

Be Kind and Gentle  
Behind the Paper Veil

Life is a divine adventure.

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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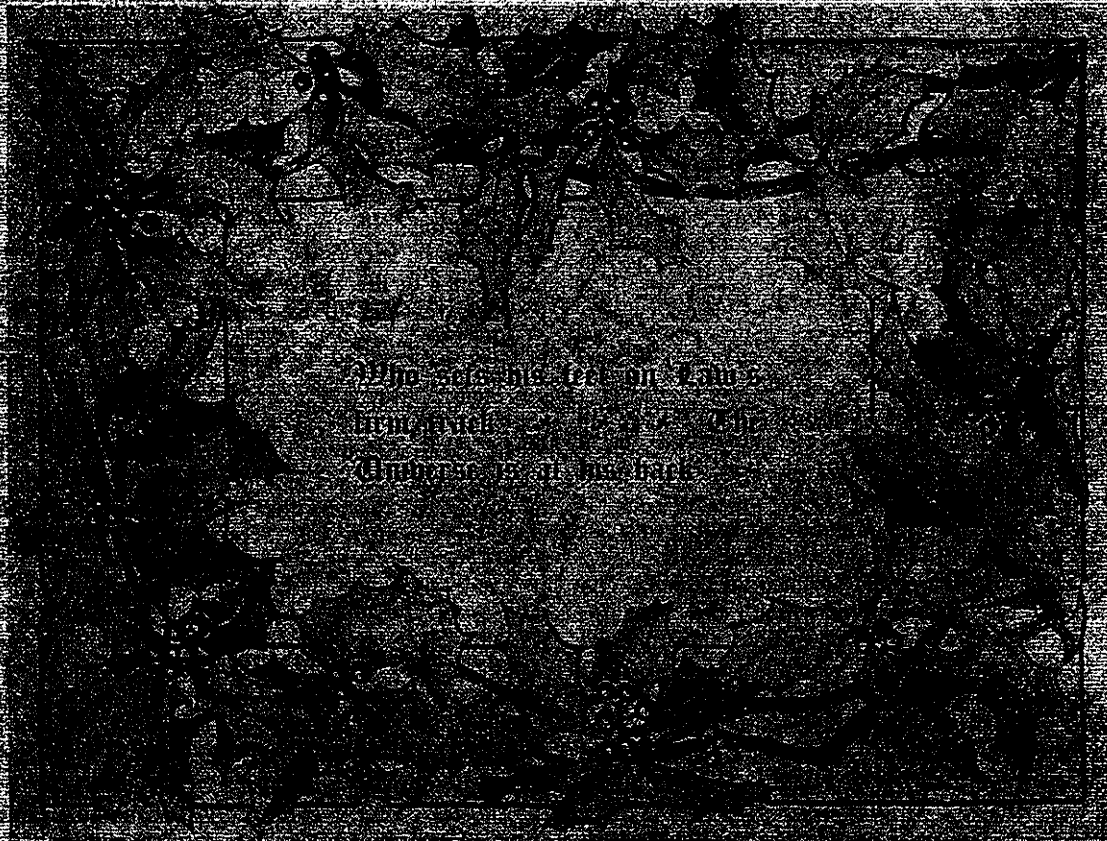
Point Loma, California

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No. 1



Who sets his feet on Earth  
firmly, well, the  
Chimney is at his back.

## The New Year

*Extracted from an Address delivered in the Memorial  
Temple of Peace, Point Loma, California*

BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

THE New Year's beginning awakens in the minds of those who are looking away from themselves, new hopes and aspirations. It creates new ideals and arouses new hopes. All over the world there are

thousands of people who look upon New Year's Day as a time in which to make new resolutions. The first thing to wish for is that all humanity were united in the living spirit of Universal Brotherhood.

More than anything else the world needs today a new quality of optimism. On this beautiful New Year's Day let us have a clear view of the essential dignity of humanity, of the spiritual life of man, and of the eternity of the divine spark within us. Then

we shall realize that the secrets of life all lie within, and that man must be their revealer to himself. Then shall we make royal New Year's resolutions — not resolutions that come merely from the brain-mind or from foolish sentiment, but resolutions born absolutely from man's spiritual will, which is above ordinary mental processes.

Man's spiritual will is the faculty that enables him to round out his life nobly, to build up his character, to enlarge his mentality, so that his whole being works in harmony with those higher laws which hold us all within their keeping.

When a man looks away from himself he gains clear vision, and is moved by a quality of compassion that takes every suffering human being into his heart. He does not condemn others; neither does he pass judgment on them. Instead, he spends his time in purifying his own life, in seeking the right path, and in finding the light. Having found it, he holds on to it with a steadfast resolution that also fills him with a conviction of the sacredness and the nobility of life. Once a man accentuates these qualities, which really represent the divine life in him, I do not believe he can ever fall back.

Let us meet conditions in such a way that when tomorrow comes, we shall have the consciousness of having made a new record that will be the result of the attitude of mind of the man who says to himself: "I am determined," "I am resolved," "I dare to meet life's issues, which heretofore my notions and opinions have prevented me from understanding," "I dare to open the book of life, to study myself and to challenge all the weaknesses of my nature." Such a true attitude of mind cannot fail you. It has not failed me, and it has not failed any.

As soon as we are sure of man's spirituality another page in the book of life is opened for us and we begin to find ourselves in a whirl of splendid efforts; and we then see that the questions which puzzled us yesterday and which we ignored, are now right at hand ready to be looked into and solved.

A resolution supported by the spiritual will is of a sacred quality. Such a resolution promises a superb future for man, if he will only move away from his weaknesses and abominate them as he would the ravages of some terrible disease.

Under the Higher Law there can be no self-deception. Man must treat himself as a being too sacred to be spoiled or demeaned. He must hold himself with thought, will, and vision, to a new quality of dignity which never comes from the mentality alone.

We are trying to enlighten the mind of man so that he will be unafraid of himself, and so that he will realize that in his own nature there are two qualities that will either make his life a blessing or mar it. Although he may carry the appearance of

decency and honor, so long as there is one hidden weakness in his nature that he temporizes with or passes by, he is demeaning himself, dragging himself down to inevitable degradation.

Once we begin to study ourselves and undertake the conquest of our own weaknesses we shall then have no time to condemn others. We have just as much as we can do to take care of ourselves, to discriminate between right and wrong, between justice and injustice, between our personal limitations and the larger impersonal view of life. If we follow this path conscientiously we can arise each morning and meet the day with joy.

No matter what the difficulties that we may encounter at any time, we can meet them with courage, because we know that man is essentially divine. This essential divinity shows itself by the way in which he lives his life, and by his living in harmony with the nobler aspects of life, thus fulfilling the decrees of the Higher Law. Every sane man at one time or another has high ideals and aspirations. The failures come when the personal will is not directed nor inspired by the spiritual nature.

On this beautiful New Year's day let us have a clear view of the essential dignity of humanity, of the spiritual life of man, and of the eternity of the divine spark within us. Then we shall realize that the secrets of life all lie within, and that man must be their revealer to himself. Then we shall make royal New Year's resolutions — not resolutions that come merely from the brain-mind or from foolish sentiment, but resolutions born absolutely from man's spiritual will, which is above ordinary mental processes.

Man's spiritual will is the faculty that enables him to round out his life nobly, to build up his character, to enlarge his mentality, so that his whole being works in harmony with those Higher Laws which hold us all safe within their keeping.

#### Another Milestone on the Endless Path

AT every moment of our lives we stand between the endless future and a past which never had a beginning, and our entry into a New Year only serves to remind us of our strange position. But even the present moment can hardly be called a standing-ground, because no sooner is it realized than it becomes the past, and by a sudden shift we find ourselves living in a point of time which, but an instant before was part of the unknown future.

Every present moment as it comes is another chance to do *present* work, and should not be wasted in looking back upon our past mistakes. Thought is a form of energy and by looking back with thoughts of regret, we lose just so much energy that might have been employed in present effort.

All things are in a state of flux and the wheel of





Life revolves incessantly and the thought is full of peace and charged with boundless hope.

We are not among the restless stream of things in constant change. The enduring sense of being alive is due to the Eternal Watcher who sits unmoved within the center of the wheel. He notes the varying moods, the thoughts that come and go and yet amid the constant whirl of change retains unbroken calm. This Watcher is in truth our deeper selves.

Whenever public duty and personal desire come into conflict we have an opportunity to realize the presence of the calm Spectator who sits on high and views the progress of the fight. Whenever we act against our lower desires in obedience to conscience, the will is at work and this will is the Watcher in action imposing his decisions upon the lower elements of our nature.

The coming year will be full of these opportunities for trying out the strength of the Soul in conflict with the stress of circumstances and the animal desires which occupy our bodies as wild beasts live in the jungles.

The very conditions which to one man will seem to be like a Niagara of misfortune, may appear to another as a golden flood of opportunities for the development of the will and the growth of character. Temptations, to one who knows, something of life's purpose, appear as opportunities and daily life as a battle field on which he has to play a hero's part.

So living, we shall slowly advance to the great victory when we shall blend our being with that of the Watcher, the Warrior, the Changeless Soul.

In this high partnership we take our place among the ranks of those who hold their bodies and their minds in firm control, the body now refined, made pure and sensitive, the intellect with added power and it by the clear shining of the Soul. Henceforward and forever with a confidence and joy that grows from hour to hour, we learn to work in harmony with Nature's plans, borne on the flowing tide that carries us and all the humbler ranks below us in the scale of life into the brightness of a better day.

Our surroundings will become of less and less importance as our inner life grows more vivid and full of purpose, and every arriving moment will be fraught with splendid opportunity.

Another stretch of the endless path opens up before us. Forward march! OBSERVER

### The Gentle Art of Being Kind

*So many gods, so many creeds,*

*So many paths that wind and wind—*

*While just the art of being kind—*

*Is all the sad world needs." Selected*

"SURE, a great inventor," said the stout man on my right to his friend, as the street car rolled us heavily homewards, "why they say that this new

filament saves the country a cool two million dollars worth of current every day. There's no one can possibly figure up how much we owe to Otto Spindel, Franz."

"I'm not so sure of that," came the reply in a slow thick voice. "Cheap luxuries, fast traveling, and all these labor-saving devices have very little to do with real happiness, to my way of thinking. Now my grandfather lived in the days of candles and knockers on the front doors, when shoes were made of leather and butter came from cows. They didn't have so many patent medicines in those days, but then there wasn't near so much sickness. Most everybody was on the blessed jump from morning till night and that kept them all fit and lively. Grandfather was always laughing at something or other, mainly, as I believe because he found it pretty good fun just to be alive."

"The old man used to saw his own kindling wood and do his own chores and the exercise kept him limbered up and active, so that when he was through, he'd hunt up a job to do for somebody else. You could always tell when he was at our place because he'd start polishing the front door handle the first thing after he got there. He'd oil the hinges, tighten up the loose screws, or fill the lamps — any old thing to help out and make the wheels go round. And he didn't do it as if it hurt, but as if it was just fun."

"I can see him now in my mind's eye, making a bonfire of the trash he'd raked together in our yard, padding back and forth in his old red sweater, and beaming with pleasure to see the flames leap up and the dirty, rubbishy burst into flame and travel off in smoke. He was always welcome and Mother used to say that he ate less than Towser and did more work than the hired man. He never had any settled plans, but was always ready to do any mortal thing you asked him, from shelling peas to hunting the dead rat under the flooring, and all the while humming or whistling, and his red sweater bobbing about like a hot coal on a holiday."

"One day old man Croaker dropped in to visit and told about his troubles and said how glad he'd be when the time came for him to float off to some place above the sky."

"Well," says Granddad, "I don't find the world such a bad place to live in after all."

"No," burst out my little girl, Susan, "it looks all right to you of course, because everything and everybody brightens up when you come along."

"And, by jinks, I guess she was right. He carried kindness with him wherever he went, never preached at a fellow, but fought evil as light fights darkness, by giving off the opposite. He never had a hard word for anybody, but he would always try to get them to make a fresh start if he saw the smallest spark of good in 'em. The toughest and the meanest kind of men couldn't hold out against the sunshine

he carried along with him, they just naturally had to thaw out and start to grow. I know he had a whole raft's load of troubles of his own, enough to sour the milk of a large dairy, but they only made him the sweeter and gave him more feeling for the troubles of other people.

"He took very little stock in new-fangled notions and folks used to call him an old moss-back; but he always used to say that it wasn't all these new inventions to make your body comfortable, that would give a fellow happiness, and the great thing was to have a contented mind and your heart in the right place.

"Politics! Why, he didn't care a rap what party was in, so long as they didn't stop him from having his fun, and that was doing a good turn for the next fellow he met."

"Corner of Fifth and Magnolia," bawled the conductor, and as that happened to be my jumping-off place I had to miss the rest of what my neighbor had to say about this wonderful old grandfather who cared so little for modern inventions to make us happy; but went through life with an old-fashioned smile and a pair of willing hands and carried sunshine with him wherever he went.

PIONEER

### The Ever-Living Self

DICK TOWNSEND helped to start the Boy's Booster Club in the tenement district — though they chose the name as sounding big and busy. So he said, "All right, boys, we'll have to boost the best we know how, in order to live up to our name."

He knew how shy a lot of rough-and-tumble boys are about letting out their real thoughts and feelings and that's why he had them ask questions, making his classes into informal talks. He knew what it was to be poor and hungry, both for food and knowledge.

One evening Tom wanted to know what the papers meant by 'survival after death.' When a dead man turned to dust under ground, wasn't that the end of him?

"Let's see about that," said Dick easily. "Science says that matter and force can never be destroyed, and when they disappear, they simply take some other form. First as to man's body, which is made up of both matter and force, isn't it?"

"Yes. But if a thing is burnt up, or dries up like water, or crumbles away, that's the end of it as far as I can see."

"It's the end of its appearance in that form."

"Can you prove that in common talk?"

"Suppose you choose something and we try to make the idea prove itself."

"Here's a rusty nail, crumbling to pieces. When the last grain of rust goes, it can't be found, can it?"

"Not as a nail. But let us follow it up a bit. Rust is oxydized iron; water is made of oxygen and hydrogen; water settles on the nail and stays long enough to let the oxygen in it link up with the iron, while the hydrogen links up with something else. Iron belongs to the solid family, so to say, and Oxygen to the gas family. Being attracted to each other, they unite, and the body of their child is rust — softer than one parent and harder than the other. You know a human child's body is the same stuff as its parents, and its character is something like theirs, and yet the child and its body are different from either or both parents.

"Well, the parent oxygen and iron come to an end as an able-bodied nail, but live on into the next generation as rust. Little by little the oxygen leaves its rust form and is reborn to begin a new experience, perhaps in the air, where it is breathed in by human lungs. Meantime, little specks of rust, washed into the soil, are picked up by the rootlets of a carrot and drawn into the plant with other bits of minerals and water and gases. Perhaps some free oxygen from the rusty nail is breathed in by the carrot's leaves, and thus the iron and oxygen are fellow-travelers in the same life-stream.

"Maybe the working gardener breathes some of the rust-freed oxygen into his lungs, and as this unites with the muscle-waste caused by his work, he gets hungry. Then he eats his carrots and gets the iron that has come up from mineral and vegetable forms and is ready for good work in human bodies. The rest of the carrot is digested and enters into new forms and combinations — no vegetable can 'carry on' as such in the body, but their life-force keeps going just the same.

"When our old friend iron gets into the gardener's blood, it works to carry oxygen along where it will do most good. Possibly some of the same two kinds of atoms from the rusty nail form come together again, for atoms have worked together over and over again, since Mother Earth first put matter through its paces in endless change of forms. Maybe, friend iron rotates in service in different organs of the body before being thrown out as waste or going back to earth-service when the gardener's body is put underground, while he returns to the soul-life whence he came."

"But why doesn't some of the matter get lost in the everlasting shuffle?" asked Jacob, doubtfully.

"Because it can't get lost. Even if the whole earth changed into gases, everything would be accounted for. Nature changes things all the time, but in her books every account balances up. She slowly changes oceans and continents, or stages sudden movies of earthquakes, tidal waves and volcanic eruptions."

"But what's the big idea of keeping up the dizzy whirl without getting anywhere?" asked Mikey.



"The idea is to give everything a chance to get everywhere. It gives useful matter a college-course in experience, and meantime the material earth and its forces make a good home and school for man himself."

"How is a fellow to know who he is and what he's here for, anyway?" asked sad-faced Andy. "It's a poor picnic for most of us, even if matter is enjoying its merry-go-round."

"That's what we're here for: to find out who we are. For not only have we bodies made of the same stuff as the earth and with the same forces, and with brains like intelligent animals, but we have the light of reason, and the real self in us never dies. Every cell in the body is changed every seven years, so that a man of seventy has had ten bodies and survived them all, and remembers things which belonged to his childhood body. Always he has been alive and conscious somewhere, when body and brain have been asleep, or perhaps unconscious under chloroform and things like that."

"Sometimes we wake up after a deep, dreamless sleep, feeling unusually refreshed, courageous and happy; may it not be because the real self has been living the larger, freer life that it enjoys before the birth and after the death of the body? I believe that it brings back some recollection of its native air and freedom, and an added power to work out and through, all the problems and worries and suffering that trouble our poor bodies and brains. It never returns after death to talk twaddle at seances, but gets into touch with us when we are living the best we know how."

DICK

#### A Study in Contrasts

"SAY, Henry, how about a bicycle ride tomorrow way off into the mountains?" It was Saturday and the two young chums, Henry and Robert, were chatting together at Robert's home.

Their temperaments were diametrically opposite; Robert was calm and serene by nature, a lover of scenery and interested in wild life; while Henry, prosaic and matter-of-fact, regarded an excursion mainly as an opportunity for exercising his muscles. They started at sunrise and soon found themselves in the midst of the entrancing beauties of a California Spring.

"Did you read about that poor fellow who was hanged the other day at the Federal Prison?" asked Robert. "I think it's a terrible shame to cut a fellow off like that, just starting life, with his character still in the making and all his good intentions yet to be carried out. Deep in the heart of everyone is a higher power always trying to express itself in his life, but usually thwarted by the blundering selfishness of the lower man. I believe that the worst use you can put a man to is—to hang him."

"You're altogether too sentimental, Bob," answered Henry. "So long as a fellow keeps physically fit, he's got no call to worry himself about the soul, life after death and that sort of thing. The fellow had probably had his share of life's enjoyments, and got just what he deserved."

The two friends were now riding in the midst of the grand mountain scenery, and as the highway rose over one divide after another, vast stretches of winding river and green valley land came into view. Birds chirped and twittered in the bushes and the opening buds smiled a welcome to the two young travelers.

"The journey of life is a good deal like this bike ride," said Robert, changing the subject. "Sometimes the road is steep and full of rocks, or slushy with the mire of vice. Sometimes you reach the lofty peaks from which you can view the grander aspects of life with happy composure; and then again you lose your way where the chapparal has spread over the track. At other times you coast down hill at a terrific speed only to waste your hard-earned money at some alluring wayside tavern."

"A man needs to get it into his head that life is an affair that never ends, and realize that if he loiters on the road, he has to make up the time lost on the next day. If he runs into debt it's no use trying to ride away from it. The sheriff will be sure to 'phone ahead and one of his agents will catch you the next day. And so in the great journey of life, a man needs one chance after another in order to make up for lost time, and pay off his debts."

By this time the two riders had reached a country-store, and while Robert refreshed himself in moderation, his companion blunted his faculties by giving the rein to his appetite, and was with difficulty persuaded to tear himself away. Once mounted, however, they were soon threading their way through a grove of towering pines, which reared their heads far into the clear blue dome above.

"Great Heavens! what a stand of timber!" exclaimed Henry. "I must tell my friends in the lumber trade about these pines. They certainly ought to be turned into hard cash."

"Well, I suppose that's the practical point of view," said Robert. "But what strikes me about them is the splendid lesson they teach of steady endurance century after century; and then the way that each protects his neighbor from strong winds and washouts, and the purity of motive in their very existence. They desire nothing better than simply to fulfil the destiny that Nature has planned for them, and if all men acted as they do, what a paradise we would have on earth!"

The two riders reached home in the twilight, comfortably tired, and each impressed in a different way according to their contrasted temperaments. V. M.

## Service First

**I**N *The Americanization of Edward Bok*, the author tells us that the path that leads to success in business is wide open, and that so far from having to jostle with a crowd of competitors, it is on the contrary a trifle lonely.

Most of those who are planning to enter a business-career are not seeking for work, but are looking for a job—a very different thing. They want a comfortable support in return for the least possible effort on their part in return. In order to achieve success a man has merely to do all that he can to help his employer, and then to do a little more than is expected. Immediately his head will rise above the selfish crowd of those who only think of themselves, and that head will catch the eye of the employer. There is never the slightest danger of being overlooked, because such heads are very few.

Not luck, but steady cheerful labor is the sure and certain key to success. Where others shirked their pull, he took up the slack; where they lagged, he pushed ahead; where others failed to take notice, he used his powers of observation and kept the records for possible use later on. Nothing in the world of business just happens, but everything is brought about in one way—the willingness to serve and a strong will to carry through.

A worker with the spirit of Edward Bok cannot be kept down, and when vacancies occur, such people rise to the top just as surely as corks float upwards to the surface. The only 'lucky' people are those who work hard, and their 'luck' comes to them in the shape in which they have earned it. NUMBER NINE

## The Jungle-Dweller Not So Bad

**I**T seems that the dangers of jungle-life have been greatly exaggerated. Anacondas and boa-constrictors of twenty feet are usually just as harmless as the common black snake of this country. Mr. Hyatt Verrill in his article on the Bearded Indians in *The Scientific American* for June, tells us that:

"There is not a wild animal in the whole of South or Central America that will attack a man unless wounded, and personally I do not believe that any Indian ever molested a white man unless the white man started trouble or unless the Indians had suffered at the hands of white men and did not discriminate. I have visited and lived among innumerable tribes, many of whom had never met white men and still more of whom were supposed to be savage and hostile, and never yet have I received anything save the most friendly and hospitable reception."

The city-dweller in days to come, when tired of being killed and injured by the traffic and 'beaten up'

by the desperadoes of our great centers of population may perhaps find peace and safety by retreating to the forests of Brazil, or the wilds of Papuan New Guinea.

## The Philosopher and his Body

**W**HEN Chuang Ch'u was about to die, his disciples desired to give him a splendid funeral. But Chuang said: "With Heaven and Earth for my coffin and shell, with the sun and the moon and the stars as my burial regalia, and with all creation to escort me to my grave,—are not my funeral paraphernalia ready to hand?"

"We fear," argued the disciples, "lest this caution krie should eat the body of our Master."

To which Chuang replied: "Above ground I shall be food for kries; below I shall be food for mole-crickets and ants. Why rob one to feed the other?"

## A Poor Man's Will

**A** CERTAIN man who had never succeeded in amassing a fortune, mainly because he had not tried very hard, found himself, nearing the Gates of Death. He owned no real estate and his personal effects amounted to practically nothing, and one would imagine that he might fairly consider himself excused from the formality of making a will. But he thought otherwise. Here is the will:

To those I love, I give and bequeath the golden harvest moon, the rosy flush of dawn and all the glory and the gold about the setting sun, the smiles of brightly vested flowers, the changing seasons and the wonder of the starry heavens. I do likewise endow them in perpetuity with all winding country roads, the hills with their waving trees, the valley clothed with velvet verdant grass, the mountains crowned with shining snow, the rippling streams and all the ringing sweetness of the songs of birds in spring.

From which we may infer that although the testator owned very little, as 'own' is understood by lawyers, he was verily a man of great possessions. P.

## A Lesson in Toleration

**A** BEAUTIFUL lesson in religious toleration is given by W. B. Seabrook in his *Adventures in Arabia*.

He was taking his lunch with the Sheikh el Melewi in a restaurant at Hama. "There is not," said the Sheikh, "one single, straight and narrow path to God. There are many paths of infinite number."



He took a napkin and twisted it round a sugar-bowl so that it made a little cone-shaped mountain, which he invited the author to consider.

"We will suppose," he said, "that the peak, the mountain-top, stands for Unity or God. And we will suppose, all round the base of the mountain men who wish to attain the peak. From any spot at the base, the direction to the top is not north, south, east, or west; it is upward. But the mountain is too steep for any mortal to climb straight upward; so here are some journeying eastward, and others westward, by winding paths that mount gradually higher and higher. A party traveling east meets a party traveling west. 'Whither?' each asks the other party. 'To God,' both cry. And then, if they have not wisdom each cries to the other: 'You are lost. Come, face about and go with us!' And then, alas, my friend, they dispute and condemn, not knowing in their unwisdom that all paths lead to God if they mount only upward.

"I would bid you beware, my friend, of falling into such unwisdom, when you return to your own country and look back in memory on this older land."

### Immortality

George Eliot

O MAY I join the choir invisible  
Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence; live  
In pulses stirred to generosity,  
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
Of miserable aims that end with self,  
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,  
And with their mild persistence urge men's minds  
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:  
To make undying music in the world,  
Breathing a beautiful order, that controls  
With growing sway the growing life of man.

### A Thing of Beauty

John Keats

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever:  
Its loveliness increases; it will never  
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep  
A bower for us, and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

Selected

In this broad earth of ours,  
Amid the measureless grossness and the slag,  
Safe and enclosed within the central heart  
Nestles the seed perfection,  
In every life a share or more or less,  
None born but it is born.—*Walt Whitman*

### The Melody of the Heart

John Keble

THERE are in this loud stunning tide  
Of human care and crime,  
With whom the melodies abide  
Of everlasting chime,  
Who carry music in their heart  
Through dusty lane and wrangling mart,  
Plying their daily toil with busier feet,  
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

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 Quotations

"LABOR is contribution, service, charity, it is a function of love and life, it is long suffering and kind. Labor is a method of discipline and even of absorption and rapture. In work one may forget the world. It is a Path, a Way. Labor is athletic and heroic. There is no heroism without hardness, and toil is the best earner of health, rest and sleep. By labor we can maintain some training without killing gentle creatures in the rich man's way, and without golf in the middle-class manner. When I think of the extent and apparatus of modern sport and the chronicling of it in the press, I blush all over. All this gaming is a disease caused by the divorce of art from labor."

—W. R. Lethbridge

"WE ought to set up a high ideal at which to aim for a low one gives a low result at the expense of the same effort. We should not put before us an aim less than the highest, merely because it seems that our success will not be as great as we think it ought to be. It is not so much the clearly perceived outward result that counts as the motive effort and aim. The motives with which we live our lives go to make up our greater being, our larger life, our true self."

—W. O. Judge

"WE should love our mother tongue as we love our country, and try to express ourselves with vigor, dignity and grace."

—John Galsworthy

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

—L. P. Jacks

"SILENCE the mind chapter; search within in that silence and thou too shalt find. O poor mind harassed wayfarer. To thee likewise shall come knowledge of what thou truly art."

—Ibrahim the Arab

"THE truest and fairest thing, as regards education, is to attract the mind of the pupil to the fact that the immortal self is ever trying to bring the whole being to a state of perfection. The real secret of our system of education is rather to evolve the child's character than to overtax the child's mind; it is to bring out, rather than to bring to, the faculties of the child. The grander part is from within."

—Katherine Langley

"THE winds and the waves are always on the side of the ablest navigator."

