wholesome as air and genial as the light, Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers, It transmits aliens into trusting friends, And gives its owner passport round the globe."

— *James T. Fields*

"He that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong which he hath done, and there is no respect of persons." — *St. Paul*

"He who makes all health an excuse for an untirable disposition, is often the one whose untirable disposition is the cause of his ill-health." — *Emerson*

"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*

"I recoil, with horror at the ferocity of man. Will nations never devise a more rational amplitude of differences than force? Are there no means of coercing injustice more gratifying to our nature than a waste of blood of thousands, and of the labor of millions of our fellow creatures?" — *Thomas Jefferson*

"The tomb is not a blind alley, it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn." — *Victor Hugo*

"The old order changeth yielding place to new, And God himself in many ways, Lest one good custom should corrupt the world!" — *Alfred Tennyson*

"He whose heart is pure and good, whose will is without pride, is mild, persevering, simple and plain, who considers every creature as his friend, and who loves every soul as his own, who behaves with forbearance to every one with kindness and love, who wishes to do good, and has abandoned vanity, in his heart resides the Lord of Life." — *The Vishnu Purana*

"Always do as the sun does, look at the bright side of everything, it is just as cheap, and three times as good for the digestion." — *Adelaide Lovison*

"How could Eternity, being eternal, have been created?" — *Leo Tolstoy*

"Salvation lies in service, in spending one's labor, time, and talents for the common good." — *Maudie Brown*

"A VACANT mind is open to all suggestions, as a hollow building echoes all sounds." — *Chinese Proverbs*

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." — *The Psalms*

"O THOU that givest light and sustenance to the Universe, Thou from whom all things proceed, and to whom all must return: Unveil the face of the true Sun, now hidden by a veils of golden light, that we may see the truth and do our whole duty on our journey to THY sacred seat?" — *The Rig Veda*

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

Progress is made step by step

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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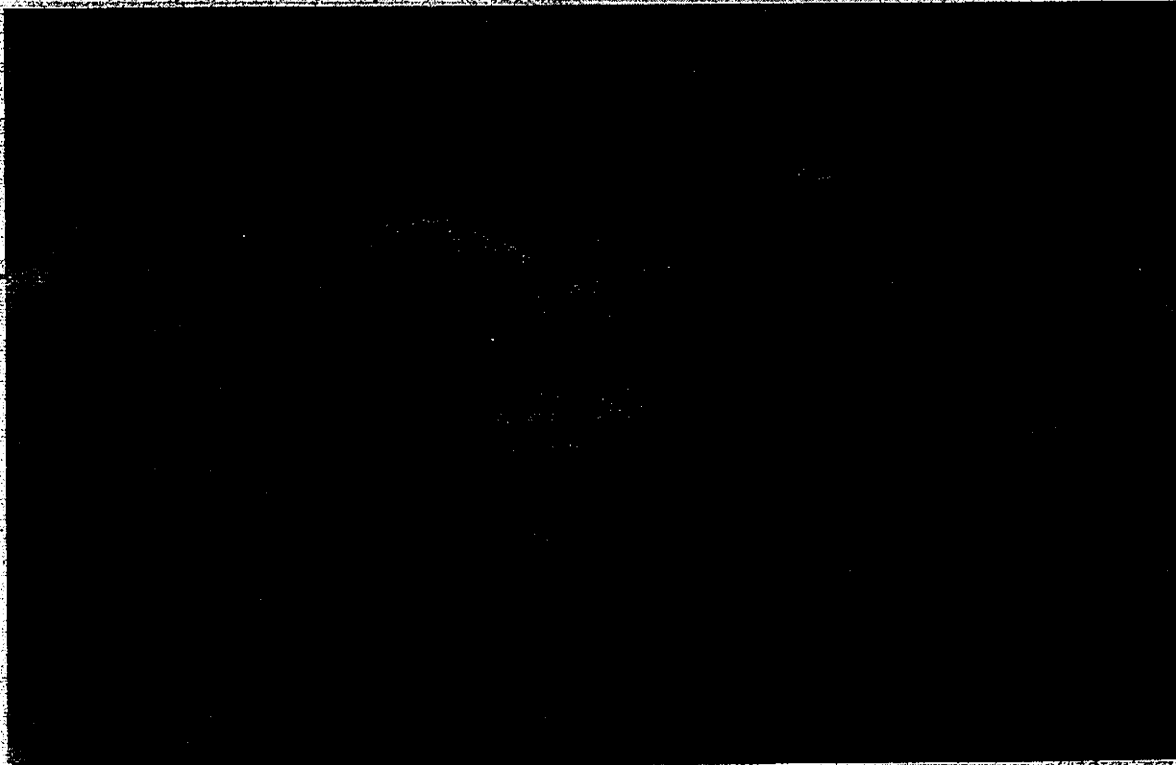
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A STRIKINGLY BEAUTIFUL CLOUD-EFFECT OVER SAN DIEGO BAY AS VIEWED FROM POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

In front lies the entrance to the harbor. North Island, the great Pacific Naval Aviation Field, occupies the middle distance, and a dim outline of the city of San Diego may be seen on the left. A majestic bank of cumulus cloud hangs over all. To indicate the passing of Spanish domination and the vast possibilities of traffic with the countries of Asia, an attempt was made some years ago to change the name from San Diego to Port Orient, but the suggestion has yet to be carried out.

Character Building

*A Lecture recently delivered in the Memorial
Temple of Peace by*

KATHERINE TINGLEY

AS the days go by, I am more and more conscious of the great needs of humanity and of the endless number of stumbling-blocks in the way of the people. I simply wonder at times how humanity gets along without these basic truths which underlie all the religions of the world. Throw out of your minds the idea that man is born in sin. There is nothing reasonable in it. On the contrary man is essentially divine, and is part of the eternal plan, having within himself the key to the mysteries of his own nature.

I wonder sometimes that we are not destroying each other; and yet in a way that is just what we are doing. There is a rather ghastly picture over in China just now; and we cannot fail to recollect the nightmare of the World War.

There are countless possibilities open to every man — for the most discouraged as well as for the most enlightened, and belief in our Divinity gives us a royal, splendid and superb optimism. One cannot do justice to his neighbor, until he does it to himself. And in order to do justice to himself, he must have knowledge of his own make-up — not only of himself physically, but mentally and spiritually; and these three forces must be so well balanced that there is absolute harmony existing among them, and one part is not accentuated to the detriment of the others.

I do not talk very much about humility. I do not believe that a man or a woman should be humble. On the other hand, I believe that they should find the strength of their own characters. They should analyze themselves, find out whence they came, what they are here for, what life means. They should challenge themselves and get away from the bosh and nonsense they have been taught for so long about being such dreadful sinners. Get out into a world of superb thought and universal ideas.

The idea of character building is my one great hobby. It was for this reason that I established my Raja-Yoga School here at Point Loma in 1900, which has now become famous throughout the world for character building. It is to help men and women to build into their natures from childhood, those virtues that would make of their innate splendid qualities positive instead of merely negative factors in their lives. It is designed to aid them in assuring themselves of the essential divinity of their natures, and the potential strength of their inner being, so that in time they would not only investigate themselves, but they would challenge themselves and reach out for ever more and more knowledge and light, and move away from forms and creeds and everything that hampers the soul of man in its aspiration towards spiritual freedom and growth.

I have seen so many splendid young men and women come out in the promise of their manhood and womanhood under the influence of just these simple teachings. Over and over again have I had the proof — and I am having it all the time — that once a man recognizes his own essential divinity and his immortality, he finds the strength of his own nature. Then he depends upon the inner man for enlightenment, for uplift, for encouragement and for all those things that go to make life worth living.

After all these ages of a certain quality of education that has been given us from childhood, we have not yet our hands on the oars that will carry our boat into port! If we are not sure of our immortality, if we are not sure of the divine life within us, we cannot live it and we cannot act in accordance with it, though it is there. The inner life is the real life.

And when you get to the point where your bodies are tired, and you are ready to throw off the worn-out overcoat of flesh, then the truth will be revealed to you. But by that time you are speechless in what the world calls death, but which should rather be called re-birth. And the revelations of this inner mysteries can only come to those who will believe them. Yet every man and woman can have glimpses of the truth, day by day, and hour by hour, without price, for spiritual truths are impurchasable.

When you have that truth, you will know how to live — when to speak and when not to speak, when to act and when not to act. You will be so conscious of your essential divinity that you will have the strength to dare to do a thousand things you thought yourselves incapable of doing. You will remove yourselves from the negative psychology of the age and become characters of true nobility. Your whole life depends upon your character.

Continuous and confident virtue comes from the knowledge of one's soul life. It is the expression of the strength of the inner man. That part of one that does noble things, aspires to do them, and never rests until one has done them.

When you find a man of real character in his manhood, and a woman of royal, splendid womanhood, you may know that they have touched the fringe of truth. They have in some way, though they may not know it, reached some of the superb and glorious teachings of the ancient wisdom handed down to us. So we may know our own strength, have power to fashion our own characters nobly, and thus live in the perfect confidence of eternal life and find the joy of real living. For life really is joy! Find it!

A Japanese Policeman in Tears

A BURGLAR had been captured just as he was about to escape with his booty, but snatching the sword of his captor he killed him and succeeded



in eluding the police for four years. Lucadio Hearn gives the following account of the meeting of the murderer with the wife and infant son of the man he had killed. The officer in charge thus addressed the child:

"Little one, this is the man who killed your father four years ago. You had not yet been born. That you have no father to love you now is the doing of this man. Look at him." — here the officer putting a hand to the prisoner's chin, sternly forced him to lift his eyes. "Look well at him, little boy! Do not be afraid. It is painful, but it is your duty. Look at him!"

Over the mother's shoulder the boy gazed with eyes widely open, as in fear; then he began to sob; then tears came, but, steadily and obediently, he still looked — looked — looked — straight into the cringing face.

The crowd seemed to have stopped breathing. I saw the prisoner's features distort. I saw him suddenly dash himself down upon his knees, despite his fetters, and beat his face into the dust, crying out the while in a passion of hoarse remorse that made one's heart shake.

"Pardon, pardon, pardon me, little one! What I did was not done in hate, but in mad fear only, in my desire to escape. Very, very wicked I have been; great, unspeakable wrong have I done you, little one! But now, for my sin, I go to die. I am glad to die! Therefore, O little one, be pitiful — forgive me!"

The child cried silently. The officer raised the shaking criminal; the dumb crowd parted left and right to let them by. Then, quite suddenly, the whole multitude began to sob. And as the bronzed guardian passed, I saw what I had never seen before — what few men ever see, what I shall probably never see again — the tears of a Japanese policeman.

The Remedy in Round Numbers

THERE was once a man — perhaps you will know his picture — who had troubles of his own. His pet pains — anyway, the ones that got lots of attention, as pets do — concerned his neighbor. That is, he was not concerned *for* him, but *about* him. For he didn't love this neighbor as himself, though none of us will throw the first stone of criticism at him for that, now can we? In fact, this neighbor got on his nerves until he felt he just could not stand it. You know how it is!

To begin with, this Man — in thought he capitalized himself — and the other man, both owned homes on the same street, worked in the same place, and were related by marriage; and, rain or shine, they met daily. And having good property and good jobs and good relatives, neither wanted to park him-

self and his belongings elsewhere, — naturally. And yet, the trouble was nothing that could be settled by arguing, or fighting, or going to law, or seeing a clairvoyant, or flipping a coin, or having a surgeon cut it out; nor could it be dealt with in any of those off-hand ways. Already, the sympathetic reader may begin to feel sorry for the Man, who was sorry for himself too.

Now the Man didn't think he was perfect, exactly, but he felt — without much thinking — that whatever his few faults might be, they needn't worry anyone, himself or another. But what he thought about the other man's faults was — well, briefly, it was punctuated with profanity.

As for the mere man, he was quite guiltless of crime, or scandal, or backbiting, or tricks, or halitosis, or other offenses and curable things told off in the criminal calendar and in illustrated ads. At the worst, he was given to habits which belong in the vague, unclassified, unremedied list of *Mannerisms*. That is, he had a way of constantly doing certain things that was peculiar — but to the Man, at times, was maddening.

Which shows that it is not always the thing itself which counts, but the way it strikes you. With this general principle in mind, you can make your own personal application. Who hasn't found some ordinary thing made offensive by his unbeloved neighbor?

As to Mannerisms, there are 57 varieties and then some. One person may have even twin or triplet Mannerisms at a time, each one individually objectionable. What's more, a thing in a man — or woman, of course — that only mildly bores one associate, may be the irritating limit to another one.

Now, the unbeloved neighbor's middle name is Legion, and he may annoy by the way he eats, or his intimate questions, or his tiresome stories, or conceit, or stupidity, or horse play, or constant sniffing, or harping on politics or diseases, or what not. Really, there is no end to the things that are better left undone which get on some one's, or on many's, nerves.

Sometimes, you don't know what the exasperating thing is about a person that makes him seem a blot on your landscape. Maybe Cain felt that way when he wiped his brother off the picture. Oh, yes, the hot-tempered have even committed crimes to injure a disliked fellow man, while the majority, in some degree, have poisoned their own peace of mind, unconsciously, by dwelling on some insufferable thing or other in a near or far neighbor. Who hasn't got them — that is, irritating neighbors and irritated nerves? Let each one think twice before answering.

Volumes wouldn't exhaust the subject. But anyone can see that he shares in the common experience. And no doctor can cure frazzled nerves that are raw with thinking of what you *don't like*. The one quick and sure cure is a mixture of more inside knowledge of yourself, and a wider outlook on the rest of hu-

manity. The first is a bitter tonic, putting a keen edge on the new idea that often the other fellow's faults are unconscious reminders of some like quality in yourself. Not that we duplicate his special offense, but some hidden weakness in us feels a common vibration and fears discovery. No one accepts this idea at first hearing. The impulse is to deny, resent, and above all, to argue the amazing fact. But honest self-analysis brings conviction and silence. So that's that!

The second remedy is to be found in the census, — no, not the senses, we live too much in them now. The latest estimate of our planet's population is 5,000,000,000. With no human duplicates, these figures offer something to think about besides the offending neighbor. Every one of them is a part of our humanity, living in our times, and working out a common destiny. Radios and films and aviation, in making a universal neighborhood of the planet, challenge our interest in the whole human family.

We have something to learn from all types, from patrician crowned heads to savage head-hunters, and from all their machinery of life, from primitive to most progressed, and from all the languages that carry their thoughts. You can leave out past history and future prospects and still keep busy. The five billion that are here now, and their interests, are enough to make us forget our nuisance of a neighbor. He is like the other 4,999,999,999, none of whom are perfect, and all of whom are worth while, or they wouldn't be on earth with us. ONE

A Very Old Family

"IT'S queer how a fellow can look back to the old times and see the life which has passed away almost as clear as if it was before his eyes." — As he spoke Tom Wedmore settled himself down on a sack of chopped straw and leisurely proceeded to fumble in his pockets for his pipe.

"For instance there were those corn-husking bees, when I was a youngster on my grandfather's farm. Grandfather wasn't a fellow to hurt himself with working too hard, but he was a rare hand to talk; and whatever he began on he was sure to work his way round to his great grievance; and that was being kept out of his rightful inheritance of a title of nobility and a large estate back in old England.

"I tell you boys," he would say, "if I had my rights I'd be so rich that I'd have more money than some farmers have hay. I'd be sitting in the House of Lords this minute counting over the rents a-rolling in on me from a hundred farms in the Midland counties."

"We had our work cut out to coax him back into a good humor whenever he got worked up about

his wrongs. Well, one day we had a fellow there — a new man in those parts, he was — who stood up to grandfather and gave him such a talking to that he never forgot it.

"You'll excuse me Mister," says he, "but I reckon you're dead wrong on all sides of that question, and I hold that you've no call whatever to think you'd be any the happier among the Dukes and the Earls. Instead of being proud of coming from an ancestor who did great things, how about being proud of doing great things yourself? And when I say 'great things' I don't mean killing a lot of poor soldiers in battle, or cutting a figure at the balls and banquets at Court, but working a farm to the best advantage and raising a nice family of children to help build up the country and take an honorable place in the world when you are gone?"

"Talk about noble blood and old families! I tell you my private opinion of blood. The best kind of blood is the kind that flows in the veins of people who live clean decent lives; and as for old families, I belong to the oldest family in the world — the Human Family. A king can always make a Duke or an Earl as often as he has a mind to. He just touches a fellow on the shoulder and says, 'Rise, Sir So And So!' and the family goes about for ever afterwards bragging about being descended from Sir So And So who was 'created' — that's what they call it — by the king. Now I'm only a plain ordinary man, but I claim a higher origin than that.

"When people use the word 'God' they use a word that means something a little different to everyone who hears it, and I'm not going to use up any steam in trying to settle what it ought to mean. But however you use the word it covers this much at least. The Great Mystery that started everything we see and that fills all creatures with the breath of life and helps them on to reach the higher levels. There's nothing before it in time, nor nothing above it in power. It's the fountain from which all that lives flows, and if I say 'I am God's child,' the greatest king or emperor can't trace his claim to honor and respect to anything higher. A man who's done his level best by his farm and family, who's worked his hardest to keep this country going — and going ahead too — is second to nobody on God's earth, and that's the simple truth.

"Of course," said Tom, "there was more to it than that, and it didn't come straight off the reel as I gave it to you, but that was the substance of it all right, and the old man just wilted. You see we'd always allowed that he had a grievance, but the way the stranger put it showed us that grandfather was really better off as he was, than if things had turned out the way he wanted.

"He didn't say a word against people who wore white collars and kept their hands white and clean. He said that it takes all sorts to make a world, and if



there was no one with leisure to think, or money to travel around, how should we get our books written, or foreign countries explored, or any new truths discovered?

"But that was a great idea of his, wasn't it—God's child? There can't be anything higher than that can there? Especially when you come to think that the child may grow up some day—sure to, as a matter of fact. It seems to me we ought to study up as to how what we call 'God' acts, so that we may be a credit to our Father when we're grown."

Tom Wedmore had ceased speaking, but no one cared to break the heavy silence which settled over the group. It seemed to be a new idea for most of those present that common folks had anything to be proud of in the matter of ancestry. But the fact that none of us felt inclined to do any talking didn't hinder us from thinking about what we had heard. As a matter of fact I am still thinking. REPORTER

Breaking Through

CONCENTRATION—Meditation: two powers that are related, certainly, but not identical. A man who would succeed in any undertaking must have the first; he who would advance spiritually must practise himself in both.

Concentration is holding the mind fixedly on one thought, or train of thoughts, checking all tendency to slip away to other matters. If the power of concentration has reached its full development this tendency to diffused attention has been done away with once for all.

Meditation is holding the mind in one state, without any activity of brain-thought at all.

We concentrate, for instance, on a problem of geometry or on some other topic of study.

But in attending, say, to music, the mind is in a state or succession of states, and thoughts, if they occur, are an interruption to the continuity and perfection of such states. And in the silence which follows, after high music has ceased, the state it has induced in us may be held and registered forever in our natures.

Real prayer, like attention to the highest music, is a state in which the mind is raised nearer Divinity, an ardent aspiration toward the light of that Divinity. In the practice of true prayer, realization becomes ever fuller until it culminates in complete attainment. All true prayer is meditation.

It is pretty well understood what concentration can do for us by way of increasing our efficiency along all lines of ordinary thought and effort. But of what meditation can do towards bringing us out of mere theory and belief into actual knowledge of the Divine

Presence—of that, in our day we know but little.

Let us acquire concentration, by all means, using every dirty of the day as an exercise for its practice, and remembering that without this discipline, we shall never even get all that music or the beauties of Nature can open up to us.

But above all let us win what meditation can confer in making us conscious of ourselves as souls and an unshakable conviction of our immortality and divinity. By meditation let us win the peace and light and joy awaiting all who travel on that road. H. C.

The Successful Giver

THE art of giving presents must be cultivated, it does not come by nature. The tastes and temperament of the recipient must be studied, and also the special circumstances in which they stand. To select a present by guesswork is almost an affront, and usually results in the embarrassment of both the parties concerned.

Strange though it may seem to our materialistic generation, the price of a present has little relation to the pleasure it imparts. A flower, a fruit, some trifle from a store, backed by our hearty good-will and given with a smile and the right word, is multiplied in value to a fabulous extent by the magic of love.

However much a gift may cost, there should be no feeling of sacrifice. We are sometimes exhorted 'to give till it hurts'; but true giving has nothing painful about it. It is one of the finest entertainments that life affords. It has been said that the essence of all entertainment lies in the escape from the feeling of self, and giving, regulated by a sense of fitness and prompted by the wish to please, affords such entertainment in its best and purest form.

Giving things away, looks like a sure road to bankruptcy to the superficial mind; but to him who regards life thoughtfully, it appears as an enduring and profitable investment. This truth is at least as old as the time of King Solomon who wrote: "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

The cheerful giver allies himself with the beneficent and radiant forces of Nature, and is received into—or better still *enters*—the Royal Family, a group of Helpers who only live that they may help and heal and serve a world that sorely needs their care. In such a company his maintenance is assured, he is part of the circulatory system of Humanity and his efficiency is sustained by all the resources of the Universe. SCRIBE

A Man and His Work

FOR the purpose of investigating this subject we can divide the forces in the universe into two parts: the constructive or creative; and the destructive. The basis for all real work is that it should serve the constructive forces.

But, it may be urged, there is much work done that does not seem to be constructive, and yet it is work. In answer to this a few examples come to mind wherein work, although properly so-called, does not seem to serve this end. In tearing down a building we say the men are at work; in Nature there are many entities (for instance bacteria of various kinds) whose rightful business is to destroy.

On looking deeper into this aspect of the subject, it is evident that forces such as these resolve material that has served its purpose into its component parts so that these parts may again be used for the purpose of building. In Nature, decomposition of various kinds resolves a thing into its elements; and these are ready for future use. In the most enlightened modern methods this philosophical basis for work is steadily gaining ground, as for instance, when your building is torn down, as much material as possible is salvaged and sorted to be later employed in constructive work. So that all these are subserving a constructive policy in the end, and thus deserve the name of work.

Whatever effort is not work seems to be the result of disturbing the harmony of Nature. And it is man himself who does this. War, the tearing down of the character of another, going contrary to Nature's laws morally or otherwise—none of these would we dignify with the name of work.

'Work' is an honorable and dignified word, but it is sadly misused and misunderstood in these times. For instance, there is the cynic, who says that all work is disagreeable, and that as soon as any course of action becomes pleasant it ceases to be work, and becomes a species of enjoyment or play. For such a man, Karma probably has a goodly store of honest labor in the near future; or, he may learn his lesson in another way, and through sickness, or other so-called mischance, be forced to a life of idleness, and come to crave any kind of work, pleasant or unpleasant.

This brings us to the consideration of agreeable and disagreeable work. Why is some work unpleasant? Firstly, this point of view is not held by everybody. There are some who with pleasure engage in any kind of work. If we consider a task unpleasant it is only because we are, at the time, taking the viewpoint of the lower nature, the seat of likes and dislikes. If we can 'turn the trick' so to say, by allying our consciousness with our Real, Higher Nature, the distaste disappears. No work is then unpleasant for we are at the time in harmony with the constructive forces of the universe, and will gladly carry out even

the smallest duty or most difficult task that is part of the general constructive plan.

It seems to me that this is the most important point in the consideration of this whole subject. If we allow the real man in us a chance to take control we will find joy in any kind of work. The labor may be hard, but the element of joy will be uppermost and will outlast the fatigue that may result from the effort.

One may ask himself: What is the most practical way to go about this? And the answer comes to him. Next time something distasteful has to be done stop and think, realizing that it is only the lower nature that dislikes the task. Then immediately call upon something higher in yourself that can direct this lower nature and get right at the thing to be done. In a short time it is accomplished, and the feeling that remains is of a superior order. This plan becomes more and more easy to carry out and one finds interest in anything he is called upon to perform.

There are doubtless many who have taken up this position with themselves. Each day I will take up the difficult or seemingly disagreeable duties first. Acting in this way we ally ourselves for the time being with the Higher Nature, and the effort is a fine tonic for the whole being.

We have often been told that our real standing is determined not so much by our successes, as by the motive we have in working. As one of our American writers has put it very neatly: It does not matter so much whether we *arrive*, as long as we are *travelling in the right direction*.

Carlyle, Ruskin, and many others have spoken emphatically of the dignity of work. And for those who feel that certain kinds of work are beneath their dignity, there is the fine saying of the Theban philosopher, Epaminondas, who, when told of his appointment as a street-sweeper, replied that he could not be degraded by such employment, but that he, on the contrary, would elevate the position.

Work, being allied with the constructive forces of Nature, is superior to talent or even genius. Regarded from a sufficiently profound viewpoint it is seen to be the course that finally creates genius. Maud Powell, the celebrated American violinist, said that she noticed even in her four-practice days that it was not the most talented pupils who always succeeded but those who were willing to work the most. And many a business man will corroborate this statement. Then again Edison, in his homely way, declared that genius is three per cent inspiration, and ninety-seven per cent perspiration.

Man, in his present condition upon earth, must engage in action. The thoughtful man acts or works in harmony with the divine constructive powers. The wise man does so making all his work an offering to the gods, and working cheerfully without concern as to the result, contentment descending unperceived upon him. C. S.

An Actor's Unconscious Influence

IT is pretty generally realized nowadays that actors exert an effect upon their audience quite irrespective of word or gesture, and an anecdote told by Mr. Tree should go far to confirm the belief. Here it is:

When acting Hamlet he found himself in that scene on the ramparts where he awaits the approach of the ghost gasping for breath and drenched with the dew of terrified apprehension. "What a fool I am!" he said to himself. "My back is to the audience, my face is hidden, and the stage is in darkness. Why should I waste my mental force? Why not stand at ease with a detached mind and wait my cue with a quiet pulse?"

But on trying out his idea he found he was mistaken. He had a difficulty in getting back to the character of Hamlet, and he discovered moreover that the scene did not grip his audience with anything like the same intensity. His simulated terror on the ramparts broadcast itself among the audience. In other words a brain wave traveled from the actor to the men and women sitting in the silent house. And on many occasions we are told by Mr. Tree, he has experienced the same thing.

Truly we ought to be in earnest and not act our acting. It looks as though the audience and the player had changed places, and the player was demonstrating realities to an audience of make-believes. Such whole-hearted absorption leaves little room for self-consciousness on the part of the actor. And, be it noted, besides the influence of the actor's conscious impersonation on his audience, there is the subtle influence of his character, impressed wholly apart from any intention, and potent beyond our conception either for good or ill. OBSERVER

God and the Child

GOD and I in space alone
And nobody else in view.
"And where are the people, O Lord," I said,
"The earth below and the sky o'erhead,
And the dead whom once I knew?"

"That was a dream," the good God said,
"A dream that seemed to be true.
There are no people living or dead,
There is no earth, and no sky o'erhead,
There is only Myself — and you."

"Why do I feel no fear?" I asked.
"Meeting you here this way,
For I have sinned, I know full well —

And is there heaven and is there a hell
And is this the judgment day?"

"Nay, all are but dreams," the Great God said,
"Dreams that have ceased to be.
There is no such thing as fear or sin,
There is no you — and never has been —
There is nothing at all but Me." — Selected

"The higher we rise, the simpler we become."
— George MacDonald

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

"THERE is surely a piece of divinity in us, something that was before the elements, and owes no homage to the sun. Thus it is observed that men sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves. For then the soul begins to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality."— *Sir Thomas Browne*

"FRIENDSHIP is no plant of hasty growth, Though rooted in esteem's deep fixed soil; The gradual culture of kind intercourse Must bring it to perfection."— *Anon.*

"THE Kingdom of Heaven is within us; it is not far away. Deity pervades the whole Universe: it is impersonal and unknowable, no matter how near we may draw to the light of it. It is the Absolute, the goal which we climb towards and never reach; that we climb towards forever, forever learning and growing in the will and power to serve, forever acquiring new and grander ideals of. That towards which we climb."— *Katherine Tingley*

"THERE are natures in which, if they love us, we are conscious of having a sort of baptism and consecration; they bind us over to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us, and our sins become that worst kind of sacrilege which tears down the invisible altar of trust."— *George Eliot*

"I WANT to convince you that the predatory spirit is not the spirit with which to look upon life. If you look back through history you will find, with one or two slight exceptions, that man has always preyed upon man. The predatory spirit, the spirit of seeking to get the better of a neighbor, was that which stood foremost in men's minds, nor can we say that it is less so today.

"Those who are teaching you that you can get something by taking it from somebody else, are teaching nothing worth learning, but something which you ought to spurn and disregard. It will cause suffering, the character of which it is impossible to foresee, and which may be so great that those who look back on the next ten to fifteen years may say, as we say of the war: 'How was it possible that men could treat one another so?' If you will go to war there is no limit to the cruelty that you can inflict."

— *Sir Hugh Bell*

"HE who does not feel irresistibly impelled to serve the Race, whether he himself succeeds or not, is bound fast by his personality and cannot progress until he has learned that the race is himself and not that body which he now occupies."— *W. Q. Judge*

"It would be a good thing for every one of us if we had, every day of our lives, to do something which we heartily detest and would gladly escape from if we could; which we know we ought to do, and which we have to do. One of the ideas of discipline is doing those things which you ought to do, even if you do not like them, and doing them well. When you do that you learn one of the greatest secrets of life."

— *Sir J. D. McClure*

"WHERE there are disputes, reason clouds judgment."— *Bulwer Lytton*

"A CONTENTED mind is always joyful, this is the joy religion gives; the rich and poor alike, having contentment, enjoy perpetual rest. The rich without contentment, endure the pain of poverty; though poor, a contented man is rich indeed."

— *From the Vinaya*

"NATURE gives up her innermost secrets and imparts true wisdom only to him who seeks truth for its own sake, and who craves for knowledge only to confer benefits on others, not on his own unimportant personality."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"FIND out man's wants and will, and meet them there.

All worldly joys go less to the one joy of doing kindnesses."— *George Herbert*

"THERE is no music like the music of a little river, and though one should be grateful for friends and home, there is no place so homelike as God's good out-doors."— *R. L. Stevenson*

"To put all oneself in work or art makes for something more than success."

"To be awake is to be alive. I have never yet met a man who was quite awake. How could I have looked him in the face?"— *H. D. Thoreau*

"Do not lace your shoes in a melon-field or adjust your hat under a plum-tree if you would avoid suspicion."— *Chinese Proverb*

"HE who while living in this world and before the liberation of the soul from the body, can resist the impulse arising from desire and anger is a devotee and is blessed. The man who is happy within himself, who is illumined within, is a devotee, and partaking of the nature of the Supreme Spirit, he is merged in it."— *Bhagavad-Gitā*

"FROM poverty to wealth is a hard journey, but the way back is easy."— *Japanese Proverb*

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

"The whole fabric of your life may revolve
around what you do today."

