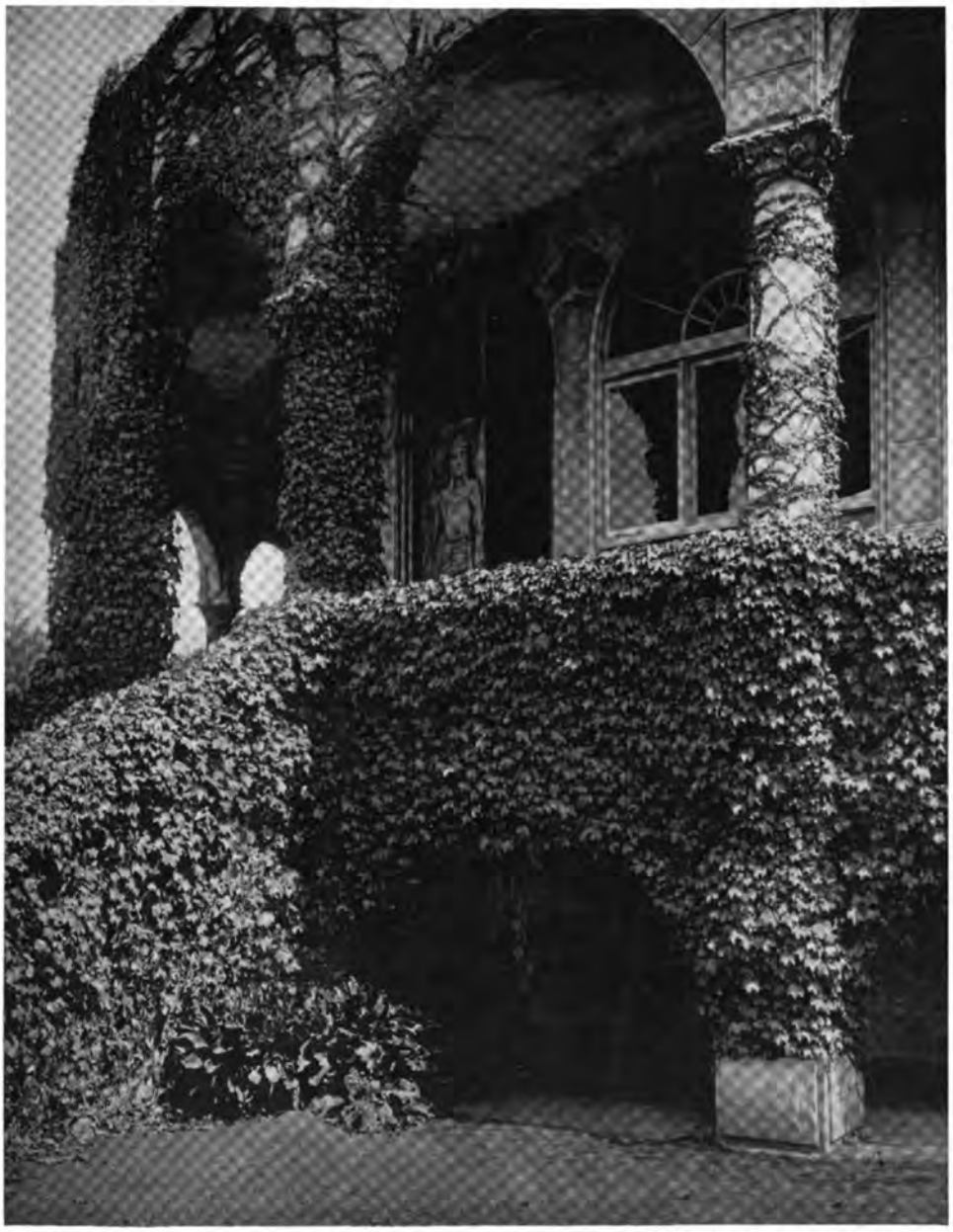
RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Monthly

Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Department

A GLIMPSE OF THE ISIS CONSERVATORY OF ART, MUSIC, AND DRAMA AT POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA
(This vine was grown from cuttings of the vine on Mme. Blavatsky's Home, 19 Avenue Road, London)

Vol. X No. 1 JANUARY 1914 10 Cents a Copy

The Râja-Yoga College

(Non-Sectarian)

Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, Foundress and General Directress

The Râja-Yoga system of education was originated by the Foundress as a result of her own experience and knowledge. Râja-Yoga is an ancient term: etymologically it means the "Royal Union." This term was selected as best expressing in its real meaning the purpose of true education, viz: the balance of all the faculties, physical, mental and moral.

The Building of Character

One of the most important features of this system is the development of character, the upbuilding of pure-minded and self-reliant manhood and womanhood, that each pupil may become prepared to take an honorable, self-reliant position in life.

In the younger as in the older pupils, the sense of individual responsibility and personal honor is aroused.

The Pupils

The Râja-Yoga College comprises two general departments of instruction: (1) The Râja-Yoga Preparatory School and Academy, for boys and girls respectively (separate buildings). (2) The College proper, for students following the collegiate courses.

The Studies

The studies range from the elementary to those of a university course, including the following: Literature, Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Surveying, Mechanical Electrical and Civil Engineering, Law, the fine Arts, Music, Industrial Arts, Practical Forestry and Horticulture, Domestic Economy, etc.

The Teachers

The staff of teachers is formed of men and women specially trained for their duties by long experience in scholastic work, and is composed of graduates of European and American Universities, and of specialists in other lines.

Directors

REV. S. J. NEILL — GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT, B. SC., M. D.

Assistant Directors

PROFESSOR W. A. DUNN — MRS. W. A. DUNN

Headmaster of the Boys' Department
H. T. EDGE, B. A. (Cantab.), M. A.

Head Teacher of the Girls' Department
MRS. W. A. DUNN

For information, address

THE SECRETARY, RAJA-YOGA COLLEGE

Point Loma, California

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Monthly

Conducted by a Staff of the Younger Students of the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, California

Published under the direction of Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, December 27, 1904, at the Post-Office at Point Loma, California, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879

Subscription $1.00; Copy 10 Cents | Foreign Postage 35 Cents extra, Canadian 25 Cents

VOL. X | JANUARY 1914 | No. 1

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A LOMALAND HEDGE OF CHEROKEE ROSES IN WINTERTIME

The Open Gates of Janus

THE temple of two-faced Janus (who was called the opener, the gatekeeper of heaven, and who was also symbolic of the journeying sun) was really no temple at all, as we think of temples, but rather a great gate, which was walled about and roofed over. In times of peace it was continually kept closed, but in times of war the gate was wide open to signify that the god was away fighting for the Romans. It probably had the effect of encouraging the stay-at-homes to go out to battle also.

Janus was the god of openings and closings. He looked upon the past eternally, but he looked also upon that which was coming out of the future. To Janus they were much the same picture. He was the god of new undertakings and of their completion. He presided over remorseful What I Have Been, and ever-hopeful What I Shall Become.

In very, very ancient times Janus was a true symbol of the sun who opens and closes the year, who flings wide the gates when he goes forth to conquer in his yearly

battle with the Frost-giant, and who again softly closes the portals when he returns for rest.

So January is to us like a gateway in the path of our journeying. Now Janus turns his face about and looks not back upon that which has been, but forward into that which shall come. The old picture is new. Now the sun stands still at the end of his long travels and seeks again his southern goal. The old pathway is newly entered. And now Râja-Yoga, with thoughts of Christmas cheer and loving good-will, that are like sunlight in the wintertime, approaches January's sacred temple gates, throws back the portals of renewed endeavor, and hastens on towards the battlefield. It is an ancient battle newly fought, and the gates stand open for stay-at-homes to see and perhaps thereby take heart to dare to do, to live Râja-Yoga also.

New Hopes

ROBERT BROWNING

'Tis time
New hopes should animate the world, new light
Should dawn from new revealings to a race
Weighed down so long, forgotten so long; thus shall
The heaven reserved for us at last receive
Creatures whom no unwonted splendors blind,
But ardent to confront the unclouded blaze
Whose beams not seldom blessed their pilgrimage,
Not seldom glorified their life below.

The Weaver

To have ideas is to pluck flowers; to think is to weave them into garlands. — *Mme. Swetchine*

AND the Wise Woman said: "Weave me a web, and let it be strong and light; let it tell of the stars in its shimmering meshes, of the gods and heroes of old. Weave well and true, with never a break in the silken thread, and let each day with its golden hours be warder of something new in my web's bright length. Deep in your heart lies the picture you weave; turn to it often, and guide your swift shuttles in unerring flight. Little by little will its beauty unfold, till the web is before you in shining perfection. This is the whole, but each line made it so; and that is the Weaver's first duty. The perfect line makes the perfect whole; and now let the shuttles fly."

The story they weave is deep in their hearts (so said the Wise Woman); but upon each one depends the strength and beauty of the web, and the unity of the design that runs through it. For sometimes the story seems so far away that the Weaver forgets about it, or prefers to work without it. And then — well, then the web is not straight at the edges, or the figures she sought to portray are out of proportion, and the story conveys no message to the hearts of those who read. The colors are lost in a hopeless tangle; the stars look like streaks; while the heroes — are nothing at all. She forgot that all Nature weaves her designs according to a plan, not all at once, but line by line, piece by piece, day by day, the rich fruit of silent but ceaseless effort. When she has learned that secret the web will be "strong but light." Then the story, whatever its source, will shine like the stars themselves, for the web she weaves is the story of Life, and follows its changing course.

Sometimes it is the tale of a simple maiden going through her daily tasks with the consciousness that each duty well performed brings her one step nearer the completion of her cherished design; she and her thread are one, and the shuttle flies with ceaseless rhythm. But sometimes there are inward struggles to portray, as mighty in their force as any trial that comes to warrior on the battlefield. Sometimes a glorious victory is hers, and as she weaves it in with her threads, the work grows strong and firm. But there are defeats to be recorded too, for when the Weaver fails to keep tryst with herself, she loses sight of the perfect design she was following; her threads become wofully tangled; they snap, and, do what she will, the marks of careless work still mar her web — the web she sought to make, in its delicate tints and texture, more beautiful than the sky at dawn. Yet what matters it how many times she fails, if only she picks up her thread with new courage and fortitude! One final victory is worth all the defeats that went before it.

And so the Weaver works on, voicing through the design her highest aspirations, her noblest thoughts, with the strength of her skilful fingers. Her pictures are many and varied, but all blend in one exquisite symphony of form and color; all are part of a beautiful plan, and each has its place in the weaving.

Now who is this Weaver, and what is the web which she fashions from day to day? Her place at the loom belongs to each one of us, and the story she weaves is our life-story. Her shuttle flies under the direction of Life, a wise and loving Teacher. We, too, are Life's pupils, learning to weave the web that shall be both "strong and light."

A Happy New Year

WITH this present issue the RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER enters on the tenth year of its publication. To its many readers and friends throughout the world it extends cordial greetings for the New Year.

During the present year some new features will be presented. The new cover will have been already noticed. The design is the work of Miss Grace Betts, an artist-student resident at Lomaland, and her illustrations for the serial story "The Magic Cloak" will also be in evidence during the eight or nine issues through which the story will run.

Our readers will also notice an increased number of pages, making possible a greater diversity of articles and the addition of several departments for the inquiring minds of the older boys and girls.

With the co-operation of our readers, we hope to considerably increase the sphere of usefulness of our paper from month to month.

The Light Within

WHEN Nature provided the armadillo with his shell, she meant that he should have the power to protect himself from stronger foes; it was never intended that he should stand forth as a pattern on which human beings might fashion themselves mentally and morally. Yet the hard-shelled way in which we often face conditions would lead one to suppose that this was indeed the case, and this fact is largely responsible for the apparent lack of inward growth so often exhibited.

The armadillo was *given* his shell, but we *make* ours, and while he does come out of his, we generally remain curled up inside ours, adding layer by layer to that barrier which shuts off all communication with the things beyond our own little self-world. There we lie, and when there is need of action, or a call for new and unaccustomed exertion, we curl a little closer or add another layer to the already well-nigh impregnable barrier.

It has been truly said that "our obstacles are all of our own making." We do so limit our possibilities by our mental processes! Indeed, it is the mind that builds the shell, and that is responsible for the very small orbits on which we travel through life. We have our own estimates of what others can do, and in our relations with them we generally cling to those estimates until something comes to prove that they are incorrect. With ourselves it is very much the same way, only here we are less fortunate, for very often we do not discover that the estimate is incorrect; more than that, we are not even willing to change when others make the discovery for us. So we form a nice little measure for ourselves, and the mind holds us to it, when almost by turning around we could take steps towards measuring up to a much higher standard.

When such a condition exists we may be sure that no light filters in from the outside, and it is equally certain that none finds its way from within out. Sometimes it seems that there is no light within to find its way anywhere, and then the situation is one for serious thought. Fortunately it is only a seeming lack, for the divine spark is not quenched, but what it endures through many lives of barrier-building is often enough to make it grow near to being invisible.

The causes for such a condition are many, but perhaps one of the most deplorable is the mental lethargy which causes us to appropriate the light others send out instead of seeing by means of our own. Some there are who do not know how to make use of their own resources, and when they are shut out from those of others they become mere bits of driftwood on the great ocean of life. There is no dominant power within to guide them in their course; what the world thinks is everything, and they shrink from censure as from a blow. Truth to say, this very attitude is the most censurable of all their censurable acts, and they have yet to learn that the acquittal by one's own conscience stands for more than the praise or condemnation of all the rest of the world. When one truly knows that, knows it so that he lives it, then victory is assured. Black clouds may bar his way and burst above his head, but as surely as the sun shines it will shine for him some day. And more, he who stands for Truth is never without the light of his own conscience.

If we would model our lives then let us seek something symbolic of movement other than the rolling shell of a conservative armadillo. We might well compare them to wheels — often, it is true, without spokes, and sometimes minus the hub — wheels that go zigzagging along that "ragged diagonal between duty and inclination," but there lies our work for us: the opportunity to travel along the straight and unswerving path of duty to ourselves and so to all mankind, and the opportunity to kindle a light within whose glory shall never pale.

The Voyage

CAROLINE ATHERTON MASON

WHICHEVER way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone:
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
And what for me were favoring breeze
Might dash another, with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.

And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me; trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within his sheltering heaven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best. — *Selected*

"KNOWLEDGE comes of doing. Never to do is never to know."

TIME must be managed like any other property; it must be anticipated, it must be taken by the forelock, it must be harnessed like a steed, plowed like a field, fenced like a garden, defended like a castle, walked with like a friend. — *Selected.*

SUCH as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind; for the soul is dyed by thy thoughts. — *Marcus Antoninus*

WHAT sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. — *Addison*

SOME minds are so congested with the mere fuel of information that the fire of aim and practical purpose never becomes kindled within them. — *Lilian Whiting*

Old Christmas

MARY HOWITT

NOW he who knows old Christmas,
He knows a carle of worth;
For he is as good a fellow
As any upon earth.

He comes warm cloaked and coated,
And buttoned up to the chin,
And soon as he comes a-nigh the door
We open and let him in.

We know that he will not fail us,
So we sweep the hearth up clean;
We set him in the old arm-chair,
And a cushion whereon to lean.

And with sprigs of holly and ivy
We make the house look gay,
Just out of an old regard to him,
For it was his ancient way.

. . . . .

He must be a rich old fellow:
What money he gives away!
There is not a lord in England
Could equal him any day.

Good luck unto old Christmas,
And long life, let us sing,
For he doth more good unto the poor
Than many a crownèd king! — *Selected*

Christmas and Charles Dickens

WE have at hand some interesting facts about the way in which Dickens celebrated Christmas. His grandson relates to us how his grandfather would so fill up Gadshill, his country home, that some of the guests would have to move to houses in the village.

Here the spirit of Christmas ruled supreme, although his favorite recreation was a long walk, in which he was accompanied by those of the party who could walk such a long distance and keep up with the pace he set; but there were few such. These walks were taken in different parts of Merrie England, around Kent, on the high-road to Rochester, and over Bluebell Hill with its magnificent view.

Writing of these walks, his grandson says:

> But what was more interesting to my grandfather than any view was the constant passing of tramps; he took in not only the minutest detail of the scenes through which he passed but also every tramp he met.

Those who are well acquainted with Dickens' works may find the result of his close observation scattered all through *David Copperfield* and also in *Great Expectations*.

It is very true that these long walks, which were an every-day exercise to Dickens, had a great deal to do with bringing out his best ideas which he expresses so bountifully in his works. Nature was his inspirer, and we are told how he would walk with his son for hours, never uttering a sound.

Dickens was also a great lover of games, and Christmas Day was always a delightful time to him, as well as to his children and friends, as it was spent in pleasant games where every one was allowed to enter.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

CHARLES DICKENS

On one particular Christmas he and his children prepared a very grand program to be exhibited in the meadow, free to all. He had the place beautifully decorated with flags, flowers, etc. Some people thought that by the time they were all gathered, there would not be much decoration left. But in a letter written by Dickens himself, he says:

> They did not displace a rope or a stake; and they left every barrier and flag as they found it. There was not a dispute and there was no drunkenness whatever.

A great deal more could be said about Dickens, but we will only add that as a man he was generous, kind-hearted, loved all people, and was loved by them.

He has left to us the greatest treasure that heart could desire — his books.

OCTAVIA

I LOVE these little people; and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us. — *Charles Dickens*

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

CHRISTMAS FUN IN LOMALAND

What Santa Claus Saw

ONE December evening at Point Loma, not long before Christmas, Santa Claus went on an inspection tour. His object was to see what preparations were being made for the great world-festival, and how early the Christmas joy was making itself felt.

He went up the long palm avenue, and up the front steps of the Râja-Yoga Academy. He knew the way well, having visited there many times. He heard the sound of laughing voices, and after passing silently along the veranda, past lighted windows and again along a garden walk, he came to the outside windows of a large, cheerful room, whence came the voices.

Standing on the steps, he looked in. The room, as I said, was large and well lighted. Beautiful pictures hung on the walls — the most striking of all being one of Madame Blavatsky, whose memory is dear to all the children of Lomaland. Tables, desks and chairs, and book-shelves helped fill the space, and the open piano showed how musical a company was gathered there.

The room was truly alive with girls. Big girls and little girls, and all sizes between; tall girls and small girls; girls with braids down their backs, and girls almost grown up; serious and merry faces, eyes dark and light — and such a chatter!

Nevertheless, what a harmonious spirit prevailed! Plans for gifts, and surprises for teachers and friends, was the burden of the conversation; but busy fingers outstripped busy tongues. So many kinds of work! Embroidery and fine drawn-work in this group of big girls, near whom sit the artists, illuminating, sketching, and painting. Crochet-needles and knitting-needles are being worked industriously over in that corner. What does become of all the yards of tatting those busy maids of twelve and fourteen are so engrossed with? Raffia disappears as if spirited away, and pretty silks and satins take mysterious shapes in that group by the window, composed of small girls, who laugh mischievously and say "Don't look," when their big sisters pass by.

Santa Claus' eyes grew misty as he watched the happy scene, and his heart ached when he thought of the many girlish lives that ought to be in places like this, if the Christmas spirit lived everywhere. His thought seemed to be echoed in the minds of those he looked at so lovingly, for suddenly some one said:

"Girls, let 's sing as we work."

What a chorus then arose! It pealed higher and higher, then died into stillness.

"Don't you love Madame Blavatsky?" the speaker continued, looking at the grand face above her. "How I wish she had lived to be with us!"

"I almost feel as if she were with us at times like this."

"She would have so loved a scene like this. May we ever remember that we owe it all to her!"

"Yes, it is the realization of her dream."

"Oh, if only all girls could come here," said a little maid, dropping her work. "I just wish we could multiply Lomaland by the hundred-times table — the twelve-times isn't big enough."

Just then the door opened and the girls' own teacher entered. What a rejoicing filled the air. She was wanted here, there, and everywhere, to superintend, criticise, and commend. Wherever she went something had to be tucked out of sight, for *her* "not to see."

"What were you talking about," she asked, sitting down finally. "You were so quiet, I thought you had all gone to sleep, so I came down to see."

When she was told, what a look she cast on the faces around her!

"My dear girls," she said, "you are indeed fortunate children to know a Christmas like this. Here, where you live in an unchanging atmosphere of love and duty, you have the ideal opportunity to make the 'Christmas Spirit' the one ruling influence of your lives. Think of the joy and help you can thus bring others!"

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

HOW WE CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS AT THE POINT LOMA RÂJA-YOGA SCHOOL

A momentary silence fell, each listener pondering over her words. Then, laughing, their teacher said:

"I've seen Santa Claus! Oh yes, I have my secrets, too!"

"And so have we — we had a special talk with Santa Claus this very day — and he promised to do just what we wanted."

Santa Claus himself, as he stood outside the window, didn't know what to make of it. The beauty, fun, and harmony of the scene filled his heart with gladness. Finally he had to go, and he turned away, leaving his blessing behind; while each girl, protected from sorrow and harm, sewed sweet feeling and thoughts into her work and her heart, or embroidered the patterns of a strong, womanly life, as she sat at the feet of her teacher.

KATE

IF one thing is more responsible than another for the happy hearts and bright eyes of the children at Point Loma, especially during the joyous season of Christmas, it is the way they have of thinking and planning what they shall do for *others*, rather than of what they are to receive themselves.

An Out-of-Season Christmas Gift

"I'M tired of these dolls, Granny. Claribel's hair is tousled and Lucilla's satin dress is soiled, and the furniture of the play-house is shabby, and — oh, dear! I wish it would come Christmas-time pretty soon!"

These grumblings came from a little girl who was old enough to fill her home with sunshine instead of darkness.

"Why, Hattie-child! Aren't you happy with your playthings?" asked Granny in astonishment. She had listened to so many complaints that she need not have been astonished at her grandchild's speech.

Hattie shook her head.

"Come here, child," said Granny, firmly. "You run upstairs to Granny's room, and in the left-hand corner of the third drawer in the old dresser Grandpa made you will find your Christmas present. Perhaps you really ought to have a Christmas of your own, today."

It was Hattie who was now astonished. She ran to Granny's dresser and drew forth a neat bundle, waveringly inscribed, "To dear little Harriet." Tucking it under her arm, she ran swiftly back to Granny and the joy of unwrapping the mystery.

It was a package of work-aprons! Hattie's astonishment grew as she unfolded the summertime Christmas presents: a big brown apron with garden seeds in the pocket, a big blue apron with a dusting cap in the pocket, and a dainty little white apron, in the tiny pocket of which she found a handkerchief ready for hem-stitching.

"You guessed what I needed, Granny," said Hattie. "I'm too big for dolls. Tomorrow I'll get up early and put on the brown apron and help father in the garden; after breakfast I'll put on the blue one and help mother, but right now — this very minute — I'm going to put on the lovely white one and learn how to hem this pretty handkerchief."

"You had better try on the blue one and put away the poor old dolls and the doll-house, Hattie, the first thing you do — and then wash your hands," laughed Granny.

Hattie laughed and said she thought so, too. ZELLA

The Art of Doing Without

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

THERE'S a beautiful art that is sadly neglected,
And daily I wonder to see it rejected
By some who'd be healthy and wealthy and wise
By just condescending to open their eyes
And look at things fairly, with never a pout —
I refer to the art of doing without.

"Why, that's nothing wonderful!" maybe you'll say;
"I do without things that I want every day!"
Quite likely you do. But how do you do it —
With good grace, or a face that's as blue as a bluet?

There's a wonderful difference (just jot that down)
Between giving up things with a smile or a frown;
And that is precisely the difference between
The artist and bungler — you see what I mean.

You can't do as you like? Then do as you can;
I'm sure you will find it the very best plan.
Can't have what you want? Take what you can get;
No better device has been patented yet.
'Tis the bravest and blithest and best way by far
Not to let little losses your happiness mar.
'Tis an art that needs practice; of that there's no doubt;
But 'tis worth it — this fine art of doing without. — *Selected*

Christmas-Trees Here and There

IN THE BIG CITIES

LAST year Father Knickerbocker, as the municipal government of New York City is popularly known, treated his children to an open-air Christmas-tree festival. A great tree in Madison Square Park was chosen for the occasion, and the services of that expert decorator Jack Frost were engaged, while the city electricians strung festoons of hundreds of electric lamps from bough to bough. A prettier Christmas-tree was probably never seen. It was illuminated each night for a week, and hundreds of thousands of people from all parts of the great metropolis, representing every walk in life, flocked to see it and hear the Christmas music, also furnished by the city. It was a great success, and will probably be repeated from year to year. We hope it will.

The same idea has been taken up by Chicago, where a Municipal Christmas-Tree Association has been formed for this purpose. The tree will stand in Grant Park, facing Lake Michigan, and will be sprayed with water days beforehand in order to cover it completely with glistening ice and icicles. The Lake Front will be a blaze of light during Christmas week. The city's street urchins and many another poor child will realize the dream of their lives in having a really true Christmas-tree of their own, for presents will be distributed among them and Christmas carols will be sung.

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS

LAST winter a Virginia lady, now living in England, conceived the humane idea of giving the birds a Christmas feast. She furnished the supplies, and four thousand school-children in Northamptonshire were her willing and enthusiastic assistants, while untold thousands of birds were the beneficiaries. The children converted the trees in their own gardens and backyards into Christmas-trees for the birds by hanging thereon meat-bones, suet, split cocoanuts, and other things that birds like. Pans of water were placed under the trees, and grain and other seeds were scattered on the ground. Fresh supplies were provided daily through the Christmas holidays, thanks to the mistress of Guildsborough Hall. The park of this English estate, it is interesting to know, is the home of great numbers of birds; and feathered folk of many varieties responded to Mrs. Sherard's efforts to attract them.

While the writer in *Country Life* does not tell us that the undertaking was a success, we confidently assert that the hosts and hostesses were amply repaid in Christmas carols and glee-songs by Nature's choristers.

Boys and girls: Why not give the birds in your vicinity a Christmas-tree party next Christmas!

Christmas at "The Pines"

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

LIFE hath still one romance that naught can bury —
Not Time himself, who coffins Life's romances —
For still will Christmas gild the year's mischances,
If Childhood comes, as here, to make him merry —
To kiss with lips more ruddy than the cherry —
To smile with eyes outshining by their glances
The Christmas tree — to dance with fairy dances
And crown his hoary brow with leaf and berry.

And as to us, dear friend, the carols sung
Are fresh as ever. Bright is yonder bough
Of mistletoe as that which shone and swung
When you and I and Friendship made a vow
That childhood's Christmas still should seal each brow —
Friendship's and yours, and mine — and keep us young.

AT this time of the year grown folk declare a holiday — a season of rejuvenation, when the eldest is as the youngest, filled with the spirit of Christmas cheer and good wishes.

Winds

FLORENCE HOARE

THE winds of winter seem to me
A troop of merry boys,
The old earth is their nursery,
The land and sea their toys.
And when they shout and make a noise,
And break things ev'ry where,
Dame Nature cries, "Boys will be boys,"
And doesn't seem to care.

The summer winds are little girls,
And they behave quite well,
With daisy frills and clover curls
They play about the dell.
And if they often shed a tear,
Or quarrel for a while,
Dame Nature never stays to hear,
And only seems to smile.

And if they sometimes disobey,
And wander out of reach,
Or boys and girls together play,
The old earth does not preach;
She knows how dull her days would be,
How stript of all their joys,
Without Dame Nature's nursery
Of merry girls and boys. — *Selected*

The Magic Cloak

A STORY TOLD BY GWENDOLYN BRAE
ILLUSTRATED BY GRACE BETTS

CHAPTER I

ABOUT A QUEEN OF OLD AND HER COURT AND A NOBLE WORK BEGUN

IT was in the ancient Long Ago, dear child, that Queen Alys, surrounded by her court of happy children, dwelt in a shining palace, on a hill that faced a stately white city, in a land called Near-the-Sun. To the city the countryfolk gave the name of "The Beauteous." The palace on the hill had the simple name of Home. Many of its thousand windows looked upon a wide blue sea that here and there turned to silver. These changing hues gave rise to a fancy among the children that their good wishes were making paths across the waters to people far away. It was all long and long ago, of course, and now only the shadow of an old dream of Queen Alys and of the life of her laughing court lies like a sweet memory in the recesses of your heart.

They say that the land of Near-the-Sun was fair with the glory of young spring throughout the changing year; its hills all pink with rhododendron or yellow with acacia; its valleys dimpled with ferns and the hiding-places of violets. There morning and evening songs of birds and of little children, blending, ushered in each day with peace, each night with solemnity. There green growing things that blossomed and went on to their seed-times, and fell to earth and then rose up again in new days, were looked upon as gentle reminders of the mysteriously regulated clock of the great Forever-and-a-Day.

Queen Alys was gentle and lovely. She was wise beyond your imagination of the attributes of a true queen. Her children knew, in fact, that she was a sojourner from a sunnier world than this, because they had discovered that none but pure eyes, such as good children have, could see her as she really was.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE CITY BEAUTEOUS IN THE LAND OF NEAR-THE-SUN

To them it was a sure sign of greatness, which is goodness, when to the eyes of an older person, who had grown up, the real Alys became visible. As soon as that happened the fortunate one went and knocked at the door of the Audience Hall in the Palace, and the Queen opened it and let him in. Then some one put a green wreath upon his head, and with simple ceremonies he was admitted into their companionship and given a task in the daily round of duties at the Court, and from that day he was just as happy and useful as his heart would let him be.

It seems that although Queen Alys had dwelt many years in the brightly lighted palace among her loving subjects, she wore always the appearance of a girl, and they remained like young children to the sight. Thus so youthful a sovereign and court may have had, to some, the look of mere empty prettiness. The truth was, that their lives were filled to the uttermost limit with a great

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE LAND OF NEAR-THE-SUN WAS FAIR
WITH THE GLORY OF YOUNG SPRING

ideal, embodied in a great purpose to do a great work, in the accomplishment of which there was no time for growing old. That was their secret.

In the sunshine, in the light of a divine encouragement, stitch by stitch, stitch by stitch, with strong and steady thought upon each tiny mesh as it took form, faithful little hands were fashioning a wonderful garment. Under the teaching of their Queen herself they were learning to weave a "Magic Cloak."

They thought that this Magic Cloak, when finished and clasped about their Queen's shoulders, was destined to become of the highest benefit to each and every living creature that knew earth for a dwelling-place. They imagined that, wrapped in its folds, Queen Alys should know all wisdom and could do all those good acts that to this day still await the doing, as you well know.

Of the truth of these beliefs their Queen assured the children daily, so they worked faithfully, with unbelievably stedfast painstaking. They knew, and they declared that they really, truly, KNEW, that a day must come when the Magic Cloak should be finished. They said that they should all live to see their Queen fold it radiantly across her fearless breast and go forth, visible to the eyes of all, to begin to make of the chaotic world the dream-come-true orderly world of her hopes.

Of course it was all in the long-gone Long Ago, my dear, and you had almost forgotten — hadn't you? — the far away land where those happy little people looked out of the palace windows across seas that now were blue as heaven itself, and again all striped with silver bands; the land of Near-the-Sun, where children sang their songs, and dreamed their dreams, and patiently wove the fabric of the Magic Cloak.

On Virtue

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

THE flower of Virtue is the heart's content,
And fame is Virtue's fruit that she doth bear,
And Virtue's vase is fair without and fair within,
And Virtue's mirror brooks no taint,
And Virtue by her names is sage and saint,
And Virtue hath a stedfast front and clear,
And love is Virtue's constant minister.
And Virtue's gift of gifts is pure descent,
And Virtue dwells with knowledge, and therein
Her cherished home of rest is real love.
And Virtue's strength is in a suffering will,
And Virtue's work is life exempt from sin
With Arms to aid; and in the sum hereof
All Virtue is to render good for ill. — *Selected*

The Home of Santa Claus

ABOUT the time that the children of America are beginning to think that Christmas will soon be here, the children of Holland are already enjoying the feast of St. Nicholas which falls on December 5.

This jolly saint, whose name we have borrowed and turned into Santa Claus, is the patron saint of little children, and his day is the merriest one in the year. For weeks before, the confectioners are kept busy making certain kinds of cakes which are especially dedicated to him. Among these are what are called "filled letters," made of a thin crust filled with almond paste and then cut into the shapes of the different letters of the alphabet. It is the custom at this time for friends to send each other their own initials made in this way. Dolls made of gingerbread are also given to each member of the family.

On the evening of the fifth St. Nicholas visits every home, bringing a sack full of apples and oranges, which he strews on the floor. There is no staying up late that night. All must retire early, but of course no one forgets to place his or her wooden shoe in the chimney-corner.

Then when morning dawns what rejoicing reigns over the Dutch home! The kind old Saint has not forgotten to fill every shoe with good things, and there are other gifts, too, hidden in every corner of the house, for which a merry search must be made.

And so the day is passed in rejoicing by young and old, and the memories of the light-heartedness and merry laughter which it brings remain in the heart for many a day to come.

F. S.

A Letter

TO THE CHILDREN OF THE LOTUS GROUPS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

(Held over from the December Special Dutch number.)

Arnhem, Holland.
August 31, 1913.

DEAR LOTUS CHILDREN: The Râja-Yoga Delegates send you their last greetings from Europe, for we shall soon be sailing across the ocean to America.

Since we left beautiful Visingsö we have been staying in Holland, which is also a very beautiful country, although quite different from Sweden. You know this country is very low, so low that much of it is below sea-level, and the people have to build large dikes so that the water cannot get in. In many of the cities we passed in the train, they have canals running through the streets and strange long boats sailing slowly down them. When these boats come to a bridge, the bridge either turns around for the boat to pass through, or else the funnel of the boat is lowered so that it can pass under.

We have seen many little children with big wooden shoes, which are so big that they nearly slip off when they walk.

The Dutch people are very clean, and in going through the streets we often see them scrubbing away at their windows and doorsteps; they sometimes turn a hose-pipe right on the whole front of a house, for they seem to love the water; indeed, cleanliness seems to possess them.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

PALACE OF INDUSTRY, AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND
The Cecil Family Hotel, where the Râja-Yoga students stopped, is in the middle of the block, on the right-hand side of the street leading from the river to the Palace of Industry.

While we were in Amsterdam, we lived in a dear little Dutch house, which was just big enough to hold our large family. Our hostess was very kind and did everything she could for us.

While in Amsterdam we visited two of the finest museums and saw many beautiful pictures by some of the old Dutch masters. We also saw some wax figures, dressed in costumes from all the different parts of Holland, which made us think of the pretty costumes of the Swedish children that we saw during the Peace Congress at Visingsö.

One day we held a meeting in a large music-hall; Madame Tingley spoke to the people and told them about Râja-Yoga. There were many hundreds in the audience, and they were so glad to hear her message of joy. We also sang many songs — some that we sang at the Congress at Visingsö. At the end of the meeting we sang the national song of Holland, and all the audience sang it with us. They clapped and clapped, and we had to come back and bow many times. Some of the people have asked Madame Tingley to build a Râja-Yoga school in Holland, and she says there may be one here some day.

We are now at Arnhem, one of the prettiest places in Holland; but before we came here we went to the great Peace Congress at The Hague. It was not held out of doors, as ours was at Visingsö, but in a large hall, where the Dutch Parliament is held. We arrived there early in the morning, for the Congress opened at nine. We sat upstairs in a high gallery, and below us

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

MARKET-DAY IN ARNHEM
View from the Grand Hotel des Pays-Bas, where the Râja-Yoga Delegates stopped.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE RÂJA-YOGA STUDENTS AT THE HAGUE
On their way to their hotel after singing at the Twentieth Universal Peace Congress. They were escorted by Professor Daniel de Lange (seen on the left).

sat hundreds of people from all over the world — some even from Asia, wearing strange costumes. There were many speeches about peace, in French and German, and at the end we sang the *Ode to Peace*, composed by one of our students, Mr. Rex Dunn.

We have been here in Arnhem more than a week, and on Tuesday we are going to London. Then we shall sail for America, and oh! how happy we shall be to see all the Râja-Yogas in Lomaland again, and how glad they will be to receive the greetings which the children of Sweden, Holland, and many other countries, have asked us to take to them!

This is a beautiful city on the river Rhine, about which many interesting stories have been told. All over the city are beautiful parks and gardens. In one of the parks there is a large open-air theater, where we saw a Greek play given a few days ago. We were sorry there were not many children in it, and we thought of the time when the little Lotus children of Sweden took part in another Greek play, *The Aroma of Athens*, during the Congress at Visingsö.

This is Queen Wilhelmina's birthday, and this morning all the school-children assembled in front of the Governor's house, to celebrate the day with marching and singing and beating of drums, in honor of their Queen. Don't you think they must have been happy to have been able to take part in the festival?

We also went to see one of the Dutch schools, where more than five hundred little boys and girls are learning

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

MUSIS SACRUM, ARNHEM, WHERE THE RÂJA-YOGA STUDENTS GAVE TWO CONCERTS

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A BEAUTIFUL LAKE IN SONSBEEK PARK, ARNHEM

to read and write, and to do many other things, but they did not march in silence and stand up straight, the way our Râja-Yoga little ones do. How splendid it would be if there could be Râja-Yoga schools in every country! I am sure there will be some day.

We send many loving thoughts to our little comrades, from, THE RÂJA-YOGA GIRL DELEGATES

Arnhem the Beautiful

ARNHEM, with a population of 60,000, is the sixth largest city in Holland. At one time it had a thriving commerce, but of late it has become more of a residential than a commercial city. Being situated on the Rhine in the hilly district of Holland, and surrounded by beautiful woods as it is, it has come to be the favorite retreat of wealthy retired Dutch merchants, who, having made their fortunes in the East India trade, perhaps, have chosen this most beautiful section of all their country as a home in which to spend the rest of their days.

Formerly the residence of the Dukes of Guelders, Arnhem is still the capital of the province of that name. But it is far more ancient than that; some people even identify it with the ancient Arenacum of the Romans. Certain it is that the very old and picturesque town of Nijmwegen, near by, was founded by the Romans, having been built by them on seven hills like Rome itself.

The southern section of Arnhem is the oldest part of the town, with the Groote Kerk and Markt as a center. This kerk is one of the best preserved and most interesting churches in Holland, and contains numerous monuments to the heroes of Dutch history.

A few blocks east of the Groote Kerk is Eusebiusbinnensingel, a beautiful park, and a short walk north of this lies the Velper Plein, the pleasure-ground of Arnhem. Situated here is the large entertainment hall, the Musis Sacrum, where Madame Tingley lectured and the Râja-Yoga students also gave two concerts to enthusiastic and very appreciative audiences.

Half a mile to the north of the Arnhem railway station is Sonsbeek Park, another beautiful resort of the Arnhemers, thickly wooded and containing a series of beautiful lakes, and even comprising *real* hills within its territory. (You must remember that a hill is a rarity in most parts of Holland.) It was in the Greek theater there that the Râja-Yoga students witnessed a performance of *Oedipus,* with the celebrated Dutch actor Willem Royaards in the title rôle. During the performance one was carried back in thought to the time of the Greeks. A striking feature was the work of the chorus (representing the populace) when the hundreds of voices opened the play by calling upon Oedipus.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A SHADY WALK IN THE SAME PARK

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

PRODUCTION OF "OEDIPUS" IN THE GREEK THEATER, SONSBEEK PARK, ARNHEM
With the great Dutch actor Willem Royaards in the title rôle.

Vondel, "the Dutch Shakespeare"

ONE day in the latter part of the sixteenth century there came to the city of Amsterdam a boy by the name of Vondel. His father had been a trader in Cologne, whither he had fled from Antwerp. Being persecuted on account of his religious views, and being driven from city to city, he had finally decided to settle in Amsterdam, where he intended to train his son to follow his own trade. Accordingly the boy was given but an indifferent education, but his destiny was in the hands of a greater power than his father's. From his grandfather, Peter Kranken, a well-known poet of Brabant, he inherited a love of learning which made him seek knowledge from the deepest and richest sources. He did everything in his power to obtain books. He read the works of practically all the great writers of every nation who had lived before him; and not only did he read them, but he studied their works with that thoroughness which characterized all his work as a student.

Added to his intense love of learning and his desire to find out the truth about everything, this young student possessed a powerful imagination. Poetic fire burned in his veins, and responding to the inward urge to express what he had learned and so make it part of himself, he wrote his first drama, *Het Pascha,* when he was twenty-five. The subject was from the Bible, and the form was the same as that of all the other Dutch dramas of the time, with choral interludes between the acts. Although there was nothing very remarkable in this work, still it was a beginning and paved the way for the brilliant career that was to follow.

For thirteen years after his first attempt at dramatic work, the young poet spent a quiet period of preparation, studying and reading, but writing little. His first really great drama was written in 1625, and was the immediate outcome of the stirring events that had been taking place in Holland. During the fifteen years prior to that, some of the principal cities in Holland had been the scenes of fierce religious dissensions. Anxious to put a stop to the outrages committed by some of the religious enthusiasts, and to make peace between the dissenting parties, some of the great statesmen, among whom were Hugo Grotius and Olden-Barneveldt, drew up a Peace Ordinance, and also created small bodies of troops to keep order in the cities. These acts aroused the jealousy of Prince Maurice, who trembled for his own authority. Under a false pretext he caused Barneveldt to be arrested, and later tried and put to death.

This event naturally aroused the indignation of every broad-minded man in Holland, so that when, soon after it had taken place, a tragedy written by Vondel was produced, under the title of *Palamedes; or Murdered Innocence,* the people recognized in the hero Palamedes, their dead favorite. Vondel became famous throughout all Holland in a single night; but the daring of the great poet in thus braving the wrath of the Prince, brought him a summons before the Court of Amsterdam, and a fine of three hundred gulden. This, however, only added to his fame.

We next hear of him writing a play on one of the early Dutch heroes, *Gysbreght van Aemstel.* This play was especially written for the opening night of a large public theater which had been built by the members of the Dutch Academy, with the aid of two other dramatic guilds. From this time on, until 1654, the great dramatist had a brilliant career, writing numberless other works of great literary worth and dramatic power, which gained for him the title, "The Dutch Shakespeare."

This prolific period of his life culminated in his greatest work, *Lucifer,* written in his sixty-seventh year. It is said to be an allegorical account of the rise of the Netherlands against Spain, and bears a strong resemblance to *Paradise Lost.* As the latter was begun a

year after Vondel's masterpiece had appeared, it is thought by many that the Dutch poem was the source of inspiration for the English one. Indeed, Milton is known to have studied the Dutch language at this time.

A few years later, through carelessness on the part of some of his relatives, Vondel was financially ruined, and was forced to work for ten years as a clerk in a city law-office, where he was frequently accused of wasting his master's time by scribbling verses on the backs of his bills and account-books. At last the city of Amsterdam awoke to the fact that Holland's greatest poet was living in comparative oblivion within the city limits, and doing the work of an obscure clerk. A pension was presented to him when he had reached the age of eighty-one, and this enabled him to live comfortably for the remaining eleven years of his life. He outlived all his friends and contemporaries, and busied himself with writing to the very last. Indeed, to these latter years belong some important translations from Greek and Latin, including those of *Oedipus Tyrannus* and Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

Joost van der Vondel is universally considered to be the greatest poet Holland has ever produced. Throughout his whole life it was his aim to make a profound study of men and books, and to express through his art a true picture of human life in all its varied phases. He pursued these aims with a calm but unswerving devotion and perseverance which brought him honor and fame, and what is still better and more lasting, the love and respect of the Dutch people. His memory is very dear to the Hollanders, especially the citizens of Amsterdam, and the office where he worked, and also the beautiful park which has recently been laid out in his honor, and where his statue is to be seen, are shown with pride to every one who visits the city.