—Cannon

"His own character is the arbiter of his destiny."

—Publius Syrus

"WAR is the result of mistakes and misunderstandings, and the greatest mistake is to believe in treaties and written or spoken proclamations. There will be no peace in the world so long as there is a fighting spirit in the mind of man."

—Capitoline

"AS the sun does not wait for prayers and incantations that he may rise, but shines at once and is greeted by all, so neither wait thou for applause and shouts and eulogies that thou mayest do well, but be a spontaneous benefactor, and thou shalt be beloved like the sun."

—Epictetus

"EVERY human being is an incarnation of his God in other words one with his Father in Heaven. Although an average man can know of this Father, his what he knows of himself through and within himself. The soul of his Heavenly Father is incarnated in him. The soul is himself and he is successfully assimilating the divine and realizing while in his physical animal shell."

—H. P. Blavatsky

"I AM quite sure that a time will come when people will read of the war on Gaeltic which we now inflict in sport, with the same wonder and abhorrence with which we now read of the bloody orgies of savage tribes and the cruel scenes of the Roman amphitheater."

—Viscount Morley

"How much talk and pretence there is! How little silence! And sometimes one gets so tired of talk one wants something more real, more true and deep—something nearer an inner revelation. I think that can take us beyond ourselves, beyond the crowd, beyond even the voices of those we love. Such revelations can only come through silence and solitude."

—Queen Marie of Romania

"THERE is nothing higher than to approach humanity closer than other men, whence to spread the rays of Divinity among the human race."

—Beethoven

"MARK! A heart that is good like a medicine, but a broken spirit dieth up the bones."

—Solomon

"INSTEAD of a gem or even a flower, we could place the gift of a lovely thought in the heart of a friend that would be saving as the angels."

—George MacDonald

"THE highest goodness is the way of the least excellent in benefiting all things, and of those that strive. It occupies the lowest place, which men abhor."

—Lao Tse





Prisoners and Others  
Watch Behind the Bars, too!

"Spiritual Man is eternal. There are no dead!"  
Katherine Tingley

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

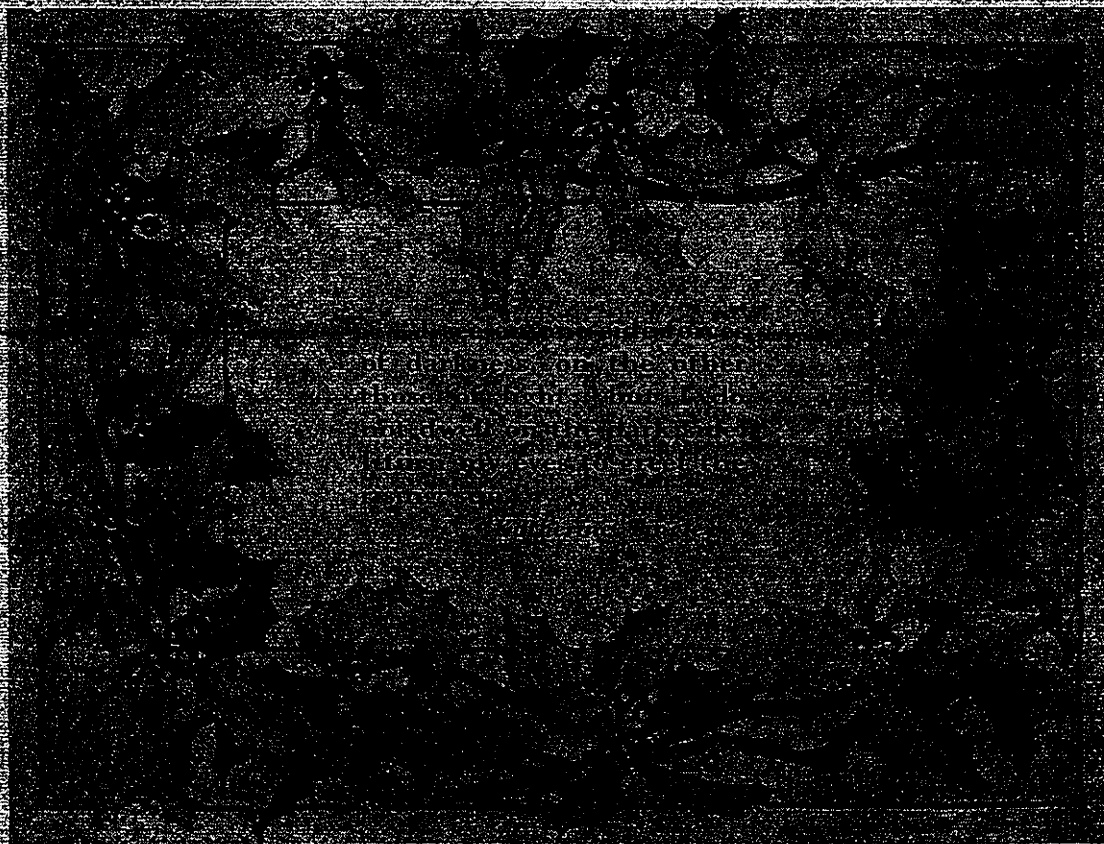
Point Loma, California

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## The Preciousness of the Moment and the Eternity of Man

An extract from an Address delivered in the Memorial Temple of Peace, Point Loma, California

By KATHERINE TINGLEY

IN a meeting such as this the heart is attuned to aspirations that rise out naturally out of the everyday way of thinking into great hopes, great

dreams, great visions, and great resolutions. While one may not respond always to such thoughts at moments like the present one, still, sometimes from the smallest endeavor, if the conscience is clear and the motive high, great things can and do happen.

Not only is time misused, but human life is also misused. The great majority of people today either have no serious beliefs at all, regarding the soul and its destiny, or content themselves with a sort of

half-belief in one earth-life only, without any knowledge at all of the future. The limitations that necessarily result from holding such restricted ideas greatly impede one's spiritual advancement.

From the moment when one is able to attune his spiritual aspirations to a high standard of living, the Soul is immediately aroused and the results are beyond all reckoning; because each man is absolutely his own savior or his own destroyer. There is no question about that in the mind of any really thinking human being.

The treasures that belong to the inner life can only be found by living in accord with the higher law of the spirit, and by holding firmly to aspiration. Man can attain through self-devised efforts to such a high degree of evolution that for any one period he may be said to have reached a state of relative perfection, but with the possibility of attaining a still larger and more profound state of development in future evolutionary periods.

This fact of relative human perfection was revealed to me through meeting with such a man—one of our Great Teachers. On my first tour through Egypt and India, I received an invitation to go to India, and there to meet one of the Great Teachers of H. P. Blavatsky.

Even in H. P. Blavatsky's time he was considered to be quite old in years, but he looked very young when I saw him. I would have said that he was not then more than thirty-two or thirty-three years of age. His whole life was lighted up with an inner light that had toned his features, had brightened his eyes, and had brought to him the glow of youthfulness and splendor of character. One could not look merely at his face. His whole figure demanded attention. Yet he was very unpretentious in manner.

In his presence I felt the greatness of life, the true splendor of life, and its royal promise. My mind at this meeting was unusually alert and awake. It was utterly impossible that this man was an impostor, because he referred to incidents in my own past that I had almost forgotten.

Here was a man who had grown great in unison with the higher expression of life, to which he had attuned his whole being in utter self-forgetfulness. We all have this same opportunity; but he was a great soul, and welcomed this opportunity and profited grandly by it. We must all, sooner or later, fathom the depths of our own nature and find therein the royal talisman of wisdom and truth.

While I was standing there with him, I discovered anew, under the great force—and it came to me like an illumination—that there was something in me more than the mere mentality; that there was a vital, latent force inside me that desired to come out and inspire me to achieve things that I had never done before. It seemed to me as if I had never really

lived before that moment, and never known so much about life as I then knew. But this was the great day of my life—a day of promise for my work, for all humanity.

Since then I have felt that it would be easy to go through fire and suffering and persecution and anything to push this message out to the world. The credit for this spirit of courage within me is not mine; it came to me from being in the presence of this great Teacher, and from realizing to what heights a true man can reach.

Open your minds and look at the universe as something so vastly superior to anything you had dreamed of it as being before; look upon life as something sacred and grand and sublime in its promises and possibilities. Then recall what your aspirations and your dreams of noble action have been; think of your hopes and the fragmentary touches that you have had of the spiritual life. Then you will find revelations upon revelations right within yourselves.

And then you must not talk despondently about old age. Perhaps the body is indeed growing tired; but think of the soul growing in its splendor, in its inner vision of things, in its realization of the value and the virtue of the spiritual life.

One who has the thrill of really divine aspirations sufficiently to believe himself a necessary factor in the spiritual scheme of things, is always ready to look into these great ideas. They are no innovation of recent centuries; they are very old, so old that we cannot go back to their beginnings, to those far distant ages when men lived far closer to truth and to the simple life than they do now. They are as old as thinking man.

My true desire is to do what I can with an earnest heart to lift humanity's burden, for I love my fellow-men. I am not a pessimist, for I realize that despite the crimes and disappointments and the despair from which the world suffers today, there is a great promise of better things ahead.

A change is coming. We are reaching the tether end of things as they are, and in the course of time something will happen that will arouse humanity to a realization that the safe thing to hold to will be the great and inspiring truths which I have been trying to lay before you today.

### Man the Ruler of his Destiny

WE have all heard of the man who said: Life is just one damned thing after another. The whimsicality of the remark may raise a laugh, but it should not blind one to its vicious cynicism. What a despairing point of view from which to look on life, when we consider that man is the maker of his destiny; and yet how many there are who would give a ready echo to the sentiment!



Many a man whose name may one day figure in the list of suicides wakes in the morning, not because he looks forward to another day, but simply because he can sleep no longer. He rises and goes to his work because he is obliged to earn a living, but with no feeling so strong as the desperate longing to end now and forever all that he thinks is life. He believes himself to be a helpless pawn in the hands of Destiny.

It may be true that he cannot change his outer circumstances, but even if he could, such change would make no difference. A king upon his throne or a multi-millionaire may be just as much filled with despair and loathing for the burden of life as a hungry beggar — and many of them are. Any man in fact, whatever his condition in life is liable to feel that life is awful, unendurable — and yet it must be endured, for how can one escape from it?

Obviously, if a man finds himself confronted by conditions so nearly unendurable as to bring him to the verge of insanity, and is powerless to change them, then the factor that must change is his *attitude* to those conditions. He must alter the relationship between himself and the environment from which he cannot escape. What man can dare to say that he cannot do this?

Milton the poet showed himself to be a wise philosopher when he put into the mouth of the great fallen archangel Satan the words:

*"The mind is its own place and in itself  
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."*

What man is there, however despairing, who has never felt the surging flood-tide of his own Will — and realized it as an unconquerable force? Let him try it on his attitude towards *one* of those "damned things" that he finds in life, gathering into his grasp the hated circumstance instead of being overmastered by it. Having done this one thing today, he can do it the more easily tomorrow, and will have gained strength to face yet another bugbear of boredom and loathing. And, with the exercise of his power, more strength flows in upon him.

Why did Shakespeare say: "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god?"

Because Shakespeare himself had life to face, day by day, and had found in the depths of his own great nature, the power of will to control it. By his own experience he knew of humanity's creative spiritual force. We all have it — we need not damn the things of life, for we can instead re-create them by changing the relationship between them and ourselves so that we become their masters instead, and what they have of power is transferred to ourselves.

In her book *The Gods Await*, we are reminded of this by Katherine Tingley who writes:

"Life is this in reality; the march of the Soul going home to the Supreme Spirit, to the Light of light, to the Life of life, to the Knowledge of knowledge."

Here lies the truth. The pessimistic utterance of our friend at the beginning is a lie! STUDENT

### The Luck of Douglas Dinwiddy

"TRY your luck, Dinwiddy, there's always a chance you know," said James Burgess looking over the rims of his spectacles and smiling encouragement at the man who stood before him.

"I've been playing that game ever since I was born and never a flicker of luck have I had yet," replied Dinwiddy gloomily.

"Now just you listen to me. Take the Owl train out of here tonight and stop at the Bar and Circle Ranch and answer that ad. What do you say?"

"Suits me all right. I'll take the Owl train and get in to the Bar and Circle about 4 a.m. and talk to the boss like this: Burgess sent me down to try my luck and I'm here to answer the ad. And the boss says: 'Sorry but we put a man on last night,' and I get aboard the 8.10 and turn up at the Hotel Bristol in time for dinner. That's how it's going to be. Sure thing I tell you!"

"Say, Dinwiddy, I do believe that if Good Luck put her head in at that door this minute you'd shoo her out of the house before she could tell her news. I'll just give you some good advice and you can please yourself about taking it. Run upstairs and shave, black your shoes, put on a clean shirt and necktie and go down to that boss. But just you pretend to yourself that you've got a big lot of respect for Douglas Dinwiddy Esquire and it's ten to one he'll take you on your own valuation. If you're back here tomorrow morning, I'll pay your expenses."

Dinwiddy looked the old man in the eye and a gleam of hope lit, for a moment, his homely features; then bracing himself with a sudden determination, rarely shown by men of his stamp, he said:

"I'll go you Burgess. You're a real friend and no mistake!"

He went up to his room and was struck, as he entered, by the evidences of his shiftless character revealed by the scene before him. The bed-sheets bore the print of muddy shoes, the wash-bowl was filled to the brim with soapy water, a soiled towel lay over the back of the chair, while garments of every description lay scattered over the floor. Confronted by these unmistakable signs of the character of the occupant of Room No. 99, he realized for the first time in his life that he was a slouch. He uttered the word aloud and it sounded decidedly unpleasant.

Hastily he made the bed, emptied the water out

of the bowl, folded the towel and gathered the clothing into one heap. He then proceeded to shave with unwonted care, tidied up the wash-stand, changed his clothes and presented himself at the door of the office.

"Here's the key, Jim, I'm off!"

"Off!" said Burgess. "Well, well, well! Go, and good luck go with you."

Douglas Dinwiddy smiled a confident smile. "I'll make it good luck or quit!" he said to himself.

The summer sun was rising in dazzling splendor over the distant hills when Dinwiddy walked into the Bar and Circle ranch-house. The boss rose to meet the early comer and asked him what he wanted.

"I'm Douglas Dinwiddy and James Burgess sent me down to try my luck. I'm answering your ad in the *Tarleton Advertiser*," said Dinwiddy, using almost the very words he had used the night before.

"Well, that's too bad, we put a man on last night," said the boss, exactly as Douglas had anticipated. Then, looking him up and down, he added, "You come right in and have breakfast anyway. May be there's something for you after all. We're always wanting men."

Dinwiddy sat down. He was still busily taking stock of himself and neither the words nor the actions of the boss surprised him. He was, by this time, utterly indifferent as to the result of his venture, so absorbed was he in his new study. He was astonished to find how little he knew about himself. "Big, clumsy, a slouch, in bad luck most of the time and with *such* an appetite"—each moment of reflection only added to his disgust.

When he had come to the end of his weak points the words of Burgess came into his mind: "A big lot of respect for Douglas Dinwiddy Esquire," and he began to feel that there might be something better in him than had ever yet come to light.

"I'm no fool, and I can learn," he said to himself.

"Dinwiddy, do you know anything about doctoring animals?" asked the boss, after breakfast.

"Well, I've picked up a bit here and there, when I had to."

"Well now, I'll tell you," said the man in authority at the Bar and Circle. "I know a lot about it, but the trouble is that I don't have the time to get at it. I like your style, and you look to me as though you could mind your business and make a go of it. Don't you say a word to the boys as to not being on to your job; but just come to me if you happen to get into a tight place. If anyone asks, tell them that you're the Chief Veterinary at the Bar and Circle Ranch."

"All right, sir," said Douglas Dinwiddy, and he swore a solemn oath to himself: "I'll make good or die in the attempt."

He went over to the telephone and his new boss gathered in these scraps of one-sided conversation.

"Hello, Hotel Bristol, is that you Jim?"

"Send down my trunk tonight, will you please?"

"No, I won't be coming back to the Bristol."

"Luck? Luck nothing! It's respect for D. D. Esquire that did it I reckon."

"Thanks, good morning yourself. Good bye." F.W.

### Face to Face with Death

ONE hot summer afternoon in Wales, I was tramping along a road which skirted the tops of the cliffs, from which I had a splendid view westward across the Irish Sea. The water looked so cool and refreshing that I thought I should like a swim; but it was not until I had walked some miles that I was able to find a way to get to the water's edge. After several attempts I managed to scramble down to a small ledge of rock about a foot from the surface of the water. From here the water looked more inviting than before, and so beautifully clear that I could see the fishes swimming around, and even the pebbles at the bottom, although the depth must have been twelve or fourteen feet.

In a few minutes I was enjoying a swim on the gently rising and falling waves, and soon struck out for the open sea to have a good long swim and enjoy the perfect calm of that deserted region.

After a while, feeling somewhat fatigued, I swam back to the ledge where I had left my clothes, only to find that, the tide having gone down, I was unable to pull myself up the steep smooth face of the rock to the ledge—now quite out of reach!

A feeling of great loneliness came over me, and I realized that I had not seen a living person for several hours. Before me reared up the great wall of the cliff, while the sea in which I swam extended to the coast of Ireland—a hundred miles away.

To get out of the water seemed hopeless, and a terrible fear swept over me, while at the same time I knew that to give way to it meant certain death. I felt a strong impulse to throw my arms about and shriek and behave like a frightened animal, and for a while it was all I could do to keep still and try to master the wild panic which overwhelmed me with such force that I thought I should lose my senses. Then slowly I became aware that I was fighting something which was not really myself, and as this realization grew I was able to force myself to keep still and think—which up to that time I had been unable to do because of the fierce struggle within me.

The question was: Should I swim up the coast or down?—for there seemed to be no break in the sheer wall of cliff. Then I remembered that as I came along I had walked several miles in a vain attempt to get down to the water, so I decided to try my luck in the opposite direction. In spite of my danger, from that moment I began to feel the beauty and the calm of





my surroundings. The sea and the rocks seemed to threaten me no longer, and a wonderful feeling of my kinship with them stole into my heart—a feeling which I had never experienced before.

I swam very slowly, just keeping myself afloat, and from time to time I changed my posture that my strength might last as long as possible. There seemed no hope whatever of my making a landing; I should just swim on until my strength gave out; but I felt I would trust my destiny and die—if die I must—like a man at last.

Finally I found a place where I could just struggle out upon a ledge of rock, but my strength was all gone and with that supreme effort I fell in a heap, unable to move. The warm sunshine revived my numbed limbs and after a short period of perfect rest I was able to rise and finally I managed to walk to the place where I had left my clothes.

Looking back on my adventure, and bearing in mind that a few hours later I was enjoying another swim, I felt it impossible to doubt the duality of man's nature, and I was convinced, as never before, that fear is felt only by the lower man, while the real Self within—the Higher Nature—knows only beauty, courage and joy.

W. H. C.

### Many Threads but One Fabric

DID you ever stop to consider that your mere presence may affect other people for good or evil, whether you speak or not? We all do deeds—thousands of them in a day—that produce definite effects on those around; we all think thoughts—incalculable streams of them—that alter other people for better or for worse.

If a man thinks thoughts of dislike against me and I think kindly back at him, doing him a good turn whenever I see a chance, but not crowding him with officious attentions, I shall certainly succeed in softening him after a while. "Hatred ceaseth not by hatred, but hatred ceaseth by love." This is not just a maxim borrowed from a copybook, but a law of life. It works. If I can manage to make some man's hatred for me to fade away and disappear, I have bettered his character for all time to come, and this growing sweetness and strength will react favorably on all whom he meets as the ages slip by.

And so by night and day the interweaving threads upon the loom of time are slowly forming a splendid fabric—Humanity in the making—and everyone contributes his thread. This delicate composite tissue has been weaving all down the ages, and yet everyone thinks of himself as a single thread, complete in himself and separate from all the rest!

Life is a school, a preparation for something to come; and when in future ages all the noble and

godlike qualities in us have reached their full development in all, that will not be the end, but the beginning. Then will come that for which all that went before was only the preparation. True life will then begin.

Universal Brotherhood, once thoroughly established as the normal way of life, will be taken for granted and all argument and discussion about it will cease. Every one will be so busy in putting it into practice that all theorizing on the subject will seem stale and uninteresting. Discord and misunderstanding will vanish as the darkness disappears at dawn, and the sun will rise on a new heaven and a new earth. Old things will have passed away and all things be transfigured in the glory of a brighter day. Then will begin the morning of the new gods, the gods so long disguised—our selves!

And so onward forever, day following day, the light ever more glorious and life overflowing with richer meaning. Eternal Law ever unfolding, yet forever containing exhaustless stores of treasure still to be revealed. This is the Law that:

*"Maketh and unmaketh, mending all;  
What it hath wrought is better than hath been;  
Slow grows the splendid pattern that it plans  
Its wiseful hands between."*

VIATOR

### A Good Forgettery

GOING home in the rain I overtook our local inventor trudging along entirely unprotected from the weather. I twitted him with having forgotten his umbrella.

"Oh well!" he countered, "a good memory would spoil me for my profession. An inventor needs above all things the power to forget."

I was skeptical and told him so.

"No, I tell you I'm serious. In tackling any new problem—say the best design for tool-handles—he must wipe out from his mind all memory of existing kinds of handles, and try to imagine himself as a savage who has never seen a tool in his life. Next, he must fancy himself in need of a chisel or a screw-driver and confronted with the problem of designing a handle which shall be convenient to use, easy to make, and requiring the least expensive materials in its construction.

"He must keep an open mind, uninfluenced by the faintest memory of how tool-handles have been made in the past; and wholly bent on the ideal handle for the future. For instance, the man who invented the handle with six sides that doesn't roll off the bench, must have been a fellow who had contrived to forget that they had always been made round, and so, no longer psychologized by the past, his mind was free to invent a more logical design."

We chaffed each other back and forth for a while as he shared my umbrella, and then he turned down the road that led him home. But my thoughts kept running on.

There's a good deal in what he said after all, for a good memory must have a negative side as well as a positive one, and must include the power to banish its records from the consciousness at will. No one would wish to be afflicted with the helpless inability to recall past impressions when they were wanted; but I would give a good deal to be able to shut them out when they only distracted my mind from present work.

Supposing we could start out on New Year's Day — or any day in fact — with the resolve to live an active, useful, self-forgetting life; wouldn't it be a help if we could wipe from our minds all remembrance of our failures in the years gone by? I wish that we could stand like warriors undiscouraged by our past defeats and craven compromises with the foe, our minds each moment free to face all problems on the simple basis of how best to conquer them under the conditions prevailing in that fleeting point of time that we call the present.

"Kill in thyself all memory of past experiences." So spoke an eastern sage. Yes, cease thinking of them and they will die of neglect, and then bury them out of sight and never let their pale depressing specters rise again to darken and to chill the living sunshine of our new endeavor.

Supposing that the nations could wipe out the records of wars and start a brighter era beginning with a clean slate. It was suggested that the troops who were to march in procession through London on the last Armistice Day should march without their arms as a protest against war, and as a gesture of hope for the time when they should no longer be used. But to the military mind the thing was unthinkable. *They could not forget*, and so the ghastly spectacle of men parading with implements designed to kill their fellow-men, was carried through in the usual way. Officially mourning for those fallen in battle, they carried with them the deadly tools for causing other men to — 'fall.'

If we would only cultivate our forgetteries and march into a better day with all memories of war and its horrors buried 'certain fathoms in the earth' and all the records of man's inhumanity to man drowned in the ocean of forgetfulness 'deeper than did ever plummet sound.'

STUDENT

### Take Sides

**D**ON'T be content just to watch what happens in your mind. Take sides — the right side, and play a man's part. Decide against that drifting

train of impure thought, it will only lead you to a miry swamp where unclean animals wallow in the mud. Silence those whining notes of complaint and self-pity, they are neither manly nor musical.

Draw back those heavy curtains and let in a glorious burst of spiritual sunshine, an impouring of that upper day which knows no twilight nor decline.

Don't be content to vegetate like a humble unambitious turnip, but stand on your feet like a warrior in a sacred cause. And when the day is done you will feel a tingling satisfaction all over, the natural result of the currents of will which you have evoked by your splendid effort.

You may have accomplished little that you can boast of to your fellow-men who do not understand; but you will know that special inward glow of feeling that always goes with one during the hours of a day well spent.

And there is something better still. You will realize that the strength and hardness thus acquired will temper your character as fine steel is tempered, and will fit you for greater successes in a series of tomorrows that stretch out of sight into a future without end.

THE QUIET EYE

### Nature and Art

**T**HERE was once a man in Sung who carved a mulberry leaf in jade for his prince. It took him three years to complete, and imitated Nature so exquisitely in its down and glossiness and general configuration from tip to stem, that, if placed among a heap of real mulberry leaves, it could not be distinguished from them. Later on he was pensioned by the State as a reward.

Lieh Tzu, hearing of it said: "If God took three years to make a single leaf, there would be very few trees with leaves on them. The Sage will rely not so much on human science and skill as on the evolution of Tao." — *The Book of Lieh Tzu*

### England and the Death Penalty

**C**OMMANDER KENNEDY has obtained leave to introduce, into the House of Commons, a bill for the abolition of capital punishment. He proposes to substitute penal servitude for life, or in cases where the jury has found extenuating circumstances, he suggests that a shorter term be imposed at the discretion of the judge.

He does not assert that murders have decreased in those countries in which the death penalty has been abolished; but he does claim that at all events



there is no evidence of any increase. The bill was introduced accordingly amidst loud cheers. LEX

### Up Hill

Christina G. Rossetti

**D**OES the road wind up hill all the way?  
*Yes, to the very end.*  
 Will the day's journey take the whole long day?  
*From morn to night, my friend.*

But is there for the night a resting-place?  
*A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.*  
 May not the darkness hide it from my face?  
*You cannot miss that inn.*

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?  
*Those who have gone before.*  
 Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?  
*They will not keep you standing at that door.*

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?  
*Of labor you shall find the sum.*  
 Will there be beds for me and all who seek?  
*Yea, beds for all who come. — Selected*

### Stumbling Block or Stepping Stone

R. L. Sharpe

**I**SN'T it strange  
 That princes and kings,  
 And clowns that caper  
 In sawdust rings,  
 Are common people  
 Like you and me  
 Are builders for eternity?