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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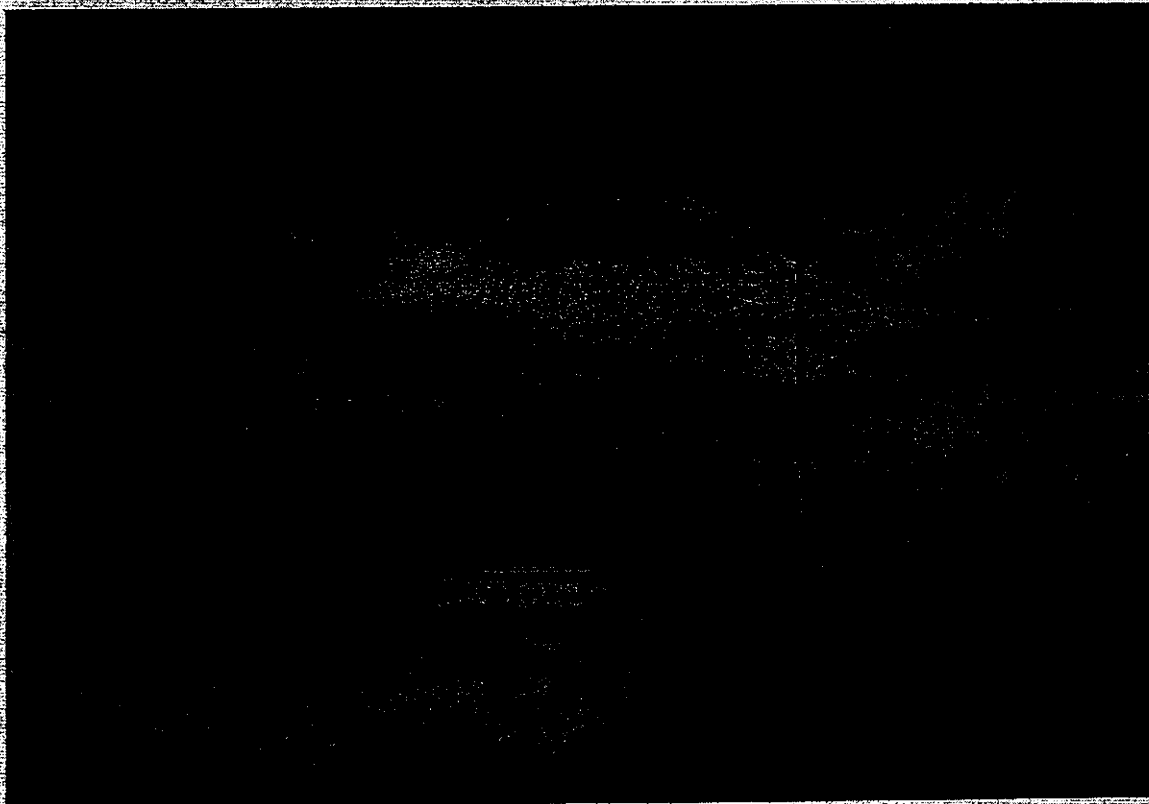
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SENET OVER THE PACIFIC

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE GROUNDS OF THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL
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Silhouetted against the sky stands the flowering stem of a Century Plant, or Agave. When fully grown, this plant suddenly shoots up a towering stalk which bears its abundant blossoms. So long as it remains in bloom, bees murmur all day long among the yellow flowers, and humming-birds hover, poised on invisible wings, sipping the nectar. The flowering over, the plant dies; but the dry flower-stalk may stand for years, as a memorial of the glory that has gone.

Penalty No Cure for Crime

(From a recent Address by KATHERINE TINGLEY)

IT requires no very great observation on the part of one who knows something of the menacing conditions of the world today to realize that somehow, somewhere, under some circumstances, in the course of humanity's evolutionary journey, important factors were overlooked.

In the first place, at the present age, the large majority of men do not dream of what their heritage is, or of what their possibilities are. Few indeed are happy, though some perhaps have the appearance of being so.

If we have no knowledge of the higher laws that govern our lives and give us the hope and promise of another life, if we have no consciousness of our sacred duties — the duties of the real man, the soul — it is indeed wonderful that we can stand on our feet, as to some extent we do, and move along together without destroying each other. Why is this possible? It is because the divine ray is still present in every man and illumines his life as much as he permits it to do so.

The sun shines and gives you light, but it is very easy for you to turn your back on the light and live in darkness. So it is with these teachings. We must meet them half way. We must meet the duties of life half way also. And in doing so, among many other essential qualities, we must cultivate an absolute devotion to law and order.

Even the best of men, those whose lives are unsullied, whose minds are full of good intentions and hopes, if they do not realize these truths are moving along in the shadows; they cannot find themselves; they do not sense the essential divinity of man.

We must of course accept some light from the inner life, from the inner portion of man's nature. We must move out beyond our prejudices and misconceptions and limitations. We must create a grand and magnificent picture of man's superb possibilities.

Watch Nature. See how the flowers grow, apparently without effort, in a natural way. One part works with another. There is inward harmony. Nature gives us wonderful examples and beautiful lessons, but we do not look at them. We are too much occupied with the bread-and-butter question. We have identified ourselves almost completely with the methods, the processes, and the non-essentials of the times, so that we have assumed artificial responsibilities.

Therefore it is very difficult for one like myself, or one more capable than I am, to bring out that quality of knowledge to the mind of man that would convince him that without, and within, afar and near, are hidden forces and currents of the beautiful spiritual life. We must meet them in the natural

way, work in harmony with them — with these higher laws that bring to us a superb conviction of our divinity. If we have this, we have in a sense, all that is needed; for the rest follows in natural sequence.

It is a sad picture — the present civilization! It is an appalling picture; it is a monstrous picture, that in this twentieth century we still believe it is our duty to try to correct human errors by force, with menacing punishments. It is proof of that lack of spiritual knowledge which men should have in order to make them declare: "Withhold! No sacrifice of human life! No harsh and barbaric remedies at all."

The spiritual nature of man, the enlightening and saving power within him, should come into action and cry out for more mercy, even for the most downtrodden, the most horrible and beastly creature in human shape. Mercy and justice! Can we remedy human errors by force? What an example do we set to our posterity when we attempt to do so!

Let us turn to this dreadful picture up in Los Angeles — that poor Hickman. We do not need to spend any moments in the horror of it all. What we need to do is to apply our thoughts to what remedies are to be adopted. What are the prospects for the future? How do you who have children know whether tomorrow one of your children may be taken from you in the same way? Does the so-called remedy — the imprisonment, the prosecution and punishment save the others? Not at all. On the contrary harshness engenders more crime, the psychology of crime increases, because there is not sufficient spiritual power existing today among the people to hold back these things of horror.

Going back to Hickman again: According to the best authority I learn that Hickman was born less than ten months after his mother came out of an insane asylum. There is something very serious to think about. People don't say much about it in the newspapers, but they keep reiterating and reiterating and reiterating the story of that awful crime, thereby actually cultivating hatred and the spirit of vengeance in the very blood of their children by associating them with them in their thought-life, thus creating added horrors.

If I had the control of Hickman's case, I should declare to the world that he is a mental invalid, insane beyond all power of description, because that with his education and all that he had in his environment as a boy, if he had not had the seeds of insanity born in his very blood, he might have been giving as much happiness to his family as some of your children are doing. It is the law and order in which we bring up our children that determine whether their lives will tell for the salvation of humanity or its damnation.

Put aside your prejudice; look upon yourselves as greater than you have ever been before; believe that you have the power to discern, and see.

The Robber and the Spider

MANY years ago in Japan there lived a famous robber, and after his evil life was cut short by a violent death, he found himself somewhere near the bottom of the infernal regions.

But the time came round for the Lord Buddha to visit those gloomy regions, for there is no place so dark but some beams of his love and compassion shine down there from time to time. Feeling his gracious presence rather than seeing him, the robber cried out: "Oh let me raise myself from this place of darkness and return to the world of light!"

And the Awakened One replied: "Can you remember any deed of kindness that you did on earth that might help you now?"

The poor robber now began a desperate search for the memory of something good that he had done and after a good while he called out:

"Yes, I remember one day when I was walking through a forest, and I saw a spider in my path. At first I thought I would crush it with my foot, but when I noticed how much it seemed to be enjoying the warm sunshine, I lifted it out of the way and laid it by the side of the track."

And the Lord Buddha smiled and went on his way of mercy. Soon after this the robber saw before him a thread of finest silk which glittered in the darkness, and he recognised it as a line of spider's silk. He eagerly stretched out his hand and found to his amazement that it was strong enough to bear his weight. Hand over hand he slung himself up, and before very long the sunshine fell upon his upturned face and he could feel the warm air all about him.

But as he still went climbing on, he fancied he heard a confused murmur of voices below him, and looking down he saw that all the dwellers in the dismal shades had also seized the slender thread and were climbing up after him. And the spider's thread sustained them all. Thousands and thousands of sad, pale-faced wretches with their eyes full of hope were climbing up towards the light, and the sound of their voices grew louder and louder.

Then was the robber filled with selfish fear lest the frail thread should break with the weight of all that multitude, and with an angry voice he shouted down to those below: "Get back, get back all of you! This thread belongs to me!"

The words had scarcely been spoken when the thread snapped and down he fell to the gloomy depths from which he had so laboriously climbed.

If the reader cannot see the moral of this little tale for himself, no amount of explanation by another will help him.—*From the Japanese*

An Understanding Heart

MR. LARKIN and his son, of the law-firm of Larkin, Coates and Larkin, were seated in their library thrashing out some celebrated criminal cases that had shocked the world with horror.

Referring to the latest of these, the elder Larkin said: "It may be, that these state mental experts will succeed in convincing the jury that this confessed criminal is sane, and so swing the verdict to capital punishment."

"On the other hand, the defense may succeed in showing that the criminal is the victim of a 'great delusion' and that he believes himself to be controlled by a 'special providence'; the defense, therefore, asking that the criminal be found 'not guilty by reason of insanity' with the hope to commute the sentence to life-imprisonment."

"The laws on the statute-books and the teaching 'Thou shalt not kill' should be sufficient to turn the legal minds away from avenging a murder with a similar act of murder."

The elder Larkin, with an understanding heart, sympathetically reviewed the life of the unfortunate youth, and wound up by saying that he would like to put such criminals in a Hospital for Mental Diseases, built for that special purpose. There, each could work out his own salvation, aided by vocational occupation and an education free of sentimentality, which would instil the practice of self-control and through self-study, reject such thoughts that crowd into weak, susceptible minds.

"But, Dad," said the younger Larkin: "his examinations of emotional reactions provide no definite indication of mental unbalance, and if he be declared sane, then he *had* the power to choose between right and wrong, which fact would swing the verdict in favor of capital punishment."

"My son," said the elder, "although he had the intellect to plan a crime of kidnapping, which requires more careful scheming than any other crime on the statute-books, that does not militate against the fact that such a mind is deranged. One in whom the light of the higher mind is obscured, in whom the voice of conscience is mute, who in consequence grows meaner and more vicious day by day, cannot be of sound mind."

"Another thing, my boy, he confessed: 'I had formed the habit of stealing small things, such as candy. Also I stole over two hundred books from the library. Ma warned me many times about my stealing, telling me I'd end in the penitentiary.' Then we read that later he planned to pull some big jobs and steal some big cars in California to get some money."

"The pity is," said the younger, "that they are not caught at the very start, and helped intelligently to overcome the tendency to theft. Oh for some institution that could refashion the lives of these youthful

criminals, before they are worsted in the battle of life! Father, here we have a case of murder beginning with stealing some candy. How far a little act of dishonesty may finally carry a man!

"I wonder, how many unfortunates are walking that same path now, trusting to the help of their nimble wits to escape detection! Alas! they forget, that 'as ye sow, so must ye also reap.'"

"I'll tell you what, my son: the Sermon on the Mount is not the *pabulum* most parents feed upon, nor is it ingrained in their lives to such an extent as to mold the character of the rising generation.

"My son, I think that evil tendencies may have begun in past lives and still live on in every cell of the body of a freshly-incarnated soul, and in the course of time cry out to be indulged. The soul may find itself in a family where the parents though truly devoted, may lack the discrimination to recognise the innate weaknesses, and so the path taken in early life may be the downward one.

"Capital punishment, as I see it, simply assures a steady succession of criminals for us to rear and educate, whereas, if these abnormal lives were wisely directed to self-conquest and the thought of serving others, they might be reformed before they closed their life's account. In this way we should gradually reduce the number of these failures who bring nothing but sorrow and disgrace on themselves and suffering to the world in which they live."

R. W.

Is Life Merely a School?

FRANKLY, this life-as-a-school idea doesn't appeal to me as much as it used to. I suppose I've outgrown it. For one thing, the 'school' notion is but a half-truth, and besides, it has been greatly overdone. You are likely to stumble almost anywhere over expressions like these: "Life is a school; life, the stern school; life, the task-master; the stern school of reality," etc. But life is bigger than that.

What — I would ask — is the use of a conception of life that does very nicely as long as things go reasonably well, but that leaves me out in the cold when real trouble comes? What I want is something to hold on to when the bottom seems to drop out of things.

And that's just why I am about through with the 'school' notion of life — it doesn't work — not in my case at least — and leaves me in the lurch when I need help most. Give me a more vigorous outlook on things. I need something more red-blooded and broad-shouldered. Learn I must, of course; only a fool would deny it. But I feel that my attitude should be as unlike the reluctant attitude of the average school-boy as possible.

Now, if you were to call life an adventure, and

man an explorer, a pioneer — that would be more like it. Pioneer! there's a word with the true ring for you! I hear in it ruggedness and fiery determination; hardships courted rather than shunned; difficulties triumphantly overcome; and an inner conviction that there is something more to life than the mere surface.

The pioneer attitude of mind for me! Not that it will prevent all trouble. Some of it will come just the same. That which cannot be averted will be the result of our own doing; and herein lies a valuable lesson: As we sow, so must we also reap.

"All very well," somebody will say, "but if you were in my shoes, you wouldn't."

One moment — that's just the point I had in mind. I claim that this pioneer idea can be applied to every possible situation. Every man can be an explorer and a pioneer — for the simple reason that we are not merely bodies, but first of all souls — thinkers. My real life — my soul life — is lived on the thought plane.

Now, if I want to, I can go pioneering in the thought world of others. I can read good books and listen to good music. Even if books and music are denied me — who can lock me out of the realm of my own thoughts? I can enter upon a voyage of discovery within myself and, as likely as not, I shall find there so many obstacles which need clearing away, that I shall have my hands full most of the time. You won't find a thought-pioneer complaining that his life is lacking in variety or opportunity.

Now, take two people, one an invalid, confined to his room, practically helpless, and the other one a magnificently strong fellow, full of energy.

Suppose the strong man goes off on a hunting-trip to the jungles of Africa. For years he's away, shooting big game, while a dozen times he escapes death by a hair's breadth. Yet the chances are, that he will come back as big a fool as he went. The same man, only a few years older.

In the meantime, the invalid, who used to complain bitterly about his hard luck, has thought his way to a loftier conception of life. He has found out that there is justice behind apparent chance, and that he can get a good deal that is really worth while out of his situation. It's the invalid, then, who did some real exploring and pioneering; while the hunter loafed on the job.

It's time to graduate! Pioneerhood for just! The past is dead; let the dead bury the dead! How about it?

P. B.

What the Nail Stands For

JACK TRADDLES was busy, no doubt about that. *Rat-lai-lai, rat-lai-lai!* He was driving nails into the shingles of a little lean-to in the garden next to

mine and appeared to be enjoying himself as he always did when he was hard at work.

I was recovering after a spell of the flu, and after a gallant attempt to hoe a row of beans, had sat down for a rest. But I knew that I couldn't get Traddles to talk, because he would no more think of wasting his employer's time than he would pocket a packet of nails for his private use. But sometimes the unexpected happens and this was one of those times. Traddles quit hammering and came over to the fence.

"Stopped for want of nails," he remarked with a touch of resentment in his voice. "The boss promised to leave me some as he came along, but something has kept him. Too bad, I shall have to loaf till he turns up."

"Can I say that it worries me a little bit," I said. "Now perhaps you can tell me what you get out of all that hammering—I mean you're such a fellow for seeing the inner meaning of things that I thought you might have something helpful to say about the symbology of driving nails."

"You're quite a thought-reader," replied Traddles with some surprise. "As a matter of fact I was figuring out the significance of nails, and it seemed to me that I got something rather good out of it. How does this strike you? We all have our better moments when the mind rises above the common things of life—our little irritations, disputes, bodily ailment, foods and flavors and all that sort of thing. We rise to where we can take an interest in the large affairs of life and try to tune in to the great harmony which underlies the discord of the world. Everybody feels that way at times, but the trouble is that we don't stay there very long, and I was just wondering whether we couldn't nail our minds to some high point and fix them there exactly like those shingles fastened on that roof."

"That's all right from one point of view," I answered, "but haven't you forgotten the ebb and flow of the tides? And do you really think it possible to keep up the strain all the time and nail our minds so that they don't come down again? I know I never can keep up very long myself, for as soon as the tide goes down, I go with it. And another thing: I know that I couldn't keep down on the lowest animal level either if I tried ever so hard, and though I did my best to live like an animal, the flowing tide would visit me on the mud bank where I lay and carry me up almost in spite of myself."

"I'm glad you brought that up," replied Traddles. "I know those tides pretty well and I reckon we can never get beyond their action as far as the brain is concerned. But what I mean is this: when the ebb-tide is running hard and we are losing our grip on the higher side of life, don't let us give way without a struggle."

"A man I once knew used to talk a lot about

'the continuity of effort.' That's what we want: a continuity of effort even when the falling tide is doing its best to drag us down again. I don't know that we ought to fight against Nature's tides altogether. They're in the natural course of things and must be recognized. We can't escape the downward pull, but at least we can keep our faces turned towards the upper sunlight and patiently wait for the tide to rise again. Likely enough something is going on inside even when we feel the deadest. Maybe it's a kind of resting time when we have a chance to digest our experiences."

"To my mind, the nail stands for the steady effort to keep up to the level where we, as human beings, belong. I've no hard feelings against the poor animals because they live so much in their sensations; it's all they're fit for at present. But thinking man has no business to be satisfied to settle down on those levels, and when the animal in man tries to take a mud-bath he must put up a fight, and the nail, as it seems to me, is a good symbol for the effort which we make."

I wanted to spin the talk out a little, but just then the horn of an auto blared round the corner, and John Dawkins of Spendlow and Dawkins, Contractors, came speeding past and as he went by, a bulky packet of nails fell almost at Traddles' feet.

As Jack Traddles returned to his roof I realized that I had a chance to try out that idea of the nail at least three times a day—meal-times. A man is bound to feed his animal body; but there is no need to sink to the level of that animal while the feeding is going on. Why can't a fellow stand aside as it were and watch the process?—as if he were a teamster looking on while his horse was busy with his oats; intent only on seeing that the animal is properly fed, but free from personal excitement.

Whenever I see Jack Traddles at his work and hear the cheery *rat-tat-tat* of his hammer, I always think about our talk on nails and try to nail my wandering mind on something high.

PERIPATETIC PEDESTRIAN

Careless Speech

WHAT an advance in the art of living one has made who has learned to avoid careless speech! How many heartaches he is saved, how many mortifications, humiliations, misunderstandings! The happiness of a whole life has often been wrecked by just such a little thing. In fact, results are sometimes so dire, that we shall have to call it a big thing.

It is so easy to let our idle or unkind thoughts come out in speech, and once they have passed the lips, the damage is done. How often we would give anything to take them back! If only we could gain

the power to think twice or even three times before speaking, and if the matter is derogatory to another to imagine that other within hearing. In most cases this would bring a golden silence.

The radio has now taught us, if we had not guessed it before, that our words go out over the world instantly. Closets or closed doors are no impediments. A thousand miles from where we spoke, they travel. Ears may be too dull to hear them, but there they are, anywhere, everywhere, ready to be picked up by a properly adjusted receiver. The thought is appalling. It comes like a shock when we grasp it. And it certainly ought to be enough to startle us into prudence. But it doesn't. Very, very few have the wisdom to speak with discretion.

The only safe method is to get rid of the thoughts we would not like to express, to cultivate kindness instead of criticism. Indeed it is not the only safe way, but the only real, radical way. For thoughts themselves travel out even more rapidly. H. P. Blavatsky has said, and do their evil work misdiplomatically or their good, with silent energy, as the case may be.

And, indeed, who are we, any of us, to pass judgment on another? How can we possibly know the outside or inside circumstances, the intricate and often endlessly long threads that have led up to his act; the tendencies or forces the judged one has had to fight within himself? In reality, the facts even upon which the careless speech is based, are more than half the time but guessed or inferred, or picked up from hearsay.

Yet how many are willing to lend themselves to these immuendos which will perhaps destroy the success or position of another! What terrible karma such are making for themselves! For as ye sow, so shall ye reap, is not only a fact generally acknowledged, but amply proved. And the reaping hour extends beyond the present life, and if the moral seasons are not favorable, into the next, or the next, indefinitely. But come it must, as surely as the rising of the sun, or the movements of the planets in their orbits.

We must all feel sometime what we have made others feel. We draw the results upon ourselves. And this is a merciful law, for only through suffering can careless people be shaken into a sense of their responsibility for others. Lacking this sense, one is without the dignity which belongs to a normal human being.

Here we are, endowed with many gifts; the power of thought, the ability to express it, the faculty of creation, and instead of putting all these to their legitimate use, how many abuse them to their disgrace, and sooner or later, to their own utter misery! For happiness comes in truth only to those who use their powers in accordance with Eternal Law, which recognises only harmony, sincerity, and justice. W.C.

An English Opinion on Capital Punishment

IN a recent issue of *The Manchester Guardian*, 'Artifex' writes as follows:

"Does capital punishment work well? Is it a deterrent?"

When I was a boy, I went round Southampton with a relative collecting signatures to a petition for the reprieve of a murderer. The impression left by those days has never been effaced. I can still see in my mind's eye the old tailor sitting cross-legged on his bench and stabbing at the air with his needle as he said to my relative: 'Madam, blood has been shed, and I must have blood in return.'

All my life since then I have been interested in the matter, and every year has deepened in me the conviction that capital punishment degrades and debases thousands of people. And the morbid interest in condemned criminals and in details of executions, which the baser portion of the press today does so much to foster, makes this more and more obvious.

"As for deterrent effect, that is a matter to be decided by statistics from countries where the death penalty has been abolished. I know of course that it is easy to prove anything by figures. But the figures in this case do really seem conclusive! I am sure that the death penalty should go."

Safed and the Orphan

IHAD had a Busy Day, and I was leaving my

Study and going forth into Other Duties, when I met a man on my Threshold, and I was sorry that I had not Departed Five Minutes sooner. For I knew when I saw him that he had a Tale of Woe to tell me, and I found that I could do little for him.

And he had a Long Story of the ways in which the World had always been against him. And so nearly as I could judge from his Narrative, he had always been the one Sincere and Honest and Capable man in the situation, but all the combinations of Money and Influence and Unrighteousness had wrought for his undoing.

And I was none the less sorry for him, though I could not fail to see that whatever fault might have been charged to others, he had in every situation been his own real Enemy.

And I said: There was once a man who was tried and found Guilty of murdering his father. But to the Judge and jury and to all who visited him in jail he had one constant plea: Have mercy upon a Poor Orphan.

And my visitor said: That is an interesting Story but it meaneth nothing to me.

And I said: I was afraid that it would not mean anything to thee, and that is the misfortune of it.

For thou art not alone in thy situation. The world is moderately full of men and women who wait to heaven and to their fellow-men, asking mercy or sympathy for the very condition which they have brought upon themselves.

And he answered and said unto me: I had hoped that I was to meet a man of discernment and understanding.

And he said: If thou hast any word of wisdom to utter, let me hear it.

Then said I: I am not very wise. Only when I find men who are less wise even than I, do I think of myself as other than lacking in all that I should be glad to possess. Mine is the lot of one who hath often to speak on matters where I would that there were wiser men to instruct me. Yet of this I feel sure, that when we have charged up all we can of our misfortune to fate and the Conspiring Depravities of a Cruel World, most of the troubles of which we most loudly complain are Home Made. Meantime, let not the man who hath killed his own father, ask the world for overmuch of pity on account of his being an orphan. Saved and safe in the *Christian Com-munications*.

The Golden Rule

By Rev. H. Kelsey.

FEWER heartaches, fewer tears,
Less of need for anxious fears,

Less of sorrow, less distress,
Less discouraged restlessness;

Not so much of crime and vice,
Fewer temptings to abuse.

Not so many courts and jails,
When the Golden Rule prevails.

Smaller worries, lighter loads,
Greater vigor, smoother roads.

Less oppression, less of grief,
More of joy and sweet relief.

Not so much of pain or strife,
More of worthy things in life.

Less of weeping, fewer wails,
When the Golden Rule prevails.

Less of readiness to sneer,
More of willingness to cheer.

Fewer things impure, unclean,
More of honesty and truth;

Less unrighteousness and sin,
Less remorse and keen chagrin.

Less of all that mars or fails,
When the Golden Rule prevails. Selected

"All waits or goes by default till a strong being appears. A strong being is the proof of the race and of the ability of the Universe.
When he or she appears materials are overawed.
The dispute on the soul stops.
The old customs and phrases are confronted, turned back or turned away."—*Wall Whitman*

"There is so much bad in the best of us,
And so much good in the worst of us,
That it hardly behooves any of us
To talk about the rest of us."—*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

"It is always the part of prudence to face every claimant, and pay every just demand on your time, your talents, or your heart. Always pay, for first or last, you must pay your entire debt. Persons and events may stand for a time between you and justice, but it is only a postponement. You must pay at last your own debt. If you are wise you will dread a prosperity which only loads you with more. Benefit is the end of Nature. But for every benefit which you receive, a tax is levied."—*R. W. Emerson*

"A MAN is already of consequence in the world when it is known that we can implicitly rely upon him. Often have I known a man to be preferred in stations of honor and profit because he had this reputation: when he said he knew a thing he knew it, and when he said he would do a thing he meant it."—*Bubier Lyllon*

"UNDER the blue of heaven in the free air we can always find that which is akin and most intimate to ourselves, and a friendliness in every green and growing thing, and the new Life, which is the God essence, everywhere."—*Katherine Tingley*

"PLATO requires three things in him that will examine the soul of another, to wit, knowledge, good-will, and boldness."—*Montaigne*

"He always was my enemy, and it was for that reason I did him every possible service."—*Beethoven*

"If the duty grows hard, or you faint by the way, be not discouraged, fearful, or weary of the world. Remember that, 'Thou may'st look for silence in tumult, solitude in company, light in darkness, forgetfulness in pressures, vigor in despondency, courage in fear, resistance in temptation, peace in war, and quiet in tribulation.'"—*W. O. Judge*

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right. . . . Let us have faith that right makes might and in that faith let us do our duty as we understand it."—*Abraham Lincoln*

"NO ONE can study ancient philosophies seriously without perceiving that the striking similitude of conception between all—in their exotic form very often, in their hidden spirit invariably—is the result of no mere coincidence, but of a concurrent design, and that there was, during the youth of mankind, one language, one knowledge, one universal religion, when there were no churches, no creeds, or sects, but when every man was priest unto himself."—*H. P. Blavatsky*

"GOODNESS is not a success in producing results. It is a matter of struggle and not of attainment. Here again things will not 'go right', the good that I would I do not, but the evil that I would not that I do. The idea towards which we strive is an ideal never attained. If it were attained, goodness would cease to be, for goodness is trying to be better than you are, and if there were no ideal unattained, there would be no better in view, and no trying to reach that better. Goodness, in a word is energy, and energy and efficiency are different things."—*Ernest Barker*

A DURABLE peace cannot be based upon force. It must, if it exists at all, be based upon good-will. And I believe profoundly that that good-will exists, that the great self-governing peoples can safely trust one another, and that only a method of dealing between them inherited from an outgrown system of autocratic government, prevents our recognition of that great and beneficent fact."—*Hon. A. H. Houghton*

"ONE moment in eternity is as of as great importance as another moment, for eternity changes not, neither is one part better than another part."—*Loroaster*

"Every man's own trouble is as large as a camel."—*Armenian proverb*

IDEAS go booming through the world louder than cannon. Thoughts are mightier than armies. Principles have achieved more victories than horsemen or chariots."—*W. M. Paxton*

"IMPOSSIBLE" That is not good French."—*Napoleon*

"THE infinite past and the infinite future meet in the present moment, and we live in Eternity now."—*H. D. Gould*

"EVERYTHING must wait its turn, peach blossoms for the second month and chrysanthemums for the ninth."—*Japanese proverb*

"MUSIC is the harmonious voice of Creation, an echo of the invisible worlds, one note of the divine concord which the entire universe is destined to sound."—*Mazzini*

"HASTE comes from Satan and, wise slowness comes from God."—*Arabian proverb*

"I BELIEVE that the earth on which we stand is but the vestibule to glorious mansions to which a moving crowd is ever passing."—*Joanna Bailey*



For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

Man requires but one church—the Temple of God within him.

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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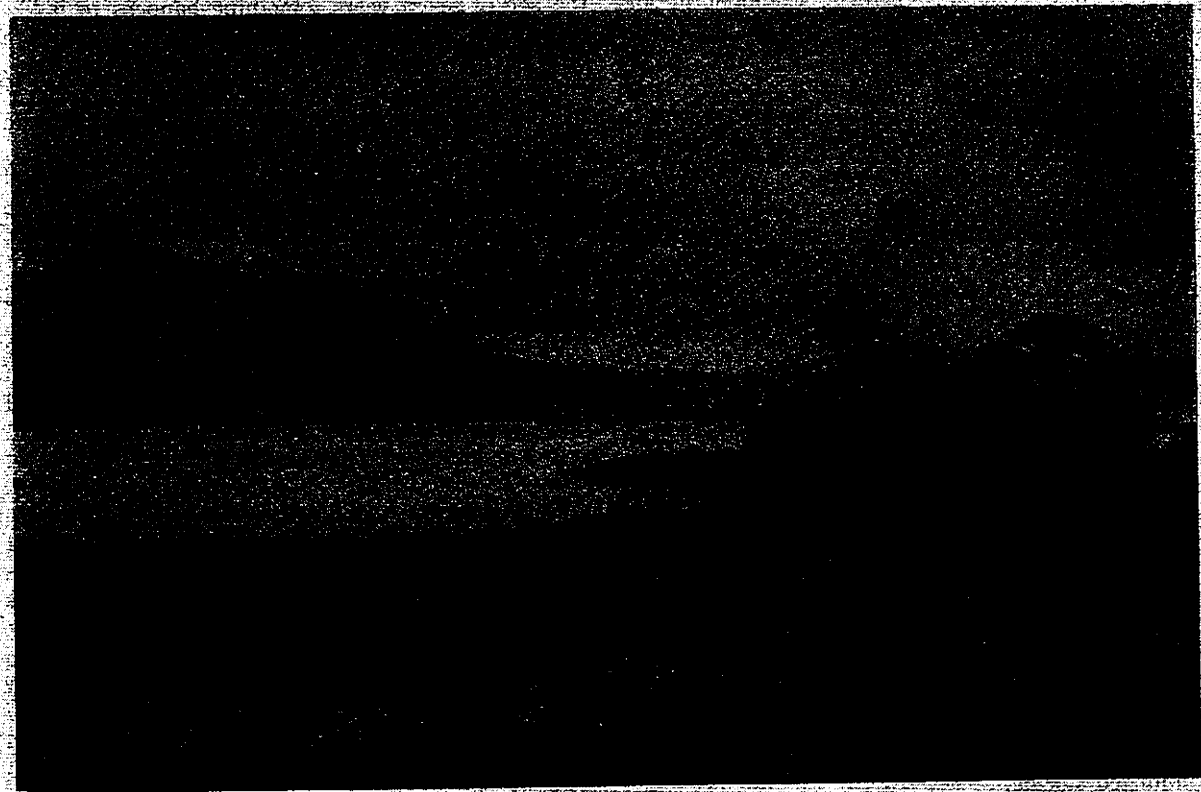
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EVENING AT THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY

These lakes are situated in the southwestern corner of Ireland. Visitors usually take a boat at the upper and smallest of the lakes and are rowed through the connected chain. From Windy Gap, the three lakes may be seen spread out in a single panorama of perfect beauty.

The shores are fringed with trees among which one may catch glimpses of the red deer, the few surviving remnants of this animal in Ireland. They are nearly related to the wapiti of North America.

Cill Aine, as the name is spelt in Gaelic, is interpreted by some as The Wood of Sloes, or Blackthorns.

Law and Order

A Lecture recently delivered in the Memorial Temple of Peace by

KATHERINE TINGLEY

I READ the statistics with care, and every day they reveal to us the fact of a large increase in the number of criminals. Stop and think for a moment that only fifteen or twenty years ago most of them were innocent little children in their mothers' arms. Yet all must see that something was lacking then for them.

It is at this point that the doctrine of the duality of human nature comes to our aid—the idea that man in his essence is divine, but that he is also imperfect. It is only through self-directed evolution that he can attempt to follow the path that leads towards perfection. This all-important fact was never given to these children. Yet Christ taught it and the ancient teachers taught it. But it was never fully impressed upon the minds of the people. So the struggling, heart-aching mothers and fathers, with their children and their problems, have never had it, although it can be obtained without money and without price.