During their recent visit to Holland, the Râja-Yoga Crusaders had the pleasure of visiting, among other places of interest, these memorials of the great poet, and the enthusiasm with which our Dutch friends spoke of "the Dutch Shakespeare" was a living proof of the love and respect his countrymen pay to his memory.

Part of the great poet's philosophy of life is expressed in the following fragment, taken from a poem written to a friend on the loss of his son:

Blest is the man that, fixed and free,
To wanton pleasures scorns to yield,
And wards as with a pliant shield
The arrows of adversity.

FRANCES S.

Example of Vondel's Verse

THE following selection, from *The Batavian Brothers* by Joost van der Vondel, depicts the rugged and sterling characteristics of the Batavian ancestors of the Dutch, who were noted for their bravery, the body-guard of the Roman emperors having been chosen from among them. It also affords us an excellent example of the easy-flowing verse of this greatest of Dutch poets.

CHORUS OF BATAVIAN WOMEN

Strophe.

Ours was a happy lot,
Ere foreign tyrants brought
The servile iron yoke, which bound
Our necks with humbling slavery to the ground.
Once all was confidence and grace; — the just
Might to his neighbor trust.
The common plough turned up the common land,
And Nature scattered joy with liberal hand.
The humble cot of clay
Kept the thick shower, the wind, and hail away.
Upon the frugal board
No luxuries were stored;
But 'neath a forest-tree the table stood,—
A simple plank, — unpolished and rude:
Our feasts, the wild game of the wood;
And curds and cheese our daily food.
. . . . . .
Then was the stranger and the neighbor, each,
Welcomed with cordial thoughts and honest speech;
And days flowed cheerful on, as days should flow, —
Unmoved by distant or domestic woe.

Antistrophe.

No judge outdealing justice in his hate,
Nor in his favor. Wisdom's train sedate
Of books and proud philosophy,
And stately speech, could never needed be,
While they for virtue's counsellings might look
On Nature's open book,
Where bright and free the Godhead's glory falls; —
Not on the imprisoning walls
Of temples, — for their temple was the wood, —
The heavens its arch, — its aisles were solitude.
And then they sang the praise
Of heroes, and the seers of older days.
They never dared to pry
Into the mysteries of the Deity;
They never weighed his schemes, nor judged his will, —
But saw his works, and loved and praised him still;
Obeyed in awe, — kept pure their hearts within;
For this they knew, — God hates and scourges sin.
Some dreams of future bliss were theirs,
To gild their joys, and chase their cares.
And thus they dwelt, and thus they died,
With guardian freedom at their side,
The happy tenants of a happy soil, —
Till came the cruel strangers to despoil.
. . . . . .

Epode.

But, oh, that blessed time is past!
The strangers now possess our land;
Batavia is subdued, at last, —
Batavia fettered, ruined, banned!
Yes, — honor, truth, have taken flight
To seats sublimer, thrones more pure.
Look, Julius, from thy throne of light, —
See what thy Holland's sons endure!
Thy children still are proud to claim
Their Roman blood, their source, from thee.
Friends, brothers, comrades, bear the name; —
Desert them not in misery!
Terror and power and cruel wrong
Have a free people's bliss undone;
Too harsh their sway, — their rule too long!
Arouse thee from thy cloudy throne;
And if thou hate disgrace and crime,
Recall, recall departed time!

The Finding of the Lyre

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

THERE lay upon the ocean's shore
What once a tortoise served to cover;
A year and more, with rush and roar
The surf had rolled it over,
Had played with it, and flung it by,
As wind and weather might decide it,
Then tossed it high where sand-drifts dry
Cheap burial might provide it.

It rested there to bleach or tan,
The rains had soaked, the sun had burned it;
With many a ban the fisherman
Had stumbled o'er and spurned it;
And there the fisher-girl would stay,
Conjecturing with her brother
How in their play the poor estray
Might serve some use or other.

So there it lay, through wet and dry,
As empty as the last new sonnet,
Till by and by came Mercury,
And, having mused upon it,
"Why, here," cried he, "the thing of things
In shape, material, and dimension!
Give it but strings and, lo, it sings,
A wonderful invention!"

So said, so done; the cords he strained,
And, as his fingers o'er them hovered,
The shell disdained a soul had gained,
The lyre had been discovered.
O empty world that round us lies,
Dead shell, of soul and thought forsaken,
Brought we but eyes like Mercury's,
In thee what songs should waken!

The History of the Lyre

THE lyre, the prototype of so many modern musical instruments, was one of the most popular of the ancient world. To its vast family belong all stringed instruments: the harp, lute, guitar, the violin with all its varieties, the mandolin, dulcimer, piano, etc.

There are two divisions of the numerous instruments of the lyre type.

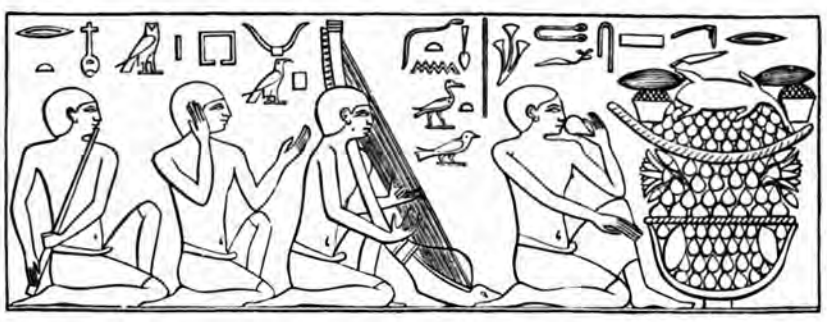
The lyre is regarded as the head of one of these branches, and, on equal footing with it, the lute is the head of the other branch. The main difference between the two is that the latter name is applied to all instruments plucked by the fingers, and the former to those struck by a plectrum or hammer. The harp is a descendant of the lyre, and the dulcimer of the lute.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

AN EGYPTIAN HARPIST

Another classification makes the lute a predecessor and simpler form of the lyre, suggesting that it went through some changes and development before it reached the latter, more advanced stage.

In its simplest form the lyre came first into use as an accompanying instrument for the voice. This is an outcome of the argument that the root *Kan*, to sing, can be traced in the name of the lyre in four old languages, Hebrew, Egyptian, Hindû, and Chinese. The name in these languages is respectively *kin*, *bent*, *bin*, and *been*. The instrument was at first very rude. It consisted of a board or stick with one or two strings stretched across it, which were twanged with the fingers, and it was of the least possible weight in order that the singer might fix all his attention on his song.



AN EGYPTIAN BANQUET, WITH MUSIC

Bards and minstrels, wandering from place to place, carrying their lyres with them, were numerous in many of the ancient countries. The Tartars, who were the troubadours of Asia, traveled over an expanse of some thousands of miles, penetrating into the heart of the Caucasus westward, and as far eastward as the Yellow Sea. Again, Marco Polo relates that the Great Khan had so many in his kingdom, that to get rid of some he sent an

expedition, made up entirely of superfluous minstrels, to attack the strongly-fortified city of Mien. The fact that they took the city, which was of no mean size, gives some idea of the enormous numbers of minstrel besiegers there must have been.

The ancient Egyptians used the lyre, which they finally developed into the harp. As one historian says, "It put on bigness agreeably to the genius of its masters," and may well be called a "musical pyramid." We can picture Egyptian warriors in the early days rushing into battle, led by white-robed priests, harp in hand. Then, hastening on to about 2000 B. C., when the power of Egypt was at its height, if we were to attend an evening entertainment given by the wealthy, we might see at one end of a brilliantly lighted hall a group of slaves with their harps, lyres, lutes, and pipes, playing for the amusement of the company, amidst a loud noise of the clattering of dishes and busy chatter.

They used in Egypt a small portable harp, a rude form of lyre introduced by the Shepherd Kings, and the immense non-portable harp nearly seven feet in height. The harp was the foundation of the Egyptian orchestra.

The Assyrians, delighting in loud and martial music, shrill sounds, and strong, rhythmic effects, chose as their favorite instrument the more sensuous dulcimer, struck by a rod or plectrum, which was capable of giving forth a full, rich volume of tone. It was carried about strapped to the shoulders, and was so well adjusted to fit the figure as to give the performer perfect freedom of motion. The dulcimer was of two kinds: one of a horizontal form, and a foreshadowing of the modern grand piano; the other, which was used in a vertical position, can be looked upon as the beginning of the modern upright piano.

The national religious sentiment of the Hebrews forbade them the use of many instruments and the development of music as an art in itself. For this reason they had, properly speaking, but one instrument, the harp, or, correctly speaking, the lyre, which served as a fitting accompaniment to their outbursts of lyric poetry.

The minstrel of the Hebrews was an inspired seer. He sang to the people, not for their amusement, but songs of prophecy and religion. Poetry and music were, as well, the combined manner of expression for pointing out the sins and vices of the time, and teaching the people. David, the minstrel king of Israel, somewhat more soft

"DAVID PLAYING BEFORE SAUL"

From the painting by the well-known Royal Swedish artist, Professor Julius Kronberg, who last summer donated his private art collection to the Râja-Yoga School that is to be erected on the island of Visingsö, the corner-stone of which school was laid last June. When Katherine Tingley and her party returned to America last September, Professor and Mrs. Kronberg sent their youngest son with Madame Tingley to be educated at the Râja-Yoga Academy, Point Loma, California.

in temper, however, than the Hebrews as a race, sang to the accompaniment of the lyre. We know how he was sent for to play to Saul, who was "troubled with an evil spirit"; and when he played, this evil spirit passed away.

Turning next to Greece, we find the lyre reigning supreme. According to the legend, Hermes, walking by the seashore, found a tortoise. Having emptied the shell, he covered it with a piece of bull's hide and fastened a horn on each side of one end of it. Then he fixed a piece of wood from the tip of one horn to the other. On this he fastened the strings of gut, which were stretched across to the bottom of the shell —

> And as his fingers o'er them hovered,
> The shell disdained a soul had gained,
> The lyre had been discovered.

ANCIENT IRISH HARP

There was a city in Greece, however, where another instrument was preferred to the lyre. This was the luxurious city of Sicyon. The people of Sicyon, accustomed to all manner of pomp and luxury, were not content with the simplicity of the lyre. Their favorite instrument was the cithara, a more elaborate variety of lyre. It was larger, of a slightly different shape, and had broader horns, which were hollowed out to serve as sounding-boards. It was also magnificently decorated with carvings, and was beautifully painted. It was the instrument used in the contests at the Olympian and Pythian games of Greece, and was employed at festivals, and girls also played upon it to each other in their chambers.

Centuries have passed since the days of bards and simple melodies. Gradual additions, improvements, and changes during this immense lapse of time, have given us many different instruments which owe their origin to the simple lyre. In some countries however, as in Ireland and Wales, the harp still exists. It lingers on, rare, yet beautiful still, the memorial of ancient days. And it will ever hold its own as the parent of one great branch of the modern world's musical instruments, and the monarch of the ancient musical world. The more we study ancient art, the more we are amazed. RUTH

Architectural Styles and their Meaning

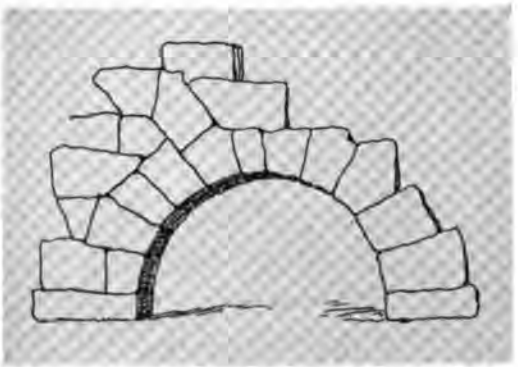
VIII. GRECIAN

WE have now reached the most refined of all the ancient styles of architecture, the pure, dignified, and graceful style which reflected the noblest aspirations of the Greek people during the "historical" period.

Ages before the period whose history we know so well, there was a great but little-known civilization in Greece and the neighboring islands and coasts, but as we have very little information about its architecture we will leave it out of consideration for the present, merely mentioning that it was quite different from that of the classic period. There was as great a gap between them in style as in time.

PREHISTORIC GRECIAN POINTED ARCH
Not constructed on the true principle.

The classic forms of Greek architecture appeared about seven centuries B. C., and came to their climax of glory in the fifth century B. C., when Greece was enjoying great prosperity after the defeat of the Persians. The classic Greeks never used the round or pointed arch, yet they knew of them, for we find arches of several forms and constructed in various ways still standing, which were built by the prehistoric peoples. A round arch of the early time is shown in the lower illustration. It embodies the true principle of the arch, but there are many others which are not built on the true principle. See if you can find out why the round arch shown is better built than the pointed one. In another chapter we will take up the interesting study of the arch in all its forms, but at present we need only remember that the Greeks, like the Egyptians, deliberately refused to use the arch.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

PREHISTORIC GRECIAN ROUND ARCH
Constructed on the true principle.

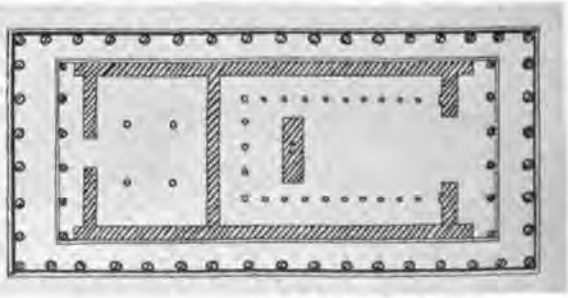
There are three, and only three, well-marked and distinct forms of Greek architectural design. They are called the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian Orders, and they are principally distinguished by the forms of the columns and their capitals, but there are other striking differences as well. The Doric and Ionic seem to be equally ancient, and to have been derived from somewhat similar forms, though not such elegant ones,

of far greater antiquity in Asia and Egypt; but the Corinthian is certainly the latest. We will consider the Doric Order first. An illustration of the front of the temple of Theseus at Athens, one of the most perfectly preserved of the finest Doric temples, is here given, and at the foot of the page is a plan of the most beautiful Greek temple in the world, the Parthenon, or Temple of Athene, on the Akropolis at Athens. From these we can obtain a clear idea of the general scheme of a Greek temple, though each one differs from all the others in many details.

THE TEMPLE OF THESEUS

The first thing to notice is that the principal rows of pillars were outside the building, which consisted of one or two solidly-built rooms without windows. Sometimes there were a few small pillars inside the sacred chambers, to help support the sloping roof. The temples were always raised on a platform approached by steps. Observe how different all this was from the Egyptian form of temple which had all the pillars inside and always had a flat roof. The reason for the sloping roof in Greece was, of course, the more rainy climate. The Greek temples had no towers, no obelisks, no rows of sphinxes, and were much smaller than the Egyptian ones. They were not used for the same purposes as those of Egypt. A Greek temple was really a shrine to hold the statue of the god or goddess to whom it was dedicated, and also to contain treasures, and there were no living-rooms for priests or students in it. The Greeks celebrated the Mysteries in other buildings, and their processions were held in the open air, not within the walls of the temples. For these and other reasons they did not need such enormous temples as the Egyptians. Though some of them are of considerable size, the largest is only about the size of the Hypostyle Hall in the temple of Karnak.

Unlike the Egyptians and Hindûs, the Greeks never carved temples out of the solid rock. Their temples were nearly always placed in an elevated position, bathed in sunshine, and open to all the winds that blow. As they were usually built of white marble, with certain parts colored, they must have been very striking features in the landscape, in spite of their comparatively small size. It is a disputed question among the authorities whether the picturesque arangement of the temples on the Akropolis at Athens was designed, or whether it happened so accidentally; but the Greeks liked to have their temples in positions where they could could be well seen. R.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

PLAN OF THE PARTHENON, ATHENS
(Scale, 50 ft. to 1 inch.)

Ancient Engineering

IN considering this most interesting subject, the question which rises most frequently in the student's mind is, "How was this or that thing done?" to which the usual answer is, "We don't know." Given all the modern appliances, it is comparatively easy to understand the theory of almost any engineering feat performed today (although in practice the difficulties are enormously aggravated). But since the ancients possessed but few of these appliances (at least so far as we know) the marvels wrought by them must remain a source of admiration and wonderment, unless we are willing to admit that they may have had other appliances of which we know nothing, but which served their purposes every bit as well as our modern inventions serve us.

Would any of our modern artists like to undertake the carving of another Sphinx out of a solid block, or rather a small hill, of Egyptian granite? We have invented much more convenient ways of making our monuments, but where will our steel and concrete colossi be five thousand years hence?

Turning first to Egypt, we find at Tanis the remains of a colossus which, together with its pedestal, towered 125 feet above the level of the plain. Its weight has been calculated to be 1200 tons. The Statue of Liberty, the largest of modern statues, although much higher, weighs less than one-tenth as much. Think of the labor entailed in cutting and transporting the monolith, and, above all, in hewing it into human shape. And yet Egypt has many such. The two colossi of Amenhotep III, the statues of the Ramesseum and Abu Simbel, and countless others, still remain to testify to the skill of the ancient engineers.

It is not necessary to describe the Great Pyramid. Apart from its size, its chief wonder lies in the marvelous accuracy with which it is built in accordance with certain geometrical and astronomical calculations. The Hanging Gardens of Babylon and the Colossus of Rhodes have vanished, but the Great Pyramid of Gizeh is just as much one of the wonders of the world today as it was in the time of the Pharaohs.

In the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, in Syria, may be seen the largest squared stones ever used in a building. In one of the walls, at a height of 19 feet, are three monster blocks, 63 feet long by 13 feet high. In the quarry lies another, squared, but not yet entirely separated from the bedrock. It is 14

THE GREAT PYRAMID AND THE PYRAMID OF CHEPHREN

feet thick, 17 feet high, and almost 70 feet long, and weighs 1500 tons. One writer, speaking of this temple, says that the stones are so well joined that in one place he overlooked the joint and came near measuring two stones as one, making it 120 feet long. A more careful search revealed a joint so perfect that the blade of a knife could not be inserted in it.

But how were such immense masses moved all the way from the quarry, and then raised into place? On some Assyrian and Egyptian ruins there may be seen sculptures representing large numbers of men pulling sledges carrying these monoliths; while men in front lay down rollers, others at the back urge on the sled by means of levers. Herodotus tells of a road of *polished* stone constructed from the banks of the Nile to the site of the Great Pyramid, some three quarters of a mile, for the purpose of facilitating the transportation of the blocks brought down the Nile on barges. Again, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus had 127 columns, each 60 feet high and 7 feet in diameter, cut from solid blocks of marble. These were transported some 8 miles by oxen, being encased in wooden frames and rolled along.

As to the placing of the stones: in the case of the Pyramid, Herodotus describes how they were raised by means of machines employing the principle of leverage. One would think that the placing of stones of enormous weight, at a height of 400 and more feet, would be a rather difficult job even for us, with all our steam-derricks and tackle and what not. All the more credit to the men who achieved such results without them!

An instance of the employment of a "modern" idea in ancient times is found in the case of an old water-tunnel built at Jerusalem by King Hezekiah, about 700 B. C. In this tunnel has been discovered an inscription stating that the boring was done from opposite ends at once. This is confirmed by the fact that the tool-marks on the walls in the two halves of the tunnel run in opposite directions. It will be remembered that this same system has been used in the building of the railroad tunnels through the Alps.

Turning to later times, we find the Romans building aqueducts and roads, some of which are in use at the present day. In building their best roads, first of all they dug a shallow trench, 3 feet deep and 18 feet wide. The bottom was then pounded and beaten hard, then covered with a layer of large flat stones, then with one of small stones, and finally with a course of concrete. The road was then finished with a surface of flat stones, accurately fitted and sloping gently from the center to the sides for drainage purposes. They were also supplied with curbs and sidewalks. Remember that this was a road, not a street, and think of the labor involved in covering the Empire with roads of this and, of course, inferior classes.

The aqueducts leading to Rome had a total length of 346 miles, 44 miles of which were over arches, some of

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

GIGANTIC STATUES OF RAMESES II: ABU SIMBEL
Before the sand was cleared away from the Cave Temple

great height. The first was built in 312 B. C., by the Censor Appius. The largest, the Aqua Marcia, built in 144 B. C., had a course of 61 miles. By means of these aqueducts every inhabitant of Rome was supplied daily with over 200 gallons of water. In the city the water was distributed by means of a system of lead pipes. Although the aqueducts relied on gravity as a means of keeping up the flow, yet the constructors had a good knowledge of hydraulics. Lead-pipe siphons, 18 inches in diameter and one inch thick, have been found at Lyons, and we have records of a siphon built at Alatri as early as 115 B. C. What is surely one of the most remarkable tunnels in the world, the so-called Grotto of Posilippo, near Naples, is another tribute to the skill of the Romans. It is 2316 feet long, 22 feet wide, and has an average height of 89 feet!

The old Egyptians must have had tools of the highest quality to do their carving with, else how could they carve such a hard stone as Egyptian granite? In the British Museum may be seen augers, center bits, squares, pointed screws, and even planes, dating from Roman times, which have been exhumed in England. But of derricks and steam-shovels, dynamite, and hydraulic drills, not a trace has been found. As a recent writer very pointedly remarks:

> If the demands of what we are pleased to call our higher civilization were to exhaust our mines of coal, our wells of oil and gas, and our beds of ore, so that steam and iron should no longer be the slaves of man, could a modern engineer erect so magnificent an edifice as Karnak, bore so wonderful a tunnel as the Grotto of Posilippo, or construct such a satisfactory system of water supply as Rome enjoyed during the Augustan age?

GEOFFREY S.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE VIA APPIA AND THE AQUEDUCT OF CLAUDIUS, ROME

Archaeological Items

POMPEII'S ANCIENT HARBOR TO BE EXCAVATED

THE ancient harbor of Pompeii has recently been discovered. Strange to say, it was found 4000 feet inland, preserved high and dry under twenty-four feet of ashes and lava. According to Pliny a large number of refugees perished here on the night of the catastrophe in 79 A. D. while attempting to escape with their household goods and other valuables, and the old harbor may consequently yield a large number of relics.

ANCIENT DENTISTRY

RECENT investigations seem to prove that dentistry is no modern art, and that the ancients of both hemispheres were familiar with its delights. Filled teeth are frequently found in Egyptian mummies, and ancient skulls have been discovered in Ecuador with full sets of gold and cement fillings, gold bridges, etc., the borings for which had been done as well as if executed by a modern dentist's drill, says the *New York Sun*.

"The Wonderland of America"

A digest from Joel Cook's *America, Picturesque and Descriptive.*

IN the Rocky Mountains of northwestern Wyoming, overlapping Montana and Idaho, is a tract of land embracing about 5500 square miles, usually called Yellowstone National Park, but more fittingly named "The Wonderland of America." Although not of remarkable extent, there are more strange and wonderful formations there than in any other equal area on earth.

To begin with, the Park is largely of volcanic origin and structure, so that the material and conditions are there which naturally suggest interesting formations and curious phenomena. Also, the Yellowstone Park contains the sources of some of the largest rivers of North America — the Missouri-Mississippi, the Snake-Columbia, and the Green-Colorado. We find there the highest crater lake in the world, surrounded by high mountains, snow-capped, and covered with forests. The scenery in some parts of the Park is grand and beautiful, in others weird and desolate.

The Park is divided into different portions, named by the special feature in that locality. For instance, one place is called Mammoth Hot Springs. They are situated in a very gruesome place. The subterranean fire has cracked the earth into great fissures, and within them boiling water flows downward, and fire and sulphur are so common that they seem like the natural strata of the soil. These hot springs have built up terraces from their deposits, and they are often beautifully colored, being streaked with red and brown, or white.

Where the pools are shallow, the water has created delicate basins, and as the terraces rise in tiers, they are wonderfully like columns, towers, and coral formations, all tinted in lovely shades of pink, blue, green, yellow, brown and red. The coloring lasts only while the water is flowing. After it stops, the formations turn white, and crumble easily on being exposed to the air. There are some formations of such special interest that they have been given particular names, suggested by their shapes. Among them is Cleopatra's Bath, where the rocks are gorgeously painted, and hot water and steam constantly renew the bright hues. During the pauses in the flow of the water, the formations look like snow-white coral, which is very brittle.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

VIEW OF GRAND CANYON FROM ARTISTS' POINT, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, U. S. A.
(Courtesy of Northern Pacific Railroad.)

One of the most extensive of these water-built marvels is the Pulpit Terraces, which rise in an impressive series to a height of fifty feet, and are ornamented with columns of many-colored stone. The font in front of the pulpit is streaked red and brown. The water has also created the likenesses of elaborately carved vases on each side, and a magnificent curtain hangs there, dazzlingly white.

Many geysers, greater in number and size than any others of the world, are found here. From some of them are ejected columns of water 250 feet high. Over five thousand hot springs are found, and volcanic influences are also seen in the brightly-colored geyser deposits, and in the numerous craters, petrified trees, and masses of sulphur. In the district where geysers are found are some queer arrangements called the Wash-Tubs. They are basins of about ten feet in diameter, with a hole at the bottom. If you put clothes in to wash them, all goes well for a few minutes, and then, without any warning, water and clothes disappear, to return when the basin refills. This is probably caused by the Devil's Well, a nearby basin of sapphire-like water, between which and the Tubs the water is thought to fluctuate. The water in the well is very hot, and tourists often boil their eggs and potatoes in it. Another pool is called Emerald Pool, from the rich green color of its water.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

"OLD FAITHFUL" GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK
(Courtesy of Northern Pacific Railroad.)

Most of these geysers have been given names, indicative of their habits, shape, size, and volume. There is Excelsior Geyser, with a crater a hundred yards wide. Near it is Prismatic Lake, with blue and green waters, which flow over a deposit of brilliant red. Old Faithful, the Beehive, Comet Geyser, Morning Glory, and Fan Springs, are the most attractive.

Among other curiosities of Yellowstone Park are the Paint Pots, filled with muds of brilliant hues — red, white, blue, yellow, and pink.

When the Park with all its wonders was first made known in 1807, people could scarcely believe the reports of what the explorers had seen there. In 1871 Professor Hayden went there with a scientific party to investigate, and his report led to its being made a Government reserve.

Animals, such as deer, bears, elk, and big-horn sheep, are found here, protected by the laws of the Park. Among these denizens are the last buffaloes in the country. Being so carefully protected the Park will long remain to interest and delight visitors.

KATE

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE KING OF THE BEASTS IN THE MELBOURNE ZOO
(Photo by Darge, Melbourne; copyrighted. Reproduced by permission.)

The King of the Beasts

A LION in a cage seems such a kind and noble animal, so wise and yet so sad, that children sometimes fancy they would like to have a romp with him to cheer him up a little. But older people who know the terrible sharpness of his teeth and claws, are very glad to see the bars between the lion and themselves.

The lion is the largest of the Cat Family, and if you can imagine puss enlarged to the size of a lion, covered with sandy hair, and furnished with a shaggy mane, you can easily see that the lion is a near relation.

The lion in the picture is most likely a little under six years old, as his mane seems scarcely full-grown. Lions often take seven years to come to their full stature; but this is quite a short time compared with man. How surprised we should be to see a seven-year-old boy six feet high and with a fringe of whiskers round his face!

If you wish to see the lion at his best, you need go no farther than the nearest Zoological Gardens. The mane of the wild lion is so torn by the thorns of the bushes, that it looks poor and thin and scraggy. The lion who spends his days behind the bars, finds nothing there to spoil his head of hair, and with his long and flowing mane he makes a much finer model for the animal-painter than the lion in his native wilds.

Nowadays if we want to see a lion, we have to pay for the privilege; but in the "good old days" there were many parts of the world where you might meet a lion in your country walks and thus see him for nothing! In Palestine they could once be seen running wild, and picnic parties in prehistoric Spain were always liable to be interrupted by the sudden appearance of an uninvited guest in a tawny coat and with a pair of flashing eyes.

Africa is now the principal home of the lion; but they may sometimes be met with between the lower Tigris and the Euphrates, and there is a maneless variety found in southern Persia and in Guzerat, India. Even in Africa there are great tracts of dense jungle near the Equator where lions are never seen. The natives actually have no word for lion in their language.

The lions of Africa usually inhabit the open plains (or "veldt") where there is plenty of grass to support the herds of antelopes and zebras on which they chiefly feed; and if the veldt is dotted over with bushes, so much the better, for that provides the lion with shelter when he lies in wait for his prey.

It is easy to understand why the lion is called the King of Beasts if you have ever heard six or seven of them roaring with all their might in the twilight, to cause a stampede among the farmer's herds of cattle. They lay their muzzles to the ground and utter such a deafening peal of roars that the very ground seems to shake, while the air trembles with the echo. The startled cattle, mad with terror, gallop helter-skelter in all directions, and if one of them happens to pass near a crouching lion, he springs upon its back. Under the sudden impact of six hundred pounds of living lion, the poor bullock stumbles and falls, and often dies instantaneously of a broken neck.

As a general rule lions do not attack men. It is only in old age, when their teeth become loose and their strength fails, that they lie in wait for villagers as they go to draw water from the rivers. If only the lion were a vegetarian and would promise to behave properly, what a splendid playfellow he would make!

A schoolboy was once asked the meaning of the word Equator. He replied, "A menagerie lion running round the globe." He must have meant to say, "An imaginary line running round the globe." P.

THE United States was one of thirteen countries that responded to the invitation of the Swiss Government to hold an International Congress for the Protection of Wild Animals. Such a congress met at Berne late last year and organized a world-wide movement for the protection of animal life, both on land and in the sea. It is planned to divide the world into vast zones, each of which will be patrolled by some Government, assisted financially by the various nature-protection leagues.

Kangaroo Island

AS the farmers enclose more and more of the waste-land of Australia and the guns of the sportsmen keep up their destructive fire, many of the native birds and animals are being almost wiped out of existence. The common rat (which has found its way into the country since it was discovered) has taken the place of many of the smaller wild animals, and unless something is done to preserve them, certain very interesting forms of life will become as extinct as the Dodo.

Recently 75 square miles of Kangaroo Island, which may be reached by about six hours' steaming from Adelaide, has been set apart as an asylum where the persecuted creatures will be allowed to live just as they please, without molestation from destructive visitors.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

KANGAROO IN THE MELBOURNE ZOO
(Photo by Darge, Melbourne; copyrighted. Reproduced by permission.)

The operations of man do not always, however, tend to decrease the numbers of the wild animals. In some parts of Australia the emus and kangaroos have greatly multiplied since the land has been irrigated. The water has caused the grass to grow so abundantly that emus and kangaroos have been able to rear more young ones.

It is to be hoped that a queer mistake made in America will not be repeated over there. A certain island was set apart as a nesting-place for pelicans, and many notice-boards were put up along the shore to keep trespassers away. The notice-boards were perfectly successful in preventing the landing of sportsmen; but unfortunately they frightened away the pelicans too, and the island was completely deserted! The next year the boards were taken down and wardens were employed to prevent the public from entering the pelican preserve. As soon as the notice-boards were gone the birds returned, and now they enjoy the advantage of bringing up their young in the safe refuge kindly provided by the Government.

Almost all the wild animals of Australia are "marsupials," that is, they have pouches in which to carry their children, like the kangaroos. The only animal without a pouch is the dingo, a wolfish-looking kind of wild dog who is too fond of mutton to be a favorite with sheep-farmers. It is thought that the dingo does not really belong to Australia, but is simply the descendant of domestic dogs of the natives which were introduced from some other country and then allowed to run wild.

The Australian opossum has been so much sought after for the sake of his skin that he was fast becoming extinct; but now let us hope he will be preserved for ever in the peaceful forest wilds of Kangaroo Island where gunpowder is never smelled. L.

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Monthly

Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Department

A NATURE TOUCH FROM LOMALAND

These Chrysanthemums were grown at the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, California

Vol. X No. 2 FEBRUARY 1914 10 Cents a Copy

The Râja-Yoga College

(Non-Sectarian)

Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, Foundress and General Directress

The Râja-Yoga system of education was originated by the Foundress as a result of her own experience and knowledge. Râja-Yoga is an ancient term: etymologically it means the "Royal Union." This term was selected as best expressing in its real meaning the purpose of true education, viz: the balance of all the faculties, physical, mental and moral.

The Building of Character

One of the most important features of this system is the development of character, the upbuilding of pure-minded and self-reliant manhood and womanhood, that each pupil may become prepared to take an honorable, self-reliant position in life.

In the younger as in the older pupils, the sense of individual responsibility and personal honor is aroused.

The Pupils

The Râja-Yoga College comprises two general departments of instruction: (1) The Râja-Yoga Preparatory School and Academy, for boys and girls respectively (separate buildings). (2) The College proper, for students following the collegiate courses.

The Studies

The studies range from the elementary to those of a university course, including the following: Literature, Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Surveying, Mechanical Electrical and Civil Engineering, Law, the fine Arts, Music, Industrial Arts, Practical Forestry and Horticulture, Domestic Economy, etc.

The Teachers

The staff of teachers is formed of men and women specially trained for their duties by long experience in scholastic work, and is composed of graduates of European and American Universities, and of specialists in other lines.

Directors

REV. S. J. NEILL — GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT, B. SC., M. D.

Assistant Directors

PROFESSOR W. A. DUNN — MRS. W. A. DUNN

Headmaster of the Boys' Department
H. T. EDGE, B. A. (Cantab.), M. A.

Head Teacher of the Girls' Department
MRS. W. A. DUNN

For information, address

THE SECRETARY, RAJA-YOGA COLLEGE

Point Loma, California

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Monthly

Conducted by a Staff of the Students of the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, California

Published under the direction of Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, December 27, 1904, at the Post-Office at Point Loma, California, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879

Subscription $1.00; Copy 10 Cents

Foreign Postage 35 Cents extra, Canadian 25 Cents

VOL. X FEBRUARY 1914 No. 2

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

HYDRANGEAS IN FLOWER, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The Master Gardener

DID you ever have a garden of your own, and take an interest in every growing thing there? Did you watch each tiny plant and shrub to see how every little leaf was put forth; how the buds began to appear and grow from day to day until one morning a beautiful blossom met your gaze? Did you notice the needs of your charges, so characteristic of each one? In supplying these needs did you feel drawn towards the life of your garden, towards Nature herself, as if reading a new and strange book whose every page was one of the very deepest interest because of its living truth?

Nature is a book that reads like a fairy-story, for there is a wonderful magic in all growth. Close association with the things of the soil, and intimacy with the life of plants, may bring one the most astonishing revelations of one's own nature, and of how the character-blossoms unfold. Nature is a wise teacher, and with her we shall learn a careful economy — a lesson much needed in human nature where there is permitted so great a waste, especially of energy, that real growth with all its wealth of power is in some cases an impossibility.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A WALK IN A WILD FLOWER GARDEN OF LOMALAND

The plant takes sunshine and fresh air, and also nourishment from the soil, and makes all these elements a part of itself. Everything around it that can enter into its growth is made to do so, and these things become the plant; nor are they superfluous entities, ornaments, or mere additions; they are a living, growing part of the plant life, and what finally evolves is their natural expression.

To the careful gardener, many questions regarding the unfolding of character should be answered by the knowledge and understanding of the growth and development that takes place in his garden. He knows only too well that everything will not grow anywhere, and what may be the best treatment for one plant may prove very harmful to another. The conditions in different cases may vary widely, but it is a part of his duty as a gardener to study the needs of his plants, and to give them of the best within his power. If the study takes place along parallel lines, sooner or later he must discover that some conditions are more favorable than others to the growth of his character; and that he is largely responsible for those conditions. Environment may play a part, and a large one at that, but it is far from being the key to the situation. Seemingly favorable surroundings have failed more than once to build character, while the greatest development has taken place under circumstances that appeared so adverse as to be almost insupportable. Environment, as a rule, is not the soil as we have the power to make it, but as we usually find it. The master-gardener, however, does not allow himself to be bound by such conditions, for if they are not right, he proceeds to change them.

Then too the gardener must discover his needs and the way to satisfy them; what portions of his character-garden require the most attention; and what weeds he has most to guard against. He must learn the secret of improving everything and making it of some use, and he must allow nothing to go to waste; and then there is the art of making all these elements a part of himself. This is the greatest secret of all, for there should be nothing in the garden that is not worth keeping, and when each individual plant is growing in a natural, healthy way, and drinking in sunshine and air as Nature meant it should, the result will be a character-blossom worth cultivating.

The lesson of the growing plant is a simple one, but in that very simplicity lies its power. It has within itself a great store of energy, and from this it is constantly able

to draw added forces for its development. Its growth is not a thing of today or yesterday, nor yet of tomorrow, but of every day, every hour, every minute. Its course may be slow at times, but it is sure; and so with character-gardening. Steady progress, with a little done each day, is better than working by starts and turns. Care and patience are required, but is not a perfect blossom worth as much?

"To Thine Own Self Be True"

This above all: to thine own self be true;
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

THIS quotation from Shakespeare expresses a truth which has been taught by all philosophers and thinkers who have understood man's real nature. All the great Teachers of humanity have earnestly urged men to trust themselves, to find the Divine Self within — the only Self that is real — and to live in its light and under its guidance.

The soul of every human being came from the same origin as every other soul. So, in the highest sense, we are brother-souls, descended from the one eternal principle, and striving to return to that estate by uplifting and purifying the lower human self, thus freeing it from the powers of ignorance and darkness. Consequently, when one is true to his real Self, he is of necessity true to the real Self of all other beings, for they are one in their unlimited and divine harmony. It is only our wrong desires and inclinations that lead to distrust, deception, and misunderstanding in our relations with our fellows. Such desires act as clouds in the mind that shut out the sunshine of life.

But before one can follow the above injunction, before he can be true to himself, he must *find* Himself, and indeed that is what the quest of life is. Until one has consciously thrown off the chains of personality which separate the mind from the general stream of progressing life, he cannot find his Divine Self, he cannot consciously realize that he is one with all that lives, and so give the higher powers of life a chance to work through him. In *Light on the Path* it is written:

> Look for the warrior and let him fight in thee. . . . Look for him, else in the fever and hurry of the fight thou mayest pass him; and he will not know thee unless thou knowest him.

This is the first step, and an easy one when valiantly taken. Earnest endeavor, conscientious self-study and self-conquest, in a measure, must win some recognition of what the real nature is. When the mind is young, and before the thinking self has been aroused, we do right as far as we can, by following the advice of our elders. But a time must come to every sincere person when he begins to think for himself, to find in his own heart the impulse and the reason that urge to noble deeds. This leads to the sacred event that comes to every seeker after wisdom, when he knowingly and definitely invokes his higher nature. The communion then established opens the door to a flood of light that transmutes the human nature, as fire burns the dross from gold. The whole life of the student after this point is to live ever in harmony with the total life of Humanity, and to abide by the inspiration that comes to him in moments when he is under the influence of the Divine.

When a man thus pledges his life, he knows that true progress must follow, for the heart is conscious of a newly-awakened energy that drowns the tempter's voice that speaks through desire and personal inclination contrary to the spirit of Truth. Every act of strong, determined will lifts us nearer to that plane of thought and action from which all the great souls of the ages have drawn their wisdom and their power.

"Man, Know Thyself!"

(*Hermetic Axiom*)

To study deep one's self
Each has a pressing need;
For he who knoweth God
Must know himself indeed.

G. D. K.

In those leaders of human thought who have invoked and who obey this Divine Self, dwells a superb power to rouse and inspire others to uplifting endeavor. Nobility evokes nobility, and so also is it with the opposite. The essential identity of human nature is seen by the fact that we seek at various times those who are of the same mood and temperament as ourselves. We each have a curious power of knowing how far we can arouse each other's strength and weakness, and how we can help a brother to find a gleam of light for himself, and this knowledge puts a great responsibility on our shoulders.

This union with the real Self bursts forth into flower in those whom we call great geniuses in music, art, poetry, and philosophy. All power and knowledge forever dwells in the One Oversoul of the human race, the Father in Heaven that speaks in the silence of every human heart.

In *Light on the Path* we read these inspiring words:

> Look for the warrior. . . . He is thyself, yet thou art but finite and liable to error. He is eternal and is sure. He is eternal truth. When once he has entered thee and become thy warrior, he will never utterly desert thee, and at the day of the great peace he will become one with thee.

HERE you stand at the parting of the ways; some road you are to take, and as you stand there, consider and know how it is that you intend to live. Carry no bad habits, no corrupting associations, no enmities and strifes into this New Year. Leave these behind, and let the dead past bury its dead; leave these behind, and thank God that you are able to leave them. — *Ephraim Peabody*

Labor Is Worship

FRANCES S. OSGOOD

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!" the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!" the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! That elegant whisper upspringing
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 'Tis the still water that faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory! The flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune.

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from the world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work — and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work — thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow;
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo, the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life current leaping!
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride, sweeping,
True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
Labor is wealth! In the sea the pearl groweth;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
Rest not content in thy darkness — a clod.
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor! All labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God. — *Selected*

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night. — *Selected*

"SO SURELY as the day and the night alternately follow one another, does every day when it yields to darkness, and every night when it passes into dawn, bear with it its own tale of the results which it has silently wrought upon each of us for evil or for good."

A Symposium

I will tell you a secret — the will, conscience, affections, and intellect must work in one straight line for the procuring of truest light. — *William Quan Judge*

I

IN mathematics, when we weigh a substance we find that the point of balance is reached as soon as both sides of the scales are in the same straight line. I think it would be helpful if we regarded life as a twofold pair of scales in which the conscience and the will, the intellect and the affections, are being weighed in the balance. The straight line of perfect balance is the path to follow. As soon as we give precedence to one faculty more than another — if we allow the will to act unguided by conscience, or the intellect to be abnormally developed at the expense of everything else, or if we allow the affections to rule us entirely — our straight line becomes uneven, and broken in places, and the faculties cease to work in the harmonious relation that is necessary for the production of a perfect whole, out of which the higher light will arise. F. S.

II

THE lesson conveyed by this saying of Mr. Judge's is, it seems to me, the secret of working along the lines of least resistance, for a straight path is always easier to follow and attains to a better end than one which winds up hill and down dale. A path with many turnings leads to confusion, the threshold of chaos, and chaos is inseparably associated with darkness.

The absence of confusion, then, makes possible the entrance of light; and the truest light must inevitably come from harmonious action, the perfect agreement of all the parts, no matter how small, which go to make up the great whole of Life. This harmony is the natural result of continuity of right action, for along such a course it is impossible for the will, conscience, affections, and intellect to work other than in one straight line. H. O.

III

A HUMAN BEING may be likened to a golden vessel through which streams the Divine Light when the receptacle is symmetrical, clean, and free from irregularities. Light travels in straight lines, and so a vessel full of twists and turns can only be partially illumined. In order to make the human being a fit vehicle to transmit this light of life, the forces of character must work in harmony to the desired end.

The Will, or power that sets causes in motion, accomplishes results, and when rightly directed holds in control the Affections, which are the natural attractions of the heart toward external objects. The Intellect is the servant of the Conscience, the unerring Voice of the Soul within that seeks to control the whole nature through this servant. Thus all the faculties may be directed towards one end and not obscure the light by being at war with each other. K. H.