Each is given a bag of tools,  
 A shapeless mass,  
 A book of rules,  
 And each must make  
 Ere life is flown,  
 A stumbling block  
 Or a stepping stone. — *Selected*

### Man Makes His Own Destiny

John Fletcher

**M**AN is his own star, and the soul that can  
 Render an honest and a perfect man  
 Commands all light, all influence, all fate.  
 Nothing to him falls early or too late.  
 Our acts, our angels are, or good or ill,  
 Our fatal shadows that walk by us still. — *Selected*

### Make This a Day

**T**HOUGH yesterday we failed to see  
 The urging hand and earnest face  
 That men call Opportunity;  
 We failed to know the time or place  
 For some great deed, what need to fret?  
 The dawn comes up a silver gray,  
 And golden moments must be met.  
 Make this a day! — *Chicago Tribune*

### 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

"Oh, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person—having neither to weigh thought nor measure words, but pouring them right out just as they are, chaff and grain together, as certain that a faithful hand will sift them, keep what is worth keeping, and with the breath of comfort blow the rest away!"—*Dinah Mullock Craik*

"Stick to your place; hold to your duty; do it fully; keep the conscience clean; live in the sunshine of the eternal things, and all good things whatsoever will come to you."—*Katherine Tingley*

"HABIT is a cable. We weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it."—*Horace Mann*

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

"THOU, O God, dost sell unto us all good things at the price of labor."—*Leonardo da Vinci*

"WHO is wise? The one who learns from everyone. Who is strong? The one who conquers himself. Who is rich? The one who is satisfied with what he has."—*Talmud*

"HEAVEN is neither a place nor a time. There might be heaven not only here, but now."—*Florence Nightingale*

"ALL good and evil things in humanity have their roots in human character, and this character is and has been conditioned by the endless chain of cause and effect."—*H. P. Blavatsky*

"WE behold all round about us one vast union, in which no man can labor for himself, without laboring at the same time for others."—*Hyperion*

"To him whose elastic and vigorous thought keeps pace with the sun, the day is a perpetual morning."—*H. D. Thoreau*

"FINISH every day and be done with it. You have done what you could; some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day: begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear with its hopes and invitations to waste a moment on the yesterdays."—*R. W. Emerson*

"IN this world, the one thing supremely worth having is the opportunity, coupled with the capacity

to do well and worthily, a piece of work which is of vital consequence to the welfare of mankind."—*Theodore Roosevelt*

"ALEXANDER THE GREAT and his groom, when dead, were both upon the same level, and ran the same chance of being scattered into atoms, or absorbed into the soul of the universe."—*Marcus Aurelius*

"If we look at the field of operation in us of the so-called advantages of wealth and position, we see at once that it has to do with the brain and nothing else. Foods, clothes, sight-seeing and the like, concern the brain, not the soul or character. As the brain is a portion of the unstable, the fleeting body, the whole phantasmagoria disappears from view and use when death comes and the bodily inhabitant departs. But imagine the same brain and body not in places of ease; imagine that a good part of life has to be hard struggle, the doing of duty, not the pleasing of the senses; this experience will burn in, stamp upon, carve into the character more energy, more power and more fortitude. It is thus through the ages that great characters are made."—*W. Q. Judge*

"I AM not, of course, attempting to minimize the significance of the vast amount of social work which is today being carried on in the world. I am only anxious to emphasize the fact that until such mechanical activity is balanced by an equally intensive concentration of the reform of the individual by the individual for the individual it can never lead to anything fundamental in the way of reforming the world."—*Lawrence Hyde*

"The future does not come from before to meet us, but comes streaming up from behind over our heads."—*Kohel*

"IN him who knows that all spiritual beings are the same in kind with the Supreme Spirit, what room can there be for delusion of mind, and what room for sorrow when he reflects on the identity of spirit."—*Yajur Veda*

ANTINOUS prayed: "Zeus take away this bitter cup." But then he paused a moment and changed his prayer: "Zeus, strengthen my manhood so that I care not whether the draught be bitter or sweet." "Which wilt thou?" said Zeus. "I." "The last, for that is the prayer of a man."

"NEVER judge a person hastily, even the dog in the manger may have been a nervous animal and needed rest and quiet."—*J. A. Mason*



of Power and Others  
Who Behind the Bars or not

"Love is the greatest power in the world, and self-control is the magic talisman."

Please Handle with Care  
And Pass on to Another

# THE NEW WAY

FROM

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## The Voice of the Soul

*Extracted from a Lecture delivered in the Memorial  
Temple of Peace, Point Loma, California*

BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

THE voice of the soul is the voice of the universe, in all its wonderful manifestations. How clearly and divinely it speaks to us through all the days and nights of our lives! And yet, to a large degree, we

heed it not. The voice of the soul is also the divine quality in every human heart.

The laws of Nature, or 'the laws of God,' have prepared everything for the incoming of souls; but with our limited knowledge of divine things and our still more limited practice of them, we have failed to emphasize the divine side of life for the little children.

Every mother knows, if she has any spiritual aspirations, that her little one is, in essence, a ray of

the divine, that it is a soul. But far more time and care are given to the child's material needs than are devoted to its spiritual unfoldment; and many parents are pitifully unprepared for the reception of the souls that come into their homes. Everywhere there is ignorance or inadequate knowledge. The result is that from the beginning of its earth-life it is bereft of one half of its rightful heritage. A child will develop as naturally with the divine laws as with man-made laws and customs, many of which are far-fetched and quite unessential. If the soul qualities of man were undisturbed from the very beginning of childhood, we would have a higher expression of babyhood, and inevitably of manhood and womanhood.

Think of the wrecks along the way — of the many boys now behind the bars who were once mother's darlings. Most of these may have been fairly well taken care of in the physical sense, but morally they are lacking. This does not necessarily mean that the parents neglected doing anything that they knew they should do; but not having been educated themselves to understand the importance of depending on the moral and spiritual laws, they cannot impart what they themselves have not in their make-up. This may possibly explain why humanity is all awry.

There are thousands going on striving to go the right way; but, alas! there are thousands going the other way. There is little harmony in the great human family. One may find harmony in the flowers, in the trees, and in the silence of Nature, and in the stars above us; but in human life it is nowhere to be found. People may have their aspirations, their prayers, their desires; they may also have a splendid scholastic education; they may even be ranked as geniuses; but the one great thing that humanity is hungering for, is not to be found in the deepest sense.

If I had my life to live over again, and could be free from some of the responsibilities that are mine now, my whole aim in my teaching, and in the example of my life, would be to lead people on to the path of self-directed evolution, that we humans might bring into every act of our daily lives, the noble and splendid things that are right at hand, and can be taken in at any moment. Thousands are striving and have the disposition to make worthy efforts; but they are fettered by lack of knowledge, they have not the key of the ancient wisdom religion.

According to this teaching, we are religious beings by nature, the soul-life being an essential part of ourselves — the real, eternal man. The rest of man dies when the body dies, including the brain-mind upon which we all depend so much, and upon which indeed we should depend to a large degree. All the mental faculties, including personal memory, die when the physical man dies; but the real man, the spiritual man, lives on forever.

Man's spiritual nature is difficult to understand for most people, because it is supposed to be difficult

to prove. But there are thousands of things in the world today that are true and we have to accept them, even though we cannot prove them. Man's spiritual nature is so refined and so etherealized in a sense, that it is difficult to prove. Nevertheless it is visible to the inner-eye. But you must have the vision to see it; you must have the ears to hear its message; and you must know what you are seeking. You must reach for it, and your life must be in harmony with your aspirations; you must not play angel today and demon tomorrow; you must not do good today and tomorrow deceive yourself and your friends. You must be true to the inner quality of your own nature — the divine spark, the ray of the universal life. Be true to that and other things will come to you.

Humanity is hungry for that quality of spiritual food that should have been given in childhood, but is given only occasionally when the mother is at the height of her aspirations for her child, when she is thinking in the silence and praying to her God for something better. Then she hears the voice of the soul; but the pity is that she cannot hear it continuously for lack of unison between the inner and the outer life.

There is little co-operation, but much fearful division in the minds of men and women, and in the forms and customs of society. These things are the enemies of our progress so long as we allow them to be.

The voice of the soul is seeking expression in the outer world, to bring to the recognition of men the real spirit of brotherhood, that spiritual unity that belongs to us, that inner fire which marks us as religious in essence, religious by birth, religious by heredity, religious because it is instinctively felt that justice and truth will ultimately manifest themselves. By listening to the voice of the soul one becomes, not only a good man, but a noble man, a holy man, and a blessing to the world.

### A Fine Character?

"SAY, Jim, don't you think that McAllister is rather a fine character?" remarked Bill, as the two friends threaded their way through the crowded street.

"Just what is it in McAllister that strikes your fancy, I wonder?"

"Well, I like the way he's making good as an electrician. Everybody is talking about it."

"So they tell me," replied Jim, "and no one can be better pleased than I to hear he's doing so well. But my notion of a fine character is something more than showing ability in some special line of work. Of course it's a mighty fine thing to make a success of





your chosen vocation; and the respect that follows achievement will act as a stimulus to do better still."

Here the two companions passed out of the roar of the traffic into a quiet street leading to the residential district and after walking a few paces in silence, Jim took up the thread of his talk:

"Yes, Mac is in the spotlight just now, but to my mind there's something fearfully lacking in that man. Never once has he expressed a word of gratitude to Shenstone, the man who taught him everything he knows, and who, through all these years, has helped him in all his difficulties and smoothed the way for his further advance.

"Base and ignoble natures feel a grudge against those to whom they owe gratitude for favors received. They seem to fret under the load of obligation and resent the fact that their success is to some degree due to the help of another.

"And now, as Mac is getting ahead, he hates to think that Shenstone will be pointed to as the man who helped him climb to where he now stands. I know in fact that he has told many that his education was neglected, and that his present position is entirely due to his own efforts. Worse still—he has been present when people have been talking against his benefactor, and though he might have strangled their lies as they were uttered, he has let them go by unchallenged and listened with a smile of encouragement to a torrent of abuse against the man to whom he owes everything.

"Now don't misunderstand me Bill. I'm not saying that Mac hasn't done first rate with his talents; but, as I see the matter, talent alone can never make a fine character, and all history goes to show that a man may have the most astonishing ability, and yet be lower, from the moral point of view, than the grateful dog which licks the hand that feeds it. Gratitude is a sign of soul activity and far above intellect—brains—ability, though if these mental qualities reach out and unite with the soul, the inner self, they may blossom into real genius.

"If you were looking for a man to be your friend, wouldn't you want a man with the common honesty to give honor where honor is due? Wouldn't you want a man whom you knew would put up a good fight to back his loyalty—his gratitude to those who have helped him to rise?

"The whole thing, in fact, boils down to this: The man who stands by a fellow when he's down and out; who shows him how to climb, and pats him on the back and helps in the struggle to win out in spite of all the lower tendencies which try to drag him down—a man like that, I say, is a *real* man, even though he may have no special aptitude for any walk in life that leads to what the world may call success. A man like that may try to hide his real nature under an assumed disguise of carelessness or cynicism; but the gold of his character will shine through all his

camouflage and quicken into active life the better side of all with whom he comes in contact. That's my notion of a fine character as clearly as I can put it."

His companion walked on in silence and made no articulate reply. In certain cases it may be true that: "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh"; but Bill was not of that kind. The more deeply Bill was roused to thought and feeling, the less was he able to give them utterance, like a full bottle with a narrow neck. But never again did he refer to McAllister's success, and more and more was he inclined to put on his list of 'fine characters,' men who were classed as failures by the world at large.

R. W.

### Take No Thought for the Morrow

THESE words, so often considered impossible of application, even by those who otherwise respect the teachings of the Nazarene, are capable, when followed understandingly, of bringing about the absolute reconstruction of our entire, perverted civilization.

We shall become completely unconcerned regarding approaching events as we realize that the intelligent and kindly Law under which we live guides them all, and brings with each, for the individual, the nation and the race, a possibility of inestimable value that only awaits our right reception and hearty co-operation, to manifest its transcendent benediction.

The Higher Law means so much better by us than we can possibly imagine. To realize this truth and act upon it, would not only free us from all concern about the morrow; but would transform for us today, tomorrow and all the morrows of eternity.

We know in our inmost hearts that this is true. It is this which assures us in our worst extremities and, in spite of all appearances, that all is well with us. All is well. All is marvelously, inconceivably well with us now and always, in every ruling of the beneficent Higher Law; and if we will only follow the inner assurance, we shall find it to be the foundation of equilibrium and of our consequent progress. We shall also be in a position to reconstruct all our ideas of values—a very necessary and beneficent undertaking.

And when we have, to some extent, learned to appreciate the royal opportunities the morrow holds within its keeping, we shall not, even then, concern ourselves about them, because the passing day demands of us our whole attention in order that we may extract from it the richness of power upon which tomorrow must be built.

Whittier, in one of his little-known poems, gives us a glimpse of the possibility of utter unconcern and

profoundest peace under the most adverse circumstances. He describes a great preacher meeting a feeble, broken man, poor, old and blind, whom he pleasantly salutes with the words: "God give you a good day."

With perfect serenity the old man replies: "I thank thee Sir, but all my days are good and none are evil."

This so astonishes the preacher — whose orthodox belief has fastened upon him a terrible fear — that it forces him to ask: "What if God's will consigns thee hence to Hell?"

Even then not a ripple of concern disturbs the unperturbable calm of him who has found the Pearl of Great Price, the treasure hidden in his inmost self, the Prince of Peace, and with perfect assurance comes the answer: "Be it so, I cannot lose the presence of the Lord. And better fire-walled Hell with Him than golden-gated Paradise without."

The Presence of the Lord! The Kingdom of Heaven *within!* The Deity residing in the human heart!

When awakened to a consciousness of this eternal inner Presence, not only will all possibility of concern be dispelled, but fear of any event will be utterly destroyed, and we shall ask no other Heaven than that which we have found, and in which we shall be perfectly *at home*, because it is, has been, and will be forever present within ourselves.

C. F.

### What is the Meaning of Life?

ANDY STANTON was a London compositor, contented and without ambition. His great hobby was archaeology, but he was also much interested in social welfare. He was unmarried and helped to support his widowed mother and his younger sister. Altogether Andy Stanton was a well-liked fellow.

I worked in the same shop with him and had frequently told him that if he valued his health, he would spend more of his leisure time in the open air and less in the British Museum. But then perhaps a certain thing would not have happened, and this story would not have been written.

The greater part of a day of leisure had been spent by Andy in the Museum among the precious relics of ancient Egypt, Central America, Persia, and Greece; and by the end of the day he was very tired and very introspective. As he made his way out of the building he thought to himself: "One age follows another; nations rise and fall; the wave of life moves ever onward, raising us to its towering crest, and then letting us fall into the trough behind. What countless millions have lived and loved and suffered in the ages past! Do we, I wonder, live again in later days, learning a little here, a little there, and always building

something new into our slowly-forming characters? What is this life of ours, this great enigma we call life?"

Absorbed in his reflexions he failed to notice a step, slipped, struck his head against the base of an Egyptian column, and almost discovered what death was.

His progress at the hospital was rapid, owing, so they said, to his cheerful disposition. This is what he brought back with him as he recovered consciousness after the operation in which they wired his cranium together again. I give it in his own words as he told it to me.

"I was a boy in Egypt, spending much of my time among the wonderful old ruins on the desert. I loved to linger among them, day-dreaming that I had taken part in their grandeur in some earlier age. But the death of my father and the duty of supporting the family which now devolved upon me, took me far from my beloved ruins, and it was not until late in life that I was able to revisit them. The wonderful atmosphere of their majestic past soothed my tired old body and brain, but their mystery was like a spoken challenge: 'What is life? What is life?' was the unanswered question which repeated itself over and over again in my mind.

"The scene changed and I was in China, a hermit on a mountain. Near by was a village, and my only link with my fellows was a family living at the foot of the mountain, a husband and wife and their daughter. In return for the small services they were glad to render me, I was able to help them through my knowledge of the healing herbs that grew on the mountainside. There, amidst the silent solitudes of Nature, I spent many years pondering on the meaning of life. Despairing at last of finding there the object of my quest, I concluded that only among my fellow-men would the answer come, so I went down to the village and took part in its daily life.

"Again was the scene changed. I was wandering about from room to room in a great building. I was full of interest in all that I saw and I felt very much rested. I put from me the knowledge that in one of the rooms my body was lying — I had no wish to return to it. But now, far off and faintly, came the sound of voices calling, friendly, anxious, and appealing. I stepped out on to a balcony, and looking down I saw from where the voices came. There, in the distance, were a great number of workmen standing idly by their work and casting looks of strong appeal at me; and as I looked a great love welled up within me. 'I am coming, I am coming,' I called out. I suddenly opened my eyes and found two doctors at the side of my bed and nurses coming and going. 'Thank you ever so much,' said one of the doctors to the other, 'I can bring him along now. Will you tell his mother and sister as you go out?'

"And so," said Stanton, "that's as far as I've got yet about the meaning of life. All I can see is



## Strength Through Silence

that I love my fellows and want to be with them and help them. I wonder is there any more to it than that? Somehow I think I have got hold of the big end of the secret here."

"Well, Andy," I said, "we're all surely glad that you didn't stay over on the other side, and we're going to see you through this pinch and till you're up and on your feet again."

## On Facing Oneself

"HE'S a clever fellow." The speaker passed on and I heard no more, but he set me thinking. Is the cleverness of the fellow, the fellow himself, and if so where is his cleverness?

It may be in his hands, he can turn out a smart bit of work if he wants to. Or it may be in his mind; he can think quickly, has a good memory, and is never at a loss for something to say.

But all that has to do with his *mind*, and I want to know about *him*. The speaker said, "He is a clever fellow, but surely what he meant was 'He has a clever mind.' The mind of a man is one of his instruments; his hand is another.

You can only tell what a man is by what he *does*. If you wanted to hire a clerk, would you rather have one with a very clever mind whom you could not trust out of your sight? or one with a duller mind upon whom you could absolutely depend?

You want a clerk who is an honest fellow even if he does not *have* a very sharp mind.

The character is the man himself, and you can know your own character by finding out whether you respect yourself, or not. You may be a very clever fellow, but when you are alone with yourself, *do* you respect yourself? Do you scamp your work, or do you do it honorably? Are you a bit of a coward? How would you feel if the search-light were turned on the details of your private life? Do you run down other people in your talk?

*Face yourself*, and if you don't see a self that you can respect, get to work on yourself and little by little make yourself over into what you know you ought to be. Somewhere in the mind of this living universe is the picture of yourself as you *can* be and as you *ought* to be. Rise up to it. As you go out by the door that men call Death, you will find that picture waiting for you—your shining, your divine, your real self. But so long as we still use these bodies of flesh, let us act so that when at last we meet our ideal Self, face to face, we shall not feel too much ashamed.

We cannot reach a mountain-top by one determined spring. The journey is composed of many separate steps along a road that winds slowly upward, but we may as well make a start right now. C.

THE energy we squander in useless talk is not merely the energy of the body. If that were all it would not matter so much. In many hours of chatter one would lose less vital force than would be expended in a brisk five minutes walk. But while bodily exercise in moderation is healthful, no one would ever recommend talking as a means of building up one's constitution. It sometimes happens, in states of exhausted vitality after sickness, that even a few minutes conversation may cause a relapse that results in the death of the patient. Such is the heavy drain that vocal effort makes upon the life-force.

When we indulge in careless chatter it is the very life-stuff of which our thoughts are made that we scatter into space. The essential function of the mind consists in its power of making pictures. We call this having ideas, for each idea is a kind of picture. Behind the rippling current of talk there runs a steady stream of mind-pictures, ideas, and every one of them arouses, or is aroused by, some feeling or emotion, however faint it may be. Perhaps we do not pause to dwell upon these pictures, and yet however fugitive their passage through the mind, they run away with some of our mental energy. This leakage thus running to waste is a force of a value that cannot be estimated, for it might have been used in real constructive work in character-building, or in giving life and body to some of those ideals which even the most careless among us keep somewhere stored away, though often on some dusty shelf or garret in the mind.

We live very largely in our imagination. A picture of a pleasure flares up for a moment on the screen of the imagination—and off we go in a hurry to snatch that pleasure if we can. All the evil things men do are nothing but pictures in the mind at the beginning. One may live a life of the highest respectability before the world, but if evil thoughts are secretly nursed in the mind, sooner or later they will break out into infamous actions in spite of all that we can do to prevent their physical expression.

How vastly important then is it to seize and master this mysterious art of making pictures in the mind, because by its right use we may attain the stature of a hero, while the same faculty used as a mere sport or amusement by the animal nature will assuredly lead to our ruin. He who would control his thoughts, let him avoid unseemly conversation, for the spoken word is a created thing and has great power of painting pictures on the screen of our minds.

In order to gain the strength of the Silence we must find time to be alone, turning to it, not as to a barren empty void, but viewing it with expectancy as being full of possibility and promise. Someone has called the Silence, "the unwinding vast" and he was certainly right, for when we are smarting

from the injuries of those whose tongues are like drawn swords, what a refuge and relief to pass into the great hush of the Silence! There no accusing voice reminds us of our weaknesses, our failures, our mistakes of many kinds, but in the rhythmic breathing of its utter quiet we are comforted as by a mother, and by its healing touch our wounds are healed.

As we persevere, the Silence becomes something very real, and not simply the absence of sound; and in its peaceful depths indomitable will is born. Thus invincible and unafraid we issue forth triumphantly to fight once more upon that battlefield where in the past we often failed.

WAYFARER

### Temperance in Diet

*"Fools not to know that half exceeds the whole,  
How blest the sparing meal and temperate bowl."*

THE following extract is from *The Spectator*, famous for being one of the first daily newspapers ever published in England. It was written in 1711. Two hundred and eighteen years have past since it was printed, but the advice it contains is as much needed now, as then. It comes from the fertile pen of Joseph Addison.

"It is said of Diogenes, that meeting a young man who was going to a feast, he took him up in the street and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had he not prevented him. What would the philosopher have said had he been present at the gluttony of a modern meal? Would he not have thought the master of a family mad, and have begged his servants to tie down his hands, had he seen him devour fowl, fish, and flesh, swallow oil and vinegar, wines and spices; throw down salads of twenty different herbs, sauces of a hundred ingredients, confections, and fruits of numberless sweets and flavors. What unnatural motions and counter ferments must such a medley of intemperance produce in the body? For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gout and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers lying in ambush among the dishes.

"Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet. Every animal but man keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species, fish of that, and flesh of a third. Man falls upon everything that comes in his way; not the smallest fruit or excrescence of the earth, scarce a berry or a mushroom can escape him.

"Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise or temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute distempers, that cannot await the slow operation of these two great instruments of health; but did men live in a

habitual course of exercise and temperance, there would be but little occasion for them." STUDENT

### The Powers We Have Already

MANY of us have grown a little weary of being called upon so frequently to admire the ingenious devices for recording such fugitive things as songs, and speeches, and reproducing them with absolute fidelity even after the lapse of many years. Miracles of ingenious contrivance no doubt, but are they any more wonderful than faculties which 'unaccommodated man' has been using all down the ages?

Think for a moment of that sensitive recording apparatus called the human brain, an instrument supplied free of cost to almost every baby born into the world.

This brain, together with the mind to use it with, combines in itself two qualities each the precise counterpart of the other — the extreme plasticity of molten wax and the absolute rigidity of marble. Thus a good mimic may hear a stranger speak a single sentence, and yet his memory will make an impression so exact that forty years afterwards he can repeat the words with such fidelity that anyone who had ever heard the original speaker would recognise the source at once. Every tone, every modulation of the voice so clear and true that it seems as though he were listening to the man himself.

By what subtle magic were these airy, fleeting, insubstantial sounds preserved distinct and separate from all the other sound-impressions which with every moment of each day have flowed incessantly through that wonderful brain?

There is here no thought of trying to belittle the splendid achievements of science which has done so much to give us new interests and to open up new avenues to knowledge; but it is well to pause from time to time and to consider the marvelous powers which are already in the possession of mankind and to ask ourselves whether we are using them to the best advantage.

NO. 9

### Blood-Sports Discouraged

THE hunting of red-deer in the West of England has received a setback by the refusal on the part of a landowner to allow the hunters on his estate.

He writes: "I call blood-sports the most cruel thing I know, and am determined not to have them on my farms. Tormenting a defenseless animal with a pack of hungry hounds before killing it barbarously is not in accordance with twentieth-century ideals."

Another landowner in the same part of the country



—a lady—expresses herself as follows in a letter in which she refuses to allow foxhounds to cross her fields: "How anyone with the least spark of feeling can be a part to such barbarous cruelty I cannot imagine, and to dig the fox out when he is done and takes refuge in a hole, is only an act of the Devil himself."

She has no objection to the drag hunt as this involves no suffering. This sport consists in the hounds following the trail of a bundle of rags which have been saturated in amsead. It is becoming the fashion with many hunters to use nothing more deadly than a camera in taking 'shots' at the innocent dwellers in our wild places.

Slowly the world is growing compassionate.

PIONEER

### The Philosopher's Choice

From *The Book of Lieh Tzu*

CHUANG TZU was fishing in the P'u when the prince of Ch'u sent two high officials to ask him to take charge of the administration of the Ch'u State.

Chuang Tzu went on fishing and, without turning his head, said: "I have heard that in Ch'u there is a sacred tortoise which has been dead now some three thousand years; and that the prince keeps this tortoise carefully enclosed in a chest on the altar of his ancestral temple. Now would this tortoise rather be dead and have its remains venerated, or be alive and wagging its tail in the mud?"

"It would rather be alive," replied the two officials, "and wagging its tail in the mud."

"Begone!" cried Chuang Tzu. "I too will wag my tail in the mud."

### Eternal Hope

Thayer

DON'T give up hoping when the ship goes down.  
Grab a spar or something — just refuse to drown.

Don't think you're dying just because you're hit.

Smile in face of danger and hang on to your grit.

Folks die too easy — they sort of fade away;

Make a little error and give up in dismay.

Kind of man that's needed is the man of ready wit,

To laugh at pain and trouble and keep up his grit.

— *Selected*

### A Friend

Helen Henry

THERE are some in whose presence we can see  
Life through their eyes and feel the nobler so;

Can glimpse in human things divinity

And a deep inner reverence we may know.

May learn the certainty, may feel the same  
Joy of endeavor for a worthy end;

Can count the loss a trifle in the gain,

And one of these rare spirits, you, my friend,

It is not words that give this vision proud.

No speech that points a pathway to this goal.

For such an office then are words too loud.

In silence one may hear the speaking soul,

One need not talk of aught but casual things,

One is not moved upon the saints to call.

But in your presence flutter angels' wings

One sees the God in man more plain — that's all.

— *Selected*

### Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by Mme. Katherine Tingley in 1911 "for the benefit of prisoners and others whether behind the bars or not." The publishers, The International Brotherhood League, following out Mme. Tingley's plan since the establishment of this little paper, have distributed, and continue to distribute, every month, several thousand copies free, without money and without price, among prisoners in all the Federal Prisons, most of the State Penitentiaries, and many of the County Jails in the U. S. A., sending also a large number abroad.

The whole expense of publishing and mailing is borne by the International Brotherhood League — no subscriptions being accepted from men in prison.

In addition to this free distribution there has gradually grown up an increasing list of subscribers. It is a maxim of our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, we ask you to share that pleasure and that profit with others by getting them to become fellow-travelers with you along the New Way.

Send us the names of your friends that we in turn may send them sample copies. By helping to increase our subscription list you will help to make possible a wider distribution of THE NEW WAY among those who are less fortunate than we and who find themselves deprived of their liberty and behind prison bars.