And in reference to this recent horror I say: Put aside your prejudice; look upon yourselves as greater than you have ever been before; believe that you have the power to discern, and see. "Judge not that ye be not judged." Let those words of Christ burn into your hearts, sink into your minds, and fire you with a sense of justice that will say: "Hands off! No repetition of this crime! No picturing of it in the newspapers! No brutal measures to force this insane boy to this or that and drive him still more crazy."

Believing as I do in the power of thought, let me tell you we do not know how far this added insanity precipitated by the treatment he has had may affect disastrously others of his kind. One incident that may appear to some as insignificant struck me as very significant. I noticed in the papers that in a cell either under or over the prisoner's, a man committed suicide. My explanation of this would be that he was affected by the thought atmosphere. He was despondent; he had no faith in himself and that was enough. He became psychologized by the whole affair and committed suicide.

And so it is that we are fashioning angels or devils as we go through life. I mean man's own higher and lower nature, on the one hand his spiritual will, the angel, and on the other hand his weaknesses and passions, the undeveloped parts of his lower nature, the demons, which are very often the controlling powers in his life. The more you cultivate the true and the beautiful and the more you accentuate the nobler side of your life, the higher you are climbing, the more you are overcoming and becoming.

Properly to express the divine laws, a human

being must be well balanced. Balance is the result of law and order. Let parents give their children superb examples of such balance, so that the young minds shall be thrown neither to one extreme nor to another; but grow through natural evolution under the guidance of those who care for them.

There are splendid and noble fathers and mothers everywhere, but when their children arrive at the most crucial point in their development, the parents ask themselves, even if they ask no one else, for more light, more understanding, for a better system of thought, for something that they have not yet found, so that their children may be protected.

I hold that a child from the time it is born until it is seven years of age is at the mercy of either the good or the bad, the strong or the weak. It is at the mercy of its environment. If it is guided rightly from its earliest stages of growth, when it reaches the age of seven years something happens to it like a spiritual baptism. It is like the blossoming of a flower. Its growth has been going on all the time. But by the proper nursing and through evolution it reaches a point where it develops into an exquisite blossom. Beautiful Nature is our teacher.

There are law and order in the great universal scheme of life. It is law and order that keep the stars in their places, and keep the sun shining as it does, within bounds, so that it helps us and does not destroy us. It is a spiritual law; it cannot be moved; it is immutable.

I fancy that if this poor soul were in my charge I would have him carried far off up into the mountains to a hospital, surrounded by great and beautiful trees, with an abundance of sweet, pure air. I would give him something that no one had ever thought of giving to him before. You cannot undo the mistakes that he has made. The Higher Law will work that out with him; but you could set a splendid example, so that even those so far degenerated as almost to have lost their manhood, would respond to the psychology of your beautiful life, of your mercy and generosity and love of justice. New vibrations and new forces would spring into being, and awake men and women to their real duty.

A Letter

DEAR —: I received your letter appealing to me to get you out of your predicament, and I have done my best to do so; though I tell you frankly that until I have some evidence that you are in a better frame of mind, what I have done is more for the sake of the family name than out of regard for your wishes.

I succeeded in having a long talk with the judge who dealt with your case, and I cannot but agree

BRIT

with what he pointed out: that your present plight was brought about because you would not, after repeated warnings, exercise any restraint over your actions, and that before there could be any thought of your liberty being granted you, your record must show a willing acquiescence in the restraint now imposed upon you by the State.

I am not trying to strike you when you are down, as you suggest; I am trying to see facts, and to have you see them. I agree with you that you did not have the same chance as the rest of us, in that Father and Mother died when you were young; but then you would never listen to me when I tried to talk seriously to you—you told me not to be preachy. The best I can do for you now is to urge you earnestly to study the value, nay the necessity, of restraint and self-discipline before any real happiness can come into your life.

You say that I would be more sympathetic if I had a taste of what you are going through. Just to offset that let me make this offer to you: that when you come out you may come here and stay with us, and I'll stand by you for six months without a word about the past unless you choose to mention it.

Try to be more cheerful, and keep in mind that you can brighten the other fellows up. I know that this is not exactly a cheerful letter; but when you give up complaining and start in to make the best of things, I'll be cheerful enough. Is there anything else I am allowed to send you to make things easier?

Yours, J

Freedom

LONG ago I read in Emerson's *Essays*: "So far as a man thinks, he is free." But I never realized fully how to enjoy that freedom until in after years all my usual activities were cut off by my having to be quite still in bed, sometimes for several days at a time. At first I chafed under this forced inactivity and indulged in moods of self-pity. But soon I began to take a different attitude towards these periods of rest, and decided to plumb their possibilities for pleasure and profit.

Looking back over the years gone by, I called to mind one thing after another that had given me glimpses of the joy and beauty of life; and by degrees a gallery of pictures was collected in my mind, that I could visit irrespective of my ability to move about.

Here are some of the pictures in my private collection: A winter morning when the snow has fallen silently all night long, and everything in sight is covered with a pure white mantle sparkling in the morning sun; a mountain ash, or rowan-tree as it is called in Scotland, brilliant with clusters of scarlet berries; a field of waving barley in early June; apple-

trees in fragrant delicately-pink bloom in rows in an old orchard; an old and spreading lilac-bush not far from the kitchen-door—and oh! what delicious whiffs came from its blossoms! And then the long road up the hill knee-deep in snow, with a gorgeous winter sunset behind the fringe of firs and pines at the top. Every time I visited my picture-gallery I felt refreshed and reinvigorated.

Other cherished memories were gradually added to my collection: The look on the face of a happy baby-boy playing on the floor with his little horse, and so absorbed and happy that nothing else existed for him; the tender watchful mothers holidaying on a crowded sea-beach, worn with the effort of bringing their children so far, but full of pleasure in the unwonted freedom of the little ones; the rugged strength and clean manliness so often seen in trolley-cars crowded with workmen with dinner-pails on their way home; the wonder of a child seeing for the first time a beautiful statue in a museum; the eyes of a dog or a horse that have grown into the family circle; and, most cherished of all, the radiant change that came over the face of one who had threatened and vowed to do something dishonorable and cruel, but suddenly cast away the ignoble intent.

One day, feeling better in every way for visiting my pictures, I recalled a phrase from a wise old book: "The mental calling up of the opposite," and it occurred to me that since I was having such luck with my pictures, I might try something else. I might substitute for every gloomy thought or memory or dread, its very opposite. And very soon I found that it is easier to blot out the dark pictures if one replaces them by others of a brighter quality.

I set myself to practise this kind of mental gymnastics, and it worked very well. Moreover the profit did not stop at that, for I discovered that at other times when I wished to hold my attention on something particular I could do it much better than ever before. It seemed as though I had to be laid up in order to find out how to strengthen my mind by healthful exercise. And now, in any interval of silence or of solitude, I can always refresh myself by a little executive mental exercise.

I believe that this, and not just letting one's thoughts go tumbling pell-mell through the mind, making one gay or gloomy as the case may be, is freedom. Try it yourself!

GENTIAN

The Tabby Tonic

YOU'RE stepping around rather lively, these days, Jim," said the drummer in the prison band to second violin, in charge of the store-room. "What medicine are you taking?"

"Between you and me, I'm taking Tabby Tonic."

"No such name in the hospital 'Who's Who.' What's the answer? I'm no good on comundrums."

"A good guesser would hardly get warm on this one. You know Tabby Cat who keeps the store-room free from rats and mice? She's fat, sleek, contented and keeps up with her job, has lots of time to sleep and stroll and frisk, and is the one creature satisfied to stay here. As they say in the Movies, I 'play opposite to her' being thin, stiff, awkward, nervous, chilly, and homesick.

"Of course, a cat is selfish compared with a dog, but anyway, it makes the most of things. And Tab is friendly and a comfort to watch. She's just what Nature calls for a cat to be — and how many of us fellows can measure up to the specifications of first-class human nature? Well, as I studied Tab's ways, she taught me a whole lot. She makes a regular business of whatever she does: relaxing, sleeping, hunting, watching, playing, running, begging, eating, or purring. Working or playing, she's all there, warm, healthy, and comfy. She always relaxes to rest, whether crouched on evenly-bent legs or curled in a ball.

"Getting up from a nap, she gives those soft legs of hers an uncommon good stretch, putting tone and tension in every nerve and muscle, and shakes her head till her ears rattle. Then she washes her face, finishes up with a good paw massage, gapes to the limit and puts out her tongue as far as it will go. That done, she gets up and walks off, showing all the easy grace that comes from poised strength. She keeps herself fit for a fight or a frolic all the time.

"Watching Tabby one day when her hind leg stretched — as it seemed — an inch longer than itself, I thought I'd try her gymnastics. So I held on to a chair, and stood on one leg at a time, and stretched the other out front, back, and sideways. I waggled a good deal, trying to keep balanced. Then I stretched my arms up, down, front, and outward. Next I took my neck and spine and body muscles. Then I had to sit down and get breath.

"But say, I had found out something — the Tabby Tonic was my medicine! I got up and took another all-round stretch, and felt I had myself and my job in hand better than ever before.

"Since then, I've watched Tab's ways and kept tabs on my habits. You know most persons, here and outside, keep their muscles and nerves either too relaxed or on a nervous tension. For instance, our usual arm and finger actions bend inward; the muscles which stretch outward, like Tabby's hind leg, don't get their share of exercise. This limited reach somehow reacts on the mind and narrows one's outlook on life."

"But we've no chance to do gymnasium stunts here."

"Make yourself *make chances*. Waking up mornings, I take an all-round stretch the first thing,

putting my will into it. Then I jump out of bed and wake my skin up."

"But we've not got water for a bath."

"Tabby hasn't any tub, either, but she keeps pretty sleek with a little rough tongue for a wash-rag. With nothing but your hands you can get a good dry rub-down, — or rather a rub up toward the heart to help the blood along. You won't want to do it at first, but *making* yourself do it strengthens the will, which means that your human self is gaining control of your animal body. Any rough cloth or towel or stiff brush gives a good dry rub, which is more vitalizing for thin, nervous fellows than frequent soakings. You can take a sponge-bath with only a wet towel, putting soap on one end and rinsing off with the other, and drying with hand-rubbing. Of course, enlarge your outfit if you can, but you can begin in a bare cell."

"But it takes me half the night to get warmed up, and it is too cold here mornings to do any stunts before dressing."

"That's where you get another tip from Tabby. She just crouches down easily when she is dozing, — ready to spring, if need be. But asleep, she curls up in a circle, hind feet at her chin and tail resting around or on her head. That is her way of making both ends meet to economize her good supply of vital energy. You try her way of making a closed circuit for what magnetic vitality you have got. Just curl up with your knees under your chin, when you get in bed; leave your worries on the floor, relax your muscles, and snuggle down, as the Scotch say. The chances are you will begin to get warm soon, and will sleep warm if you have enough bed-covers. The covers don't make heat as we imagine they do; they simply keep what heat we make from getting away from our bodies.

"There is enough magnetic and electric force in our bodies and brains to make our lives as comfortable and natural as the cat's is, — if we only knew how to use our human forces. Anyway, Mother Nature makes us pay the penalty for breaking her laws; but she is always ready to give us another chance and help us to learn how to live. To make yourself do the healthy thing and get up an appetite for it, is a bigger and better thing than taking medicine. Just try the Tabby Tonic!"

M. E. W.

A Dream That Was True

THERE is an old German story of a man who dreamed that he had become a god. He thought that his old garments fell away from him and that he moved clothed in light. For him the sun shone with a new and unknown splendor. The air was filled with living light and delicate perfume, and soft melodies floated by as it blew between the trees

and houses. And as the stars pierced the twilight he could hear their silvery tones.

It seemed to him that now he knew what life was for, what a splendid possession it was, and how unlimited its possibilities. He also saw that it could never end. The stones in the roadway glittered and pulsed with 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 leaf upon the bushes and the trees, was a life, a living conscious happy thing, moving down the ages up to a manhood like his own. He saw that as he passed near them and the glow of his robe of light fell on them, and especially when he actually touched them, they thrilled with an added joy, and just through that gained one sudden step of their growth manward and godward.

And as he passed the people in the street they gazed at him with wonder. They could not see his robe of light, and yet they felt it. To their dim eyes he seemed as one still clothed as they were.

But if he stopped and spoke to them, or touched them with his hand he waked their sleeping godhood and then they saw and felt as he did. With him they lived on a new earth which was yet this one, and they looked into a new heaven through the blazing lens of the sun. They still did the common duties of earth, but in a new and better way. They lived, as it were two lives, one beside or within the other, one of heaven and one of earth. Then he and they, filled with the joy of the enterprise, went about touching as many as would let them; until at last all men were well awake, and the old things had passed away.

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

"This life which we call waking life, this is the dream. The life which I dreamed was the true, the real life. We, gods, move dreaming among shadows, and think phantoms. Yet we *are* gods, however thickly we may be veiled or however heavily we may be dreaming, and some time we shall all awake into that new light and life of which I, dreaming, partook for one short hour.

STUDENT

The Changing Face of Nature

THE familiar line, "Change and decay in all around I see," has never perhaps been more strikingly illustrated than by the following story by Mohammed Kazwina who lived in the seventh century:

I wandered by a great city whose streets were thronged with people, and whose markets were crowded with merchandise from the ends of the earth.

And seeing a slave who gathered fruit in a garden, I asked how long the city had been built. He answered that men had lived there from the beginning of the world and that the city would stand so long as the race of man walked upon the face of the earth.

A thousand years went by and in my passing to and fro I looked to see the city which I saw before; but all was silence save for the nibbling of sheep, the cry of a plover and the feeble strains of the shepherd's pipe. And I said: What terrible thing hath chanced to the city which formerly stood on this spot, for lo the sheep are grazing where once the merchants of the world were gathered together?

The shepherd stopped his piping for a moment while he made answer: "This hath always been a plain for the grazing of sheep and indeed the place is ill-situated for a city as you see, but the ground will always bring forth good pasturage for the beasts." And he fell to his piping again as I went by.

And when another thousand years had past, behold a deep lake lay where the city had been and a fisherman was casting his net into the water. And I said: "How long has the place where the city stood been covered with water?"

And he who was casting the net laughed and made answer unto me: "By the Splendor of God the fathers of our tribe have fished here since all things were created, and the water never will fail."

Another thousand years had passed before I went that way again and now the ground was darkened by the shadows of the tall and swaying forest trees, and a solitary hermit with an ax was standing by. And I said unto him: "My father, for how many years have these trees been standing here?"

And the man made answer unto me: "This land has always been covered with trees, and indeed it is unfit for anything else. It will always be forest-land until the fires of Judgment Day turn the green trees to heaps of gray ashes."

The centuries rolled by and once again I found my feet standing upon the ancient site. The roar of a great city filled my ears and all the sun-warmed air was thick with a haze of dust which the traffic had raised. And seeing a potter at his wheel, I opened my mouth and spake unto him, and said: "How long, O potter, have pasture-land, and lake, and trees given place to this mighty city?"

But the potter only smiled and turned again to shaping his clay pot as one who is not minded to spend his time in idle talk with the simple, unto whom God hath not imparted understanding.

And so at last I came to know that nothing abideth for ever, but that all things are subject unto change, save He alone who formed all things by the Word of his Power.

STUDENT

A Good Word for Prison Reform

MR. H. S. Yozall, the chairman of an English Prison Visiting Committee, has recently prepared a report on Prison Reform of which the following is an abridgment.

Many well-wishers of prison reform had expressed their fears lest the various humane agencies recently introduced should weaken prison discipline—that classes, flowers in the garden, plants in the prison, concerts, movies in the chapel, dining together—might be going too far. He did not share their doubts.

These new agencies helped those responsible to do their duty in the way of improvement of those under their care. They kept the mental powers alert and vigorous. The day-work of the prisoners was monotonous, and to many that monotony was appalling. These new advantages acted as inducements to good conduct. Surely, this course of training—physical, industrial, mental, moral, and religious—was all to the good. They were trying to restore the prisoner to the ordinary standard of citizenship so far as could be within the limits of the sentence.

Often in prison the doom of confinement ate into the soul, and unless some use could be made of periods of imprisonment to change the anti-social attitude of the offender and bring him to a more healthy frame of mind toward his fellow-citizens, he would, after leaving the prison gates, again become a danger; or at least a nuisance to society. He might even leave prison worse than he was before, and often this was the case.

They must try to prevent imprisonment from breeding a vindictive desire for revenge on society. These humane agencies induced self-respect; they lessened self-conceit and aroused the feeling of personal responsibility.

Thirty years ago prisons were as silent as the grave. Even on the treadmill, each man was separated from his fellow. Every man worked, slept, and ate in silence in his cell. Diet was poor in quality and in quantity. What was the result of the reforms that had been introduced? They were welcomed by the prison officials with open arms—the officials who had pleaded for them for years.

Here was the test: in 1905 the daily average in local prisons was 18,000; last year the number was 8,000. The old soul-destroying atmosphere of prisons called for a change. It was fast dying, let it die. V. I.

Hope for the Elderly Person

THE fire and freshness of our lost youth can never be recalled, but those who are passing into the twilight time of life have many compensations to console them. As regards the question of employment, the age of the applicant is getting to be of less im-

portance as the years go by, because machinery has so far advanced, that a man's physical strength and endurance count for less than his buoyancy and vigor of mind. One cannot of course be mentally fit without a solid basis of physical health, but strong muscles count for less every day because laborious bodily toil is being superseded as mechanical methods are coming into use.

One man by the help of machinery can thus assume a greater responsibility than formerly; he can produce more and consequently can demand a larger wage. There are now many positions of usefulness open to persons of age and experience which formerly did not exist, and the man on parole who finds himself at large with his living to earn, may perhaps comfort himself with this reflection: To fill a niche in the great Temple of Social Life and use one's powers and capabilities for public service preserves the health, tends to prolong the life and produces a cheerful outlook.

PERIPATETIC PEDESTRIAN

The Noble Red-Man

OHIESA was born seventy years ago as what we are pleased to call a "savage" and now he is lecturing in London under the name of Dr. Charles Eastman on "The History and Philosophy of the Original Americans." He has long been known in this country as a college professor and an author of some renown.

He gives the lie to the popular idea that the Indians were always engaged in fierce inter-tribal warfare and says that their wars were more in the nature of a sort of training for the youth of the tribe, and may fairly be compared to our modern athletics. The Indians have never broken one of the treaties made between them and the white race, though the same cannot be said of those who have gradually dispossessed them of their country.

The religion of the Red-man was highly idealistic—a religion without symbols, priests, or church. Dr. Eastman describes it as a kind of Pantheism, or the worship of God in Nature. The Indian communities were real *communities*, and possessed all things in common, and never did they make war for the sake of plunder, or land, or captives; while their treatment of women was in advance of the practice of modern Europeans.

The Sea-gulls Knew

THERE was once a sailor who was very fond of sea-gulls. Every morning he went into the sea and swam about in their midst, and a hundred gulls and more would constantly flock about him.

One day his father said: "I am told that sea-gulls swim about with you in the water. I wish you would catch me one or two to make pets of."

Next day he went down to the sea as usual, but the gulls only wheeled in the air and would not alight.

— *An extract from 'The Book of Lieh Tzu'*

Pleasure and Pain

IT is commonly supposed that pleasure and pain are two very different things, but as a matter of fact they are closely related being simply the two contrasted aspects of sensation. Most of us seem to spend our lives in oscillating between these two poles in a hopeless attempt to find a permanent home in pleasure. So long as we freely abandon ourselves to pleasure at every opportunity, we shall suffer a reaction just as vivid when the tides of life in their cyclic return bring us under the operation of pain. In just the same way if we push a pendulum as far as we can to the right, it will travel to a corresponding distance to the left on the backward swing.

But suppose that when pleasure comes, we put it quietly to one side and try to hold ourselves in a kind of neutral state which we call peace, then, when we are visited by pain, we shall, to the extent to which we have succeeded, be able to retain that peace. Pleasure and pain like all the other unbalanced and contending forces belong to the outward life of man, but peace has its home in Eternity where our true and inner selves abide for evermore. — LOCKER ON

A Sonnet On Our Disharmony With Nature

William Wordsworth

THE world is too much with us, late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bears her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune,
It moves us not. — Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

Ideals

W. H. Davies

THE kind thing, the clean thing, disdain for the mean thing,
The pluck to endure, the high heart to relent.

The wise thing, the true thing, not scorning the new thing,
Or doubting the old till its virtue is spent.

The fine thing, the fair thing, that precious, that rare thing—

The hatred of compromise deep in one's heart.

The sense of a right thing transcending the trite thing.

The making unfettered the best of one's part.

The straight thing, the strong thing, the faith in the wrong thing.

When youth hears the call of a splendid mistake.

The great thing, the 'plumb' thing, is standing for something;

For then, and then only, the soul is awake. — *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

"WE waste time in trying to explain events in human life by theological or scientific theories, or by any other sort of philosophical generalization that replaces a course of action by a futile theory. What we have to do is to recognise our own power and responsibility, and act. Let us therefore set ourselves to help and cure each other, feeling sure that, if there be an Almighty hand, it will be behind our own."

— *Sir Francis Younghusband*

"METHINKS the hawk that sails so loftily and circles so steadily and apparently without effort, has earned this power by faithfully creeping on the ground as a reptile in a former state of existence."

— *N. D. Thoreau*

"HUMAN individuality is not limited in time more than in space. Doubtless the almanac or family register will tell us when we were born. But the soul is older than our organism. It precedes its clothing. It is the cause, not the consequence of its material elements; else as materialists understand, it does not properly exist. Jesus asserted the truth of all men when he said: 'Before Abraham was, I am.'"

— *C. A. Barilol*

"THERE is no idleness for the Mystic. He finds his daily life among the roughest and hardest of the labors and trials of the world, perhaps, but goes his way with smiling face and joyful heart, nor grows too sensitive for association with his fellows, nor so extremely spiritual as to forget that some other body is perhaps hungering for food."— *W. Q. Judge*

"WITHOUT going out of doors one may know the whole world, without looking out of window, one may see the way of Heaven. The further one travels, the less one may know, without looking you shall see; without doing you shall achieve."— *Lao-Tse*

"I MAKE no difference between matter and spirit. They are different degrees of fineness of the same thing. The one is becoming the other, through ascent and descent, and both benefit by the process."

— *Henry Ford*

"I SHALL never persuade myself to believe my soul to be of like age with my body."— *Synesius*

"AN aged man is but a paltry thing,
A tattered coat upon a stick, unless
Soul clap its hands and sing and louder sing
For every tatter in its mortal dress."— *W. B. Yeats*

"GRATITUDE does more good to the man who feels it than to the man for whom it is felt."

— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"EVERY simple mind has a little well of beauty somewhere in its precincts, which flows and warbles, even when the owner is unheedful."

— *George MacDonald*

"FAILURE after long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure."— *George Eliot*

"I HAVE had a dozen different bodies since I was born, but I am the same still. Every thinking man knows that the 'I,' the real self, stands behind the body looking out through the windows of the eyes, receiving messages through the portals of the ears. It rules the body, it possesses the body. It says: 'I have a body. This body is a thing belonging to me.'"— *Dr. Paterson Smyth*

"How can we know that to die here is not to be born elsewhere? How can we tell whether in their eager rush for life men are not under a delusion. How can I tell whether if I die today my lot may not prove far preferable to what it was when I was originally born."— *Lieh-Tzu*

"DON'T brand a man as a criminal. Teach him that he is a soul and give him a chance. Let him feel that some one believes in him, give him the encouragement that perhaps he has missed through all his life and the lack of which may have helped to make him what he is."— *Katherine Tingley*

"MANY a man who has only a hazy idea of what it means to love God is really doing it all the time, in the most real way, by helping his fellows along the road."— *Dr. Fort Newton*

"O THrice holy moderation! How greatly ought we to be indebted to thee, since by thee we enjoy this beautiful world, which is really beautiful to all whose sensibilities have not been deadened by repletion, and whose minds have not been blighted by sensuality! I really never knew till I grew old, that the world was so beautiful; for, in my younger years I was debauched by irregularities, and therefore could not perceive and enjoy, as I do now, its beauties. O truly happy life, which, over and above all these favors conferred upon me, hast so improved and perfected my body, that now I have a better relish for plain bread, than formerly I had for the most exquisite dainties!"— *Luigi Cornaro*

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

Become a dispenser of thoughts that build!

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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A COUNTRY LANE IN CONNEMARA, IRELAND

The raising of crops in Connemara is difficult owing to the shallowness of the soil and the presence of innumerable stones; besides which terrific gales from the Atlantic sweep the country almost incessantly. The grazing of sheep is more practicable as these animals can wander from one patch of grass to another, and require the attention of very few laborers as compared with the cultivation of the soil.

A great source of wealth lies in the stormy waters of the Atlantic, whose breakers beat upon the rocky coast, and great numbers of the population gain their living by catching fish.

A Message of Peace, Hope, and Truth

A somewhat condensed report of a Lecture recently delivered in the Temple of Peace by

KATHERINE TINGLEY

THE message which I am to present to you this afternoon is something we are all hungry for, because it is something that the whole world is seeking for and has not yet found. This is the reason why I am here to accentuate certain principles that will cause my hearers to dig down into the deeps of their own natures and find this new life and this new hope, which not only their minds, but their very souls crave.

No one can question that the world needs just this message and needs it badly. And yet this message is very old, in fact the essential truths of life that were forgotten and thrown aside, especially since the beginning of the Christian era. They were supposed to be out of place because they gave man too much liberty of thought; they taught him that he was essentially a divine soul instead of a miserable sinner; that he was free to make his destiny, to adjust his own future, to make of his life a blessing or a blasphemy, to create his own heaven or his own hell.

With the understanding of this point of view comes the realization of the lifting of a heavy weight from the heart, of the dispelling of the shadows that are over-unnfortunate humanity, groping to find its way, to raise the veil and crying in its despair: "O ye gods, open the way that we may know!"

The more we study these teachings, the more shall we realize their antiquity, and the more shall we appreciate the vast possibilities of human life, because they accentuate above everything else the fact of man's essential divinity. This alone is a wonderful service for man's spiritual liberation, the accentuation of that one doctrine and fact of being.

Slowly these teachings have made their way into the hearts of the people of America and of all other countries, especially since the war. The war ushered us into a questioning age. Before that time many people went through life without serious thought of any kind. They questioned very little; they accepted what they were told or what they had read; they looked upon this one earth-life as all there was to existence; they were not very sure about tomorrow, and did not concern themselves much with it. So spiritually they did not grow; they did not inwardly expand; they did not enlarge their vision; and many lived without hope.

But even to the most hopeless, the most doubting, the most uncertain, these absolute facts about himself and the world he lives in come with regenerative power. Even though one cannot take them in quickly and with enthusiasm, nevertheless one will

find, if one studies them at all carefully, that he will be overcome by their wonderful logic, so that they will be accepted.

Our effort is to bring to man the consciousness of his essential divinity, of his spiritual possibilities, and of those potential qualities within him that come from the divine side of his nature, which give him the power to discern the right from the wrong, to know when to speak and when not to speak. The intuitional powers of humanity must develop before we can expect to have better conditions in life.

We cannot alone adjust the terrible conditions that confront us today. But we can begin to open the way, to plow through the doubts and the fears and the mistakes of mankind, reach out our hands to all, even to the most wretched; we can sow the seeds of brotherhood and implant it in the minds of men, so that ere long the whole psychological nature of humanity shall change.

The psychology of this age is death to the soul of man. It is not the product of this age alone. It has passed down through the ages from our ancestors and nothing but the living power of these teachings can overcome it. It is everywhere, for the thought-atmosphere of the world is filled with it.

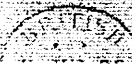
It seems to me that the more humanity suffers, the more does it turn to added misery, rather than towards the light which would reveal the meaning of life.

This is not far-fetched. I am striving to interest you sufficiently so that you will look into this matter and challenge it, if you will. Never would we attempt to convert you, as this word is generally understood, for we do not believe in such conversion. The only conversion, if it may be so called, that we accept, takes place when a man accepts a truth and makes it a part of his own nature, his own character, his innermost being. Ordinary conversions are often the result of emotion rather than of thought.

The essential thing is to find yourself, to know yourself and you will have the key to life. Discoveries; then will you know true joy, and hope and knowledge, and with all these things you will gain peace. And if each one who receives these teachings holds to them faithfully, and works continuously for human betterment, in time we may have the kingdom of heaven on earth, which has been promised to us by all the great world teachers.

The Gentle Art of Leaving Jail

WE had been listening to the hair-raising narrative of Burnham Bill's escape from prison. It made a fine story and no mistake, but after freezing in the forest, lying out in the rain, swimming rivers by moonlight, hiding in pig-sties, and starving most of the time, poor Bill finished up in solitary confine-



ment, all his privileges confiscated, and his chance of parole melted into thin air.

Of course we had to throw in sympathetic *oh's* and *ah's* as the tale proceeded and everyone was bound to admire his pluck, but we were all relieved when Crutchy Allen lifted the subject to a higher plane.

"I'm no more fond of life in this pen than the rest of you," he began, "but it's a sure thing that stone walls and iron bars don't make the worst kind of prison, not by a long way. Now isn't it a fact that almost everyone whether behind the bars or not, is boxed up in the meanest little prison there is for the greatest part of his life? I mean the little mental world of his private and personal affairs. The great universe with all its glittering stars stretches away into endless space, but the only part of it that matters to most of us is the part that lies under our private and particular skins. And if that isn't close confinement I make a big mistake."

"Think of a swallow free to glide among the clouds and fly above the mountain tops and yet silly enough to spend her days hopping about in a canary cage! And yet that's what pretty nearly everyone is doing most of the time, it seems to me. Aren't we all scheming out how to have a good time? 'How can I get spending money?' 'How can I dodge bad luck?' 'How can I keep my hands clean and avoid too much perspiration?' Nothing but thoughts of self from dawn to dark and all revolving round the tiny little speck of flesh and bones we call 'myself'."

"If you tell a man like that about the Mississippi floods he'll admit it was hard luck on the inhabitants, but it starts him off to tell the story of the time his boy left the bath water running and the state the basement was in the next morning. You can see in a minute that he can stand the Mississippi floods far more easily than he can his private inundation."

"So long as he has a steady job he thinks the world is jogging along first rate, but the minute he gets laid off he can talk of nothing but the problem of unemployment and the duty of the Government to provide work for everybody."

"The trouble is," said Tad, "that we simply lack the sympathy to feel anything outside our skins. Sympathy is just the imagination of the heart as it seems to me, the power to put oneself in the next man's place. Isn't that we're hard by nature, but most of the time we haven't the least idea as to what the other fellow is suffering, and I reckon that about the only way to teach us is to have a little suffering of our own."

"When I was a young chap I used to hear people talk about rheumatism, but it was just a word like 'pragmatism' or 'reciprocity,' a sound in my ears that carried no meaning. But that time I broke

my leg and lay out all night in the rain I learned something about rheumatism, and now that word is loaded up with meaning to me, and you'll always find me willing to do a hand's turn for any poor fellow who's got a touch of it in his bones. I know exactly how he feels and I can't sit still until I've done something to ease things up for him."

"You've got my notion exactly," broke in Crutchy Allen. "So long as our thoughts never get outside our private interests we're shut up in a box and the way to find freedom is just to get the habit of taking an interest in other people's affairs. As soon as the things in the great world outside ourselves are just as real and important as our private concerns, we are free men whether our bodies are behind the bars or not. The world is our country, all men belong to our family and the only thing worth doing is work for the good of all because they too are ourselves."

I am not sure that Bill Burnham liked the conversation being switched off from his exploits and adventures, but I do believe that he got a fresh idea into his head after the talk in the yard that Sunday afternoon, and came to understand that breaking bonds was not a desperate undertaking only to be attempted on rare and favorable occasions, but a gentle art to be cultivated in everyday life, and that success would certainly follow in proportion to one's sincerity and perseverance. NUMBER NINE

Merry and Wise

*The wisest men that e'er you ken
Have never deemed it treason
To rest a bit — and jest a bit;
And balance up their reason;
To laugh a bit — and chaff a bit,
And joke a bit in season.*

SOME years ago when Katherine Tingley was preparing her students for their parts in *As You Like It*, she addressed them as follows:

"Life so needs beauty and laughter! My aim in presenting this drama is in part to bring these back. I would have you mirthful with me in the 'golden world' pictured by Shakespeare in this play. Whole-some mirth is creative in itself."