IV

THE WILL OF MAN is the compelling force within ever urging us to action. Conscience is the discriminating and guiding power which controls and checks the overpowering force of the will. In the affections, we recognize the quality of the attachment which links us to those about us. When rightly directed, they enable us to follow unswervingly that to which we aspire. The Intellect and the understanding enable us to apply effectively the attributes at our command for the performance of the duties of life.

Understanding the merits of these elements of human character, we can verily see that not until we make them entirely subservient to our highest aspirations, can we reach our cherished goal of truest light. M. C.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
A portrait by Gilbert Stuart — now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art

V

TO OBTAIN the greatest good from any kind of work, it is necessary that there be perfect concentration; that the whole man — his will, conscience, affections, and intellect — be centered to one end. It matters not how individually strong they may be; for if they are all pulling in different directions they hinder rather than aid; while less powerful forces, if turned in the same direction, have a more telling effect.

If we follow the dictates of our conscience, the voice of our Higher Self, and if the will governs the affections and intellect in accordance, then all will be working as *one* in consonance with the Higher Law, and thus will truest light be obtained. C. L. H.

The Self-Disciplined Man

IT is not the man who has seen the most, or read the most, who can do the most; such a one is in danger of being borne down like a beast of burden, by an overloaded mass of other men's thoughts; nor is it the man who can boast merely of native vigor and capacity. The greatest of all warriors who went to the siege of Troy had not the pre-eminence because Nature had given him strength and he carried the largest bow; but because self-discipline had taught him how to bend it. — *Daniel Webster*

WE are never deceived; we deceive ourselves. — *Goethe*

George Washington

I. AS A SURVEYOR

GEORGE WASHINGTON as a young man was a surveyor, and his work in this capacity was true to the mark, as it was in whatever he undertook. When he was not more than nineteen years old, among other things he was engaged to establish the line now known as the "Fairfax Line," from the grant to Lord Fairfax, which runs between Augusta and Frederick Counties in West Virginia.

It was necessary that the line be a straight one from the head-spring of Hedgman River, one of the sources of the Rappahannock, to the head-spring of the Potomac. He naturally did not have the elaborate means of attaining accuracy that are at the disposal of modern surveyors. He used only a simple compass, presumably the "Washington compass," now in the U. S. National Museum at Washington. Yet his work was so well done that now, when the line is being retraced in order that the Government may have a clear title to the land, there is very little to correct, according to a bulletin recently issued by the U. S. Forest Service.

The line runs straight over mountains and rivers, with many natural boundary marks. Chief among these is the Fairfax Stone, which is an important mark in the boundary lines of four counties. The line can also be distinguished by means of old fences, and by the piles of timber which are left at regular distances along the boundary line between the two counties.

There are several other interesting old survey-marks which tradition ascribes to Washington; namely, a large white oak in the corner of a West Virginia farm, and a venerable post, now enclosed in a protecting case, which gave the name to the town of Whitepost.

Another interesting point, in view of the tradition that is growing around the name of Washington, as of other great heroes, is that all his blazes are considerably higher than the woodmen of today make them. This seems to emphasize Washington's great height, some people even fancying that he was really a giant. However that may be, it is also maintained that he did his surveying while on horseback, and used a long-handled ax. This accounts for the height of the blazes, and, if generally known, might dispel the idea that Washington towered above most

men in physical, as he surely did in moral, stature.

II. HIS MENTOR

WASHINGTON impresses us as having been constantly guided and protected by a greater than human will and intellect. Of many excellent qualities, the one of supreme nobility in him was his unfaltering trust in the justice of the Law that he felt would bring him to success if he were faithful to his trust, and also his splendid determination to make himself a worthy servant of that Law. With this high principle as his guiding motive, we find his outward life free from many of the small blemishes and imperfections that often mar the lives of others who also had royal possibilities. Washington knew within himself that to be a fit instrument for a great Principle to manifest through, one must make the outward man conform to the inward ideal. So, may we not say that his talisman was his conscious, continuous life of devotion to his own inward voice — his conscience?

This certainly brings into human life the courage, the indomitable perseverance, the willing self-sacrifice, and the compassion that make Washington so deserving of our respect and love. He endured the doubt and treachery of the faint-hearted, repeated defeat and disaster, and the sufferings of Valley Forge, but he had pledged his life to the cause, and nothing could turn him away, even in the darkest hour. K.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

TORI (GATEWAY) AND TEMPLE LANTERNS, HAKONE, JAPAN

MANY rocks have become famous because their outlines resemble the profiles of historic men, but none are more perfect than the George Washington rock discovered near South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, during the clearing away of the side of a mountain for park purposes last summer. Viewed in profile, the nose, upper lip, eye, and chin are as clearly defined as though cut by human agency. Even the rock formation of the head has a surface curiously like in appearance to the wigs of colonial days.

PROBABLY the oldest floral garlands in existence are some in the museum at Kasr el Nil, Cairo. These were taken from the mummy-cases of two XVIIIth dynasty kings, and are beautifully and elaborately made. The materials employed are the leaves and flowers of the acacia, hollyhock, willow, lotus, larkspur, and olive, which are made up in a variety of ways.

Prince Keiki Tokugawa

THE LAST OF THE SHOGUNS

VERY recently occurred the death of Prince Keiki Tokugawa, the last of the Shoguns, and this is of importance in Japan's contemporary history, as he was in reality the personification of old feudal Japan and at the same time a man who could sense the trend of the times.

The Shogun was the deputy of the Emperor at Yedo, now Tokio, and he was in reality more powerful than the Mikado himself. This position had been built up at the time of the Japanese "Wars of the Roses," when rival claimants to supreme power were keeping the country in turmoil. It is an interesting fact that the two parties had red and white chrysanthemums as their badges.

The family of Tokugawa had been in power for nearly three centuries, and had given a most unprecedented period of peace to the country, when in 1860 the imperial power reasserted itself.

The Japanese of sixty years ago resisted all attempts to introduce anything foreign or modern into their country. Feudalism with all its pomp and circumstance held full sway, and the foreigners who went there did not pay due reverence to the feudal lords — dismounting when passing them on the road, etc. — and this only heightened the hatred which the people already felt for the foreigners.

But even greater was the dissatisfaction among the bolder spirits with the rule of the Shogun. It was too arbitrary, and they wanted to elevate the Mikado to supreme power. So that when the Shogun, through his deputies, signed the treaty with Commodore Perry, the indignation of the people knew no bounds. They did all

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A STREET IN NAGASAKI, JAPAN

in their power to injure foreigners, so that the Shogun would have to appeal to the foreigners, and thus bring on his own ruin.

At this juncture the head of the Tokugawa house went to the Emperor in Kioto to pay him personal homage. There, through the force of combinations and schemes against him, he was compelled to resign. But in the Manifesto which he issued at that time he stated that his whole duty to his country was to co-operate with all his heart and strength to protect and maintain the Empire, thus enabling it to range itself with the nations of the earth.

The Emperor issued a proclamation to the other nations announcing that he would thenceforth rule in fact as well as in name, and this document is especially interesting from the fact that the Emperor signed his name Mutsuhito for the first time to a State paper; before that time only the Great Seal had been used.

There was civil strife for several years, but in 1867 the Shogun gave up his power, yielding personal ambition to the need of his country. When Admiral Sperry visited Japan in 1908 with the "white fleet of peace," Prince Keiki shook hands with him as with Commodore Perry, in very truth linking the old and the new Japan. M.

Spring in Exile

RAPHAEL PATKANIAN

WIND of the morn, of the morn of the year,
Violet-laden breath of spring,
To the flowers and the lasses whispering
Things that a man's ear cannot hear,
In thy friendly grasp I would lay my hand,
But thou camest not from my native land.

Birds of the morn, of the morn of the year,
Chanting your lays in the bosky dell,
Higher and fuller your round notes swell,
Till the Fauns and the Dryads peer forth to hear
The trilling lays of your feathery band;
Ye came not, alas, from my native land.

Brook of the morn, of the morn of the year,
Burbling joyfully on your way,
Maiden and rose and woodland fay
Use as a mirror your waters clear:
But I mourn as upon your banks I stand,
That you come not, alas, from my native land.

Breezes and birds and brooks of the Spring,
Chanting your lays in the morn of the year,
Though Armenia, my country, be wasted and sere,
And mourns for her maidens who never shall sing,
Yet a storm, did it come from that desolate land,
Would waken a joy that ye cannot command. — *Selected*

Armenian Proverbs

Strike the iron while it is hot.

The wound of a dagger heals, but that of the tongue, never.

Speak little and you will hear much.

What manner of things thou speakest of, such shalt thou hear.

One can spoil the good name of a thousand.

A Life-like Painting

THE ANECDOTE of the dog which menaced a goat depicted by the faithful pencil of Glover, and of the macaw which, with beak and wings, attacked the portrait of a female servant painted by Northcote, are well known. Two family portraits, painted by Mr. Knight, were one day sent home, when they were instantly recognized with great joy by a spaniel which had been a favorite with the originals. On being taken into the room, and perceiving the canvas thus stamped with identity even to illusion, the faithful dog endeavored, by every demonstration of affection, to attract the notice of her former friends, and was with difficulty withheld by one of the bystanders from leaping upon them, and overwhelming them with her caresses. This interesting recognition continued for many minutes, and was repeated on the next and following days; finally finding, doubtless, that the scent was wanting, poor "Flossy" slunk away abashed, in evident mortification that her well-known play-fellows were so regardless of her proffered kindness.

(Transcribed from *Pitman's Shorthand Weekly.*)

Jubal and his Children

CHARLES MACKAY

(Jubal was, in Hebrew Scripture, the "father of all such as handle the harp and organ.")

"FATHER," said Jubal's eldest son,
"The skies were robed in gloom;
Cloud struck on cloud, and long and loud
I heard the tempest boom;
Like chariots rattling through the stars,
I heard their axles roll;
Heaven's pavement flash'd; the thunders crash'd—
'Twas music to my soul."

"Father," said Jubal's second son,
"I walked beside the sea;
With mighty roar against the shore
The waves were dashing free;
The waves and winds, together loosed,
Went mad, beyond control;
With joy, yet fear, I leap'd to hear—
'Twas music to my soul."

"Father," said Jubal's youngest son,
"I roam'd the forest through;
The northern blast, careering past,
With fitful anger blew;
The oak-trees bow'd their lofty heads,
While from their branches stole
An awful rhyme, a song sublime—
'Twas music to my soul."

"Father," said Jubal's youngest son,
"Beside the rock's gray wall,
I climb'd alone the mossy stone,
To hear the torrent fall;
Ever it chants a solemn hymn,
The waters rush and roll,
They leap and play, in foam and spray—
'Tis music to my soul."

"Father," his eldest daughter said,
"The stream runs freely by;
The violets blink upon its brink,
Its breast reflects the sky;
It sings all day a cheerful song
Beneath the grassy knoll;
Its pebbles chafe—its ripples laugh—
'Tis music to my soul."

"Father," his second daughter said,
"I heard the sky-lark sing
Up in the air, a jewel fair,
On forehead of the spring;
I know not what the song might be,
It seem'd like rapture whole;
A melody—a mystery—
'Twas music to my soul."

. . . . .

And Jubal to his children's voice,
No word in answer made;
But still he wrought, as if in thought
His questioning fingers stray'd.

. . . . .

He sought the wild wood solitude,
And supplicated Heaven;
The floods of music o'er him rushed—
The needful strength was given:
At first, to please his daughters mild,
The gentle harp he strung,
Then for his sons built organ pipes,
And struck till echo rung.—*Selected*

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SHE DAILY GATHERED THE GAUZY SUBSTANCE OUT OF THE FIRST RAY THAT SHOT ACROSS THE EASTERN HORIZON

The Magic Cloak

CHAPTER II

STRANDS OF SUNSHINE FOR A QUEEN'S ROBE

NEARLY every thing about the palace and the life that it housed would now perhaps seem very strange and wonderful to you, but the strangest and most wonderful thing there was the material of which the magic cloak was being made.

These soft threads Queen Alys was said to have had always in her possession. To know their softness you must touch the tip of your finger very gently to the petal of a rose. The airy filaments that the spider hangs under your window on dewy mornings are not lighter than were they. They were so bright that unless you have seen the glitter of the summer sun upon rippling waves you cannot guess their brightness; and you will have to sink a shaft deep into the mines of your imagination to draw to the surface a thought resembling their durability. That quality was everlastingness itself. Mesh and fold might disappear, but so long as the sunny hills looked into sunny skies, the softly glistening strands of the material for the Magic Cloak must endure.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

AT RARE INTERVALS SHE LIFTED THE UNFINISHED CLOTH AND DRAPED IT OVER HER SHOULDERS

Some said that these threads had been spun in that high sphere from which the feet of Queen Alys had strayed for duty's sake. Others told that she daily gathered the gauzy substance out of the earliest rays that shot across the eastern horizon. It was also reverently whispered that the material for the Magic Cloak was a gift bestowed upon her in that hour when she had resolved to help to right the world's wrongs. Another story was that because of her goodness there had been revealed to Queen Alys many hidden laws of Nature, by means of one of which she was able to produce at will these priceless fibers.

Perhaps out of this variety of explanations you will choose the one that seems the best to you; or perhaps you will bind them up together into a larger reason that may turn out to be the very best of all, and very near the truth of the matter.

Not every dweller in the palace nor every member of the court of happy children was permitted to learn to weave the fabric of the cloak. Not all were allowed to touch the work, some not to view it even. A few did not know that it existed. This was because not all were wholly worthy, and of the earnest and true-hearted many had not yet acquired that perfect skill and clear thinking about the ordinary duties in their lives that Queen Alys told them were necessary before any of the stitches upon the Magic Cloak could be taken.

All were learning, or making ready to learn, none the less, and so they were all contented there together, each in his or her little place in the harmonious life of the palace. The gentle queen devoted nearly all the hours of her days to their teaching. The palace was like a wonderful school, wherein, though the tasks were never twice the same, they were every one directed toward the learning of one single lesson. This was skilfulness of the most perfect degree, and the completion of the Magic Cloak was, of course, the supreme object of the children's training.

Daily the queen walked among her pupils, admonishing them to deeper endeavor, encouraging them by the pictures she made of victories arising out of their devotion. Often a humble beginner stepped forth at her word to receive into his hands threads of the fabric his earnest efforts had won for him the right to work upon. At rare intervals she lifted the unfinished cloth and draped it over her shoulders. They then saw a splendor and a beauty so dazzling, so different from its appearance beneath their fingers, that all common thought was hushed into an awed contemplation of something high and true. They knew then that which Queen Alys should accomplish when the garment, *by them*, should be wholly completed.

In their imaginations they could see her carrying the joy of their own lives into great cities and making them over into new centers of happy homes and friendly neighbors. They could see her following winding paths and byways through the countryside and, by means of that joy they had robed her in, bringing village and hamlet and isolated dwelling-places all together in a union of the nobler purposes of life.

"But, children dear," she would warn them, as she replaced the cloak upon the frames, ready for their needles, "if only I had the power to make you see ahead into the results of your work, you would know that by just a single untrue thought, by just a solitary stitch heedlessly taken by even one of you, the whole work may be injured beyond repair — for many dreary years I mean to say."

THE other day a ragged, barefoot boy ran down the street after a marble, with so jolly an air that he set every one he passed into a good humor; one of these persons who had been delivered from more than usually black thoughts stopped the little fellow and gave him some money with this remark: "You see what sometimes comes of looking pleased." If he had looked pleased before, he had now to look both pleased and mystified. For my part, I justify this encouragement of smiling rather than tearful children. — *R. L. Stevenson*

A BOY is better unborn than untaught. — *Gascoigne Proverb*

An Outline of Early Dutch History

THE country that we now know as Holland was the home of the Batavians at the time when it is first heard of in history. These Batavians were a brave race of people, and were not conquered by the Romans when Rome was gaining victory after victory over many of the tribes, both Celts and Teutons. They were made allies of the Roman people, and in this capacity they served in the Roman army, as the trusted life-guard of the emperor; and their island-home was made the center of departure for many a campaign.

The Batavians are not heard of after the time of the Emperor Julian, when they fought for the Empire against the inroads of the Germanic tribes. After that time they were absorbed by the Frisians, one of whose mottos was, "The Frisians shall be free as long as the wind blows out of the clouds and the world stands."

The history of Holland is always connected with that of Belgium, though the peoples of the two countries have ever been opposed in race, language, and religion. The "Belgae" were Celts, and though called the bravest of the Celts, were conquered by the Romans, and their land made a Roman province. They became Romanized, and when the Franks overpowered the Romans, the "Belgae" became part of the kingdom of the Franks.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A DUTCH HOUSEWIFE

There were continual revolts of the Frisians against the Frankish kings, until Charlemagne finally brought them under control; but even he did not interfere, without just reason, with their old traditions and customs.

Christianity was introduced at this time by monks from Britain, who also Christianized Germany. One of these monks was St. Boniface, who became the patron saint of the German Catholics. It was not an easy matter to convert the Frisians, as is shown by the story of Radbod, one of their chiefs. As he was being baptized, he suddenly asked where his dead forefathers were at that moment. When he was told that by his baptism he would be separated from them after death, he refused to continue the ceremony, and after that nothing could ever induce him to change his religion.

After the death of Charlemagne his great empire was divided among his sons. The Netherlands were at first part of the Kingdom of the Franks, but at the time of Charles the Simple, in 925, the sovereignty passed into the hands of the Emperors of the Holy Roman Empire.

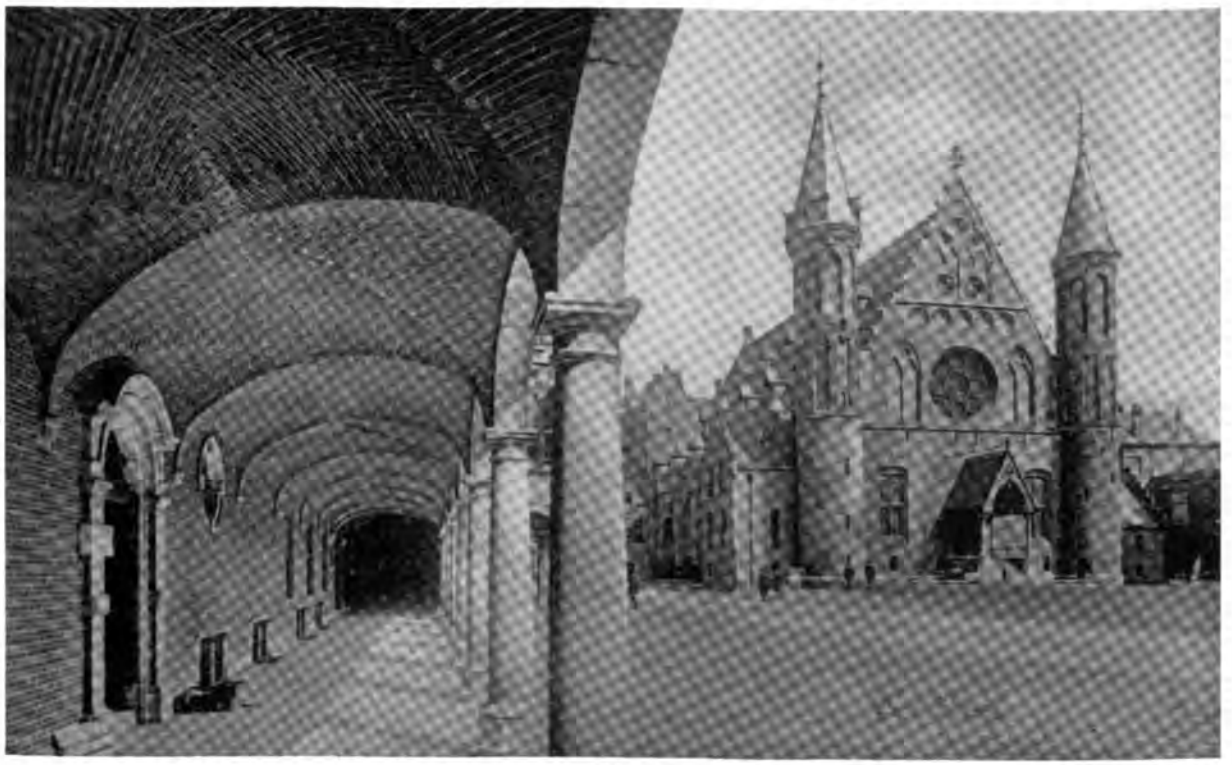
At this time, power in the Netherlands was divided among a few petty sovereigns, the most important of whom were the Count of Holland, the Duke of Brabant, the Earl of Flanders, and the Bishop of Utrecht. There was continual strife among these for supreme power, and the history of this period in Dutch history is devoid of a national aspect.

When so many of the sovereigns and nobles of Europe were going on the Crusades to Jerusalem, the towns of Holland were rapidly increasing in prosperity and power. In order to obtain sufficient money to carry on these Crusades, the nobles had to ask the towns for grants of money, in exchange for which they granted privileges and charters. These charters were carefully kept by the burghers, as the safeguards of their liberties.

Guilds or trading companies played a most important part in the life of the towns. Every freeman had to be a member of one of these companies. Membership in them was granted either after an apprenticeship of seven years or as a hereditary right. Even men of noble birth desired the privilege of being admitted to these guilds, in which lay the real control of all municipal affairs.

The towns became opulent through the trade between them and Venice and Genoa, and thence with the East: and also through the wool-trade with England. The weavers of the Netherlands were the most skilled in Europe, and woolen and linen goods were sent to all parts of the Continent. Even now there is a very fine linen called "Holland linen," which is a reminder of the great supremacy of Dutch cloth.

The freedom of the cities was, however, not enduring. Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, had inherited, besides his other possessions, the counties of Flanders and Artois in the Netherlands. Through purchase, usurpation, and seizure, he became suzerain of the seventeen provinces of the Netherlands, then considered the most prosperous part of Northern Europe. He was thus a very powerful ruler, and he adopted the idea of the "Divine Right of Kings," by which a ruler was not responsible to the people for his acts. He declared war



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

IN THE BINNENHOF, THE HAGUE, HOLLAND

The church-like structure in the background is the Hall of the Knights, where the Râja-Yoga Chorus sang on August 20th. On this historic spot some of the most eventful scenes in Dutch history were enacted.

against England, entirely contrary to the wishes and interest of Ghent and Bruges and the other centers of trade. He was defeated at an attempted siege of Calais in 1436, and this, coming on the top of Philip's other misdeeds, started an insurrection in Bruges. Philip laid siege to it, and it surrendered at last, after famine and pestilence had destroyed the larger portion of the inhabitants. Ghent also received a heavy punishment for attempting to defend its liberties against Philip.

Philip was followed by his son, Charles the Headstrong, who aimed at military despotism in Holland. The privileges were taken away from the cities, taxes unjustly levied, and the people oppressed in every way. He died in a battle with the Swiss, after three unsuccessful campaigns against them.

He was succeeded by his daughter, Mary of Burgundy. Her reign was made memorable through the granting of the "Great Privilege," called the Magna Charta of the Netherlands. This restored all the rights of the people, and though lost during the subsequent reigns, was fought for again and again until it was secured to them.

Mary's son, Philip, married Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. Their son was Charles V, Duke of the Netherlands, King of Spain, Emperor of Germany, and King of Jerusalem. This brought Spaniard and Fleming under the same ruler, which was a continual source of friction, as each was vigorously hated by the other. Equally great was the animosity between these countries and Germany.

Now began the contest, both religious and political, between Holland and Spain, which distracted the country for the rest of the century. This was the period of William the Silent, his patriotic colleagues, and his son Maurice, all of whom shared in making Holland what it was in the seventeenth century, at the height of its political, commercial, agricultural, and financial supremacy — the home of the great scientists, jurists, historians, physicians, printers, painters, and statesmen of that age.

M. H.

THE following is an extract from the Greeting sent to the International Theosophical Peace Congress at Visingsö, Sweden, last June, by the Dutch representatives at Lomaland:

Holland has sent her sons and daughters of commerce and of the arts to all parts of the world, and in the last few decades has registered herself in the hearts and minds of the nations of this earth as capable of taking a definite stand within the ranks of that august body, the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, which occupies itself with the commerce and arts of things spiritual. May this Congress be a true expression of this body, in its efforts to promote International Peace! . . .

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

WOODS OF WHITE-BARKED PINE AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT ST. HELENS
STATE OF OREGON, U. S. A.
(Photographs by Professor J. B. Flett.)

In a Cascade Mountain Forest

M. G. GOWSELL

THE silence there was like a power;
No bird or beast, nor zephyr stirred:
Through all the magic of the hour
No faintest whisper might be heard.

The air was dank, and leaves were drenched
With recent rains from western strands;
Each drop was as a diamond clenched
In dainty virgin-forest hands.

Huge fallen cedars, once the pride
Of older forests' days and nights,
Wrapt round with moss, but hale inside,
Lay slumbering midst their dream delights.

And while they slept in stillness blest,
Along their trunks in mosses bright,
The mother hemlocks found a nest
Wherefrom their babes might seek the light.

There lowland firs by limpid light,
In grandeur, and in lofty grace,
In calm, and measured peace, and might,
And silent beauty, blest the place.

Ranged midway 'twixt the white-barked pines
And where the somber cedars grow,
Stood noble firs in pillared lines
To rampart back the mountain snow.

All silent dreamed the lovely firs,
Shielded by woods of white-barked pine,
Taking the first free breath that stirs
From snow-clad peaks beyond the line.

O heirlooms of a Golden Time!
By what enchantment were ye planned
To rim your crystal lakes sublime,
The sentinels of fairyland?

Lomaland, February, 1911.

Portland's Sentinels

THE city of Portland, in the State of Oregon, is situated upon the Willamette River. Although about one hundred miles from the seacoast, this city is one of the large seaports of the Pacific Coast, the river being nearly a mile in width there, and deep enough to float large ocean steamships.

One of the striking topographical features of the country about Portland is a cordon of five majestic snow-clad mountain peaks of the Cascade Range that may be seen from the city. Though they look like so many sentinels guarding the city, nevertheless any one of them could, were it to come to life again, overwhelm this busy metropolis with as sure a destruction as Vesuvius wrought upon Pompeii and Herculaneum, for they are extinct volcanoes. Indeed, even now the fires of one of these old volcanoes, Mount St. Helens, are in daily contest with its perpetual snow-

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

"Along their trunks in mosses bright,
The mother hemlocks found a nest
Wherefrom their babes might seek the light."

cap, and so recently as 1853 it gave evidences of activity. Still earlier, it must have been more like its real self, for the Indians named it *Lou-wala-clough*, "Smoking Mountain."

Mount St. Helens is 9750 feet in elevation, while one of its brother peaks, Mount Hood, rises still higher, being 11,200 feet.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

CORINTH: ACROCORINTH, AND RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF ATHENA

Architectural Styles and their Meaning

IX

GREEK DORIC ARCHITECTURE

(*Continued*)

WE will now look more closely into the details of the Doric style, for they are worth great attention, both for their beauty and from the fact that they were designed by artists who understood the deeper meaning of what they were creating. Architecture with them was a part of the study of the Mysteries, and every rule of proportion had a profound significance. Although very little is known today of this, even the ignorant can feel the beauty and impressiveness of the few ruins that still exist. The books of an ancient Roman writer and Initiate, called Vitruvius Pollio, which have come down to us, have preserved many of the rules for building temples to the gods, and theaters for dramatic presentations, but the real canon (or rule) of proportion has been lost to the world of art. Madame Blavatsky, in her wonderful books, gives some valuable hints about the meaning and origin of architecture, and there is no doubt that the time will come when its true principles will again be taught. There is some close connexion between architecture and music; in fact, architecture has been called "frozen music."

No two of the existing Greek temples are exactly alike, and not one seems to be absolutely perfect, though the Parthenon must have been very nearly so when new. The small cut on this page gives the profile of the temple of Theseus at Athens, a Doric building which is in fair preservation. The principal features of this style, with their names, are given here.

The Doric column has no base, but there are always a few steps on which it rests. The *shaft* is fluted—that is, carved with a series of vertical channels touching each other—and the boundary lines are not straight but gently curved. This curving is one of the many similar refinements found in Greek temples; they remove all trace of mechanical rigidity and give life and variety. At the upper part of the shaft there is a well-marked nick, separating the *neck* of the column from the shaft. Next comes the *capital* with its rings or *annulets*, then the principal molding, the rounded *echinus*, with its very delicate curved outline, and, resting on this, the *abacus*, a square block. In some temples the columns are shorter than in others in proportion to their width. For instance, in the very early temple of Corinth (see illustration) the pillars are short and thick, and remind us of Egyptian work. As time passed the pillars gradually became more slender. The Parthenon was built about two hundred years later than the temple of Corinth, and its pillars are proportionately less in diameter and much more graceful.

DORIC ORDER, FROM TEMPLE OF THESEUS, ATHENS

The *entablature* is that portion of the building which rests upon the capital. Its lowest member is the *architrave*, which is quite plain in the Doric; then comes the *frieze*, the most characteristic and beautiful portion of a Doric temple. It is ornamented by channeled projections called *triglyphs*, between which are square panels, called *metopes*, carved with magnificent sculptures of gods and men. Above the frieze the cornice projects, with some enrichments on its lower surface.

Though the roofs of all the Greek temples have disappeared, and while there is a great difference of opinion as to the method by

which the lighting of the interiors was done, the *pediments* remain; these are the triangular ends standing above the porticos. They are enriched with fine sculptures of scenes from the history of the gods and heroes. The remains of the sculptures from the pediments, metopes, and the interior of the Parthenon are considered to be unsurpassable as works of art. Lions' heads and other small ornaments were placed at intervals on the roofs.

It has lately been proved that many parts of the Doric temples were beautifully painted and gilded; in fact, colored ornaments were an essential characteristic of the style. It is impossible for us to exaggerate the magnificence of a Greek Doric temple in all its glory, with its exquisite proportions, rich and harmonious coloring, and superb carvings by the greatest masters of sculpture.

A Strange Old Country

IN the southern part of Italy, on a bay famous for its beauty, lies the city of Naples, while only ten miles distant, Vesuvius' feathery plume of smoke and steam is lazily wafted away on the bright morning air.

Off the north horn of the bay the island of Ischia

NAPLES AND VESUVIUS FROM POSILIPO

stands like a sentinel, draped in a soft blue veil of mist; at the southern bend the island of Capri guards her point, enveloped in a cloak of the same color, while the bright blue waters of the Mediterranean break along the shore.

About thirty miles inland rise the Appennine mountains. What terrible and wonderful tales could these old mountains tell, were they able, of the many catastrophes that have happened to the small stretch of country which lies between them and the sea! And what would the sea reveal to us, could we roll back its waves where lie the sunken cities whose ruins we now and again catch a glimpse of as we gaze into its blue depths!

It is doubtful if in any other equally small expanse of country there has been such a history of natural convulsions as this part of Italy has witnessed. It seems to have been a land of volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, and tidal waves from time immemorial. No wonder the Greeks thought it the entrance to the infernal regions!

The land and its shores have changed and changed again since Ulysses is supposed to have sailed past the

ALONG THE QUAY OF NAPLES

Isle of the Sirens (supposed to be the Island of Capri) lashed to the mast of the vessel, and heard Parthenope and her sister Sirens sing their enchanting songs. The city that was long ago named after Parthenope is now Naples. A part of the present-day road is the old causeway between Lake Lucrene and the sea, that the Greeks believed was built by Hercules for the purpose of transporting the oxen which he took from Geryon. Cumae (the earliest of the Greek colonies, founded in 1050 B. C.), which was situated a little north of Baiae, is no more; but the ancient road inland to it from the port is still the main highway into that part of the country.

The little town of Pozzuoli, seven miles west of Naples, was a famous port in the early Roman days. In this town there rise the ruins of a temple which antedates the Romans and reaches as far back as the time when Egypt as well as Greece had access to the land. This old temple of Serapis was, at some time in the past, sunk beneath

STREET SCENE IN NAPLES

the sea for a considerable time, as its ruined pillars are deeply scarred by a little sea creature which has bored its gimlet-like holes some six inches into the marble.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

RIVIERA DI CHIAIA: NAPLES

honey-combing it for about nine feet, twelve feet above the ground, just where the floor of the sea must have settled about the submerged building.

What the other ruins are that we see when looking down through the water at the bottom of the Bay of Pozzuoli, we could only determine should the land again be lifted and they, like the Temple of Serapis, be raised once more above the sea, which is not unlikely to happen.

The Sibyl has fled long ago from her cave beside Lake Avernus. The cave is still there, but the lake has lost its deadly fumes which used to stay the flight of birds across it, and beside the lake there rises a hill which was not there at the time of Petrarch (the middle of the fourteenth century). At that time Lake Lucrene and Lake Avernus were both a part of a wide inlet used for shipping, and at an earlier date still they were craters.

The fabled entrance to the underworld is no more to be found, and those "grim spectres, Pale Disease, Hunger, Poverty, and Toil," who haunted the entrance to this dread region, according to the old Greek stories, are gone from that spot, but may be met with, alas, too often in the crowded streets of Naples.

TEMPLE OF SERAPIS, NEAR POZZUOLI

Between Naples and Baiae are several mountains of volcanic origin, active no doubt at different times during the world's history, but none at the present day show any signs of activity except the sunken crater of Solfatara, where, in crossing the crater, one can feel the thin crust "give" when any extra jar is made; caldrons of light yellow mud boil and bubble, and gases escape along the low rim and in the caves in the rocks at the side, which gases smoke and can be ignited whenever Vesuvius is particularly quiet. Old Solfatara is useful, for its mud makes an excellent cement. The last that was heard and felt from this old crater worth recording was in the twelfth century.

From the top of our island guard, Ischia, towers Monte Epomeo, the volcano of the time of the Romans. This was in eruption only about forty years ago, causing the destruction of towns and property.

CURIOUS OLD TEMPLE AT BAIAE

The hill which was not beside Lake Avernus in the time of Petrarch, rose in the sixteenth century. Amid a series of severe earthquakes and tidal waves, Monte Nuovo arose on the shores of the lake in a single night, and that which had been a hollow the previous day, was a mountain several hundred feet high, from the top of which issued fire.

Much of the hill country about this region is composed of volcanic rock called tufa, which when first quarried is soft, but hardens when exposed to the air and makes a fine building and paving stone. The soil is very rich, the climate is delightful, the natural advantages are very great, so in spite of the constant danger of living so close to such a center of volcanic action, it is hardly to be

wondered at that so many human beings are content to run the risk.

What lies on the other side of Naples towards Vesuvius is another story, quite as interesting. What this country holds of human history would take a volume to tell.

COUSIN EDYTHA

(To be concluded)

The Builders of the Alhambra

EARLY in the eighth century Spain was invaded by the Saracens, a race of people closely connected with the Arabs, usually known to us by their other name, the Moors, which was also extended to many of the kindred tribes living in the north of Africa. This Arab race was a very interesting people, and their invasion of Spain really proved a benefit instead of bringing destruction in its wake. The Spaniards offered but feeble resistance to the conquerors, being enervated by Roman civilization and the mismanagement of their former masters, the Visigoths, and little bloodshed accompanied the Moorish invasion in comparison with what attended the migrations of the Germanic tribes. Improvements followed the success of the Saracen sword, for laws and native customs were left undisturbed among those who quietly submitted, and the fall of the privileged classes made it possible for the land to be divided among the natives, who were thus enabled to cultivate it and make agriculture a flourishing industry.

For some time the Arabs were wisely tolerant of the

RECESS IN THE ALHAMBRA

religious customs of their conquered subjects. This, added to their wisdom in taxation and the relief brought the Jews by their government, as well as many improvements following their rule, caused them to be looked upon with favor, until their securely-established power led to unnecessary oppression. The latter alienated the respect, and what might have developed into the love, of their subjects. Then Granada fell.

The most interesting and profitable study of the Arabs in Spain is of what they did that was of benefit. The

THE FAMOUS HALL OF COLUMNS

Arabs were the greatest scholars of Europe at this time, and Spain became the university of Europe under their sway, for the Arabs excelled in medicine, mathematics, and the sciences. Silk-culture flourished. They also built remarkable buildings, among them the famous Alhambra, one of the most elaborate and exquisite structures ever raised by man. This palace has been most unfortunate, for it has been defaced again and again, and much of the original work was destroyed. Queen Isabella tried to restore it to its original condition, but it has never been done successfully. The name of the palace means "the Red," for it is built partly of red bricks of fine clay and gravel, and the outer walls are of this hue.

The Alhambra is beautifully surrounded with wooded grounds, filled with fountains and waterfalls and flowers in profusion. Being built on a hill, it has a noble and commanding view of the city and plain below. The decorations are unequaled in richness and variety. The Moors possessed a fanciful but delicate art in their decorations, and their patience and love of the gorgeous found ample vent in the elaborate and ornate carving and coloration of this magnificent dwelling for their luxurious sovereigns.

The courts are lofty and spacious, and ornamented with supporting pillars of marble. The ceilings are gilded and carved with unequaled intricacy. Gold and colors enliven the stucco work, and the riches of oriental looms add their splendors to rooms already as magnificent as their architects could contrive. All the courts have appropriate names, one being the Court of the Bless-

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

COURTYARD OF THE LIONS, ALHAMBRA, GRANADA, SPAIN

ing, later, of the Pond. It extends 140 feet, and is 74 in width. An extensive marble pond in the center, filled with gold-fish, gives it its name; as also that of the Myrtle Court from the graceful vines that wreathe its borders.

Airy, graceful arches seem an inherent part of Moorish architecture, and the pillars and arches are so graceful and delicate that they resemble palms, with their spreading leaves meeting overhead at the ceiling. Some of the carving represents foliage, and with the blue and gold and red, the effect is gorgeous in the extreme. The tiles in the Court of the Lions, which is one of the most celebrated, are blue and yellow, bordered with gold, and form a striking contrast with the marble pillars. The court gets its name from a large fountain in the center, which is surrounded by twelve sturdy and imposing lions. From their mouths fall the streams of water that plash and tinkle through the refreshing coolness they spread around.

In one court, five thousand stalactites are used in the formation of the roof, and the marble used in the pavement is celebrated as being without flaw or stain.

The apartments of the queen and other royal ladies were as exquisite creations as the public courts and halls, and everywhere luxurious furnishings and decorations abounded.

A wealth of legend clusters around this immense pile, and every court is connected with some particular tale. Washington Irving's charming book takes one straightway into the atmosphere of another land, and our imaginations become filled with Moorish figures and stories when we read its enchanting pages.

Fine specimens of Arabian pottery have been found, the most celebrated being a vase over four feet high, enameled in blue, gold, and white, on a white background.

It is difficult to imagine so much beauty being destroyed or defaced, but such is unfortunately the case. What remains, however, serves to justify our opinion that here all the art and ingenuity of a richly-endowed race was employed in the production of one of the rarest pieces of architecture in existence. KATE

A Veteran Pilot

CAPTAIN A. R. FISHER, the oldest of the pilots of the English Channel, has sailed the seas for nearly sixty-four years. Going to sea at fourteen and weathering all these years of exposure and physical strain, at seventy-eight he is still able to walk the bridge and pilot vessels along the devious passage of the Channel.

Captain Fisher began his career as a "hand" in a fishing smack, sailing from Greenwich to the Dogger Bank for cod. At eighteen he sailed in a fishing schooner to Iceland, after which trip he entered service on the colliers of the Thames, rising in time to the position of master of a coaling-ship of his own. Not until the age of thirty-four did he become a full-fledged pilot.

In those days pilots had to rely upon fishing smacks to call at the vessel and carry them back to the English shore after they had piloted the outward-bound ship through the dangerous waters. For this the fishermen received one pound in English money; but in these waters the weather is frequently very stormy, and it is as much as the life of the small boats are worth to take off a pilot. Hence the means of a return passage for the pilot were often very doubtful, so much so that Captain Fisher relates that he has been carried all the way to Germany no less than one hundred times, against his will. But nowadays this experience is rare, since the Government supplies a steam cutter to take the pilots off.

The work of a pilot is one requiring the most thorough knowledge of the sea-bottom and an unceasing vigilance. For this ocean-bed is not a constant quantity, but is continually changing. Not long ago a bank was found making two channels where there had previously been but one; this necessitated the changing of sixteen or eighteen buoys.

The pilot tells of one particularly heavy storm weathered off Walton-on-the-Naze. At eleven o'clock in the morning the day was almost as dark as midnight; the wind blew a terrific gale, rending the fore trysail to pieces and the waves washed away one boat entirely and smashed two others. But the pilot carried the vessel safely through the storm. On the whole, however, this hardy veteran's life has been an unadventurous one.

Those who make a sea-life their profession very frequently come to have a deep appreciation of the land, and such is the case with Captain Fisher. When questioned as to his naval experiences he invariably eludes the question and turns the conversation to the subject of his cherished rose garden, which boasts a collection of two hundred varieties of roses.

"It is what I call a perfect life," said the pilot to a friend. "Three, perhaps four, days a week on the water, amid the great business of ships that go out to sea; the rest here among the flowers and the quiet of home." M. M.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide region round. — *Barry Cornwall*

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

YACHT-RACING ON THE MERSEY, ENGLAND

The Clouds

What say the clouds on the hill and plain?
"We come, we go."

AND perhaps a little more; one could not say what, verbatim. But as they sail about, now in one fantastic shape, now in another, they do appear to tell a story of their own. "Here we are," they seem to say, "behold us, Nature's rain-givers. Without us, what would the plants and the flowers do?"

In Nature's economy clouds are indispensable. Taking all the moisture which is drawn up from the earth and condensed, but to return it again shortly in the form of rain, they exemplify the constant change and interchange of materials in Nature that is going on about us all the time.

They belong, as well, to Nature's grand architectural scheme. Like all her wonderful constructions, they can be analysed and studied, and the interest and instruction to be gleaned from each detail is boundless.

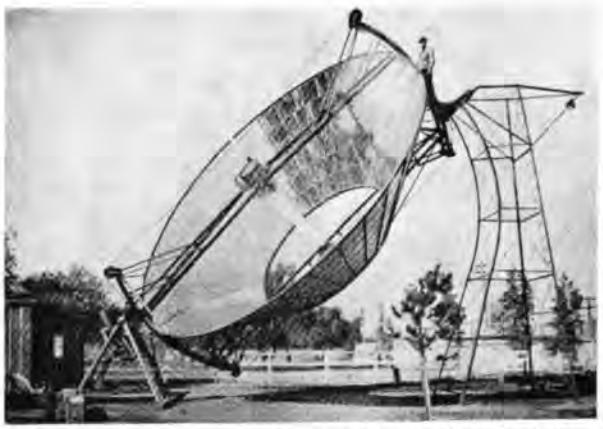
Turning to man's classification, there are four principal kinds of clouds: cumulus, cirrus, stratus, and nimbus, names which themselves perhaps suggest the formations. They are all formed in the same way, by the condensation of water vapor in high altitudes. Condensation near the earth's surface occasions fog.

CIRRUS CLOUDS, SAN DIEGO BAY

Every cloud consists of minute particles of water or ice, which have been described as "water dust." They are borne along by the currents of the air, now settling, and again moving on till they reach an unsaturated stratum of air; that is one containing no vapor. Then they are immediately evaporated. Water is, however, continually condensing and being evaporated. Hence the ceaseless change in form and position of the clouds.

An interesting form of cloud is found in the so-called "banner-cloud" which appears to hang for hours from the side of a mountain peak. The air but temporarily assumes this shape in its journey through space, having been chilled and condensed beside the mountain, only to be evaporated a little farther on.