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

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## The New Way Quotebook

"WHATEVER kind of skill you acquire, whether it be skill of the body or skill of the mind, you will find yourself acquiring at the same time another quality which lies at the root of all the virtues—the quality of self-control. Skill and self-control go together, so that education, as I conceive it, can have no higher object, no more ethical object, than that of developing the skill of the people. A man who has no skill that he can exercise is almost inevitably a man who is not master of himself."—*L. P. Jacks*

"WE have our mind with which we think. That is what the mind is for. It is a great factor in man's evolution. But it is not the saving power for him. He must clarify the mind to such a degree that, while thinking rationally, he will turn away from extreme ideas, and from imagining that his own notions and opinions and idiosyncrasies are superior to anything else in life. The moment one imagines that, he is in serious danger."—*Katherine Tingley*

"He who knows his inner self daily retires to the heavenly realm in his own heart."—*Kapila*

"It is impossible to say but that our prolonged grief for the beloved dead may grieve them in their unknown abiding place and give them trouble."—*Charles Dickens*

"HURRY is the resource of the faithless. Where a man can trust his own heart, and those of his friends, tomorrow is as good as today."—*R. L. Stevenson*

"IMMORTALITY does not mean a continuance of the individual self in space and time. It signifies eternal life which, once attained, reduces to unimportance the events of human existence, including death."—*Viscount Haldane*

"It is one light that beams out of a thousand stars. It is one soul that animates all men."—*R. W. Emerson*

"O MAN, thou thinkest thyself alone, and free to act as thou wilt. Thou perceivest not the Eternal dwelling within thy heart. Whatever thou dost it sees and notes all. The soul is Its own witness and its own refuge. It is the Supreme Eternal Witness in Man. Offend it not."

"THE utility of a wheel depends upon the hollow center upon which the axle turns. The utility of a vessel depends upon its hollow interior. Doors and windows are cut out in order to make a house; the utility of a house depends upon the empty spaces."

"BAD men excuse their faults, good men will leave them."—*Ben Jonson*

"WORRYING is thinking about a lot of things that aren't so, about something that will probably never happen."

"How many have thought of this I do not know, but here is a fact. As a sincere student of life works on, there sometimes comes a sort of silence or loneliness all around in the forest of his nature. Then he may stop all by allowing despair to come in with various reasons and protests, and he may thus throw himself back to where he began. This is a law of mind. I would never let the least fear or despair come over me, but if I cannot see the road or the goal before me for the fog, I would simply sit down and wait. I would never let the fog make me think that no road was there or that I was not to pass it. The fog must lift."—*W. Q. Judge*

"THE ludicrous has its place in the universe; it is not a human invention, but one of the Divine ideas, illustrated in the practical jokes of kittens and monkeys long before Aristophanes or Shakespeare. How curious it is that we always consider solemnity and the absence of all gay surprises and encounter of wits as essential to the idea of the future life of those whom we thus deprive of half their faculties and call them blessed! I meet a man not infrequently who gives me such a rayless and chilling look of recognition that I sometimes begin to sneeze on the spot. I don't doubt he would cut his kitten's tail off, if he caught her playing with it. Please tell me who taught her to play with it?"—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

"HAPPINESS may follow the performance of duty, but must not be the motive for it."—*H. P. Blavatsky*

"SCIENCE seems to me to teach in the highest and strongest manner the great truth which is embedded in the Christian conception of entire surrender to the will of God. Sit down before every fact as a little child, be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly to wherever and to whatever abysses Nature leads, or you shall learn nothing. I have only begun to learn content and peace of mind since I have resolved at all risks to do this."—*Thomas Huxley*

"DON'T worry when you stumble. Remember that a worm is about the only thing that can't fall down."—*H. D. Thoreau*

"EVERY man should have a fair-sized cemetery in which to bury the faults of his friends."

—*Henry Ward Beecher*





For Prisoners and Others  
Whether Behind the Bars or not

"Man, know thyself!"

Please Handle with Care  
And Pass on to Another

# THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

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Death sets free  
It is Life that holds in Thrall  
—Willard Blair—

## The Eternal Man: There Are No Dead

*Extracted from an address delivered on the island  
of Vasingö, Lake Vättern, Sweden, on August 5, 1928*

BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

I FEEL that I cannot say enough to you to impress upon you the intense interest that America has in your country. We have a very large number of Swedish people in the United States, and they have become splen-

did citizens. The majority of them are a great honor to your country, and they are a great honor to America. One of our states is composed very largely of Swedes; there are thousands and thousands of them there.

So you can imagine that there has been an exchange of good feeling all through the last twenty years; but it has been particularly marked since the noble Swede, Lindbergh, who did such a wonderful feat, left San Diego — please remember, left San Diego — in his airship,

and came across America to Europe and landed in Paris. A marvelous union of the nations was made by this flight; and I understand that San Diego, which is our city, has now a more prominent place on the map, because of Lindbergh's magnificent work.

Bear in mind that we do not attempt to disturb the laws of your country. Every man can have his own opinion; and if he likes it and believes in it, he can follow it; and if he does not, he can set it aside. We go on with our work just the same, believing in the Brotherhood of man. But we do ask your kindest consideration, and your honest judgment.

One of the greatest factors that has held humanity back from receiving the greater knowledge, is man's conception of death. For ages the word death has brought to us an appalling picture; something that prevents us from looking into the future hopefully, something that brings home to us pictures of the continued absence of our loved ones, that are anything but promising. Those whom we love go, and people have faith — but have not the knowledge — that they are somewhere in some condition of happiness. But it has never been brought home to you, as far as I know, that you will see them again in the truest sense. We do not believe that they will drop from their higher positions of advancement in their spiritual life to return and try to communicate with us. That is an absurdity; it is contrary to all the laws of the Divine; for everything in Life and in Nature is for progress, for advancement, and for liberation.

Man, being of divine potency, is born for a life of progress, of growth, and at last to reach a place where he "goes out no more" to win his battles. The statement is made in *Revelation*, that when man has completed his journey of progression he "goes out no more." Then man has attained the state of happiness and perfection which has always been promised him by the great World-Religions.

No one is able to explain the processes by which a child comes into the world. You know that there is a seed, and later a child is born; and you have the child, and you have only the physical aspect. As a matter of fact you have something more; you have one of the treasures of the gods, so to speak, for it is a soul that is born. It is something that is born to grow and advance and become; and to fulfil the divine law of the Universe.

So in taking up this subject of Death, do you not realize that we cripple our minds by having a fear of death? Death, according to the divine Law, is beautiful. It is a wonderful thing. It gives freedom to the poor tired soul that is imprisoned in the body. The flesh-house of man, the outer garment, is thrown off. It is worn out with its work. The dying of the body is only the material process; but the spiritual soul, the Real Man, is still alive. He moves on; and these divine laws — which we as yet have to learn so much more about — protect and care for and enfold this passing soul, and carry it wherever it moves in its advancement.

We are working to bring to man the consciousness of his essential divinity; that he may know his sacred responsibility; that he may know the sacred power in his life to become a great man, even in one life, a noble man, a man whom we can look up to and respect.

We have no Hell in our teachings; we have no punishing God; but we believe in a spiritual Source of Light which is infinite, and we have an absolutely divine trust that if we do our duty here, if in each moment and in each day we do our smallest duty to ourselves and to our friends, then we are helping this great law of evolution to advance us along the path of spiritual Light; and as we work with this Divine Law, the Law works with us.

This is a picture full of optimism, a picture of divine hope, a picture of life such as you have never known before. It is what your minds are craving for — the knowledge of your own essential divinity. To preach about it is not enough: man must live it.

Death — I repeat it — is not a fearful thing. It is simply the casting off of the flesh-house, the tired body, the outer garment; and the spiritual soul lives on; and moves on into higher and better states of action and consciousness. Those whom the world calls "dead," live on and live on; and in the course of time — I cannot tell you just when, nobody can tell you just when — there will be a reunion, because where love is, *there is no death*.

The great ruling Power of the world is Love — not the common love, not the vulgar love, but the Spiritual Love. Jesus had it and taught it. Every great Teacher has had it; and every man has the same privilege of knowing and loving that Jesus had: because we declare that Jesus was a true Man; that his divinity lay in his inner and essential Self; and that as he advanced as a soul in the knowledge of these teachings, he became a light to the world because he lived a pure life in Wisdom.

### The Power of a Smile

*"Loose now and then a scattered smile, and that I'll live upon."* SHAKESPEARE

**W**HY not cultivate a smile? For one thing, it looks a whole lot better than a frown. But let it be a natural smile that is the outcome of the sunshine that exists, if only as a smoldering spark, in the heart of the most miserable person on earth. Now let that hidden sunshine radiate from your eyes.

"What's the use of that?"

Well, for one thing because it is contagious; that's why. It will actually radiate forces of life just as the sun warms the heart of Nature in the springtime. It sends the darkness scurrying out of other people's lives and that is surely worth while.

A kindly smile in the eye will help to drive the shadows from our own lives too, for the gloomiest shadow cannot stand the genuine smile that comes right from





the heart. Now the smile I want you to cultivate is the smile in the eye, in which there is no apparent change in the features which are in repose. Uncover the joy in the heart and let it out through the eyes. It may seem mechanical to think of adjusting the eyes to let the smile through, yet it is certainly a help.

One of the great teachers of singing advises his pupils "to smile with the eyes." It puts the whole anatomy of the face, mouth, and throat into a harmonious balance, in proper adjustment to produce the perfect tone. Then when the pupil feels the thrill of that tone, he ever afterwards unconsciously adjusts himself, he feels only that tone and lives in it.

So is it with the joy-tone in the heart; we may adjust the instrument for the best mode of expressing it, feel the thrill of the radiation as it travels outward to lighten the lives of others, and thereafter live in that consciousness.

The true smile is a Life radiation. It has in it no suggestion of the smirk, the simper, or the grin, nor has it the least indication of being forced. The smile that is produced by effort, by the mere contraction of the muscles of the face, is an unlovely thing and results in nothing but facial contortion. It hurts the beholder more keenly than to hear a singing tone that is squeezed with effort through a pinched, contracted throat.

Just as the true tone requires a perfect balance of force and resistance for its production, so the joy-tone of the heart requires the balanced adjustment of the entire nature to express itself in the eye. High motive governs the balancing.

A joyous laugh is a beautiful sound and one that is rarely heard. It is also a very fine exercise and rouses into action the forces that help and heal all through the body. But do not laugh too much, some energy is lost that way and one is always liable to a reaction. We can't be laughing all the time, it would wear us out. But a friendly, genial smile is always in season and we shall be all the stronger for it. PRISON DOCTOR

### The 'Kick' of the Personality

(An Ancient Parable in Modern Dress)

THERE was a rancher with two sons, and one morning he said to the eldest boy: "Dick, I want you to cultivate the lemon orchard today. The soil is just right for it, and now the plowing is done, you can have the team."

"Suits me all right, Dad. I'll hitch up as soon as I'm through with my breakfast."

But on his way to the barn, Dick saw his best friend who was going fishing, and a day by the river looked good to him. "I reckon the lemons can stand over until tomorrow," he thought to himself. "I want to try out my new rod in the worst kind of way."

"Jack," said the father to his younger son, "I've

just got a big order for strawberries and I'd like for you to go picking all day."

"Huh! I guess not! A fellow doesn't have to be working all the time. I'd planned to go into town today to buy something." And he turned on his heel.

But Jack's better nature wouldn't let him alone, and after a fit of the sulks behind a rick of alfalfa, he came out in the sunshine and put in a good day's work picking berries. In spite of his little explosion of temper he did what he was asked to do.

There seems to be a perpetual seesaw in motion between the two opposite poles of our dual nature. Soul and body, right and wrong, angel and demon, are forever at tug-of-war, and now one, and now the other gains the upper hand. Jack was further along the path of self-directed evolution than his brother, but for the moment the personality got on top, hence the angry snarl, resistance, rudeness, and ingratitude. Then came the oscillation and the higher forces gained the ascendancy and took possession of the battle-field—the body—and occupied the position for the rest of the day.

Why not get the habit of standing back a little and watching the tide of battle in an impersonal kind of way? The personality when confronted with a disagreeable duty will usually 'kick'—no other word will serve so well. It flings its heels into the air in flat defiance—and then something happens. An influence of a better kind makes itself felt that insensibly softens the resistance and finally breaks it down altogether. The rebel partner is subdued and undertakes his proper function as the willing agent of the Higher in that strange dual combination—embodied man.

It is a great step in advance when a man develops a holding center which never gives way, however much it may oscillate from side to side before it finally comes to repose. The 'kick' of the personality will doubtless disappear in time, but in the meanwhile we can observe its antics with a smile of assurance which recognises it for what it is—a feeble protest to be shortly followed by an unconditional surrender. SCRIBE No. 18

### The Voice and the Man

A MAN'S character reveals itself in his handwriting, the shape of his head, his manner of walking, and the expression of his face. But a man's voice is perhaps a better key to his nature than anything else about him. Some day a method will be invented by which a picture may be taken of the minutest shadings and harmonies of the human voice, that will more exactly delineate the character of its owner than any horoscope that was ever cast. To the one who can read it, it will show the possibilities of the man's future, and it will be a record of the moods of his past. Each struggle will have made its mark, and every failure and success.

The voice is the most potent intermediary between

the mood of the mind and the body. The whole body participates in voice production and every cell throbs responsive to its tones and overtones. We all know how the tones of a sunken bell are propagated through the water, and the body is for the most part a fluid that is only half coagulated. Some of its parts supposed to be solid are nine-tenths water. A good singer, by carefully noting the ring of a glass when struck, can easily shatter it to pieces by sounding that tone with his voice. Sound is a builder and destroyer of forms.

A strong, melodious, cheerful voice invigorates and soothes the bodies of all within its range; while a querulous, tense and grating voice acts as an irritant and tends towards disintegration. Audiences are often roused to a high pitch of enthusiasm, not so much by what the speaker says, as by the ring in his voice.

"The voice," it has been said, "is the man himself." It is at any rate the mood of the man made audible. If a hypocrite contrives to change, and harmonize his voice, it can only be that he has actually changed his mood after the manner of an actor, and speaks from the mood he has assumed for the time being.

A training of the voice is a training of the owner. His whole body has become more flexible, more responsive, and some of his moods, at any rate, have come under his control. With perseverance he may succeed in raising the keynote of his whole nature.

Mercury was the god of speech, of eloquence, of sound. He was also the messenger of the gods. And so may the voice be made the messenger between the soul and the body, the recorder on the body of the harmonies of the soul. A voice that is properly used tends to rejuvenate the body and to prolong its life. By teaching a child to sing we may render a high service to its soul.

PRISON DOCTOR

### No Other Cup Would Do

AS I was buying stamps at the corner drug-store just now I overheard a bearded stranger telling about his Bill.

"He's the funniest kid," he was saying as I went in. "He has a cup with his name on it in gold lettering, and that's the only cup that he'll drink from. His milk is no good unless he gets it out of that special cup. I guess that we ought never to have humored him so far; but he's got so now that he carries it to picnics and parties, and if it got lost—"

I heard no more, but I could not get that foolish, fastidious child out of my mind because I knew that I had been a kind of Bill myself in days gone by.

Lionel was at school with me and we chummed up so well together that we were never happy except in each other's company. When first we met we were both deep in the same kind of trouble, and it was great to be able to talk to another fellow who could thorough-

ly understand. The link once formed, other points of contact developed and finally we knew each other like our own pockets, as the saying goes. There was sympathy, complete understanding, and a spirit of helpfulness—in fact the usual outfit of human virtues of which everybody has his share, but which I could never recognise in anyone but Lionel Lee. I was just like little Bill. I had to take the milk of human kindness out of my particular cup, or go without.

Well, crockery won't last forever, and one day this particular cup—broke; and it seemed to me as though the world had come to an end. Lionel was dead—or what we call dead—and the body in which he had lived was put away out of sight. And now, if I wanted sympathy or a kind word, I had to go without, for Lionel was gone, and I lived a lonely man in a crowd of strangers.

It was years before I learned that the milk of human kindness might be found in other cups; but I discovered it at last. The man who limits himself to one particular cup, shuts himself off from a lot of pleasant refreshment along the way, and if that particular cup should happen to be smashed!—why, he feels as if the bottom had fallen out of everything!

Chumship is well enough, but don't let it narrow your life. Why not be chummy with the human race? Humanity is, in its highest expression, a beautiful thing, and a true friend is more to be desired than much fine gold; but do not let us forget that every man is a portion of the human race, and that whatever you find in one, you may find in all if you know how to look for it.

Let us level up, not down! Let us not say: I will henceforth love my chum no more than the general mass of humanity. There is a better way. Whatever of good I find in my chum, I will set myself to discover in everyone I meet; and as I feel towards my chum I will try to feel towards every member of the human race.

Why not fall in love with Humanity?

PAX

### The Heroic Self

RULE out regrets! It gets you nowhere to mull over what cannot now be helped. In looking back at past mistakes—and everybody makes them—you are likely to stumble over present opportunities in your path that are waiting to be picked up by you.

"But," you may say, "what about the wrong I have done, the grievous wrong? How can I help living it over in haunting memory?"

Your question suggests its own answer. Refuse to be frightened by the ghostly memory of yesterdays, which you vitalize by the living thought and feeling that belong to the work of today. Let the dead past bury its dead, but make a living issue of its meaning.



by making it an asset in self-knowledge. Drag out the ghost of past wrongs into the searchlight of Truth—a impersonal Truth, and study the defect in character as a doctor studies his patient's disease. You are not curing the defects in your make-up when negative regret like a useless tumor, robs your life-stream of its precious power to outgrow your weaknesses.

We are all potentially both coward and hero. It is human duality which explains the paradox of life. It is the coward side of us which makes negative regret an excuse for evading the weakness in us which thus survives the wrong doing, and too often subtly works for our further undoing. The heroic Self can face past wrong doing squarely, positively, and impersonally, and make its hardest lesson count as working capital in the conscious business of becoming the man that you and I long to be.

Life eternally is here and hereafter, and here again, over and over, and not one of us can escape the splendid destiny of learning to play the human drama perfectly.

*"Honor and shame from no condition rise.  
Act well your part there  
all the honor lies."*

Not only all honor, but that inner peace and satisfaction which no external conditions can give so long as one is baffling his best Self.

Always and forever there is *another chance* for every one of us. That is the keynote of the great scheme of things which works alike in Nature and in human nature to express the unfolding Life in matter and in Man. When the flowers fade and things die and decay, Mother Nature plans to fertilize for a new crop with the old failures—ever working out another chance for evolving Life in her kingdom. And Universal Law must plan with no less certainty for the self-conscious life in human form.

ONE

### Seeing Beauty Everywhere

THE man who cannot see the beauty in a moss-rose, a lily, a grayhound, or a sunset all glorious with purple and gold, must be a man very much immersed in the life of sensation, but it requires a somewhat unusual development to obtain a thrill from a clod of common earth, a stagnant pool, or a toad that sits by its margin.

The awakening of William L. Lathrop to the beauty of Nature's less appreciated side is so interesting in

this connection that it will be profitable to relate it here. As a young boy, he was returning one evening from his work, when he made a sudden halt in the road, startled by a ravishing glimpse of blue and yellow caught out of the corner of his eye. On the right, beyond the river, was an ordinary bank of mud, and mud he had always supposed was nothing but hideous slime. But there could be no mistake, the thrill of beauty had come from the mud-bank and nowhere else. He looked again and then he saw—the bank was of yellow clay streaked with layers of the softest blue, and the blended tints were mirrored back by the glassy surface of the lazy stream.

"But how can mud be beautiful?" he asked himself. From this time he began to study the world around him with eyes that *looked* for beauty in the most unlikely places—and found it. He came in time to see more charm and interest in a battered old freighter, reddened with rust stains and chafed and dented by the tempest and the wear and tear of dogged toil, than in the freshly painted liner on her maiden voyage. It was the record of honest strife and service that beautified the old hulk, just as the wrinkled face of an old man may sometimes reveal the soul of a hero, whose character and exploits are recorded in his habitual expression.

Since Nature's origin is divine, beauty must be discoverable in all things; but men's faculties are so dulled by sense-pleasures and so blinded by the prejudices of false education that for the most part we pass through life with eyes that never see the loveliness and glow of common things.

STUDENT

### The Culture of the Will

A "METAPHYSICAL" paper, answering a correspondent who wanted to know how to develop his will, advises him to *steer* his will, to muffle it mentally on rising, on retiring, and during the day. Thus he will "draw to himself the cosmic quality of will."

The prescription is in line with scores of others appearing every week, describing how every possible quality and mental faculty may be acquired by thinking of them, muttering their names, and dreaming about them. We can only hope, for the honor of our country, that they do not circulate beyond its shores.

Will can be grown in the same way by which a muscle is grown and in no other way — by use; but the use is difficult and the mutterings are easy. Every moment of the day offers opportunities for the exercise of the will. Four or five duties open in front of a man and he who desires to cultivate his will chooses the least attractive. He will not allow his lazy self any share in the decision. Once the thing is done, he refuses to let his mind remain upon it a moment longer, but turns his whole mental energy to the next matter.

The tendency to worry is a peculiarly favorable opportunity for the exercise of the will. He will not permit speech or action to be prompted by an irritable mood; but will rather compel them to lean over on the side of extra geniality. He will not let fatigue hurry him to bed without his customary review of the events of the day and the sweeping away of the accumulated dirt and cobwebs. He will not let his laziness deprive him of a few minutes for the clearing and sweetening of his mind before breakfast.

Life is crowded with chances to exercise the will, and if only a small proportion of them are used, a few years will develop in the man of flesh the man of spiritual will. Sometimes the stumbling-blocks of the beginner, which should be used as stepping-stones to further progress, become his failures. With some marked failure he gives up the struggle and flings the spoils of battle to the enemy. He forgets that the quiet resumption of effort after a failure may be one of the most fruitful uses of the will open to him — unless he pre-conceded the failure with the hypocritical promise of a subsequent bracing.

Will is the soul in action and its daily use in duty; and the service of our fellows is the method by which we may come to realize ourselves as souls. STUDENT

### Sympathy True and False

IF YOUR friend has fallen into a swamp and is sinking fast out of sight, there is nothing to be gained by your plunging in and going to the bottom in his company. The proper thing to do is to take a firm stand on hard ground and lend him a hand to get out.

And in the same way if a friend is overwhelmed by emotional distress, you do him no service if, from a mistaken view of duty, you echo his moans and encourage him in his orgy of self-pity. By refusing to descend to his level you may help him to regain his composure, and though at first he may accuse you of coldness and lack of sympathy, he will in the long run learn to appreciate your calculated kindness.

By retaining your equilibrium, you help him to regain the stability of mind which he has lost, and, without speaking a word, you may shame him into pulling himself together and thus getting into touch with the Presence of Peace which is never very far from

any one of us. The counterfeit sympathy, so much prized by many sufferers, entails a serious loss of nervous force to him by whom it is supplied; whereas a manly, wholesome, upstanding sympathy not only helps him to recover his lost calm, but so effectively conserves your power that you may be able to do something to remove the cause of his distress. WAYFARER

### On Being Pleasant

THERE does not seem to be anything very heroic about just being pleasant; but the man who is passing through deep waters, or being tried in the furnace — put it how you please — and can still carry on from day to day with a smile for everybody, has at least some of the stuff of which heroes are made.

Even if he does no more than hold his tongue about an aching tooth or a sore thumb, he will have put the world in his debt to that extent. The whining note of personal complaint is nothing but a discord in the song of life.

Everyone is ready to take off his hat to wisdom, self-control, and dignity, but for just being pleasant — well, suppose we don't bother about our hats.

And yet it may very well be true that all these great qualities are included in just 'being pleasant.'

Gentlemen! Hats off! PERIPATETIC PEDESTRIAN

### Light from the East

THOSE of you who would know yourselves in the spirit of truth, learn to live alone even amidst the great crowds that may sometimes surround you. Seek communion and intercourse only with the God within your own soul; heed only the praise or blame of the deity which can never be separated from your *true* self, as it is verily that God itself, called the HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS.

Put without delay your good intentions into practice, never leaving a single one to remain only an intention — expecting, meanwhile, neither reward nor even acknowledgment for the good you may have done. Reward and acknowledgment are in yourself and inseparable from you, as it is your Inner Self alone which can appreciate them at their true degree and value.

For each one of you contains within the precinct of his inner tabernacle the Supreme Court — prosecutor, defense, jury, and judge — whose sentence is the only one without appeal; since none can know you better than you do yourself, when once you have learned to judge that self by the never wavering light of the Inner Divinity — your Higher Consciousness.

A little-known Indian Teacher



### Fragment of an Ancient Russian Song

The following poem is a good illustration of the spirit of the old English song, "There's always a way to come through, my lads." An aged minstrel wandering through the land finds his further progress cut short by an arm of the sea, and he can find no boat to carry him over. Then:

SANG such wondrous song the stranger,  
 Stirred the heart, like moving water  
 Flowed the song that wrought enchantment.  
 Then began the sea to hearken  
 And the waves began to listen,  
 And the blue waves, flowing onward,  
 And the current of the rivers  
 And the shores together hearkened,  
 And the song, still flowing onward,  
 Working wonders of enchantment  
 Moved the shoreline of the water,  
 Moved the yonder shore and this one,  
 Moving both shores towards each other,  
 Till they met across the water  
 Till they spanned the gulf between them,  
 Till they formed a path together,  
 And the yonder was as this one.

### Life Goes On

THELMA COOMBS

LIFE goes on. Oh, never heed  
 The pessimist who says it fails;  
 It disappoints and hurts and thwarts  
 Each one of us, but never stales!  
 Life goes on. We only pause  
 To dream of past things, dwell on gloom,  
 In life there's always movement, motive,  
 New zest for which we must make room.  
 Life goes on. However sad  
 Or dull you may be at this hour,  
 The tyrant Life with stinging sweetness  
 Will once more wake you to its power!

—Selected

### Inspiration

DID you tackle the trouble that came your way,  
 With a resolute heart and cheerful?  
 Or hide your face from the light of day  
 With a craven soul and fearful?  
 Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,  
 Or a trouble is what you make it,  
 And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,  
 But only how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?  
 Come up with a smiling face  
 It's nothing against you to fall down flat,  
 But to lie there—that's disgrace,  
 The harder you're thrown why the higher you bounce;

Be proud of your blackened eye  
 It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts,  
 It's how did you fight and why?

And though you be done to the death, what then?  
 If you battled the best you could,  
 If you played your part in the world of men,  
 Why the critics will call it good.  
 Death comes with a crawl or comes with a pounce,  
 And whether you're slow, or spry  
 It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,  
 But only how did you die.—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

"If you do not wish a man to do a thing, you had better get him to talk about it; for the more men talk, the more likely they are to do nothing else."

— Thomas Carlyle

"A man must stand erect, not be kept erect by others."— Marcus Aurelius

"Man-spirit proves God-spirit, as the one drop of water proves the source from which it must have come. Tell one who had never seen water, that there is an ocean of water, and he must accept it on blind faith or reject it altogether. But let one drop fall upon his hand, and then he has the fact from which all the rest may be inferred. After that he could by degrees understand that a boundless and fathomless ocean of water existed. Prove the soul of man by its wondrous powers — you have proved God."— H. P. Blavatsky

"Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;

But he that filches from me my good name,

Robs me of that which not enriches him

And makes me poor indeed."

— William Shakespeare

"It is easy for men to write and talk like philosophers, but to act with wisdom — there's the rub."

— Rurrol

"The power to know does not come from book study nor from mere philosophy, but mostly from the actual practice of altruism in deed, word, and thought; for that practice purifies the covers of the soul and permits the light to shine down into the brain-mind."

— William O. Judge

"The worship of the lower self is madness, but it is so general that it is often taken for common sense, and is admired as evidence of strength of mind."

— Reginald Macell

"Though I am inclosed in prison walls, yet I can think kindly thoughts. These will flow into the great reservoir of human consciousness and have their effect, the measure of the effect being determined by their strength and intensity."