So many good people seem to think that in order to show the seriousness of their purpose in life they have to look solemn. Now, to be serious is "to take an earnest view of life, to cultivate a sober disposition"; but we are told in the dictionary that to be solemn denotes "being of a grave and somber cast of mind with perhaps a touch of melancholy."

A solemn person in arguing against mirth would probably quote from the *Proverbs* of Solomon: "The laughter of fools is as the crackling of thorns under

a pot," and he would fancy that it amounted to a prohibition of all wit and humor. There is a kind of laughter that blazes up for a moment like a handful of dry brambles and dies out in cold gray ashes; and there is also a genial glow of inward laughter, which need never altogether die away for its warmth is kindled by the presence of the soul.

Of the laughter of Shakespeare, Carlyle says:

"His laughter seems to pour from him in floods; he heaps all manner of ridiculous nicknames on the butt he is bantering, tumbles and tosses him in all sorts of horseplay; you would say his whole heart laughs. And then, if not always the finest, it is always a genial laughter. Such laughter like sunshine on the deep sea, is very beautiful to me."

A man's inner life may be very profound, his being may be rooted in eternity, and his constant aim may be to help along the progress of the human race; but that is surely no reason why humor may not play and flicker on the surface of the mind like summer lightning over the ocean at night. A mind at leisure from the cares of self, should have enough sympathy to spare to be able to see the comic side of everything. To such a mind the situations of social life will prove an inexhaustible fund of amusement. It will extract amusement from the sayings of children, the doings of the animals, and from chance remarks overheard in public places.

'The laughter of fools' on the other hand will often break out at human sorrow, the sufferings of animals, or actions, with a comic side perhaps, but whose terrible shadows will darken the lives of those concerned to the close.

Good, honest, wholesome mirth is to social life what oil is to machinery, and the earnest and seriously-minded man who goes through the day with a pleasant word for all and a smile for everyone he addresses, helps to no small degree to carry sunshine with him and ease the heavy burden of those who live in the shadows.

STUDENT.

The Gillyflower in Jail

[There were good wardens even two hundred years ago, who contrived to make duty and kindness run in team together. Here is a little word-painting of such a warden, the work of Xavier Boniface, a French writer, born 1707]

THE Count had been put into prison for a political offense, and being forbidden the use of books or paper, has found a great interest in a little green and growing plant, pushing its way between the stones of the yard in which he is allowed to walk. From day to day he notes the opening of the tender leaves and buds and comes to love it like a friend. He is terrified lest the jailor, who seems a coarse and inconsiderate man, should crush the frail seedling

with his foot, and he decides to ask him to be careful. Whether the plant is a stock or a clove-pink is a little doubtful — it doesn't really matter. The following is a record of the conversation:

"As to your gillyflower —"

"Is it a gillyflower?" asked the Count.

"Upon my word," said the jailor, "I know nothing about it, Sir Count; all flowers are gillyflowers to me. But as you mention the subject, I must tell you you are rather late in recommending it to my mercy. I should have trodden on it long ago, without any ill will to you or it, had I not noticed the interest you take in it."

"Oh, my interest," said the Count, "is nothing out of the common."

"That's all very well to say," replied the jailor with a wink, "a man must do something to pass the time, and prisoners have not much choice. One of them here catches flies, there's no harm in that. Another carves figures on his table, never considering that I am responsible for the furniture of the place. Some breed canaries and goldfinches, others, little white mice. For my part I try to gratify them. I had a beautiful large Angora cat which was a great pet; but I gave it away, for the birds and mice might have tempted him; and all the cats in the world are not worth a poor prisoner's mouse."

"If this plant only recalls to you the green boughs under which your mother used to nurse you, it is welcome to overshadow half the courtyard. My orders say nothing about that, so I shall certainly turn a blind eye in that direction. If it should grow to a tree and be capable of helping you to scale the wall and escape — well, that would be another matter."

"What would you do if I should try to escape?"

"I should follow my duty and have you shot down like a rabbit by the sentinel. That is my order. But touch a leaf of your gillyflower or put my foot on it — never! I always thought a man a rascal, unfit to be a jailor, who would even crush the spider of a poor prisoner; it would be a crime."

The Count was touched and surprised, and said so.

"Well then, Sir Count," said the jailor, "if your plant means so much to you, you ought to be more grateful to it and give it a little water. If I had not given it a little myself now and then as I passed with your meals, it would have died of thirst."

"You have been so thoughtful of my pleasure and never said a word about it! Pray accept this little present in token of my gratitude." And he held out a little silver drinking-cup.

The jailor took the cup in his hand and looked it over. "Plants only want water, Sir Count, and one can treat them to a drink without ruining oneself. If this one helps you to pass the time, that is enough." And he put the cup back on the shelf.

The Count held out his hand. "Oh, no, no!" said the jailor, moving back respectfully; "hands are only given to equals and friends."

"Then be my friend."

"That cannot be, sir. One must look ahead so as to be able to do one's duty tomorrow as well as today. If you were my friend and you tried to escape, should I have the courage to call out to the sentinel, 'Fire?' No, I am only your keeper, your jailor, and your humble servant."

The Two Sides of Man's Nature

COME over here, Joe. I want to talk to you. I have just been reading something that I know will interest you — it has opened up a new world to me. It is entitled, 'The Duality of Man,' and it makes some queer statements. It says that man is dual in his nature, that he is two in one, both God and devil. Now how does that strike you?"

"I am not prepared to say — I don't know what you mean."

"Well it does sound like a queer proposition at first, but the more you read about it the more logical and reasonable it seems."

"Well, if you can find any solution of life worth while I am certainly ready to listen. No one could welcome it more than I would."

"If that is the way you feel about it, this message of hope will come as an angel of light because it makes life worth living. It goes on to state that man being dual in his nature is potentially both God and devil, so that he does not have to go outside of himself to find God. He is his own Savior and Redeemer. What do you think of that?"

"I guess I know what I think — it really seems too good to be true!"

"And don't you see what a new world it opens up? For if we can grasp its meaning and mold our lives accordingly, why, it changes the whole aspect of things."

"How do you make that out?"

"Because it does away with all injustice and

imaginary wrong. It makes us responsible to ourselves for our own acts and gives us unlimited power either for good or evil. You see it brings it right home to us, there is no way of evading it. We have got to face the issues, and it is up to us to make good.

"It goes on to tell us that 'there is a great discovery which each must make for himself: that human nature is dual and that a battle is ever going on between the Higher Self and the lower, the Angel and the demon in man. When the higher dominates, there is knowledge and there is peace; when the lower rules, all the dark despairing elements of human life rush in upon the unguarded soul, and too often suicide is the result.'

"Well, old fellow, does not that give you something to think about? Isn't it inspiring? It gives us new courage and hope. Why! I feel like a new man already. I believe I have found the answer to the riddle of life — its meaning.

"Then this article goes on to say: 'When a man has courage to analyse himself — his purposes, his motives, his very life — when he dares to compare the wrong things in his life with the right ones, in a spirit of love for humanity sufficient to make him willing to lay down his life for it if need be, he will find the secret of living.'

"AUNT ANNA"

London Photo & Engraving Dept.

"AUNT ANNA"

A FRIEND OF THE UNFORTUNATE

A Man and his Mule

FOR many years a man I knew, suffered in all kinds of ways simply because he would not open his eyes to the fact that he owned a mule. He labored under the impression that it was a spirited horse. The first notion that he got that there was anything wrong, arose out of something that happened when he was fifteen years old, but it was years after that before he honestly faced the facts and came to realize that the beast had been ruling him, all the time he thought he was the master, and that it was no gallant steed at all but a self-willed, obstinate, vicious mule.

He had been out for a day's holiday with his

father, and they went to the farm where the old man was born and brought up. The father pottered about, telling about things as they used to be in his day, while the boy had a grand time riding the ponies and boating on the pond. When evening came on, 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 tram. But the boy had settled in his mind what he was going to do when he got home, and when his father suggested staying on longer, he saw that this would interfere with his plans.

And then the mule that was in him kicked—and kicked hard,—not because of anything he was going to lose, but for the simple, stubborn, mulish reason that he had made up his mind to have his own way in spite of anything anybody might say. The father saw the determination written on his son's face, and after a word or two of remonstrance the matter was dropped and they went home by the early tram.

After he had 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 that the world would consider serious mistakes, 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 overpowered 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 disappoint his father, but some part of him which he thoroughly despised, was bent upon having its own way.

He had now discovered that he had a mule in his personal make-up, and it was a great surprise. He had never looked upon himself in that light before. After a while he found quite a menagerie of strange beasts had been cavorting around within him, tigers and pigs and cowardly rabbits, and even snakes and mosquitoes! But it was the mule which first opened the way for the searchlight to throw the things of darkness into bold relief. It is very easy to deceive oneself into believing that obstinacy is firmness of character.

The great illumination that comes to those who persevere in well-doing has been described as a glorious vision of beauty and wonder. It is truly a grand prospect, a living, triumphant hope, although it may not arrive for many days. But those who have the good fortune to get a clear view of the lower side of their natures, without quailing at the sight, know that such a picture, though far from pleasant, is a true illumination too. In fact it is a stern necessity because without it we cannot step forward on the New Way. Before the great foe, the enemy con-

cealed 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.

AN ARTIST IN LIFE

A Good Man

HOW can we tell a good man when we meet him? We speak of things being good or bad according as to whether they serve the purposes we have in view.

If we want to separate a pile of gravel from the sand which it contains, we use a sieve supplied with numerous holes to let the finer particles sift through. But the quality of being full of holes, which is such a good thing in a sieve, is clearly undesirable in an umbrella, so that a good sieve would make a bad umbrella.

Before we can say whether a man is good or not, we must first discover man's function in life. What is a man for? A good man must be one who does well what man is for.

What then is a man for?

There is a great unceasing purpose running through Nature which goes onward all that lives to higher levels of development, and by falling into line with this universal plan and lending his intelligence and will, he can help enormously to hasten their advance.

The sour and stunted crab-apple of the forest wilds, under the magic touch of the gardener, develops into one of the fairest of our orchard fruits. The dwarfish jungle fowl of southern Asia, taken in hand by the poultry breeder, is transformed into the endless variety of types to be seen in our chicken yards.

The sterile wastes where impassive Nature has brought forth nothing but scanty herbage, lizards and desert mice, is changed by irrigation and the plow into a fertile tract of farming-land and pours forth plenty for a hungry world.

Man's true vocation is to raise all life to higher levels, his own life, the lives of his fellows, and all the teeming lives below him in the scale of animated Nature. Even within the limits of his personal life a man may discover many a crude impulse, many a passionate desire which may be changed by steady effort into forces of tremendous spiritual power. The man who struggles with his lower tendencies and bends them to the service of the world, has found and entered on his true career, has earned the right to rank among the true nobility of humankind. In short he has proved himself a good man, and it is difficult to see what higher title could possibly be conferred upon him.

A good man may stumble time and time again, but he will always go on undaunted, and his steady effort after self-control cannot fail to generate a

cumulative stream of force to help the evolution of himself and all his fellow men.

A good man may have very little to distinguish him at first sight from the common run of humanity, because he does his work unseen and silently, in secret methods of his own impossible to trace and always with unselfish purposes in view. Hope and encouragement radiate from him with every heart beat and working in perfect harmony with the Divine Law, he becomes a distributing center for diffusing the Divine benevolence.

The good man is in fact the conscious helper, he links his human will with that of the Supreme, and in stepping out of the limitations of the personal, he must eventually enter on a life so large and unconfined that the man in him becomes dissolved in something greater.

STUDENT

Heart's Ease

Maurius

THERE is a happiness that comes
When I have done my work,
A satisfaction that I feel
When I no longer shirk
The doing of some dreaded job —
Some long neglected letter —
In fact, I've really come to feel
There is no tonic better,
No tonic for the jaded mind
That really seems to equal
The sense of peacefulness I feel
When I have reached the sequel
When I have turned the final page
And know that I can say,
*That dreaded job, so long postponed,
Was finished up today. — Selected*

What Kind of a Chap Are You?

Frank A. Collins in *Forbes Magazine*

ARE you one of the chaps who can take his raps
And still not hit the floor,
Who'll stick by the gun till the task is done
And then look round for more?
Do you grin at your work or sulk and shirk
When the job seems hard to do,
Are you there with the grit to do your bit,
Can the boss depend on you?
Is your conscience clear with nothing to fear
As you punch the clock each night,

When you leave the job, do your pulses throb
With the thought of a task done right?

Is it pleasure or dread when you pillow your head
And think of the coming day;
Do you breathe a prayer for strength to bear,
Does your job mean simply pay?

Just pause a bit and see if you fit
In the class that's pictured here —
For it's never too late to clean the slate
And start on a record clear. — *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

"It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness or of speaking a true word or making a friend."

— *John Ruskin*

"By the power of the imagination create the Warrior; shut out the power of yesterday's weaknesses. Thus will be growth and then will come illumination. It must come and make all things clear. There must be shadows but you have the transmuting power to change them."— *Katherine Tingley*

"THE glorious sun shines on the evil and the mean man as well as on the good; the earth holds not her grain or her fruits from either high or low, the well-disposed or those whose hearts are black with sin. How shall we, the image of God, hold back our help or sympathy from those who are in need?"

— *Tibetan Proverbs*

"THE spirit of the world, the great calm presence of the Creator, comes not forth to the sorceries of opium or wine. The sublime vision comes to the pure and simple soul in a clean and chaste body."

— *R. W. Emerson*

"SHAKESPEARE'S greatness lies in this: that while consciously writing for the Globe Theater, and with homely though not ignoble aims, he was led, perhaps unconsciously, at most half-consciously, into writing for the Universe also."— *James Rowley*

"THE growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and who rest in unvisited tombs."

— *George Eliot*

"THE best soldiers are not warlike; the best fighters do not lose their tempers. The greatest conquerors are those who overcome their enemies without strife. The greatest directors of men are those who yield place to others. This is called the virtue of not striving, the capacity for directing mankind. This is being the equal of Heaven. It was the highest goal of the ancients."— *Lao-Tse*

"THERE is one word which expresses the best rule of life: WORK! Without work life is empty, useless and unhappy. No man can be happy who does not work. To the youth on the threshold of life I have not one word, but three words of advice to offer: Work, work, work!"— *Bismarck*

"A DIAMOND with a flaw is yet more worthy than a common stone though it be without imperfections."— *Japanese Proverb*

"If we have not quiet in our minds, outward comfort will do no more for us than a golden slipper on a gouty foot."— *John Bunyan*

"ALL action on every plane produces disturbances in the balanced harmony of the Universe, and the vibrations so produced will continue to roll backwards and forwards, if the area is limited, till equilibrium is restored. But since each such disturbance starts from one particular point, it is clear that equilibrium and harmony can only be restored by the reconverging to that same point of all the forces which were set in motion from it. And here you have proof that the consequences of a man's deeds, thoughts, etc. must all react upon himself with the same force with which they were set in motion."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"A BOOK is a friend, a good book is a good friend. It will talk to you when you want it to talk, and it will keep still when you want to keep still—and there are not many friends who know enough to do that. A library is a collection of friends."— *Isayah Abbot*

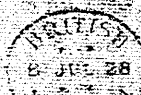
"THANK God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day, which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you a hundred virtues which the idle never know."

— *Charles Kingsley*

"GIVE not thy tongue too great liberty, lest it take thee a prisoner. A word unspoken is like the sword in the scabbard—thine, if vented, thy sword is in another's hand."— *Quarles*

"NEVER tell evil of a man if you do not know it for a certainty, and if you know it for a certainty, then ask yourself, 'Why should I tell it?'"— *Laurel*

"EVEN the habit of excessive indulgence in music, for those who are neither performers themselves nor musically gifted enough to take it in a purely intellectual way, has probably a relaxing effect upon the character. One becomes filled with emotions which habitually pass without prompting to any deed, and so the merely sentimental condition is kept up. The remedy would be, never to suffer oneself to have an emotion at a concert without expressing afterward in some active way. Let the expression be the least thing in the world—speaking gently to one's grandmother, or of giving up one's seat in a horse-car, if nothing more heroic offers—but let it not fail to take place."— *William James*



For Humors and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

Hush thyself, every heart vibrates to that iron string.

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(CONSECUTIVE AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley

Point Loma, California

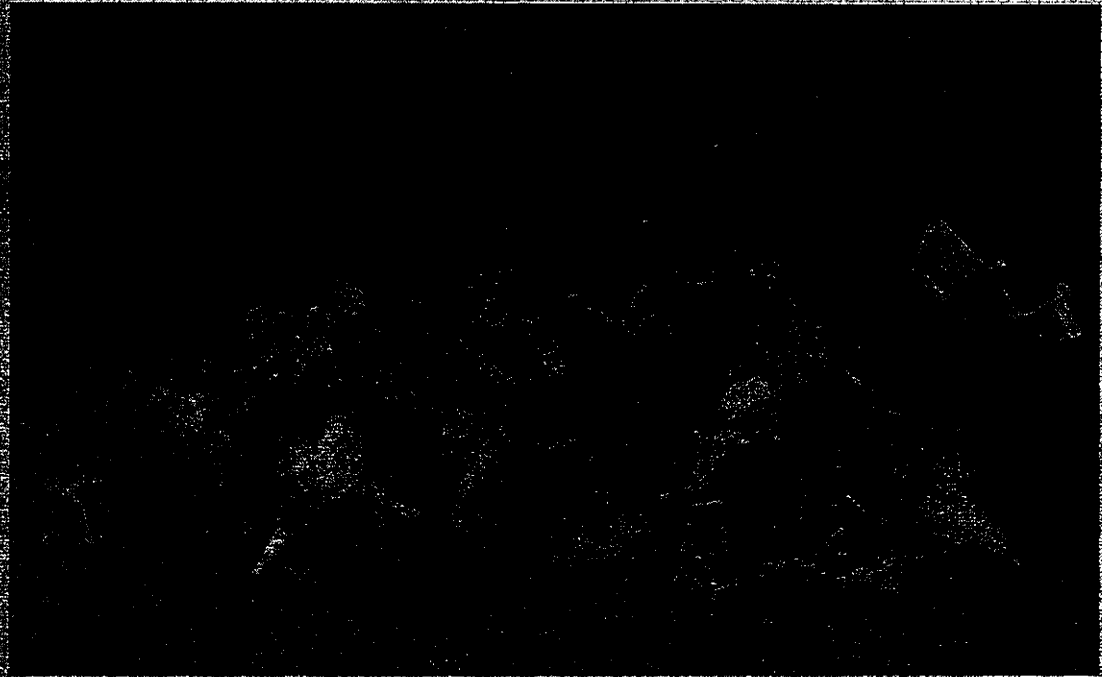
Edited by Percy Leonard

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SHAKESPEARE'S "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" IN THE OPEN AIR GREEK THEATER
AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA,
CALIFORNIA, MAY 11, 12, AND 26, 1928

ITANKO: Come now, a roundel or a fairy song,
Then for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to the cypresses to the musk-rose buds,
Some with a dill-uncle for their leathern wings,
To make the small elves coats, and some keep back,
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint songs. Sing me now asleep,
Then to your offices and let me rest. — Act II, Sc. 2.

An Appeal to Abolish Capital Punishment

(Extracted from a Lecture delivered by

KATHERINE TINGLEY

in the Isis Theater, San Diego, California)

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

Is it not true that we have missed the real meaning of the teachings of Christ and of the Sages of old? If we had them in their simplicity and clearness and force of spiritual life, we should not have to admit that society morally is bankrupt, and that the conditions of the world point to a degeneracy in human nature that one scarcely dares to think about.

Why is it that with all the so-called education, culture, and prosperity of the twentieth century, there is this great gap between ourselves and the unfortunates? Can you recall anything that Christ ever taught, or any of the Great Teachers, that could sustain you, or the people at large, in taking a position that because a man sins he is to be capitally condemned? That because he has sinned he is to be killed by the laws of man? I find nothing in the teachings of Christ to support any such position.

Of course it would be most unwise for us to attempt at this moment to open all the prison doors and to let all the unfortunates go free. You might say to me: You have a theory that capital punishment ought to be abolished, but where is your remedy? What are we to do with these unfortunates? Must they be allowed to go at large, to continue their vices and crimes? I answer: No, but treat them as something more than mere sinning mortals.

If you had studied your own lives, you would long ago have reached the causes of these things and then you would have been able to apply the remedy which would be brotherly and Christian-like. If you had knowledge of the Divine Law, the heart and mind would be illuminated by its light, by that power of discernment that would bring about conditions so that all humanity, knowing its responsibilities, would know how to treat the unfortunates.

All down the years you would have been teaching and working and serving, and today there would not be a prison in the land, not a man held in like a caged animal. No! You would have realized that those in prison and out of prison who have sinned — indeed, who has not sinned? — are entitled to that kind of treatment that is in harmony with the Higher Law; *they would be treated as invalids!*

Are you not, and is not the whole human race, responsible for the barbarity of capital punishment? Should you blame the governors and the law-makers?

Oh, be courageous and blame yourselves! — so that your consciences will take new life, so that a freedom of thought will come to you, the power to see the injustice of things as they now are.

If we are to stem the tide of vice and degradation we must treat these unfortunates, these weaklings, as souls; not intimidate them, nor arouse their lower natures, not create more passion, more hate for the world and the laws of men. We must change these conditions through our spiritual effort, for you may think and talk and strain your intellects to the utmost, and make laws and laws, and yet not reach a solution of this problem.

The first thing is to arouse the whole world with the idea that for us to support capital punishment is savagery; that we must arise in the dignity of our manhood and womanhood and declare: No capital punishment in the state of California!

What a glorious thing it would be if California, under the pressure of just our efforts here — this small body of people — would abolish capital punishment! If we could arise to that point of discernment of knowing what is our duty at this moment, not tomorrow — not to think it out or work it out by the brain-mind — but let us find our consciences!

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

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

I can conceive the influence of a body like this — agreeing with me that capital punishment was wrong — affecting many others, and before long we should take another step in helping to change short-sighted laws. It would be our heart-work, the voices of our souls speaking; we might think ahead ten or fifteen years and see the picture of some of our hills and our valleys presenting a new feature in our twentieth civilization: a something splendidly remedial — and that is, that we should have our hospitals for the weaklings whose unbridled passions have carried them so far beyond the pale of society.

There would be the gardens and the fields. There would be the houses and the homes. Do you know that I dare to conceive, and have written it all out, that those prisoners should not be separated from their families! They should be placed in these Institutions of Brotherhood that I speak of, and cared for

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in such a way that they would understand quite well that they were under a certain amount of restraint, but no more, perhaps. If we were very thoughtful — than we give to invalids. They would feel that they were in a hospital, in a school, with everything so helpful that there would be no inducement to rebel. I know that in such environments it would be possible that most of these unfortunates would arouse the strength of their higher natures and become in the course of time valuable citizens, lawmakers, teachers and honest reformers.

How dare we stultify the possibilities of the soul of man? Can we not let our imaginations soar so far into this broad arena of spiritual life and picture the future? I can feel your hearts pulsating with the thought of this picture, and my heart, and my voice, my love for humanity, and my hopes for the unfortunate, will certainly be enough to move you to concerted action, and concerted action when hearts are united, is like one great throbbing ocean of spiritual force.

When hearts and minds are united, then the soul speaks, and my earnest prayer is that ye men and women of San Diego will arise to the occasion and will study your duties in a new way, that you may feel the touch of that divine life, the divine law, that you may feel so truly, so splendidly, so fully, so generously, so divinely, that you will declare that California must take the lead. California can no longer support capital punishment!

Eight Reasons Why Capital Punishment Should Be Abolished

BY E. ROY CALVERT

Excerpt from a circular published by the National Council for the Abolition of the Death Penalty, 25 Charing Cross, Whitehall, London, S.W.1. President: The Rt. Hon. Lord Buckmaster, P.C.]

1. BECAUSE it is not necessary, as a deterrent. If it were, murders would have increased in the many countries which have already abolished the Death Penalty. *Thus has not happened.* In many of these countries murders have actually decreased; in none has there been an increase.

2. Because it is irrevocable. There have been proved cases of the conviction of innocent men.

3. Because it is so horrible that juries are encouraged to bring in verdicts contrary to the facts, and thereby endanger society by allowing guilty men to go free. In countries where Capital Punishment has been abolished, there is a greater percentage of convictions.

4. Because it inflicts untold suffering on the prison officials upon whom rests the responsibility of carrying out the death sentence. Witness the suicide of

Lazell, the former chief warden at Wandsworth, worked by the memories of the executions he had witnessed.

5. Because Capital Punishment is an advertisement of murder. The sight of a man or woman fighting for his or her life creates a dramatic interest which encourages newspapers to give the widest publicity to the morbid details of murder trials with most demoralizing effects upon many of those who read them.

6. Because it inflicts awful suffering on the innocent relatives of the condemned person without alleviating the sufferings of the murdered person's friends. A second death cannot undo the first.

7. Because our very belief in the sanctity of human life, which gives us a horror of murder as one of the greatest of all crimes, equally forbids us to take the life of the murderer. "The business of a Christian Community is to redeem the offender."

8. Because we do not want to be the last country to do the right thing. Many countries, including among others Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Austria, Portugal, Queensland and eight States in the American Union have already found that they can do quite well without Capital Punishment. If we do not hurry we shall find we are the last country to make the discovery.

Ketch 'em When They're Small!

"I stands to reason, if you're gon' to ketch 'em, you have to ketch 'em when they're small. All the same, it's the big ones that count — the big ones that put you up front!"

"Big ones? Believe me, sonny, the big ones are hard to find and mighty hard to handle. If you're gon' to ketch 'em, you have to ketch 'em when they're small!" — And 'Alexander the Great' — huge, blue-eyed Scotchman, driver of The Limited, looked around for a seat strong enough to hold his great weight, and having filled and lit his pipe, settled himself into an introspective mood — though as things turned out he didn't get much of a smoke.

The Round House was pretty quiet. Jimmy was giving 59575, Alexander's magnificent locomotive, a last oiling preparatory to the 1.30 p.m. run, and several of the boys were sitting around chatting out the end of the lunch hour.

Entering in the midst of the talk and taking a seat on an upturned keg, I was trying to decide whether the discussion had to do with lions, circus elephants, or race-horses, on none of which subjects was I accustomed to hear the big engineer of 59575 hold forth.

"You fellows talk about big ones and little ones, and ketching 'em when they're small, but there's a lot of us who never so much as get our eyes on 'em,

old, young, or middle-aged." — This, from Larrigan of the Hudson River Local, whose contribution to Round House Harmony was usually the groan, though himself one of the most competent and even-tempered men on the N. Y. S.

A shrill whistle came from Jimmy on the steps of 59575. "Now then, Larry, my boy, stow that grouch! Didn't I tell you them weenies was goin' to lie heavy on your stomach and spoil that sweet temper this mornin'?"

After the laugh that followed, Alexander added: "Lay off weenies, Larry. Treat your stomach right, my son, and one of these days you'll be feeling so cheerful and full of pep that Opportunity will knock you on the head and you'll just walk away with her, a made man!"

"Opportunity? Haven't I been waiting for one all my life? Wasn't I just waiting for an opportunity on the big run when your fairy featherweight tripped on the scene and grabbed the prize right out of my hands?"

"Yes, sonny," replied the big Scotchman good-naturedly. "You waited, and I walked, and met it half-way. Never wait for an opportunity! The only kind that is worth talking about is the one you make for yourself. Ketch 'em when they're small, son; go after 'em and rope 'em in. That's the only way opportunities are ever caught."

"It's my experience that every job a man gets is an opportunity of getting a better one. If all the boys on the N. Y. S. that are shunting empties and handling short-run locals had trained their headlights on Opportunity and gone after every one of the breed that crossed the right-of-way, we should be having better service on this line than we have today (and that's going some), and more men ready to handle it."

"How did my big opportunities come — the opportunities that put me at the throttle of The Limited? When I started to coax that first old coal-scuttle of mine around the yard coupled to a string of empty freight cars, I got all there was to get out of her, with one eye on the steam-gage and one on a regular freight run, as my next step ahead. Because I had that bus doing all she knew, and was on the job at the throttle to the minute every morning, I walked right into my first straight freight-hauling job, the lost opportunity of a better man than me, who went on a spree and showed up too late to get the call. And when I hauled freight, I was hauling it with one eye on my ticker and the other on a passenger run. And so it went."

"Never knew a 'big' opportunity to come my way since I was born, but I never let a day go by that I wasn't meetin' my present job half-way — hatchin' out the chick of Opportunity from the egg of Circumstance, as you might say."

"I learned that the only time for Opportunities

is Now. Yesterday's opportunity is a "has been," tomorrow's is a "may be." The one you're holding down right now is the only one you can bank on. That's what I mean by ketchin' 'em young, and if you —"

A deafening shriek from 59575 warned Big Aleck that right across the track was a good-sized Circumstance waiting to be nursed into an Opportunity that was to place him in time among the controlling factors on the road he had served so well. His philosophy to the last was: "Now is the time. There are no big opportunities. Those who get 'em, ketch 'em when they're small!" M.

How Habits Are Formed

"O DESIRE, I know where thy root is. Thou art born of thought. I will no more think of thee and thus thou shalt cease to exist."

This extract from a very old Eastern book gives us the secret by means of which we can make ourselves anything we want to be.

We think about something and the wish to do it follows the thought. We do something once in a casual kind of way and the record of doing it is registered on the mind. When the mind chances on that memory some time after a slight desire to do that thing again makes itself felt with the memory of it. If we now give way to the desire, the memory-record is etched a little more deeply and very soon a habit is formed.

When memories of actions recur which we have decided are undesirable, the mind should instantly be switched on to some other thought. This is easy if done at once, but once the mind gets started and acquires momentum the train of thought is not so easily turned aside.

Many men are held in bondage by hundreds of little habits just as Gulliver was tied down by the pygmy inhabitants of Lilliput by slender threads, each trifling in itself, but so powerful in combination with others that Swift's hero was held a helpless prisoner.

But if bad habits can hold us back, good ones can speed us on our way and such is their cumulative power that they may even overcome the treachery of occasional moods of lazy despondency and drive us forward almost in spite of ourselves. The fly-wheel of an engine acts in much the same way: its whirling momentum keeps the machinery going during the dead points when the piston gives no push.

This, then, is the way to acquire an overmastering urge towards right action. Do the right thing once, and let the satisfaction of having worked in harmony with natural law remain with us, allowing the mind to dwell upon it in odd moments. When the chance

to do the thing again comes round seize the opportunity and put your heart into the doing of it. By repetition we can force into vigorous growth a troop of new desires which will transform our lives and enable our characters.

Act rightly once. That is the seed. And be content with that for the moment, not laying out an ambitious program of acting rightly for ever more. A gallant gesture no doubt, but one that may rouse all the lower elements of our nature in an indignant outburst of protest and provoke a violent opposition that may be very difficult to meet. Think only of acting rightly in the present passing moment and feel the satisfaction that is bound up with the act; the desire to do it again will come naturally of itself.

Beware lest satisfaction degenerate into self-satisfaction, a sense of being a little better than the common crowd. Let there be no criticism of those who do not seem to be making any such effort as you are — how can you possibly know what they are doing?

This secret is a common heritage of our race and never fails. We may fail — for a time — but the method is a sure one, and if we follow it with steady continuity of effort, it will bring us power and happiness beyond our utmost imagining. M. D.

The Power of Silence

SILENCE is often understood to mean a mere doing of nothing, a simple abstention from talk, but it is really much more than this. Silence is one of the powers of the soul, the action of the highest in man exerted as a restraining influence in his daily life. Indeed, when we come to consider the strong impulse to talk, the vehement urge to give vocal expression to thought and feeling, it is easy to realize that the power competent to dam back a torrent so tumultuous and strong must itself be of transcendent potency.