Let us form a picture in our minds of the



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SUN-MOTOR ON OSTRICH-FARM, PASADENA, CALIFORNIA
It works a pump having a capacity of delivering 1400 gallons per minute.

More Work for the Sun

THE rays of the sun, which, we know, form the great sustaining and life-giving force in Nature, seem to have been at last harnessed by man, and put to a new task. This has been accomplished by the latest sun-power engine — the first successful type of a large number of such inventions. This engine was recently brought out by an American inventor after some ten years of careful experiment, and the exacting tests which were held have shown it to be of great practical and mechanical efficiency.

The distinctive feature of this new invention is the heat-absorbing apparatus, in which the sun's rays are focused on a set of miniature iron boilers, and in this way are made to heat the contained water to the boiling point in a short space of time.

Though it is apparent that a sun-power plant of this type must necessarily suspend business in cloudy weather, still its great usefulness in some special lines of work can be imagined. In desert countries such as Egypt, North Africa, and certain parts of the United States, Mexico, and South America, its use as a means of raising water for irrigating purposes would be of incalculable value. Large tracts of country now arid and uninhabitable could be quickly changed from their present condition into fertile and productive farm lands, and the large unhealthful swamps which now exist in some countries could be reclaimed and put to useful purposes. It is with the former end in view that the Egyptian government has contracted for the instalment of a large plant, which will be used to raise water from the Nile during the season of drought.

The clean, silent manner in which this machine performs its work is a great contrast to the conditions which the running of many such appliances necessitate, and though its use is limited in some ways, it is still to be hoped that new and numerous opportunities will be found for its application. H.

The Runes of Scandinavia

THE origin of the northern runes is a question which has never been satisfactorily solved, and indeed has been a mooted point among savants for many years. Some attempt to derive this system from the ancient Greek, Phoenician, and even Latin; others, again, seek a more ancient source, probably Asiatic. The most likely hypothesis is that these characters have existed in the North for ages, and that they, in common with all other phonetic characters, were originally used entirely as symbols of mystic and magical significance; in fact, the meaning of the word itself — *runa*, a charm or secret — points to an early symbolical origin. This makes a Latin derivation improbable.

The common or alphabetical runes are also of very great antiquity and enjoyed a wide-spread use among the ancient Scandinavians, who applied them in every conceivable way. Articles of daily use: goblets, drinking horns, weapons, ornaments of gold, silver, and bronze, as well as the furniture and woodwork in houses, were carved and decorated with runic inscriptions of divers meanings.

The longest inscriptions and those best preserved are those inscribed on the stone monuments or "runstenar." These stones exist in large numbers in many parts of the

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A RUNE-STONE FROM GOTHLAND, SWEDEN

North, especially in southern and eastern Sweden, where they were erected in great numbers during the tenth and eleventh centuries.

The runestone shown in the illustration is a good example of the later work, and is, as the contained legend tells us, a monument erected by a certain Sigmund in memory of his friends. The inscription, which is characteristic, begins near the head of the sculptured serpent and runs the entire length of its body, and though in places somewhat illegible, it can be deciphered quite easily. It runs: *Sigmudr let rasa sten eftir bruthr sina auk bro giarwa eftir Sigbjarn . . . auk at Sigralf auk at Aibjarn fathur thaira altr;* that is, "Sigmund let the stone be raised in memory of his brother and the bridge made in memory of Sigbjorn . . . and Sigralf and of Aibjorn, their aged father." Additional inscriptions, mostly illegible, are carved on other parts of the stone. Memorial stones of this kind were frequently set up to commemorate the building of bridges, roads, and other public improvements.

In the course of time the runic system underwent various changes and was eventually supplanted by the Roman alphabet. It is not entirely "dead," however, even at the present time, as it is still used occasionally by peasants in out-of-the-way districts of Sweden. B.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE VICTIMS OF A PITCHER PLANT

Some Strange Plants

ORDINARILY we think of plants and flowers as living on sunshine and dew. When we come to study them, however, we find that some very solid substances form part of a plant's food, and even flies and insects are on the ordinary menu of some. Yes, there is really a large class of insect-eating plants!

There are three principal classes of carnivorous plants: those that live in water, those in marshy places, and those on dry land. The plants do not all grow in one locality, but some grow in the Northern States, and some of them in the Southern.

The *Utricularias* are among the most common and most widely distributed. They are mainly water-plants. The particular variety we are describing has long stems, with finely dissected leaves, among which are scattered little bodies called bladders or utricles. The plant bears clusters of curiously-shaped yellow or purple flowers, sometimes as much as a foot above the water. You might think the bladders would float the plant, but if you watched one, you would soon see that those which had the most, sank lowest in the water. And a little observation will soon tell you why. These bladders, with their curious and interesting structure, ornamented with little starlike points, are really traps that catch and eat all the little water-animals within reach. Woe to the creature once caught in the voracious mouth of the bladder! Its prey never escapes, but becomes the food and sustenance of its captor.

There are several varieties of this water-plant, but they are very similar, so let us pass to the *Pinguiculas*, which grow on land.

This plant uses its leaves to catch insects. The leaves lie flat on the ground, like a rosette. They always feel moist and greasy, because of the excretion which holds the captured insects. Some varieties have purple and some, bright yellow flowers; all of them are very showy and attractive. *Pinguicula pumila* has white flowers, growing in scapes of fifteen to twenty blossoms. It is a delicate plant, and the roots are so slight that one cannot pick the flowers without pulling up the plant by the roots, and even the wind can blow them over. The leaves of this plant are very curious. There are spiral threads set along the veins and midrib. These help to curl the leaves over the unfortunate fly which has been attracted by the showy blossoms, but which the leaves, really the stomachs of the plant, have snapped up. The leaves secrete a juice, just like the stomachs of little animals, and this digests insects, and pollen too, for the benefit of the plant.

The pitcher-plant, *Sarracenie variolaris*, belongs to this class of vegetation. It has a hollow, trumpet-shaped leaf, about a foot long, with a hood arching over the opening. The leaves are brightly colored. Below the hood they are spotted with white spots, surrounded by scarlet veins. The inside of the hood is yellow, with a network of scarlet veins upon it. On one side of the leaf is a broad wing, edged with a purple cord. This cord is a very clever device of Nature's. The conspicuous bright flower attracts insects, moths, and flies, but it is the cord that holds them fast. It secretes a sweet liquid, much enjoyed by the creatures feeding upon it. As they follow the cord to the opening, they all disappear within it, never to return. This fluid intoxicates the insects so that they have no wish but to follow to their doom. They cannot climb up because the leaf is too

VENUS' FLY-TRAP HOLDING A PIN

smooth and slippery to admit of a foothold. Even when liberated, the strange effect draws them back to the leaves.

It has been observed that wasps sometimes make their nests in these leaves; they are safe because they do not drink the secretion.

If you have any of these leaves in summer, put them in a room, and see how quickly it is cleared of flies. H.

The Garden Snail

ONE does not need to be a clever detective to trace the robber who leaves a trail of slime behind him after a visit to our ripe plums upon the wall. The snail prefers the night for these excursions, not so much because he fears to be caught, but because the dew makes traveling more agreeable.

One of the most beautiful sights in Nature is a snail walking over a piece of glass. You have simply to put a snail on a piece of clear glass and look at him from the other side. Tiny ripples, beginning at the tail, appear to flow towards the head. He glides forward with a gentle, even motion; but although you can see the little wavelike movements by which he is propelled, not even the most learned naturalist can explain exactly how he manages to move along.

One very curious thing about a gliding snail is that he travels up a stone wall or down a smooth sheet of glass at precisely the same rate. He never actually touches the surface he travels over, because he pours out so much slime that it forms a thin film which separates his foot from the road he walks on. When going over coarse sand the flow of slime is far more plentiful than when he walks over a smooth surface; but, rough or smooth, he slips easily along because he always lubricates his path with slime.

Unlike many other animals who live in a hard shell, he never throws it away when he outgrows it. Every few months a growing crab casts off his old shell and retires into private life until his new suit of armor is hard enough to be a protection; but the snail simply adds on a new piece at the edge when he needs more room. Take up the first snail you find, and in the center of the spiral you can always see the little shell that covered him when first he hatched out of his eggshell. One after the other you can trace the pieces he added as he grew, and sometimes you may find a snail with as much as a quarter of an inch of soft new shell, so recently added that it is almost transparent and bends like paper under your touch. When the snail wants to enlarge his house he simply pushes out a fold of skin called his "mantle," which, as it were, perspires a kind of liquid cement. He keeps his mantle quite still until the fluid has set. You cannot help admiring the cleverness with which he has enlarged his house, and yet has no mason's bill to pay.

People whose information about animals is gained from hearsay and not from the use of their eyes, believe that snails can walk abroad with nothing on but their skins, leaving their shells behind them; but it is quite impossible for a snail to do this. Snail-like animals without shells, met with after a rain, are *slugs;* but even slugs have a very small shell hidden under the skin near their breathing-hole.

The snail possesses two pairs of sensitive feelers, with a so-called eye at the tip of each. A Swiss naturalist who has made two thousand observations on snails, says that they cannot tell the difference between darkness and light, and any one may see for himself how often the snail accidentally knocks his eye against the obstacles in his path and seems to suffer from the shock. Don't you think it is paying too much of a compliment to these little black specks to call them eyes?

Snails certainly have a good sense of smell, and travel in fairly straight lines for considerable distances after ripe fruit. If you pick up the juicy pear towards which a snail is walking, he at once shows signs of perplexity as to his proper course, and waves his feelers about as if trying to smell it in its new position. There are many good reasons for believing snails to be quite deaf, so that if you happen to see a snail outside your window while you are practising on the piano, you can go right on, feeling sure that he will not mind it in the least.

The tongue of a snail is covered with sharp teeth. Of these rows he has fourteen, and there are about a hundred teeth in each row, so we may very well call it a band-rasp. With this powerful instrument he can scrape a fruit or leaf into the softest pulp which will easily slip down his narrow throat.

Snails lay their eggs in damp corners, where you may sometimes find them while working in your garden. They lie in little round heaps as big as blackberries, and look very much like pearls. P. L.

The Pygmy Hippopotamus

ALTHOUGH we are all familiar with the huge hippopotamus of the great African rivers, which often weighs four tons and may measure as much as twelve feet in length, few people seem to have heard of its tiny relative, the pygmy hippopotamus. This little "hippo," scarcely larger than a good-sized pig, does not bathe in the rivers with a troop of merry companions, like his big cousin, but wanders singly or in pairs through the swamps and marshy forest-lands of Upper Guinea.

Although it seems a pygmy when compared with its larger relation, nevertheless this little hippopotamus is about equal in weight to four sacks of coal, or four hundred pounds.

Five of these animals were recently brought to Europe, the first that have ever been seen there. They were captured in the back country of Liberia by digging pits in their favorite haunts. They are described as being pitch-black in color, with very formidable tusks, and somewhat more graceful in shape than their larger relatives. Two of the five have been bought by the American Zoological Society. P.

Santa Catalina

SANTA CATALINA is one of the Channel Islands of California. It is a mountain range, twenty-two miles long and one to eight miles wide, which stands serene in the calm sea and may be reached after a two-hours' delightful sail from Los Angeles' port, San Pedro.

The city of Avalon, on the bay of Avalon, is situated on the landward side of the island, and thus being shut out from the ocean winds, and being bathed in California's golden sun, it has become a pleasant summer resort. It has the conveniences of a city, including the wireless telegraph, golf-links and tennis courts within easy reach among the hills, while sea-bathing is fully enjoyed.

THE EAGLE ARCH, CATALINA ISLAND

As the island is irregular, there are countless bays of varying shapes, and as the tally-ho speeds along, the ever enchanting scene of steep cliffs, great boulders, and graceful bays, high mountain, and green canyons, and blue waters sparkling in the sun, unrolls before the spectator.

Daily excursions are made by launches from Avalon to many points of interest; some of these are: the Italian Gardens, Seal Rocks, Goat Harbor, Moonstone Beach, and San Clemente Island. The calm waters of the bay of Avalon are pleasant for rowing, and still farther out, where the breezes are favorable, may be seen the white sails of numerous boats. The leaping Tuna, Albicore, Swordfish, Yellowtail, and White and Black Sea Bass, and other fish are caught in these waters. But perhaps the greatest interest in visiting Santa Catalina Island is seeing the submarine gardens. Through the bottom of a glass-bottomed boat the sea-gardens are easily seen, and among the luxuriant foliage composed of seaweeds of different shapes and colors, red, gold, and green fish of every size and shape swim leisurely about.

The admiration that people all over the world are expressing about California's places of beauty shows that her treasures are becoming more and more appreciated.

L. L.

Brief and Interesting

The Land of Babel

The province of Daghestan in the southern Caucasus is remarkable for the extraordinary heterogeneity of its population. In this small region, no larger than the State of Connecticut, there are more than twenty distinct languages spoken, and the linguistic areas are themselves so isolated and clearly defined that it is possible to come in contact with three or four different tongues in the course of a single day's travel. One town of fifty or sixty houses possesses a private language of its own, which is neither understood nor used anywhere else in the whole district.

The racial peculiarities exhibited by the various peoples are also very striking, some tribes being distinctly European, others clearly of Asiatic origin. In the former are to be found individuals who would pass anywhere for Scotsmen, Germans, English, or Italians; while the latter furnish representatives of the Arabs, Tatars, Jews, Persians, Armenians, and Mongols. Among the few Christian tribes in the region is one which is said to be descended from the remnants of the old Crusaders. Members of this tribe still preserve the ancient armor and coats of mail, which are worn on ceremonial occasions.

Paper and its Uses

The last few years have witnessed an enormous development in the use and manufacture of paper. Among the articles now made from paper and wood pulp are: clothing, artificial silk, furniture, rope, cord, flooring, barrels, tubs, pails, waterpipes, board for building purposes, paneling, tiling, bottles, cups, window-panes, and even car-wheels, screws, hammers, and saws. These paper saws have been used in Europe, and are remarkable for the fine finish which they produce on wood. In France companies are contracting to make entire houses of paper — walls, roof, and all.

The greatest excellence in the manufacture of paper itself has, however, been attained in Japan, where it is produced in a great variety of different forms, some strong enough to withstand the wear of several years' use, others waterproof, others again, transparent, etc.

Food seems to be the only article not included in the

list, though this does not seem impossible in view of the recent production of sugar from sawdust.

The Plastic Art in Newspaper Work

When, in these days of ever-widening realms in applied and technical science, practice surpasses theory, the world is naturally amazed and delighted that another step forward has been taken.

Such a thing happened two years ago, when Dr. Mertens of Germany completed his extraordinary invention, by which he transferred the noble art of copper-plate printing to the "Worldpress," i. e. the daily newspaper.

The present method of printing our illustrations, the half-tone reproductions of photographs, requires the finest quality of calendared (glossy) paper to get a clean and beautiful impression, and the finer and smoother the paper stock is, the closer may be the screen used in transferring the photograph to the copper surface; but in newspaper work only the coarsest of screens can be used, on account of the rough surface of the ordinary newspaper stock, as otherwise the picture would be but a blur. Now in Dr. Mertens' process of engraving, a screen is also used, but no trace of it is obvious to the eye in the printed picture, for, while in our present method the picture lies on the surface of the copper, in relief, in the new method the entire picture lies below the surface, screen and all, just as in any steel or copper engraving, and the wiping-off of the surplus ink is in this process accomplished by the ingenious arrangement of a knife.

The result is truly amazing and beautiful in ordinary newspaper printing, as is shown by the publications of the various establishments in Germany which have already adopted the new process. The shades, from the high lights to the deeper tones, are beautifully and softly graded, and are a delight to the beholder.

Although the printing of the texts and the illustrations is done in one operation on a high-speed rotating press, each is on a separate roller; the former as in ordinary newspaper printing, and the latter on a solid iron roller with a mantle of copper forced on it by hydraulic pressure, on which the engraving is copied from a photographic film, then developed and etched in by a triple or quadruple process, according to the depth of tone required.

The high-speed printing presses adopted for this marvelous invention are manufactured at Mülhausen, Alsace, and are fed automatically from rolls of paper. K.

Something about Rare Metals

Twenty-five years ago Edison invented the incandescent electric lamp. This lamp uses a tiny thread of carbon for a filament; but this carbon is not economical, as it converts too much electricity into heat instead of light; indeed the carbon filament is said to waste more energy than an ordinary steam engine. Men searched everywhere for a metal which would replace the carbon, but until recently they could find none to stand so high a temperature.

With the help of the electric furnace a metal has been furnished which exactly fills this requirement. Because it has always been so difficult to obtain, scientists called this metal Tantalum; to melt it 5300 degrees Fahrenheit of heat are required. It is so hard that a diamond drill, running at 5000 revolutions per minute, cannot pierce it: consequently it is very useful for drilling purposes.

Another rare metal which is now made much cheaper, is Tungsten. This metal melts at 5500 degrees Fahrenheit and is also employed in incandescent lamps.

Other rare metals, which are being brought within the reach of man by means of intense heat, are Cerium, Thorium, Chromium, and Vanadium.

How Glass Is Made

There is no place so well worth a visit as a glass-factory. If we think for a moment, we shall see to how great an extent glass adds to the comforts of life.

The first thing noticed in the glass factory is the mixing-room in which are placed big boxes or troughs on rollers, each of which holds a mass of white sand, lime, soda, or potash, with certain metals, which, when added, give to the glass the various colors which it will assume when made up. A great amount of red lead is used in making glass, so that the method of dealing with it occupies much attention at the factory.

The cars holding the raw substances are rolled out from time to time to the mouths of great furnaces, into which their contents are shoveled. In front of the mouths or openings of the furnaces, stand the glass-blowers, holding long hollow tubes, or pipes. The ends of these they plunge into the molten liquid, to which some of it adheres. The man then blows into the tube and causes the mass of cooling glass to assume certain shapes, or he plunges it into a cast-iron mold at his feet. From this it will emerge, in time, in the form of a useful bottle, or a drinking-glass. The molds used are of every possible shape and size. But the best work of all is that which the man performs by the aid of a few small tools, such as a pair of nippers, a pair of tongs, and a few other small things.

Glass that is to be cut, is taken to the cutting room, quite smooth and plain, and it is there marked, with red lead, with the design which the artist has decided on. The cutter sits in front of a little iron wheel, revolving rapidly, and presses the article lightly against it, with the result that the surface is beautifully cut in the way required. (Transcribed from *Pitman's Shorthand Weekly*)

The Largest Crab

The largest crab in the world is a specimen of a giant spider-crab from Japan. It is now at the Museum of Natural History in New York. The spread of the legs or arms, counting the pincers, is nearly twelve feet. The body is about the size of a large dinner-plate. This monster crab inhabits the sea and islets about Japan, and is known to exist at a depth of over two thousand feet.

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Monthly

Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Department

SPRINGTIME IN LOMALAND

Young Râja-Yoga Students Gathering Flowers for the Decoration of their School-rooms

Vol. X No. 3 MARCH 1914 10 Cents a Copy

The Râja-Yoga College

(Non-Sectarian)

Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, Foundress and General Directress

The Râja-Yoga system of education was originated by the Foundress as a result of her own experience and knowledge. Râja-Yoga is an ancient term: etymologically it means the "Royal Union." This term was selected as best expressing in its real meaning the purpose of true education, viz: the balance of all the faculties, physical, mental and moral.

The Building of Character

One of the most important features of this system is the development of character, the upbuilding of pure-minded and self-reliant manhood and womanhood, that each pupil may become prepared to take an honorable, self-reliant position in life.

In the younger as in the older pupils, the sense of individual responsibility and personal honor is aroused.

The Pupils

The Râja-Yoga College comprises two general departments of instruction: (1) The Râja-Yoga Preparatory School and Academy, for boys and girls respectively (separate buildings). (2) The College proper, for students following the collegiate courses.

The Studies

The studies range from the elementary to those of a university course, including the following: Literature, Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Surveying, Mechanical Electrical and Civil Engineering, Law, the fine Arts, Music, Industrial Arts, Practical Forestry and Horticulture, Domestic Economy, etc.

The Teachers

The staff of teachers is formed of men and women specially trained for their duties by long experience in scholastic work, and is composed of graduates of European and American Universities, and of specialists in other lines.

Directors

REV. S. J. NEILL — GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT, B. SC., M. D.

Assistant Directors

PROFESSOR W. A. DUNN — MRS. W. A. DUNN

Headmaster of the Boys' Department
H. T. EDGE, B. A. (Cantab.), M. A.

Head Teacher of the Girls' Department
MRS. W. A. DUNN

For information, address

THE SECRETARY, RAJA-YOGA COLLEGE

Point Loma, California

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Monthly

Conducted by a Staff of the Students of the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, California

Published under the direction of Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, December 27, 1904, at the Post-Office at Point Loma, California, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879

Subscription $1.00; Copy 10 Cents

Foreign Postage 35 Cents extra, Canadian 25 Cents

VOL. X MARCH 1914 No. 3

The Art of Life

AND what is the "Art of Life"? The answer is half-way on the road to acquiring it. Life is a vast subject, and what must the art of it be? Surely something all-embracing, yet simple, too, for one of the great secrets of Life is simplicity.

Might not the "Art of Life" be the secret of making it "real"? "Ah," you say, "Life is only too real for some people." And do you think that what you refer to is the "real" Life? Is it not rather an awful shadow in place of the bright and helpful existence that there should be?

"Life is real! Life is earnest!" wrote the poet, and in truth it is; but more than that, it is a sacred trust and ours to fulfil. And the "Art of Life" is the power to meet that trust, to bring to it the noblest and best in our natures, and by going to their very depths to reveal treasures, the existence of which we knew not.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

LIGHT AND SHADOW ON THE PACIFIC

Not for ourselves, but for others is this quest; therein lies its power. The desire to make of Life a thing all beautiful, pure, noble, and uplifting, and that we may benefit others, is the source of its strength. The art consists not in the way we are successful materially in what we undertake, for such success is too often but the merest sham, a thing all illusive; it is not the power to do something better than another when that power is made to serve for our personal advancement instead of being made a blessing to others; in short, it is not the "glamor of Life" that we are seeking. No, no! Life was meant for more than that, and the art of living it truly will be found only on that road that leads to the peace and harmony of right thought and action.

True art exists where there is harmony, and this can be only when there are no jarring notes. Every act, every word, and every thought must ring true. We are the artists — musician, painter, sculptor, poet, whatever we wish — and Life is ours to prove our art; ours to fashion with thoughts of diamond purity, to make each one perfect in its symmetry, a force for good from the very moment of its creation; ours to teach our words what they should be, to cherish them as messengers we would not send upon a needless journey, but which, once there is the need, we would never spare in the service of another; and ours to complete by deeds that shall reflect the spotless purity of our thoughts, and proclaim our divine birthright — the heritage of all men, whether they are conscious of it or not.

Such art can admit of no imitation. It is not the shadow but the substance. It is "real," it is "earnest." To live thus is to make Life all that it was meant to be; to live thus is to have learned the "Art of Life" itself.

Rhythm and Life

THE word rhythm is one that comes constantly into use in our daily vocabulary, especially if we are studying music, but how many of us ever stop to think of the deeper meaning of the word? We hear a stirring march played by a brass band. Our ear is instantly attracted by the sound, and we stop to listen. Even the distant beating of a drum will produce the same effect. It is the strong rhythm that appeals to us, and it will appeal even to one who thinks he has no ear for music. Indeed, rhythm was the first element in music to be developed, and its force is recognized and used among many of the savage tribes of Africa who are ignorant of music as we know it.

These facts prove to us that rhythm has a much deeper and more potent force than we realize. Indeed, it is a part of life itself, for whatever draws us towards itself with an almost irresistible force must have its counterpart in our own natures.

To the ancient Greeks, from whom we have borrowed the word, rhythm signified *measured motion* — *proportion* — and was connected with the word *ruma*, a flowing stream. The Greeks realized that rhythm is a fundamental fact in nature and in life, and that, just as the stars and planets perform their revolutions with a regular, unerring rhythm, causing corresponding changes in earth-life, so do human beings, when their lives are perfectly balanced and harmonious, move rhythmically.

IN THE ISIS CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AT THE RĀJA-YOGA COLLEGE, POINT LOMA

Now this does not necessarily apply to the mere physical movement: that is but one phase of rhythm. There is a much wider application which each of us must think out for himself before we can truly understand and utilize its force.

When we are studying music, that is, really *studying*, are we content to play the notes of a piece through in any kind of time, hesitating over the difficult passages, playing this phrase a little faster because it comes more easily to our fingers, skipping over that one, and leaving out half the notes, or losing several beats in another part, because we cannot reach the chords? No! If we are true students we are not at all satisfied with this state of things. We work along carefully, patiently, intelligently, with a certain rhythmic steadiness which never falters, until all these difficulties have been thoroughly mastered, and then, if we concentrate, putting all of ourselves into the music, the rhythm takes care of itself.

Now, if we were true students of life, we should see that these same principles apply to everything we do. Of course there are some things that we like to do better than others; but it is in the doing of duties we think we do not like, and still more in the between-times, that the rhythm of the day is broken.

Let us suppose that we are striving to discover this force of rhythm, that we are trying to *live* in every task that we perform, to send a living force, the rhythm of life, through each duty as its turn comes to be done. Then the next thing to do is to carry that force on from one line of activity to the next without break. What is the result? Why, a transformation has taken place in our whole life! No more disagreeable duties, no time wasted, no more trifling, useless talk! No! the new force which we have discovered in ourselves, like a stream of radiant light, has illumined each day, linking it to the previous days and those which are to come. It carries us along in its steady current, and opens out a vista of possibilities of which we never dreamed in former days. F. S.

I LOOKE on this life as the progress of an Essence Royal. The Soule but quits her courte to see the countrey.
Cornelius Agrippa

FOR honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age. — *Book of Wisdom*

DOST thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of. — *Benjamin Franklin*

Man and Nature

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, the great Theosophist, a noted writer and the editor of a Theosophical magazine for many years in New York, and who was a co-worker with Madame H. P. Blavatsky, gave some telling words to his readers in an article entitled "Universal Application of Doctrine." The following is an excerpt:

"How much have you thought upon the effect of Karma upon the animals, the plants, the minerals? Have you been so selfish as to suppose that they are not affected by you? Is it true that man has no responsibility upon him for the vast numbers of ferocious and noxious animals, for the deadly serpents and scorpions, the devastating lions and tigers, that make a howling wilderness of some corners of the earth, and terrorize the people of India and elsewhere? . . . As the Apostle of the Christians said, it is true that the whole of creation waits upon man, and *groans that he keeps back the enlightenment of all.*

"What happens when, with intention, you crush out the life of the smallest thing? Well, it is destroyed and you forget it. But you brought it to an untimely end, short though its life would have been. Imagine this being done in a hundred thousand places in the State! Each of these little creatures had life and energy, each some degree of intelligence. The sum-total of the effect of the deaths of wantonness must be appreciable. If not, then our doctrines are wrong, and there is no wrong in putting out the life of a human being.

"Let us go a little higher to the bird kingdom and that of four-footed beasts. Every day in the shooting season in England vast quantities of birds are killed for sport; and in other places such intelligent, inoffensive animals as deer. These have a higher intelligence than insects, a wider scope of feeling. Is there no effect, under Karma, for all these deaths? And what is the difference between wantonly killing a deer, and murdering an idiot? Very little, to my mind. Why is it, then, that even refined women will enjoy the recital of a bird or deer hunt? It is their Karma, that they are the descendants of long generations of Europeans who some centuries ago, with the aid of the Church, decided that animals had no souls, and therefore could be wantonly slaughtered."

"There Is No Place for Cruelty"

THE very smallest animals are entitled to their meed of kindly consideration. . . . All animals, "great and small," were created for some useful purpose, which scientific investigation is gradually unraveling to our view.

. . . . . .

The balance of Nature is wonderfully sustained by the Hand that created every living creature after its kind. There is no place for cruelty even to the lowliest.

J. H. Crabtree, F. R. P. S.

The Milan Bird-Cages

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON

1485 — 1885

JUST four hundred years ago
(You may like to know),
In a city old and quaint,
Lived a painter who could paint
Knight or lady, child or saint,
With so rich a glow,
And such wondrous skill as none
In the Land of Art had done.

Should you ever chance to take
(As you will) a foreign tour,
Milan you will see, I'm sure,
For the Master's sake,
And be shown, in colors dim,
One grand picture drawn by him —
Christ's *Last Supper*. If your eyes
Fill, while gazing, no surprise
Need be either yours or mine,
O'er that face divine.

Then in Paris if you go
To the great Louvre Gallery, where
Miles of paintings make you stare
Till your eyes ache, they will show
As they point the finest out,
One the world goes mad about —
Such a portrait, all the while
How it haunts you with its smile,
Lovely *Mona Lisa!* she
Can't be bought for gold, you see;
Not if kings should come to buy,
Let them try!

Oft the Master used to go
(Old Vasari tells us so)
To the market where they sold
Birds, in cages gay with gold,
Brightly tipped on wing and crest,
Trapped just as they left the nest.
Thither went he day by day,
Buying all within his way,
Making the young peasants glad,
Since they sold him all they had;
And no matter what his store,
Counting birds and cages o'er,
He was always buying more.

"Wherefore buy so many?" Well,
That's just what I'm going to tell.
Soon as he had bought a bird,
O'er his upturned head was heard
Such a trill, so glad, so high,
Dropped from out the sunny sky
Down into his happy heart;
Filling it as naught else could —
Naught save his beloved Art —
Full of joy, as there he stood
Holding wide the wicker door,
Watching the bright captives soar
Deep into the blue. You see
Why he bought so many: He
Did it just to set them free.

Love I Leonardo so
For his splendid pictures? — No!
But for his sweet soul, so stirred
By a little prisoned bird. — *Selected*

In the Silence

R. W. STODDARD

HOW are songs begot and bred?
How do golden measures flow?
From the heart or from the head?
Happy Poet, let me know.

Tell me first how folded flowers
Bud and bloom in vernal bowers;
How the south wind shapes its tune —
The harper, he, of June.

None may answer, none may know;
Winds and flowers come and go,
And the self-same canons bind
Nature and the Poet's mind.

Selected

The Worth of Knowledge

OF all the instruments with which Nature has endowed man, probably one of the most wonderful and serviceable is the human mind. This is an instrument, the scope of whose capacity for achievement but few of our greatest thinkers have fathomed, and the variety and power of whose activity perhaps none of us fully know. But what we do know of the powers of the human mind is sufficient to cause us to place a very high value upon it as a factor in our daily life. So much is this the case that we very readily fall into the opinion that it is the sole instrument requisite to the acquirement of the most prized treasures of that realm of wonder termed Knowledge.

Yet a faint and glimmering realization has entered the mind of many a student, at one time or another as he advanced along the path of sincere and deep study, that other faculties besides mind are involved in his deepest researches after truth in whatever form. The first whispered suggestions of this conclusion come in many ways, of which one particularly is common to all. For example: Have not very many of us discovered that we can be thoroughly cognizant of any given fact or precept *mentally* without *knowing* anything about the actual matter to which that fact pertains? Thus we may ask a youth, who has never indulged in aquatic sports, to define "swimming," and from descriptions and accounts he has read, he may be able to give us a very satisfactory definition of that exhilarating sport. But does he know what swimming is if he has never learned to swim himself; does he know anything of the healthy stimulation of the exercise, the refreshing coolness of the sea waves or the waters of the lake; does he know the fascinating excitement of diving, racing, etc? No! all these features of the sport are outside his experience, and hence he cannot rightly be said to know what swimming is. This is one example of mental perception which is not knowledge.

Again, is it not a common experience that the longer and more deeply we study, the more fully does our knowledge become *ours?* Yet this only transpires in so far as we study with our whole self. It has indeed been

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

WESTERN APPROACH TO MAIN BUILDING OF THE RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

REAR VIEW OF TEMPLE ON STAGE OF GREEK THEATER, POINT LOMA

the experience of many, that in their studies they pass through two distinct stages: the first, that of absorbing certain facts *mentally;* the second, a maturing, germinating process going on through months and years, in which the facts absorbed seep into the very nature and being of the student, and become *himself*. As a result of the last process, the student finds himself one fine day uttering as his own thoughts and ideas which come from the very deepest and most earnest part of himself, and which are the refined and re-created product of that raw material which he took in mentally so many months before.

Now this conception that we have to make facts *our own — part of ourselves* — before we really *know* them, is a most vital feature in true development; once really grasped it is calculated to revolutionize our intellectual studies and our character development. We come to appreciate the fact that studies of all kinds are only profitable in so far as they are inwardly digested, actually assimilated; with which realization comes the ultimate revelation, that to assimilate a fact, a concept, or a principle, is to *live* it. And from these two conclusions as a crowning deduction comes the truth that *we are only what we achieve.* And if ever concept were precious, this one is priceless, is one of Life's secrets. Know this, and you will relegate "opinions," "criticisms," and "views" you have been wont to hold about arts, sciences, or what not, to a distant and appropriate dust heap, for you will know that you can only pronounce an opinion on that which you have made your own. And this task of "achieving," of making conquest of the realm of knowledge, will be so huge that you will deem it a sacrilege to the highest that is in you to dream of criticizing the efforts of any other along lines of any art or science whatsoever. But if you are a sincere student, that which you know will be *knowledge,* so that, whether you utter any word or not, deep down in your heart of hearts the false will stand clear of the true, as black stands forth from white.

The end of all this reasoning is, that Knowledge is Character — I know only that which I am. Has my life been an unwavering striving for human perfection, a sincere and constant self-conquest? Then my being is wrought along the lines of sincerity, my mind is sincere, its desire for knowledge is sincere; hence the knowledge that comes to it finds a fertile soil, sinks deep, readily sprouts and yields a harvest which is pure grain and can sustain not only myself but all those

whom I contact. This, surely, is the secret of the really great man, the man whose presence is *needed* by Nature and by mankind. He may not have learned more than you or I intellectually, but what he has learned he *knows*, for his Knowledge is *Himself*.

Our first great Theosophic Leader sounded the keynote of all these thoughts long ago when she said, "Seek, O beginner, to blend thy mind and soul." M.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE RÂJA-YOGA STRING QUARTET

The World's Great Age Begins Anew

Stanzas selected from *Hellas*.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

THE world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn:
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far;
A new Peneus rolls his fountains
Against the morning star.
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies.
A New Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

. . . . .

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendor of its prime;
And leave, if naught so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

VORACIOUS learning, often overfed,
Digests not into sense her motley meal;
This bookcase, with dark booty almost burst,
This forager on others' wisdom, leaves
Her native farm, her reason, quite untilled. — *Young*

What the World Says About Our Râja-Yoga Institution

BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF

Second Article

IN the first Special Peace Congress Number of the RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER — issue of June, 1913 — we gave our readers quite a representative selection of commendatory statements of our Râja-Yoga Institution by noted writers, musicians, travelers, statesmen, business men, and educationalists throughout the world. This course we shall continue from time to time.

Though we make no secret of the fact that we are proud of our Râja-Yoga College, and grateful to its Foundress-Directress, Katherine Tingley, and her able corps of unsalaried teachers and helpers; yet (as any fair-minded reader must admit after scanning the following article) *observers have said even more in praise of Katherine Tingley's methods of education and their results than have the exponents of the same — foundress, teachers, and students.*

Since our first article under this heading appeared, many important events have taken place in the history of the Râja-Yoga Institution. In the first place, the group of twenty-four delegates from the Râja-Yoga College, who accompanied Madame Tingley to Europe to participate in the International Theosophical Peace Congress, have finished their tour and returned to Lomaland. As our regular readers are more or less familiar with the leading activities of the great International Theosophical Peace Crusade of 1913, we shall not go into details on that subject here, except in so far as they properly come under the heading of this article.

It really does not matter in what part of the world the Râja-Yoga work is brought out: its merits are plain to all humanity; it appeals to every lover of the good, the true, and the beautiful.

As most of the work of the "Râja-Yogas" (as the students of our College have come to be called) in the International Theosophical Peace Crusade of 1913 was in the musical line, nearly all the extracts concerning that work refer to this special department of the Râja-Yoga curriculum. While of course music is a very important feature of the Râja-Yoga system, it is by no means the only feature, as later extracts will clearly show.

In the spring of 1913, Professor Daniel de Lange, Founder-Director of the Amsterdam Conservatory of Music in Holland, and one of the foremost musical authorities and critics in Europe, made an extended visit to California with the expressed object of studying the musical training given under Katherine Tingley's Râja-Yoga system at the Isis Conservatory of Music (a department of the Râja-Yoga College at Point Loma, California). Writing from San Diego on March 6, 1913, to the editor of one of the leading monthlies in Holland, Professor de Lange said in part — we quote from an authorized translation of the letter, as published in Dutch:

It stands to reason that I, as a composer and musician, gave

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, AMSTERDAM
Founded by the eminent Dutch musician and critic,
Professor Daniel de Lange

my particular interest to that part of the Râja-Yoga system which Katherine Tingley has brought to such a grand success along all lines. . . .

First: I did not come here with any idea that the outer side, the technique and the practice of music, had a higher achievement here than in the musical centers of Europe.

Second: I did have the intention to investigate very seriously whether, through an education such as is given here, music can become a part of the inner life for every one.

As an explanation of these two points it may serve to say that as regards the first I am of opinion that at this moment the development of music has reached a point of virtuosity so high that it can with difficulty be surpassed. . . . The musical art of today is the exact picture, the faithful reflection of the era through which we have passed. *The art at Point Loma is the opening of the new school and destined to be the art of the future.* [Italics ours. Edts.] "The day is breaking in the East," says an old song, but that daybreak in the East will come to us through the light that shines for us in the far West, over the beautiful hills of Lomaland. There it shines already in increasing glory, clearness, and purity. . . .

Listening there, performing with the others, one realizes how music and all art is with them an expression of their inner life and the highest aspirations of their hearts, resulting in the harmony and unity of endeavor and action that is so manifest as the keynote of the life of the Lomaland students. . . .

It has become clear to me that no change or amelioration can or must be brought about in the technical teaching of music. What is needed is a new basis for education and general development of the student — whether adult or child — such as is to be found only in Katherine Tingley's Râja-Yoga system. Only by providing such a basis can the missing link or, so to speak, the "Lost Word" in musical training be supplied — missing and lost, that is, from the modern musical world, even from the great musical conservatories of Europe, but supplied and taught in the Râja-Yoga system at Point Loma. . . . *There has been developed a quality of mutual sympathy and unity among both old and young at Lomaland which has made possible in the performance of music such results as highly gifted artists elsewhere seek in vain.* [Italics ours. Edts.]

Coming from such an eminent authority in one of the leading musical centers of Europe, we feel justly proud in placing the above extract at the head of our second article in the series, "What the World Says about our Râja-Yoga Institution."

A Great Statesman on Good Manners

AT the closing exercises of the Royal Grammar School, Guildford, England, last year, the guest of honor was Lord Rosebery, who addressed the students upon the value of good manners as an asset to a young man starting out upon the highway of life.

His lordship called attention to the importance attached to courtesy and good manners in the early days of English society, and that provisions for cultivating such civilities were made when the English statutes were framed over three hundred years ago. "Honesty and cleanliness of life, genuinely decent speech, humility, courtesy, and good manners, were to be established by all good means." He pointed out that even before these statutes had been drawn up, that early educator of Britain, William of Wykeham, the founder of Winchester School and of New College, Oxford, recognized the necessity of cultivating the amenities of life in the young. Continuing, the speaker said, as reported in *The Weekly Scotsman* of August 2, 1913:

But, at any rate, it is well for us in this twentieth century to know the emphasis laid by your founders on courtesy and good manners.

Why did these men of the early seventeenth century emphasize courtesy and good manners? I take it for two reasons: first, that they were models of courtesy and good manners themselves. The men of the seventeenth century were, I suspect, the greatest breed of Englishmen that England has ever produced, partly because they possessed good manners themselves, and partly because they realized the enormous importance of courtesy and good manners in the common transactions of life. . . .

Good manners are the spirit of charity towards your fellowmen, a part of your duty to your neighbors, but also a sign of self-respect. A man who respects himself is always well-mannered to others. [Italics ours. Edts.]

I think there has been a decay of manners in England and Scotland and all over the world. It is not limited to our own people by any means. You see it on the Continent just as much.

But depend upon it, it is a bad sign. If people have not the spirit of reverence themselves, even if it be only an outward reverence, they are not going the right way, but possibly going the wrong. . . .

Manners have an enormous commercial value in life. I sometimes wonder why it is not harped on more on these occasions. No one can have lived as long as I have without noticing the weight and value of manners in the ordinary transactions of life, in public life. I have seen men by appearance and manners get such a start of very much abler fellows that they have been able by appearance and manners to keep their place much higher in public life than their own abilities or service would entitle them to. Of course, we can't all go into public life, but we all go into some business. At least we boys, with whom I identify myself for a very pleasant moment, we boys have to go into some calling and business of life. I am sure there is not a man or lady in this hall of over thirty years of age who has some practical knowledge of the affairs of life, who won't tell the boys of the enormous advantage given them by good appearance and good manners. Good appearance, you may say, is not at our command. There I do not agree. Good looks are not at our command. They are the gift of the gods, and are the possession only of a small percentage of mankind. But good appearance, manly appearance, an appearance without self-consciousness, which is the most disagreeable feature perhaps of all appearance, is within the command of everybody in this room and everybody outside. So much for appearance. But let us take manners, which, I think, are of even more importance.

Say three boys are applying for the same situation. One may be a monster of learning; the other may not be half so good a boy; but still the third may not have the abilities of either, but if he has good manners, instead of grunting an answer like the first one or giving no answer like the second, only an articulate sound, but gives a clear, respectful, not cringing, but respectful, answer to the question asked him, it is ten to one on him against the other two. I won't put my appeal for manners on the higher consideration, such as sure signs of a noble nature expressed in outward form, though that is true enough. I will only put it today on the question of the commercial value of manners, and I ask every boy who hears me to bear away with him in mind the enormous value of manners from this day onward through his life, and they will give him a value which he will never possess without them, and give him a start over other boys who neither strive to nor attain good manners. I come here to give the best advice I can, as the proof of long experience of life.

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

POLITENESS induces morality. Serenity of manners requires serenity of mind. — *Julia Ward Howe*

A Creed

ANONYMOUS

LET me be a little kinder,
Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me,
Let me praise a little more;
Let me be, when I am weary,
Just a little bit more cheery,
Let me serve a little better
Those that I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver
When temptation bids me waver,
Let me strive a little harder
To be all that I should be;
Let me be a little meeker
With the brother that is weaker,
Let me think more of my neighbor
And a little less of me.

Let me be a little sweeter,
Make my life a bit completer,
By doing what I should do
Every minute of the day;
Let me toil without complaining,
Not a humble task disdaining,
Let me face the summons calmly
When death beckons me away. — *Selected*

The Story of Taliesin

Retold from *The Mabinogion*

LONG ago there was a youth who was so ill-favored that his mother, Caridwen, wished him to have great wisdom, to make up for his lack of beauty. So Caridwen, who was herself a very wise woman, began to use her magic to win wisdom for her son, and in order that he might forsee all that was to happen, she put on the fire a great pot of herbs, called a caldron of inspiration. She placed a boy named Gwion Bach to stir the caldron, and a blind man, Morda, to keep the fire burning beneath it, while she gathered magical herbs and sang spells over it at certain hours every day. Caridwen knew that after a year and a day three drops of Inspiration would come to the top of the caldron, and these magic drops would make her son a prophet.