"I am a better believer, and all serious souls are better believers in immortality than we can give grounds for. The real evidence is too subtle, or is higher than we can write down in propositions."— Emerson

"Extreme straightness is as bad as crookedness. Extreme cleverness is as bad as folly."— Lao-Tse

"Let us not be soloists, dominating the whole place, but each one a member of an orchestra, content to bring all that we have and contribute it in music, while we ourselves for the moment keep our personality in shadow and subjection, that there may come to this world a greater harmony, a greater symmetry, a more perfect adjustment of conflicting loyalties, so that we may reach the highest ambition of all, which is, that we may have a name at which men and women, when they hear it, will smile gladly and be proud to claim it as the name of the Friend."— Rosslyn Mitchell

"Do not try to fashion yourselves like others. Dare to think sufficiently long and sufficiently deeply to receive a revelation from within. Make clean self-analysis a regular habit. Take ten minutes with yourself every day and absolutely surrender your mental self to your Higher Self. Then you will open for yourself a book of revelations."— Katherine Tingley

"You may tame the wild beast, the conflagration of the forest will cease when all the timber and the dry wood are consumed, but you cannot arrest the progress of that cruel word which you uttered carelessly yesterday or this morning."— P. W. Robertson

"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven; and as imagination bodies forth the form of things unknown, the poet's pen turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothingness a local habitation and a name."

— William Shakespeare

"Many persons, being forbid to praise themselves, learn instead to censure others, which is only a roundabout way of praising themselves. For condemning the conduct of another in any particular, amounts to as much as saying, 'I am so honest, or wise, or good, or prudent, that I could not do or approve of such an action.' This fondness of ourselves, rather than malevolence of others, I take to be the general source of censure and backbiting."— Benjamin Franklin

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap."— Paul

"The art of doing does not consist in going forth to achieve great things, but in doing in the right way that which you have to do."— H. T. Edge

"History resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons."

— R. W. Emerson

"All that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts; it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the cart."— Dhammapala





Prisoners and Others  
Behind the Bars or not

"Hold sacred thy mind, as the most exquisite tool of thy soul."

Please Handle with Care  
And Pass on to Another

# THE NEW WAY

FROM

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Nation with nation, land with land,  
Unarmed shall live as brothers  
In every heart and brain shall throb  
The pulse of one fraternal

## The Christos-Spirit Within Man

*Extracted from a Lecture delivered in the Memorial  
Temple of Peace, Pomt Loma, California*

BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

**H**OLD that the human mind cannot truly conceive of a beautiful or a profound thought or of anything that appeals to the higher nature — that one cannot live in this state of mind for even a moment —

without receiving the benediction of the spirit. Something new is born in the mind which has so conceived.

When I visited the old temples of Egypt and tried to feel the devotion of the ancient peoples who built them and worshiped in them, then there came upon me with greater conviction and with a fuller understanding than ever before the sacred meaning of those words of Jesus: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." It

was his conception of the true and noble outspringing of that which is the deepest part of our natures, which as a general rule we hold in and crucify with the limitations of our own brain-mind opinions.

We are like little children at the feet of the Master, and we know oh! so little of these higher things and so little of our own real selves. We are quite unfamiliar with the holiest part of our natures. Ignorance and half-knowledge are destroying the world today.

I should be failing in my duty if I did not remind you of the spiritual treasures that are in the inmost recesses of your own hearts, that can better your lives, broaden your views, and give you a deeper, larger, fuller conception of life and of its wonderful possibilities.

If it were not for the godlike qualities latent in man the human race would be literally tearing one another to pieces like wild beasts. But it is because we are essentially divine in spite of our weaknesses, that we can live in the higher light of the spirit, which Christ referred to when he said: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Then all that is true and noble in human nature expresses itself and those who are aware of this sacred presence are in the deepest sense at the feet of the Master, learning how to live, how to go forward, how to find the good, the true, and the beautiful, and above all other things, to know themselves.

Self-knowledge brings to every aspiring soul the conviction of his own power — not just physical and mental power, but the inner power of his own godlike qualities. Once this conviction is reached and expressed with determination and earnestness and clearness of vision, others feel it too. It cannot be adequately described; it never has been written down in words and never can be, because it is something that has its abode in the silence of the souls of men. It sweeps into your hearts and lifts you interiorly in thought and aspiration beyond all that you have ever been before.

But it is nothing supernatural. It is, as Christ said, the presence that is felt, "where two or three are gathered together in my name . . ."; the 'my' referring to the Christos-spirit, whose presence is felt by every man within his own heart at the moments of his highest aspiration. It is felt in the atmosphere of every building where men have congregated for communion of sacred, noble, beautiful thoughts. It is felt in every true home; it is evoked by the memory of happy childhood, of father and mother, when you sat at the feet of your parents and received the blessings of their love. It is also aroused in thinking of old associations, of old loves. These things all speak to us in the silence, when we are at the feet of the Master. It is then that we feel

the nearness of great things, it is then that we feel the splendor of the inner life.

Out beyond the life of this physical body of mine that will die, I know that somewhere or somehow through the mercy of the Divine Law I shall have my chance again, and that chance will give the opportunity to work out some of my unfulfilled aspirations. Remember, none of the aspirations of a true and noble nature that have ever stirred in your mind or in your heart can be lost, for in the Divine Economy nothing is lost.

Fortified by this philosophy of life you will be able to meet death with cheerfulness, if you have done your full duty by your body; but if you have been careless or indifferent, you will be ahead of your time, and you will die too soon. I believe that the time is coming when human beings will live to be two hundred years old — and live in the truest sense too, not in decay and decrepitude, but with the health and vigor that will naturally result from fulfilling one's duty to the body, to the vehicle or flesh-house in which the soul lives.

Humanity is asking for answers to its questions; it is crying out at the unrest and the apparent sins of the world and its mistakes and injustices. The philosophy of life which I have been trying to explain has an answer to satisfy every class of mind. Knowing that the real man is eternal, one loses the fear of death; he has the vision of another life and of still other lives; the sense of his sacred responsibility increases; and then more truly, more profoundly, more affectionately, does he consider what Jesus said: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

### Starting the Currents

THERE WAS a wash-out at Willow Bend, and because of it, the morning papers had been held up, and so John and I, instead of silently absorbing the world's news, had spent the time in friendly conversation as the train rolled us onward to the city. We spoke of the recent gift of books to the library, the new aviary at the Park, and the alarming increase of street accidents, which drew from my companion some ingenious suggestions for traffic regulation.

These topics being soon exhausted, John grew silent and eyed me from time to time with the air of a man who is speculating on your power to keep a secret.

"Say, Geoffrey," he ventured at last, "here's a funny thing I've noticed lately. I always sit for a while after dressing in the morning and while my eyes are flitting over the valley, my mind is occupied in taking





stock of things in general before I make the plunge into the day's work. It seems to me — and I've watched the thing pretty closely — that subjects I've had in mind in my quiet time before breakfast, have a queer way of cropping up during the day in casual conversation. You don't suppose that a plain fellow like me is developing a power to look ahead and know what is going to be talked about, eh?" He seemed slightly embarrassed.

"That's interesting," I said, "but not so very unusual. There is such a thing as getting a sort of fore-view of things about to happen, and hearing in advance the things that are going to be said. But in your case I believe it's something like this: A clear, forcible mind — without any deliberate intention — impresses itself upon the company by which it is surrounded — 'induced current,' I suppose an electrician would call it.

"In the morning calm as you review one thing after another, your thoughts assume a life and body of their own, and people with less mental vigor find it easier to adopt your ready-made creations, than to give birth to original thoughts of their own.

"Every time we think, something is created. I believe that you may almost call it a-being with an independent life of its own; and so you can see why I hold such strong opinions about our responsibility for the thoughts of those around us. I know one man who is so keenly conscious of this, that if he doesn't want a certain subject discussed *he takes very good care not even to think of it.*

"I believe that you have hit upon a very valuable and effective method of purifying the thought-life of the world. You read some helpful book before breakfast with a mind that has been invigorated by a good night's rest, and you react to the printed words with clear, definite thoughts that ring in the mind all day. As you go about your business with these wholesome influences resounding through your mind, everyone who comes within your mental atmosphere is bound to be affected; trains of elevated thoughts are started, helpful ideas are launched, and all this without anybody being preached at, or having good advice forced upon them without their will.

"There's nothing weird or mysterious about it; it is simply the normal action of a natural law. All mankind have a common origin, and while the individual may enjoy a certain mental privacy, it is no less true that each one shares his mind with every other member of the race. And just as fish absorb and then give out again the water they have taken in, so does the mind of the individual man act and react upon the race-mind in which he lives and moves and has his being. The more unselfish the thought, the less is it restricted

to its point of origin, and the more freely can it influence the minds of other men."

"That's a great idea of yours, Geoffrey," said John when I paused. "Live cleanly and think strongly and, without any preaching or fuss, you can start the other fellows on a higher line of thought and action. Then they in their turn do the same — why, if a lot of decent fellows kept that thing going and made a regular business of it (no let-up) the world would soon make a change for the better. It needs it all right."

"It's a great game," I replied, as we stood on the platform before parting. "There's no society to join, no fees to pay, no officers to elect. Each member a center, with full liberty to work for world-betterment by the persistent thinking of wholesome thoughts. It's true, you can't trace results. The forces work behind the scenes, but you can't play the game for very long before you become quite sure that no effort can possibly fail of its effect."

WAYFARER

#### The Parlor and the Basement

"THE OTHER fellows don't judge me rightly."

"May be not. Perhaps they don't. Of course you never make any mistakes about them?"

"No, can't I see how they act, and can't I hear their talk?"

"What do you think of Alf Lovell?"

"That fellow! He's a hog at the table. You ought to see him eat!"

"By the way, did you read that poem about Mothers, in the last *Notings in Jail*? Pretty good stuff, I thought."

"Sure! It broke me all up — took me back to the time I was a kid. But what has that got to do with—?"

"Wait a minute! I happen to know that Lovell wrote that — one of them."

"There isn't more than one Lovell here, as far as I know."

"Yes there are, — several. There's Lovell at the table, and you've built the whole man out of that. Then there's Lovell in his cell, writing about our mothers and how we ought to feel towards them. That makes two. Then there's Lovell in his cell again and wishing he could get the better of the thing *in him* that wants to be eating all the time and just longing to live in the higher part of his nature. That's three. You haven't got this thing right. You don't know Lovell *at all*, not any Lovell. What you call Lovell is only the animal *in* Lovell, the animal that he wants to get the mastery of. I wonder what Lovell thinks about *you*!"

"Oh, he doesn't take much stock in me I reckon! Thinks I'm not up to much. I'm always trying to show him what I am, too."

"No you don't! You try to show him *what you want him to think you are*. And I hope you'll have a bit more respect for Lovell now you know that he wrote that poem. It will help you to forget the glutton part of him won't it?"

"I guess it will."

"Quite so. You know a little more now of what he is, but you might have *felt* it before if you hadn't been so busy thinking about what you want the other fellows to think about you, and how unjust they were. They did feel what Lovell was. Same with you. When you amount to something worth while they'll know it."

"Now don't you see there are several of you, just as there are several of Lovell. And according to your own showing, the principal thing about you is *the fellow who wants to be respected — is longing for recognition*. It's that they feel, and do you suppose they're likely to have much respect for that sort of thing?"

"Well, what's a fellow to do about it?"

"Chuck that thing right out, and look after what you really *are*; don't worry about what others think of you. And then look yourself over and find the nobler part of you, and act out in your life the advice it gives you. It's a real guide and companion and is with you day and night."

"Then you've got to think better of other people. When a man is drunk you don't think that the real man has come out, do you? You say that the real man is for the time drowned out; he's simply not there. The real man in Lovell comes out when he's by himself. *Most of us have never met the real man in us whether alone or not*. But he's there."

"And how are you going to help others? By looking at the worst in them and building up from that a picture of the whole man? That would be like going into the back kitchen and trying to fancy what the house was like from that. The better way is to watch out for the golden bursts of sunshine when they come and make your picture of the man from them."

"If you want to be a big man, fill your mind with the big and noble things you see in others; and after a bit your thoughts about them will begin to affect your own life. 'What a man thinketh that is he' That way you will draw out the best in *them*, and the best there is in *you*. And then the others will begin to see the real man in you, and from that they will be helped to find the real man in themselves."

"The free and flowing stream of brotherhood will circulate among you all and change your lives. Get to work, my friend! You're all right inside!" MEDICO

### Unconquerable

"UNSPEAKABLE hardship, living behind the bars!" Yes, but you have a shop to work in, which keeps your mind and body occupied, and better still some of you work in the open air. Also, you get pretty good food to keep you in good health.

Talk about hardship! — just take a look at this picture of life in a Russian prison thirty years ago, and see how a man may grow in manliness and resourcefulness, not so much in spite of his sufferings; but perhaps by the very reason of their challenge to his indomitable soul.

Thirty years ago, I was confined in a vast Russian fortress which dates back to the Middle Ages. Moss-grown and lichen-stained, its appearance was highly antique and picturesque, and its antiquity was no half-way job, for its interior had still more of the earmarks of old age. For clamminess, darkness, and an all-pervading smell of mildew, it was the last word in discomfort. It seemed to have been erected to produce discomfort, and by the looks of things, the officers in charge had religiously respected the intentions of the original builders, for it had kept about as much pace with modernity as the Temple of Cheops.

I was neighbor to the prisoner about whom I am going to write, for only six feet of granite masonry lay between my cell and his. Our prison had no apparatus for steam-heating, and as the climate was exactly adapted to suit the taste of polar bears, we human prisoners had to shiver.

My neighbor was a man of studious habits and the lack of books was to him an incalculable deprivation. After a while, we contrived to establish a code of communication by raps on the walls. He said that he had been there six years, and that in spite of the moldy and innutritious food, he had established a state of health that was almost perfect. He kept himself physically fit by systematic exercises and by pacing his narrow cell, while he occupied his mind by deep thought on the profoundest problems of religion and philosophy.

There in the darkness and the silence he also composed poems and after they were finally revised, they were committed to a memory that was practically perfect, carefully trained for that very purpose, because of his scanty store of writing materials. Of these he made careful use when for about the space of an hour every day a faint glimmer of sunlight shone in through the heavily barred window.

This hour he carefully divided into two parts. For the first half he gazed intently at the bright patch, drinking in the precious rays and trying to store them up to tide him over the hours of gloom; and this prac-



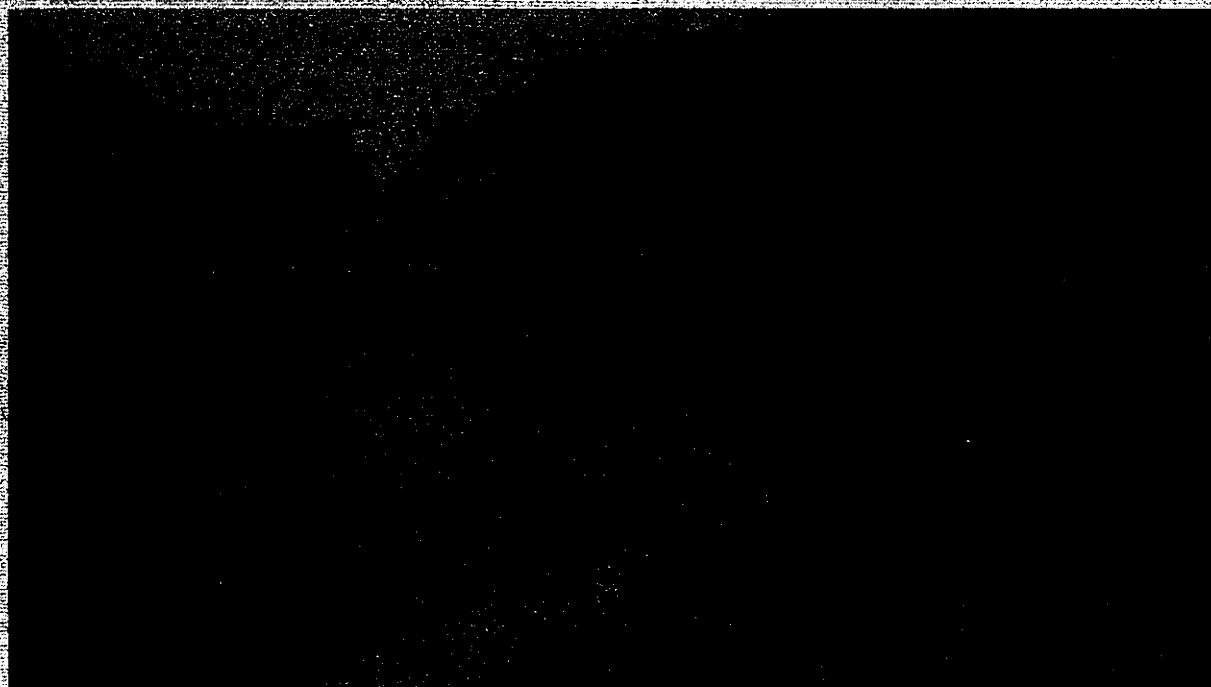
vice he carried out year after year. The second half he devoted to jotting down his stray thoughts and diagrams on paper. His memory from constant use had become an instrument of marvelous retentive power.

He seemed to bear no resentment against anybody for his confinement, for a world-embracing love had sprung up in his heart that grew in warmth and power by the simple process of thinking about it.

He slept like a child; and as for the rats, they were his friends and never molested him. In fact, his

possessed of full vigor and health with all his perceptive powers in keen and active exercise. His years of solitude, of clean and simple living and deep introspection had undoubtedly sharpened his faculties and developed mental and spiritual qualities which, in the vast majority, lie all unused.

Never have I met anyone whose character gave me an impression of such sustained moral elevation and dignity. I never had a friend whom I could respect — yes, and even reverence — as I did this hermit of the



#### A RIVER SCENE IN BRITANY

Brittany, although in France is not of France, the inhabitants, in their habits of thought and ways of life being very much the same as their kindred Celts in Wales. Every year some of them attend the great Festivals of Song Eisteddfods — that are held in Wales, and their language is so similar that they are able to make themselves understood without much difficulty.

chief amusement consisted in playing with the rats, and as his eyes had become adapted to see in the dim light, he taught them many laughable tricks.

He assured me that he was a happy man, and that deep in every human heart there were fountains of peace and joy and happiness to be enjoyed by anyone who cared to look for them. He used to maintain that however sordid and seemingly hopeless a man's surroundings might seem to be, he might rise above them by his inborn, unconquerable power. He declared that by persisting in his self-discipline he believed that he could live to a ripe age.

He turned out to be a true prophet, for at the end of eighteen years when he regained his liberty, he was

prison fortress, and it is to his influence and example that I owe almost everything of value in my life and character.

B. I. G.

#### "The Theosophical Path" Reborn

THE International *Theosophical Path*, founded by Katherine Tingley eighteen years ago and now enlarged by her, appeared last month in a new body. Its new form has many advantages over the old one. The paper on which it is printed is unglazed, thus avoiding the glare of reflected light, and the type is even more

legible than formerly. The reading matter covers many pages devoted to world events of a highly interesting character.

The staff of writers has been enlarged by the addition of a number of distinguished contributors from several European countries who will offer the fruits of their thought and observation to advance the cause of brotherhood.

*The Theosophical Path* will continue to hold itself aloof from politics and all forms of sectarian religion and to supply a review of current events and world-thought in the light of the old Wisdom-Religion, which shines from age to age undimmed by lapse of time, and sheds its rays upon the changing problems of each succeeding generation. It contains within itself an exhaustless fountain of life and energy because it takes its rise within the very heart of Nature.

Its pages will be adorned with pictures of some of the fairest spots in the world, and in view of the increasing interest that is being shown by the public in the philosophy of life which it portrays, its future career as a bringer of Truth, Light, and Liberation to discouraged humanity, seems well assured.

This magazine sets forth no final goal to be achieved, no static condition of perfection to be attained; but aims to inspire its readers to tread a 'Path' by their own efforts, and teaches a method of life, which, if universally followed, would lead the Human Race to a future, great beyond our uttermost imagining. STUDENT

#### The Invisible Artist at Work

A TRAVELER in Switzerland has been very much puzzled by the frost-pictures on the car-windows. So long as the train is in motion, the delicate tracery remains frozen, but as soon as it stops, the heat inside thaws the pattern, leaving the glass clear. As soon as the train gets fairly started, the watery film shoots out fine spicules of ice and, as if by magic, the most beautiful designs of grasses, moss and ferns take form upon the window-panes.

But the most wonderful part of it is, that every time the patterns re-form they are different from the previous ones. Sometimes it is fern-fronds that start into view; and then again an exquisite delineation of seaweed, marked at intervals with little round bladders; and these may be followed by tiny bush-like growths symmetrically displayed upon the glass.

There are twelve windows in each car, and in every window the pictures are the same. When the pattern is changed all the windows change together.

The visible effect is full in view, but what about the cause unseen? What—or who—decides the character of each new decorative scheme? Are the crystals guided by the subconscious thoughts of the passengers, or do we see the Cosmic Mind at work before our eyes?

It is said that someone, having brewed more sage-tea than he could drink, threw out the remainder on the sidewalk one night. In the morning the paving-stones were covered with hoarfrost, and where the sage-tea was lying, the frost crystals had grouped themselves in the form of sage leaves!

The next time we are oppressed by a sense of the sordid commonplaceness of life, here is a problem to think about. Is it that we are surrounded by harmonies to which our dull ears are deaf, and do the crystals arrange themselves to the marching music of 'horns of Elfland faintly blowing'? Sound, it seems, does guide form, and a certain Mrs. Watts Hughes used to 'create' the pictures of flowers by simply singing a clear, sustained note over a stretched membrane covered with wet paint.

Our lives are dull and sordid because we insist on closing our minds to the beautiful mysteries which compass us about.

STUDENT

#### The Need of a Sense of Humor

WHILE nothing is much worse than a Sense of Humor that is not Ballasted by Sound Common Sense, yet on the other hand there is no man who hath so good a right to a little spice of Nonsense as he who is Habitually and Consistently a Sensible Man.

There came once to see me a Woman with a Problem, and I listened unto her Tale of Woe and smiled. And she said, Thou dost not sufficiently regard my Problem as Serious. And I said, It is not Serious. All that thou needest is a Passing Smile and something else to think about. And she was grieved and went her Way, but afterwards she considered and thanked me with great heartiness.

Life is Serious enough, beloved; and he is a fool whose incurable Laughter at all that doth occur in life is like unto the Crackling of Thorns under a Pot, as my friend Solomon was wont to observe. Life hath its concerns that are not only Serious but Tragick, and they must be faced in their Stark Reality. But there is no command in Holy Scripture for to increase and multiply our Tragedies and Discourage the Earth. Wherefore hath God imparted unto us something that He must count Very Precious in His own Character, even a sense of Humor.

I have no present intention of adding any to the



Ten Commandments, but if I decide to supplement the work of my friend Moses, I shall consider this one:

Thou shalt not take thyself too seriously.

— *Selected*

### A Good Word for the English Police

THE increasing tendency in those who sit in high places to give the criminal another chance is shown by the following words which occur in a speech recently delivered by Mr. Justice Rigby:

I spend the greater part of my time on the bench not deciding for how long I should send a man to prison, but whether I can possibly avoid sending people to prison, particularly for the first time. In that connection one of the greatest factors for good that I know is the police. I have never yet known the slightest hesitation on the part of a police officer in giving me the help I wanted in providing facilities for those whom I wished to let go.

— *Selected*

### "A Dog's Life"

YOURS a dog's life, do you mean?  
Courage, brother! cease to groan  
Many men, as on they jog,  
Live much worse than any dog.

Yours a dog's life? Then, my boy,  
It's a life crammed full of joy!  
Merry breezes, meadows fair,  
Birds and brooks and sunny air.

Dogs? Why, dogs are never sad!  
See them capering like mad!  
See them frisk their jolly way  
Through the live-long laughing day!

Dog's life? Then you'll never rust;  
Dog's life? Then you'll hope and trust;  
Then you'll say in jaunty glee,  
"Bones, have been, and bones will be."

Cheery, active, trusting, true—  
There's a canine goal for you!  
Live a dog's life, if you can.  
You will be the better man! — *Selected*

### Give Me But Eyes

GERTRUDE B. SOUTH

GIVE me but eyes  
To know the joy that lies  
In common things:

A pale moth's velvet wings,  
A fern-fringed pool,  
Green mosses dripping cool,  
The voice of rain,  
The clouds in silver train,  
Friendship of trees,  
A meadow loud with bees,  
To glimpse each glad surprise,  
Give me but eyes. — *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

"As a horse when he has run, as a dog when he has tracked the game, a bee when she has made the honey, so a man when he has done a good act does not call out for others to come and see, but he goes on to another good act."—*Marcus Aurelius*

"Live well your life. Seek to realize the meaning of every event. Strive to find the Ever Living and wait for more light."—*W. Q. Judge*

"Whilst we converse with what is above us, we do not grow old, but grow young."—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

"One can spoil the good name of a thousand."  
—*Armenian Proverb*

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

"Move away from small, narrow, personal things and go into a higher state of consciousness! The feeling will be like that which comes to one who has been living down in a valley without seeing any sunshine for a long time, when suddenly he finds himself at the top of the hill with the most glorious vista of the world's beauty spread before him. The whole make-up is changed. One attains a quality of the mind that belongs to the immortal man — intuition. Depending upon your own intuition, the very trees and flowers will talk to you. You will be so sure of yourself that you cannot be interfered with, if you are on the right path of self-directed evolution."—*Katherine Tingley*

"I shall ask for the abolition of the Penalty of Death until I have the infallibility of human judgment demonstrated to me."—*Lafayette*

"In everything, everywhere, dwells Poetry — Love — Divinity. And the whole world is a great sanctuary, as well-devised and surely sustained as a well-ordered house."—*From an Eastern Source*

"No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it for anyone else."—*Charles Dickens*

"My friend is one before whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud."—*R. W. Emerson*

"Genius gives immortality in another sense than in the vulgar one of being praised by others. It gives it elasticity, unwearied sympathy, and that sense of some essence stronger than death, of some spirit higher than the tomb, which nothing can destroy. It is in this sense that genius walks with the immortals."—*Quintus*

"Not always is pain a misfortune, nor happiness a blessing. Both smile on him who does his duty."—*W. von Humboldt*

"Adjustment accomplishes more than sweat and backache. It overcomes more than prayer and fasting. It subdues more obstacles, removes more mountains, and fills up more valleys than hustle and perseverance. It is better than love potions, or efforts to please, or flowers or flattery, in the matter of gaining love or keeping it."—*Dr. Stephen Crane*

"There is always something in the present moment that is a revelation of life and full of interest. Clear away obstructions and an interest in life will come."—*Dr. Stephen Crane*

"Man at his highest, is concerned with the discovery of the principles upon which law is based; at his lowest, he is concerned with the imposition of unprincipled laws."—*Max Plowman*

"If we want to speak of progress, do not let us boast of the number of our motor cars and telegraph lines, but of the value which we and our civilization place on human life."—*Karel Capek*

"Do to another what you would have him do to you. This is the only law you need, and upon it all the other laws are founded."—*Confucius*

"The man of wealth tends to be divided into two inharmonious selves, a democratic, and a more egotistical self — the result a broken self-consciousness, the loss of that inward wholeness so indispensable to self-respect and contentment. Now a house divided against itself cannot stand."—*Felix Adler*

"There is but one Eternal Truth, one universal, infinite and changeless spirit of Love, Truth and Wisdom, impersonal, therefore, bearing a different name in every nation, one Light for all, in which the whole of Humanity lives and moves, and has its being."—*H. P. Blavatsky*

"Take a sail every morning round the Cape of Good Hope, for most gray hairs are produced by troubles that never come."—*Rev. Walter Wynn*





The true wisdom consists in knowing what to do next.