Because a person may be sitting still and saying nothing, it need not be supposed that he is idle and inert. Force cannot be annihilated and the force which he diverts from finding outlet through the vocal organs, must of necessity seek another channel for its expression.

We are all too apt to ignore such forces as make no impression on our five senses and yet the world is full of these elusive influences. How noiselessly does Universal Gravity confine the rolling planets to their proper orbits! Consider the perpetual streams of life that issue from the sun, plant, animal, and man are nourished and sustained, and yet their genial bounty circulates unheralded by any sound. The infinite Presence itself through which all things and creatures lives never *talks* with us.

Ignorant people often admire the force displayed in an exhibition of bad temper, and will quote the

words used and treasure up the stormy episode for years — evidently the angry man has made a deep impression. But, supposing a man tempted to wrath succeeds in 'refraining his tongue,' does he in that case fail of his effect? By no means. Hidden virtue has gone forth from him. A traceless influence has issued from his heart and entered other lives, so that henceforward and for ever it is easier for all to hold their passions in control and elevate their cruder forces to a finer use.

It is precisely this quality of unobtrusiveness which gives to silence its value to him, who covets that power which shall make him as nothing in the eyes of men. The possession of this power makes him one of those who stand unthanked and unperceived by men, and whose strong shoulders help to intercept the awful load of piled-up racial penalty which ever tends to overwhelm all humankind.

Silence! How impressive is perfect silence! The most abject of mortals establishes a claim upon our respect if only he can contrive to remain silent for half an hour in our presence. What a balm in sorrow is the silent friend who sits with us in calm unbroken quietness! He does not weep nor wring his hands. He simply sits and feels your grief, yet all the while he rests unshaken in the still depth of the eternal Silence. He is not callous because he is calm; but he stands so sure on his base that the waves of emotional self-pity that toss your troubled soul break like the ocean's billows at his feet, yet do not in the least disturb his perfect poise and equilibrium.

All real work is carried out in silence, and whoever silently performs his daily duty as a free offering to the world, gives birth to forces of incalculable power which waken into active life the slumbering possibilities now latent in the hearts of men. SCRIBE

Gardening with Flowers and Little Children

*"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot,
The verriest school
Of peace, and yet the fool
Contented that God is not —
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign,
'Tis very sure God walks in mine."*

LITTLE children feel more keenly than many grown-ups, the Divine Life that is manifested in a Garden of flowers. Are they not strangely like flowers themselves, as they skip along the paths, laughing from the mere joy of living and wave their hands to their gay little friends, the sweet-peas, that nod and beckon them on? Their laughter grows more

quiet for here is a bed of lilies — emblem of Purity with golden finger pointing upward! The lily is always a marvel to a little child. Often have I seen the little ones caress them with love and reverence. And here are the golden daffodils just waking up from a long sleep in those funny brown cradles called bulbs. What a beautiful blue carpet made by that dearest and sweetest of flowers, the violet!

Oh a Garden of Flowers is a wondrous place to the little children! The lath-house where the smilax grows is a fairy-palace with long halls for the fairies to romp and dance in. A little girl discovered this years ago and it has been whispered to newcomers ever since.

It is the fairies who change the pinkish buds on the forget-me-not to blue. All the roses on the bush are sisters, and when they sway to and fro they are whispering secrets to one another.

What a wonderful people are the pansies! Some are laughing, some are quaintly serious, and strange to say some are pouting, others have mischief in their faces. All are lovely in color and are lifting their wee faces to the blue sky and are asking to be picked. They seem to know that it is letter-writing week and that Mother and Daddy love to get a pressed pansy with their letters, — for pansies are the heart-flowers and carry loving thoughts. Many must be picked because everyone likes to receive a flower for a gift.

One of the greatest joys of a Râja-Yoga tot is to have a flower that can be passed on to some one else. Thus they put into practice their favorite quotation: "Helping and Sharing is what Brotherhood means." They learn that most beautiful of all flowers are the loving thoughts and deeds that come from the Garden of the Heart.

Especially helpful to children is flower-culture, no matter on how limited a scale. The love of Nature is awakened. Through the observation of beautiful flowers the door into that Wonderland of design and color is opened.

Although very little children like a nosegay of bright and contrasting colors, the older ones are able to appreciate the more harmonious and subtle combinations. They are fascinated by Nature's handiwork when they see the intricate and delicate markings on a leaf and the pattern that the climbing vine is making. They exclaim with delight when they see how wonderfully the star-shaped passion-flower is painted with rings of lovely colors.

One's garden may be nothing more than a geranium in a tin can or a few plants in boxes, yet it is a wonderful opportunity to point out and teach the first lessons in duty, responsibility, and patience. Our plants are our little friends. They are living and breathing things and as such our responsibility to them is very great. They are dependent on us for everything except the sunshine. We give them our

love and thought, and in return they give us their fragrance and beauty.

Flowers grow for those who love them and often the care of loving hands makes up for what is lacking in skillful gardening. The flowers that we ourselves have tended and loved and watched, are dearer far to us than the most gorgeous blooms supplied by a florist.

It has been said that caring for one's plants is one of the best means of ethical training. You cannot neglect your plants for many days and have them live. You must not starve them one day and over-feed them the next; treat them badly and then hope for forgiveness. They demand fair treatment. Plants like children can teach grownups many lessons.

A garden is a school of peace; "the peace that passeth understanding"; the peace which follows the trial by fire. When one can accept with fortitude the disappearance of cherished plants over night, can meet with courage an army of pests that lay one's garden waste before one's eyes, and then take heart and begin all over again, one can realize that a garden of flowers is a splendid school for developing character.

Do not our plant-friends show gratitude for loving care? When the problems and sorrows of Life overtake us, we turn to them for comfort. We look into their sweet faces. They smile at us reassuringly and it is as if they softly caressed us. They seem as conscious of Life and Death as ourselves.

Katherine Tingley has said: "Every time a flower blossoms, it is bringing you a message from the Higher Law." Do not we feel this intensely in the enchanted spot of the garden of our own planting, or better still in Mother Nature's garden when she smilingly decks the hillsides with myriads of blossoms, and fills the nooks and crannies of the canyons with tender ferns? Breath of flowers like rarest incense fills the air. The singing and the chirping of the birds and that mysterious hum of Nature's voice, sweetest of music, and arching over all the soft blue dome of sky, assure us that Life is Eternal. H. P.

Safed and the Revolt of Youth

I WAS riding in a Bus from one city unto another, and there came in a man and sat beside me, and he and I got into Conversation. And he said: What dost thou think of the Revolt of Youth?

And I said: By this time, the world should have grown fairly used to it. For it began when Adam and Eve raised Cain, and hath been in progress ever since.

And he said: But this seemeth unto me to be worse now.

And I said: It is and it is not. For it is no longer

a problem to be easily settled by the Migration of the Pioneer.

And he said: What is this thou dost affirm?

And I said: In all past generations in this Land of ours Youth hath revolted and gone West. That was the solution of the problem for the brave and also for the Most Obstreperous. But now there is no such solution. It is all very well to haul the spirit of the Pioneer, but the world is mainly controlled from Settled Communities and the Open Road of the Pioneer cometh up against a sign saying: Keep off the Grass, or Delour, or Verbotten. Wherefore must Revolving Youth try a new method.

And he said: What is that?

And I said: Revolving Youth must wake up to the fact that the elder Generation is no longer to be Escaped From, but must be regenerated, and it is up to Revolving Youth, which is not likely to have so many children of its Own to bring up, to discover whether it can bring up parents wisely and well. For now must Revolving Youth live in the same general area with the Elder Generation, its own Parents or the Parents of other Revolving Youth.

And he said: Hast thou any Prediction as to how it will come out?

And I said: Revolving Youth hath one important Ally, and his name is Anno Domini. It is he who will very soon remove the Elder Generation out of the way, and give unto Revolving Youth a chance to deal with the Revolt of those who are still more Youthful and more Revolving. But the Elder Generation hath an Ally also, and that is the Experience of the Generations.

And he said: How many Generations hast thou in thine Experience?

And I said: All of them, but chiefly three, that of my Parents, that of my own lifetime Thus Far, and that of my Children.

And just then the Bus slowed down for my station, and as I was getting off He inquired of me: Dost thou think that Revolving Youth can safely handle the World when we leave it to them, even the Schools, the Churches, the Literature, the Art, the Manufacture, the Transportation and the Politics?

And I said: I do not think they can make a much worse Mess of it than we have made.

SAYED THE SAGE, in the *Christian Commonwealth*

Say Not the Struggle Naught Availeth

A. H. Clough

SAY not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor falleth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in you smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.—Selected

"A witness to the ages as they pass
That simple duty hath no place for fear."—J. C. Whittier

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

"HUMANITY looks for a savior to help it out of its difficulties. Some expect a Messiah to come in the flesh; others fondly hope that a spiritual outpouring of some kind will take place; and others think the great God Evolution will produce something out of the melting-pot of human fancies. *But the true Saviors ever present in his ancient temple*—the human heart; and it is difficult to see how he is to help humanity without humanity's helping itself."

— *H. T. Edge*

"NATURE gives up her innermost secrets and imparts true wisdom only to him who seeks truth for its own sake and who craves knowledge in order to confer benefits on others, not on his own unimportant personality."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"NO time should be lost, no energy should be wasted, in pitiful acknowledgment of sinfulness and helplessness. It is when we lose faith in Christianity's central truth of the inborn human divinity that we begin to call upon outside powers and to have recourse to selfish prayer which weakens moral fiber. Therefore wrote Tegnér in *Church Ordinations*: Bow down and pray? No! stand up and love."

— *Oswald Siren*

"THE truth is that society is built up on a solid foundation of comparative failures who are alchemists of contentment. They are like the birds who are always poor, and nevertheless are miraculously joyous. There are plenty of human sparrows and thrushes and blackbirds who can sing with nothing to make a song about."— *James Douglas*

"ALMOST any war is popular at the beginning. Pugnacity and greed, the excitement of the contagion of the crowd, will fill almost any capital with a shouting mob when a war is first declared. They begin with ringing the bells and they generally end with wringing their hands."— *Dean Inge*

"I HAVE somewhere seen it observed that we should make the same use of a book that the bee does of a flower: she steals sweets from it, but does not injure it."— *Cotton*

"THE great trouble with the human race is that its members do not rightly value the imagination with which they are blessed. It is imagination recognised as a liberating power, that produces the gems of poetry and art which we so much admire, and it is the mind properly guided by this power which will elevate us all."— *Katherine Tingley*

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

"WE say: I do not wish to plunge into vice, but neither do I wish to live like a Cato; I wish to live an honest and comfortable existence. This is only an illusion; we cannot be half man, half beast; soon or late, one tendency will triumph over the other. A moment will come when you will be forced to choose; the later the choice, the more painful and doubtful the victory."— *W. Q. Judge*

"A MAN doesn't go into eternity when he dies. He's there now—always was. Death is only a kind-hearted old earthquake that shakes down your dismal little shanty for you and leaves you in the open sunlight. The sunlight was there all the time."

— *Pete's Almanac*

"THOSE who want fewest things are nearest to the gods."— *Socrates*

"A MAN is his only enemy. Make peace with yourself and you can conquer the world."— *Dr. Frank Crane*

"HE who always thinks things easy is sure to find them difficult. Therefore the sage always anticipates difficulties, and thus it is that he never encounters them."— *Lao-Tse*

"THOU hast had in all the ages many fathers, mothers, and blood relations, why should any man grieve for the bodies of the dead?"— *From the Tibetan*

"YOU are not more holy because you are praised; neither are you more vile because you are blamed. For you are what you are. If you take good heed to what in yourself you are inwardly, you will not care what men say about you."— *Thomas a Kempis*

"EVERY kind word you say to a dumb animal or a bird will make you happier."— *Anon.*

"SPACE has no greater depths than our own natures, nor are there any stars of greater brightness than the flashes which illumine the soul when looking inward."— *A. P. Dick*

"OF all the animals on earth we least know what is good for us."— *Walter Savage Landor*

"WHAT we ought not to do, we should not even think of doing."— *Epicurus*

"MIND your own business with your absolute heart and soul; *but see that it is a good business first!*"

— *Anon.*

"GET into the habit of looking for the silver lining in the cloud. It will help you over many hard places."— *Willis*

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

Personality binds — universality expands.

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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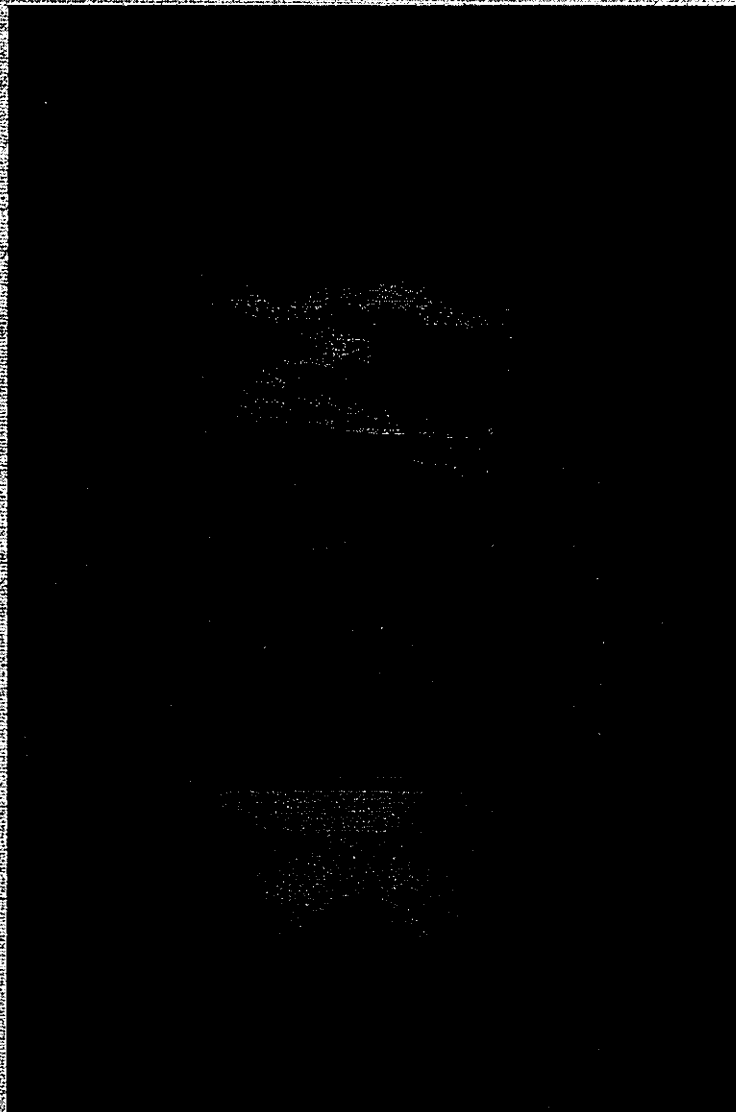
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LAKE VEITERN BY
MOONLIGHT

A PHOTOGRAPH
TAKEN FROM THE
ISLAND OF VISING
SO, SWEDEN

Mother's Day

*An Extract from a Lecture delivered in the
Memorial Temple of Peace by*

KATHERINE TINGLEY

THE one thing that I hope for is that the hearts of all humanity may know their spiritual dignity: may know that through the privileges accorded to them in the silence of aspiration and reflexion, a new door is opened to them; that then the veil is lifted from their eyes, and the beautiful and tender memories of childhood come back again. They are here with us today; and as we recall them, assuredly we are challenged. We demand of ourselves that we should do more than we ever did before; we sound the depths of our hearts more than ever before; we know that in the inmost recesses of our hearts there abide light and wisdom and peace.

Verily, all the great Teachers of the past, as for instance, Jesus, taught that the 'Kingdom of Heaven' is within; and on a sacred day like this, in association with childhood-memories, we feel the beautiful companionship, the heaven-like mercy, the love and the protection, that were given us by our mothers; the divine patience and all the royal qualities of Motherhood that blessed our young lives. Golden hours were those for us, when we were enfolded in the Mother-spirit, and knew the Mother-heart, the Mother-service, and the Mother-sacrifice.

If we can hold to these memories until the time comes for us to make the change into the next life, added joys will be ours, added knowledge, greater privileges, because our souls will have grasped the deeper meaning of life. Every time we reflect upon the spiritual side of our natures, every time we challenge ourselves for better and nobler things, our hearts open, and in the silence we hear the voice of the soul! It is here with us now in this dear Temple of Peace, and I believe it is heard all over the world wherever the thought of Mother is reverently cherished.

We all have at times touches of the sacred feelings associated with Mother's Day; they come and go. But how beautiful it would be if we could render to the memory of our beloved mothers, the royal obedience of continued service. The more unselfishly you think of Mother and warm your heart in memory of her, the more do you challenge yourself and kindle the fires of inspiration within yourselves.

Spiritual knowledge is ever at hand for all of us; but we turn away from the Light. We have not yet found ourselves. But man is eternal in his spiritual life, and our tender memories of the Mother-heart are a part of our spiritual life. Is it difficult for us therefore to believe that they are recorded on the Screen of Time — somewhere in the great blue heaven, in the spiritual world of light and love?

We have something to work for. We do not stand

still, surely. We either go forwards or backwards. So let us today leave our cares behind us, and trust in the mercy of the Higher Law. The Divine Laws are immutable; and love, in the deepest sense is eternal. So while there may be sad memories in the absence of the loved ones who have passed on, let us think of the future possibilities and blessings that will come to the soul — the opportunities ahead with the veil lifted and the vista enlarged and brightened.

In thinking of these things, Mother's Day becomes doubly sacred to us. Can we not believe that as the years pass and we come closer to Mother in heart-memory, we shall know that in the truest sense Mother still lives, and that the larger part of the better things in life we receive from her? Her sacrifices should make her holy in the eyes of our own souls and in the eyes of the world.

All things in life that have the touch of the true and the beautiful, are sacred. They change our natures completely. Let us therefore cherish them. Then instead of being overcome with the sadness and the misery and the pain of life, instead of misjudging humanity and ourselves, and thus wronging the world, we shall find ourselves living in the glory and the power of the spiritual life. Then illumination will follow.

Let no one dare to say that man, divine as he is in essence, cannot find in his journey through life some of its great and beautiful secrets. They are not mysteries in a sense, though hidden from most of us because we do not reach out for them, because we place brain-mind thinking and judgment before all else; and so long as we use our reasoning faculties in support of the wrong or limited views of life, just so long do we shut out the glow and the glory of the spiritual side of things.

There is implanted in our hearts so much of the true and the beautiful and the uplifting, that we should be able to smile all the time, even in the face of the greatest trials; because we hold within ourselves the knowledge of the eternal progress of the soul and those faculties of the soul which write golden records on the scroll of the ages, even in the archives of the history of the world.

These soul-faculties are so powerful that words are inadequate to express them. But when they are active, the veil is lifted from our inner vision, and we move forward a little from where we were before. Every human being must at times have glimpses of his soul standing upright in its dignity, reaching out to enlighten the minds of men, and to bring about a closer union between the soul and the mind.

Then there is promise everywhere, even in the darkness and the shadows; in the valleys as well as on the hilltops; and the greatest of all promises are realized in the consciousness of our essential divinity, in our power truly to live and to become.

It is not enough to have one or two sacred days



in the year; we should have sacred days all the time, even when attending to our smallest duties, holding them to be sacred also. Thus we shall be capable of moving out into a larger field of thought, above and beyond our ordinary brain-mind conceptions. We shall then see the vast possibilities ahead of us, beyond this one-life experience. We shall recall the mistakes that we have made only in order to do better next time.

Let us sound the depths of our hearts for that quality of love that stays with us all the time, not just spasmodically. Then the light will beam into our minds, and we shall feel conscious of the presence of those we love. But never do we accept the idea that they return and communicate with us in the physical sense. No! The right way is greater and broader and more beautiful than this. It is the spiritual communion that really is ours, and which we can have all along life's journey if we will realize the power there is within our selves and rely upon the power of the spiritual part of our natures which belongs to the Eternal Man.

An Eskimo on God

WHEN Knud Ragnussen crossed Arctic America he had a conversation with an *angakoq* or medicine-man, who in answer to a question as to the government of the world replied as follows:

"Yes, a power that we call Sila, which is not to be explained in simple words. A great spirit, supporting the world and the weather and all life on earth, a spirit so mighty that his utterance to mankind is not through common words, but by storm and snow and rain and the fury of the sea; all the forces of Nature that men fear. But he has also another way of utterance, by sunlight, and the calm of the sea, and little children innocently at play, themselves understanding nothing.

"Children hear a soft and gentle voice, almost like that of a woman. It comes to them in a mysterious way, but so gently that they are not afraid; they only hear that some danger threatens. And the children mention it as it were casually when they come home, and it is then the business of the *angakoq* to take such measures as shall guard against the peril.

"When all is well, Sila sends no message to mankind, but withdraws into his own endless nothingness, apart. So he remains as long as men do not abuse life, but act with reverence towards their daily food.

"No one has seen Sila; his place of being is a mystery, in that he is at once among us and unspeakably far away.

— Selected

Success Through Failure

"Each failure is a step advanced
For him who will consider how it chanced."

— GEORGE MEREDITH

"FAILED again and tumbled in the mud," said Jack Wensley to his companion as they walked home from the mill together. "It seems as if I never could learn to hold back that hot temper of mine. It's just as sure as one of these candy-machines. You put your nickel in the slot and out comes your piece of chocolate; and so it is with my temper. If anybody strokes my fur the wrong way it seems as if I was bound to hit out from the shoulder, whatever happens. I've failed again — and failed badly, and so it will go on until they put my old body under the daisies. Nothing but churchyard mold will cure a temper like mine."

His companion considered and then smiled. He had a habit of smiling his way through life. He used to say that every situation called for a smile first; then take your coat off and get to grips with it.

"You've no call to take this thing so much to heart, Jack," he said as they reached the canal by which they always walked home. "You've got hold of it by the wrong *handle*. Don't think of it as *Failed again*. What you want to get into your head is that you've *tried again*. You come of a hot-tempered family and until recently you've never taken much pains to hold your temper down. You can't expect to succeed at the first shot. The great thing is — *you're trying*. Keep it up and you're certain sure to get on top of it some time or other.

"Anything a fellow tries for the first time is pretty sure to be a failure. The fact that you've failed is the sign that you tried. A man may live by a difficult mountain-peak for years and never once fail to reach the summit — simply because he never made a start. If he tries and fails, it proves this much at all events, that he's had the notion that he'd like to reach the top; and all the men that have ever done anything big in this world, have done it by wanting to first, and then by steadily keeping on. That's the spirit that wins victories and in the long run it never, never fails."

But Jack was slow in coming round to his friend's views and his face wore something very like a scowl as he replied:

"I tell you it's mighty hard luck to be boxed up in the same body with a temper like mine. Imagine how you'd feel if you had to stand in a public place by a barrel of gunpowder with the lid off. The first person who happened to throw a lighted match in the barrel would start a big flare-up. Now a temper like mine is exactly like that; the least little thing that may happen any minute makes me explode. I'd sooner have a lame leg or an acid stomach. It's a dead weight to drag a fellow down every time."

But his friend seemed slow to give his sympathy, and in fact looked more cheerful than ever as he said:

"Hold hard, a minute! What exactly is this temper of yours that you make such a fuss about? As I understand the matter it is just a great reservoir of force which has a rather awkward knack of starting into action when you don't want it to. But remember, it's there all the time and it's just the same as if you were an engine-driver with a full pressure of steam always ready for use. It's a legacy you got from your hot-headed forebears—a free gift of working power that's as good as fortune to you if you use it in the right way. All you have to do is to get it working when you want it, and hold it back when you have nothing for it to do.

"You were talking of gunpowder just now, well, it may do a lot of harm in the wrong time and place, but to explode a dangerous iceberg on the high seas, or to blow up a rock in a narrow channel—why it's a mighty good thing to have some on hand.

"And another thing. I believe I know what made me take a fancy to you. I'm an easy-going fellow myself, too soft and too slow I reckon, and I haven't the energy I'd like to have. But there's something about you that says: Power, Grit, Endurance—you've something that I lack and that's what drew us together."

It was now Jack's turn to smile. He was not expecting compliments and congratulations on account of what he had always looked upon as the great blemish in his character; and the thought that perhaps he owed a valued friendship to a hidden quality of which his temper was one of the symptoms, was a novel idea to him. Was it possible that he had an unsuspected treasure in his temper, a mighty store of elemental force which only needed proper control to be successfully applied to any of the tasks and problems that confronted him?

And so the pair of friends passed on, and how it all turned out and whether the temper was mastered and turned to splendid service for the world, lies hidden under the thick veil that covers human lives from public view. But it stands as eternally true for all men and at all times that force applied to evil purposes can be diverted to good, and that though at first we may not succeed in gaining the mastery over these finer forces, yet since man is divine in origin nothing in Nature can withstand the action of his will persistently applied.

PHILOSOPHER

The Way of Self-Conquest

IN our efforts to be rid of our failings, we should not entertain the idea that our failings are especial to us alone. They are not: there are ten thousand thousand copies of us everywhere—alas!

all deluded by the idea that their troubles are theirs alone.

Our weaknesses are as common to others as is the air we breathe, and the way to final freedom from their domination is to reach out in thought and sympathy to the needs of all, learning that with the desire to help others to be free comes the strength to do it. To concentrate attention on self is not the way.

The purpose of life, the purpose of all experience, is to arouse in us a sympathy for others, a knowledge of their needs, a desire to help them, a willingness to sacrifice personal comfort in order to aid them. We would do well to say the like of that over to ourselves every day until it became part of us: *The purpose of life, the purpose of all experience, is to arouse in us a sympathy for others, a knowledge of their needs, a desire to help them, a willingness to sacrifice personal comfort in order to aid them.*

How shall we help others? By precept and by example. But by example first of all, and only lastly by precept. Why is that? Because by *being* true to our better selves, and even by striving—no, by learning—to be true to our best, we give vastly more help to others than by talking only. Nature has it arranged that way.

There is a difference between striving and learning to be true. Striving implies a certain amount of gloom and a set jaw. We should not strive, but smile through it all. Even when we have failed we should not admit defeat, but at the earliest moment we can pull ourselves together, start again to build the better life. No good work is lost: it is like money put in the bank, in that it quietly earns interest while we are busy adding to the principal.

The life of self-conquest is immensely interesting.

D.

My Friend Wiggles

"**S**AY, George! Did I ever tell you about my friend Wiggles, away back in old England? No? Well, he was queer all right, but you couldn't help liking him. Of course he was a mass of contradictions like the rest of us. When I knew him first, he was down on his luck and sixpence meant a lot to him in those days."

"How much do you reckon sixpence is?"

"Oh, about twelve cents. But do you know he was that proud, that if he didn't feel he had a right to it, he wouldn't touch it. No sir. And yet there were times when he showed that he knew how to receive as well as give."

"But I guess if he was like that he would be looking out for a chance to pay you back."

"Yes, you're right there, but not so much for the sake of getting out of your debt. It was more like

an overflow of natural good feeling. For instance, he would often surprise his lodgers by bringing in some little titbit, for no reason at all but sheer goodwill."

"By Jove, Bill, some boy that! I should like to know that kind of fellow."

"Oh, there are plenty of the same kind. You can find that sort of fellow anywhere if you angle him properly."

"Say, what do you mean by 'angle him'?"

"Well, you know, when you're fishing you have to get on the right side of your fish — especially if he's a queer fish. Well, it's the same way with the fellows you meet up with. I find most of 'em have two codes of morals, one they use in fighting the world, and the other they use among friends. I've heard them say, 'No sentiment in business!' and yet when you get under their skins they're just as soft and comfy — well, like a feather-bed."

"Let's have some more about Wiggles. What other peculiarities did he have?"

"Oh, he was just as full of those things as an egg is full of meat. For instance he had a vegetable garden and some of his neighbors had a way of pinching his stuff, because he was a good grower, and they wanted to get a prize at some show. He had the weirdest ways of getting even with that gang. 'Telling 'em off,' that's what he called it — he was a Yorkshireman, you know."

"I remember one time when he 'told me off' and I've been grateful to him ever since. One day when he was feeding his chickens I joined him in the backyard, and he said to me, 'Well, Doc, what do you think of those birds. A tidy lot, eh?'"

"Yes, Joe," I said, "but if it was my chickenyard I wouldn't keep all that pile of rusty cans and old boxes to clutter up the place. I'd keep it tidy instead." He shut up in a minute and then he turned on me with "Well it's naught of your business anyhow."

"I guess, Bill, that made you feel pretty small didn't it, what?"

"Well, no, I can't say that it did; but I certainly felt a great wave of respect and gratitude go out to him, for I had never had the thing put so straight and plain to me before. Some days after he came to apologize, but I told him that he had taught me a good lesson and one I ought to have learned years ago."

"Have you heard of him lately?"

"Yes, George, I heard only the other day. His doctor had just been to see him and told him that he had cancer and should go into Hospital and be operated on."

"Poor old Wiggles!"

"Yes indeed, but you see some of the best of men do the daftest things. I told him that if he didn't look out and eat more carefully he would suffer for it. He used to stuff himself with the most indigestible things and make himself so sick that he

couldn't eat at all for some time. Oh well, he was very wise and also very foolish at the same time like the rest of us, but Nature never forgives an outrage and we have to pay for it, whether we know her laws or not."

"But good old Wiggles taught me a valuable lesson: The duty of another is full of danger. And in return I tried to teach him that the laws of Nature are always at hand, jotting down every offense in the Book of Remembrance and, as a wise man once said: 'God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.' And when that lesson is once well learned we shall know a good deal of what life has to teach us."

A. B.

The Cynic and the Optimist

HAROLD and his college chum were taking a launch ride in the harbor one Sunday morning. The wind scarcely ruffled the smooth surface of the water and the sun was cheerfully shining.

"D'you know, I think that this talk about taking idealism as a guide in life is all rot," said Harold. "There are lots of fellows in college who won't try for the football team because it's too rough and brutal, and they won't take a living interest in their clubs because of too much drinking and so forth. There's simply no end to their objections. Why can't a fellow just plunge into life as he finds it, keep going with the crowd and not worry if once in a while, so to speak, he gets a little soused?"

Walter was of a shy and retiring disposition, keeping aloof from the grosser side of his fellow-students' lives, and devoting himself to the reading of books on religion, philosophy, and the lives of great men.

"Well," he replied, "I think a fellow ought to go slow and look before he leaps. Most people get smeared with the tar-brush of vice and depravity before they realize where they stand, and so become disillusioned with life and blind to its splendid possibilities. They see nothing in the people about them but divided motives, the main one being a keen look-out for the interests of Number One. Some, they see, rise like rockets to dizzy heights for no particular deserving of their own, while others fall into the dirty places of life from sheer bad luck — as it seems to them."

"Some of the graduates were talking to me about Montgomery the other day — a man who was here some twenty years ago, a good student, had a number of steady-going friends, but wasn't much of a mixer. I guess you know he's doing big things up at Washington now and has made a fine record because of his broad cosmopolitan views of life, his fairness and consideration towards the representatives of other nations, and his faculty for keeping his mind on the cheerful and higher aspects of the characters of those

around him. The darker side of human nature never makes him give up his work for other people."

Harold turned uncomfortably in his seat and put his feet up on the railing of the cockpit:

"Oh, Montgomery, he's one man in ten thousand! what's the use for you and me to try to get where he's got to? The little history I've read is all about luxurious living, eating and drinking, gay social entertainments, wars, slavery, greed, ambition — all goes to show that the best way is to take things as they come, and not wear yourself out in trying for the impossible."

"I do wish you had been through that course of Professor Simpson's on Platonic Philosophy," replied Walter. "Plato gives a fellow a tremendous urge to follow the higher side of his nature and keep the animal where it belongs; and all the time he's dropping hints of things he knows, but must not give out, far above anything that we moderns know."