One day near the end of the year, while Gwion was stirring the caldron, three drops flew out and fell upon his finger. On feeling the pain he instinctively put his finger to his mouth; and the moment that the charmed drops touched his lips, he became possessed of the great gift intended for Caridwen's son — he could see everything that was to come.

He immediately fled, in fear of Caridwen, who soon

began to pursue him. He quickly turned himself into a hare, so as to run more swiftly, whereupon she changed herself into a greyhound and followed him; then he ran into a river and took the form of a fish, but she, in the form of an otter, swam after him. So he turned himself into a bird, while she, as a hawk, followed him still; and she almost caught him, but he dropped down into a pile of wheat grains and became one of them. Then Caridwen took the form of a hen, and scratched among the grains until she found him, when she put him into a leathern bag and threw him into the sea; and this was on the 29th of April.

At this time there was a young man named Elphin, who had always been extremely unlucky. His father, Gwyddno, who was a great lord, hoping that his unfortunate son might at last have some good luck, permitted him to draw a net in the weir near his castle; for every year on May Eve there was drawn from this weir the value of one hundred pounds. When Elphin went to the weir he saw nothing but a leathern bag; the men who guarded the weir opened the bag, and when they saw the boy's face, one of them exclaimed, "Behold a radiant brow!" "He shall be called 'Taliesin,'" said Elphin. Then they returned to the castle. Soon the child began to sing to Elphin, and assured him that, small as he was, he would be of great service to Elphin.

This was Taliesin's first song, and what he promised came true. Elphin's misfortunes seemed ended, and he became rich and was favored by the king. Elphin's wife took care of Taliesin until he was thirteen years old, when he went with Elphin on a Christmas visit to the castle of Maelgwn Gwynedd, Elphin's uncle.

One day they heard the knights and squires saying what a great king Maelgwn was, what grace and strength he had, how beautiful and good his queen was! They also spoke of the bravery of his warriors, and the wisdom of his many bards. No king was so strong, no queen so fair and good, no knights so fearless, and no bards so wise, said they, as Maelgwn's. Then Elphin spoke, declaring that no lady in the land, not even the queen, was better than his wife, and that the king had not one bard as skilful as his, meaning Taliesin.

The king caused Elphin to be imprisoned for this boasting, and proceeded to test the truth of his words by sending his son, Rhun, a most wicked man, to watch Elphin's wife, to see if she always acted like a good wife. But Taliesin hastened to his mistress and advised her to hide herself and let Rhun see one of her maids instead of herself. So the maid, richly dressed and adorned with jewels, pretended to be Elphin's wife, and when Rhun came and watched her, he soon saw that she was not so good as Elphin had said his wife was, for she was careless and drank much wine, and lost control of herself to such a degree that she did not even know when Rhun cut off her little finger with Elphin's signet ring on it.

Rhun went back to Maelgwn's court, taking the finger with the ring on it, as a proof of her careless behavior. Then Elphin said, "The ring is mine, indeed; but that is not my wife's finger. Any one can see that that finger belongs to the hand of a servant." The king was angry at this answer and sent Elphin back to prison.

Taliesin now resolved to set his master free. He entered the hall where the king and his knights were gathered, and sat in a quiet corner near which the bards were soon to enter. When they passed by, he puffed out his lips and played on them with his fingers, saying "Blerwm, blerwm." The bards paid no attention to him, but when they stood before the king, all they could say was "Blerwm, blerwm," pouting their lips as the boy had done.

The king was greatly astonished at this behavior and would have punished the bards, but one of them declared that it was not their fault—that they were made to do it by an evil spirit in the form of a boy who was in the room. The king then called Taliesin and questioned him. The boy replied in a song, saying that he was Elphin's chief bard, and telling of the wonderful sights and deeds in the past. The king marveled greatly at this song, coming from such a young boy. He commanded his bards to sing a greater song than Taliesin's; but still they could only say "Blerwm, blerwm."

Then Taliesin sang again, telling that a terrible plague would punish Maelgwn for his injustice; next he sang about a great wind which was coming, and as he concluded with these words,

> One Being has prepared it
> Out of all creatures,
> By a tremendous blast
> To wreak vengeance
> On Maelgwn Gwynedd,

a terrible storm arose, and the castle seemed about to fall to the ground. Maelgwn had Elphin brought from his dungeon and placed before Taliesin; and at the sound of Taliesin's next song, the chains fell away from Elphin's feet, so that he stood free.

Then Taliesin sang more verses, in some praising the excellence of the bards, and in others reproving them for their faults. Afterwards he brought Elphin's wife forward, and proved her innocence by showing that she had not lost a finger, but was as fair and true as any lady in the land.

*

> And here's a bard with speckled breast
> That pours pure Welsh along the wild;
> Five blue eggs are in his nest,
> Wealth more than any miser piled.
> Pure is his language, clean his speech—
> Tremulant melodies throbbing long;
> His house is high in the quivering beech.
> And the glory of summer fills his song
> Till the whole woodland wakes, a-hush,
> Heeding one brown-winged, bardic thrush.
>
> (From *Rhys Goch o dir Iarll Will Repair to the Greenwood to Learn Druidism*, by Kenneth Morris.)

Birds as Omens

AMONG many peoples birds have been considered as omens of good or ill luck, and they have been looked upon as the messengers of higher powers.

In Rome, for example, it was believed that the flight of birds, at times of sacrifice, predicted success or failure in war, or whatever result would attend a public enterprise. Special officers, called augurs, were trained to interpret these signs, and no enterprise was undertaken unless the auspices were favorable.

Different birds have usually been looked upon as essentially good or evil in the fate they bring. The raven has unfortunately been considered as a harbinger of bad luck, but the Danes looked upon it as a portent of victory. King Alfred held that if the Danes were to win a battle with him, a raven would fly over their unfurled flag. If he were to be victorious, however, the hostile flag would remain limp. For the Danes, the raven also indicated the nearness of land when on a voyage. They would liberate one of these birds, which returned if no land was near; and so, they knew if land was distant or not.

In all mythologies the various deities have had certain birds sacred to them. The eagle was the bird of Jove in Rome, and the raven of Odin in the north. In the story of Sigfried, the hero sees the messengers of Wotan just before his death.

The swallow heralds the return of spring, and the dove is widely recognized as a symbol of peace. The owl is considered as the bird of wisdom, sacred to Minerva. The peacock is often made to impersonate vanity, and the magpie, incessant chattering.

Mystical ideas are usually associated with the swan. In sacred legends, as in Wagner's *Lohengrin*, it is the servant of a stainless knight. Its wonderful power of song at death throws a glamor over it. The Indians told of a mysterious, magical red swan.

The most interesting symbology, perhaps, is that of the eagle, which was held as a portent of victory in Greece, Rome, and America. It was an emblem of the Christ in early times, and often symbolized divinity because of its powers of flight, and the fact that it holds its course straight to the sun. K. H.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

LOHENGRIN

A mystical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now residing at Lomaland.

The Knight Lohengrin's Narrative of the Grail

(From Richard Wagner's poem for his opera *Lohengrin*.)

IN a far land to which your steps attain not,
A castle lies which Monsalvat is named;
A shining temple standeth in its circuit,
So costly built that earth naught like it knows:
Therein's a Cup, of wonder-doing virtue,
All guarded as 'twere Holiness itself —
Its care and service mortals' highest duty —
Thither to us by host angelic brought:
Each several year a dove from heaven descendeth,
Once more new strength imparting to its charm.
The Grail, 'tis called; and Faith most pure, most blessed.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

WILLIAM TELL'S CHAPEL, LAKE LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND

Its presence on our Fellowship bestows.
Whoever to its service shall be summoned,
With superhuman power is armed straightway.
On him falls useless every spell of Evil,
Before him flees the dark of Death itself.
He whom this Grail shall send to lands far distant,
For Right's defense a warrior to strive,
Not even from him its power divine is wanting
If all unknown he as its champion bides;
So high and holy is its latent blessing
That it unveiled must shun the eye profane.
But if its Knight beware a doubt to cherish;—
Once known to you, he straightway must depart.
Hark ye then, how your question I shall answer:
I by the Holy Grail to you was summoned;
My father, Parsifal, his crown is wearing,—
His knight am I, and Lohengrin my name.
And now how came I hither, further listen:
Appeal lamenting on the air was borne;
In the Grail-Temple forthwith understood we
That far away, distressful was a maid.
While we the Grail its counsel were imploring
Whereto a champion should from us be sped,
Lo, on the stream a floating swan beheld we,
And to us waiting did he bring a skiff.
My father, he who knew that swan's true nature,
Grail-counseled, to our service it received
(Since who shall serve the Grail a single twelvemonth,
From such must needs depart dark magic's curse);
And next, it forth should tranquilly convey me
Whither the call for help afar had come.
Since through the Grail to combat was I chosen,
Thus filled with courage did I say farewell.
Through wandering streams and surging waves of ocean
The faithful swan has brought me towards my goal,
Until among ye, on the shore, he drew me,
Where in the sight of God ye saw me land.

(Literal version in the metre of the original, translated by E. Irenaeus Stevenson for *A Library of the World's Best Literature.*)

THE aids to noble life are all within. — *M. Arnold*

Old Stories Retold for Young Folk

A Boy Hero of Switzerland

ON the shores of beautiful Lake Lucerne, more than five hundred years ago there lived a boy whose name was Peter. He was not a very big boy, but he loved his country dearly. He liked to think of how William Tell and the other brave Swiss patriots had fought, right on the shores of his own dear lake, for their country's freedom.

"Perhaps some day," thought Peter, "I may be able to help my country too."

One calm evening in summer Peter went down to the lake to bathe. On his way home in the dark he heard a group of men talking in strange, low tones. Something told him that they were not friends of Switzerland. The boy followed them to the mouth of a large cave near the town.

They entered the cave, and Peter, hiding behind a rock, overheard all their conversation. He found that these men were Austrians, and that they were planning to surprise the city of Lucerne that night when all the townspeople were asleep. One of their number, who had pretended to be friendly to the Swiss, had shown them the way to this cave, which led by a secret passage right into the heart of the town.

What should Peter do? He must fly home as swiftly as his legs would carry him, and warn the townsmen of their impending danger. But just as he turned to go some one entered the cave, and he was discovered and brought before the Austrian soldiers.

"He is a spy," they cried, and drew their swords to kill him; but one of their number said: "Stay, he is but an innocent child. Let us make him promise to tell what he has heard to no living person."

So Peter promised, and was set free. As soon as he left the cave he ran as fast as he could to the town hall, where the principal citizens were gathered. All the way his brain had been working as hard as his feet, trying to think of a way to save his city.

"Well," thought Peter, "I am not to tell any living person, and I will keep my word, but—." He dashed breathlessly into the hall, and straight up to the old porcelain stove which stood at the farther end.

"O stove," he cried, "O stove, be my friend tonight, for I have heard strange and terrible news, and I must not tell any living person what I have heard!"

The good townsmen looked at each other in amazement. "What childish prank is this?" said they. But as the boy went on, pouring out the story of what he had heard to the old stove in the corner, they began to think

THE LION OF LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND

there must be truth in what he was saying to the stove.

They lost no time in arming themselves, and went forth in time to meet the Austrians. The battle was long and terrible, and many brave men were killed; but the Swiss won the victory in the end, and so the city was saved by the bravery of the boy-hero of Lucerne. F. S.

Games

GAMES are becoming quite popular, and by a little observation can be made an important adjunct to education, for they should be, and in ancient times were, a preparation for the great Game of Life, to participate in which all return again and again.

Chess is generally considered to be the greatest game of skill, for many great battles have been first won on the chessboard. "It was attributed to Palamedes, 680 B. C.; while Hyde and Sir William Jones refer its origin to the Hindûs. The word is perhaps derived from the Persian *sháh*, a king." It demands concentration, thought, foresight, patience, and ability to plan and calculate. We find the concrete opposing forces equal; arrayed against us are bishops and knights with their castles, protected by a line of pawns, all under the command of king and queen; a serious handicap is imposed when the queen is taken prisoner.

In the game of Draughts the men face and play forward only. They must penetrate two lines of the enemy before they can attack his last line of strongholds; as each of these is taken the victor is crowned to indicate that he has acquired the power to attack (move) an enemy on all sides.

Spillikins or Jack-straws requires quite a peculiar fineness or delicacy of touch, with steadiness and balance of hand, and also judgment to select the best straw to extract.

Most of us know the out-of-door games: baseball, cricket, football, golf, and tennis. The last is fine exercise for both sexes; it demands agility, swift decision, quickness of eye, and calmness, to "place" the ball.

Golf hails from Scotland, and at first in the more southerly counties was looked upon as a healthy physical exercise for the old folk. It needs a temper under control — no breaking of clubs in a revengeful spirit — strength and muscle to drive the ball in a direct line across the links over all obstacles, together with judgment and a certain nicety — essential also for success in the game of billiards — to "put" the ball (into its hole) on the green. The winner is he who does so with the fewest number of strokes.

Many other games (the reverse side of the shield) depend on the "throwing" of dice — cubes with their faces numbered from one to six. They are games of chance, so deceptive and misleading; for there is no uncertainty about real life; it is a harvesting of previously-sown seeds, and at the same time a sowing of fresh seeds for a harvest of the future.

So a portion of our time is well spent on games. Played fairly, in the spirit of brotherhood — good will — they help us to find that the Game of Life, played equitably, is Joy, as it was to the Greeks. F. J. B.

A MAN that has a taste for music, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another sense, when compared with such as have no relish for those arts.

THE next method, therefore, that I would propose to fill up our time should be useful and innocent diversions.

Addison

THE mind ought sometimes to be diverted, that it may return the better to thinking. — Plato's *Phaedrus*

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI PLAYING CHESS WITH HIS MOTHER

A Strange Old Country

II

IT is difficult to believe when looking at the smoking mountain Vesuvius, now a veritable cinder-heap, that there could ever have been a time when it was believed to be extinct, when its sides were vine-clad and covered with verdure, when great trees grew inside the deep crater, and peasants drove their cattle into it so they might graze upon the luxuriant grass which grew there. Yet the old records tell us that for almost five centuries preceding the eruption of 1631 it was believed to have ended its period of activity for ever. The country people had no thought of danger as they built their homes and tilled the land closer and closer to its fertile sides, in spite of the fact that here and there small quantities of smoke were seen to float out from among the tall trees.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ON THE ROAD TO THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS
A corner of the Observatory is seen on the left.

On the first of December 1631 an inhabitant of one of the small towns, happening to visit the summit, found the trees all gone and the deep crater filled to the top. A few nights later, the people of other small towns at the base of the mountain, hearing subterranean rumblings, believed them to be the growls of demons living under the mountain, which they said disturbed their sleep.

On the night of the 15th a very bright star was seen to hang above the mountain; later, some one on his way home saw lightning strike the mountain, and people of the town of Resina saw an unusual red glow about the top. During the night reports came in from people living near that smoke was pouring from fissures on the side near Mt. Somma's peak. The roaring thunder grew louder, and great cracks opened on the mountain-side, and hot stones began to fly through the air. When morning came, people in Naples noticed a strange cloud hovering over the summit, that gradually began to shape itself into the form of an enormous pine-tree, and for the first time since the destruction of Pompeii in 79 A. D., the people saw what Pliny described so long ago. This eruption was accompanied by severe earthquakes, and for two days the country round about was terror-stricken.

Early on the morning of the second day, the earth was rocked, the terrible roar grew greater, the sea receded from the shore for nearly half a mile, and out of the sides of the mountain ran seven streams of red-hot lava which came so fast that they reached the sea in half an hour. A number of towns were destroyed, the sky was blackened to the hue of night by the smoke, and the fumes of sulphur were stifling for many miles around.

The towns destroyed by this eruption were buried in the lava; while Pompeii and Herculaneum, in 79 A. D., were destroyed by ashes and mud. Great quantities of ashes fell, however, during this eruption of 1631, and some of the stones that were thrown a great distance

weighed many thousands of pounds. This was the most destructive eruption since the destruction of Pompeii.

In 1861 an earthquake at Torre del Greco opened a fissure in one of the main streets of the town, and those who were brave enough to venture down into it found themselves in a church buried centuries ago and forgotten.

In the year 1872 Naples again witnessed the pine-tree formed of smoke, amid roars and earthquakes. The eruption lasted about five days, destroying villages and property with its streams of lava, but with comparatively small loss of life.

There have been a dozen eruptions of more or less severity since 1631, one as recently as 1906, since the writer visited the mountain and looked into the steam-filled crater, and heard the roar like thunder and felt the earth tremble, the latter being an everyday occurrence. Vesuvius was "quiet" that day, and it was considered safe to venture down into the crater a little way. But it was quite enough to stand on the rim four thousand feet above the sea and gaze over the devastated country. Looking down on the ruined Pompeii lying so close to the foot of the mountain and then at the city of Naples only nine miles away, one could not help thinking what a mighty, awful power lay sleeping below. Only six years later this slumbering power awoke, belched forth its fiery breath once more, and shook the country with earthquakes, causing terror to all Naples and the surrounding cities, and destroying some farms and villages which in their fancied security nestled too close to it.

It is a well-known fact that at one time Vesuvius, or the volcano which included that peak which is called Mt. Somma — which is only a portion of the rim of the volcano which destroyed Pompeii, the extent of which must have been enormous — was once a volcano under the sea and, like Monte Nuovo, was pushed up into the land. Whether it took years, or came up in a day like Nuovo, is not known. The wonder is, the years that must have passed before it was clothed in green and cities were nestling at its foot, only to be destroyed, buried from sight, and forgotten for centuries. How many civilizations can have come and gone and been destroyed, buried and forgotten on this old earth of ours, if within the space of three or four thousand years so much could be buried and completely forgotten in this small bit of Italy!

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS AS IT WAS IN 1900

In spite of the danger, it is said that as many as 80,000 human beings choose to have homes near this volcano. Since 1631 comparatively few lives have been lost, the losses being of property. When one realizes that no very serious eruptions come within the life-time of many generations of people, and that the decaying lava makes the richest of soil, it is not so strange after all that the people forget the danger. Besides, among the peasant class there is a superstitious faith in their patron saint, who, they believe, will keep them safe from all danger from the volcano.

The danger is greatly lessened in these days, for all changes of the volcano are carefully watched from an

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ON THE EDGE OF THE CRATER
Here we were within a few feet of a flowing stream of red-hot lava.

observatory near by, and people are warned in time and know more nearly what to expect.

Recently the old interest of excavating in and about the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum has been revived, and buildings containing many interesting things are being found in remarkable states of preservation. Perhaps the strangest find was a jar of water which had remained for almost two thousand years.

A visit to these ruined cities is one of strange fascination, but that belongs to another story of this strange corner of Italy. COUSIN EDYTHA

ITALY has three active volcanoes: Etna, Vesuvius, and Stromboli, of which the first is the largest and highest. Vesuvius, which is only half as high as Etna, is the only active volcano on the mainland of Europe. In addition to these active volcanoes in Italy, there are in Europe many extinct ones, and the districts around such are always fertile, as decomposed lava makes very rich soil.

Volcanic Wonders

[Following the two instalments of "A Strange Old Country," this article will, we believe, interest our readers. — The Editors.]

IT was formerly supposed that the earth was filled with molten rock or lava, and that active volcanoes were openings leading down into the glowing interior and serving as vent-holes for the lava to escape. It is quite true that in some places it does become one degree (Fahrenheit) hotter for every fifty or sixty feet we go deeper into the earth, and from this it has been argued that at a depth of thirty miles the heat would be so intense as to melt anything.

There are, however, many reasons for doubting that we are standing on a thin crust of soil and rock which arches over an interior of liquid, incandescent lava. Supposing that you carved a stone ball, measuring eighty inches from pole to pole, to represent the earth; then four tenths of an inch in depth would stand for the solid crust, and the rest of the ball would be the white-hot, molten rock. Please borrow a foot-rule and mark out eighty inches on the wall of your schoolroom to help you to imagine the big stone ball. You can easily see that such a thin rind of rock could not possibly withstand the heat of the inside. It would either be melted, or become so hot that all forms of life would be impossible on its surface. Besides this, it is not true that the temperature always increases as you descend into the earth. In some places the deeper you go, the cooler it becomes. In a borehole made at St. Louis, Missouri, at a depth of 3209 feet the temperature was 107°F.; but when the boring reached 3827 feet the temperature fell to 105°F. At this rate we should reach zero at a depth of nine miles.

Then again, if the earth consisted of a thin shell of solid rock with a fluid interior, surely we might expect the moon to cause the inner sea of molten lava to rise and fall in great tidal waves, as it does with the salt water of the oceans which rest upon the solid crust.

Nowadays we have delicate instruments which can record earthquakes thousands of miles away, but the tremors which announce these distant disturbances appear to travel through a substance as rigid as steel, and not something soft and yielding like molten lava.

Also, if the whole interior is liquid, why do not volcanoes keep on pouring out a perpetual stream of lava, owing to the pressure of the overlying crust? Whereas, it is well known that after an eruption a volcano may settle down and remain quiet for a very long period.

There is no doubt that lava is poured out from the earth's interior in enormous quantities from time to time; but whether it is stored away as white-hot liquid, or whether it is produced only at these intervals by the action of chemicals, or by magnetic currents running through the earth, no one is able to tell us. In 1873 a great crack broke open in the side of the volcano Hecla in Iceland, and a huge stream of lava burst forth and poured down the slope into the valley. In forty-two days it traveled fifty miles, and then branched into two streams. It was simply a great river of melted stone one thousand feet deep, and fifteen miles from shore to shore at the point of its greatest width. It was calculated that to make such a mass of lava would require as much rock as is contained in Mont Blanc.

MOUNT PELEE, ISLAND OF MARTINIQUE, DURING AN ERUPTION

It has been pointed out that most volcanoes are either situated upon the seacoast or not very far inland, and it is thought that eruptions may be caused by the sea-water finding its way down through a crack in the rocks into some very hot region, where it is suddenly turned into steam. The enormous pressure exerted by such a mass of vapor would force the lava to flow up into the cup-shaped crater of the volcano and spill over the sides into the valleys below. That there is often a tremendous explosive force present during an eruption is shown by the fact that Vesuvius once shot large fragments of rock over a mile high into the air.

There is often a quantity of steam in the lava as it flows from a volcano and this causes the formation of the familiar pumice-stone. The little hollow spaces and "pockets" in pumice-stone show where the bubbles of live steam were forced into the lava when it was in a pasty condition owing to the heat. When the lava cooled the steam holes remained, and it is this aerated structure that makes pumice so light that it floats on water.

It is very unusual for burning material to be shot out of volcanoes. That which people mistake for flames is simply the light of the glowing lava below reflected back by the clouds of steam and fine dust which hang over the summit of an active volcano.

The appearance of cooled lava is not very attractive. It looks like the "clinkers" (or melted ashes) from a furnace; but when it streams forth in a swift current, hot from the crater, it shines with the brilliance of light and pours down the side of the mountain like a river of liquid sunshine. It is sometimes two years after an eruption has subsided before the lava is cool enough to walk upon, and many years of weathering are needed before the lava is broken up into soil. But some of the richest soil in the world, which grows the finest grapes, has been formed in this way from lava. P. L.

CLOUDS OF STEAM RISING FROM THE SEA DURING THE ERUPTION OF LA SOUFRIERE, ISLAND OF ST. VINCENT, ON MAY 25, 1902

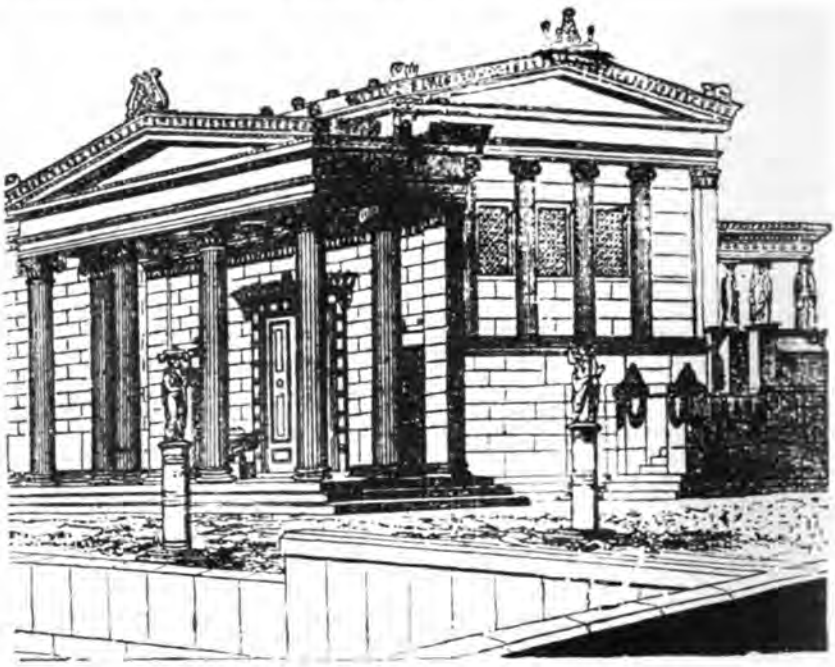
To the casual observer of the effects of volcanic eruptions, perhaps the most surprising item is the nature and appearance of the lava-stream after it has cooled. One rather expects lava to present a smooth asphalt-like surface. In reality it has more the appearance of rough heaps of coarse coal.

(From *The Reason Why in Science*)

" egg-and-tongue " ornament between them, have a deep meaning to students of Theosophy.

The Greeks were too fond of the beautiful to sacrifice it to the representation of philosophical ideas. We never see in Greek art such grotesque carving as we find in India; they never made sculptures of gods with three heads or four arms; nor did they place animal heads on human bodies, as in Egypt. They had other ways of putting forth their philosophic ideas in stone and marble.

There are very few Ionic temples remaining; even the most perfect ones on the Akropolis at Athens are in a very ruinous state. The most perfect is the Erechtheium, in which the exquisite taste of the Athenians is shown to great advantage. The general design of this building has several unusual features to be seen in the picture on this page, which gives a clear idea of it when complete. It is composed of three separate portions, one of which is the famous Porch of the Caryatides (see page 17), graceful female figures supporting a flat roof. Another part of the building, the shrine of Pandrosus, is at a lower level than the rest, and has three windows, a very rare feature in Greek temples.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE ERECHTHEIUM RESTORED TO ITS ORIGINAL CONDITION

Though the general principle of a Greek temple was that of a central chamber with rows of pillars round it, the peculiarities of the Erechtheium and possibly one or two other ruins, of which little remains, proved that they could break away from it when they needed and when they felt the desire to build something more picturesque, as we may call it.

It is not known whether the Doric Order is older than the Ionic; we find the Greeks building temples of both styles at the same time, though there are no Ionic temples remaining of such great age as the Doric temple of Corinth. The Erechtheium belongs to the same glorious period which saw the creation of the Parthenon, the perfection of the Doric Order and of Greek architecture.

The next Order, the Corinthian, the third and last of the pure Greek styles, came after the two others. R.

THE tallest tree which has yet been measured is a specimen of Australian eucalyptus, which has attained the height of 450 feet.

THE hearing organ of some insects, such as the spider and grasshopper, is contained in the leg, while other species bear their ears in their wings.

Planting a Tree

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

WHAT does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants a friend of sun and sky;
He plants a flag of breezes free;
The shaft of beauty towering high;
He plants a home to heaven anigh
For song and mother-croon of bird,
In hushed and happy twilight heard —
The treble of heaven's harmony —
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants cool shade and tender rain,
And seed and bud of days to be,
And years that fade and flush again;
He plants the glory of the plain;
He plants the forest's heritage;
The harvest of the coming age;
The joy that unborn eyes shall see —
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants, in sap and leaves and wood
In love of home and loyalty,
And far-cast thought of civil good —
His blessing on the neighborhood,
Who in the hollow of his hand
Holds all the growth of all our land —
A nation's growth from sea to sea
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree. — *Selected*

A NATION of men will for the first time exist when each believes himself inspired by the Divine Soul which also inspires all men. — *Emerson*

Japanese Paper

IF we tear a piece of ordinary paper and examine the jagged edge, we shall see a little fringe of hairs or fibers lying close together and pointing in all directions. Our common paper is mostly made of grass, straw, or wood. The fibers are very short and they mat themselves into a solid mass without any particular arrangement.

The paper of the Japanese is very different. The tree from which paper is made in Japan is the paper-mulberry tree (*Morus papyrifera*) which grows to a height of twelve feet and is closely related to our common mulberry.

The process of manufacture is as follows. In November, when the tea, rice, and beans have all been gathered in, the farmers manage to find time to cut the mulberry branches. This is an annual crop, as fresh branches shoot out very rapidly to take the place of those which have been cut. In order to loosen the rough outer bark, the branches are boiled in water in which a quantity of wood ashes has been dissolved. After boiling, the bark is peeled off and underneath they find another layer called "bast," which is then removed and thoroughly washed by dipping it in the running water of the nearest stream. In making Japanese paper it is necessary to have the fibers as long as possible and to make them all lie the same way. Because of its peculiar structure this paper can be torn only in one direction, which accounts for its remarkable strength. After washing, the bast is laid upon a flat granite stone, moistened with water, and beaten with a mallet till quite soft. The mass of softened fibers is then made into a kind of liquid pulp by the addition of water. This pulp is shaken in one direction only, so that the fibers naturally settle down side by side.

In Japan paper is made by hand, while in other countries all but the best and most expensive kinds are made by machinery.

In Nippon the uses for paper are many. When Japanese are in a hurry for a piece of string, they tear a strip off a piece of paper, give it a twist, and tie up a parcel with it just as if it were string. A traveler in Japan once saw a native tie up his trunk with an old letter that he happened to have in his pocket. When smeared with oil Japanese paper becomes semi-transparent and is used in place of glass for windows. Oiled paper is used in many ways, in place of umbrellas and raincoats, for example. Some tourists visiting Japan never take the trouble to carry umbrellas or raincoats with them, but when caught in a rainstorm they simply step into the nearest store and buy a raincoat for four cents. Oiled paper when varnished may be used instead of leather for the roofs of carriages and other vehicles. Even shoes for wet weather are made of varnished oiled paper. Japanese paper is so tough and durable that large sacks for holding rice and other kinds of grain are made of it. P.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

JAPANESE ARTISTS DECORATING PAPER LANTERNS

The Magic Cloak

CHAPTER III

THE MAGIC CLOAK IS FINISHED
AND QUEEN ALYS SAYS FAREWELL

THERE dawned a day in the very midst of the gold days of Near-the-Sun (though one could never say if it came after the lapse of years and long heralded, or if without warning and quite soon and suddenly the time was ready) when the Magic Cloak approached completion. In the sunny workroom the beloved Queen Alys walked with light step and smiling countenance, inspecting, approving, directing the last stitches. Deep silence was there, for each was profoundly intent upon the beautiful mesh slipping along beneath her fingers. Mistakes were not then possible. Mistakes could not, *must* not, occur in those final sacred moments.

The Magic cloak was finished, and in the hearts of the fashioners lay the joy of successful accomplishment through perfect workmanship. The beauty of its soft and shimmering folds had become a part of themselves, a gladness they knew through and through.

It may be that the stories were true that were told by ancient peoples, of gods and godlike men who went "arrayed in the glory of the morning," or "clothed as in the sun," or "garbed in celestial hues." Those tales may be the records of times that once were when the garments men wore expressed the lives they lived. Surely it had been many a long day since nobleness of character had found so worthy an expression as the life of Queen Alys speaking through her Magic Cloak, now ready for her to wear.

She sat on a golden throne-chair in the Audience Hall of the palace. Two stood with their arms around her shoulders and another leaned against her knee, while she talked of going away and of their separation.

Then the older companions of the children came in, and the meeting became very stately and ceremonial. Queen Alys arose and the Magic Cloak was clasped about her throat. She resumed her chair, and her yellow hair, escaping from the jeweled crown she wore, rippled over the folds of the glistening cloak. Her glittering scepter was in her hand. It was a vision of gold; it was a dream of embodied sunlight that her subjects then beheld. The sight of her royal splendor, enhanced by the wonderful new garment, awed them, and they stood with bowed heads while she told them, as she had often before tried to explain, that there were woes of many kinds in the world.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SHE SAT ON A GOLD THRONE
IN THE AUDIENCE HALL

She spoke of the wickedness of certain "awful beasts" which strove to overrun the land and destroy the shining palace, and scatter her devoted people forever.

"But that is now impossible," she assured them, and there was a note of certainty that they had never before heard in her voice, as she continued speaking.

"Out of your hearts you have woven this garment. It is truly magical. It is your devotion, your very lives, made manifest, and it will enfold all the children of the world. If it has been wrought in purity and with constant steadiness — and I am almost sure there has not been a wavering touch upon it — I shall go forth invincible. I shall pass unharmed through terrible dangers, and light shall be where now is night.

"But woe to you and to all if herein shall be found one strand weakened by dark thought or loosed by careless touch. Then my work and yours shall have failed for countless years. No more shall I stand here in the midst of my dear court. For me there must come retirement until the pain of the years has cleared away the effect of the injury. For you there will come the bitter strife of misdirected lives, with swift approaching confusion and worse.

"Now let not your thoughts dwell upon possible failure. Send them flashing ahead with mine to that success the Magic Cloak must compel. I leave you the material for splendid fabrics to be made into other cloaks. Enough for each one will be found. Work together faithfully, aiding one the other in their making, so that when I return all may be fittingly arrayed for the beginning of new tasks.

"So, for a time, good-bye to you all. I go to do the work for which yours has been the preparation. Do not forget."

Saying these words, Queen Alys laid aside her scepter and crown, drew the hood of the Magic Cloak over her hair, and with smiles and kisses and more brave words she passed from the sight of those who loved her best, out of the shining palace and down the hill that overlooked the beauteous city.

Those who stood at the gate of the palace watched until she came to a great bird that looked like a graceful ship with wide-spreading

sails, waiting to bear her far out and over the mysteriously blue and silvering seas. They saw her turn and wave them one long, dear, last farewell, and they, knowing that it was a blessing and a promise, went back each to his or her precious duty feeling a joy that was tinged with sadness, a sorrow that was gloriously alight with gladness.

Spring's Simple Flowers

EDWARD O. JACKSON

THE bluebells faintly show the sky,
Caught in their little cups!
The daisy is the morning's eye
Whereat the glad bee sups.

May-apple blossoms, white as snow,
Are full of incense sweet;
Their bright hearts hold the moony glow
Of sunbeams without heat.

The buttercups of purest gold
Are by spring's fairies wrought;
A dainty chalice each to hold
Titania's richest draught.

The violets so delicate
Are scattered up and down,
All chaste, with dewy dawn-sighs wet,
Dropt from Diana's gown.

So in the secret woodland dell,
Sequestered from the sight,
These simple Nature's children tell
Their story of delight. — *Selected*

Wonders Near Home

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy.

IN the lines here quoted Wordsworth records his gratitude to his sister for teaching him to pay attention to the common things of daily life, and to penetrate to their hidden meaning. So well did he learn his sister's lesson that he afterwards wrote:

> To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Most people take a keen delight in a visit to a wild-beast show. They gaze with wonder at a number of foreign animals crowded together in their narrow prisons, and listen open-mouthed to the showman who pours forth a stream of information about their habits, much of which no doubt is partly true. The dogs and sheep, the crows and geese they meet with in their daily walks, are considered dull and common. They can see them for nothing any day in the week. But an animal from "foreign parts," only to be seen on payment of a dime, awakes their liveliest curiosity. They never seem to realize that the animals at home are just as wonderful as those imported from abroad; nor have they ever thought that the familiar animals of their native land are in fact "foreign animals" to strangers who visit their shores from distant countries.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A GREAT BIRD THAT LOOKED LIKE A GRACEFUL SHIP WITH WIDE-SPREAD SAILS

One of the most surprising items of news that I ever met with in a newspaper was the statement that a cow had no front teeth in her upper jaw. I had been well acquainted with cows since babyhood, and felt sure I would have noticed such a curious fact if it had been true. The next chance I got, I examined a cow's mouth, and sure enough there were no teeth in the front part of the upper jaw, only a toothless pad of tough skin upon which the lower teeth closed. This experience proved that I had been going about with eyes closed to the common things of daily life.

All sorts of queer things may be done by the creatures around us every day, and yet we may be none the wiser, because we will not pay attention. It has been said by a recent writer that dogs always prefer to lie with their heads to the north. This is a very curious fact if true. How does Pompey know in which direction lies the North Pole? Why does he find it more comfortable to point his head that way? Perhaps you will keep a look-out on Pompey, or Fido, or Towser, as the case may be, and see if this is really true.

Gilbert White, the great English naturalist who lived at Selborne and wrote a charming book upon its natural history, had developed a wonderful faculty for seeing things. One of the best chapters in his book is just a simple description of a bowl of goldfish which he happened to see in a friend's house. He has merely written down what any one, with a pair of eyes *and the mind to use them*, could see for himself; and yet the chapter is as interesting as if it were the description of some rare and costly creature just brought over from the wilds of Africa.

If we would only learn to use our eyes, our common surroundings would become immensely interesting, and the walk to school would be seen to contain as many wonders as an Indian jungle, while being far less dangerous to study. Of course, if we go along thinking only of our clothes, our food, our sore finger, and the spiteful things that somebody has said about us, we shall have no attention to spare for the wonders that lie around us on every hand. In order to study life, we must first learn to forget ourselves. COUSIN PERCY

Our Friend the Horse

The horse is a noble animal; but when he is unkindly treated he will not do so. — *Extract from a schoolboy's composition.*

IN Venice, with its quiet streets of water where the silent gondolas thread their way between the tall houses, horses are very seldom seen. When traveling menageries visit the city, it is said that they take a horse with them so that the inhabitants can see what this strange beast is like. In most places, in spite of the growing use of automobiles, horses are still so common as we have; but they got the habit of supporting their weight entirely on the middle one, and thus in course of time the other four toes dwindled in size, and have now almost entirely disappeared. If you will examine a horse's hind leg, you will find that what appears to be his knee bends the wrong way; but this is really his ankle. The horse's true knee is higher up and bends the same way as ours do.

In a very old cave in the south of France there are pictures painted of horses with horns. This does not

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SAID ABDALLAH, A BEDOUIN BOY
WITH ONE OF THE LATE MR. HOMER DAVENPORT'S ARABIAN HORSES

that they attract very little notice, and yet they are well worth our careful study.

Is it not remarkable that while dogs and cats and other animals appear to go through life very comfortably with nothing but ordinary fur upon their necks, yet horses are decorated with a flowing mane of glossy, black hair, which though highly ornamental, is of no practical use whatever. Their long tails of the same material make excellent fly-whisks, however, and one pities those poor horses who have had them cut short.

It is not generally known that horses walk on the tips of their toes, and that they have but one toe on each foot. The single toe-nail is much thickened, and is spread out in an almost circular shape. Being very tough, it forms a good protection for the toe. This toe-nail we call the hoof. A long time ago horses had five toes just

prove that horses really had horns in those days, for it is just possible that the ancient painter was a comic artist and fond of a joke. It is a curious fact, however, that even nowadays foals are sometimes born with little knobs on their skulls in the very place where the horns would be if horses wore them. It is therefore quite possible that horses actually had horns at one time. The giraffe at the present time has two little horns no longer than hens' eggs, and these are supposed to be the remains of what was once a respectable pair of antlers.

Between a horse's back teeth which grind the grass into shreds, and the front teeth which tear the grass from its roots, there is a long stretch of toothless gum. A tusk-like tooth is found growing in this region in the mouths of male horses, and from the appearance of this tusk an experienced judge can tell the animal's age.

Arab horses have a queer habit of rolling in the sand when they come in from a long journey. This is not done for fun, nor for the love of getting dirty, but for a very good reason. The dry sand absorbs the perspiration from the hair just as blotting-paper dries up ink. When the horse has had his roll he gets on his feet and shakes the wet sand out of his coat, and very soon the sunshine and the wind dry up the last traces of moisture, leaving him clean and comfortable.

It is said that horses are sometimes clever enough to turn on the tap of the water-barrel when thirsty and help themselves to a drink; but only one has been thoughtful enough to turn the tap off again when he has had enough. One horse who was fond of apples, used to throw himself against the trunk of an apple-tree and feed on the fruit that fell to the ground.

The horse has a very small stomach and should eat little and often. It is cruel to keep a horse for many hours without food; for when at last he does get his meal, he eats too much and too quickly, and so suffers from indigestion.

How willingly the horses pull their heavy loads! They are always ready to do their best when kindly treated, and even when they have bad masters they endure their ill-treatment with wonderful patience.

Cavalry soldiers, who spend so much of their time with their horses, get to look upon them as their best friends, who only need the power of speech to be almost perfect companions. In the British army a very common nickname for a horse is "the long-faced chum." LEONARD

The Water-Fairies

WHAT merry lives these little water-fairies lead!

Their dainty bodies are so small that if a water-drop should be enlarged to the size of the earth, each of the fairies contained in it would be no bigger than a baseball!

Learned men who are always calling Mother Nature's children names, speak of the water-fairies as "molecules of water," and some of them actually believe that they are dead.

Water-fairies behave in different ways according to the changes of the weather. On cold days they stop dancing and hold each other's hands and go to sleep. When we see millions of them cuddled together like this, we call the sleeping playfellows "a lump of ice." But they are certainly not dead; they are hardly even asleep. Try to push a needle into a lump of ice, and every fairy that you touch will push the point away with so much vigor that you will understand why we speak of a lump of ice as "a hard solid." The hardness is caused simply by the strength with which the fairies clasp each other's hands and push against the needle's point.

In warm weather the fairies wake up and stretch themselves and gently trip about in graceful play and dance. This is what we call "a thaw." If you push your needle among the fairies now it will easily find its way between the dancers and so water is said to be "a soft and yielding fluid." The water-fairies love to dance in rings, and that is why the shape of water-drops is always round. If they danced quadrilles the dew-drops would be square.

The fairies who are dancing on the very outside of the water-drops will often turn a somersault, leap into the air, and ride away on the air as vapor. Pour a drop of water into a saucer on a hot day and let it stand for an hour or two, and the whole party of dancing fairies will leave their revels and ride away, leaving the saucer empty. We say that the water has "evaporated"; but that only means that the fairies have gone for an air-ride.

The water-fairies are friendly little fellows and will allow the still more tiny salt-fairies to play with them. The salt-fairies are so much smaller than the water-fairies that they fit snugly in between them so that the dancing-party is no larger than before. If you drop a few pinches

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

FROSTED TREES AT ST MORITZ, SWITZERLAND
(Photo, by Albert Steiner. From *The Illustrated London News.*)

of salt into a glass *full* of water, you will see that what I say is true. The salt-fairies, tucked away under the arms of water-fairies, take up no extra room, and the water does not spill over.

When water is boiled in a saucepan, small parties of water-fairies at the bottom, close to the hot coals, get so excited with the heat that they kick out wildly in all directions, and striking right and left, they clear such a big space all around them that they form what we call "a bubble of steam." These bubbles are simply little circling crowds of water-fairies gone crazy with the heat, and throwing off force in all directions. They rise to the surface of the boiling water and, leaping into the air, they rush up the chimney. Once outside, they soon cool down and ride away on the wind.