And Passion in Another

# THE NEW WAY

FROM

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(INSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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We shall one day forget all  
about duty and do everything  
from the love of the loveliness  
of it, the satisfaction of the  
achievement of it.

George MacDonald

## The Inner and the Outer Life of Man

*Extracted from a lecture delivered at the Roosevelt  
Auditorium, San Diego, California*

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

MAN'S OUTER life belongs to the physical only. To this belongs also the ordinary mental life, which is merely a part of the mortal man. But there is another life, the spiritual life, which a man feels when

he is conscious of his own essential divinity, which makes him ever true, ever loving, ever forceful. He also realizes that the outer man lasts only for one earth life, but for the inner man there are many lives ahead along the pathway of Eternity. That which gives you your highest hopes, your noblest aspirations, is the inner life of man.

We have wonderful colleges and universities and great scholars and brilliant minds; but they are only

half living if they are not conscious of their divinity, if they are not reaching inwards towards spiritual things, for the real knowledge which tells them that there is something beyond mere scholarship or culture, and that man, in order to do his fullest duty and to have confidence in himself, in the Infinite, and in a future life, must cultivate the inner as well as the outer life.

Those who accept these teachings and put them into practice cannot be satisfied with the idea of merely one life. They look forward to other lives with hope and trust. The fear of death disappears, and they go through life with a new courage born of the conviction of their own essential divinity. Then are they on the right road of self-directed evolution. They are expressions of the Eternal Man.

Perhaps I too may be only half living; but let me tell you that my way of life gives me something more precious than anything else; because the conviction of my own essential divinity opens my vision of the Infinite, my vision of the mercy of the infinite laws, my vision of man fully conscious of his dignity as a soul and of his sacred responsibilities as a man. With such a vision one can go through life with a spirit of optimism that knows no limit. No longer satisfied with his old ways of thinking and doing, he steps out on to new lines of thought, throws aside former opinions and prejudices, and enlightenment follows.

Education in the ordinary sense is of course necessary; but the education that opens up for man his inner life is not taught in your schools. It is that which you yourself must find through your own efforts; and it can be done while attending to the necessary duties of every-day life. Then ere long real life is found to be beautiful and joyful.

These teachings clear away the apparent injustices of life and the mists of doubt and despair, so that instead of viewing life as a sorrow or a burden, one's smallest duty becomes a delight.

Few seem to realize that in the truest sense the mind is subject to the spiritual man; and though you may educate the mind, in itself it is not the key that will solve the greatest problems of continuous living; for not until we emphasize the divinity of man and of the over-ruling and infinite laws of life, which are ever seeking to direct us — not until then shall we find the beauty of every experience that is noble, uplifting and necessary for the rounding out of the inner man. When a man conquers his lower, outer life, he ascends. Step by step we climb.

With all our wonderful discoveries and inventions, we have not yet as a people reached to the true understanding of life. As surely as you live — and you will find it so — one who believes only in the outer life and puts

his whole faith and trust in it, in the one earth-life, he is asleep. The light of spiritual knowledge has not yet reached and awakened him. This spiritual strength and help can only be found in self-confidence, in reliance on the spiritual life within man. All that you need is the key, and this you will find by following in the footsteps of others who have attained spiritual knowledge and who have thereby found the glory and the joy of living.

For such as these it is beautiful to live even in this world of appalling vices and confusion, for the reason that they are in the right attitude of mind; they are in the light, which compels them to throw themselves into the arena of unselfish effort in order to try and lift the burdens from their fellow-men and to turn their minds towards seeking deeper knowledge of the inner self, that they may grow and overcome.

Man can never know himself or his possibilities, he can never attain to the joys and blessings that are his by right, until he has reached a state of consciousness where he is ready at least to consider the idea that he is essentially divine, that he is more than the physical man of one earth-life, that he is a part of the great scheme of existence, and that in his aspirations, and resolutions and conquests over self, he is climbing to the mountain-tops, where he is learning and receiving into his nature from time to time, those fragments of knowledge which he will carry with him to another life; for while we are in this life, noble experiences, high aspirations, and unselfish efforts cannot be lost. They affect to a degree the souls of those who are passing on.

One who is confirmed in this belief of the continued life of man possesses a magical key to the higher knowledge, that knowledge which enables man to recognise his Higher Self, the Eternal Man.

Athwart this path of self-directed evolution one meets, of course, with many crossways. Disappointments visit him. But think what an appeal there is to the brave man to continue his journey. He is marching on in response to the challenge of his own soul, and as he moves forward he will find the reality of things which he had formerly ignored. Sacred blessings will come to him without money and without price. He will find the beginning of a new life, the beginning of a great joy, and a quality of courage that will enable him to proclaim from the house-tops, that man is essentially divine. And that is the voice and the music of the soul, seeking expression in the hearts of men.

### The Two Opposing Poles in Man

I ONCE 'did time' at the French penal settlement on the island of New Caledonia. I have no moonshine





plea about my sentence not being deserved—it was I had been promoted, for good conduct, and had a gang of ten men under my charge building roads.

One blazing afternoon near Noumea, I stood on a pile of volcanic rock that was to be broken up for road-metal. My temper, always of the hair-trigger variety, was—if that were possible—even more touch-and-go than usual. From March to December was always the hottest part of the year, and on this particular day it seemed as though the sun shone fire instead of sunshine, and the little strength I had was ebbing through the pores of my dripping skin.

I raised my eyes, and, looking past the barrier-reef where the sea foamed snowy white against the crags, I fixed my gaze upon the dark blue line where sky and ocean met, and wondered what the millions of the free were doing all over the world. How good it must feel to be one's own master and wander over the world at will.

*Plunk!* What was that? I reeled under the impact of a heavy stone that struck on the back of the neck, but in an instant I had pulled myself together and turning round I caught a lightning glimpse of Horse-shoe Henry peering at me from behind a kaori pine. For a moment there was murder in my heart, and had he been within my reach it would have gone hard with him. But he could run like an antelope and I had no chance. "Anger is short madness," they say, and I verily believe that, for a brief moment, I was drunk with my fury and not responsible for my actions.

Fierce fires soon burn themselves out, and as soon as my rage was exhausted, two figures took form in my mind, gaining in clearness of definition with every moment. One was dark and scowling and had the look of an enraged gorilla, but with its crude ferocity intensified as if by the action of a hostile human will. The other stood erect and on his face there brooded a look of settled peace, whilst every feature bore the impress of a god-like power. His eyes shone with the light of human friendliness, but blended with a keen and penetrating intelligence that was almost superhuman.

As I examined the two figures, I came to understand that they were the two opposite poles of my nature objectivized and vividly real to my mental vision. Always I have vaguely realized my duality and now for the first time the two aspects stood, displayed with startling vividness before me.

My whole being was suffused with a gem-like glow of peace and tenderness. It seemed as though the very essence of my better self had blended with my own. It was many years afterwards that I came across the celebrated line from Goethe's *Faust*: "Two souls dwell in

my breast," and the words exactly express the state of consciousness in which I then was.

I am now a respected citizen—even though I do say it myself—and hate has no resting-place in my heart, being driven out and kept at bay by a steady flame of love for all my fellow-men. It sometimes happens that under the strain of sudden provocation my peace and equanimity are tested almost to the breaking-point, but on these occasions I always call up the inner vision of that torrid day at Noumea, and again, my rising anger sinks subdued, quelled by the subtle influence of that inner Presence which I have come to recognise as divine.

That bright embodiment of Love and Peace and Joy is the Divine Companion to be found in every human heart, unrecognised so long as we allow our Dark Companion to control our lives, but ever close at hand and ready to respond to any appeal for help and guidance—"the Light that lighteneth every man coming into the world."

B. L. G.

### Forcible Feeding

A FEW YEARS ago, in a little island over the water, a number of prisoners went on a hunger strike. The authorities thought that it would be somewhat of a reflexion on their hospitality if any of their wards should die on their hands, and so they resorted to the desperate expedient of compulsion—liquid nourishment being 'introduced' into their stomachs, with a pump.

"But why revive the memory of these unpleasant scenes?"

Because we wish to point out that, in a very real sense, 'forcible feeding' is going on wherever a civilized population exists today. Now compulsion implies division into two, duality. There is the one who applies the force and the one who resists. In what way does a free citizen undergo compulsion at his inequities?

Man is not a unit, but a strange combination of two entirely distinct and opposite poles. Of his higher aspect we have only rare and occasional glimpses, as when after a long period of patient seeking, the Soul flashes down to the waiting mind the answer sought—an answer of such clarity and force that doubt and hesitation on that subject is for ever laid to rest. Or when a man, utterly forgetful of himself, puts his life to the hazard to rescue from deadly peril a stranger, obedient to a sudden impulse that rises from unknown depths within himself.

But for the most part it is the world of matter, and that principle of desire that is the conscious soul of matter, that occupies his mind almost all of the time.

The Soul is always trying to obtain the use of the body for its own purposes, but the passional nature desires only its personal satisfaction. It has been said that most people eat from three to ten times more than they need, and that everything in excess of actual need not only develops poisons, but entails a vast amount of extra work on the organs of digestion. Here then we have the field of battle and the participants in the fray. The Soul insists: This is my body, while the lower 'I,' tries to maintain its hold and use the body for its own disreputable ends.

The passional nature obtains a strategical advantage at the very start. He is the first — at infancy, in fact — to occupy the field, and he 'digs himself in' and makes strong his position, while the Soul, arriving during the boyhood of the body, brings up his forces in small detachments and seldom succeeds in establishing his position very firmly under conditions so foreign to its proper sphere.

Everyone, at all observant of his inner life, must have been conscious of these conflicts for the mastery of the body; the high-born, compassionate Soul trying to control the stubborn rebel for his own ultimate advantage, and the body daily desecrated in spite of all that the Soul can do.

Forcible feeding! It goes on everywhere, and our faculties are dulled, our minds stupefied, and powers that might transform the world are diverted to the lowest purposes of animal gratification. Gluttony is a highly respectable vice and sits at the dinner-tables of the devotees of culture as well as at the orgies of the depraved.

The education of the merely intellectual faculties in man does very little, if anything, to help the Soul in its struggle for supremacy.

The subject might be written on extensively, but there is little need. The control of the animal appetites is a matter to be applied in practice by those who are convinced of its importance — and that means every thoughtful person.

WAYFARER

### Hummerstone's Holiday

I WAS OUT walking very early on the morning of our State Holiday, and passing Adoniram Hummerstone's place, I found the old gentleman smoking out his cucumber frames. I reminded him of the occasion, and it was all that I could do to keep myself from laughing when I saw how his jaw sagged, as if he had heard a bit of bad news.

"Holiday! huh! — clean forgot all about it. And so every good citizen has got to go to work to make merry

to celebrate the occasion, I suppose! I'm not the kind of fellow who has to 'make merry' in order to be happy — not by a long chalk. The merriment that I care about is the merriment that comes bubbling up of itself whenever you're properly in tune with your job, and at peace with the mate who works alongside of you.

"Of course it's all right for the youngsters to have what they call 'a good time' if they feel like it, and cut up a few capers once in a while — a good thing, I believe. It clears off a lot of old quarrels and misunderstandings that have been piling up for a month of Sundays, and when they get back to work again they turn to with a will and make a fresh start.

"But that holiday took me by surprise for sure. I'd planned to spade over that pile of manure, and mend the break in Dick's harness; but now I guess it's up to me to squeeze myself into my best Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes and 'make merry' like the rest of the crowd. I can't for the life of me see how making myself uncomfortable is going to help the progress of the Lone Star State, but it seems to be on the program all right and I suppose I must just go through with it. There's nothing like the grind of a good, honest day's work to give a man satisfaction, if you ask me; but you've got to put your back into it and do the best you know how.

"It would be no treat to one of those swallows flying round the house to tell him that just for today he'd be excused catching his own flies; and that he might sit down in the shade and take it easy and his meals would be sent up to him. Why, bodily action and the interest of doing things is a pure joy to any healthy bird — yes and to any reasonable person too, I say. Give me the daily round of household chores, and even if you find them dull at first, all you've got to do is to fasten your mind on them, and after a while you'll get more real fun out of them than you will from a ball game.

"When I was a young fellow, I was the handy man at the Blind Asylum at Caversham-on-the-Hill, and one of my jobs was to sack the laundry every Saturday. Well, you may believe me or not as you like, but I can't begin to tell you the pride and satisfaction I used to take in counting those towels and sheets and getting the total dead right. I used to look out for the little yellow slips, when they sent 'em back with the clean things, and I'd run my eye down to see how my total checked up with their count. I tell you straight, that I never got more satisfaction from a horse-race than I did from those slips, and when I'd got my towels right, and the sheets tallied with their count, without so much as the difference of one, I tell you there wasn't a robin in the county that whistled as gaily as I did.



"Always full of satisfaction," that's the idea; not tearing your way through your work to get off a few minutes sooner and making a bad job of it and spoiling good material. That's no way to go at it. People nowadays seem to look at their work as something that stands between them and their having a good time; but that's all wrong to my way of thinking.

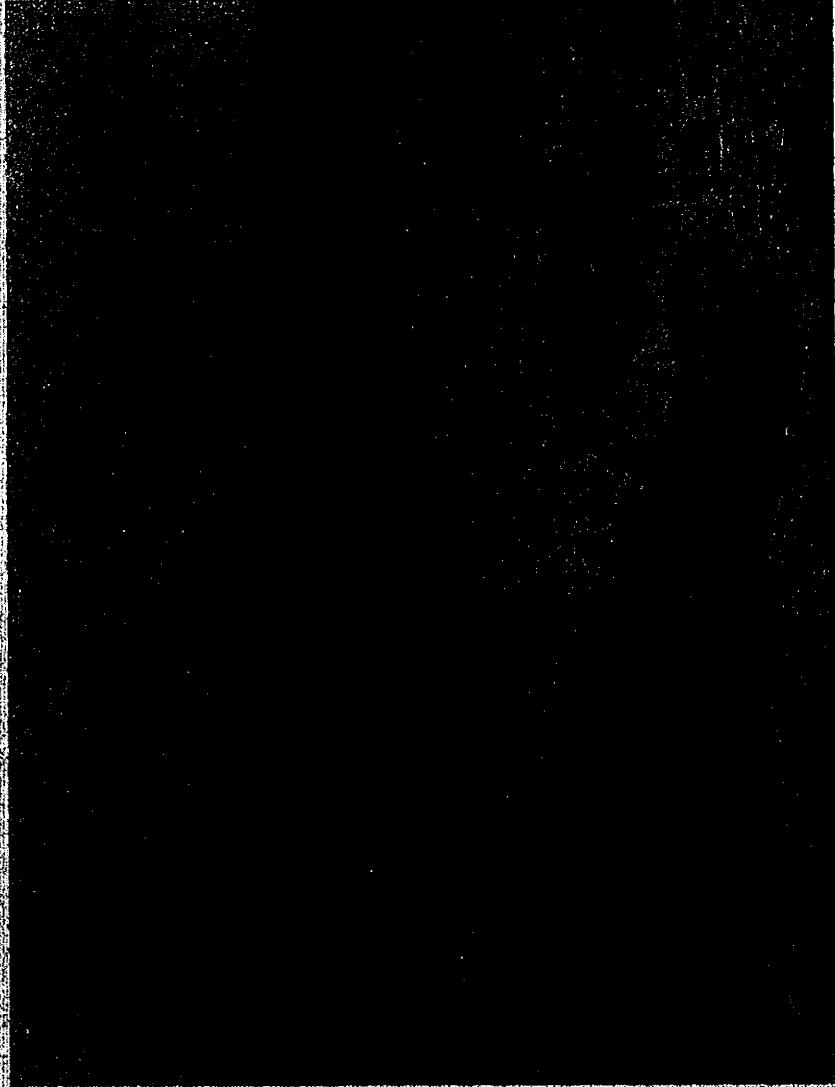
"I always think that life is a good deal like the waves at sea; the higher the crest mounts up, the deeper the trough between the waves sinks down. The more excitement at the Fair today, the duller you'll be at the

in to breakfast," so wishing him a pleasant time, I proceeded on my way, with the intention of spending my holiday in my own quiet and unobtrusive fashion.

OBSERVER

#### Derwentwater or Keswick Lake

THIS LAKE is situated in an amphitheater of mountains of moderate height, but broken into the most fantastic shapes. Its shores are well wooded and be-



*Landscape Photo & Engineering Dept.*

#### DERWENTWATER FROM CATBELLS, CUMBERLAND, ENGLAND

beach tomorrow. New Finsall for a good, steady, easy time of it without any of these staggering ups and downs that keep a man on the jump all the time, trying to adjust himself to the opposite extremes into which he finds himself tossed almost between two winds, as you may say."

"I liked what Adoniram had to say about the satisfaction to be found in ordinary, everyday work, and was going to give him some observations of my own, but just then little Billy came up with the message: 'Mother says for you to have a good shave and come

sides the many islands covered with trees, there is also the famous 'Floating Island,' consisting of a tangled mass of roots, leaves, and branches. At those seasons when decay is most active, the gases thus produced cause it to float; at other seasons it is submerged.

It was on the waters of this lake, near the town of Keswick, and in a violent storm, that Benjamin Franklin made the first successful experiment in calming the waves by pouring oil on the surface. He was exposed to considerable risk, as the small, flat-bottomed lake-boats cannot be relied upon in stormy weather. I.

### Gaiety or Cheerfulness?

**G**AIETY MAY be defined as a sportive, rollicking state of mind, a superficial lightheartedness that, for the most part, seems to be the overflow of animal good spirits. It is frequently accompanied by ignorance of the more serious side of life.

Cheerfulness is an even, tranquil condition, a peaceful contentment that has its deep springs in the inward joy which flows from the spiritual part of our nature.

Gaiety is apt to be shortlived and spasmodic and is quite likely to be devoid of sympathy: a gay person may even find his gaiety increased by the sight of another's mishap. The embarrassment of an old gentleman suddenly brought into contact with the sidewalk by the treachery of a banana peel may evoke a hearty laugh, simply because no thought of present pain or future injury is present in his mind. Gaiety seems to have little connexion with the heart.

Cheerfulness, if rightly cultivated, may be indefinitely prolonged until it becomes a habit of mind, and may very well accompany the profoundest compassion. A nurse for the sick is valued all the more, if, with her skill and resourcefulness, she combines an air of cheerfulness. Solomon was in line with the best psychologists of modern times when he wrote: "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

Those who ride on the crest of the wave of gaiety will presently fall into the trough which follows, and struggle helplessly against the reaction; but those who live on the even level of cheerfulness, while they may miss the dizzy heights of ecstasy, will avoid the depths of that despondency which often overwhelms the gay.

Gaiety, like lightning, glitters and is gone, but cheerfulness like sunshine on a cloudless day, illumines all with an abiding radiance and good cheer.

Gaiety, as already remarked, is often unsympathetic and one who is merely gay, coming into a company which is tuned in another key, is quite likely to sound a note which is out of harmony and which jars like a discord. The cheerful person, on the other hand, gives out an influence that tends insensibly to bring others into his condition. Their voices take on a more cheerful ring, their outlook on life becomes brighter — they know not why — and, guided by an instinctive perception, they turn in gratitude toward their benefactor, who in his turn reacts to the wave of feeling and becomes a little more cheerful himself.

Gaiety is well enough for a picnic, or any other kind of spree where people form the desperate resolve to "have the time of their lives," regardless of whatever gulf of depression they may fall into on the dreaded

"day after." But for the common working day, of which our lives are mainly built, the steady beam of cheerfulness is the best.

If you want to propagate optimism don't preach it. Cultivate cheerfulness instead. He who is habitually cheerful broadcasts his belief that life is a good thing and that it is animated by a living purpose that will sweep us all into a future that is better still — provided, of course, that we give it our hearty good will and co-operation. The cheery conviction of this practical optimist is implied by the tone of his voice, his manner of walking, and by the way he does whatever his hand finds to do.

Look out on life in all aspects, undismayed even by its darkest shadows. Learn to attune your mind to all the splendid hope that pulses in its inmost central heart and cheerfulness, like strains of music heard from far away, will follow you through all your daily walk in life.

WATCHMAN

### On Being Honest with Oneself

**T**HE TRICKS employed by the lower mind in its efforts to fool a man into letting it have its own way, are familiar to everyone who has dug but a very little way into his own nature; but they have seldom been better described than by William James in his essay on *The Will*. He tells us that the only chance we have is to be honest with ourselves and never to flinch from calling things by their right names. The extract runs as follows:

"How many excuses does the drunkard find when each new temptation comes! It is a new brand of liquor which the interests of intellectual culture in such matters oblige him to test; moreover it is poured out and it is a sin to waste it; or others are drinking and it would be churlishness to refuse; or it is but to enable him to sleep; or just to get through this job of work; or it isn't drinking, it is because he feels so cold; or it is Christmas-day; or it is a means of stimulating him to make a more powerful resolution in favor of abstinence than any he has hitherto made; or it is just this once, and doesn't count, etc.; etc., *ad libitum* — it is, in fact, anything you like except *being a drunkard*. That is the conception that will not stay before the poor soul's attention.

"But if he once gets able to pick out that way of conceiving the various opportunities which occur, if through thick and thin he holds to it that this is being a drunkard and is nothing else, he is not likely to remain one long. The effort by which he succeeds in keeping the right *name* unwaveringly present to his mind proves to be his saving moral act." STUDENT



## He is Just Away

James Whitcomb Riley

I CANNOT say, and will not say  
That he is dead. He is just away.  
With a cheery smile, and a wave of his hand  
He has wandered into an unknown land,  
And left us dreaming how very fair  
It needs must be, since he lingers there.  
And you—O you, who the wildest yearn  
For the old-time step and the glad return,  
Think of him faring on, as dear  
In the love of There, as the love of Here.  
Think of him still, as the same, I say:  
He is not dead, he is just away.—*Selected*

## Pass It On

Captain J. Crawford

WHEN A bit of sunshine hits ye,  
After passing of a cloud,  
When a fit of laughter hits ye  
And ye'r spine is feelin' proud,  
Don't forget to up and fling it  
At a soul that's feelin' blue,  
For the minute that you sling it  
It's a boomerang to you.—*Selected*

## The Homeward Gaze of the Exiled Spark

Synesius

ETERNAL MIND, thy seedling spark  
Through this thin vase of clay  
Athwart the waves of chaos dark  
Emits a timorous ray!

This mind-enfolding soul is sown  
Incarnate germ in earth.  
In pity, blessed Lord, then own  
What claims in Thee its birth.

Far forth from Thee, Thou central fire,  
To earth's sad bondage cast,  
Let not the trembling flame expire,  
Absorb Thine own at last.—*Selected*

"Peace after war, port after stormy seas  
Ease after toil, death after life doth greatly please."

—Edmund Spenser

"ANGER begins in folly and ends in repentance."

—Pythagoras

## A Boundless Hope

Robert Browning

IT'S WISER being good than bad,  
It's safer being meek than fierce:  
It's fitter being sane than mad.  
My own hope is, a sun will pierce  
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched  
That after Last, returns the First,  
Though a wide compass round be fetched;  
That what began best, can't end worst,  
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.—*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

"A man's wealth is the good he does in the world to his fellow-men; when he dies people will ask: 'What property has he left behind him?' but the angels who examine him will ask: 'What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?'" — *Mahomet*

"The spiritual 'I' in man is omniscient and has all knowledge innate in it; while the personal self is the creature of its environment and the slave of the physical memory. Could the former manifest itself uninterruptedly, and without impediment, there would be no longer men on earth, but we should all be gods."

— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"He who overcomes others is strong; he who overcomes himself is mightier still." — *Lao-Tse*

"We wake and find ourselves on a stair. There are stairs below us, which we seem to have ascended; there are stairs above us, many a one, which go upward and out of sight." — *R. W. Emerson*

"It is hard to believe that children or adults are striving for as high a goal as we ourselves — difficult to believe that everyone has his own purpose in life. We are apt to think that they are wrong, and require help." — *A. H. Jones*

"In every naturalist there must be a kind of religious feeling; for he cannot imagine the connexions into which he sees, have been thought of by him for the first time. He rather has the feeling of a child over whom a grown-up person rules." — *A. Einstein*

"There is so much that we meet in our everyday lives that we cannot explain, that we do not understand. And the reason is that we have removed ourselves so far away from our higher source of knowledge — the better part of us, the nobler, aspiring, eternal part, which is to be found only in the silence."

— *Katherine Tingley*

"No man or woman has ever drunk of the cup of life who has not, at some time or other, made a great adventure and leapt fearlessly into the unknown with faith in the cause and trust in the Eternal."

"If a man does not make new acquaintance as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, Sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair." — *Samuel Johnson*

"No power, human or divine, can escape the consequences of acts performed. Each man is his own creator, creating his future life by his present actions."

"Except as we become as little children we shall not inherit eternal life. As little children — with little interest in the past, but with boundless curiosity about the future. With little care what tomorrow may bring forth so long as it be different from today. With no petty regard for what we may have said or done in the past; flexible, growing, easily bent but never broken, hoping, dreaming, trying, ready for any change."

— *Bruce Barton*

"What we know is nothing, what we have to learn is immense." — *Laplace*

"The way to peace and wisdom is not through contempt of others' follies, but through a knowledge of our own."

"We are endowed with nuns (which never, strictly speaking, grow up at all. They retain a certain blessed quality of youth, and the more active they are, the better they retain it. I would be very sorry to know man who thought that his education was achieved, was a thing finished and done with." — *Sir Alfred Ewing*

"When I leave this rabble rout and defilement of the world, I leave it as an inn, and not as a place of abode. For Nature has given us our bodies as an inn, and not to dwell in." — *Cato*

"It is an ancient doctrine that the souls of men come Here from There, and go There again and come back Here from the Dead." — *Plato*

"The Soul, secure in her existence, smiles at the drawn dagger and defies its power. The stars shall fade away, the sun himself grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years, but thou shalt flourish in immortal youth, unhurt amidst the war of elements, the wrecks of matter, and the crash of worlds." — *Joseph Addison*

"Lead me from the unreal to the real! Lead me from darkness to light! Lead me from death to immortality." — *From an Eastern Source*

"The genial laughter of Shakespeare at human absurdity is like the summer lightning, which hurts no living creature, but surprises, illuminates, and charms."

— *Edward Dowden*





Peter J. Hall, Editor  
 And Pam Smith, Asst. Editor

# ERON

## CONSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL

## Pomona, California

EDITED BY PERCY LEONARD

**NOTE**

# AUGUST 1929

**NO**



1. *Selected Works of Ludwig van Beethoven: The Ninth  
 Symphony*, ed. Philip B. Grier, trans. Grier.  
 New York: Dover Publications, Inc., 1973.