"Not that we college men, with our access to classical literature, have such an advantage over the man in the street after all. Once you get a grasp of the laws that govern life, you can study their working in the common affairs of daily life. The law that makes us reap what we have sown, can be traced as easily in the incidents of the family supper-table as in the wars of Pompey the Great; and there's many a thoughtful cobbler whose common talk contains gems of wisdom as profound and satisfying as anything you can find in the Dialogues of Plato."

"I honestly believe that whatever a man's station in life, he has an inward light upon his path in life and a power at his command, if only he will use it, that can raise him to the heights of attainment — *real* attainment I mean, though the world may never hear his name."

But the launch was now nearing the wharf and in the confusion of the preparation for mooring her, the rest of the conversation was lost. V. M.

Stumbling-blocks or Stepping-stones

THERE are certain words to which unpleasant associations have attached themselves so that these words acquire a disagreeable reputation, and I think the word 'stumbling-block' is one of them. But it is not such a terrible word after all. We do not stumble if we are slipping backwards, nor do we stumble if we are standing still. We usually stumble *when we are going forward*, and I think that this is rather a cheerful way of looking at the matter.

Don't worry if you stumble. Remember that an angle-worm is about the only animal that never falls.

And then 'stumbling-blocks.' I think that we have a wrong idea about them also. We think of our difficulties, or our surroundings as being stumbling-

blocks, but the real stumbling-blocks are within. These things which we call stumbling-blocks come to us just when we need a reminder that we have something in ourselves which needs correcting. Looked at in this way does it not seem that our stumbling-blocks are really stepping-stones on which we may rise higher? H. S.

On Minding and Not Minding

WE are all familiar with such phrases as, 'Mind what you're about!' And, 'Never mind the pain!' And without going too deeply into grammar, we may point out that the word 'mind,' which at first was simply the name for the instrument by which we think, is here used as a verb and signifies, to apply one's mind to a thing. There is a whole philosophy wrapped up in this use of the word.

When we tell a child to *mind* what he is about, we imply that he has a mind — an instrument, which he can use, and is therefore separate and distinct from him, the user of the mind. Such a command also implies that he has the power to use it, or not, just as he chooses.

The child is a soul born into the world in order to experience life among material things, and to gain this experience he uses his mind to link him up with his new surroundings. When the brain, which is the bridge between the mind and matter, is paralysed — as in the case of one under the influence of chloroform — the body ceases to exist for him, together with the world around with which it was the function of the body to connect him.

If we sit by the bedside of some one suffering from a painful wound, we are only conscious of the pain in so far as it is reflected into the mind through sympathy; but if a surgeon were to connect the proper nerve in our body with the corresponding nerve in the body of the patient, we should feel the pain as if it were our own. A very intimate mental connexion however is made with any object about which we think a great deal.

A certain collector of old china had a vase which he valued very highly, or as it is sometimes very well expressed, 'he *thought* a great deal of.' One day he handed it to a careless friend that he might examine it and the treasure was dropped on the marble paving of the hall-way. The owner had so identified himself with the vase by his thought, that he suffered a severe nervous shock. Any injury done to the vase was felt almost as keenly as though it was inflicted on his person.

Just so long as we imagine that our minds and our bodies are really ourselves, and not merely instruments for the soul's use, we shall feel their misfortunes and mishaps as though they were our own; but if we live a higher and more spiritual life, we

shall be able to separate ourselves from the sensations of these temporary partners, whether they be pleasant or painful.

As a matter of fact even the most materially-minded among us enjoys this independent life during deep sleep. The body and the mind have both ceased to exist so far as he is concerned, and yet he is not dead — annihilated; for if he were, there is no reason for his ever coming back to life again. Surely no one believes, when he wakes up in the morning, that he has been non-existent during the hours of slumber. He has only forgotten, and thus broken the link that, during waking hours, binds him to his two inferior associates. They are certainly useful instruments for dealing with thought, emotion, desire, and the visible world by which we are surrounded; but they are not for a moment to be confounded with the man himself, the deathless soul.

Why should we suffer all day from the irritation caused by some petty annoyance or insulting speech, when the way of escape is so simple and easy? These things only hurt us so long as we think about them, and the moment we turn our minds to something else they cease to exist, so far as we are concerned. L.

You and Today

WITH every rising of the sun,
Think of your life as just begun.
The past has shrived, and buried deep
All yesterdays, there let them sleep.
Nor seek to summon back one ghost
Of that innumerable host.
Concern yourself with but today,
Woo it and teach it to obey
Your will and wish. Since time began,
Today has been the friend of man!
But, in his blindness and his sorrow,
He looks to yesterday and tomorrow.
You, and today! A soul sublime
And the great judgment hour of time,
With God himself to bind the twain
Go forth, I say, attain, attain. — *Selected*

The Pairs of Opposites

J. B. Tabb

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 dead cold ashes,
Life again. — *Selected*

A Flash of Vision

William Ellery Leonard

BUT in the space between our toil and sleep;
An hour at level dawn, at eve an hour,
A sacred watch we keep, or ought to keep;
Then stands the soul at peace, as in a tower,
And hears the soul's eternal music sweep,
And knows its heritage of light and power. — *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 vast expanse of sea and sky, the sunset and the silence, the murmuring of the ocean and the whispering of the trees only accentuate the sadness which fills the heart of the exile standing on the great cliff watching the sunset. It is the yearning for that which lies beyond, the Great Heart of Love which is his home, to which he may return only when he has broken the chains which bind him to the earth. In his sorrow he turns towards his brother-exiles who are bound by the same chains and tread the same path. Those whom he knows and loves are with him, and joy comes from the thought that his success will be theirs. He realizes that the beauty and love which shine forth from the hearts of his fellow-beings are part of the Eternal Beauty, and that finally all will reach the Impersonal, Unknowable — and 'there shall be no more pain.' — *Anon.*

"THE wise man does not care to amass wealth. The more he uses for the benefit of others, the more he possesses for himself. The more he gives to his fellow-men, the more he has of his own." — *Lao-Tse*

"THIS is only an age of darkness to those who will not see the Light, for the Light has never faded and never will." — *Katherine Tingley*

"HE dies richest who bequeathes the most in love, service, and beauty." — *George Matthew Adams*

"TO have what we want is riches; to be able to do without is power." — *George MacDonald*

"MEDITATION is silent and unuttered prayer."
— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"I LOVE the man who can smile in trouble, who can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflexion. 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink, but he whose heart is firm and whose conscience approves his conduct will pursue his principles unto death." — *Thomas Paine*

"I HAVE always thought that most of the 'best' people in the world have died unknown and unrecognized. Really faithful service and true heroism must be inseparably connected with self-effacement and the absence of any desire to receive credit for achievement. Soldiers say that for every man who receives a Victoria Cross there are a dozen who deserve it. But their deeds were unseen, and the entire absence of any desire for public recognition formed perhaps the major part of their heroism." — *Arthur Ponsonby*

"'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true,
As for grass to be green and skies to be blue,
'Tis the natural way of living."

— *James Russell Lowell*

"TO forget is the great secret of strong and creative natures — to forget after the manner of Nature herself, who knows no past, who begins afresh at every hour the mysteries of her unwearying travail."

— *Honoré de Balzac*

"NOTHING is more pitiful and more shocking to me than to find a person so tied up in his selfish personality that he cannot move outside of his own narrow horizon. This to me is committing a crime against the Holy of Holies in oneself."

— *Katherine Tingley*

"THE best help is not to bear the troubles of others for them, but to inspire them with courage and energy to bear their burdens for themselves and meet the difficulties of life bravely." — *Sir John Lubbock*

"KEEP your motive pure, and your will to rise higher stronger, and you will pass on. What if you do not see any progress? You are not the Almighty to know all things. Your work is to seek and strive, to search and work, to know yourself, and let the result take care of itself." — *W. Q. Judge*

"CONTEMPT is murder committed by the intellect, as hatred is murder committed by the heart. Charity, having life in itself, is the opposite and the destroyer of contempt as well as hatred." — *George MacDonald*

"LOVE your enemies for they tell you your faults."
— *Benjamin Franklin*

"WITHOUT great effort was nothing worthy ever achieved; and he who is never conscious of any strong lift within the mind may know that he is a cumberer of the ground." — *Dr. James Martineau*

"CRIME cannot be hindered by punishment; it will always find some shape and outlet, unpunishable or unclosed. Crime can only be truly hindered by letting no man grow up a criminal — by taking away the will to commit sin; not by mere punishment of its commission. Crime, small and great, can only be truly stayed by education — not by education of the intellect only, which is on some men wasted, and for others mischievous; but education of the heart, which is alike good and necessary for all." — *John Ruskin*

"OPTIMISM is the conviction that truth and goodness are natural to humanity, and that evil and error came in. It strives to know how and why. Pessimism believes that error and evil are natural to humanity, and that truth and goodness are the invaders." — *Henry van Dyke*

"No single great deed is comparable to the multitude of little gentlenesses performed by those who scatter happiness on every side and strew all life with hope and good cheer." — *Anon.*

BRITISH
20 SEP 38

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

"Every day less strain and effort.
"Every day a gain in power."

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 INCOMING
TIDE AT THE
FOOT OF THE
CLIFFS

INTERNATIONAL
THEOSOPHICAL
HEADQUARTERS
POINT LOMA,
CALIFORNIA

I see now that self-knowledge and keeping positive is the key to my problem."

"It is the key to every man's problem, my dear boy."

NAT

Densham Makes Good

MR. CLUTTERBUCK needed an extra stenographer. Business was good and he advertised. Among the applicants for the position was a young man with a good address, a gentlemanly bearing, and with a bright and active mind. So, without troubling to investigate the references which were offered he made up his mind to engage him on the spot.

On the following day, Mr. Clutterbuck was told in a rather mysterious manner that somebody would like to have a word with him, and he went out accordingly.

"Well," said he, rather brusquely, for he did not much like the man's look and manner, "well, what is it you want?"

"I believe that you have a young man by the name of Densham in your office."

"Yes, I have."

"You took him on yesterday?"

"I did."

"I have to inform you that he is a thief."

"He is, is he," said Mr. Clutterbuck coolly.

"Yes, he was with Nattriss and Norgrove, and they fired him for stealing."

"All right," replied Mr. Clutterbuck. "I'll look into the matter. You can call again tomorrow."

The man was one of that lower stratum of detectives who make a living by preying upon those who have broken the law and who sometimes drive their victims to despair, or even suicide. Mr. Clutterbuck had sized him up and taken his measure at a glance.

It so happened that Mr. Norgrove was one of Mr. Clutterbuck's intimate friends and he went out to see him immediately. After a little general conversation, he said: "I have just engaged a stenographer, a young fellow named Densham. I believe he was in your employ, and was discharged for dishonest practices."

"Yes," said Mr. Norgrove, "I am very sorry for the young fellow. He is clever beyond the common run and worked his way from being an office-boy to the position of head stenographer. He's awfully quick at his work and accurate to a dot. But, you see, one of those scamps who make their living by standing in with office-boys and getting them to steal stamps, got hold of some of my boys and formed a regular ring. But we got on to their little game and fired the whole gang of them. Densham was mixed up with the affair and of course he had to go with the rest."

"What do you think about my giving him a chance?"

"I wish you would. I believe you'll never regret it."

"All right; I'll give him a chance."

When Mr. Clutterbuck went back to his office, he explained the situation to his secretary, and then gave orders that Densham be shown into his private room. The poor chap felt pretty bad because he knew what was coming. Mr. Clutterbuck briefly told him what had taken place and then he said:

"Now, Densham, I'm going to give you a square deal. Nobody but Stubbs (the secretary) and myself know anything of this affair. And you'll never see by the way we treat you that we remember it—so long as you keep going straight. So you don't have to worry over what's past and gone."

Densham was now as happy as he had been frightened a few minutes before.

Shortly after this interview the detective called. Mr. Clutterbuck met him outside the office, and said:

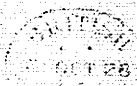
"If I had made any use of your information I should have felt myself bound to have given you some pecuniary acknowledgment, much as I dislike you and your methods. But as I have not done so, I feel free to give you a piece of my mind," and he did.

Three years passed away and Densham had made himself invaluable at the office. One evening Mr. Clutterbuck was surprised to hear that Mr. Densham wanted to see him. "Send him right up to me," he said. He was sitting in his library and was much disturbed because he was afraid that Densham had gone wrong again. A call at his private house was so unusual.

"Well, Densham," said Mr. Clutterbuck in as cheery a tone of voice as he could command, "what's up now?"

"Well, Mr. Clutterbuck," said Densham with a good deal of hesitation which did little to reassure his employer, "well, Mr. Clutterbuck, I don't want you to think me ungrateful for all that you have done for me; but the fact is that the Glen Brook Manufacturing Company have offered me the position of assistant manager in their works, and it seemed to me to be too good a chance to miss. Yet I must confess that I feel myself to be somewhat ungrateful in leaving a situation where I have been treated with such unusual kindness."

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Clutterbuck warmly, "I'm simply delighted. Of course we shall miss you very much; but we could never do for you what the Glen Brook concern could and it's a feather in your cap to have the offer. They know nothing of your past and I'm sure you'll acknowledge that you have never been reminded of your mistake by either Mr. Stubbs or myself. In fact, this is the first time I have made the slightest allusion to it since our first conversation on the subject. But we do know of



the mistake. You are now going where your record is absolutely clear. And if ever a man's good wishes went with another, mine do with you."

Mr. Clutterbuck is now an old man, but his friendship with Densham is in first class repair. Densham occupies a prominent position in the business world and is always ready to give to another the help of which he once stood in such sore need himself.

PIONEER

The Real Leaders of Human Progress

LIFE is like a road stretching farther than the eye can see, in which there are dangerous crossings, ruts, and obstructions. Parts of it are paved, but the greater part of it is rough, and in places it is even very rough. Each one has a different road to travel, and there are no more obstacles than the traveler has the power to overcome. These roads form a vast net-work, and the object of life is to keep moving forward, avoiding as much as possible the blind-alleys and other places that waste our time and lead nowhere.

Other travelers cross our path and each may serve us in some way, even if only as a rough stone on which to grind our angles smooth. This 'rough stone' sort of fellow is helping human progress, but in a passive way only. We can hardly call him a leader, for positivity is an essential mark of a true leader.

Leaders are to be found in every community, but just how are we to find them out? It seems to be more than we can do to estimate the true value of anyone — even of ourselves. If you or I for instance were everything that anyone ever thought we were, what a hopeless mass of contradictions we should be! Fortunately, however, no one is worse than he is, and the opinions of others do not change the reality.

The real leaders of human progress are those who have made the most progress in their own lives, because it is the progress of individuals taken together that make up the progress of humanity; and it is not enough to sit back and think nice things about good people, while we allow them to do all the work. Life is everybody's business, and everyone must do his share of the work. The best people are not only those who can accomplish a great deal: a single grain of gold can be just as genuine and pure as a nugget.

Seeing that the whole purpose of our existence is to become something better than we are, we may as well drag our weaknesses out into the daylight, take a good look at them — and fight them. In order to obtain the best results we must be positive, sincere and self-reliant. And yet not so self-reliant that we will not heed the advice of a leader, nor learn by others' experience; but self-reliant enough so that we can stand on our own feet. There are many feeble-footed persons who will lean on anything — much to

their discomfort when an old support gives way. The man who is accustomed to standing will easily recover himself after a fall, because the exercise that he has had has strengthened his muscles.

It is a terrible thing to depreciate one's own powers and to depend entirely on others; but on the other hand there are those obtrusive individuals who overvalue themselves; and then again there are some who are so lifeless that they are not good enough even to be bad, and yet who pride themselves on being perfectly all right! There are extremes both ways and we have to find the middle way.

There is a homely piece of advice, which, if taken symbolically has a deep meaning: "Lean on your own breakfast." Taking 'breakfast' to mean spiritual food which is Truth, we may say that, as the cook prepares the breakfast, so there are those who can take Truth and prepare it in such a way as to make it easily digestible by others. And Truth digested is knowledge.

Life is not too hard for any of us; but the trouble with so many people is that they take it too seriously; so many give up because they lack a sense of humor. A sense of humor is the great human shock-absorber, and when installed it immediately makes life worth living.

There are times, it is true when one's powers of endurance are strained to the limit and it takes a mighty powerful shock-absorber to make our troubles endurable; but life is not so terrible if only we remember that all futurity lies ahead of us, and that other chances will certainly come. So long as there is any life at all in us, there is hope; and when we die we shall find Peace!

R. W.

On Making a New Start

ONE of the first things to do on making a new start in life is to insist upon it that the nervous system no longer issues orders on its own account, but faithfully follows our instructions. Once put in its right place as a ready instrument to carry out our will, then we must hand over to its keeping all desirable actions to be stiffened into habits, and meanwhile avoid forming new grooves of actions likely to be harmful.

To repeat without effort all that favors progress is what we are aiming at and the more completely we can hand over the details of our daily life to the nervous system, trained to its proper function of an obedient register, the more do we liberate our higher powers and set them free for action in a larger field.

He is a very poor kind of man who has no steady habit except that of habitual indecision, who has to argue and deliberate with himself about the hour to rise and go to bed, whether to sweep around the

The New Way Quotebook

"GOD is nigh thee, He is with thee, He is within thee. This, I tell thee, Lucilius! a sacred spirit is resident in us, an observer and guardian both of what is good and what is evil in us and in like manner as we use Him so He useth us. There is no good man but hath a God within him."—*Seneca*

"ALL inmost things, we may say are melodious; naturally utter themselves in song. The meaning of song goes deep. Who is there, that in logical words can express the effect that music has on us? A kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the Infinite and lets us for moments gaze into that!" — *Thomas Carlyle*

"THE test of courage is the fight it can put up against fear. The finest pluck is that of the self-conscious coward who forces himself into battle." — *Rosita Forbes*

"OBSERVATION stimulates the intuition; suspicion clouds the mind." — *Katherine Tingley*

"SMILE today. Strive today. Be game, glad and big today. Today you may start anew. This is the day to forget past failures. Today you may put into action the experience of a lifetime. The whole fabric of your life may revolve around what you do today." — *Anonymous*

"A POOL, on a mountain side, if it has no outlet, is stagnant and putrid. An outlet clarifies it. So with man. If he gives to others then a purifying stream of life pours through his own nature and washes away all impurities. As these are eliminated mind and body become cleaner and healthier. Then, not before, he can with safety delve into the hidden secrets of Nature's storehouse." — *H. T. P.*

"THERE is a road steep and thorny, beset with perils of every kind, but yet a road; and it leads to the heart of the Universe. I can tell you how to find those who will show you the secret gateway that leads inward only and closes fast behind the neophyte for evermore. There is no danger that dauntless courage cannot conquer; there is no trial that spotless purity cannot pass through; there is no difficulty that strong intellect cannot surmount. For those who win onward, there is reward past all telling, the power to bless and serve humanity." — *H. P. Blavatsky*

"FOR the pure men of old, life had no attractions and death no terror. Living, they experienced no elation; dying, offered no resistance." — *Chuang-tzu*

"OF a verity the poet's greatness is mostly to be measured by what he leaves unsaid, letting us breathe in silence to ourselves the thing unspeakable, the musician it is who brings this untold mystery to clarion tongue, and the impeccable force of his sounding silence is *endless melody*." — *Richard Wagner*

"THE temptation to echo a bad temper or an irritable disposition in others, we all know; but the relief which comes to ourselves and to the sufferer as we quietly relax and refuse to reflect it, is a sensation that many of us have yet to experience. One keeps a clear head in that way, not to mention a charitable heart; saves any quantity of nervous strain, and keeps off just so much tendency to nervous prostration." — *Annie Payson Call*

"EACH of us is a soul, not a body, which is only a possession of the soul." — *Pythagoras*

"WE have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. Barring all the selfishness that chills the world like east winds, the whole human family is bathed with an element of love like fine ether. How many persons we meet in houses, whom we scarcely speak to, whom yet we honor, and who honor us!" — *Ralph Waldo Emerson*

"It is a contest of smiles if we really know our business." — *W. Q. Judge*

"THE very meanest man I know believes for sure that God is made in his particular image and likeness." — *Michael Monahan*

"WE are all sculptors and painters, and our material is our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features, any meanness or sensuality to imbrute them." — *H. D. Thoreau*

"A FISH never wearies of the water nor a bird of the forest; none but themselves can tell why; neither can he who has never experienced them judge of the pleasures of the solitary." — *Kamo no Chomei*

"THERE is no such thing as concealment. Commit a crime, and the earth is made of glass. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the woods the track of every partridge and fox and squirrel and mole. You cannot recall the spoken word, you cannot wipe out the foot-track, you cannot draw up the ladder, so as to leave no inlet or clue. Always some damning circumstance transpires. The laws and substances of Nature, water, snow, wind, gravitation, become penalties to the thief." — *R. W. Emerson*

On Harmony and Other
Mystical Relationships from central

"Eternity is the birthday of the Soul"

Please Handle with Care
and Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

JEROME

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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THE DOLOMITE
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LOGIST OF THE
EIGHTEENTH
CENTURY

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The Challenge of the Soul

Extracted from a Lecture delivered in the Memorial Temple of Peace, Point Loma, California, by

KATHERINE TINGLEY

WE do not have to address our prayers to a personal God, nor make any of those woeful sacrifices that so many people think they must make in order to "square up their accounts with the Creator." What is necessary is that we should all challenge ourselves with the questions: "Who am I? Why am I here?"

The closer we come to the beauties and realities of Nature, the more quietly shall we begin to feel the power of the soul-life. But alas! there are so many distractions and allurements in the world. Then, too, there is the bread-and-butter question to be solved. There are poverty and suffering and vice and crime that must be faced. And these things are increasing day by day.

We must dare to do something more than we ever did before; we must dare to step up higher, to climb. We must dare to do it alone without public heralding or recognition, but just within the silence of our own soul. This superb opportunity is right at hand for all.

With all the scientific discoveries and ideas that are constantly being brought out concerning children and human nature generally and a thousand other subjects, it is only a very few scientists who have sufficient imagination or daring to attempt to penetrate into the realm of the seeming impossible, and bring back with them something really worth while for the benefit of humanity. And so, in spite of the great mass of facts which have been accumulated, we go on day after day drifting and drifting, until we have drifted beyond all likelihood of recovering our anchorage in this lifetime. Then, alas! what regrets and tears and despair!

Then there comes the question: "Why has not somebody done something?" It is because nearly everybody is waiting for everybody else! In spiritual efforts we do not need to wait for unity. Let each act for himself according to his individual evolution and enlightenment. One must have the disposition and the daring to act for good alone, indifferent to results so far as they affect himself, so long as the motive is pure.

When we reach this state of mind, we shall see more smiles on the faces of the mothers and the fathers, less anxiety on their features. We shall see new cheer in the world, new evidences of purity in the lives of men and women, and consequently more purity and more joy in the children of the masses. This is the way to reach our children and to enable them to hear the Voice of the Silence — of that divine part of us that is our real Self. We could not exist without it.

But, on the other hand, there is the picture before

me of how this innate divinity is ignored, how it is thrown aside, and how it takes nearly a lifetime for people, even of the highest intelligence striving to do their best in order to gain knowledge, to reach the first fundamental idea of their own soul-life. It is true that we have the opportunities for wonderful scholastic education; our country has plenty of wealth, great territory, and an over-abundance of public laudation of our outer material progress and prosperity. But the inner life — that silent power that speaks to us as the Voice of the Soul — is very largely ignored.

No one of us can find the meaning of real affection, of spiritual love, unless we find it alone. I am referring to that deeper love, that spiritual companionship of the soul that is ours at our best and highest moments. Mothers sometimes have it in their experience of motherhood. It speaks to them without words. The Voice of the Soul whispers to them in the silences. The brain-mind does not fully comprehend it, and consequently the pleadings of the Voice of the Soul are not always heeded.

To me one of the most beautiful experiences in life is to retire into the inner sanctuary of one's own being, away from all the rush and so-called allurements of the outer life, and in the silence to listen to the Voice of the Soul, to hear its pleadings, to know its power, to clasp hands with the spiritual soul, the Higher Self, so to speak, to work with it, and walk with it and live with it. A man must do this before he can be absolutely sure of anything.

In these ideas, I venture to say, there are glowing fires of helpfulness that cannot be found anywhere else in fullness. There are of course many beautiful ideas in all religions and among their adherents are many splendid people, but they lack the key that would give them the wider knowledge and the deeper wisdom, and without this key they can go only so far and no farther.

There are numbers within their own ranks who admit a deterioration, a falling down. The majority have been so carried away with the letter of their religious teachings, that they have lost sight of the inner spirit. They have been living so much in the forms of their religion and away from the truth of the inner life, that decay is in the air. It would be unjust and absurd to say that there are not good and noble principles at the core of every sincere religious system. But we want the better thing, we want the complete thing, we want the full knowledge that belongs to us in this life.

If I go to school, I am entitled to a full educational equipment, provided I reach out for it, and so it is with the wider schooling of each earth-life. I must get it by devotion, by understanding the fundamental principles and ideas upon which I hope to live, and by a harmonious relationship with my fellow-men and my environment. Then I may know something about the Voice of the Soul.

MIRRORS

BY a singular piece of good fortune, I can see that now, it had been decreed that Ned and I were to share the same compartment in the common line of cells. It was a stroke of luck such as falls to the lot of perhaps one in a thousand. I think we were both agreed on *that*, at any rate. For we didn't agree on everything. In fact we began our relationship by agreeing to disagree — by a mutual toleration of each other's opinions, and where they amounted to convictions, the same understanding applied. I had Ned to thank for this arrangement. We certainly laid the foundation for a rather unusual structure in the way of human relations, particularly under circumstances such as ours.

Ned was something of a philosopher, and in addition, he had what one might call sympathetic imagination. Nor was there very much that escaped his observation. But you'd never guess that. For he seemed to have cultivated the trick of appearing not to notice anything — a trick that succeeded in deceiving nearly everyone.

But I came to learn that he had the eye of a camera. And what was more, he could recall from the back of his mind's eye, as from the ground glass of the camera-box, the most fleeting of impressions. In fact it was a habit with him; a fixed habit, this, of recalling events and their settings. He used to say that events were real teachers, and that the settings, wherever they might be, were the class-rooms, wherein were assembled a varying number of pupils, but where there was absolutely no discipline, and where not one in a thousand made the slightest effort to understand the lesson, no matter what the event.

We had been speaking of the many modern contrivances in daily and hourly use, without which we should be put to a world of inconvenience. I recall that the mirror was one of them. Ned remarked that fortunes had been made out of the manufacture of mirrors in recent years, especially those of the smaller type, for that these little mirrors had now become such a universally recognised necessity, that half the people in the so-called civilized world even carried them about with them wherever they went.

Then he burst out laughing, and I had to ask him what was the joke.

He said the funny part of it was that while the word vanity had become inseparably attached to these constant companions, neither the use or the name of them carried the slightest odium whatever, it was just a tacit acknowledgment of vanity, as one of the essentials of modern life — a necessity.

He added that, notwithstanding, or perhaps because of, the popularity of the mirror, nobody, or next to nobody, paid any attention whatever to their mental mirrors, that such things seemed to have fallen into disuse entirely. He said there was

an old saying to the effect that the mind was like a mirror, and that the reason for the figure was, that the mind was formerly supposed to reflect upon whatever it had registered; that that was its real job.

I cannot put his observations into his own vivid language, but the point he made was, that many of such old sayings might serve to show how much we have changed, or how far we have parted, in the relation we now hold to ourselves.

His contention was that one of the chief difficulties of today was to get the mind to register at all, for only after registration was effected could there be anything definite to reflect upon. And so, in the absence of both these functions of perception, there was an ever-growing tendency for people to be carried away on the swift tides of emotion and of impulse; that they were fast getting out of the habit of stopping to think, much less to reflect, and that that was the main reason for so many of us finding ourselves just where we are at present.

He wound up by stating that after much reflection upon his own situation he had arrived at the conclusion that perhaps, after all, this might turn out in the end to be the greatest opportunity he had ever had — a chance to quietly mull over and extract a number of lessons from past events not properly understood at the time. No. 2411

Optimism True and False

SOME young people take a cheerful view of things in general simply because of their healthy animal spirits and the full stream of vitality which is often the heritage of youth. They are too thick-skinned to take the troubles of others very seriously, and as yet they have none of their own. But this can scarcely be called true optimism and is mainly the consequence of a good digestion and ignorance of life.

Buoyant good spirits carry their fortunate owners along very well for a time, but when sickness comes or at last the ebbing tide of old age, the voyager over the ocean of life is very likely to find himself stranded upon some mud-flat with no hope of a rising tide to float him off again.

The true optimism is a never-failing spring of cheerfulness that wells up from hidden depths within the soul, and takes its rise from a settled conviction of the essential good will and trustworthiness on which this limitless universe is firmly based.

The clear vision by which this strong conviction is gained can never be ours so long as we believe that the world owes us a living and then proceed to collect it wherever we can. The people among whom we live are very quick to sense our selfish purpose and they naturally resent our proposal to live at their expense: the world arms it-

self in self-defense and faces us in battle array.

But if we take a different view of life and decide to do our share to keep the wheels moving, then something new happens. We find ourselves in the rank and file of the great army of honest toilers. We need no password for admittance to the ranks, they read our honest purpose in our eyes, our very way of walking declares the side to which we belong. They recognise us as workers for the general good and without any claim from us they reach out to help us.

It is of no use to try to argue people into optimism. When we enter a dark room we do not try to hit the darkness with a stick—we simply switch on the light and the darkness disappears. Either people of set purpose study our words and acts, or else unwittingly they sense the hidden motives of our lives; but in some mysterious way an influence goes out from us which tends to confirm our fellow optimists, to stabilize the waverers, and to cause a change of heart in those at present ranged in the opposing army.

Those who work on impersonal lines partake of the strong fresh currents that are the natural food of the great forces of Nature, and optimism is simply one of the normal results of being sustained by the Cosmic circulation. The song-birds are all optimists, but they do not have to learn it and they would not care to argue about it even if they could—they live in perfect harmony with the rhythmical breathing of Universal Life and so they simply have to sing. That is the whole secret.

PAX

Clocks and Pyramids

WE were coming back from a crowded meeting where a great orator had kept us spellbound as he told us of the rosy future just ahead if only we would cast our votes for the party which really had the interests of the people at heart. It was Fred Keevill who put into words what was being vaguely felt by all of us.

"When you get right down to it," he began, "I reckon that this big bow-wow talkee-talkie doesn't cut so much ice after all. The men who really make the wheels go round are not always the ones that talk the loudest at a meeting. The kind of man that suits me best is what I call the 'clock-man.' Day in, day out, in sunshine or in rain, he's always on the job and goes from one thing to another like the parlor timepiece ticking off the moments as they come and go.

"Wherever there's something to be done, there's your clock-man at work. He's so well occupied that he doesn't have the time to tell about what he's doing. You just hear the tap of his hammer or the sound of sawing wood and it has a soothing effect upon the mind like the steady swinging of the pen-

dulum of a clock. No one ever calls attention to a clock so long as it keeps good time, that's what a clock is for and you take it for granted. But just wait till it gets out of kilter—that's the time it gets talked about.

"You remember Mike Killigrew? He was a clock-man and no mistake about it, and it's only since he died that we've woke up to his value. Other people strike an attitude every now and again and do something big and get a fine write-up in the papers; but good old Mike was much too busy doing his duty as it came along to have the time for posing in the spotlight. What the papers want is a daring rescue, or a mammoth meeting; but the story of a day of honest, steady work is of no more use to an editor than a pair of barber's shears is to a bald-headed eagle. Everybody respects the honest, law-abiding citizen; but who wants to read about him? And so Mike went along supporting his family, paying his debts, and doing his bit to help his neighbor, and all so cheerful and willing, and so much just what you'd expect of a man of his kind that nobody took any notice of it.

"I'm not saying a thing against the man who likes to make a noise on big occasions, for sometimes a clever talker comes along and gives voice to what a thousand quiet Mikes have been trying to think out for themselves and couldn't, and it's a fine thing to have one's disconnected thoughts strung out in plain speech. But after all is said and done it's the clock-men who make it possible for the talker to make his speech, though they never know it and clap their hands like thunder, while all the time the orator is only giving back to his hearers what he got from them."