It was James Watt who first got the idea of making these heat-crazy water-fairies work for us. One day he saw them kicking and pushing at the lid of his mother's kettle, and he said to himself. "These little fellows are full of energy now going to waste. Why not shut them up in a cylinder and only let them free when they have pushed a piston and made an engine do some work for us?" The steam-engine grew out of this thought, and ever since then these hot, excited water-fairies have been drawing our trains, grinding our wheat, and driving our steamships over the ocean.

Some of the learned men who call the water-fairies "molecules," believe that they are dead. How those merry little sprites would laugh at the idea! No, indeed, they are full of life, and in fact no animal or plant could live without them. They swim through the plants in the form of sap. They race through the bodies of animals in their blood.

Sometimes the water-fairies on a clouded window-pane think of the day when they floated through the sap of the growing ferns, and they all sing out "Let's pretend we're ferns tonight." Then they form their dance in long curved lines just like fern-leaves. Sometimes Jack Frost comes along and cools everything, and the water-fairies fall asleep still standing in the graceful figures of their dance. When we come into the room the next morning we say, "What a beautiful fern-leaf pattern the frost made on the window-panes last night!"

Up among the clouds the water-fairies often dance in delicate, six-sided figures, and when they are surprised by Jack Frost they go to sleep in the positions of the dance. As they are rather heavier when asleep, they fall softly to the ground and we say, "It is snowing." Snowflakes are really composed of such frozen fairies' dancing-parties. If we look at them through a magnifying glass, we may see the beautiful six-sided figures of the dance. P.

THE Machinery Hall of the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco will require over 7,500,000 feet of lumber in its making. It is very probable that this will be the last large building constructed entirely of wood.

Revival of the old Viking Speech

IN connexion with the numerous linguistic revivals which have taken place in modern times it is interesting to note the adoption by the Norwegians of a new national tongue. For many centuries heretofore Danish has been the official language of Norway, and it was spoken by the majority of the nation, while the old Norse tongue fell gradually into disuse and was relegated to outlying rural districts, where it has been preserved in various dialectical forms to the present day.

About sixty years ago, however, the Norwegian Ivar Aasen — poet, philologist, and patriot — after careful study of these dialects, as well as the ancient Scandinavian idiom, constructed a new language which he named "Landsmaal" or "national tongue." This proved to be so full of poetic beauty and at the same time so well adapted to the most practical needs of the people, that efforts were made by numerous writers to introduce and popularize it. Though at first unsuccessful, these efforts have gradually led to its recognition. It has steadily spread, and is being officially adopted this year as the national tongue in celebration of the centenary of Norway's independence.

Brief Items

A WEALTHY Japanese citizen is having a colossal statue of his country's patron saint, Nichiren, carved out of the natural granite rock on the hillside of the island of Ushigakubi. The entire statue of the reclining saint will be two hundred and forty feet long; this is much longer than the famous Sphinx of Egypt. There is a wonderful story told of this teacher, Nichiren, which means "Lotus of the Sun." He was once condemned to death, but when he came to the block to be beheaded, the executioner's sharp sword would not decapitate him.

WHAT is regarded as the most important archaeological find in Egypt since the discovery of the sphinx of Rameses II, is a monument to the Nile god Hapi. It was unearthed at Memphis and is now in the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania. This god Hapi was one of the most popular of the Egyptian deities. His cult flourished some 3200 years ago, and his residence was thought to be at Elephantine Island, at the First Cataract of the Nile.

Mr. C. G. ABBOTT, director of the astro-physical laboratory of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, in an address before the Franklin Institute, is reported as saying that the sun's rays will some day be used for cooking food.

A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD lad died recently at New Britain, Conn., of nicotine poisoning, which resulted in degeneration of the heart. Before his death he acknowledged that he had been in the habit of smoking an average of fifty cigarettes a day for a period of eight or nine months. Let all young would-be smokers take this lesson to heart before the habit has been formed.

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Monthly Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth

Vol. X No. 4 POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, APRIL, 1914 10 Cents a Copy

The Râja-Yoga College

(Non-Sectarian)

Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, Foundress and General Directress

The Râja-Yoga system of education was originated by the Foundress as a result of her own experience and knowledge. Râja-Yoga is an ancient term: etymologically it means the "Royal Union." This term was selected as best expressing in its real meaning the purpose of true education, viz: the balance of all the faculties, physical, mental and moral.

The Building of Character

One of the most important features of this system is the development of character, the upbuilding of pure-minded and self-reliant manhood and womanhood, that each pupil may become prepared to take an honorable, self-reliant position in life.

In the younger as in the older pupils, the sense of individual responsibility and personal honor is aroused.

The Pupils

The Râja-Yoga College comprises two general departments of instruction: (1) The Râja-Yoga Preparatory School and Academy, for boys and girls respectively (separate buildings). (2) The College proper, for students following the collegiate courses.

The Studies

The studies range from the elementary to those of a university course, including the following: Literature, Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Surveying, Mechanical Electrical and Civil Engineering, Law, the fine Arts, Music, Industrial Arts, Practical Forestry and Horticulture, Domestic Economy, etc.

The Teachers

The staff of teachers is formed of men and women specially trained for their duties by long experience in scholastic work, and is composed of graduates of European and American Universities, and of specialists in other lines.

Directors

REV. S. J. NEILL — GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT, B. SC., M. D.

Assistant Directors

PROFESSOR W. A. DUNN — MRS. W. A. DUNN

Headmaster of the Boys' Department
H. T. EDGE, B. A. (Cantab.), M. A.

Head Teacher of the Girls' Department
MRS. W. A. DUNN

For information, address

THE SECRETARY, RAJA-YOGA COLLEGE

Point Loma, California

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Monthly

Conducted by a Staff of the Students of the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, California

Published under the direction of Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, December 27, 1904, at the Post-Office at Point Loma, California, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879

Subscription $1.00; Copy 10 Cents

Foreign Postage 35 Cents extra, Canadian 25 Cents

VOL. X JUNE 1914 No. 6

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

LONG HEDGES OF THESE BEAUTIFUL CHEROKEE ROSES ARE A COMMON SIGHT IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Transmutation

THOSE enthusiastic gardeners and flower-lovers whose horticultural efforts of the past months have been attended with success, are now doubtless enjoying the splendor and fragrance of their plants and shrubs, now emerging in the beauty of their summer robes.

Surely, this miracle of the summer months is one that will never grow old nor lose its marvels! But a few months since, our hillsides wore a most sombre and prosaic hue of dull brown and gray; it is not long since some of us held in our hands those scaly, shrivelled, and lifeless-looking bulbs which, with habitual faith, we were to cast into the soil. Today brilliant greens, golds, and purples flash from hill to hill; in our gardens color and fragrance abound, and from the unpromising bulbs have arisen a bright and stately gathering of many-hued lilies.

This natural magic which every man beholds in endless repetition throughout his lifetime, is replete with suggestiveness along many lines. It is primarily a demonstration of the alchemy of nature. No life is held in nature as bad or worthless, "each thing in its place is best." In consonance with that wonderful natural law of universal conservation, there is no death; there is

merely change, transmutation. The dead leaves fall to earth; in their decay they fructify the seedling in the earth, and in the plant springing therefrom is reborn the faded leaf of last year. The new-born plant is at length crowned with bloom, the bloom enriched with fragrance; touched by the hand of Time, the bloom passes from its original form and, in crude and unfair language, is spoken of as dead. But the outer form only is withered. The soul of that flower — its light, color, and fragrance — has gladdened many a heart and brightened many an eye. Who shall say into what wonderful and potent creation has been transmuted the soul of this bloom of yesterday? Transmutation!

Above the plant kingdom are higher kingdoms; above the flower stands the animal, and above the animal stands man, the great alchemist of the world. Yet in our human speech we have the word death, and to it we attach a very powerful and awful significance. Is, then, our alchemy less potent than Nature's? Is the human power to transmute less than that of the flowers, that we talk of life *ending?*

In many cases one is impelled to reply in the affirmative. But there have been those, and there still are those, who have acquired a larger understanding of human alchemy, and to them death has been revealed as transmutation. Yes, that indeed is what Râja-Yoga teaches its pupils. Life is a great laboratory in which the Higher Nature is forever engaged in "working up" the raw materials of the personality, the brain-mind, and the physical body. Little as we may believe it, each one of these is at present almost entirely "raw material" which we have not yet begun to transmute.

Look at the personality: every day some reagent or other will react upon it and reveal impurities of mood, criticism, likes and dislikes. Bring the powerful reagent of Truth into the mental solution of any of us, and see the murky reaction that is set up, revealing eccentricities and notions galore. Treat that most complex of all creations, the physical body, with the Aqua Regia of strict discipline, and see what a load of alloys cling to an otherwise perfect physique. It is perfectly clear that we chemists of life have some extensive researching to do very near home; radium emanations are very wonderful and fascinating, but they only suggest that this solid old earth of ours is revealing more refined states of matter than we have discovered in Man, Nature's highest and most spiritual creation!

This is the picture which is held up to the Râja-Yoga student — that of "working up" the raw material of his nature and *transmuting*, not *killing*, all. And for this work the one universal solvent would seem to be a Pure, Unselfish Motive dissolved in a concentrated solution of Knowledge. Provided with this and endowed with an enthusiasm for his task, a student is in a position to literally rival Nature in the marvels of his transmutations. Indeed, in our Râja-Yoga College one sees on every hand the divine alchemy of loving service and unselfish efforts towards self-conquest transfiguring many a human life.

There is such a vast difference between the man who is working with the aid of this knowledge of himself and life, and the man who has had no light thrown on the subject. The latter, with his pronounced personality, seems to be constantly enveloped in a haze of vapors — the opinions, tastes, notions, prejudices and critical tendencies of the personality; he is all smoke and no light. The true student, on the other hand, consumes his own smoke by minding his own business and being always absorbed in utilizing waste products — worthless emotions, meaningless opinions, needless prejudices, etc. He is not *afraid* of these things, and he need not *despise* them necessarily; they are merely crude material waiting to be transmuted. The more he transmutes, the stronger man he is, the fuller is his life, and consequently the happier is the rest of humanity. He knows he is only one in the mighty laboratory of life, and his efforts towards self-conquest are made for the advancement of the whole institution of life, as well as for his own individual enlightenment.

The hope and aspiration of the Râja-Yoga students is that these secrets which have been imparted to them may be scattered broadcast, so that man may advance to his true place in the scheme of things — the teacher and co-worker with Nature.

Let Us be Merciful

A READER writes us as follows:

In your magazine for March, 1914, page 3, it is stated: "The very smallest animals are entitled to their meed of kindly consideration. . . . There is no place for cruelty, even to the lowliest." If the mosquitos had not been killed in millions, the Panama Canal could not now have been finished. Was it right to kill them? Over the whole world is now going a call to destroy as many flies as possible. Is this right? It is much the same with rats, not to speak of lice, fleas, bacilli, etc. Is it not a crime to eat meat, because the eater makes himself an accessory to the butcher? Please give a clear answer and information about these questions in your magazine.

We very much regret that humanity should still consider it necessary to kill so many animals, and we look forward to the day when an enlightened science may enable us to do without so much destruction. The human race is all the while progressing in mercy; and the more civilized it gets, the less killing does it have to do.

We very much dislike killing even the smallest creature, and avoid doing so whenever possible. But civilization is far from perfect, and as long as men are cruel to each other there will be strife in the world. When we have learnt the lesson of brotherhood, conditions will be different, and we shall find ways of making peace with Nature instead of quarreling with her. Meanwhile we have to do the best we can.

A man with a kind heart can trust himself to be as merciful as possible, for it hurts him to be cruel. Rather than kill an insect, he will put it out of doors. He will

try to find some peaceable way of keeping rabbits out of his garden, and he will avoid shooting birds.

We do not consider it cruel to kill bacilli; they are scarcely animals. Lice and fleas have to be killed, but it is better to avoid them by being cleanly. In the same way we should avoid breeding flies, and then we should not have to kill them. The same also applies to rats and many other kinds of vermin.

Meat-eating is one of our most regrettable habits, and will one day be given up. Many people already are vegetarians on this account. Let us do without it if we can; and if we cannot, let us be as merciful as possible.

Finally, let us be patient and hopeful; and above all let us remember that the best and only real way to stop cruelty is to practise kindness to one another. Thus will harmony be restored in the world, and it will become possible to adjust our conduct to our wishes. If mankind were not so inharmonious, it would not so often find itself at war with Nature. Mosquitos would not molest it, nor fleas and rats infest. Let us always work for harmony, and let a kind heart be our counsellor in all difficult cases such as arise in such a disordered world. EDITOR

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

PLATO, A FULL-BLOODED COLLIE OF LOMALAND

A Dog: Nothing More

He is a Friend of Humanity, a Democrat, and a Lover of Out-of-Doors, and He will Stick by You when Everything else goes Glimmering.

LIKE Mirabeau, he is the friend of humanity. He looks out upon the world with naïve, trusting eyes, nosing for good everywhere, and continually surprised when he does not find it. This may be partly because he is young. Old dogs, like old men, grow cynical. But this one's age, if his gentle brown eyes are any index of the character inside, however frosty, will still be kindly. He cannot but be ingenuous and optimistic to the last.

He is the most faithful and consistent of created beings. If you gain access to his friendship once you are in favor forever. If you have not seen him for a long time he may forget you, but if you make some familiar sign he will halt, prick back his ears, cock his intelligent countenance in your direction, wag his tail good-humoredly, then begin to quiver with suppressed emotion and at once come rollicking up to meet you. In manner he is impetuous, disdaining the delicacies of the drawing-room and loving the heartiness of out-of-doors. He suggests blue shirts and sombreros, the smell of campfires, the sights and odors of a thousand free days on the open road, the joys of a hundred robust idylls of the open country.

If you do not look out he will plant his muddy paws upon your immaculate coat and frisk dust upon you with his agitated tail as rapidly as ten negro porters could frisk it off again. If you reprove him or thump him with your fist he will be grieved, but he will not understand. What, may he ask, is a little dust between friends? What are clothes? Do they make a man a better companion? Do they sweeten his heart and dress up his soul? You will not make him understand why a little clean dust — the good dust that your food and his comes out of, first or last; the good, peaceful dust that you and he alike will go back to some time — upon a mere external thing like clothes should make you cruel. You can teach him that hearty, wholesome manners are taboo, and he will retire under the house to meditate, his tail drooping and a puzzled sadness in every line of his body, but not all his meditation will show him where the fault lies.

He is a democrat. He does not love or respect the pomps and vanities of the world. His ancestors formed their characters on bare Scotch hills in the company of dour shepherds who feared nothing under heaven, made

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ONE OF THE GATEWAYS TO THE GROUNDS OF THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

(Main Building of the Râja-Yoga College is seen through the central arch. An old photograph.)

obeisance to none, and defied the armies of kings for the subtle turn of a phrase. You may be well assured nothing will gain his respect save the sound inner qualities that a dog sees more quickly than men. He does not care whether the world calls you a sinner or a saint; he knows what you are.

When all the world turns bitter as gall, and the human beings you loved have forsaken you, and the causes you loved are all ruined and lost, he will come bounding down to the gate, with joyous tail in air, to welcome you home.

— Editorial, *San Francisco Bulletin*, March 31

Oriole

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

HUSH! 'Tis he!
My oriole, my glance of summer fire,
Is come at last, and, ever on the watch,
Twitches the pack-thread I had lightly wound
About the bough to help his housekeeping —
Twitches and scouts by turns, blessing his luck,
Yet fearing me who laid it in his way,
Nor, more than wiser we in our affairs,
Divines the providence that hides and helps.

One Brotherhood of Life Universal

A PLANT is not to be studied as an absolutely dead thing, but rather as a sentient being. . . . To measure petals, to count stamens, to describe pistils without reference to their functions, or the why and wherefore of their existence, is to content one's self with husks in the presence of a feast of fatness — to listen to the rattle of dry bones rather than the heavenly harmonies of life. We have reason to be profoundly thankful for the signs to be seen on every side, that the dreary stuff which was called botany in the teaching of the past will soon cease to masquerade in its stolen costume, and that our children and our children's children will study not dried specimens or drier books, but the living things which Nature furnishes in such profusion.

. . . . . .

The reason of this radical change is not far to seek. Since man has learned that the universal brotherhood of life includes himself as the highest link in the chain of organic creation, his interest in all things that live and move and have a being has greatly increased. The movements of the monad now appeal to him in a way that

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A FLOWER-BORDERED PATHWAY THROUGH A "LOMALAND" GARDEN
(The roads and pathways are lined with *Mesembryanthemum* which is at its height of flowering in April.)

was impossible under the old conceptions. He sees in each of the millions of living forms with which the earth is teeming, the action of many of the laws which are operating in himself; and has learned to a great extent his welfare is dependent on these seemingly insignificant relations; that in ways undreamed of a century ago they affect human progress. — *Clarence Moores Weed.*

The Gardener

A SUNDAY MORNING TALK
AT SAN QUENTIN PENITENTIARY, CALIFORNIA

One of the practical humanitarian activities of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is that conducted in certain penitentiaries and jails by its official representatives. These meetings, which are usually held on Sunday mornings, are well attended by appreciative and attentive audiences, resulting in the establishment of self-respect, confidence, and hopefulness in many a disheartened auditor.

I AM acquainted with an old man who has a most beautiful garden plot. In an interesting conversation with him as to the cultivation of grain, fruit and flowers, I found him also to be deeply interested in Brotherhood. This had led him to observe an analogy existing between the care of a garden and the care a man should take of his mind.

"Both," said he, "must be kept under control, and when once put in that condition the very best results ensue."

The garden spot, the grain field, and the orchard must be kept clear of weeds; and so should the mind, he declared. When this is done, the good in both cases finds no obstruction. The gardener has good returns; the man has uninterrupted, effective work, and a clean mind.

He spoke of the duty of a vigilant watcher of a garden plot; how he must guard against the destructive winds which sometimes sweep through the garden, resulting in disaster to labor and plants. He contrasted this with the unmindful man, who at times allows the storms of passion to sweep through his mind, which weakens character and destroys the very key to good conduct.

He stated that the mind of man is the garden spot of the soul, and that he was astounded when he realized how neglectful his fellow-men were of this most sacred trust. He spoke of those who take the greatest care

and pride in their cultivated fields, flower gardens, and orchards, in order that no noxious weeds should crowd out the growth and destroy the results of their labor; yet allow their minds to become burdened and clogged with the grossest tares of selfishness, which prevents the divine gardener — the Soul — from reaping the just reward of its labor.

To make clearer his meaning he said: "The most objectionable intruders in the mind — the Garden of the Soul — are the selfish habits which one permits to grow and grow until their uprooting is almost an impossibility. They create what the philosophers call a consciousness — a real living entity, which begins to make demands, that its thirst, cravings, and desires may be gratified."

"The queerest thing of all," said he, "is that we are perfectly aware of this intruder when he first makes his appearance in the mind, and we know full well that he should be rejected, but we tolerate him until a habit is formed, which begins to rule."

Continuing, this philosophical gardener reasoned in this wise: Then if we turn to clear our soul-garden of weedy intruders, we find ourselves face to face with a formidable antagonist, and this calls forth all kinds of excuses that come into the mind to try to make one stop the fight. The more a man fights to overcome these obstructions, the clearer and stronger becomes the mind, letting in each day more and more of the sunshine of the Soul, which enables the victor to receive a greater share of those bounteous and natural gifts, which are given to him to help his fellow-men.

The old gardener said: "So you noticed the fertility of the soil in which my fruit and flowers are planted? You observe there is nothing here offensive to the senses, as I have taken particular pains that it shall be so." A remark that set me thinking and wishing.

I know of men whose fertility of mind is so neglected that it produces anything but beauty; the most innocent and inoffensive incident or remark is immediately twisted and translated by their minds into all manner of vulgarity. I compare the offensiveness of that quality in such as these to that which I should encounter were I to enter my neighbor's garden and find carcasses of putrid animals used for the purpose of fertilization. Is it not obvious that, because of this condition of offensive and noxious odors, all beauty would disappear from that garden? This may be considered an extreme contrast, but I find it of too frequent occurrence to permit it to pass without comment.

There is a sunshine and a lustre and an inviting expression in the open countenance of a clean-minded person, which is not to be found in the opposite, and, as every one prefers the former, all should strive for physical, mental, and moral cleanliness.

When these qualities exist in a man he is entitled to and will receive all that is best in the world, and at this point Brotherhood steps in and makes a demand that this best shall be passed on and shared in by others.

The old gardener in concluding said: "I believe in Brotherhood; I believe that the mind is not only the battle-ground where we must fight to overcome evil tendencies, and cast them out, but it shall become so cultivated and fertile with good and kind thoughts put into acts that it will be, in the highest and truest sense, the Flower Garden of the Soul." H. H. S.

A Prejudice

CHARLOTTE STETSON

I WAS climbing up a mountain-path
With many things to do —
Important business of my own,
And other people's, too —
When I ran across a Prejudice
That quite cut off the view.

My work was such as could not wait,
My path quite clearly showed;
My strength and time were limited —
I carried quite a load;
And there that hulking Prejudice
Sat all across the road.

So I spoke to him politely,
For he was huge and high,
And begged that he would move a bit
And let me travel by.
He smiled — but as for moving,
He didn't even try

And then I reasoned quietly
With that colossal mule;
My time was short — no other path —
The mountain winds were cool;
I argued like a Solomon —
He sat there like a fool.

Then I flew into a passion,
I danced and howled and swore;
I pelted and belabored him
Till I was stiff and sore;
He got as mad as I did,
But he sat there, as before.

And then I begged him on my knees —
I might be kneeling still,
If so I hoped to move that mass
Of obdurate ill will —
As well invite the monument
To vacate Bunker Hill!

So I sat before him helpless,
In an ecstacy of woe:
The mountain mists were rising fast,
The sun was sinking slow,
When a sudden inspiration came,
As sudden winds do blow.

I took my hat, I took my stick,
My load I settled fair;
I approached that awful incubus
With an absent-minded air,
And I walked directly through him,
As if he wasn't there! — *Selected*

In Tribute to William Q. Judge

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE was born in Dublin, Ireland, on April 13, 1851. When a young man he came to America and entered the legal profession. In 1874 he met Mme. H. P. Blavatsky and ably assisted her in establishing the Theosophical Society which, at his suggestion, was organized on September 8, 1875. Mr. Judge became the Head of the American Section and eventually succeeded to the Leadership of the world-wide Theosophical Movement after the death of Mme. Blavatsky. He died on March 21, 1896, leaving as his successor Katherine Tingley, the present Leader of the world-wide Movement, for the establishment of which Mme. Blavatsky and he had labored together so heroically.

It being a long-established custom in the Society to observe the birthdays and departures from this life of its Leaders, a special meeting was held this year, on April 13, in the Rotunda of the Râja-Yoga College, the exercises being conducted by the William Quan Judge Club. The program was considered by many of those present as one of the most impressive observances of the birthday of "The Chief" that has ever been held at the Headquarters.

The following interesting papers were read by two of the Cuban members of the William Q. Judge Club, which is an international body representing nine nations.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SECOND LEADER OF THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

I

OUR EXEMPLAR

By Miguel Domínguez

AT no time in the world's history has the spirit of materialism been so active as it was in the 19th century, especially towards the close. It was at this time of prejudice and misbelief that a young man of twenty-three met Helena P. Blavatsky, and pledged his life to the cause of Theosophy. He was no older than many of the members of this Club when he started on his career of service to Humanity.

Ever courteous and kind, even to those who would willingly have destroyed his work, he always tried by his own spirit of brotherliness to draw from the higher nature of others a spark of that divine fire which animates every human being. Faith, faith in himself and in his mission, that is what carried him through; that is what makes us admire and revere his memory. His faith was so strong that not even the lack of an audience would deter him from proclaiming the truths of Theosophy. It was his duty to make these teachings public and he was faithful to his duty. No doubt it was his faith in Theosophy, together with his stedfastness to duty — as exemplified in his speaking to empty halls — that makes it possible today for Madame Tingley to speak to crowded houses.

And yet he was not alone in his struggles, for Truth will let no one fight her battles alone. When a man takes up the cause of Truth and fights for it, he has behind him not only his own individual higher nature, but also the higher natures of all who are consciously awake to the Divine Self, and every clean thought of such as these helps him in his battles. The more the forces of evil exert themselves, the more he uses this reserve that is always pouring in so long as he is true to his principles. He is the chief directing these forces; but he must have knowledge before he can succeed in his endeavor. And that is why Mr. Judge was chosen to be the preserver of the Theosophical Movement; he had the necessary knowledge for directing it.

Let us take a lesson from this and purify our thoughts to such an extent that it will not be possible for us to take part unconsciously in the evil thought-life of the world. There are many people today who need but the impetus of just a little evil thought to make the electrical connexion, as it were, between the two black thunder clouds; just a little black thought that will give some irresponsible person the impulse to commit some terrible deed, for which the laws of our State may not hold us responsible, but there is a Law higher than any on earth, from whose decision there is no appeal.

We cannot miss the mark if we always hold before us the example of our Chief — William Quan Judge, who said: "Let us hit the mark, O friend! and that mark is . . . . the highest spiritual life we are at any time capable of."

II

CONCENTRATION

By Arturo Peralta

THERE are two kinds of concentration: the concentration of the brain-mind or mental concentration, and the concentration of the spiritual will or spiritual concentration. Many have the power of concentrating mentally, but few have the power of concentrating spiritually.

Mental concentration can be applied to book-study and memorizing. This results in making a student grasp a subject quickly but superficially. He is what we may call a clever student. He will have some traits of character more developed than others, making him very enthusiastic in the line of work which he may be engaged in, but only for the time being. He will lack that steady

quality which is so very essential.

One applying mental concentration to the art of music, for instance, will develop technique only, and his music will be of the brain-mind, which may be very pretty, but will lack that depth, grandeur, and soul expressed by the true musician. If this form of concentration alone be applied to any line of thought, whether it be science, philosophy, or some other, it may produce a deep thinker, but at the same time a materialist.

Mental concentration gives us knowledge through the power of reasoning, which is only one source of knowledge and not the best.

On the other hand, spiritual concentration can be applied to self-conquest. This results in giving a student high ideals, in rounding out his character with a firm foundation, and thereby making it impregnable to all weaknesses and desires. The performance of duty will be his ambition; he is what we call a loyal student. He will be able to face his Karma like a man, not only acknowledging to himself those heedless and unwise seeds which he planted and from which Karma grew, but also to make use of and love his Karma.

Spiritual concentration if continuously practised will ultimately produce, not the material thinker, but the great Teacher; one who, having gone through self-conquest, will be able to understand human nature in all its different aspects, and thereby point out that path which Humanity is struggling to find.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA
DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF H. P. BLAVATSKY AND WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

Knowledge obtained through self-conquest has its source in the power of Intuition, which is latent in every man, and which is the voice of the soul.

In William Quan Judge we have the great Teacher, who through continuously practising spiritual concentration reached that state of self-perfection which enabled him to render such noble service.

May his memory be kept alive in our minds as A Perfect Gentleman — Our Friend, Our Chief.

Quotations from the Writings of William Q. Judge

THEOSOPHY applies to the self the same laws which are seen everywhere in Nature.

THE will and mind are only servants for the Soul's use.

MAN is a thinker and by his thoughts he makes the causes for woe or bliss.

EACH man's life and character are the outcome of his previous lives and thoughts.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE HELENA P. BLAVATSKY CLUB, WITH SOME OF THEIR YOUNGER COMRADES IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE

Whittier on the Abolition of the Death Penalty

THANK God! that I have lived to see the time
When the great truth begins at last to find
An utterance from the deep heart of mankind,
Earnest and clear, that all Revenge is Crime!
That man is holier than a creed — that all
Restraint upon him must consult his good,
Hope's sunshine linger on his prison wall,
And Love look in upon his solitude.
The beautiful lesson which our Saviour taught
Through long, dark centuries its way hath wrought
Into the common mind and popular thought;
And words, to which by Galilee's lake shore
The humble fishers listened with hushed oar,
Have found an echo in the general heart,
And of the public faith becoming a living part.

Who shall arrest this tendency? — Bring back
The cells of Venice and the bigot's rack?
Harden the softening human heart again
To cold indifference to a brother's pain?

. . . . . Can ye not learn
From the pure Teacher's life, how mildly force
Is the great Gospel of Humanity?

"Thou Shalt Not Kill"

AN APPEAL TO ABOLISH CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

TWO of the organizations of the student-body of the Râja-Yoga College are the Helena P. Blavatsky Club and the William Quan Judge Club, comprising the older students of the Girls' and Boys' Departments respectively.

On the 2nd of April special meetings of these clubs were held upon receipt of information that the death-sentence had been passed upon certain condemned men, and two sets of Resolutions were unanimously passed, constituting one of the most unique pleas that was ever made, probably, for the abolition of the death-sentence, inasmuch as the pleaders are maidens and youths who are on the threshold of womanhood and manhood and are still engaged in fitting themselves to assume the duties and responsibilities of life.

Coincidentally with the action of the young people's clubs, the Women's and Men's International Theosophical Leagues of Humanity also passed resolutions of similar purport, and on Sunday evening, April 5, Mme. Katherine Tingley, the Leader of the Universal Brotherhood and

Theosophical Society, made an eloquent appeal for the abolishment of capital punishment to a large audience that filled the Isis Theater to overflowing. Immediately upon the close of Mme. Tingley's personal appeal, the four sets of resolutions above referred to were read, and then, before the last word had died away, Mme. Tingley, catching the enthusiasm of the responsive audience, was inspired to step quickly to the front of the platform and invite the audience to rise in a standing vote in support of the resolutions, which they did with a practically unanimous will, it being some minutes before the plaudits ceased.

Following this, the audience was invited to join the Râja-Yoga International Chorus in singing *Lead Kindly Light*. The meeting was also opened with songs by this chorus of some fifty voices, followed by the reading of appropriate quotations. Altogether, it was a most impressive evening, the echo of which reached far and wide; for example, it was stipulated in one set of the resolutions that copies be sent to the Governor of California and other officials, and "that the same be printed and sent to the Governor of every State of America, and to the Heads of Governments and their Ministers throughout the world, and be published broadcast among the people of the earth."

Resolutions by the Helena P. Blavatsky Club Against Capital Punishment

Râja-Yoga Academy, Point Loma, California

"Judge Not, That Ye Be Not Judged"

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

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

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

Whereas: The psychological effect of the fear of death adds to the despair which may lead others to crime; and such a death liberates evil influences beyond human power to control, which could be held in check if the man were given another chance; and

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Karin Hedlund, *President*
Margaret Hanson, *Secretary*

Approved: Katherine Tingley, *Foundress-Directress*
Râja-Yoga Academy, Point Loma, California, April 2, 1914

Resolutions by the William Q. Judge Club Against Capital Punishment

"Fortune's Favored Soldiers, Loyal and Alert"

Primary Objects:

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

Secondary Objects:

1. To acquire a greater knowledge of, and facility in, public speaking.
2. To gain a more thorough mastery of the English language.
3. To study and practise Parliamentary Law.

"Thou Shalt Not Kill"

To His Excellency, Governor Hiram Johnson,
State House, Sacramento, California.

Honorable Sir:

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

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

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

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

Whereas: The William Quan Judge Club has been given the opportunity of co-operating with Katherine Tingley in her efforts to abolish Capital Punishment in general, and in her protest against the execution of these men in particular;

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE CLUB AND A FEW OF THE YOUNGER BOYS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA SCHOOL

and has also been given the opportunity of co-operating with the Men's International Theosophical League of Humanity, in the Resolutions unanimously adopted by that Body on March 31, 1914: Therefore be it

RESOLVED: That the William Quan Judge Club appeal to His Excellency, Governor Hiram Johnson, to commute the sentence of our condemned brothers, and thereby give them another chance to learn their lessons from their serious mistakes, and thus possibly become in time worthy citizens; and that in no sense do we presume to ask that our condemned brothers be set free; but that we repeat the words of our Teacher, Katherine Tingley: "They should have another chance in the most humane environments."

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

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

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

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, iv. 1.

In behalf of all the members of the William Quan Judge Club, among whom are represented nine different nations.

HUBERT DUNN, *Censor*
MONTAGUE A. MACHELL, *President*
IVERSON L. HARRIS, JR., *Secretary*
Approved: KATHERINE TINGLEY
Foundress-Directress

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

The following is a part of the Resolutions passed by the Woman's International Theosophical League, as previously referred to:

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

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

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

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

INNER COURT OF THE NIZAM'S PALACE, HAIDERABAD, INDIA

A Hindû Poetess

TORO DUTT was a young poetess of Hindûstân, who lived between 1856 and 1877. She belonged to a Hindû family of high caste, originally of Bengal, and later of Calcutta. It was in the latter city that Toro was born. She had an elder sister and a brother, but he died when quite young. The two sisters lived in Calcutta during their childhood, and their father's garden-house must have been a very beautiful home, for in one of her poems Toro speaks lovingly of the wealth of flowers that surrounded her, the silvery water-lilies, and crimson blossoms decking the aged, winding casuarina-tree.

While the nations of the West sometimes believe that Oriental seclusion is dreary and monotonous, it develops strong, peculiarly rich imaginative faculties, for the air is alive with mystic legends that are old and potent with centuries of poetic imagery and eastern lore. And so, her veins filled with the purest blood of her land, Toro Dutt had her mind fired with the old songs and stories told by her mother.

Toro was only thirteen when her father took her and her sister to Europe to learn French and English. She was more proficient in the former tongue, and wrote fluently and vigorously in it. Both she and her sister were skillful musicians and alto singers of merit. They were not long in Europe, but what Toro accomplished in that short time is truly wonderful, and would have made a European girl seem learned.

On returning to India she began to study Sanskrit, and some of her best work is the retelling of Sanskrit legends in English. She did not completely master the English language, and sometimes her verse is faulty, but much of it is remarkably beautiful. The first book published by her was called, *A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields*. This little book was a collection of poems which she had translated from her favorite French writers. This was her only published work at the time of her early death, but afterwards her father found among her papers selections from other French and English writings, as well as a completed book, for which her sister Aru was to make illustrations, an art in which she showed great talent.

This young Hindû girl had an astonishing avidity for learning, and her intense application carried her swiftly over the road, but she overstrained, and so we have to lament the untimely death of a very gifted writer. Original ideas, clothed in sweet and expressive verse, give a charm to her writings that lingers much longer in the mind than her imperfections, which a few years of

study would have, in all probability, entirely eradicated.

Her works were published in India, France, and England, and deserve an honored place in any collection of Oriental poetry, or in the collections that poetry-lovers make for themselves from their favorite verse-weavers.

K. H.

Sonnet

TORU DUTT

LOVE came to Flora asking for a flower
That would of flowers be undisputed queen.
The lily and the rose long, long had been
Rivals for that high honor. Bards of power
Had sung their claims. "The rose can never tower
Like the pale lily with her Juno mien"—
"But is the lily lovelier?" Thus between
Flower-factions rang the strife in Psyche's bower,
"Give me a flower delicious as the rose
And stately as the lily in her pride."
"But of what color?" "Rose-red," Love first chose,
Then prayed, "No, lily-white—or, both provide."
And Flora gave the lotus, "rose-red" dyed,
And "lily-white"—the queenliest flower that blows.

Character of a Youth

Selected from *The Epic of Râma, Prince of India* condensed into English verse by Romesh Dutt, C. I. E.

SEARCHING still their secret purpose, seeking still their thoughts to know,
Spake again the ancient monarch in his measured words and slow:

"I would know your inner feelings, loyal thoughts and whispers kind,
For a doubt within me lingers and a shadow clouds my mind,

"True to Law and true to Duty while I rule this kingdom fair,
Wherefore would you see my Râma seated as the Regent Heir?"

"We would see him Heir and Regent, Daśa-ratha, ancient lord,
For his heart is blessed with valour, virtue marks his deed and word.

"Lives not man in all the wide-earth who excels the stainless youth,
In his loyalty to Duty, in his love of righteous Truth.

"Truth impels his thought and action, Truth inspires his soul with grace
And his virtue fills the wide-earth and exalts his ancient race!

"For our humble woes and troubles Râma hath the ready Tear,
To our humble tales of suffering Râma lends his willing ear!

"To the Gods and bright Immortals we our inmost wishes send,
May the good and god-like Râma on his father's throne ascend.

"Great in gifts and great in glory, Râma doth our homage own;
We would see the princely Râma seated on his father's throne!"

A STRIKING example of mural decoration is found in the animal friezes on the walls of ancient Babylon. The figures of the animals — bulls and gryphons — are built up of enameled tiles, each tile bearing on its surface a small portion of the figure in high relief. These tiles were set, each in its place, during the construction of the walls, and the result is a highly decorative frieze.

The Great Books of the Past

ON one of the shelves of our Râja-Yoga Library stands a row of large books, all bound alike in blue with titles in gold and looking rather severe, as if they contained reading of only a serious and weighty character. But open one of them at random and perhaps some such lines as these will meet your eye:

Soon as the Sun had pierced the veil of night,
And o'er the prospect shed his earliest light,
Káús, impatient, bids the clarions sound,
The sprightly notes from the hills and rocks rebound;
His treasure gates are opened; . . .
The steely armor glitter'd o'er the fields,
And lightnings flash'd from gold emblazoned shields;
Thou wouldst have said, the clouds had burst in showers
Of sparkling amber o'er the martial powers.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

PROPYLAEA OR ENTRANCE HALL TO PALACE (RESTORED) AT PERSEPOLIS, PERSIA

Certainly there is nothing prosaic in these stirring lines, and having read them one instantly wants to know what they are from, who was their author, and what they are about. They are to be found in the Persian national epic, *The Shâh Nâmeh* or *Book of Kings*, which has been said to equal Homer's *Iliad* or the German *Niebelungen Lied*. It was written by Firdausi, a celebrated Persian epic poet who was born at Shadab, near Tûs, in Khorâsân about 935 A. D., and died at Tûs in 1020.

The name of this poet means garden, and his verse is indeed like a garden, where he has gathered and made to flourish all the poetic fancy of his country, as though

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

VIEW OF THE GOLDEN HORN AND CONSTANTINOPLE

he there reveled in rich flowers. Firdausi was the court poet to Máhmúd of Ghazni, whom he praises in his works, and whose court he has made as brilliant and gorgeous as any legend of Eastern wealth and splendor. Máhmúd was the first to bear the name of Sultan.

In the *Sháh Námeh* Firdausi extols the greatness and power of his native land, and it is filled with as much chivalrous and knightly spirit and adventure as any medieval tale. The hero, Rustem, is a Persian Achilles. The whole story is vivid and stirring, and the descriptions of the heroes, the battles, and the scenes of peace and tournaments are brilliant and varied.

Another great poet of Persia was Omar Ibn al-Khayyám, who was one of the finest of lyric poets. He was born at Nishapúr, famous as a center of learning and religion, and at that time the most important city of Khōrasân. Although a great mathematician and astronomer, his fame was made as a poet, his best known work being the celebrated Rubaiyat. His writings are full of charming imagery. He loved beauty, and the deep mysticism of his work is suggested in these lines:

> I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
> Some letter of that After-life to spell.
> And by and by my Soul returned to me,
> And answer'd, "I Myself am Heav'n and Hell."

Another of these volumes gives us this from Ottoman literature:

> Thou didst with fire make red the rose's heart,
> And kindle passion in the nightingale;
> Thou didst lend sweetness to the open air,
> And scatter in the East the scent of musk;
> To thee the spring-time owes her living crown;
> The groves of roses owe their fame to thee.

These beautiful lines are from *The Rose and the Nightingale*, by Mohammed Fasli of Constantinople, who died in 1563. The subject of the legend is a favorite one in Persian and Turkish literature, and not only is it full of lovely nature-pictures and an ardent love of life and beauty, but a profoundly mystical touch is also there, as where he says:

> The great world-dragon is thy talisman.
> . . . . .
> Upon the page of night, with master hand,
> The shining precepts of thy law are writ,
> And gloriously emblazoned by the signs
> And letters of the azure firmament.

In this tale, which is about the love of the flower and the bird, the gentle winds come in as messengers, the fragrant jessamine bears their letters, the stern thorn gives advice, the Autumn and the Winter waste the

garden, the Spring returns in triumph, the caged Nightingale is released, the Rose blooms again, but finally both must die. The whole tale is written in exquisite language, and finally its interpretation and its bearing on human life are given, with every object in Nature having a singularly appropriate signification. For example, the return of Spring, that brings beauty and freshness to the earth, is the light and truth that light up man's inner nature.

The Turks have also many folk-tales, remarkable for their similarity to those of Esop, and they seem to have

No other day can equal the one that is past.
Begin with small things, that you may achieve great.

Babylonian literature is constantly becoming more and better known, and the clay tablet, once unintelligible, now sheds a great illuminating light over the mighty past of those ancient nations. In their national epic, the history of Izdubar, many ideas seem to foreshadow later epics, as when this hero has to clear his land of wild beasts, as King Arthur had to do; fight with fabled monsters, like Hercules, and suffer from the wrath of a goddess, like Aeneas. In their literature may be found

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A FINE EXAMPLE OF MOORISH ARCHITECTURE
COURT OF THE MAIDENS IN THE ALCAZAR OF SEVILLE

anticipated Dante's *Inferno* in their profound and symbolical story of the "Ascent of Mohammed."

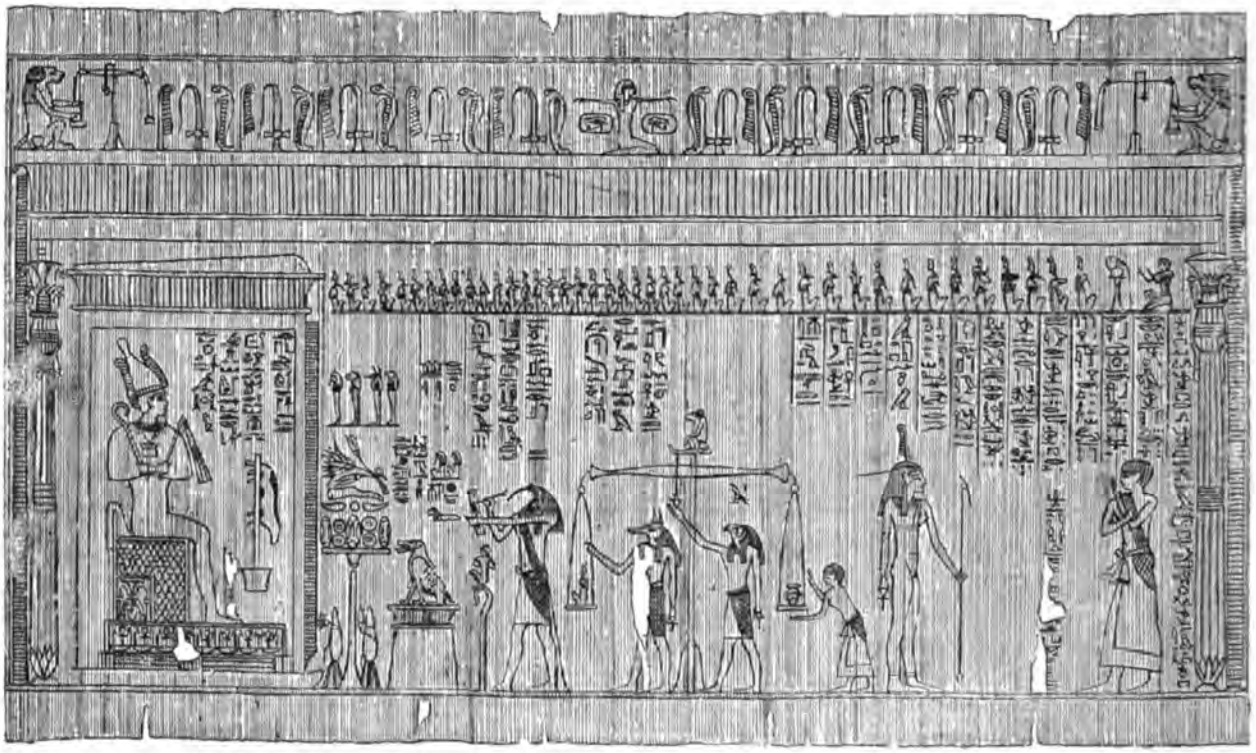
Armenia, that unfortunate country wasted by fire and sword, has but little of her literature left, but what remains is full of pathos and inspiration. The Armenians have their national epic and their proverbs; some of their folk-lore still remains, and their poems are singularly touching.