He is the greatest musician of all time, and you do not perceive it with your senses. Only the spiritual faculties of the heart can perceive the spiritual harmonies of the music of God. You are not awake.

Man's real existence is not his higher, his better self. Everything that does not belong to this eternal part of him is a mask that hides the real man. It is this hidden part of his nature that calls for all

wonderful force, in life, that we do not understand, and that expresses itself through man's innate religious tendency, regardless of the particular form of religion in which this tendency manifests itself.

"Not only man's intuition, which is absolute knowledge to the Higher Self, but even ordinary reason, tell us that man is a spiritual soul and belongs to the eternal, that he is a part of the infinite scheme of life. It tells us that we cannot dream of a God so limited that He would inspire in us great ideals, lofty aspirations, high hopes, and eternal love, with only one lifetime on earth in which to realize even a small part of them. Thousands of people all over the world have turned to this explanation as a solution for the greatest problems that confront the human mind. Let no one scoff at the teaching until he has studied it seriously.

"We do not of course claim to have any monopoly of truth; but we do hold that all religions in their simple, fundamental principles are fragments of the Ancient Wisdom-Religion which is as old as the ages."

The speaker painted a bright future for the race when fathers and mothers shall have learned to know themselves and the sacred responsibilities of parenthood. She also made reference to the impressions produced upon the inner life of the child during the prenatal state, the determining influence of the environment, and the necessity for high thinking, right living, and real knowledge. She made an impassioned plea for the abolition of capital punishment and for such reforms in the treatment of condemned prisoners that they would be reclaimed to a better mode of life instead of being merely punished. Continuing, she said:

"If the seeds that we sow are nothing more than the accumulation of a mass of facts acquired during the ordinary education of the intellect, we can never hope to do justice to ourselves, to our royal spiritual heritage; for we shall be lost in the maze and confusion of false teachings, changing opinions, and all manner of absurdities. What is essential for a civilization great in other than material things, is true religion, simple religion; it is the religion that enables a man to feel his own essential divinity, to believe that the real man is an immortal spiritual soul. With a religion like this a man is able to attune himself to the beautiful dreams and pictures that every man has of his own life when in his moments of aspiration he hungers and thirsts after the true and the beautiful. Then he realizes that he is his brother's keeper and that for those who truly love one another no separation is possible.

"Forever burning in his heart there is a settled determination to do his share to lift the heavy burdens

of humanity. He passes along the path of evolution unafraid, because he has an unshakable faith in himself in his own higher nature.

"The time for sowing spiritual seeds is not tomorrow or some other time, but today and now. Procrastination is fatal to spiritual efforts. Life is full of opportunities to serve our fellow men and every moment can be sacred.

"You can be sowing the seeds of gladness about you all the time. Sowing thoughtfully instead of carelessly, fully awake to your responsibilities, the moment will come when you will stand face to face with your own inner divine self, which during all these years has been hungering for expression. It will spring into life and you will find yourself and find peace. The fruits of such sowing are something too sacred to be talked about."

### One Thing at a Time

I HAD DRIVEN out to see my friend Cooper and found him in the garden. The first flush of early June was over everything and I was overwhelmed to the point of confusion by the wealth of beauty on every hand.

Cooper, in that quick way he has, instantly saw how I felt and snapping off a single spray of hawthorn, he held it up against the clear blue of the sky. With pure delight I saw its outline down to the smallest detail in vivid contrast against the blue. No longer distracted by other objects, I viewed that single gem of beauty in its entirety at a glance and was lost in admiration.

The petals in their snow white purity, the glossy green of newly-opened leaves, the balance and the unity of all the parts, held my attention as by a magic spell. My eyes with keen appreciation roved from point to point. Then came the question—Why?

Why should a single spray hold me entranced, while the garden, seen as a whole, left me bewildered and oppressed?

As usual, my friend had his answer ready to hand.

"My dear fellow, it's all a question of concentration. Your mind, confined to a single twig, has been able to absorb the peculiar charms of that detail because there were no overlapping impressions from other sources to interfere with their appeal. And this practice of controlling the mind's tendency to wander may be applied with advantage in other departments of life.

"We often fail to be interested in our work simply because our minds are wandering all over the world. But keep your attention on what you are doing, try to economize your materials, reduce unnecessary motions,





devise small improvements, and what was drudgery before, becomes interesting all of a sudden. Your aches and pains are all forgotten as you bend your energies on the ideal method, slowly taking shape in your mind. Make the most of your time because you are likely to get a change of work, for the man whose mind is centered on his job, is always being hunted down for promotion to better things by all who are engaged in production of any kind.

"Every branch of study," he continued, "attracts its crowd of eager students, and seeing that one's own mind cannot be very different from other people's minds, we have the delightful prospect of eventually finding an absorbing interest in every line of investigation that has ever been followed by our fellow-men.

"Once you get anyone to give his undivided attention to anything, even though only for a moment — he is caught. But the trouble is that the attention is divided, and the momentary glance penetrates no deeper than the surface. But concentration may be carried too far, and though the mind may be confined with advantage to one *subject*, it is fatal to try to nail the mind down to one *detail* of that subject as an exercise in mental gymnastics. There must be no strain, for the mind is like a swallow and will not tolerate close confinement. Turn a horse into a paddock and he will be happy, because although the area is limited, yet within those limits he is free to move about; but tie that horse to a post and the poor beast will suffer, and the illustration exactly applies to the mind."

"Old man," I said, "you are quite right. I had to get up a speech on Peace the other day. What did I do? I concentrated on the general subject — allowed my mind to range within the limits of that subject, but did not nail it down to any particular point. Thoughts soon began to flow in to the focus I had made, and every thought that I could use, I seized.

"Concentration is the Soul's method of gaining knowledge through its instrument the mind, and, restricted to one field of inquiry, it seems to start a kind of vortex or whirlpool that sucks in illustrative material, lines of suggestion, associated ideas — you may almost say *facts*. It does at all events put you in the way of obtaining definite information and quite by 'accident' you light on scraps in the newspapers, helpful books and snatches of conversation, which furnish you with the very clues that you require.

"And I verily believe that if our minds were bent, with singleness of purpose on the pursuit of the Chief Good, whatever name we choose to call it by, every event of our lives would fall into line with our fixed resolution and help to speed us on our way."

"I quite agree," rejoined Cooper, "but don't you

think we sometimes spoil these things by trying to put them into words? No preaching in my garden if I can help it. Come on and see my new frog-pond."

And dashing down a winding path shaded by hazel branches, he disappeared from view, whooping like a school-boy just out of school. I followed. — OBSERVER

### All Eyes on Denmark

**J**UST AS a man who wishes everyone to abstain from intoxicants can always make a beginning by becoming an abstainer himself, so a nation that desires universal disarmament can always start the ball rolling by disbanding its own forces on land and sea.

The Danish Government appear to be bent upon doing this very thing, and lovers of Peace all over the world will follow their effort with the warmest sympathy.

The Disarmament Bill, which was shelved when the Liberal Government came into power, is likely to be re-introduced on their defeat. This bill provides for the abolition of the Army and the Navy, all fortifications are to be destroyed, and the conscription system is to be discontinued.

A small force, to be organized on non-military lines, will be used to guard the frontier, and a small State Marine will be maintained for police purposes.

Even if only one State succeeds in getting along without its land- and sea-forces, a hopeful beginning will have been made, and every lover of peace — every *man*, may we not say? — is bound to admire the splendid audacity which stands behind this attempt actually to *do*, what we have all been talking about for so long with so little result.

Pax

### The Penal Colony. A Swiss Experiment

**A**N INTERESTING experiment has been carried on during the last thirty-seven years at Witzwil on the borders of Lake Neuchâtel. Two thousand acres of land, mostly peat soil, were purchased and drained by prison-labor, and vast quantities of vegetables have been produced. Asparagus has been grown extensively in a sandy tract by the lake, and, fertilized by the street-sweepings of Berne, astonishing results have been obtained.

The penal colony is not only self-supporting, but the initial cost of rendering the soil fit for cultivation has been fully covered, the necessary workshops and farm buildings have been erected, and rent, taxes, and interest on loans have been regularly paid to the State.

Besides all this, enough money has been earned to provide wages for the workers. During the year 1927 about \$6,000 were paid out in this way.

Everything is done to help the men to acquire fresh knowledge and to train their abilities, and in return many of them have placed their experience and skill at the disposal of the institution. To this hearty co-operation, the success of the experiment is largely due.

Released prisoners, unable to find work elsewhere, often return and are allowed to work at the same terms as any other free laborers. The director says that many men do very well if their lives are mapped out for them, but seem to be unable to fight the battle of life alone.

A royal commission from England paid a visit to Witzwil twenty years ago and made a very favorable report, although the system has not as yet been adopted in that country. But it is evident that the good impression has been germinating, for a prominent statesman has recently declared that, if he had his way, he would make a clean sweep of the existing English prison-system and establish in its place penal colonies after the Swiss model.

The following suggestions made by Madame Katherine Tingley, many years ago, are of interest in this connexion:

"In the institution I would build there should be neither cells nor prison-bars. In the beginning, so as to be reasonable and meet the public needs, and not encourage in the wrong direction those who have fallen too far to realize their responsibility and feel the sense of honor, I should have a wall built somewhere. But it would be so far away that you could hardly see it. I would give them room to breathe; I would bring them into healing contact with Nature; they should have the curative influence of gardens to work in, and flowers.

"I would give them helpful discipline, and not indulgence; I would give them strict and wholesome discipline, but not the sense of degrading durance. There should be every kind of shop in which to practise their trades; I would help each one of them to feel his own energy and live his own life; and I would educate them."

PIONEER

### The Greedy Goldfish

"I HAD TO laugh just now," said Tom who had just returned from visiting some friends who had a pool of goldfish in their garden.

"I always thought that fish had a certain amount of sense, but it seems they haven't. I rolled up a pellet of bread-paste and chucked it in for a big fat fellow

— the grandfather of the pool. I should imagine. The old duffer missed it and one of the small fry got hold of it and swam away with half of it hanging out of his mouth. It was much too big for him to swallow, but the funny part of it was that whenever one of my little bread pills came his way, he always made a rush for it, though, as I said, his mouth was chockful already."

"Well, it's a good example of the power of instinct," I replied. "Fishes live in crowds and food is none too plentiful, and so it pays to grab and swallow everything eatable in sight. This ancestral grab-at-sight habit is so powerful that it over-rides any little transient fact; as, for instance, that one's mouth is already full. A fish's life runs on such broad and simple lines, that one or two strong instincts of proved value, followed with blind obedience, and without any reflexion, are quite sufficient as a guide to a happy and successful career.

"A fish doesn't have to think. In fact a thoughtful, reasoning fish would be badly handicapped in the battle of life, for while he was deliberating as to whether he should bite, or not bite, some impulsive brother fish, acting on blind instinct, would butt in and carry off the prize. We humans are supposed to be under the guidance of reason, and yet how many of us act as automatically as your fish!

"There are men who will accept and crunch a piece of candy at any time of the day or night, quite irrespective of the body's need for nourishment, the state of their health, or the interval since their last meal. The sight of the candy stimulates a blind desire for something sweet and the craving is gratified, without the mind being allowed to have any say in the matter at all. I knew a man whose doctor told him that if he persisted in drinking he would certainly lose his sight. He cheerfully answered: 'Then it's a case of good-bye to my eyes.' And he steadily set to work and drank himself blind. It is perfectly clear that mere instinctual desire was the ruler of his little empire where sovereign reason is supposed to wear the crown.

"It is quite easy to get into the condition of the instinctive fish and my thirsty friend. You have only to obey every desire as it arises, never stopping to consider the consequences to yourself or others, and in no long time you will become a raging bundle of blind desires over which the will, through long continued repression, has no restraining power.

"But don't for a moment suppose that you are going to have an easy time of it. You are like a swimmer who is drifting towards the Falls of Niagara, and disgrace and ruin and perhaps a hideous death await you unless you allow your deposed divinity to assert itself and take its seat again upon its rightful throne."



I had been so carried away by the thought of the multitudes who are slaves to their appetites that I had quite forgotten Tom and the greedy fish who had started my train of thought. I apologized and told him that I did not want him to take my remarks as in any way personal.

But I could see that he had been impressed by what I said, and evidently seemed to think that it had a personal application, although he is a good specimen of the

I shall certainly have a look at those fish the next time I drop in on the Vivians. T. O. Z.

### The Sweetwater River

THROUGH THE silent granite hills beyond San Diego runs the Sweetwater River. Gigantic live-oaks lean over its sandy bed, and granite boulders,



*Lowland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

### LIVE OAKS ALONG THE UPPER REACHES OF SWEETWATER RIVER, SAN DIEGO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

average of humankind and, so far as I can judge, in no immediate danger of the gruesome fate that I had described.

Great disasters may be often traced to very trifling causes and the habit of satisfying every desire without question grows insensibly upon a man, so that it is good to stand still, once in a while, and consider where we are likely to arrive if we simply continue to drift. It has sometimes happened that a terrible crisis in a man's life, brought on by yielding to his desires on every occasion, has arrested him in a rapidly accelerating slide towards the abyss, and waked him up to a sense of his responsibility in the matter of regulating them.

smoothed and rounded by the weather of countless centuries, dot the landscape on every hand.

In the center of the picture is a good example of the thunderhead cloud of early spring and summer. Often may they be seen towering over Cuyamaca and Palomar Mountains, rearing their snow-white masses miles into the upper air.

In these peaceful solitudes all living things appear to enjoy boundless leisure. Here a file of harvesting ants are carrying seeds to their nest, but busy as they are there is no rush. On yonder tree a black and white woodpecker is hammering acorns into holes in the bark for future use, but he takes his time. Tree-frogs loaf

in the pools in the river-bed, and mocking-birds pour forth their exultant song with no prospective engagements to cause them the slightest hurry.

It is the land of morning calm.

DRANOEL

### The Laugh of Doctor Johnson

WHEN BOSWELL was looking over his diary in preparation for his famous *Life*, he came across a tantalizing entry on May 17, 1775, a day which he had passed in company with the sage: "Much laughing."

We must confess to a regret that the biographer omitted to enter the jokes that provoked that laughter. "It should seem," he writes, "he had that day been in a humor for jocularly and merriment, and upon such occasions, I never knew a man laugh more heartily." We may suppose that the high relish of a state so different from his habitual gloom, produced more than ordinary exercise of that distinguishing faculty of man, which has puzzled philosophers so much to explain. Johnson's laugh was as remarkable as any circumstance of his manner. It was a kind of good-humored growl. Tom Davis described it oddly enough: "He laughs like a rhinoceros."

Laughter is a great revealer of character. A clever scoundrel may succeed in disguising his motives under the camouflage of an assumed manner, but surprised into a burst of laughter, the real man stands forth self-confessed. Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer, used to say that he always felt he could trust a savage who had a hearty laugh. "No vicious fellow," he remarked on one occasion, "could laugh like that."

No one can be called a really successful laughers unless he is able to enjoy a joke against himself; and to do this he must be able, at any moment, to cut himself adrift from his center of personal consciousness, and, standing by, regard it as a thing apart.

True laughter, the genial laughter of the heart, implies sympathy and is never evoked by bodily suffering or an embarrassing situation which causes mental distress. The man who knows no other life but the cold glitter of his intellect may be moved to a sense of the ridiculous at the sight of other people's pain; but in those who have any development of soul-life, the appeal of the comic is drowned in the reflected suffering which they sympathetically feel.

The laughter of fools may be, as Solomon declares that it is, "As the crackling of thorns under a pot"; but the laughter of the wise, whose serious view of life does not necessarily make them solemn, is a perfect echo of those melodies with which the ether rang when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

THE YARD PHILOSOPHER

### Man and His Body

MOST PEOPLE, when they feel out of temper and bristling all over with points of irritation like a hedgehog, consider that they have a pretty good excuse for themselves if they can say that their liver is out of order. How can a man be expected to behave decently or be civil in his speech when his liver is on strike?

Every now and then a story finds its way into the papers about a good boy, who, having had the misfortune to tumble from the roof of a barn on to his head, straightway becomes a very bad boy. An obliging surgeon discovers that a broken piece of the skull is pressing on the brain. An operation is performed; the intrusive fragment is raised; and forthwith the bad boy becomes again a good boy.

And so the theory has got about that each one is whatever he is because of the condition of his body; and the body owes its condition to its parentage and environment. Nobody, therefore, is responsible for anything that he may say or do. Be he criminal or saint, blame or praise is equally out of place. It all comes from the kind of body that he received from his parents.

Now the ordinary man who knows very little about himself, and next to nothing about the dormant potency that lies within his will, is very much under the influence of his bodily condition. If his body is out of order he is very likely to be short in his temper, and his outlook on life is apt to be gloomy. He considers that his temper and his gloom are parts of his real self, and the only remedy that occurs to him is a pill for his liver. Until the liver is put right, he thinks, how can he be right?

An animal in this condition would have no choice but to be snappish and out of temper. The mind of the animal is so intimately blended with its body that if the body is out of gear its mind is bound to follow suit. The same thing is true of man to the extent that he is a mere animal.

But man is more than an animal, precisely because there is in him a living will that can control the animal part of him, that can prevent his thoughts and feelings being controlled by his bodily condition. Of course he is not entirely independent, and if his liver is out of order he will undoubtedly find it difficult to suppress his rising anger and prevent his voice from developing a cutting edge. But the fact remains that, to a measurable degree, he has the power to make a change which the mere animal cannot do. Man, by a deliberate effort of the will, can divide himself into two quite distinct parts — the man part that moves the will, and the animal part that is subservient and must obey that will.



*Suppose that we practise being men.* Suppose that we fix on cheerfulness and courtesy as our special line of effort for the day—all day—whatever the condition of the body may be. Let us assume a resolute control over that baser aspect of us that wants to sulk, or hate, or vent its private spite. From the moment that we start upon this practice, our wills begin to grow, we begin to be men; we begin to affect the lives of others in a subtle way that compels their respect, though perhaps they hardly know why.

By steady practice along these lines, we shall find that even bodily ailments cannot deprive us of the growing manhood in our minds and feelings. And later on we shall find that death can lay its hand only upon the lower ranges of the animal consciousness, but is powerless over the Divinity that stands behind the human will. We shall have learned our immortality.

Press onward through the first few weeks of difficulty and the great reward will begin to come. It is a greater thing than those who have not tried it can imagine. Life is seen to be a different thing altogether.

PRISON DOCTOR

### The Bonfire

May Kendall

THE leaves, the shadows fall: the end

Of our long sojourn's drawing near;

We'll kindle one more bonfire, friend,

To burn the dross of many a year.

These crumbling walls, and rafters low,

Soon they shall be forsaken quite,

And a far journey we shall go,

And we must travel light.

Strange hoards we bring from attics gray!

The dusty dreams of wealth and fame

That long ago we hid away,

At last we fling into the flame.

Old wrongs, still craving for redress,

Old feuds—how slowly they ignite!

The fumes are acrid! None the less,

We two shall travel light.

Fling in the final arrogance,

Fling in the wayward will of youth,

Fling in, without one rueful glance,

The hard, clear formulae of Truth

Whereby we meted blame and praise:

They have grown dim, that shone so bright!

Suffices now one simple phrase—

For we must travel light!

Fling in the selfish hopes and vain

We guarded with such jealous breath,

Fling in the old, old fear of pain,

Fling in the love less strong than death!  
And when the last gale, dark and blind,  
Shall summon us into the night,  
We'll leave no precious thing behind,  
Yet we shall travel light.—*Selected*

### The More Excellent Way

H. W. Longfellow

WERE half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals or forts.—*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.

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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

"He also is worthy of my love who neither rejoiceth nor findeth fault, who neither lamenteth nor coveteth, and being my servant hath forsaken interest in both good and evil results. He also is my beloved servant who is equal-minded to friend and foe, the same in honor and dishonor, in cold and heat, in pain and pleasure, and is unsolicitous about the event of things: to whom praise and blame are as one."—*Bhagavad-Gita*

"I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know how to be abased, and I know also how to abound: in everything, and in all things, have I learned the secret, both to be filled and to be hungry, both to abound and to be in want."—*Paul*

"To be beautiful and to be calm, without mental fear, is the ideal of Nature. If I cannot achieve it, at least I can think it."—*Richard Jeffries*

"Know that there is no enlightenment from without; the secret of things is revealed from within. From without cometh no Divine Revelation; but the spirit heareth within. Do not think that I tell you that which you know not, for except you know it, it cannot be given you. For to him that hath it is given, and he hath the most abundantly."—*Hermetic Philosophy*

"It seems to be inherent in the very nature of things that any goal reached is recognised to be merely a temporary stage in the unending progress of the soul. What seemed to be the highest peak of some great mountain range, when once we attain its summit, is found to be only an outlying foothill, and loftier heights loom in the distance to challenge our powers."—*Katherine Tingley*

"Whatever we give up, we keep something that we want more."—*John Drinkwater*

"Great merit is the total of innumerable acts of self-control."—*Talbot Mundy*

"Till your spirit filleth the whole world, and the stars are your jewels; till you love men so as to desire their happiness with a thirst equal to the zeal of your own; till you delight in God for being good to all; you never enjoy the world. The world is a mirror of infinite beauty yet no man sees it. It is a temple of Majesty yet no man regards it. It is a region of light and peace, did not men disquiet it. It is a paradise of God. The Place of Angels and the Gate of Heaven."—*Thomas Merton*

—*Thomas Merton*

"We have no right to prejudice a person, not if the voice of a whole community should be against him."—*H. P. Blavatsky*

"A road of a thousand miles begins with one step."—*Japanese Proverb*

"He who understands not the world-order, knows not his own place therein. And he who knows not for what end he exists, understands not himself nor the world."—*Marcus Aurelius*

"There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us. 'Tis good to give a stranger a meal, or a night's lodging. 'Tis better to be hospitable to his good meaning and thoughts, and give courage to a companion. We must be as courteous to a man as we are to a picture, which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light."—*R. W. Emerson*

"But the important thing is to develop the Self in the self, and then the possessions of wisdom belonging to all wise men at once belong to us."—*W. O. Judge*

"A serene man brings peace and joy to those with whom he makes contact. He may not utter a word of the philosophy which has enabled him to attain this poise, but his very presence is a blessing and a healing."—*Helen R. Crane*

"This life of the soul is as actual as the life of the body. It is not mawkish or morbid or neurotic. It is health and happiness and delight. It is not a denial of life. It is an acceptance of life in all its variety and richness. I think that mankind has been sadly deluded by the sensual dread of losing its sensual life. It is stumbling toward the discovery that there is no loss of life in the acceptance of spiritual peace. It is trying to believe that there is only one way of securing abounding and abundant life every hour and every day. It is grasping the mysterious truth that life is lived in an eternal moment, and that there is no life worth living if the soul is not alive in the moment that is now."—*James Douglas*

"Lead a good life and make no demands. To lead a good life is the prayer of the sage. He who leads a good life need fear neither Heaven nor men, nor his own conscience. Happiness or unhappiness follow good or evil actions."—*Confucius*

"Where passion burns, there burns the fire of Hell; where passions storm, there storms the sea of bitterness."—*From the Chinese*





Your business is to make a start  
in trust. The rest is provided for

# 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

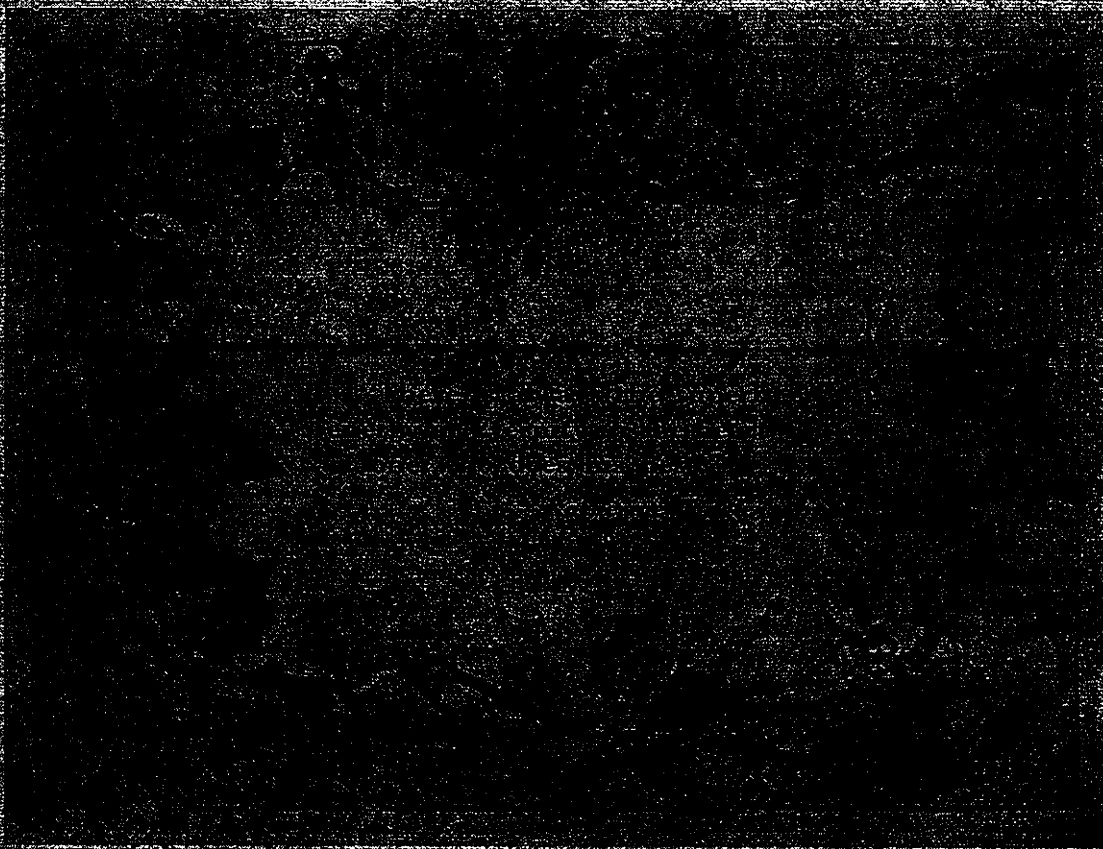
Pomona, California

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## The Mask That Man Wears

*Excerpted from a talk given at the International  
Theosophical League, Pomona, California*

by Katherine Tingley

WHEN you are thinking of good and nobler things, you strike harmonious notes in the great symphony of life. You may not realize it, but you are. You may not understand them, but you

are. Your heart is touched, just as the greatest music cannot help but touch, not receptive if you sense of the beauty and charm of sound and rhythm is asleep. You feel the spiritual harmonies of the truth you feel, your souls are not awake.

Man's real existence is much higher, his better self, everything that does not belong to this eternal part of him is a mask that hides the real man. It is this higher part of his nature that calls for all

our love and attention and encouragement.

When one can close his eyes to the outer aspects of life and turn his gaze towards the eternal things, to the Majesty of the Higher Law that holds all humanity within its keeping, then that one is walking in the light, climbing all the time; and when once he really begins to climb this path of spiritual progress, I do not believe he ever falls back.

The first step is to believe in the essential divinity of man, in the eternity of the soul's existence, and that in the truest sense there are no dead. Think of these things until you become absolutely thrilled with their beauty and grandeur and inspiration. Then all your stumbling-blocks can be surmounted, and all your sufferings and disappointments can be met with the courage that belongs to the spiritual soul.