"That's pretty much how I feel about it," I said, "only I always think of the nation as a great pyramid. The top tines down to a point and always puts me in mind of a little tongue of flame soaring upward. It catches the eye and draws the attention of everybody; but what I say is: where would that little fancy top-piece be if it wasn't supported by the broad base firmly planted on the solid ground? Most of us fellows are nothing but bricks in the base and get precious little credit for our services; and yet I sometimes think there's a heap of satisfaction in feeling that you're wedged in and standing solid with the other bricks, all taking their share of the strain and all equally unnoticed."

I don't know how much longer we would have gone on handing bouquets to the average citizen, and incidentally patting ourselves on the back at the same time, when from the great town clock over our heads rang out the solemn midnight hour. We shouted our hearty goodnights to each other and hurried to our homes along the frostbound streets, to fit ourselves by a well-earned rest for the unobtrusive labors of another day.

PERIPATETIC

Whatever Belongs to Us Will Find Us

"MORNING, Joe! Did you sleep all right? I know I did. I slept like a child in its mother's arms. The awful nightmare which has haunted me for years has clean gone, and I feel like a blind man who has suddenly received his sight. How about you, old man?"

"Me sleep? I couldn't sleep for thinking. These ideas are all so new and wonderful to me that I kept turning them over in my mind and trying to get them adjusted. This 'dual life' with its marvelous possibilities sounds like a fairy-story, and yet when you come to think about it, it is a self-evident fact. I should like to get in touch with someone who lives along these lines, or go to a place where these principles are put into practice and that way find out more about this thing."

"Now Joe, I'll tell you something. I believe that when we turn our backs to the past and face towards the light, the way opens up for us. There's a bit I once read in Emerson that comes to my mind which I never understood before." He says that whatever belongs to a man will surely find him, even if it has to travel over land and sea to reach him out. Now I know what he means."

"I'm with you, old fellow, heart and soul. There's something that has been stirred up in me that will never be satisfied until we get the truth about this thing. Once you get the idea of the duality in man you can't get rid of it. Everything else is simply unthinkable. So we have to start in and find out who and what we really are."

"Well Joe, you may be quite sure that I wasn't idle after I left you yesterday. I was so full of these ideas that I couldn't settle down to my work, and so I went out of the office and walked up and down the corridor. Well, whom should I meet but the man who takes such an interest in us fellows and gives us a lecture or a talk every once in a while you know."

"He had his eyes on his book as he walked, but when he saw me he stopped dead and looked me squarely in the face. We seemed somehow to be attracted the one to the other, and as it turned out he had a message for me, though perhaps he didn't suspect it. After a hearty shake of the hands I asked him what the book was all about that he seemed to find so interesting. He handed it over and I read the title: *The Path of the Mystic*, by Katherine Tingley. Imagine my surprise, Joe, when on turning over the leaves I found the very same ideas that were in the article we were talking about just before I met him."

"I tell you, Joe, I felt as though that little book contained our fate, and I asked him to tell me all about it. He said that it was written by one of the Wise Ones who embody its principles in their lives and can pass them on to others. Then I knew that

I had found the way, and I said: 'I have come to the parting of the ways, and I am seeking the light.'"

"Yes," he replied, 'you have come to the place where we must all find ourselves sooner or later. This book contains the key, which if rightly turned in the lock, will open up an entirely new world to you. God speed you on your journey!' — and he gave me the book."

"Doesn't that sound like a fairy-story? Well, it has just begun. Here's the book." AUNT ANNA

Step By Step

THE late afternoon sun fell upon the somewhat crest-fallen face of young Willie Weinberger, where he sat nursing his fiddle and listening without enthusiasm to the words of old Professor Julius Tonleiter. To the enlightened, Willie's despondency was fully accounted for by a volume of Scale Studies upon his music-rack and on the chair beside him, an ornate and alluringly decorated copy of the Schubert *Serenade* for violin and piano.

"Willie, my boy, it is that you would a great *artiste* become, is it not?"

"Yes, Professor," answered Willie meekly.

"Well, my boy, there is only one road. It is by scales you must go. Stick to your scales, practice them, master them, and when you can the scales with perfect intonation execute, then the Schubert *Serenade*, the Vieuxtemps *Reverie*, the Mendelssohn Concerto — all will be easy. Do you not understand?"

"Yes, Professor," replied Willie despondently.

"I tell you, Willie, the real, the true *artistes*, they practice the scales daily, over and over, just as regular as they take their meals, because they know that the scales, they are the food and drink to the *artiste* in their souls. Did not my own teacher, Herr Professor Heldenschmidt, say to me every day: 'Julius, my boy, if you will the heights of music attain, you must step by step climb. And if you day by day the scales practice, so will they the steps to success become.' *Ja*, and he was a very great *artiste*, was Gottlieb Heldenschmidt."

For a few moments the old professor was silent, lost in the memory of those precious student-days of high hopes and lofty aspirations. Many obstacles had come between him and the goal he had set himself; but if they had denied him the glamor and renown of the concert-stage, they had added to his gifts as a wise instructor of other young aspirants questing a similar goal.

"Willie, my boy," he continued, "did you ever think what it is to be a real *artiste*? Did you not ever think that it is to be perfect in everything, to make all of your work perfect and beautiful? Did you not ever think, my boy, that it is to be true and pure and just; to have love and kindness in your heart, to think before you act and to do the right

thing in the right place at the right time; and if you have sorrow and disappointment in your heart, not to give it to others, but to give only joy and encouragement? That is to be *artiste* in life, my boy; and one must, to be such, practise the small things every day. One must practise the kind word, the kind act, the smile instead of the frown, the thought of another instead of the thought of oneself.

"And so it is with the music. If you would the B-flat scale as an *artiste* play, then you must love the B-flat scale, just like you love the Schubert *Serenade*. You must know that C-natural, he is of the B-flat scale family, yes, but C-sharp, he is not. This C-sharp he is a good fellow but in the B-flat scale he is like — what you say? — a bull in a china-shop. And if you love your scales and play them like you loved them, then each note will be like a living person and you will not be unkind or unjust to any one of them. The B-flat, the C, the D, the E-flat, you will give each of them his own life because you play them with kindness in your heart and because you love them as if they were your friends. That is to be an *artiste* in the small things, and to be such is to find the joy of the Schubert *Serenade* and the Mendelssohn Concerto in all the notes that you play.

"*Ja, ja*," the Professor went on, "the life of the *artiste* is a constant going up and down the world, trying to find beauty, feeling beauty within him, trying to make beauty about him. And he must use the little tasks, the little acts of each hour and each day to put this beauty into. So it is with music. To the truly great *artiste* the wonder and the beauty of the Concerto, the Sonata, the Symphony, is also in that strange, harmonious succession of sounds by which he mounts step by step to the creation of a perfect scale, and from that to a perfect chord and from that to a mystery of wonder and beauty such as Wagner and Beethoven and Schubert and all those have made who have found harmony and wonder in the small as in the great. *Ja*, is it not of the same stones with which he builds his B-flat scale and his F-sharp scale that an *artiste* like Wagner builds his wondrous opera of the Grail?"

Willie's eyes still rested on the Professor, but now despondency had given way to awe and wonder. It was not so much that he understood all Julius Tonleiter had said, but the sincere, artistic aspiration behind the words left their impress on the young mind — an impress that might have incalculable weight in the years to come.

M. M.

The Music of the Spheres

THOSE who know tell us that behind the jangling discord of the common life of man, eternal harmony prevails. Beyond the clamor of the marketplace, the harsh contending voices of our streets

and the fierce turmoil of the passions of human breast a never-ending melody resounds. We give so much attention to the superficial sounds of life, our interest is so centered in the noisy din of our inordinate disorderly desires, that this great undertone of cosmic song eludes our ears.

And yet it is only a matter of training the inner sense of hearing after all. When you are alone sink your attention below the surface of your mind and try to catch the sound. You will probably not succeed at the first attempt. Many trials may be needed before the first faint murmur of the music rings its way into your ears, but it is surely sounding all the time.

By merely sitting still and listening, however, you will never attain to this divine hearing. Your life must be harmonious too. Harsh judgments of your brother man must cease. Envy and hate must go, and other people must be felt and recognised as fragments, parts and aspects of yourself.

No proof of these statements is offered and arguments addressed to the brain-mind would be out of place. It is simply a matter for personal experience. Those who hear, know they hear, that is all.

Shakespeare, whose works are such a rich quarry of spiritual truths, must certainly have known something about this music of the spheres or he could never have written these lines:

*"Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with palmes of bright gold
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."*

You may call it only a pretty fancy, but even so, surely 'pretty fancies' are better inmates for the mind than the hideous nightmares that people the imaginations of the vast majority of humankind.

REPORTER

Do You Believe in Luck?

WILLIAM FEATHER

(Quoted from *The Violinist*)

A MODERN wise man was asked if he believed in luck. Here is his answer:

"Do I believe in luck? I should say I do! It's a wonderful force! I have watched the successful careers of too many lucky men to doubt its existence and its efficacy.

"You see some fellows reach out and grab an opportunity that the other fellows standing around had not realized was there. Having grabbed it, he hangs on to it with a grip that makes the jaws of a bulldog seem like a fairy touch.

"He calls into play his breadth of vision. He sees the possibilities of the situation and has the ambition to desire them and the courage to tackle them.

"He intensifies his strong points, bolsters his weak ones, cultivates those personal qualities that cause other men to trust him and to co-operate with him.

"He sows the seeds of sunshine, of good cheer, of optimism, of unstinted kindness. He gives freely of what he has, both spiritual and physical things.

"He thinks a little straighter, works a little harder and a little longer, travels on his nerve and enthusiasm, he gives such service as his best efforts permit. Keeps his head cool — his feet warm — his mind busy.

"He doesn't worry over trifles. Plans his work ahead, then sticks to it — rain or shine. He talks and acts like a winner, for he knows in time he will be one.

"And then — luck does all the rest."

The Arrow and the Song

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where,
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Discovering a Friend

Arnon

IF sorrow never happened and trouble never came
The only thing you'd know about your neighbor is his name.

If all your days were bright and fair and certain was your place
You'd only know a fellow by the features of his face.
Acquaintances upon this earth are all you'd ever own
If care had always passed you by and grief you'd never know.

Time was I used to nod to one who lived across the way,
I knew his name and he knew mine; we passed the time of day.
But nothing did he mean to me and nothing I to him.
Until one morning sorrow came and all my world was grim.
I saw his face, I felt his hand and knew he'd come to lend
The strength I needed, and right then I had a friend.

'Tis not in sunshine friends are made, but when our skies
are gray.

The splendid souls that men possess are never on display.
We cannot tell what lies behind the hasty nod or smile
Nor what of worth will come from it in just a little while;
We only know that when we face the cares that life must send
We realize the passer-by has changed into a friend. — *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 one secret of life and development is not to devise and plan, but to fall in with the forces at work — to do every moment's duty aright — that being the part in the process allotted to us."

— *George Macdonald*

"ALL our obstructions are of our own making, all our power is the storage of the past." — *W. Q. Judge*

"FAITH is the confident belief and hope of the human spirit that the laws of the universe when fully understood will be found to do justice to one's highest activities and aspirations." — *Dean Inge*

"I DO nothing because it gives me pleasure. I do things because they are necessary. I never choose the easiest way, but the most difficult way. We are not doing much good when we are doing what we like to do. I get the most satisfaction out of doing the hard thing, not the easy thing. Character is molded by experience and struggle." — *Henry Ford*

"THE body is matter through which spiritual forces work, and when the Soul or Higher Self is enthroned, when nobility of thought and unselfish acts predominate, a benediction is shed on one's own life, upon one's comrades, and on one's environment. Then the spiritual nature rules, and life indeed is joy." — *Rose Winkler*

"WE talk too much of the rush and competition of life. There need be no rush in us, we need not reflect the flicker of the red fire of cities. We can have an unmoving faith that good descends upon the world at last, and that the last acts of the drama of humanity will breathe the air of a vast peace and brotherhood. Knowing that, where is our unrest? Knowing that, how great is the opportunity for him who already knows the end! For the very thought of that sweet end, itself a prelude to still grander beginnings, will give us already a foretaste of its golden calm, and moving in that ideal vision we can spread something of its tints among men." — *Herbert Coryn*

"MUCH more can be expressed through Silence, always, than through speech. The inner life which is Music — the overtones and undertones of the Universal Harmony — is only accessible in the Silence. Music lifts for a while the veil between ourselves and the Unseen, the Unspoken, the Unknowable."

— *Katherine Tingley*

"BENEVOLENCE, righteousness, propriety, and wisdom are not infused into us from without. Men have these four principles just as they have four limbs."

— *Mencius*

"Do not ask the name of the man who seeks shelter from you. The man who is embarrassed by his name may be the very one that needs shelter." — *Victor Hugo*

"WHAT are the iron chains that hands have wrought? The hardest chain to break is made of thoughts."

— *Thomas Paine*

"It has repeatedly occurred that those who have been stupified by the ordinary school drill, have suddenly had their intellects roused by thus ceasing to make them passive recipients, and inducing them to become active discoverers. The discouragement caused by bad teaching having been diminished by a little sympathy, and sufficient perseverance excited to achieve a first success, the incubus of despair disappears, and they attack the difficulties of their studies with a courage insuring conquest."

— *Herbert Spencer*

"LIFE is built up by the sacrifice of the individual to the whole. Each cell in the living body must sacrifice itself to the perfection of the whole, when it is otherwise, disease and death enforce the lesson."

— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"THE Divine is neither personal nor individual, and yet what can we call it? Assuredly it is not a he, nor a she. What can we call it but It — a term with us signifying the deepest reverence, and arising out of an instinctive refusal to attach human personal pronouns to the profoundest and sublimest conception of the human spirit." — *G. de Purucker*

"It is easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient." — *George Elliott*

"JUST as there are tides and seasons upon the earth and in the ocean, so tides and seasons prevail in the Inner World." — *Tibetan verse*

"GREAT souls are always loyally submissive, reverent to what is over them; only small mean souls are otherwise. The sincere man is by nature the obedient man, and only in a World of Heroes is there loyal obedience to the Heroic." — *Thomas Carlyle*

"THE summer insect cannot speak of ice; the frog at the bottom of the well should not talk of the heavens." — *Chinese Proverb*

"PROFESSOR LEIPMANN has made an exhaustive study of the effect of the abolition of the death penalty in fifteen countries, including Italy, Portugal, Switzerland, Holland, Norway. In none of these states does he find evidence that any increase in crime resulted from the change." — *Professor L. N. Robinson*

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

You can if you think you can

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 MEMORIAL TEMPLE OF PEACE AND THE RAJA YOGA ACADEMY AT THE INTERNATIONAL
THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Designed and erected by Katherine Tingley in 1900. The paths and roadways are bordered
by moss-like species of mesembryanthemum which in the early summer is almost hidden
under the profusion of its delicate pink blossom. The taller palms are natives of the
Canary Islands and nearly related to the edible date palm. Mockingbirds, rabbits
and ground squirrels live riotously on the fallen fruit.

Redemption and the Voice of the Soul

An extract from an Address recently delivered in the Memorial Temple of Peace, Point Loma, California

BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

THE question was put to me a few days ago. How can the soul be redeemed? I replied that I had never given any thought to such a question, for the reason that the spiritual soul itself is so potent that it will redeem mankind if people will only hearken to its voice.

We do not have to fashion any special form or way of bringing people to redemption. Just give them the opportunity to be themselves—their real selves. Do not try to dictate to them; do not drive them; but challenge them! Cowards are they who do not make the effort to liberate their souls from the bondage in which selfishness and weakness hold them!

It is the inner laws that are the realities, and because humanity does not know about them nor understand them, it has been fighting the realities!

Enlarge your vision! Dare to climb! Dare to go forward! Dare to think for yourselves and look ahead! Question! Put yourselves in order! When you do this, revelations will come to you—not in any magical way with visions or messages from 'on high,' nor anything of that sort. But let me illustrate by the growth of children. If one sees them from day to day, one is hardly aware that they are growing; yet to those who see them only at long intervals their growth is very evident.

The fact is that the divine forces and processes which bring a child from a tiny cell into babyhood through childhood to manhood—these processes, so delicate, so infinitely and spiritually refined, are taken care of by the laws of life, which are only partly understood even by our most learned men of science. But I cannot conceive how they are to be fully understood, and still less the process of man's spiritual growth, without some knowledge of the Ancient Wisdom.

There is no desire on our part to 'convert' anyone, and certainly we never use any influence to persuade anyone to join our Society. We simply tell people, "Here are our books. From them you can gain much knowledge." But the real inner knowledge comes from the courageous stepping out of the ordinary ruts into the great broad blue of life and looking at Nature as it is—courageously.

Study the trees and the flowers and the ocean and the wonders of the life around you. Notice the growth of a tree. During the spring-time it will put forth green leaves, then its exquisite blossoms, and in the summer-time it will bear its fruit. After a while it is bereft of leaves, blossoms, and fruit—of everything that was beautiful and attractive. It appears dead. But the inner life goes on all through the season of

quiet and rest. The processes of inner growth are taking place. How wonderful in the spring-time, when the tree bursts forth into beautiful foliage again! Who can question that preparation was going on all during the sleeping season?

So it is with the flowers; in them too we can see the wonderful working of the Divine Law. We must feel it and know it and find our lessons in it, and not simply admire the outward beauty.

But you cannot feel it by study alone. You can get a touch of it only by daring to step forth and to think thoughts quite apart, if necessary, from anybody else's. Then you will really be climbing in the spiritual sense.

Seek the companionship of the Silence, for the Silence is the most precious companion in the world.

So then, it is the soul that will redeem humanity, and there are as many processes as there are human beings—each must work out his own salvation according to his environment and enlightenment.

In the deepest spiritual sense we are all united, though not on the outward plane. But because we have differed so much and so long and have moved so far away from the great principles of life, we have lost the secret of living together in outer harmony. Yet in the inner life we are still working together in unity, in harmony with the divine laws, understanding them and obeying them in the dignity of our true manhood.

Let us teach our children the better way! No more jails! No more reformatories! But let the children hear every day, in their own home, the Voice of the Soul!

Two things cannot occupy the same place at the same time, and if the mind is filled with high incentives and splendid efforts, the Voice of the Soul speaks, and the weaknesses born of the selfish side of our human nature cannot come in; so they will die out. Then we shall not have to punish or hang our fellow-men or do anything of that sort.

We have no time to condemn; we must have our hearts so afire with love and forgiveness and patience that a new record shall verily be made and passed down to posterity through our efforts, through our unity of thought, through the strength of our resolutions.

A Higher Point of View

SEATED on the veranda one balmy evening in June, a devoted father had been telling his invalid son the story of a man who put his sick daughter to death, because he could not bear to see her suffering from a disease which the doctors had pronounced to be incurable.

"Well," said the son, "I look upon it as an act of mercy, and I only wish that my troubles would



come to an end in the same way." But catching the look of pain on his father's face, he quickly added: "Isn't it strange how thoughts can soak you through and through before you know they're there?"

"The more I think of my helpless condition and the responsibility that I am to you, the more I feel like putting an end to my useless life. What a relief it would be to both of us! Why don't you say something Dad? Why that heart-rending look that pierces to my very soul? Don't you think I'm right?"

With a tremor in his voice, his father replied: "That would be downright cowardice, son. Besides, you're all the comfort I have, and so very far from being a burden and a care, that sometimes at my work I feel like bursting into song at the thought of having you, and being able to do something to make your sufferings more endurable.

"In spite of all you have to go through I hope you may live to fill my days with joy and contentment to the end, for 'Love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.'

"Dear boy, don't you know that pain and suffering purify and ennoble the character, and even help those about you by appealing to their sympathy? If you are destined to be purified by suffering, then make up your mind to bear your lot with courage. Nothing worth having is to be gained without hard work, dogged perseverance, or suffering.

"God forgive me," he continued, his voice vibrating with feeling. "I would not for a moment condemn that poor distracted father for doing what he did. I only wish he had attained a higher point of view. Look at it any way you like, the destruction of life never leaves behind it the satisfied feeling of having acted in harmony with the laws of life; but haunts the mind for ever and seems to call for a final and complete settlement.

"And then, besides, it is a bad example to others. It also cuts short the lesson for which the suffering is being used to teach us. The burden of continual ill health would seem to be a necessary experience to ripen the character and refine the whole nature, until it finally fashions the splendid manhood which the patient law of evolution has in view for all the human race. Do you imagine that you are wiser than the Higher Law?"

In a deep voice vibrating with emotion he quoted Browning's well-known lines:

*"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joy three parts pain!
Strive and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang, dare, never grudge
The three."*

"Your helplessness and suffering during all these

years have drawn us very close together, and have called out a love for you that I never knew I had in me to feel. It has enabled me to work out certain very deep problems and helped me to understand the mercy of the Higher Law, so that each of us has grown more thoughtful, tender and compassionate.

"We are linked together as 'comrades in arms' by a tie that cannot be broken, a tie which many eager hearts would give all the money they have to possess. It does, in a sense, require sacrifice and yet it is not really sacrifice because love turns it into joy.

"And when at length the ties that bind us to the earth have been dissolved and we are free to go, our lives will leave a living path of light behind. And on the shining trail, others who will be tried as we were tried shall travel on in hope and trust, and find the way less rough because we two have gone that way before."

The sun was slowly sinking in the dark blue water of the far horizon line and all the western sky was blazing with the golden glory of the dying day. A sacred silence sealed the lips of both, but a new bond of understanding was being formed between them in the stillness of that quiet hour, and the subject of their conversation was never referred to again.

STUDENT

Where Fun is to be Found

MANY a man has tried to get a sure grip of happiness by giving up his daily service to the public that he might have leisure to secure the fun and frolic to which he considers himself entitled. As a matter of fact one does not often miss the entertaining things of life because one works too hard.

Some of the deepest thoughts, the purest sentiments, and the most sparkling wit bubble up like wayside springs along the common roadways of our daily toil, and gems of wisdom are as likely to be found in workshops, offices, and homes, as in the clubs where men of leisure congregate.

It is not the active workers who swell the ranks of restless seekers after satisfaction, but the idle crowds who throng the highways of travel, vainly trying by change of place to find what is always present wherever a man applies himself with cheerful good will to the natural duties of his station in life.

Joy and satisfaction are not on sale to the highest bidder, and happiness pursued for its own sake has a most exasperating way of slipping through our fingers. Contentment and a zest for the simple pleasures of life are like the wayside flowers that flourish without cultivation, and shed their fragrance for all who follow their vocations in the spirit of good will and helpfulness.

One of the most pathetic things in the world is to see the desperate efforts made from time to time to

secure at least one day of pure and unalloyed ecstasy. The daily routine is broken up, duties are dropped or handed over to inefficient substitutes, and complicated arrangements are made. All this extra work and inconvenience is undergone that a few hours may be passed in a delirious whirl of excitement to be followed by the dull reaction of the sad succeeding day.

The old experienced hand at the game of life will usually find that the daily round and common task of a single day affords a steady, even flow of satisfaction that he would not willingly exchange for a week of such desperate attempts at concentrated enjoyment; just as those who have learned to love the common sunlight and the twinkling stars can very well dispense with sky-rockets.

THE YARD PHILOSOPHER

On Keeping Faith with Ourselves

MAN in the body is a compromise between spirit and matter; and the battle royal for each one of us is to keep faith with our *real* selves and to enter into no 'entangling alliances' with that other part of us, which so frequently masquerades in the royal robes themselves, and which yet must have its own fitting part to play, else it would not exist. But that it should ever usurp the throne of our inner kingdom and demand and achieve the fidelity that we owe alone to the immortal godhood within us — that indeed is the tragedy of human life, the Devil's own thralldom, compared with which any other thralldom is to be preferred.

Each moment of the day, problems arise that require solution, and on each such occasion we are called upon to keep faith with ourselves — with our Higher Selves, with that part of us which is concerned only with doing the right thing, saying the helpful word, thinking the kindly thought, controlling the sharp tongue, curbing the quick temper, and reigning in the cavalcade of personal thought and feeling that so often goes stampeding through our minds and destroys our peace of mind in their mad career.

A friend of mine recently remarked: "After all, what rights has any one of us? We have one right which cannot be taken from us — the right to behave!" A statement truly Confucian in its universal applicability to human conduct; for, so long as we behave ourselves we are keeping faith with ourselves; and we are in the truest sense of the word, *free*. No man who is behaving himself is a slave or can be enslaved.

The conventions of society, the necessities of organized effort expressed in various rules and restrictions, may prevent him from doing many things he would like to do — things which, under other circumstances, might be quite harmless; but by willingly

subordinating personal desires to the interest of collective harmony and order, he is not thereby enslaved. On the contrary, this is in itself one of the highest forms of liberation. No man is truly free who merely gives free rein to his desires — even to what he may consider are his legitimate desires. All the real Teachers of humanity have taught that true freedom comes, not from the multiplication of desires, but by liberating oneself from their thralldom.

Where are we to turn for light? Inwards — always inwards, by keeping faith with ourselves — with our own highest intuitions. And though we may not have evolved to the point where we can find specific answers to all our problems within us, we are evolved sufficiently to know within ourselves whither we may turn for light upon such problems as we are unable to solve alone. This does not mean that any one of us is infallible; for we shall not be infallible until we have entirely perfected the human instrument through which that in us which really *knows* must work.

But there are those who know more than we do; and whenever we are in doubt, there will always be a teacher or a guide, who has advanced further along the path than we have, ready to light the way or, to utter a restraining command. Socrates said that his daimon never told him what he *should* do, but warned him what *not* to do.

It has been said that it is much easier to reform others than ourselves. But this is a very silly notion; for experience has shown that it is well-nigh impossible really to reform others *except* by reforming ourselves. Self-respecting men cannot long be driven; but all intelligent people actually love to be rightly *led* and in our own small ways, quite unostentatiously, we can all be leaders in that sense — leaders in reforming ourselves, in keeping faith with ourselves, in loving our neighbors, in being more charitable towards others than towards ourselves, and in performing well the smallest duties.

Thus when our life-day is done, we can hand on the torch of truth to our heirs in responsibility with the consciousness of having manfully tried to keep faith with ourselves.

I. L. H.

Reading

IT was on Ned's suggestion — Ned was my cell-mate, and very much my friend — that I had taken out of the prison library William Morris's *Story of Sigurd the Volsung*. Opening the volume at random as soon as I got hold of it, my eyes fell upon the following lines:

*Now whither away, said the elder,
With the Steed and the ancient Sword?
To the greedy house, said Sigurd,
And the King of the Heary Hoard.*

The passage fascinated me, and haunted me like spoken words. But these lines really occur well along in the Story, so that it was some days before I came upon them again in the course of my reading. And while they were a little bit more intelligible, perhaps, at the second reading, still they had lost none of their striking character. They rang out like a battle cry, and at the final close of the book they seemed to me to be far and away the most outstanding lines in the whole Story. The singular circumstance of their having been the first words read was a mere incident, of course.

However, I asked Ned if he didn't regard the incident as somewhat extraordinary. He was inclined to think it was, particularly because there was so much involved in the lines which had so impressed me, and inasmuch as they formed such an important, and at the same time little understood part of the Story.

He then asked me if I had gathered from the reading just who 'the elder' was, and I had frankly to admit that I hadn't. He explained that Sigurd had been talking to no less a personage than Odin, one of the gods in the Norse Mythology. Being familiar with this subject, as well as with the Story of Sigurd the Volsung, Ned was able to give a very interesting account of Odin.

He quoted from memory some of the maxims set forth in an old book called the *Hava Maal*, or *Sublime Book of Odin*, one or two of which were to this effect: "If thou hast a friend, visit him often; the path will grow over with grass, and the trees soon cover it, if thou dost not constantly walk upon it," was one. "Be never first to break with a friend; sorrow wrings the heart of him who has no one save himself with whom to take counsel." "There is no virtuous man who has not some vice, no bad man who has not some virtue," was another.

The latter part of this particular maxim Ned took occasion to use as an illustration of what was meant by the double nature of man; for without some understanding of that subject one would have to remain at a loss to make head or tail of such lines as these from *The Story of Sigurd the Volsung*.

I was to understand that all the old legendary accounts, such as the one I had just read — and they are to be found in every language — have to do with the warfare that is always going on in the heart of every mortal, and today, perhaps, more fiercely than ever before: that Sigurd, the Warrior, taking counsel with Odin, his own inner god and adviser, stands for the man who undertakes to wrest from the lower nature his own rightful kingdom, his divine inheritance. Thus the 'greedy house' is but the poetical representation of the strongly entrenched selfish interests and desires, while the 'King of the Heavy Hoard' is their Prince and arch-Patron. In other words, the per-

sonification of selfishness. 'The Steed and the ancient Sword' require a little more explanation, and might admit of many interpretations. But in this particular connexion, the 'Steed' is the sincere desire to achieve, and the unclouded vision of what is to be achieved, while the 'ancient Sword' is the awakened spiritual will, wherewith to cut all doubts as to the final success of the undertaking.

NUMBER 2411

The Control of One's Temper

TO lose one's temper is to lose a quantity of nervous energy which not only does no useful work, but acts as a disruptive agency within the body. We try to hold our rising anger back, but as we dwell in thought upon the cause of our irritation more temper is generated, until at last the pressure becomes so great that an explosion results. The state of tension is indeed relieved — but the energy let loose is gone for ever.

If only we had diverted our minds to something else, the little spurts of anger would never have accumulated and the temper would have been conserved and used in the normal working of the body. How much better it would have been, not so much to have resisted the maddening thoughts, but rather to have refused them admittance to the mind, and so to have occupied ourselves with something else that they would have been crowded out!

It has been suggested that if only one could go through a few physical exercises to relax the nervous system in times of special temptation, the problem of temper control would be delightfully easy; but that would be slightly ridiculous, and so we are reduced to perform our 'daily dozen' in private, producing their relaxing effect internally whenever the occasion requires.

If under the stress of provocation we give way to anger in a flow of words, there is certainly a sense of relief; but a reaction is bound to follow, and the results may be serious for all who are concerned. If we could only contrive to let go of our nerves and muscles — to relax, relief is also gained and that with no undesirable reaction. We also keep our head clear for the consideration of the question as to whether our indignation was justified or not, and perhaps to devise means to prevent the recurrence of the offense.

It is said that the occupants of a balloon which is carried along by a gale of wind enjoy all the effects of perfect calm because they travel at the same speed as the wind. Should their dragging anchor catch in the limb of a tree and arrest their movement, the balloon would of course be torn to pieces by its resistance to the wind. The thought of the balloon and of its method of avoiding disaster is highly suggestive and well pondered-over may supply a key to unlock

many a mystery. It may also serve to illustrate the much-discussed saying of Christ: Resist not evil.

Let no one try to persuade the owner of what is known as a bad temper that he has a double dose of 'original sin,' or some diabolical tincture in his blood. In a world where everyone is evolving and forever adjusting himself to new conditions, there is nothing to be ashamed of in having a bad temper — *so long as he is making an effort to bring it under his control.* The body which he has inherited may be regarded as a high-powered engine and his present duty is learning how to drive it.

Once mastered, a bad temper is a tremendous asset, a source of titanic energy, a possession of the soul to be used for the highest purposes. The man who keeps, and does not lose his temper, may become a far more effective power for good than the mouse-hearted man of mild and gentle manners who never lost his temper for the reason that he never had a temper to lose. Some gentle-mannered men however are the heroes of past struggles, and the crude forces which at one time used to break loose with devastating effect are now transmuted into finer, subtler powers which work in hidden ways impossible for us to trace.

Anyone who undertakes to gain the mastery over that violent refractory force that wells up from the animal nature, which it is our business to subdue, must be prepared for hard work and must possess the perseverance to endure, if his progress is slow. But one immediate advantage gained by one who works along these lines is that he no longer regards himself as a child of the Devil, but as a learner, as one who is experimenting in an unfamiliar field of research, and who in the end will be the happy possessor of a tremendous torrent of force under complete control to be used for whatever good purpose lies nearest to his heart.