The following are a few examples of Armenian proverbs:

Every man's own trouble is as large as a camel.
The world is a pair of stairs: some go up and others go down.
The wound of a dagger heals, but that of the tongue, never.
Speak little and you will hear much.

hymns, laws, records, wills, historical events, and a very large number of charms, incantations, and mathematical and astronomical data. One poem tells of the revolt in heaven of certain angels against their Creator. This is a sacred myth, found in many shapes among all nations, like that of the Deluge, which is not exclusively Christian, as is proven by the Babylonian version of it. Babylonian inscriptions are often of a religious nature, as in this one, which is about the erection of a Temple.

I, a Prince, and thy worshipper, am the work of thy hand, thou hast created me—
May thy lofty Lordship be exalted.
. . . . . .
In my heart may it continue, and my life, which to thee is devoted.



THE JUDGMENT OF A SOUL: WALL DECORATION IN AN EGYPTIAN TOMB

Moorish and Malayan literature are full of life and interest. The former has stirring ballads, and in the latter we are charmed by the simplicity and charm of language that belongs to fairy tales full of mysterious happenings by invisible agents in ethereal palaces.

From Egypt comes a spiritual legacy that is full of strength and wisdom as enduring as their eternal pyramids. Their varied and wonderful history, their litany, and their *Book of the Dead*, a mystic ritual, become very sacred and close to us when we can approach them sympathetically, and when we lend ourselves to the inspiration of such precepts as the following, translated from carven pillars, papyrus rolls, and the many-colored hieroglyphics of their tombs and marvelous temples:

Homage to thee, Ra! Supreme power, the master of the light, who reveals hidden things, the spirit who speaks to the gods in their spheres, his form is that of the master of the light.

Homage to thee, Ra! Supreme power, the master of the hidden spheres, who causes the principles to arise, who dwells in darkness, who is born as the all-surrounding universe.

Sanctifying, beneficent, is his name; veneration finds its place; respect immutable for his laws; the path is open; the footpaths are open; both worlds are at rest. Evil flies and earth becomes fecundant peaceably under its Lord.

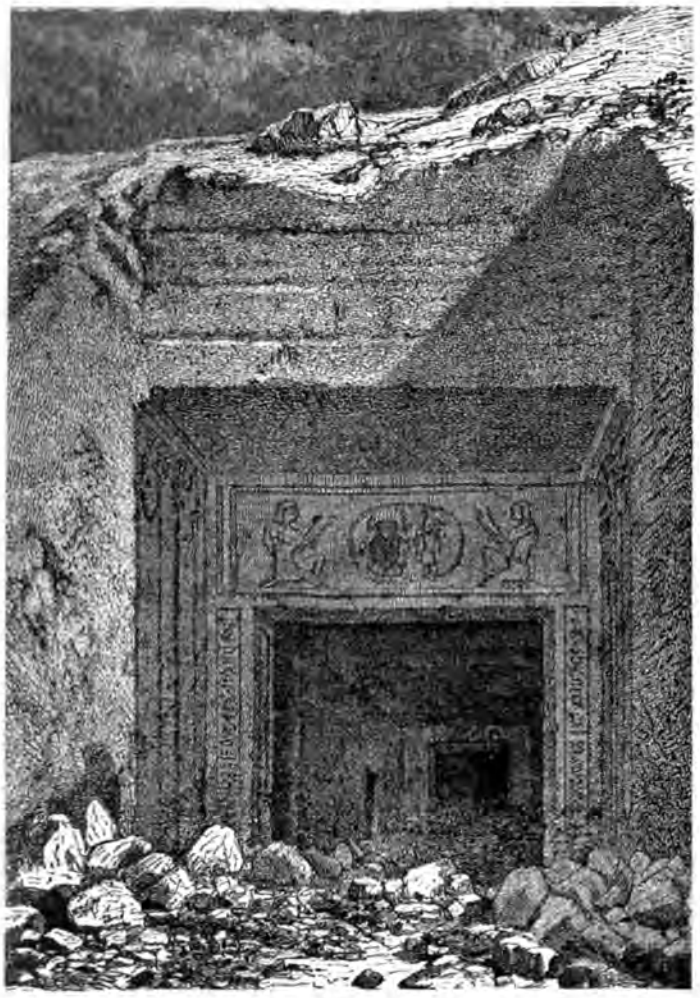
It is impossible to do justice to such a theme as Egyptian literature, but these few examples serve to show the spirit of their devotion, and the enduring character of their architecture. The mystic spirit still brooding over their ancient land evokes something within the lovers of Egypt that is untouched by any other land, because it calls upon the eternal in one's life, which is one with the same spirit that created these monuments of spirituality so long ago. K. H.

The Rock-Hewn Tombs of Ancient Egypt

THIS word "tomb" seems to be altogether too dismal an appellation to be applied to the mortuary chambers of the ancient Egyptians, as they are among the most interesting of all known antiquities, and much of our knowledge of ancient manners and customs, as well as a great proportion of the beautiful and interesting relics which fill our museums have been derived from them.

AN EGYPTIAN NOBLEMAN INSPECTING

These tombs are generally hewn in the face of a rocky cliff, and differ somewhat in size, shape, and execution, the most important feature, however, being the chamber in which the sarcophagus stands.



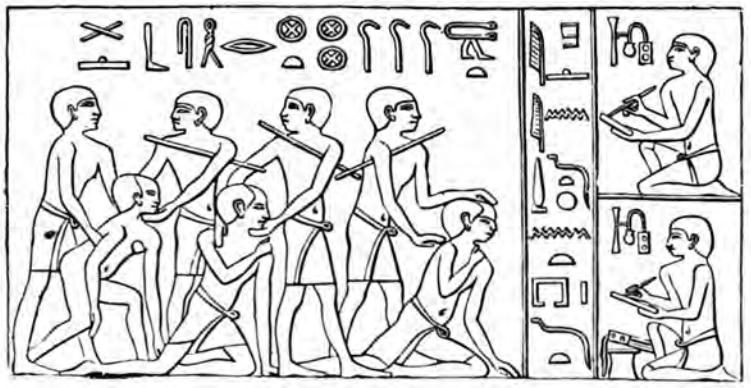
ENTRANCE TO AN EGYPTIAN TOMB

These are often veritable mines of archaeological and artistic interest.

First, the walls of the chamber itself. These are generally covered from floor to ceiling with paintings, representing in vivid color and unending detail the daily lives and occupations of the ancient population. Here we see laborers making tiles and bricks, and there artisans fashioning chairs, tables, couches and furniture of various kinds; here are the husbandmen plowing the fields, and reaping and threshing the grain, while farther on it is being stowed away in warehouses under the supervision of clerks, who check each sack as it is deposited. Fishermen are seen casting nets in waters which fairly teem with fish, and weavers, glassblowers, wheelwrights, armorers, painters, and craftsmen of all kinds ply their respective trades.

Other paintings represent still different phases of ancient life. Here is the local magistrate exercising the duties of his office — sitting in judgment, receiving embassies from outlying districts, and overseeing the activities on his estate. Again he is shown enjoying the pleasures of domestic life, indulging in his favorite sports and exercises, attending social gatherings, sitting at table with his wife and family, while harpers and flute-players enliven the hour with music. His younger children romp about and play ball, while the older enjoy themselves with checkers and backgammon. All these interesting scenes are portrayed with vivacity and humor, and are executed in vivid and lasting pigments, which cause the walls to glow with a rich harmony of variegated color.

The contents of the chambers are equally interesting. Besides the mummified remains, which are often interesting from a historical point of view, the contents consist in the main of artistic furniture and pottery, jewelry, and similar articles of daily use. Valuable manuscripts, tablets, and other literary remains, such as fragments of the *Book of the Dead* and similar religious and mystical writings, have also been found in these chambers. Some of these papyri are elegant examples of the illuminator's art, being beautifully written in black and red and sparingly illuminated in other colors. The skill and refined taste shown in the execution of some of these articles pronounce the Egyptians to have been a most highly cultured and artistic people. The furniture is of elegant and graceful shape, often elaborately carved and decorated with gold and other precious materials, and even the most commonplace objects are of simple and beautiful form. The jewelry found in the tombs is also described as equaling any modern work in beauty of design and execution. In one tomb has been found a chariot of excellent workmanship, which corresponds exactly with the representations found among the wall-sculptures and paintings, and also a pot of "fresh" honey over three thousand years old! H.



THE OVERSEER'S RECKONING

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE TOMB OF THE EMPEROR HADRIAN, ALSO CALLED THE CASTLE OF S. ANGELO AND THE ANCIENT BRIDGE OVER THE TIBER

Architectural Styles and their Meaning

XII

ROMAN

TO one who has not studied architecture, the Roman and the Greek styles are difficult to distinguish, but in reality they are very different. Each reflects the spirit of the people who developed it, and, as we know, the Greeks and Romans were not at all alike. In place of the simplicity and exquisite refinement of Grecian art, we find the Roman buildings distinguished by power, luxury, and magnificent grandeur, which perfectly reflects the condition of the Roman Empire. In Greece the principal buildings were dedicated to spiritual or intellectual purposes — temples and theaters; in Rome the temples take a second place, and we notice the importance given to monuments of practical life and pleasure, such as the public baths (which were really clubhouses), the amphitheaters for gladiatorial and other spectacles, the forums and basilicas for business and justice, the aqueducts for carrying water, the triumphal arches, and the gorgeous palaces of the Emperors and the wealthy patricians.

Roman architecture, as we know it, belongs to the Empire. We have little of interest remaining from the Republican period; in fact Republican Rome must have been a very unpretentious place to look at until the time of the Caesars. In the time of the early kings of Rome we read of temples and palaces and other works of great size and dignity being built for the beautifying of the city, but practically nothing is left of these. During the Republican period Rome did little or nothing to advance science or art. In the first centuries of the Christian era, though before Rome became Christianized, the Empire dazzled the eyes of mankind with its power and magnificence. From the shores of Portugal to far-off Persia every Roman city vied with its neighbor in the erection of temples, baths, and all manner of buildings for public use or private luxury, and Rome itself was, of course, the center from which the fashions were sent out. Egypt was the only conquered land which had the strength to preserve its own peculiar style; we find no Roman temples there. The names of the conquering Roman Emperors in Egypt are found in temples of the old Egyptian pattern, inscribed in the ancient hieroglyphics of the Pharaohs. In Syria, Rome itself was almost outdone in magnificence; at Baalbec and Palmyra cut stone was exclusively used, while in Rome the architects were generally satisfied with brick faced with stone or marble. The size of some of the building-stones used in the great Temple of Baalbec was greater than anything

in Rome; three of them are about sixty-three feet long, ten feet wide, and thirteen feet high.

Roman architecture, as a "classic" style distinct from the Greek, can be distinguished by the beginner by the constant appearance of the Round Arch. The Chaldeans and later inhabitants of Persia understood and used the round arch, and the Greeks knew of it though they did not care to use it; but the Romans derived it from the Etruscans, an early Italian race of unknown antiquity. In combining the arch with their modification of the three Grecian Orders, the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian, the Romans built up a more or less original style. It has been said that if Rome had lasted a few centuries longer, and had become more refined, architects with greater artistic capacity would probably have arisen, and a really superior style might have been evolved. The Roman buildings of great size, such as the palaces and the public baths, etc., were not remarkable, as far as we can tell by what remains, for their general effect; the separate parts were splendid and rich in fine carving, particularly within; but in general design they are not so striking as similar edifices of later styles. For instance, the builders of the Middle Ages, in their cathedrals and colleges and even castles, showed a mastery of proportion of large masses which surpass anything remaining in Roman art. The same may be said of certain Oriental Mohammedan architects. Still we must not undervalue the Roman work; it is very impressive and masculine; for skill in construction it surpassed anything that came before it; and it was the foundation of nearly everything that followed in Europe. The Roman round arch held its ground for centuries and the great medieval churches were planned on the model of the Roman basilicas.

While Roman art and architecture, as we have seen, have not the extraordinary refinement of the Grecian, they have elements of power and seriousness which command admiration in spite of their defects. R.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A CORNER OF THE OLD ROMAN FORUM
Showing the remains of the Temple of Saturn, with Colosseum in the background to the right

The Great Irrigation Works of India

PROBABLY none of the great achievements of modern engineering have proved to be of such great benefit to mankind as the great irrigation works of Egypt and India. It is interesting to note the distinction between these and the vast projects now being carried out in the great arid regions of the western states of America; the latter are for the object of opening up to agriculture vast uninhabited areas, whereas the canals and dams of India and Egypt were constructed in order to avert the fearful and all-too-frequent calamity of famine among an enormous agricultural population. Nothing has done more than these great irrigation works to establish a cordial relationship between the peasants of India and Egypt and their British rulers.

The crops of India depend primarily on the rainfall; the irrigation works were carried out principally to en-

sure abundant water supply in seasons of drought. Nevertheless, in the almost rainless tracts of the Sind, where the annual rainfall is from two to about five inches, the waters of the Indus have been utilized to irrigate that thirsty land. Also the five rivers of the Punjab are led over the "doabs" between the streams, on which the annual rainfall is from ten to thirty inches. It is said, on good authority, that these irrigation works did more to quiet the turbulent Punjab than any amount of policing or legislation could have done.

There are in India 45,000 miles of irrigation canals and distributing ditches, divided into thirty large and seventy-three smaller systems. This great system of canals is, moreover, supplemented with irrigation wells, surface tanks, and reservoirs; so that, out of 226,000,000 acres under cultivation, 13,000,000 acres are irrigated with great labor from wells, 18,000,000 from canals, 8,000,000 from tanks, and 6,000,00 in various other ways, says Archibald Williams in *Engineering Wonders of the World*.

PARTIAL VIEW OF WASTE WEIR OF LAKE FIFE SHOWING THE FLOOD GATES

One of the earliest methods of irrigation to be adopted in India was the tank system. Such tanks vary in area from a few acres to nine or ten square miles. In a single Presidency, that of Madras, there are 33,000 of these tanks.

On a more extensive scale are the great artificial reservoirs built by the British Government. One of the largest of these is Lake Fife, the waste weir or dam of which is shown in the accompanying illustration. In this dam, which is 1200 feet long, there are eighty-eight gates, ten feet wide and eight feet high, which can pass 75,000 cubic feet of water per second. These gates are constructed on a unique principle, which is thus described by Mr. Williams:

> The gates are in pairs, the heavier of the pair opening downwards, the lighter upwards. When the heavy one rises, the light one falls by its own weight, while, on the other hand, the descent of the heavy gate pulls up the other. The gates open and close automatically, through the operation of a counter-weight, which is effected by changes in the level of the water passing through the weir. This ingenious arrangement dispenses with the necessity for working the gates by hand when a flood occurs.

The largest of these Indian irrigation works is the Chenab Canal in the Punjab. When full it carries 11,000 cubic feet of water a second, which is 1000 cubic feet more than the English Thames in full flood. It is 11 feet deep and 250 feet wide at the base, from which point the channels branch out in every direction until they become ditches only about a foot wide at the base. There are some 2800 miles of watercourses in the Chenab canal system, covering an area of about 4650 square miles — a territory equal to half the cultivated area of Egypt. The canals are so arranged that every farmer draws his water from a Government canal, thereby avoiding interminable disputes.

There are now vast, imposing dams on all the great rivers of India. One of the most interesting of these is situated at Hurdwar, at the head of the Ganges Canal. It is entirely different in construction from the solid masonry dams which are now built. First a fourteen inch rope was suspended across the river, propped up at intervals so as to hang in festoons. Next triangular cribs, strongly constructed out of poles, were suspended from the main rope by means of pulleys, and lowered into the river, boulders being dropped into them as they descended, so that by the time the cribs were in position they were weighted sufficiently to keep them in place. The cribs were then lashed firmly together; more boulders were added; mattresses of grass, shingle and soil were thrown in on the upstream side to prevent leakage, and the dam was complete. Although so primitive, it has been in use for over half a century.

G. S.

Los Angeles Aqueduct

THE completion of the Los Angeles Aqueduct marks the successful ending of an arduous struggle with Nature in its most rugged aspects of mountain and desert, and with powerful and subtle private interests for the possession of a priceless supply of water. The ten aqueducts of ancient Rome were marvels of engineering skill and durability. But their construction stretched over a period of five centuries, against the eight years that have elapsed since the Los Angeles aqueduct was first proposed, and the length and dimensions of the ancient Roman aqueducts bear no comparison with that of modern Los Angeles. The longest of the Roman aqueducts was sixty-two miles, while the Los Angeles aqueduct is two hundred and fifty-four miles in length, from the intake on Owens River to the city limits of Los Angeles.

Transcribed from *Pitman's Shorthand Weekly*.

A COMMISSION has been appointed by an international conference which recently sat at Paris, to send out the exact time once a day to all parts of the world by means of the wireless telegraph. This will be of great service in standardizing the official time throughout the world, especially to navigators at sea, to whom this arrangement will be a great aid.

The Magic Cloak

Chapter V

REGINA VICTRIX

QUEEN Alys was now come to the very mouths of the caves and caverns where raged those whom she spoke of as "Awful Beasts," her foes and the foes of the world, and against whose power she had tried to shield her children in the land of Near-the-Sun. She was alone, unprotected and helpless, save for the defense she had in the splendid garment she wore and the courage and determination of her heart. She stood challenging her enemies to come out of their dark lairs to meet her..

Soon there came a creature with flaming eyes and dreadful roarings, who raged about, tearing up the earth as he rushed towards the resplendent little figure that awaited him. Wrapped from head to foot in the gleaming folds of her Magic Cloak, the brave Queen Alys stood her ground confidently.

"Silence!" she ordered.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

POLLY IS ABOUT TO HAVE HIS PICTURE TAKEN

The frightful beast stood still before her, while she spoke to him in a voice that seemed to freeze him to the marrow of his bones.

"Thou, Angry One, art great in thine own estimation, but to me thou art the very smallest of the small. Put off thy horrible aspect! Lay aside this wasteful violence! Go thou on down toward the shore of the sea beyond, and there wait quietly until I come; for I and my people have need of the strength that thou hast been so foolishly wasting."

And — would you believe it? — the awed creature put off all his big show of noisy hatred and, obeying her voice, slunk away.

Then Queen Alys quickly examined the meshes of the Magic Cloak and seeing that they held closely together without one break, knew that there had been no bitterness or anger or malice in the lives of the devoted weavers in her court.

After a time there came out a mean, crawling creature who approached Queen Alys. His hands trembled, his knees shook, and his eyes glared at her frightfully. His movements and grimaces filled her with indignation. To him she spoke:

"O thou most despicable Trembler, arise! Get thee for this once upon thy feet! More harm hast thou done them I love and would help than I will think upon. Arise, I tell thee! Stand thou here behind me and learn what courage means!"

This second beast then, seeing that she was really the soul of Daring come into being, controlled his horrible trembling, and, obeying her command, went and stood quietly a little way behind her. He looked almost as if he would be willing to aid her in her encounter with the next foe, for which she had already braced herself.

One swift glance at the Magic Cloak told her that it was wholly unimpaired and she knew, and had known all along, that Fear had never entered into its making.

Then came one towards her, arrayed in the semblance of strength and beauty. She swept him back with words that shriveled all his beauty to ugliness, all his strength to utter feebleness.

"O thou Vain One!" she called to him in tones of scorn. "Because thou hast small beauty thou wouldst dazzle the world! Because thou hast a little strength, thou wouldst be chief ruler among men! See thy weak littleness ere thy great swelling burst and destroy thee utterly! Thy worth is not much, but even thee I would use for the benefit of others."

He kneeled at her feet subdued, tamed, and ready to obey her. Queen Alys, without looking, knew that the folds of the Magic Cloak lay unbroken and that Vanity had not weakened one thread of it.

"Now," whispered she to herself, "now, hang thou faithfully together, my beautiful, my gleaming Magic Cloak! For now, *now*, cometh the grand test of thy making!"

Looking up she beheld something that she considered more dreadful in every way than all the other beasts that had preceded him.

"Did You Speak?"

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

I SAW the prettiest picture
  Through a garden fence today,
Where the lilies look like angels
  Just let out to play,
And the roses laugh to see them
  All the sweet June day:

Through a hole behind the woodbine,
  Just large enough to see
(By begging the lilies' pardon)
  Without his seeing me,
My neighbor's boy, and Pharaoh,
  The finest dog you'll see.

If you search from Maine to Georgia
  For a dog of kingly air,
And the tolerant, high-bred patience
  The great St. Bernards wear,
And the sense of lofty courtesy
  In breathing common air.

I called the child's name, —"Franko!"
  Hands up to shield my eyes
From the jealous roses, —"Franko!"
  A burst of bright surprise
Transfixed the little fellow
  With wild, bewildered eyes.

"Franko!" Ah, the mystery!
  Up and down, around,
Looks Franko, searching gravely
  Sky and trees and ground,
Wise wrinkles on the eyebrows,
  Studying the sound.

"O Franko!" Puzzled Franko!
  The lilies will not tell;
The roses shake with laughter,
  But keep the secret well;
The woodbine nods importantly.
  "Who spoke?" cried Franko. "Tell!"

The trees do not speak English;
  The calm great sky is dumb;
The yard and street are silent;
  The old board-fence is mum;
Pharaoh lifts his head, but, ah!
  Pharaoh too is dumb.

Grave wrinkles on his eyebrows,
  Hand upon his knee,
Head bared for close reflection,
  Lighted curls blown free —
The child's soul to the brute's soul
  Goes out earnestly.

From the child's eyes to the brute's eyes,
  And earnestly and slow
The child's young voice falls on my ear:
  "Did you speak, Pharaoh?"
The bright thought growing on him —
  "Did *you* speak, Pharaoh?"

. . . .

I can but think if Franko
  Would teach us all his way
Of listening and trusting —
  The wise, wise Franko way! —
The world would learn some summer
  To hear what dumb things say. — *Selected*

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

PEPITO ARRIOLA AND HIS COLLIE

This talented boy pianist visited the Râja-Yoga School in November, 1910, with his mother. We played for him, and he played several selections for us. Then we took him for a walk through our school grounds and gardens, and showed him our pretty group homes. He was very much interested, and on leaving said he wished he could stay at Point Loma and go to school with us rather than go back to his concert playing.

Tige: The Story of a Dog

YOU would have liked Tige, as everybody did who knew him. With a dog's instinct for digging up buried treasures, he found hidden morsels of good feeling even in cold, forbidding natures. His quiet, confident, trusting friendliness was too genuine to be doubted or refused. He won our friendship as children do who find their world full of good people, but choose you for adoption. Tige hadn't a silly hair in his happy hide, either, as you can tell by his dignified, alert, easy way of looking the camera in the eye. Master, who posed him, didn't say: "Now smile a little, please." If he had, there is no telling what the subject would have done; for he always tried to please Master, who talked to him a good deal and said some things funny enough to make a dog laugh.

Tige was full of love for Master, from his moist, dark

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

WHERE TIGE AND HIS MASTER SPENT THEIR SUMMERS

muzzle to the point of his tail and down to the tip of every trim toenail. And Master loved him next to his human friends.

Fate seemed to help these two in finding each other. One snowy night when Master was out calling, he found a shivering little creature crouched behind the storm door. When he took it inside, no one knew where the stranger came from; but he snuggled up to Master as if he had arrived, anyway. The result was that when Master buttoned up his overcoat to go home, he took with him a warm and happy pocketful of puppy. Mistress liked dogs, too, and she made a cozy corner for the little waif, who settled down, satisfied to have found his home.

His new friends gave him a good education. Not in a literary way, of course. He was not taught to read dog Latin or to repeat doggerel, though he could "speak" in quick, short syllable barks. He had a regular military training in promptly obeying orders. Then he was taught to be clean and to have proper table manners, even with a bone to pick or crumby crackers to eat.

As time went on, Tige came to know the family friends. His happy impulse was to make a merry football rush at them and playfully chew their shoe tags or boot buttons. But he was taught to greet visitors more politely. So he would stand expectantly swaying his tail back and forth, awaiting his turn to come forward and shake hands in his best style. When invited to perform, he would go through all of his tricks without "charge." When that word was mentioned, he would retire and watch the rest of the entertainment out of the tail of his bright, brown eye.

Master's word was law with Tige, who had no quarrel with the law, because he and Master were on such good terms. They had many a quiet interview upon matters of the canine code, when Tige listened so intently he seemed to get the meaning of things. In fact, they had a confidential understanding all their own, without a sign of a grip or a growl of a password. After business hours and on Sundays they took brisk walks in the open air. These walks did Master good; while the dog grew strong and quick as he raced and romped and scouted around to his heart's content.

The real holidays began when Master's business suit was exchanged for cap and sweater at the shore. Sometimes they went sailing together, the happy dog on look-out; while Master managed the sail with the easy air that told of sea-salt in his blood. Tige liked the solid earth best, but any place that Master went suited him.

Master usually took some congenial friends along on those delightful sailing trips. Of course, they enjoyed the restful quiet and fresh air and broad sweep of sea and sky and all that. But frankly, that clean, happy, affectionate dog trotting around on board, and making impartial, friendly little overtures to everybody, was an added bond of unity and good feeling. He had a way of walking quietly around back of some friend and then, softly poking his nose through under an arm, he would sit there gently resting his head against the breast and occasionally looking up in one's face — much the same way as loving, trusting children creep right into the heart. Those intelligent creatures who live close to man sometimes have a look in their eyes as if they sensed the separating gulf between them and knew that only love could bridge it over or trust could go across.

Tige deserved all the attention we gave him: for he worked out, by daily example, some philosophic precepts with which we were on mere speaking terms. He took whatever came as part of the program. If he had less to trouble him than we had, he didn't go looking for trouble as much, either. He met indifference and disarmed prejudice and even enmity at close range with a genial interest which as good as said, "*We* understand each other, anyway, and are already good friends." All living things like to be liked. And to challenge new people with genuine sympathy appeared to be Tige's mission in life. Fortunately, this friendly creature had no creed or dogma by which to pick out the elect. Having been neither spoiled nor abused, he just naturally expected to like people because he found them likable.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

TIGE AND KITTY

One day the baby kitten came wobbling along on the funny fur clubs that were put on wide apart at the four corners of her unsteady body. She was looking for any good thing within her reach in a strange, big world, and found Tige, who was several times her size. She came up beside him with that "me too" air of expecting some attention, as she always aroused a lively interest in her mother. The cool, sensitive nose reached down to meet the curious, little upturned face with a caressing touch, just as Master's camera caught the cunning pose of the lamb and the lion.

Tige was very ill the second winter, and the veterinary was called. Some days he seemed to be better; but he grew thin and weak in spite of every care. The intimate friends used to regularly telephone to inquire, or call and wish they could do something helpful. Master's father said one day: "I believe that dog has got more friends than any of us."

Tige seemed to know that his friends were trying to help him, and he would let them do anything without showing fear, and never snapped or growled even if handled while suffering. Once, when he was too weak to hold his head up, one of his old friends, who had just hurt him in helping with his care, stepped into another room to speak to some one. Soon Tige heard the sound of the familiar laugh outside, and he gave a faint, answering bark and feebly wagged his tail — patient and trusting and grateful to the last. As he drifted out with the ebb of the tide of the unknown Sea, the brown eyes were too dim to note that the loved Master's hand no longer held the tiller. We were not foolish enough to forget that the best dog amounts to less than the meanest man. But we did grieve at the loss of our four-footed friend.

There has never been enough interest in the question of an animal heaven to get up a religious row or to found a new sect. But wherever that center of good feeling which we called Tige has gone, his memory certainly survives the years as a more wholly happy thing than the mixed feelings most men bequeath to those they leave behind. He came far nearer making good as a dog than most men do as men; and his contagious affection and trusting good will were wholesome influences.

We came across Tige's picture the other day after reading an account of some experiments made on dogs, — in the interests of science it was said and to find out how to cure disease. But no lover of animals, no one who knows the trust and fidelity of dogs will ever believe that any good can come from such cruel experiments as were there recorded. No experiments upon Tige could have yielded anything more sorely needed than his free and generous gift of loving trust and grateful devotion. Only a dog, he gave us the rarest and highest qualities in human feeling. And as the heart warms at the mere memory of this dead creature, one feels the lasting reality of the life that indwells in all things and is untouched by change. L. R.

A Humane Way of "Shooting Game"

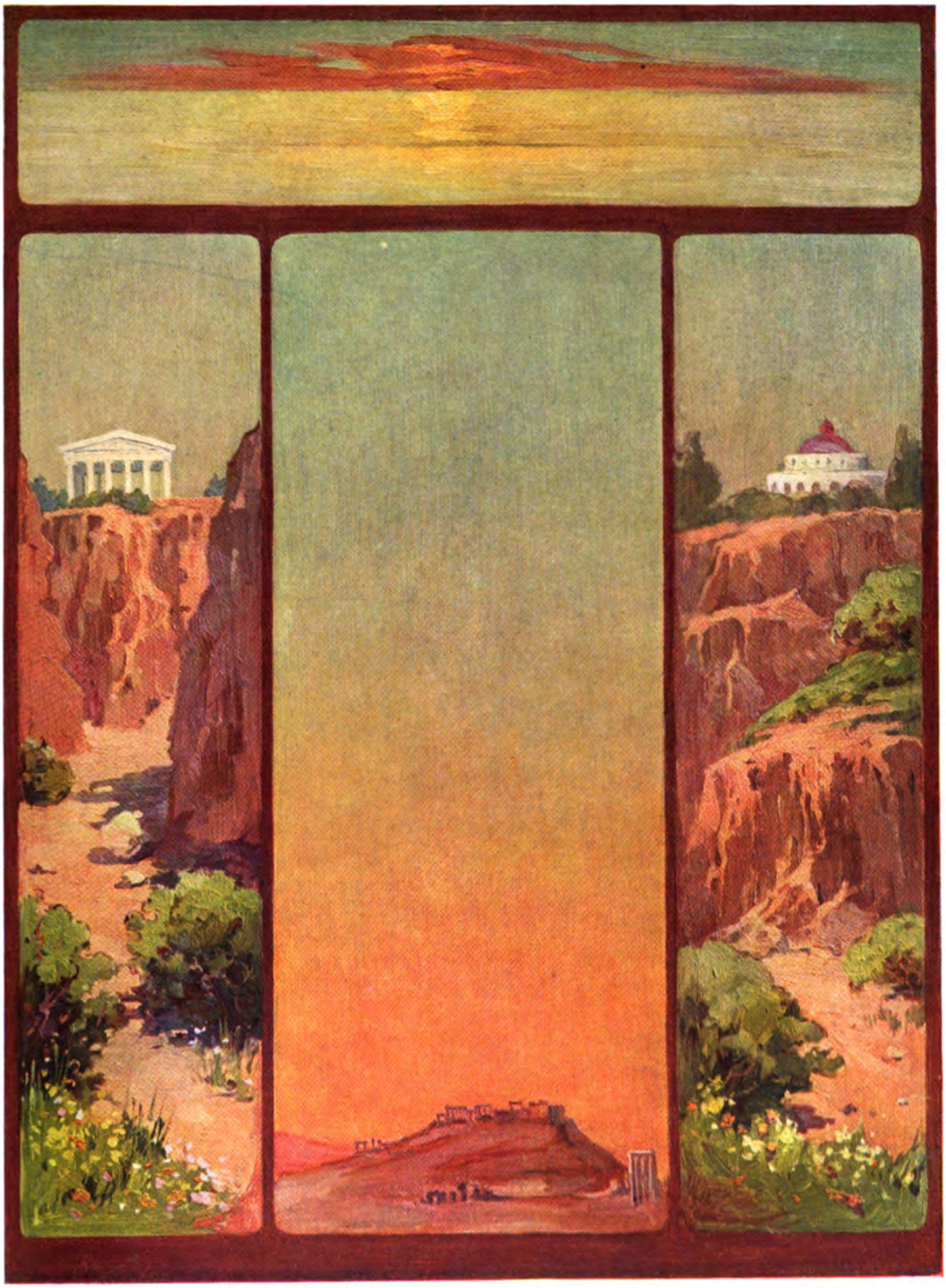
THE hunting of wild animals can be done in a much more humane and profitable manner with the camera than with the rifle. The results of some trials made in this direction have proved most successful and bid fair to open a new field in the study of the wild creatures in their native haunts.

By means of "traps" set in the feeding-grounds, trails and other spots frequented by the animals, they are made to take their own portraits, which show them engaged in their daily or nightly occupations: grazing, migrating, building their habitations, raiding farmers' fields, etc. One worker in this branch of photography has amassed a collection of animal "trophies" from many parts of North America, including pictures of elk, deer, moose, bear and canibou, as well as porcupines, opossums, racoons, beavers, skunks, rabbits and other smaller denizens of the woods and fields, all of which are interesting and valuable for the light they throw on the habits and mode of life of the wild creatures.

COAL-MINING operations under a certain eastern city have so weakened the underlying strata that alarming subsidences have taken place, and the authorities have found it necessary to strengthen sinking *terra firma* with numerous concrete pillars, set deep in the earth.

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Monthly Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth



Vol. X No. 7 POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, JULY, 1914 10 Cents a Copy

The Râja-Yoga College

(Non-Sectarian)

Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, Foundress and General Directress

The Râja-Yoga system of education was originated by the Foundress as a result of her own experience and knowledge. Râja-Yoga is an ancient term: etymologically it means the "Royal Union." This term was selected as best expressing in its real meaning the purpose of true education, viz: the balance of all the faculties, physical, mental and moral.

The Building of Character

One of the most important features of this system is the development of character, the upbuilding of pure-minded and self-reliant manhood and womanhood, that each pupil may become prepared to take an honorable, self-reliant position in life.

In the younger as in the older pupils, the sense of individual responsibility and personal honor is aroused.

The Pupils

The Râja-Yoga College comprises two general departments of instruction: (1) The Râja-Yoga Preparatory School and Academy, for boys and girls respectively (separate buildings). (2) The College proper, for students following the collegiate courses.

The Studies

The studies range from the elementary to those of a university course, including the following: Literature, Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Surveying, Mechanical Electrical and Civil Engineering, Law, the fine Arts, Music, Industrial Arts, Practical Forestry and Horticulture, Domestic Economy, etc.

The Teachers

The staff of teachers is formed of men and women specially trained for their duties by long experience in scholastic work, and is composed of graduates of European and American Universities, and of specialists in other lines.

Directors

REV. S. J. NEILL — GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT, B. SC., M. D.

Assistant Directors

PROFESSOR W. A. DUNN — MRS. W. A. DUNN

Headmaster of the Boys' Department
H T. EDGE, B. A. (Cantab.), M. A.

Head Teacher of the Girls' Department
MRS. W. A. DUNN

For information, address

THE SECRETARY, RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE

Point Loma, California

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Monthly

Conducted by a Staff of the Students of the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, California

Published under the direction of Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, December 27, 1904, at the Post-Office at Point Loma, California, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879

Subscription $1.00; Copy 10 Cents

Foreign Postage 35 Cents extra, Canadian 25 Cents

VOL. X JULY 1914 No. 7

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

G. A. R. VETERANS ARRIVING AT THE RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE, POINT LOMA

On May 7 the 47th Encampment of the California and Nevada Departments of the Grand Army of the Republic (Veterans of the Civil War) was received and entertained at the International Theosophical Headquarters by the Members of the Headquarters' Staff and the Râja-Yoga Students.

The Force of Example

EVERYONE who has had the privilege of coming under the influence of a good man or woman can never forget the feeling, while in their presence, of being transported into a higher and better state of consciousness. For the time being one's needs open out with deeper meaning, and ever after remain as ideals along the path of life. All those who have had intimate contact with the really great men and women of history tell the same story as to the inspiration they received from their presence and example. These are the forces that live on as the causes behind all progress, and they appeal to us, even from the pages of history books, as living forces of example that we may follow with profit.

One is sometimes unconsciously inclined to attribute this force of example principally to what a man does. We really need to look deeper until we reach that key-note of character from which a man's acts spring: what he really is in himself. There are times when decisive action will turn the tide; the force which acts at such moments is, however, one that can either incite a mob to plunder, or turn a rout into a splendid victory. But the man who in his daily life sheds continually a living influence for good around him, wields a far more potent power than the hero for the moment: for while the one may have been inspired by a momentary impulse, the other's power is a conscious manifestation of the Soul qualities, testifying to the fact that the whole personality has been so purified that the Soul is able to shine out at all times, never obscured by selfishness or passion.

On reading certain great works in literature are we not often struck by the disparity between the author's words and the influence lying "between the lines"? This is often explained as being due to temperament; but we instinctively feel that, beautiful as the work may be, it would be infinitely more so, more powerful in its appeal for good, if the author's life had conformed to his ideals as expressed in his work, because then every word would have been a vehicle for this force of example emanating from the writer's well-balanced character. We have not far to look to see the disastrous effects of development at the expense of the moral nature, and it is precisely this fault in our educational régime that the Râja-Yoga system has been designed to correct; for Râja-Yoga is the perfect balance of all the faculties, physical, mental, and spiritual. Every Râja-Yoga student is brought to feel that if he is true and sincere, he will "win out"; that the only real defeat consists in neglecting duty for the pursuit of pleasure along the path of personal inclination. Impress this ideal on the consciousness of the children from their earliest infancy, and the picture of magnificent abilities, obscured and finally ruined through lack of moral balance, will become rarer and rarer, and a more splendid era of progress will dawn, when every word of our poets, every note of our musicians, and every vision of our painters, will carry this living force of example, speaking to the world of a sincere, clean, balanced life.

BE sparing of advice by words, but teach thy lesson by example. — *Martin Tupper*

The Will

BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

BLAME not the times in which we live,
Nor Fortune frail and fugitive;
Blame not thy parents, nor the rule
Of vice or wrong once learned at school;
But blame thyself, O man!

Although both heaven and earth combined
To mold thy flesh and form thy mind,
Though every thought, word, action, will,
Was framed by powers beyond thee, still
Thou art thyself, O man!

And self to take or leave is free,
Feeling its own sufficiency:
In spite of science, spite of fate,
The judge within thee, soon or late,
Will blame but thee, O man!

Say not, "I would, but could not — He
Should bear the blame who fashioned me —
Call you mere change of motive choice?" —
Scorning such pleas, the inner voice
Cries, "Thine the deed, O man!" — *Selected*

Lay Up Treasures

A MAN who invests money does not expect interest on it the moment he pays it in. Yet many people will not invest a right action or a right effort of thought because the results (or "interest") from it delay in coming. Thus they will not return good for evil because the evil-doer appears to remain unchanged in the hardness of his heart. He goes on as before: the investment of kindly forgiveness does not seem to bear any interest.

Give it time. To forgive a man is a bit of work done on his nature *and on yours*, a bit of capital invested for both. So is any returning of good for evil. So is any piece of self-sacrifice. So is any kindly thought of a man who is in a bad temper or is unjust. So is real *silence* in the face of injury or injustice.

The results, the interests, may not come till after much time. But they are sure; for work was done, capital invested in an unfailingly honest quarter. For yourself there is growth of will and manliness and richness of nature, some steps onward upon the Highway of Life; and for the other man a benediction which is secretly but surely working for his good from the very first moment. You cannot lose or fail in this kind of investing. H. C.

DOING good is the only certain happy act of a man's life. — *Sir Philip Sidney*

The True Gentleman

WHEN I consider the frame of mind peculiar to a gentleman, I suppose it graced with all the dignity and elevation of spirit that human nature is capable of. To this I would have joined a clear understanding, a reason free from prejudice, a steady judgment, and an extensive knowledge. When I think of the heart of a gentleman, I imagine it firm and intrepid, void of all inordinate passions, and full of tenderness, compassion, and benevolence. When I view the fine gentleman with regard to his manners, methinks I see him modest without bashfulness, frank and affable without impertinence, obliging and complaisant without servility, cheerful and in good humor without noise. . . .

It is no very uncommon thing in the world to meet with men of probity; there are likewise a great many men of honor to be found. Men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent: but a true fine gentleman is what one seldom sees. — *Sir Richard Steele*

A Râja-Yoga Commencement Day

ONE of the most interesting of recent events at Lomaland was the Commencement Exercises of the Preparatory Class of the Girls' Department of the Râja-Yoga College, held on White Lotus Day, May 8, 1914. Functions of this nature are held in every college; but this one, conducted after Madame Tingley's wise methods, was strikingly unique and affords food for deep reflection.

It was held in the Rotunda of the Râja-Yoga Academy, which was artistically decorated for the occasion. All of the big Lomaland family were present, and their intense enthusiasm expressed by frequent and vigorous applause testified to the interest that one and all take in the welfare of every individual student. The picture of the girls and young ladies forming a large group, with Madame Tingley in the center and her staff of teachers and professors on either side, was very imposing.

After a selection by the Young Ladies' String Orchestra which opened the program, there were addresses by the heads of the different departments of the College, in which was reviewed its past history and the marvelous expansion and development attained during its fourteen years of existence. Then Madame Tingley spoke. Her words are always uplifting and inspiring, and on this occasion her tribute to the pioneers and parents who had so faithfully assisted her in making the Râja-Yoga System a reality, was very beautiful and brought home the lesson that loyalty and sincerity to the duty that lies before one are always bound to bring their results in time.

The giving of the diplomas, medals and badges commenced with the tiniest tots. One at a time they stepped forward and received their badges of honor, merit and progress. To each one was given a word of encouragement, and it was apparent that there was no compromising or favoritism, each received what was her due, and one who knows and understands the principles of the Râja-Yoga System realizes that this takes into account something more than merely the school studies, for the most important and striking feature of this system is the study of character. It is Madame Tingley's aim to produce men and women who are so much above modern standards that they will create higher standards. Thus the whole purpose of her work is the upliftment of the race through the upliftment of the individual. On this occasion of such grave import to the lives of each, her words were those of a wise, compassionate mother who, through her superior knowledge, was able to give counsel and inspiration to each student to serve as a guide and help along the royal road to self-mastery.

After all of the younger ones had stood forward in turn then came the graduating class of young ladies, who received their diplomas and gold medals of honor. Some of these had been in the school since its founding, something to be proud of indeed. A graduation of the kind witnessed on this occasion was a graduation in a real sense. The story told by the Medals of Honor and Certificates of Qualification is the story of a steady, intelligent and wholesome growth in the school of real life; a constantly-growing mastery of the most vital of all arts —the Art of Right Living. These diplomas show that the young students are not going *out* of college *into* life. No, they are already, and for many years have been, *in* the School of Life, and are now merely testifying to their right to promotion to the next grade in Life's School — from the grade of Girlhood to that of Womanhood. And those who witnessed the bestowal of these honors pray for the day when every young woman may be as splendidly equipped with a pure, strong womanhood. Truly, on such a power, more than on any other, must we depend for the regeneration of the human race.