There are those who without any desire to be recognised publicly, are absolutely doing their best to serve humanity. There are such men and women in every age, just as there are at the other extreme those who have gone wrong, who are in jail, and some of whom our great State has not advanced any farther along the path of wisdom and compassion than to hang! Yet the spark of the divine is in every man, no matter how far he has gone on the wrong path.

All humanity is masked. Even the best of us are not doing our very best. So how dare any one of us to condemn? We do not know what the circumstances were that led to any man's downfall — what his prenatal conditions were, what his surroundings were as a child, what his education or lack of real education was. So how can we judge? How much as individuals have we done to lift the burdens of poverty, of unhappiness, of heartache from humanity? It is those who make the greatest mistakes who are in need of the most mercy.

It is we who should be the examples. Our lives should be proclaiming to the world the beauty and the splendor of man's spiritual nature. But we cannot do this until we have absolute knowledge of our own essential divinity and life's real meaning.

Wealth is of no permanent use unless it is linked with something that comes from the heart. We must give expression to our heart-life; we must have in our minds the incentive and the vision of being worthy examples to others. We must hold to the idea that we can overcome our weaknesses.

But we are in mask all along the way, because there is such a lack of sincerity everywhere. Even among a group of men and women who generally speaking are absolutely sincere, following the highest dictates of their conscience, one will perhaps find a few who cannot face the sunlight of investigation. They go through life wearing a mask, so that few see them as they are. They hug their little personal weaknesses to themselves, and these things eat into their natures; the higher nature recedes as the lower nature becomes more and more degraded.

Yet the soul has its place; it is ever urging us in the silence of its strength and beauty towards spiritual living. But the trouble is that as a rule we are so busy in the pursuit of outward worldly allurements that we do not listen to its call. It is the little things in life, the petty personalities, the narrow prejudices, the puny opinions, that hold human minds in bondage and work towards the destruction of humanity.

Yet the mercy of the Higher Law is greater than our highest judgment. We are but children at the feet of the Master, so to speak, and we have the great long beautiful road of eternity ahead of us to travel. We shall live again and again.

Faith is a good thing in its place; but the essential need of today and of all times is *knowledge* — knowledge of man, of the meaning of life and of the laws which govern it.

When the higher part of a man's nature is directing his life — as it does at times in a very wonderful way with our greatest musicians and artists and inventors and other noble men and women, and as it can do with anyone when his heart is true, — then he is actually beating his way up the path towards the heights.

I know the time is coming — and it is not so far away — when these teachings will be so well understood and so thoroughly ingrained into personal life, into home life, into business life, into legislative life, and into international life, that there will actually be a new order of ages.

Once thoroughly grasped, this teaching makes you optimistic. It gives you real knowledge; it evokes from you greater power; it lifts the veil and opens before you great vistas of future lives of progress and achievement.

Each life being but one school of experience, you will realize the absurdity of attempting with our present limited mentalities to judge of universal laws, when as yet we do not understand ourselves.

#### Katherine Tingley the Prisoner's Friend

THE death of Katherine Tingley on July 11th at Visingsö on Lake Vättern in Sweden will produce a feeling of great loss among all who have followed her unselfish labors for humanity.

Her injuries, which later resulted fatally, were received in an automobile accident at Osnabrück in Germany while on her way to Berlin. Early on the foggy morning of May 31st the car swerved from the road and crashed into a low concrete wall, causing fractures of the right thigh bone and the left ankle. As soon as she was considered to have sufficiently recovered, she proceeded to Visingsö, where she has established a summer-school; but in spite of the best medical attention she was forced to succumb to the severe ensuing complications.





Katherine Tingley was born at Newburyport, Massachusetts, July 6, 1852, and was the daughter of James P. Westcott a prominent citizen. One of her childhood dreams was that she would one day go to the west, to 'Gold Land,' and there build a beautiful city where children from all over the world would come to be educated on ideal lines. This proved to be an accurate prevision of her founding her Raja-Yoga School at Point Loma, California, in 1900.

Taking a ride on her pony as a child, she saw a jail one day, and inquired as to the purpose of the gloomy structure. Her compassion was deeply stirred by the answer she received and for the rest of her life she never ceased to take the keenest interest in all that concerns the welfare of the men behind the bars. Her determined advocacy of the abolition of capital punishment is well known, and there are many touching stories of the friendship and help she has given to men condemned to die, while in many instances she has been largely instrumental in obtaining the commutation of their sentences.

In November 1911 she founded THE NEW WAY, a monthly publication especially designed to help and encourage the inmates of our prisons. Every month thousands of copies have been distributed to the state penitentiaries, the federal prisons, and many of the county jails throughout the country.

It was part of her plans for her stay in Sweden to visit the prisons of that country and address the prisoners, in addition to supervising the erection of a permanent home for the school to be erected on the island of Visingsö.

Her attitude towards the criminal may be gathered from the following quotation from her book, *The Gods Await*:

"To the one who is most discouraged: who has been hunted from town to town and branded as a thief or murderer, I would reach out my hands in the spirit of justice: him too would I serve, him too would I forgive. That which we condemn in him is but a part of himself; it is the lower side of his nature, and the Higher has never had its opportunity. . . . And therefore I would open the doors of the prisons, and lead the unfortunates out into a garden of flowers and into buildings where they should have music and instruction: sunshine for even the meanest and lowest, and work that would educate and reform."

Although Katherine Tingley is no longer amongst us in bodily form, the various branches of activity which she started will go on, and those who have had

the priceless advantage of her teaching and example have resolved to honor her memory by devoting their lives to carry on the work that she loved. ED.

### It is More Blessed to Give than to Receive

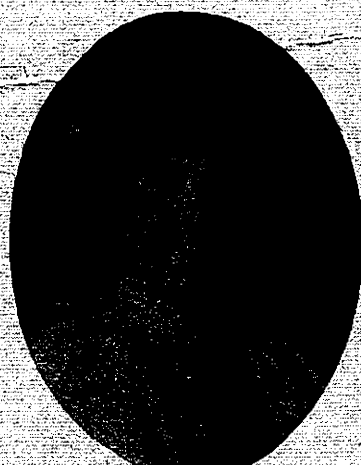
I AM A doctor, and in the practice of my profession I always try not only to heal the diseased body; but also to impart a friendly overflow of sympathy to cheer the patient in the body, invisible to mortal sight. But let me tell you of a case in which the giving was reversed.

I had received a call to visit a sick child. They told me that it was ailing, and the report was not exaggerated. In a huge ramshackle tenement house in a congested district in the slums of New York, I found at last the place to which I had been directed. In that cheerless room were housed the entire family, the elderly parents, the sick child and two others. Here, in a bed composed of packing-cases nailed together, lay the object of my search. A sick and poorly-provided child always makes a powerful appeal to my sympathy, for I was once such myself. I at once proceeded to make a careful examination of the pale-faced, curly-headed lad, who followed my every movement with looks of gratitude and love, and quickly perceived that this was a case that called for all my skill and patience.

The poor boy was almost completely paralysed by meningitis. So helpless was he that he had to be fed by hand. Some slight power of movement still remained, but that was all. Helpless and abysmally hopeless, the reader will imagine, but he will be wrong; let him think again. Upon the face of that stricken child there shone a smile of such transcendent beauty, that it seemed to be a permanent embellishment of the features. It was a smile that gave unmistakable evidence of a beautiful inner life. It even seemed to re-enforce the pale streak of sunlight that was struggling to pierce the grimy window-pane and hearten it for a more successful effort.

I held the thin hand in mine and looked into the eyes that shone with a full and overflowing joyousness that never could have had its origin on earth. Never before had I realized to what a degree of ethereal loveliness the human face was capable, or how the living radiance of the soul can triumph and exult, confined — or shall I not say crucified? — in the midst of a racked and tortured body.

Here was I, doing my best to give what little physical help was at my disposal, and in return I



KATHERINE TINGLEY  
THE FOUNDER OF "THE NEW WAY"

received a hundredfold of inspiration and spiritual uplifting from this bedridden scrap of humanity!

Anyone who is given to complaining about the intolerable hardships of his position in life, let him ponder well over the case of this heroic boy, verily 'a son of Heaven' though sojourning on earth, and let him take comfort.

Surely the human soul can defy calamity and laugh at disaster!

B. I. G.

### Honor Among Thieves

THE average citizen who derives comfort from the thought that men guilty of crime belong to a special type from which he is entirely disconnected, is cautioned against reading *Life and Death in Sing Sing* by L. E. Lawes. If he persists, in spite of the warning, he runs considerable risk of losing his comfortable belief.

The author who has had nearly twenty-five years of intimate association with criminals, adduces much evidence to show that criminals, for the most part, are merely average citizens, who, under exceptional stress have acted as other average citizens would act in similar circumstances.

Here is an extract to the point:

"Prisoners are, as a rule, generous — many of them to a fault. On the outside, they have been generous to their friends and good to their mothers. Within the walls, they will share their last bite or last Lucky or Camel with any fellow prisoner. If a man is unable to do his work, fellow prisoners will give him a lift. I have even known men to assume the blame and take punishment for something they had not done, in order to protect a prisoner friend.

"'Why did you take the blame?' I asked one prisoner, whom I later found to have been innocent of the charge.

"'Well, he is just a thoughtless young fellow. Besides, I heard that his mother was going to visit him Sunday, and I knew he'd miss the visit if he was jugged. Anyhow, what is ninety days more to an old-timer like me?'

"There are no racial or social distinctions among men in Sing Sing. Every prisoner, be he blue blood, or former Bowery bum, stands or falls on his merits here. He may, and sometimes does, deteriorate through selfishness, deceit, cowardice, and shiftlessness, until he is little more than a number. Or he may, through unselfishness, honesty, courage, and the desire to serve, build himself up in the esteem of his fellow prisoners and the prison officials. Prisoners are quick to recognise merit and to give credit to those fellow prisoners who are deserving. Here in prison, as on the outside, the qualities of honesty, loyalty, and respect for women are admired and cherished." L.

### The Pursuit of Happiness

JUST as inharmony is produced on a piano, so suffering is caused in our minds by discordant vibrations. To put a stop to this discord and bring about happiness, our instrument must be tuned.

In the seven-stringed lyre of man's nature there are several loud notes which are very apt to sound in the wrong place, thus spoiling the harmony. Desire, sorrow, anxiety, anger, ambition, suspicion and regret are the names of some of these. They must be suppressed before the lost harmony is restored.

A certain philosopher had only one desire, which tormented him day and night, and interfered with his happiness. So he got busy with some work to benefit his neighbors, and he became so much interested in his project that he forgot his great desire and it died a natural death.

A certain fool, who found himself in the same predicament, tried to possess himself of the object of his desire, and finally succeeded. But when he had got it, he wanted something else; and so it went on, and by this time he has acquired pretty nearly everything that there is to get with one important exception — peace of mind.

On certain days we wake up with a bad temper and everything goes wrong with us; on other mornings we wake up feeling happy, and the very things that had annoyed us now give us pleasure. All depends upon our state of mind.

The wrong way of trying to find happiness is to attempt to satisfy that hungry wolf, *Desire*. But the more we feed him the more hungry he grows. The right way consists in trying to calm our minds, and to realize that we can no more extinguish desire by feeding it, than we can put a fire out by drenching it with oil.

Man is a god; hence he stands superior to circumstances, and cannot be hurt by them. But when the god in his long journey in quest of experience, descended to earth, and was nailed to the cross of matter, he forgot his native majesty and mighty powers, and now is struggling hard to win them back. Entangled in the meshes of his own desires, befogged in dense material clouds, he often believes himself to be the victim of circumstances, and tries his utmost to make them fit. What he ought to do is to adapt himself to his surroundings and to calm his mind.

A man can get used to anything by practice. Just think of all the various unpleasant things that we have adapted ourselves to, as it is! Everybody must be able to remember things that were intolerable to him at first that do not in the least disturb him now. The human mind appears to be infinitely adaptable.

In our inmost being we are essentially divine, and our true home is in the depths of an ocean of peace and quiet that all the storms that vex and toss the troubled surface are powerless to disturb. THE QUIET EYE



## The Asters of Lomaland

THE ASTER is a member of the Daisy Family and was introduced from China in 1713. Enlarged and beautified by human skill it has become one of our most valued garden flowers.

A flower is more than a spot of color on the robe of Nature; it is more than a masterpiece of modelling fresh from her facile hand; it is more than a symbol of the profuse outpouring of creative energy.

The cup of a flower is a window that looks directly into Fairyland and through which we get a glimpse into the secret workshop of Almighty Pan.

The flowers in their ethereal beauty are only fleeting visitants on earth. They flash their cheery greeting and then they fade and die. And yet like other "things of beauty" each bright blossom is a "joy for ever," and in its essence is immortal like the never-dying amaranth of which the ancient poets sang.

Flowers live invisible to our dull sight in Nature's hidden treasure-house of forms; whence they emerge on the passing of winter and appear among us once again in bodily form.

The asters droop and mingle with the dust of which their robes are made, but their undying souls retire behind the veil and from that safe retreat they come again and lend their loveliness to grace the pageant of another floral year.

DRANOEL

## Forward March!

"THEY do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins." This is one of the reasons given by Walt Whitman to justify his preference for the company of animals to that of his own kind.

But animals are not morally responsible and therefore have nothing to repent of, while we — !

No matter what our past may have been. No matter what our follies and mistakes, to spend our time

in looking upon it with regret is a waste of both our precious time and energy.

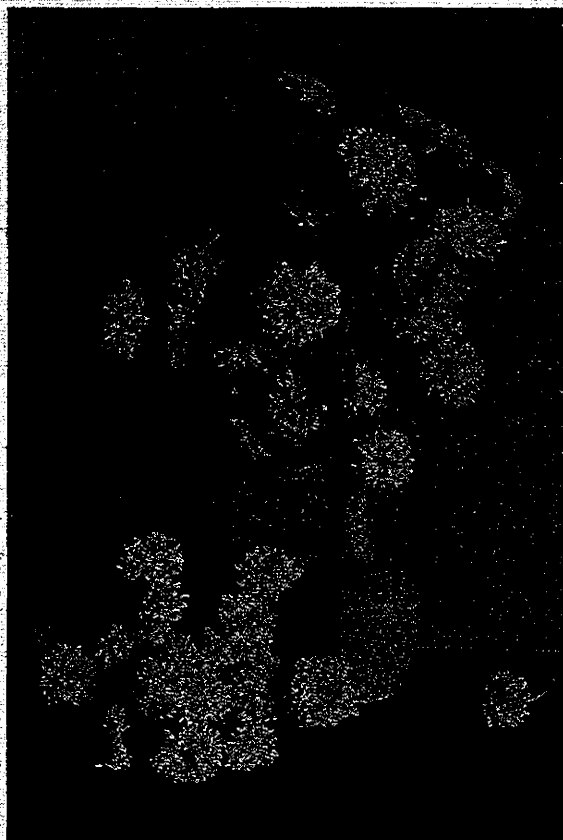
In the first place why look back at all? In recalling the past, we let the present moment pass us by unused. *Now* is the only time we have to do things, and if the flying moment is spent in calling back to life the years gone by, we are only wasting our present opportunity and adding momentarily to the regretted

past. Our present character is the result of all past moments; but otherwise the past is dead and gone and concerns us not at all. Let the dead past quietly decompose in its grave: our business is to tend the growing plants above ground in the air and the sunshine.

By dwelling in thought upon our old failures, we strengthen the habit of failing. While calling to mind the narrow little fox-path we have followed so long, we shut our eyes to the open road and the gallant company of comrades pressing forwards in the New Way. Why not wholly turn our gaze away from all that dismal past and live for evermore in present effort? If we would try, in the small affairs of daily life, to help things along, to make life a little easier for others, and give some ray of sympathy for those who suffer by our side, a great light would

break out in our prisons and they would become centers of illumination for a world sitting in darkness.

In spite of the special difficulties of prison life, the prisoner is in one respect more free in mind than the man outside, since he is relieved of the pressing burden of bread-winning. Delivered for the time from this responsibility, he can give more attention to character-building, to the making of noble resolutions and working them out in life and conduct, to thought on the problems of life and self-study. *Is not this something to be thankful for?* Why should not our prisons become centers of light and their inmates, as they went forth into the world, become light-rays to shed good cheer and hope upon the dark and gloomy ways of common life? Think that out, each one for himself, and let each noble-hearted prisoner — and there are many such in spite of their mistakes —



LOMALAND ASTERS

see what he can do for his prison while he is still within its walls.

*Don't wait* till you get out. Start right in *without delay*, and having felt the cheering flame within you, let it shine!

The universal urge that forces growth is just as much at home behind the bars as it is outside. A grain of wheat, wedged between the stones of a prison yard, will sprout and wave its pale green flag of hope and trust, and the same force is in you. You have all that is to be found in the greatest of men; the power of limitless advance, the steady will to persevere, and the exhaustless energies of God and Nature to assist you in your enterprise.

It need hardly be said that a jaunty indifference to the sufferings we have caused to others is not here recommended. No true man could look upon the wrongs he has inflicted on humanity, already overburdened, without a pang. But do not let us brood over these things: they belong to the dead past.

A future bright with limitless promise stretches before us. Forward, March! THE YARD PHILOSOPHER

### Sunbaths

**D**ID you ever take a course of sunbaths with the happy result of a complete recovery of your health? Did you ever suffer from skin abrasions or lacerated tissues, and then after a few sunbaths, behold the rapid healing taking place before your very eyes?

Well, you know that the treatment is often interrupted for days together by a screen of clouds which cuts off the vitalizing rays, but even then we may invite their healing influence by creating them in our imagination. This may sound absurd, but stop and think how many good and evil things have had their birth in the mind, helped on by the imagination.

It is possible to visualize a shower of dazzling sun-rays and have their fiery lances of light permeate every cell of the body. Luxuriate in their genial warmth and energy; absorb their healing properties, and by the power of the imagination one may renovate the diseased body and restore the shattered health.

Now Jimmy Duggan was a creature of impulse, and rendered still more irregular by a want of self-control; but at the core of his nature he had a warm and loving heart. In a stormy argument with a fellow machinist, he lost his position, and in the hardships which followed, his health was seriously impaired.

In a low cheerless attic stood his bed, fitting into its corner as snugly as a whisk-broom into its wall-pocket. A dense gray fog hung over all and like a wet blanket chilled the heavy atmosphere of the grimy little mining town. But presently, warm golden

rays of sunshine lit the dim corner where he lay and stirred him to a happier frame of mind. Hope came to life and he began to visualize brighter prospects.

In no long time he was conscious of listening in to a mental conversation going on within his mind, and weaving bright pictures for him to contemplate. We are all familiar with this mental duality in which sides are taken and viewpoints are exchanged, so we may as well personify the two participants and call them whispering thought-fairies.

The first of the voices began: "Oh, how I wish that he could realize that thoughts are things. If he would only pile more grateful memories to serve as fuel on the flame within his heart, it would help him so much. While he lies idly there, he might very well imagine himself in a delicious bath of a shower of sunrays, and by his thought invite the living energy of light to penetrate and vitalize each morbid cell and languid fiber of his being. Oh, if he would only open up the way!"

Another whispered voice now sounded in his ear: "I have seen that done. The inner man is a luminous, pulsating intelligent center of life, and like every other radiating atom in space can attract helpful currents from the heavenly bodies, just as they receive living streams from him.

"But he will also learn how he may help himself, and in spite of his slow recovery, his loneliness and his unpromising future, his cheerfulness like a galvanic force will 'shoo' away the blues, just as the sun scatters the gray and gloomy fog-bank. He who shakes off mental depression relaxes every cell in his body and opens up the way for fresh currents of health to circulate through his entire system."

"But best of all," chimed in the former voice, "he will unite himself with his better nature, and if he keeps straight that will be a kind of sunbath too, and will hasten his recovery and pave the way to final victory."

Before the fairy voices died away they impressed him with the idea that if he worked in harmony with the best that was in him he would regain his lost health and acquire new abilities to help him to a still further advance.

As the warm sunshine flooded his cold corner he thrilled with a new energy and he determined to continue on the new lines that he had chalked out for himself. It began to dawn upon him that all his difficulties had been of his own creation and that it was up to him to overcome them, for "as a man thinketh so is he."

R. W.

### Wishing or Willing?

**T**HERE is a vast difference between wishing and willing as there is between waiting and working; all the difference between the passive and the active.



It is easy to wish, that can be done at any odd time during the day or night, it is quite another matter to will. Will implies the calling into action of most of the available forces of mind or body.

First comes desire, then will; and once will is established it can carry all before it until — and here is the rub — it meets another will strong enough to overthrow it.

But suppose the willer to be free from hindrance from his fellows, he will still find obstacles on every side, and that in proportion to the strength and worth of his desire.

There seem to be impish forces about, waiting and watching to see what a man will do. Once they observe that his will is working there is bustling preparation among them, weapons are overhauled, and they are formed into battle array.

The willer wonders why difficulties that had never occurred to him before suddenly loom up large, and too often the array of forces against him frightens him, so that he retires ignominiously.

What he so often fails to realize is that these imps are cowards, who fall back before a determined advance, that they are intimately connected with himself, and that it is he who has called them into action by his first step upon the road of endeavor. They rely for their success on numbers and on their formidable appearance and they are justified, for with the weak these things generally tell; but their weapons are harmless, and once their ranks are broken, they are as likely as not to push the willer forward even faster, perhaps, than he desires.

But suppose the man meets another willer, willing in the opposite direction. Then, indeed, the battle is serious for all depends on strength and cleverness. The victory will go to the one who best understands the watching imps. And I think that they are cute and interested, and capable of taking sides.

"In a way it's a sort of compliment," as Captain Hook was told when he was pursued by the hungry crocodile, to arouse such activity in worlds beyond our ken, and it is worth while to be approved of even by an imp, though he does make life difficult at first.

And then behind it all are the smiling gods, like courteous cashiers ready, aye even eager to pay out, provided only the demand be tendered personally. M.S.

#### Life — Death

Grace Noll Crowell

AND now that I have traveled many miles  
Down many a road and many a crooked lane,  
And know Life is a thing of tears and smiles,  
Of peace and white-winged joy, and bitter pain,  
Yet should some brother ask the way to go,

I could not tell him; nor which way is best,  
I do not know his way. I only know  
That every road and every trail leads West.

No one can go the way that I have gone;  
I cannot go where other far trails run,  
Through light and shadow Life has beckoned on  
Into the glory of the setting sun.  
The way I go no other feet have trod,  
And no one walks the way with me but God.

Not knowing Life how can I well know Death?  
Yet when he comes I think that I shall be  
Tip-toe upon a shore with bated breath,  
Watching a broad gold path lead out to sea.  
The sun will guild the spires of the town,  
Clear bells will call the village-folk to prayer,  
The sudden summer darkness will drop down,  
And I shall turn and see death standing there.

The shadows will be very deep that night,  
But O, I trust I shall not be afraid;  
Perhaps Death carries in his hand a light. . . .  
These are the things for which I long have prayed  
And looking in his face — that I shall see  
The one friend who had walked the road with me.

— Selected —

#### The Sound of the Sea

H. W. Longfellow

THE SEA awoke at midnight from its sleep,  
And round the pebbly beaches far and wide  
I heard the first wave of the rising tide  
Rush onward with uninterrupted sweep;  
A voice out of the silence of the deep,  
A sound mysteriously multiplied  
As of a cataract from the mountain's side,  
Or roar of winds upon a wooded steep.  
So comes to us at times, from the unknown  
And inaccessible solitudes of being,  
The rushing of the sea-tides of the soul;  
And inspirations that we deem our own,  
Are some divine foreshadowing and foreseeing  
Of things beyond our reason or control. — Selected

#### Special Notice

THIS will be the last number of THE NEW WAY to appear in this form. THE NEW WAY has incorporated itself with THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH. It will continue, under the direction of Percy Leonard, B. A., to present matter of the same or even of greater interest to its readers.

Those who have unexpired subscriptions to THE NEW WAY will receive an equivalent number of issues of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH.

## The New Way Quotebook

"Be on time in life in both small and large things, keep up to date; don't limp into line after everybody else has arrived. Keep your word. Be dependable. Pay every penny the day it is due, even if you have to take the skin off your back. A man who does that has character. If he goes into business, he will draw dollars as a magnet does steel."— *Mark Woods*

"THERE is a spirituality in all existence, and the very clay upon which we tread can be changed into children of truth."— *Buddha*

"I SAY unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham."— *Christ*

"WHAT seems to stand out clearly is that Nature gives premier places to creatures like birds and mammals which are good lovers and good parents, which practise, all unknown to themselves, what we call self-subordination, and the other-regarding virtues."— *Prof. J. Arthur Thompson*

"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; but there is a music that cannot be heard—that the heart can feel and the soul realize and the mind reach to—so potent that it is without outward sound."— *Katherine Tingley*

"REJECTION of creed is not inconsistent with being possessed by a living belief. We have no creed in science, but we are not lukewarm in our beliefs. If our so-called facts are changing shadows, they are shadows cast by the light of constant truth."— *Prof. A. S. Eddington*

"WE must accept the moral law which governs our existence whether we like it or not. And we must courageously confront the manifest fact of all human experience that there is no forgiveness for a broken law. We are meant to be careful, and Nature is intended to hurt us when we affront her."— *L. P. Jacks*

"ONE hearty laugh together will bring enemies into a closer communion of heart than hours spent on both sides in inward wrestling with the mental demon of uncharitable feeling. To wrestle with a bad feeling only pins our attention on it, and keeps it still fastened in the mind: whereas if we act as from some better feeling, the old bad feeling soon folds up its tent like an Arab, and silently steals away."— *James*

"THEY who do not know suffering may well doubt if they have yet started on the way to be."— *George MacDonald*

"THE brave man carves out his fortune, and every man is the son of his own works."— *Cervantes*

"EVERYTHING is divine, even matter; everything is superhuman, even man. God is everywhere; He is in me in a measure proportioned to the little that I am. The day is coming when we shall no longer talk about God idly,— nay, when we shall talk about Him as little as possible. We shall cease to set Him forth dogmatically, to dispute about His nature; no one will be compelled to pray to Him; we shall leave the whole matter of worship within the sanctuary of each man's conscience. This will come to pass when we are really religious."— *George Sand*

"THE man who lives under a habitual sense of the divine presence keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him; it is impossible for him to be alone."— *Joseph Addison*

"I HAVE three precious things, which I hold fast and prize. The first is gentleness; the second is frugality; the third is humility, which keeps me from putting myself before others. Be gentle, and you can be bold; be frugal, and you can be liberal; avoid putting yourself before others, and you can become a leader among men."— *Lao-Tse*

"ASSERT to yourself that it is not of the slightest consequence what you were yesterday; but in every moment strive for that moment; the results will follow of themselves."— *W. Q. Judge*

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

"THE golden vase which hides the secret sun is periodically drawn away for him who watches."— *Old Tibetan Verse*

"I CAN live in harmony with everyone who lives in harmony with himself."— *R. W. Emerson*

"TRY, every keep trying. A hundred failures are not irremediable if followed by as many undaunted struggles upward. Is it not so that mountains are climbed?"— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"THERE is a deal of religion in an earnest, hearty laugh that comes ringing from the heart. That man is a bad man who has not within him the power of a hearty laugh."— *F. W. Robinson*



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