PERIPATETIC PEDESTRIAN

What Fred was Good for

WE were talking over the back fence one evening about the great men whom our little township had produced. Some one spoke of Dick Cosslett and all he had done for the place by his brick-works. Then someone brought up Scully, whose book about breeding pigs is read all over the county; but when Ned Pethick's name came up — the man who ran for Congress and didn't get in — I thought it was time to introduce Fred Fenwick and see if we couldn't estimate a man's true value upon somewhat higher lines.

Fred had a pension which enabled him — not to loaf, — but to choose his own way of serving the community, and a mighty handy man he was to have around. He could knock together a chicken coop out of a few old boxes, or put a handle on a hoe, or give first aid to a broken doll. And yet when every-

one had had his say, we felt we had only touched the fringe of Fred's services to Ponder's End.

"It wasn't so much what he *did* as what he *was*," said Charlie Capstick. A fellow could never exactly say what it was, but everybody knows that Fred gave off something that smoothed off people's rough edges and put a stopper on harsh words and quarrels so long as he was around. In fact I believe that peace and good will oozed out of the pores of his skin."

"Talk about your great men!" declared Tom Tooze with tremendous emphasis. "I tell you that Fred did more for Ponder's End than all those other fellows put together. He was nothing but an ordinary, commonplace piece of goods to look at, the same as you or I, and I never took no stock in him so long as he was alive. A nice, decent-spoken fellow all right and willing to help you out at any time, but as for 'great' or 'near great'! No Sir, I never felt that way about Fred Fenwick. And then one night he just passed out in his sleep, and after we'd buried him — or better say put his body underground, — we settled down to carry on as before.

"Right then and there we realized that something was missing. People took things to heart, little things that they'd have passed off with a smile when Fred was around. We missed his spirit of helpfulness and folks got so wrapped up in their own affairs that they didn't have the leisure or the good will to do a hand's turn for the fellow next door. Dodwell's pig took sick and died, a runaway horse smashed into my fence, and the grocer's boy walked off with a lot of loose change. — I reckon it was Fred who'd been keeping him going straight.

"For all his quiet ways, I tell you there was a big force playing around Fred wherever he went — silent if you like; but it didn't work any the less for that. I sometimes think that he'd got such a stranglehold on the lower part of his nature, that he was able to control the evil things outside of him in the same way. They say that he was a lucky man to have around, but if you ask me, I say there was no 'luck' about it. If things went well it was *because something made 'em go like that*, and that 'something' was a power or an influence that came from Fred Fenwick. Sure thing I tell you."

A shrill cry proceeding from the Tooze cottage called Tom home to beat a carpet, and the little knot of talkers scattered like a flock of wild fowl when a hawk appears.

As I thoughtfully retired to my lodging I felt that although it might be a very fine thing to be written up in the papers after the funeral as one: "Who distinguished himself by conspicuous public service and the liberality of his donations to charity," yet a very private person in a much less showy way may exercise an unobtrusive influence of greater and more enduring value by far. Yes, Tom was perfectly right,

for as we try from day to day to do our simple duty and act up to the highest that we know, we certainly do let loose a subtle force that somehow pushes on our fellow men towards better modes of life in ways of which we little dream. And after all what higher service do we do for the Great Heart of the World than by making ourselves channels for its influence to pour into the lives of those around?

Fred Fenwick has gone to his rest, but the power that he used or the Power that used him, is still active and it remains for us to act in harmony with it and try to fill his empty place as best we can.

EL VIEJO

If

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;
If you can dream — and not make dreams your master;
If you can think — and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat these two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop to build them up with worn-out tools;
If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your nerve and heart and smew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the WILL which says to them: "Hold on!"
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings — nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And — which is more — You'll be a Man, my son.

— Selected

To Duty Wed

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

THE sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,

Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread
Where love ennobles all.

The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells,
The Book of Life the shining record tells.

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes,
After its own like working. A child's kiss
Set on thy singing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest. — 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

"SUPPOSING a man murdered your wife or your child, would you not want to kill him? To me the very fact that I should be desirous of doing so is in itself the most convincing answer. I should want to kill the murderer because I should be seeing red, and above all things, the Law must not see red. All legal punishment should be inspired by a whole-hearted endeavor to reform the criminal."

— Major Wallace Blake

"THE cynic is one who never sees a good quality in man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game."

— H. W. Beecher

"A MAN should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday."

— Alexander Pope

"I DON'T know that I approve of the modern fad of complete starvation for the cure of chronic maladies. It may get there, certainly, but with much inner friction. The other way is slower, but as sure, and with no jar and with much general gain in the power of self-discipline. This other way consists in rigorously restricting the intake of food, meal by meal, down to the small minimum of real requirement — a minimum much smaller than is easily believed. Then the body will — slowly, it is true, but faithfully — eliminate its stored superfluities. But we must allow no let-up in the discipline. It is curious that there are many who can take the short, strenuous way of complete abstinence, but cannot keep up the sustained effort of the gentler and more normal way. Yet they would soon find, on the other path, that the principle of habit would soon come to their help." — Herbert Coryn

"ERRORS to be dangerous must have a great deal of truth mingled with them. It is only with this alliance that they can ever attain an extensive circulation." — Sidney Smith

"YOUR face is a book where men may read strange matters." — Shakespeare

"THE Law gives back to every man in the end the actual consequences of his own acts." — H. P. Blavatsky

"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. Pierce

"No man or woman knows his or her moral strength until it is tried. Thousands go through life very respectably because they were never put to the test." — W. Q. Judge

"THE most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or at nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easier six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard-table, or hears your voice at a tavern when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day." — Benjamin Franklin

"I, who have seen, in the eyes of a dying dog, a look which was almost human, am not sure whether, by some law of evolution, unknown to man, God may not use suffering and pain to call into being, even in the dumb creation, the embryo of something which I can only liken to a soul. For if it be possible to see looking out at us from the eyes of a dying dog, love which even death cannot conquer, is it not possible that by death that love shall not be conquered, shall not be utterly slain?" — Coulson Kernahan

"LET us on retiring at night square up the accounts of the day in preparation for the morrow, for we may waken in a condition in which the mistakes of the past have no power to turn us away from the light. Let us look back only in order that the mistakes we made yesterday may not be made tomorrow. And then we shall not have to pile up our brains with great and difficult resolutions." — Katherine Tingley

"THE most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an aggressive greatness; one who loves life and understands the use of it; obliging, alike, at all hours; above all of a golden temper; and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker." — Lessing

"AS a mother at the risk of her own life watches over her own child, so let everyone cultivate a boundless friendly mind towards all beings. Let everyone cultivate good-will to all the world, a boundless, friendly mind, above and below and across, unobstructed, without hatred, without enmity. Standing, walking, sitting, or lying, as long as he is awake, let him devote himself to this mind." — Gautama Buddha

"It is out of silence that strength is born, there are resolutions that will not go into forms of thought and cannot be expressed in words. It is these only that have in them the strength of eternal fulfilment."

— H. D. Thoreau

"THE wound of a dagger heals, but that of the tongue, never." — Armenian Proverb



For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

"Grow old along with me
The best is yet to be."

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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Mother Nature's Christmas Song of Hope

Selected Passages from the Writings of

KATHERINE TINGLEY

THINK of Nature in her splendor and her glory, her supreme, divine willingness to serve, of how she stands in the silence, urging us to the better things of life! Then think of music — of how it steals into our souls and lives, bringing us, if only for a moment, into a unity and concord of spirit such as is rarely found. Could we hold the feeling born of such experiences, could we carry their inspiration with us from morning to night, from night to morning, in our duties; our struggles, our sorrows, our battles in the great arena of life — joy would indeed abide with us, even with suffering as our lot.

Nature is so beneficent, so ready to heal and bless. When the pressure of cares and trials is almost too great to be borne and I feel the need of help in finding a larger patience, I go to Nature, and there I find it again and again. She is the mystic mother of us all.

We lost touch ages ago with the Mighty Mother, Nature; and now need to go to her again, for the most part, in her forests or on her hill-tops or by the sea-shore, to find our own souls in her quiet places, and to learn that all matter responds to the spiritual touch. Out beyond hearing and seeing and thinking are infinite Laws that control our lives: divine Laws hold us in their keeping; and immediately behind the veil of visible things, and but a little way from the consciousness of our mortal selves, are Higher Forces at work for our good.

They speak to the soul to make the way broad and beautiful; they speak to us at all times in the sun-lit sky and the starlight; the shining silences of Nature proclaim to us always the greatness of the world and the hidden grandeur of man; so that in the desert, in the deep caverns of the earth, under the heaviest weight of sorrow, 'he that hath ears to hear' is never alone; and were he lost in the great waste places, or in a rudderless boat on the open sea, or were he on the brink of created things and far from the world of men: he would carry with him still the Kingdom of Heaven, and might find in his heart all the revelations for which humanity is longing.

Every time the wind blows it is singing you a song of the gods. Every time a flower blossoms it is bringing you a message from the Higher Law. Every time you hear the ocean as it beats against the shore and recedes in musical rhythm, it is speaking to your soul — a voice from Nature, verily a voice from God. The magnitude, the grandeur of these things, the possibilities folded within them — these can truly be sensed only in the silence.

You who are despairing, who have little faith in yourselves or hope of tomorrow, or belief that you can control your conditions, — seek aid of the

Mother: look up into the blue sky or the stars; catch in the air the feeling of her universal life; and then examine yourselves, and discover that many of your sorrows have come to you because you have not been willing to suffer.

I find treasures of experience in suffering. Any real attainment must come through discipline, and no matter how it may be outwardly, we can meet it as that which will call forth the stronger side of us, until it becomes at last the pride and joy of our lives and we love it as we love the sunshine and the aroma of flowers. Between mankind and Nature a mystic alliance exists, and this, once recognised and acknowledged, becomes a redemptive power.

A new hope is dawning on humanity, a hope that is the mainspring of progression, and the evidence of it can be seen everywhere. The great heart of Nature pulsates with joy, as it did in the days preceding the dawn of the dark age. Men and women who have so long borne the heavy burden of life, whose hearts have been well-nigh broken by the weight of many sorrows, feel the new joy awakened by the great symphonies of harmony which are now being sounded. It is felt in the heart of man and gives rise to constant aspiration; it is the quality which makes him great.

I hold that even now man is half-conscious all the time of the splendor of the light within, but he does not bring it into action. His fear, his mental limitations, his prejudices, his misconceptions, egotism, lack of faith, hold him back and he depends for his salvation upon outside sources. We must find the Christos spirit within us; we must bring it into action; we must make it a living power in our lives; and when it becomes a living power, when we have resurrected the Christos within, and rolled away the stone of matter from the doorways of our inner sanctuaries, then we shall begin to know our duties and responsibilities to all men. Then we shall awaken to the fact that Deity is in all the Universe, and that the form of religion that will best respond to the innate religious nature of man, is a universal religion of brotherhood, based on the fact that man is essentially divine, that brotherhood is a fact in Nature, and that we are our brothers' keepers.

Love's Flowering Time

WHAT makes the Christmas season welcome everywhere is that love, peace, and good-will, so often sadly lacking through the year, are, in a very special sense born among men on Christmas Day. A spirit of kindness is felt in the very air, old grudges are forgotten, love steals from heart to heart, and, tingling through the body of our common humanity run currents of new life, reminding us of the solidarity of the race, in spite of the apparent separation of the units that compose it.



Scrooges, and other kinds of curmudgeons, insensibly feel the universal urge to do little acts of kindness — and seem to like the strange sensation too. The melodies of Christmas, which never wholly die away in human hearts take on new resonance and power, and render musical the very voices in the streets as men in public places everywhere exchange the greetings of the day.

It seems a pity that such a general outpouring of human sympathy should so soon decline to a feeble trickle, and yet most people seem to feel that with the passing of the day, the spirit of Christmas should be put into cold storage till the season comes round again.

But if this glorious revival is good for Christmas Day, why should it not be good for every day in the year? Why should love, peace, and good-will be put on the shelf like the tinsel and glass balls that sparkle on the Christmas-tree? The Christmas feeling is nothing but the bursting into flower of the plant of Universal Brotherhood, and though this gorgeous blossoming can hardly be expected every day, yet surely there is no reason why the plant should not be in vigorous growth the year round.

Our food and drink, the fresh air and the sunshine, are in season every day in the year, and why the sentiment of Universal Brotherhood should exist as a dry bulb for three hundred and sixty-four days, and come into flower only on Christmas Day is a thing that some of us find it very difficult to understand.

With many of us, the sense of racial solidarity takes on a hearty if somewhat boisterous expression: with others this realization is accompanied by a feeling of deep satisfaction "too full for sound and foam" and perhaps for that reason more likely to last.

Christmas is something more than a merely human institution and sinks its roots deep in the heart of Nature. The season marks the rising tide of cosmic life, for now the days begin to lengthen. Christmas is in fact the herald of returning Spring.

No bars can shut out Christmas, any more than they can shut out the coming of Spring, and the cheerful glow of returning life is felt beneath many a suit of stripes. If only the feeling is there, Christmas will somehow get itself celebrated — a friendly glance, a ring in the voice, a trifling service done for somebody with a smile. These are the outward signs of an inward feeling that should be present, not only on Christmas Day, but through all the year.

Christmas is the cure for all the sorrows of the human race, for love conquers all, and if it could find a home in every heart, the grave problems of our civilization would dissolve into thin air.

But while we wait expectant of that happy day, we can at all events kindle its genial glow in our own hearts and let it shine through every act of our lives.

WATCHMAN

The Tree

(Translated from the Norwegian)

NOW is the earth as hard as granite, and the streams congealed to marble. "My good tree, wilt thou give me warmth?"

"Yea surely! I came as wood up from the earth, I would gladly rise as fire up to the heavens. Hew away! Father and Grandfather may find it good. Warm thy hands at the fire and thy soul with thy God."

"But my dear tree, will you help me to plow?"

"Yea, certainly! I will be with you to open the black soil so that the ears of the wheat may come up golden-yellow. When the furrows crack open then it is peace itself that rises. The dawn smiles upon it in tears."

"Thou kind green tree, within whose dark shadow the deer hides itself, wilt thou be with me to build me a house?"

"Yea, certainly. Hew away! I, who harbor birds' nests, can surely bear a house-roof. There you can collect your thoughts in the twilight hour in love. The children's voices are to me as the rustling of the leaves."

"My good tree, wilt thou serve me as a ship's mast?"

"Yea, certainly. Thou mayest easily believe that I would gladly be a bird. The ship bears me away from the land and carries me quivering through the Boundless. I shall see distant shores that know no winter. The birds have told me about it. As little as the wise man fears the grave, so little do I fear the ocean. Forward!"

"But my dear tree, I need you also for a gallows!"

"Away with the ax, the judge and the hangman! I am the forest's tree. I am the mountain's tree. I give ripe fruits and provide shelter for the blossoms. Do the work of Death thyself, with blood on thy hands and hatred in thy heart; but come not with your ropes and your shackles to the old oaks. They who listen to the voices of the winds will never consent to do your dirty work. I am the child of the sun. Enter ye not into my sacred solitude, oh, ye sons of darkness! Come not near me, leading that poor condemned wretch, burdened with his crime and misfortune, leading him to his death between two of your guards. I will not lend my branches to help in his passing. Begone! BJORSTJANE BJORNSON

The Thunderbolt that Never Struck

JIM and I had been rooming together for some time, and though we had plenty of conversation, we very seldom had 'words.' I believe that both of us would have stood a good deal from the other; but



very often a little thing will make a man more mad than something that really matters — but to the story.

Down at the store I often came across odd bits of paper, samples, fancy stuff, and I got the habit of bringing it home with the idea of fixing it up in the form of cards for sending around to my friends on their birthdays and so on. I kept it on a little shelf in the cupboard. I don't suppose I could have got three cents for the whole pile, but I had planned out how I was going to use it, and it was valuable to me.

Well, the Fourth of July came around and I was in the room while Jim was shaving — a thing that never happened in the ordinary way — and what do you suppose? There was Jim wiping off his razor on a choice scrap of pink paper that I was going to use for a birthday greeting to Mother! I rushed to the cupboard and lo and behold out of all that precious pile there were five pieces left!

For a moment I stood and stared; then a devil flared up inside of me, but just as I was going to let fly, there was a sort of hush like the calm before a storm. Out of the silence something came to me. I had often heard of the voice of inspiration and ever since that day I have believed in it. Some one that was not I had taken control, and I heard my own voice speaking as though it came from the mouth of another — I listened to hear what was coming.

"Run out of shaving-paper, eh Jim?" the voice said.

"Oh no," he replied in a casual way, "but I always help myself from the pile in the cupboard. You know you told me I was to make free with any little odds and ends of yours that I wanted."

Yes, I remembered. I *had* said that very thing, and how was the poor fellow to know the value I had set on that stuff? From his point of view it was nothing but odd scraps of waste material, and was only valuable to me only because I had planned and thought about it. All of a sudden it struck me as comical. Here was a thunderstorm brewing and lightning ready to strike, and there stood Jim serene and calm, shaving away without the least idea of the thunderbolt he had so narrowly escaped.

If he was calm, I could be calm too, so I merely remarked in a voice — perhaps a trifle too calm to be natural: "Oh, that's all right, help yourself at any time to all you want!"

Strange that a raging cyclone like that could suddenly dissolve and disappear! And what buried self in me was it that pushed my common, every-day self — Tom Latham — aside and quietly assumed control?

There must be floods of locked-up energy within, unknown and therefore unused. There must be unplumbed depths of possibilities both for good and for evil in all of us lying far beneath the surface of those personalities we call 'ourselves.'

I never told Jim about his narrow escape, and I still collect all the scraps of fancy paper that come in my way, but I keep them safely stowed away in my trunk — *locked*.
WAYFARER

The Power of a Wish

WHEN Richard Jefferies, the naturalist, was a young man he was deeply interested in the history of his native village and wanted to know whether Cromwell's army had ever marched that way. His inquiries were unsuccessful and the matter was dropped; but it seems that in some obscure corner of his mind the wish to know was still alive.

Years afterwards at the library of the British Museum while passing a row of shelves containing volumes of reference of all kinds, he suddenly stopped and felt himself impelled to take down one of the volumes. He opened it, and right before his eyes lay the very information for which he had made such strenuous search in years gone by!

It seems, then, that wishes may be dismissed from the field of conscious thought and yet live on. And more — they may force themselves upon our notice and control our actions at some future date as though we had endowed them with an independent life of their own. Something with life and intelligence is created whenever we form a wish in our minds, and presumably this something is charged with fresh vitality whenever it is made a subject of thought. The wish in fact becomes a mind-born child of the wisher, and although forgotten by its parent it may live on through years of neglect. It is like a Leyden jar which once charged with electricity, preserves it safe and sound until such time as favorable circumstances 'push the button.'

Whenever the mind dwells upon something pleasant a desire is generated and as most of us allow our imaginations to act with very little control, we can see what a tremendous effect this unregulated wishing must have upon our future.

Every day of our lives from dawn to dark we are weaving a variegated web of wishes, and these wishes are either good or bad as our higher or our lower nature gains the upper-hand in that ceaseless warfare of which our daily lives are the battle-field. It is easy to understand why our lives are like checker-boards with alternate patches of grief and happiness as our stored-up wishes for evil or for good, rooted in the dark unconscious mind, grow to maturity and produce their harvest, each after their kind.

We can only dimly imagine the resistless driving force that would enter into and direct our lives, if we resolved to think only of those things which were helpful and inspiring, thus cutting off the vital currents from thoughts of evil tendency and throwing them out of our minds still-born. The injurious de-

sires fed and fostered in the careless years gone by, would flower out, produce their appropriate harvest and disappear. And now henceforward and forever — if our perseverance never flags — each thought that leaves our mind would be like a bright and beautiful messenger, a creature of the mind's begetting to help and serve the human race.

To men behind the bars the teaching conveyed by the story is vibrant with hope and good cheer. Prevented as we are in many ways from self-expression, we may make our days of retirement, days of preparation for the time when opportunities for self-directed evolution will be at our disposal. Why not visualize in detail, the kind of man which in our better moods we should like to be? The imagination used as a liberating force would open out a way for whatever is good in us to come forth into the sunshine and instead of laying plans for collecting a livelihood from the public, why not try to scheme out new ways to contribute our share of effort for the good of our fellow-men?

The story has not been fabricated to teach a moral lesson, but is the record of an actual occurrence in the life of Richard Jefferies. It is full of suggestion on the subject of the almost magical power of the human mind and has its application in many departments of life.

OBSERVER

A New Start Every Morning

DAYBREAK, with a growing flush of rosy light behind blue mountains in the east, the cheerful twitter of awakening birds, and the soft rustle of the wind of dawn among the swaying needles of the pines — how clearly every detail is imprinted on my mind!

I was strolling over the sand-dunes that morning when I came upon old David sitting on a bank of silver sand and waiting for the rising sun. He was one of those rare persons who are perfectly contented to be silent and alone. He seemed indeed to feed on the silence and drew from it a quiet unobtrusive power that made him different from the common run of men. I knew him well and we could sit together without speaking for quite a while, and that is a sign, I take it, that you feel pretty much at home in a man's company.

"When I was a young fellow like you," he began, "one day was just like another — so much work to be got through, and as much fun to be squeezed out of the little leisure that I had as I could manage. But now every morning to me is as if the world began anew. My old mistakes — I won't call them sins — I throw behind my back and never think of them, if I can help it. Of course you can't side-step the consequences, for seed once sown is bound to sprout and grow when the season comes round, but that's all right because if you didn't reap what you've sown,

you'd surely miss a lesson that you need to learn. Don't look behind, but get so strong by doing your work as it comes along that when settling-day comes round you can stand up like a man and take what's due to you with a stiff upper lip and no whining about your hard luck.

"Every new day let us expect the very best and try to make it the very best day we ever had. No matter if all your past has been a selfish snatching at good things for yourself, let this day be a beginning of days and a new start in life. If you've been a hard swearer, cursing at every little set-back that you run across, suppose you try meeting them with a smile. I tell you, you can over-ride them as easily as that little boat out there rides the backs of the waves.

"Take things easily and work with Nature and don't strain and struggle — flowers don't grow that way. There's a living power in every one of us, just as there is in the young wheat over yonder, that's for ever trying to lead us on to the best possible for us. Let it have its way. The lilies and the roses don't get their beauty from toil and hard work, but by opening up to the air and sunshine, and letting Nature's forces work."

David paused, and with a sparkling glitter of white rays, the sun rose majestically over the mountain's brow. "David," I said, "you have never spoken to me of your religion, what is it?"

"How can a man speak of religion with That before him!" replied the old man, as he gazed upon the splendor in the eastern sky. And after a long silence he broke into a smile and quietly remarked: "All wise men are of the same religion."

"And which is that?" I eagerly exclaimed, for my respect for David was so great that anything he might say on this subject I should set a very high value on.

"Wise men never tell," he said; and then as he saw perhaps a look of resentment on my face at what I imagined was a selfish reticence on the part of 'wise men,' he went on:

"They never tell, not because they wish to keep it secret and *won't*, but because with the best will in the world to help other people, they *can't*. Of course one can talk about religion for hours, but as for really putting it into words, so that a man who had no religion could pick it up from what you say — why it simply can't be done. If you have a mother whom you really love and are asked to explain how you feel about her, you see at once that the thing is a mystery that cannot be expressed in words. And it's the same with a man's religion. He knows what he knows, and he feels what he feels, but trying to say it in words would only cheapen and vulgarize the most precious treasure that he has.

"But it's no great matter after all. If a man has any real light it will shine out somehow — there's a

certain smile he has, or a tone in his voice or a way he has of doing things, that shows he has a living power inside of him that will not only lead him on, but will give those about him a lift upward almost in spite of themselves."

The sun was getting higher, so David rose and wished me good morning, and presently was lost to view as he threaded his way among the young pines.

STUDENT

The Work of the Night

WE know that some of the richest gems of literature have been inspired, suggested, or enriched by dreams, for the authors have told us so. The example of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* is of course familiar to everyone. As Bunyan tells us, he dreamed a dream while in his wretched prison-cell at Bedford, and out of it there rose his noble allegory of the march of the pilgrim soul.

Would it not be better if we paid more attention to our hours of sleep — made more use of these six or eight hours of life out of the twenty-four while our bodies are lying in bed? Who of us does not know of loftiest ideals, of aspirations the most fervid and intense that have been wrecked and shattered by some overmastering impulse or craving arising from our bodies, or by some agony, disappointment, or disillusionment of our daily waking life?

But at night the body is — presumably — at rest. It has its needed warmth, recumbency and quiet; and for some few hours at least, it will cease to be a drag. We are free to act, to think and really to live. Would it not be better if we valued them more — insisted on deriving more profit from them and understood them better?

But so often, on waking, we instantly forget all our night's activities, or worse still, we toss the memories of them into utter confusion — foolish, ludicrous or even objectionable.

The wiser teachers of men have not done so, and have warned us against our folly in thus misusing our deeper life of sleep.

"In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men" we are instructed, says one of the speakers in *Job*. Suppose that instead of

'falling' asleep, we allowed our bodies to sink into sleep with deliberate intention, realizing that we shall not go to sleep, but will enter into a fuller life of our own.

And so also, when the body begins to stir and awake in the morning, let us keep a resolute hold on these inner forces born of slumber and the dark, and let them carry us onwards like the waves of the ocean, right through the day. How can such a process fail to enrich our waking hours, to make us happier, and bring us nearer to the real life of joy in which every service becomes a delight.

I quote the following from Katherine Tingley's *The Path of the Mystic*:

"We should take the last half hour before retiring for spiritual rest, constructive thought, quiet, silent reflection on spiritual things. Such a course would place us beyond the reach of disintegrative agencies during those hours when the soul is free. In sleep the soul is free, winging its way into new spaces, finer worlds of thought and feeling, evolving, growing, expanding — and it longs to carry you with it, the *you* of prosaic daily life. The soul is within us — and yet it is not: there is a mystery here."

F. D.



THIS IS MY FIRST CHRISTMAS

A Little Child Shall Lead Them

LAO-TSE, the Chinese philosopher, once said: "The softest things in the world override the hardest"; and the profound truth contained in these words is well illustrated by the following extract from *Out of the Shadow*, by Michael Fairless.

It was once my privilege to know an old organ-grinder named Gawdine. He was a hard swearer, a hard drinker, a hard liver, and he fortified himself against the world; he even drank alone, which is an evil sign.

One day to Gawdine sober came a little dirty child, who clung to his empty trouser leg — he had lost a limb years before — with a persistent unintelligible request. He shook the little chap off with a blow and a curse; and the child was trotting dismally away, when it suddenly turned, ran back, and held up a dirty face for a kiss.

Two days later Gawdine fell under a passing dray which inflicted terrible internal injuries on him. They patched him up in the hospital, and he went

back to his organ-grinding, taking with him two friends — a pain which fell suddenly upon him to rack and rend with an anguish of crucifixion, and the memory of a child's upturned face. Outwardly he was the same save that he changed the tunes of his organ, out of long-hoarded savings, for the jigs and reels which children hold dear, and stood patiently playing them in child-crowded alleys, where pennies are not as plentiful as elsewhere.

He continued to drink; it did not come within his new code to stop, since he could "carry his liquor well"; but he rarely, if ever swore. He told me this tale through the throes of his anguish as he lay crouched on a mattress on the floor; and as the grip of the pain took him he tore and bit at his hands until they were maimed and bleeding, to keep the ready curses off his lips.

He told me the story, but he gave no reason, offered no explanation: he has been dead now many a year, and thus would I write his epitaph: "He saw the face of a little child and looked on God."

Here's to the Man

HERE'S to the steadfast, reliable man,
The man with the tongue that's true,
Who won't promise to do any more than he can,
But who'll do what he says he'll do.
He may not be clever, he's often quite blunt,
Without either polish or air,
But though it's not in him to "put up a front,"
When you need him he's always there.
So here's to the man on whom one can rely,
And here's to his lasting success!
May his species continue to multiply,
And his shadow never grow less! — *Selected*

"How does the Meadow-flower its bloom unfold?
Because the lovely little flower is free
Down to its root, and, in that freedom, bold;
And so the grandeur of the Forest-tree
Comes not by casting in a formal mold
But from its own divine vitality." — *Wordsworth*

An Old Favorite

Edwin Markham

THE crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star is Brotherhood;
For it will bring again to Earth
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth,
Will send new light on every face,
A kingly power upon the race,
And till it comes, we men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way then, clear the way;
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path;
Our hope is in the aftermath —
Our hope is in heroic men,
Star-led to build the world again.
To this Event the ages ran:
Make way for Brotherhood — make way for Man.
— *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.

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The New Way Quotebook

"THE moral life is a God-centered life, a life of passionate love and enthusiasm for humanity, a seeking of the infinite through the finite, and not a mere selfish adventure for small ends."

— *Viscount Haldane*

"SELF is the only prison that can ever bind the soul; Love is the only angel who can bid the gates unroll; And when he comes to call thee, arise and follow fast; His way may lie through darkness, but it leads to light at last."— *Van Dyke*

"THE mind, while higher and more subtle than the body, is only an instrument used by the soul in gaining experience, just in the same way as an astronomer uses his telescope for acquiring information respecting the heavens."— *W. Q. Judge*

"If there is a virtue in the world at which we should always aim, it is cheerfulness."— *Bulwer Lytton*

"EVERY good thought gives birth to an angel."— *Edmond Fleg*

"To be a seeker is to be the best sect next to a Finder, and such a one shall every faithful humble Seeker be at the end, Happy Seeker, Happy Finder!"— *Oliver Cromwell*

"PERFECT justice rules everywhere in the universe. Just as the trees and flowers every spring blossom out into new life, so there is that in our divine Ego which endures through the ages, and whose destiny it is to attain to greater and greater perfection from life to life."— *Katherine Tingley*

"GENIUS is the power of carrying the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood."— *S. T. Coleridge*

"THE birth of a child is the imprisonment of a soul."— *Simons*

"Do not be troubled because you have not great virtues. God made a million spears of grass where he made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted not with forests but with grasses. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a hero or a saint."— *Henry Ward Beecher*

"We have no right to prejudge a person, not even though the voice of a whole community should be against him."— *H. P. Blaavatsky*

"EXTERNAL Nature has a body and soul like a man; but her soul is the Deity."— *John Ruskin*

"I CAN make a lord, but only God Almighty can make a gentleman."— *James I.*

"My friend is not perfect, no more am I, and so we suit each other admirably."— *Alexander Pope*

"EXPERIENCE interpreted by intuition will teach man to distinguish between the promptings of the lower and the guidance of the Higher Self, and he will see a new meaning in the formula: Look within for everything."— *R. Machell*

"WE can see nothing in others to condemn that is not in us, the like alone recognises the like, and it is a sure sign that we, too, have the same faults to combat when we condemn. We have not yet reached those heights of purity where we stand with one of old who said: 'Neither do I condemn.' Far better to cultivate the attitude of mind that sees beneath all failures and all faults, how beautiful our brother is."— *Anonymous*

"CONCEIT may puff a man up, but it can never prop him up."— *George Eliot*

"ANCESTRY never made a man great. Thought and deed, not pedigree, are the passports to enduring fame."— *Skobloff*

"A MAN takes a drink, then the drink takes a drink, and the next drink takes the man."— *Japanese Proverb*

"EMPLOYMENT is Nature's physician, and is essential to human happiness."— *Galen*

"PROVERBS are the wisdom of the past condensed for the instruction of the present."— *Lynn Edwards*

"I AM Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow, and I have the power to be born a second time; I am the divine hidden soul who created the gods; I am the ruler of the East, the possessor of the two divine faces wherein his beams are seen; I am the lord of those who rise again; the lord who cometh forth from the darkness."— *The Book of the Dead*

"WHEN the time comes for us to wake out of the world's sleep, why should it be otherwise than out of the dreams of night? Singing of birds, first broken and slow, as — not to dying eyes, but eyes that wake to life — the casement grows a glimmering square, and then the gray and then the rose of dawn, and last the light whose going forth is to the ends of heaven."— *John Ruskin*

"It is not the oath that makes us believe the man, but the man the oath."— *Aeschylus*