The splendid expression of gratitude given by each of the graduating students testified to an understanding of the opportunities before them, and one felt a heartring of genuineness and sincerity in their voices. We Râja-Yogas are justly proud of our comrades of the Graduating Class of 1914, and we are earnestly grateful to the Foundress and her splendid faculty of capable teachers for the blessings that they have bestowed on us. Let the legend of our unspeakable gratitude be lined on the imperishable marble of our daily lives!

ONE OF THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1913

The Promise of Dawn

Dedicated to the Graduating Class of 1914
Words written and set to music by Rex Dunn
a Student of the Râja-Yoga College

THE soft winds of night have been whispering a secret
In wonderful dreams as they move on their way,
And it's something more mystic and full of enchantment
Than the coming of dawn, or the splendor of day;
And down from the mountains a stirring of breezes
Is chilling the air and dropping the dew,
As up from the East the great bird of morning
His light-wings is opening and spreading anew;
And lo! as he rises full robed in his glory,
Through all things is thrilling a magical mirth,
For the promise of dawn and the secret of morning
Unfolds as a mystical flower on the earth.

Thou who, surrounded by love and devotion,
Hast grown up in wisdom and honor and right;
Thou who hast felt the wise hand of protection
Guiding thee upward to kingdoms of Light,
Stand forth! for the time of unfoldment is dawning,
Thy sun has arisen and past is the night,
And thou, like a flower in the radiance of morning,
Wilt open in purity wondrously white;
Stand forth in thy strength and thy God-given courage,
That all men may rise in a mystic rebirth,
For the promise of dawn and the secret of morning
Is the opening of Purity's flower upon earth.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1914
RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Excerpts from Addresses Read by Students of the Preparatory Class at the Graduation and Commencement Exercises Râja-Yoga Academy Point Loma, California, May 8, 1914

SELECTION FROM THE SALUTATORY ADDRESS, "WHAT THE RÂJA-YOGA SYSTEM HAS DONE IN BUILDING OUR CHARACTERS"

WE have learned that if we ever expect to be of real service, *Now* is the time to plant the seeds. It is by a careful attention to the *seemingly* unimportant every-day duties that the strength is obtained whereby we may expect to have the power to be of greater service in the future. For our hopes and aspirations for the future are great, and why should they not be? We no longer merely *hope* that in the years to come we may prove useful, but we have set our whole souls on the determination that we shall prove ourselves worthy of the name of Râja-Yoga students. Therefore it is now, yes now, at this very moment, that we must look deeply into our characters, and prepare ourselves for even a greater attempt towards self-mastery.

We have from early childhood had placed before us the picture of a beautiful, pure, and stainless womanhood, towards which we are constantly striving; and, realizing the power for good there is in such a character, it is a challenge to us to make a greater effort.

Is there a more appropriate time in life for us to challenge our Higher Natures than now, when a more serious pathway is open before us, on the threshold of which the fond dreams of our childhood are replaced by the grander aspirations of womanhood? S. P.

SELECTIONS FROM INDIVIDUAL ADDRESSES BY MEMBERS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS

ON such an occasion as this it is natural for us to think of H. P. Blavatsky — to remember all that we owe to her, and that it was she who first made it possible for us to be here and to be having these Commencement Exercises tonight. This feeling is especially strong tonight, for this is White Lotus Day, the day which is dedicated to the memory of that noble woman. How fitting it is that we should be stepping out into a larger life today; that we should be entering womanhood on the anniversary of the day when she finished her part in this great work which has made us what we are! F. C.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ANOTHER GROUP OF SOME OF THE GRADUATING CLASS

IT is to W. Q. Judge particularly that, as a representative of my class, I wish to pay tribute tonight, for it was he who kept the link unbroken during the greatest crisis in the life of the Society. Upheld by his heroic devotion to principle and by his superb faith, he kept the fire alight when it seemed as if all the forces of darkness were leagued against him. It will be our joy and privilege to guard the treasure that has been bestowed upon us as a sacred trust, that we may hand it on to others who come after us, and so keep the link unbroken, as did our great chief, William Q. Judge.

F. S.

KARMA often seems to place people in conditions that apparently develop the latent evil in their natures. But these outside circumstances only serve to reveal hidden weakness that it may be overcome, for otherwise we might go through life in a half-stupified condition, neither positively bad, nor forcefully good. Point Loma has often seemed to me like a great crucible, where human characters are refined and purified. The life that is the standard here not only reveals and strengthens the Divinity within, but discloses all the shadows that have not been discarded. And as in every process of purification, though on the surface we see only the refuse and the slag, we know that the gold beneath is coming bright and strong.

K. H.

As we stand facing new opportunities, those of the past, whether grasped or not, pass in silent review before us. All have been an education, not only as they applied to each individual, but as they stand related to the whole body of students.

One such opportunity easily comes to mind now, the more so that this season is its anniversary. The International Theosophical Peace Crusade of 1913 was, from whatever standpoint it is taken, a master-opportunity. Its power was felt not only by those who had the privilege of taking part in it, but by all the members throughout the world. The International Theosophical

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

AN INTERPLAY OF SUNSHINE AND SHADOW AT LOMALAND

Crusade of 1913, great as it was, but prepared the way for the greater blossoming-time which is yet to come. Today is also a preparation for that time, and every day that shall follow. H. O.

WE all realize that Râja-Yoga is *the* system of education. There is every proof that it is; it has stood the test, and the results speak for themselves; but in the early days its wonders were known to the Foundress only. Under the shade of the friendly pines and laurels she had dreamed her childhood dreams and builded her "City Beautiful," and from those childhood dreams it had been living and growing in her heart ever since. Those pioneer workers who supported her in the early days knew that time would bring the results if the work was done with trust and courage. And so today there must be great joy in their hearts to think that they have helped to make all this possible, that they were here at the beginning and have been working all through the years. I know that all Râja-Yogas will ever remember their noble work with gratitude; but we who were the first to receive the blessings of Râja-Yoga, who have grown up from babyhood under their loving care, who have grown with Lomaland until we feel a very part of it, we owe them a debt of gratitude. C. L. H.

THE challenge at this moment is one of Devotion — Sincere Devotion to a work that is perhaps in no far future to be placed in our hands; a time when we shall have to stand up as true Râja-Yogas or fall out of the ranks.

Most of us have had this training for many years and have shared its blessings; but are we here simply to learn the lessons of life and then be satisfied? No, something more than that is expected from us! It will be our sacred duty to pass on the lessons of Râja-Yoga to the millions of hearts that are waiting for them, and so prepare by our present deeds a pure and noble womanhood for the future, one that shall be a challenge to all who follow after. C. M.

ONE is reminded at such a time of those who have been students here in the Râja-Yoga Academy and for a time had the same opportunities that we have had and are still having, but who are no longer with us. All those absent ones who have appreciated the Râja-Yoga system, have kept in touch with the students and the teachers all the time, and are still with us in spirit. You may be sure that no matter how happy they may be in their distant homes, they have not forgotten the larger life of service to humanity. A. M. P.

THESE years have certainly been full of joy and growth and service. Surrounded by nature's broad and wonderful beauty, dwelling in the atmosphere of refinement and learning, given those truths which explain life and human nature, and also given the opportunity to share in a world-wide work, we are and have been the most privileged girls in the world. This occasion has made us realize more than ever before that as the most favored girls in the world, our responsibility is much greater than we ever imagined. We realize that these years of joyous comradeship in this Râja-Yoga Center will in the years to come be living pictures of constant inspiration.

Râja-Yoga has taught us the great essentials of life, and one which is the most lasting and wholesome and noble is that of true comradeship. It is a royal friendship that accepts no trivialities nor weaknesses, but finds that which is of real worth in others, and helps by the power of example. L. L.

AMONG the many to whom we owe a debt of gratitude are the parents, who, out of all the many schools and colleges throughout the world, have chosen that of dear Lomaland as the one for the education of their children. Some of the parents are not present, but surely tonight they feel the thoughts we are sending them, and they are rejoicing with us, and are looking for noble efforts in our lives in the years to come. D. C.

WHAT is it that has made such a moment as this possible? What has prepared us for this occasion? Has it not been the steady and devoted work of our teachers who have carried and guided us along the Path, and given their lives in unselfish devotion for the progress of our school? Let us at this glorious awakening pay tribute to them.

Let us realize more than ever before the value of all the glorious lessons which our teachers are daily setting before us; thus we shall be able to fashion our lives so that we in our turn shall become worthy of helping Madame Tingley in her great and inspiring work for Humanity. H. Y.

THE value of a Râja-Yoga education not only lies in the intellectual studies which we take up, but in the infinitely more valuable study of character-building, and in the all-round education afforded us. No lesson can be more useful to a young girl than that of adaptability, of fitting herself to meet different duties that may come to her. A girl may have lofty and high aspirations as well as bright hopes for the future, but she often works only along lines that will quickly bring her to a desired end — which only too often is never reached — and she will meanwhile discard other opportunities which are the very ones that would have developed and strengthened her character. It is the power of adaptability, so forcefully accentuated in our Lomaland home-life, that makes a woman most useful and aids her in finding her true position. K. N.

SELECTION FROM THE VALEDICTORY ADDRESS: "HONOR"

HONOR is one of the foundation stones of the Râja-Yoga system of education. It is upon this stone that is built the fabric of a noble character, where the Higher Self ever holds the mastery, forming a fitting vehicle through which the Soul-life can find expression. It is upon this foundation that rest the hope and promise for the manhood and womanhood of the future.

One who is imbued with a high sense of honor holds the key to a clean and upright life, where there can be no attempt to tread two paths. There is but one path for the true student: to turn the searchlight of Truth on his or her heart, distinguish the true from the false, and eradicate the false by the strength of the Divinity within. M. H.

A Young Samurai

IN the *International Theosophical Chronicle* for May appeared some extracts from the autobiography of Markimo, the Japanese artist, which give a delightful glimpse of child-life in Japan.

He says:

My parents were very careful about my home education. When I was naughty they never smacked me but brought a looking-glass before my crying face. I hated to see my own face so ugly with the tear marks and I immediately began to laugh. Very often when I wanted to cry a little longer I used to say: "Please don't show me the glass for just a few moments!"

I was never much scolded. They always told me: "You are a very nice boy, but just at this moment some evil is trying to dwell in you. What a pity that evil is making you a bad boy and giving trouble to your parents!" Then I began to feel so sorry for them and would say: "The evil is quite gone now, I am your loving son."

When I was about five and a half I saw a famous play in which a little boy of my own age says: "When one is born a Samurai he must not say *hungry*, even when he starves to death." This impressed my little heart very deeply and soon after when suffering through my first day at the public school I recollected the boy in the play and never uttered a single complaint. This was the very first lesson of Bushido in my life. . . .

When I was quite a child I greatly liked spinning tops and flying kites and all games. But just when I was going out to play I was often called back by my mother to do something for her. How happy I felt to give up my own pleasure for the sake of my most beloved mother! I felt something so noble in my heart.

In our large garden at home I had a special ground for my own flowers. Once while I was using my rake my mother called me and I ran to her so excitedly that I fell and the rake stuck into my cheek. It went through into my mouth. All my family was so sad for me. As I was taught not to cry for anything like that, I tried to be silent, but the big tears flowed down my cheeks. Then my father was so proud of me and called me a real Samurai. Even now I have three marks on my cheek, and when I look in a mirror I recollect that accident quite vividly.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE G. A. R. VETERANS WITNESSING A SWEDISH DANCE BY PUPILS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY IN THE GREEK THEATER AT LOMALAND

The Brave at Home

By Thomas Buchanan Read

THE maid who binds her warrior's sash
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry teardrop hangs and trembles,
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory!

The wife who girds her husband's sword
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor!

"War is a most detestable thing. If you had seen but one day of war, you would pray God you might never see another," wrote Wellington to Lord Shaftesbury.

Reception to the Veterans of the Civil War

ON the evening of May 5, 1914, during the reception held at Isis Theater in honor of the members of the G. A. R. by the City of San Diego, with Mme. Tingley acting as hostess, the key to the little city of Lomaland was presented to the veterans. In response to this, the 47th Annual Encampment of the Departments of California and Nevada, Grand Army of the Republic, visited the International Theosophical Headquarters, and was entertained in the Greek Theater.

Judging from the enthusiastic expressions of the guests the reception and entertainment were a complete success. They were especially struck with the symposium of the Râja-Yoga Tots, "The Little Philosophers," which never fails to captivate an audience. The guests' half-breathed expressions of "Oh, how naturally they do it!" spoke well for the success of Madame Tingley's system of education.

The program was divided into two parts: the first half was by the Students of the Râja-Yoga College, the second by the older students. After a musical selection, which was the first number on the program, Mr. Iverson Harris, Jr. welcomed the guests on behalf of the Râja-Yoga College. To quote in part from his speech:

Every soldier knows that the three elements that go to make an army irresistible are: a great cause, a great leader, and a high morale in the ranks. The great cause in which we are

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

RECEPTION TO THE VETERANS: THE LAST FAREWELL SONG
Râja-Yoga Pupils on the upper parapet of the Aryan Memorial Temple singing for a few of the guests while they are waiting for the automobiles

enlisted is the Cause of Universal Brotherhood; and we believe that the surest and quickest way of reaching the goal of our hopes is through the application of the teachings of Theosophy to daily life. And, so long as we remain true to this purpose, we have a guarantee of the morale of the comrades in our ranks. . . .

To the youth the application of the teachings of Theosophy to daily life has been a constant inspiration and a steadying power: to the aged it has been a fountain of youth.

After young Mr. Harris' address, which was interrupted by frequent applause, Mr. Antonio Castillo was introduced as a representative of Cuba. He paid tribute to the American soldiers who magnanimously gave up their lives in the cause of freedom, though fighting for another nation.

The third number on the program was of two parts: the action songs by the youngest pupils, and the "Little Philosophers" already mentioned. Then Swedish and Scottish dances, in costume, were received with much enthusiasm. Miss Kate Hanson next addressed the guests on behalf of the Râja-Yoga Academy, followed by Mr. Sidney Hamilton's recitation "What is Time?" by Marsden.

Mr. Kenneth V. Morris, well-known to the readers of *The Theosophical Path* by reason of his contributions thereto of prose and poetry, read a poem written by him for the occasion. Mr. A. G. Spalding gave many humorous instances of Civil War times; he also remarked that we owe our national game to the soldiers of that war, who spread baseball and thus helped to make it the American national game. Addresses were also made by Mrs. Spalding, President of the Woman's International Theosophical League, and by the President of the Men's International Theosophical League, Mr. Clark Thurston, himself a veteran of the Civil War.

The last speaker on the program was Mme. Katherine Tingley. As she stepped towards the center of the Theater the audience rose and uncovered. Only those who have ever heard Madame Tingley speak can realize what a deep impression she made on those gray-haired men. She told them of her childhood aspirations, of her friendship with General Fremont, and of her work with William Quan Judge, who gave her great courage to carry her plans on towards their realization.

Three of the guests made responses to these addresses: District Commander Stormont, John H. Roberts, and Mr. Thompson, Chairman of the Executive Committee. It was plain from the remarks of these veterans that something new and inspiring had crept into their lives during those few hours, that some of the joy and peace of beautiful Lomaland was theirs, and that they would always cherish this day as a sacred and happy moment in their lives.

M. D.

Katherine Tingley's Words to the G. A. R. Veterans

AT the official reception held at Isis Theater, San Diego, on Tuesday evening, May 5, the city's hostess, Katherine Tingley, welcomed the visiting veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic. Herself the daughter of a veteran, Madame Tingley has always had sympathy and respect for the Army and Navy. She opened her remarks by telling how, as a little girl, she had been lifted to the window to see the soldiers pass, and how later, in Alexandria, Va., near which place her father's regiment was encamped, she had slipped out of the house one night to carry food to the soldiers and when found was busily engaged in dressing their wounds. Continuing, the hostess welcomed the visitors in these words:

And so we are here to greet you, to express our admiration for your noble work, your belief in principle, your courage, and your valor.

Then she paid a tribute to the women of that war-time — the mothers, wives, and sisters left at home.

They, too, did a heroic work; brave and splendid they were, and somewhere in the pages of history we shall find that these women will stand out as having been wonderful workers in sustaining the home and protecting the children, and ever keeping up the inspiration that every man needs who loves his country and loves his family.

In this twentieth century we are challenged for something greater than war, we are challenged to defend our country and the countries of the world by the character of our manhood and our womanhood.

Two days later, when the veterans were entertained in the Greek Theater at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, Madame Tingley again addressed them. Among other things she told them of her childhood dreams, her "fairy stories" as she called them; how she had fashioned her City Beautiful during those day-dreams, and how General Fremont, the "Pathfinder," had helped her locate the site of this fairy city, the beautiful Lomaland of today. All of which deepedly interested her hearers. As the story has never been told in these pages, we will let Madame Tingley tell it in her own words. The occasion was a visit of General Fremont's to her home.

I told him this story, this fairy story: that in the golden land, far away, by the blue Pacific, I thought as a child that I should fashion a city and bring the people of all countries together, and have the youth taught how to live, and how to become true and strong and noble and forceful royal warriors for humanity. "But," I said "all that has passed; it is a closed book, and I question if it ever will be realized." He said: "There are some parts of your story that attract me very much. It is your description of this place where you are going to build your city. Have you ever been in California?" "No," I answered. "Well," he said, "the city you have described is a place that I know exists." And he then told of Point Loma. He was the first one to name the place to me. He said: "The canyons are there," and, rising, he said, "May I live to see the institution built there — it is the most glorious place in God's country."

A Vision of the Future

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

FOR I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of purple twilight, dropping down their costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nation's airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunderstorm;

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

Locksley Hall

The Peace of Nations

LORD AVERY (Sir John Lubbock)

THE present state of Europe is a danger and even a disgrace to us all. There may be some excuse for barbarous tribes who settle their disputes by force of arms, but that civilized nations should do so is not only repugnant to our moral, but also to our common sense. At present even the peace establishments of Europe comprise 4,000,000 men; the war establishments are over 10,000,000, and when the proposed arrangements are completed will exceed 20,000,000. The nominal cost is over £250,000,000 annually, but as the Continental armies are to an extent under conscription, the actual cost is far larger. [As this was written some time ago, the figures are not representative today.]

Europe even in peace has 4,000,000 of men under arms, and devotes annually over £250,000,000 to naval and military expenditure. The United States of America have 107,000 men in their army and navy, costing £40,000,000. The population of the United States is about 90,000,000, that of Europe about 350,000,000. Thus with, in round numbers, about four times the population, we have in the disunited States of Europe about forty times as many men under arms as the United States of America. In fact, on one side of the Atlantic are the United States of America, on the other a number of separate States not only not united, but in some cases hostile, torn by jealousies and suspicions, hatred and ill-will; armed to the teeth, and more or less encumbered, like medieval knights, by their own armor. Patriotism—national feeling—is a great quality, but there is something, if not nobler, at any rate wider and more generous; in the present state of the world more necessary, and yet unfortunately much rarer; and that is international good feeling.

"Put off your Mail"

By John Ruskin

PUT off, put off your mail, ye kings, and beat your brands to dust,
A surer grasp your hands must know, your hearts a better trust;
Nay, bend aback the lance's point, and break the helmet bar,
A noise is in the morning's winds, but not the noise of war.
Among the grassy mountain paths the glittering troops increase—
They come! They come!—how fair their feet!—they come that publish peace!
Yea, Victory! fair Victory! our enemies', and ours,
And all the clouds are clasped in light, and all the earth with flowers.
Ah! still depressed and dim with dew, but yet a little while,
And radiant with the deathless rose the wilderness shall smile,
And every tender living thing shall feed by streams of rest,
Nor lamb from the fold be lost, nor nursling from the nest.

World-Union: A Sign of the Times

IT is most interesting to view in the light of Theosophy the world-questions and world-movements of today. Indeed, if one takes up any one of the serious-minded, dignified publications of today, he will find subjects and problems discussed therein which Theosophy has long since brought to the attention of its students, while affording an answer to the same. One indication of this awakened interest in things universal and the humanities in particular is the amount of space newspapers and magazines are devoting of late to the questions of Universal Peace, Disarmament, the Prevention of War, and the Union of Nations. One may well say: "These are great aims whose consummation is devoutly to be wished for. But we have been getting along for generations with our armies and our navies; we have had our disputes, and we have fought them out on the battle-field; each nation has been sufficient unto itself. Why, then, so late in the day, should governments and parliaments be so suddenly urging these ideals?"

As the question strikes a student of Theosophy, two answers are apposite. First, that while we have "got along" heretofore with our sanguinary conflicts and divided peoples, yet in truth may we not have been getting along *downwards?* May we not have been progressing on a descending arc? This is a mode of progress for which many an older civilization has had to pay dearly, ultimately with its life, and one that, if continued, is destined to prove equally as expensive in the 20th century as in its predecessors. Moreover, according to the Theosophical conception of the Law of Cycles, all progress must meet with a check at the end of a declining cycle. Such a cycle, says Theosophy, reached its close at the end of the 19th century. As the second answer to our question, therefore, we may say that the modern Peace and Union movements are but natural expressions of the upward path of the cycle of our civilization. These ideals are in the air; they are vital issues *destined to be realized* as part of the upward trend of the 20th century.

War is an outcome of divisions and disputes that mark the uncultured, the truly "primitive" peoples. Peace is the expression of enlightened self-control, the wisdom of broad judgment and generous ideals. Hence recourse to war is the expression of a retrogression towards instincts foreign to civilization, and the Peace movement is the means of an upward, united evolution of all the peoples.

Most of our deepest thinkers today are agreed that International Peace can only be brought about by International Union. On this line of thought a number of interesting articles have appeared in current publications. One of these advocates very strongly the complete and inseparable union of all our European states, with a view to the more certain protection and preservation of the White Race upon our globe. Coincidentally, another writer in quite another quarter of the world urges the still larger doctrine of union among all peoples of the earth. In this connexion the writer makes out a very strong case for the "singleness of the human race," pointing out that physiology and anthropology demonstrate that humanity is essentially the same in every quarter of the globe; even color, the most marked feature of distinction, is shown by science but to be skin deep.

These considerations are very significant in their bearing on the various movements towards International Unity, since they reveal two broad truths, namely: one, that the only union that can ultimately herald a permanent universal peace is the *union of humanity* — Universal Brotherhood; two, that underlying all nationality, all racial distinctions, is that constantly evolving and eternally aspiring Spirit of Manhood whose presence in all proclaims the essential unity of all. Says one writer:

> There never was an Adam and there never was an Eve, *but there has always been the gentleman,*

which is but another name for the perpetual and universal noble nature in every human being.

This indeed, as Râja-Yoga teaches, is the *real* factor in human life, and on this alone must those build who are working for the attainment of Universal Peace. Surely, then, the most potent factor for the attainment of this end is *education,* right education, which shall seek to bring the student into constant and intimate relationship with this genuine element. An education is needed which shall develop a generation of men whose patriotism outweighs party considerations and oversteps national limitations, which perceives beyond the glamor of *national* prestige the glory of *inter*national, universal human destiny, which shall enable them to say with Thomas Paine: "The world is my country. To do good is my religion."

Such a system of education *does* exist, and is achieving grand results. Yea, verily, in the words of the poet, ". . . . they that gave love have not labored in vain; The sighs of the ages shall cease!" M. M.

Sir Hubert von Herkomer

By C. J. Ryan, one of his former Pupils

Sir Hubert von Herkomer, the Anglo-German artist who died last March, was a remarkable man in many lines. He was not only a distinguished painter of portraits, landscapes and figure subjects, but also an engraver, etcher, architect, actor, composer, lecturer, and for many years principal of an art school of a quite original character.

Born in 1849 at Waal, near Lansberg-am-Lech in Bavaria, he lived most of his life in England. His father was a master-joiner and a skilful wood-carver, and his mother a clever musician who came from a musical family. Hoping to improve their worldly condition the family emigrated to New York when the future artist was only two years old. After an unsatisfactory struggle for about six years, they returned to Europe and settled in England, at Southampton, a town whose prosperous look attracted them. The Fates, however, seemed to be against them, and they suffered serious privation for many years. Wood-carving, however artistic, was in little demand, and the family had to depend chiefly on the little that Mrs. Herkomer and her clever son could earn by giving music lessons. It was soon a question of

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SIR HUBERT VON HERKOMER
In the character of "Gaston Boissier"
from the play by François Coppée

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE READING LESSON
Both of these illustrations are from etchings by Herkomer

importance to decide whether the boy should become an artist or a musician. His mother was in favor of the latter, but the father's opinion finally prevailed. It was said by Richter, the great conductor, that Herkomer would probably have made a far better composer than painter, and all through his life he spent many leisure hours in musical composition. He knew most of the great musicians of the age and painted many of their portraits. That of Richard Wagner is particularly characteristic, and he used to tell of the difficulties he had in getting sittings from the famous composer, whose restlessness was extreme.

When it was decided that he should be an artist, he commenced to study drawing at the Southampton Government School of Art, and made rapid progress. When he was sixteen an important commission for wood-carvings came from America, and father and son went to Munich to make preparatory studies.

After their return the boy decided to apply for admission to the advanced life-class at the central Government School of Art at South Kensington, London, but he was denied entry. Nothing daunted, and knowing his own capacities, he boldly marched into the classroom and started to draw. When he was detected and

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

"THE LAST MUSTER" BY HERKOMER
From the painting in the possession of
Sir W. Cuthbert Quilter, Bart., England

The sketch for this celebrated picture was published first in the *Graphic* under the title, *Chelsea Pensioners in Church.* When the finished painting was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1875, it caused a sensation and the young artist, twenty-five years of age, sprang with one bound into great and lasting fame.

his drawing was examined, it was found so good that he was allowed to stay, though he received an official reprimand. His poverty at this time was great, and he suffered many hardships, but nothing could stop him from his work. Now and then he got a little paid employment at mechanical work, such as stenciling in the art museum, and in this way he managed to keep alive while pursuing his studies.

But soon a change took place in his fortunes. When he was twenty his first real opportunity came, and he was quick to grasp it. A new illustrated paper had just appeared in London, the *Graphic,* and he decided to try for a post on its staff of illustrators. The difficulty was to find an interesting subject for the drawing he intended to send in as an example of his skill, but one day, as he was walking across Wimbledon Common, near London, a very picturesque encampment of gipsies caught his eye. After much difficulty he persuaded some of the gipsies to come to his room so that he could finish his sketch. The drawing was so good that the editor of the *Graphic* immediately bought it and told him he might bring as many of the same quality as he liked. After that he had no more trouble about money matters, and he was soon able to repay his parents for all their self-sacrificing devotion to him. He took them for a holiday to their native home, where he made sketches that attracted great attention when exhibited.

Herkomer's first oil painting, *After the Toil of the Day,* was purchased for $2500, and brought him prominently forward. His best picture, *The Last Muster,* a pathetic scene in Chelsea Hospital, London, the old soldiers' home, received the "grande médaille d'honneur" at the Paris Salon in 1878; in 1890 he was elected a member of the British Royal Academy, and in 1907 he was knighted by King Edward VII. He also was made an officer of the French Legion of Honor, a Knight of the Prussian Order of Merit, and a member of various Academies and learned societies.

As a teacher of painting he was very successful and greatly liked by his pupils, many of whom are now in the first rank. He established his art school in the picturesque village of Bushey, fourteen miles northwest of London. He taught without remuneration for many years, the fees of the students being used only for the necessary

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

HERKOMER'S RESIDENCE AT BUSHEY, NEAR WATFORD, ENGLAND

expenses of the school. The students lived in the cottages of the villagers or in their own studios, and the community life in the country was an entirely new and most delightful innovation never before tried, at least in England.

Adjoining the school buildings Herkomer erected a magnificent home in the form of a medieval castle, richly decorated with his father's and uncle's carvings. He built this, he said, in order to show posterity what an artist's house could be in the 19th century, and it is certainly a remarkable monument of original architectural and decorative design. His parents lived with him at Bushey until their deaths. His gratitude to them was shown in every possible way, and he designed and built a high and picturesque tower near Lansberg in Bavaria to the memory of his mother.

Sir Hubert von Herkomer had many interests outside the arts of music and painting. He was an excellent actor, and in his private theater at Bushey he and his students frequently gave interesting entertainments. The theater was designed on new and original lines; there were no footlights, and the system of general illumination permitted effects then quite unknown on the stage. In the moonlight scenes he had a mechanical moon which created quite a sensation in dramatic circles; instead of rising in jerks, as was usual on the stage in former days, it moved slowly and naturally. The "Herkomer" plays had quite a character of their own, and many distinguished actors, such as Irving and Ellen Terry, used to attend the performances and study the methods of staging. *Filippo or the Violin Makers of Cremona*, by Coppée, was given several times at Bushey, but the most interesting productions were those written by the artist himself. One of these represented a day in the life of a shepherd. It had no spoken words but was acted in dumb show with a musical accompaniment composed by Herkomer. The effects of lighting, commencing with the early dawn, were very beautiful, and were great novelties in the early days of electric lighting.

Towards the end of his life the artist designed a few poetical and elevating film-dramas. He believed moving-pictures have a great future if they can be wisely used, and if the authors keep up a high standard of art and morality.

An Important Discovery on the Euphrates

ARCHAEOLOGICAL remains have been lately discovered on the Euphrates river, which may prove as important in the future study of ancient history as the relics of Babylon and Nineveh. These were unearthed on the site of Carchemish, the ancient Hittite capital, which flourished four thousand years ago.

Numerous sculptures, friezes and statues have been found, as well as a great number of hieroglyphic inscriptions, which bear a very slight resemblance to any hitherto met with in this region, the characters being more Egyptian than Mesopotamian in form.

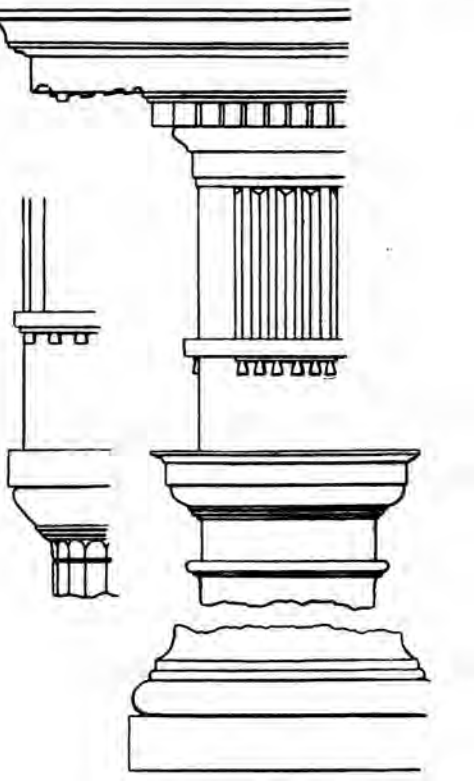
Architectural Styles and their Meaning

XIII

ROMAN DORIC

THE Romans were a very practical people, and in their architecture we can see this very plainly.

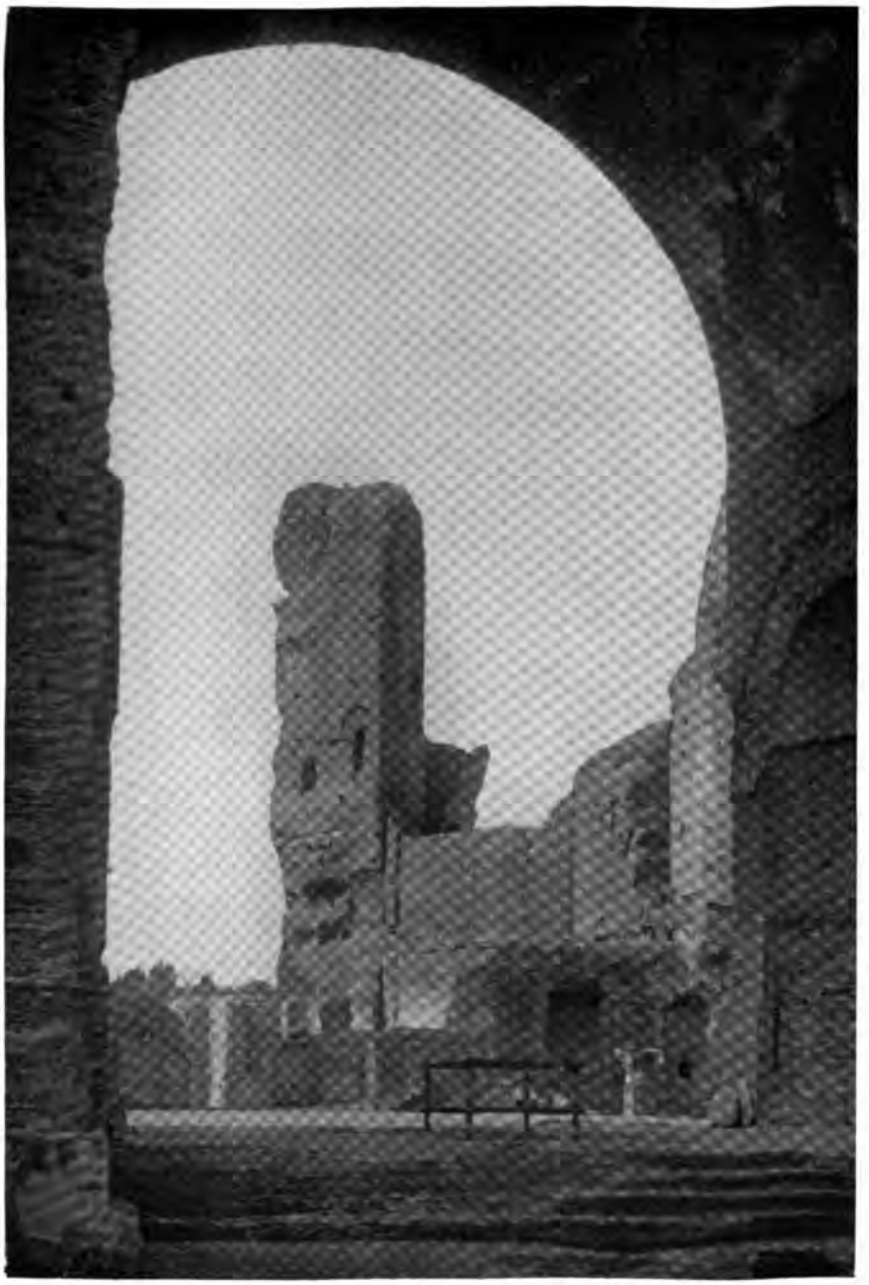
In Egypt we find practically nothing worth calling architectural except temples and tombs; in Chaldaea and Persia there were palaces, fortresses, tombs, and temples; in Greece temples and theaters and a few tombs; but in Roman architecture many other kinds



THE ROMAN DORIC ORDER
Greek Doric capital on the left

of buildings attract our attention. Most of these were used for practical purposes, such as markets, palaces, mansions of the wealthy, halls of justice and meeting-places, bridges and aqueducts; or for pleasure and ostentation, such as the amphitheaters, stadia for races, thermae (bath-clubhouses), triumphal and memorial arches and pillars, and elaborate tombs. Though many of the temples of the Gods in Rome and everywhere throughout the Roman Empire were very magnificent, and some of them really beautiful, they have nothing like the same predominance that they had in Greece or Egypt. In the provincial cities of the Empire the temples were of more importance in proportion to other buildings than in Rome itself.

In nearly all the Roman structures, the round arch



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A CENTRAL APARTMENT IN THE BATHS OF CARACALLA
This illustration affords an excellent idea of the Roman's use of bricks and the round arch for spanning wide spaces and vaulting large areas.

played an important part. The arch was a most practical invention; it permitted wide roof and other spaces to be spanned — much wider spaces than could be covered without using iron or steel. It provided the Romans with the only means of covering wide window and door spaces without the use of beams of easily perishable wood or else of enormous and costly blocks of stone.

The arch likewise permitted and indeed encouraged the use of *brick*, and the Romans took advantage of this. The Roman bricks are famous for their endurance; in fact they were so hard that they have often been taken out of ancient buildings and used over again in much later times. The thick and immensely wide vaults (semicircular roofs) of the great Roman thermae were built of brick covered with stucco, and at least one of the great halls of the Baths of Diocletian has lasted so well that it is used as a church today. In Greece, where no arches were used, the roofs were an unimportant part of the temples, but in Rome they were very handsome and frequently decorated with fine paintings. The use of the arch also permitted the Romans to design high buildings of several stories, such as the Colosseum. The effect was picturesque, and it saved material.

As we proceed to examine some of the more important buildings of the Roman Empire, we shall notice the great importance of the arch and the special methods of using it.

We must now take a glance at the way the Romans used the three Orders of classic architecture. They were great borrowers; while they took over the round arch from the Etruscans, they combined it with their own modifications of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian Orders of the Greeks.

THE ROMAN DORIC ORDER

The Greek Doric, as used in its perfection by the Greeks, was not fully adopted by the Romans; its refinements were too subtle for them. The Roman Doric deserves little attention, but as it has been so largely used in modern times on account of its handiness and adaptability, we must know something about it. There is not, as far as is known, a single example of a Roman Doric temple throughout the Empire, and as Ferguson says:

It would, in consequence, be most unfair to institute a comparison between a mere utilitarian prop used only in civil

buildings and an Order (the Greek Doric) which the most refined artists in the world spent all their ingenuity in rendering the most perfect, because it was devoted to the highest religious purposes.

Another writer says the Roman Doric is merely a coarse and vulgar adaptation of the Greek original. Its meanness and tastelessness, when compared with the Grecian models, more strikingly evince the superiority of the latter, and show to what extent the architects of the Italian school must have been blinded by their system, when they fancied such wretched examples to be beautiful.

usually has no flutings, and there are other alterations which make the whole design weak and uninteresting.

A very important difference between the Greek and Roman work, and one that plainly declares the contrast between the minds of the two peoples, is seen in the treatment of the curves of the moldings. In Greece these were the most refined elliptical or parabolic curves, hardly ever twice alike, but in Rome they were almost always parts of circles, the simplest and most uninteresting of all curves. The Roman Doric capital shows

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

INTERIOR OF THE COLOSSEUM, ROME
Observe how extensively the arch was used in this building

The Romans, with their practical necessities in view, added a base to the Doric column, and thereby made it more generally useful for ordinary purposes. They were accustomed to use the three Orders in the same buildings, and as the other two had bases the addition of a base to the Doric brought it into greater harmony with them.

As will be seen in the illustration, there were some striking differences between the Roman and Greek Doric styles. The independent base is the first thing that strikes the eye, but the capital is also very different. It has a band, called the astragal, making the long necking, and the dignity of the simple Greek abacus is frittered away by the addition of an extra molding. The shaft this plainly. Compare it with the outline given of the Greek Doric and the difference will easily be seen.

The Romans paid no attention to the spacing of the Doric pillars in relation to the triglyphs. In the best Greek Doric temples the pillars were placed exactly under every second triglyph, as can be seen in the picture of the Temple of Theseus in the RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER for January. R.

A dispatch from Athens, Greece, dated May 12, announced the discovery at Rhodes of the tomb of Aristomenes, the Messenian hero of the second Spartan war in the seventh century B. C.

THE PONT DU GARD, NEAR NÎMES, FRANCE
A FINE EXAMPLE OF ARCH-WORK: THE FAMOUS ROMAN AQUEDUCT-BRIDGE
Built by Agrippa to carry the waters of the Eure and Airan to Nimes.
It is 180 feet high and 873 feet long. The row of top arches
support a canal 2 feet wide and 5 feet deep.

Radio-Activity, the March of the Scientific World

By a Râja-Yoga Chemistry Student

THE discovery of radio-activity was, as far as theoretical physics and chemistry are concerned, the most startling of all the advances made by science during the last eighteen or twenty years. Its influence on scientific conceptions was far-reaching. It has revolutionized some of the very fundamental principles of both chemistry and physics, such as our conception of the atom and of the element, as well as the distinction between matter and force; and would seem to be vindicating to a certain degree the ideas held by the alchemists regarding the possibility of changing one substance or element into another.

A radio-active body is one which possesses the property of giving out, radiating, or emitting, one or more kinds of rays, some of which are minute particles of negative electricity, called electrons, while others consist of tiny particles of matter bearing a positive charge.

It was in 1896 that the famous French chemist Becquerel discovered that uranium (one of the elements), as well as its compounds, emitted rays capable of affecting a photographic plate, even through a screen. This remarkable fact was immediately followed up by numerous experiments, resulting in the discovery that thorium, another element, also possessed this property. It was while experimenting along these lines that M. and Mme. Curie made their epochal discovery of an entirely new element, radium, which possessed these properties augmented a millionfold.

As is generally known, the great source of radium supply is pitchblende, a black mineral found frequently as veins running through granite. It is an oxide of uranium, and is a practically eternal source; for so slow is its rate of decay, or rather transformation, that it takes some 100,000,000 years to diminish even one per cent. This element is very slowly but still continously turning into radium. Radium, being so much more active, has a much shorter life. It will transform itself in some 2500 years; while a very active gas it gives off, called its emanation, lasts as a rule less than a week.

Radium has many peculiar properties. Here is one of the most surprising, which shows how our ideas about things have had to change: An element has been defined as "a kind of matter undecomposable into other kinds"; yet it has been proved beyond all doubt that radium, an element, continually and spontaneously produces helium, another element. And still more surprising is the fact that copper, acted on by the emanations of radio-active bodies, produces lithium, an entirely distinct metallic element.

Radium is continually giving out heat. It will melt its own bulk of ice in a short while, and will continue to do so for a thousand years. Shortly after its discovery, the suggestion was made that radium might account for the heat given off by the earth. Investigations were undertaken to determine whether the proportion of radium present in various rocks would account for this. The difficulty was then found to lie not so much in accounting for it as in explaining why it was not much greater, in view of the percentage of radium found. Two explanations are offered: either radium loses its power of emitting heat under such compression as would be found in the central portion of the earth, or else the radium-bearing rocks do not descend more than forty or fifty miles.

These emanations have other properties. They are able to render gases conductive to currents of electricity. One of the most important applications of radium and

its emanation is in the treatment of various diseases; they are, however, destructive to the healthy tissues, the blood especially.

The radiations given off by radium consist of three distinct kinds of rays: the alpha, beta, and gamma rays. The alpha rays carry positive charges of electricity; they are the largest in mass and the slowest in speed of the three classes. Therefore their penetrating power is very low; they cannot even pass through a sheet of paper, but they are responsible for several of the effects produced by radium; namely, raising the temperature, rendering gases conductive, and some of the medicinal effects. Beta rays have a greater velocity, and are considered to be composed of electrons, as are the gamma rays also. They are mainly responsible for the photographic effects. The gamma rays are the most penetrating of all, having a speed approximating that of light, but they have less effect than the other two kinds. For this reason they are also applied in radium cures in cases where the other rays would be too strong.

The last point to consider is the cause of this remarkable activity. The general theory is somewhat like this: atoms, instead of being indivisible, are in reality to be compared to little universes, in which the electrons and other particles are perpetually in a state of motion, whirling around in their orbits. These systems disintegrate in the course of time and their particles, shooting off, form the rays, and it is this disintegration which constitutes the change of one element into another. Here is an interesting point: as thus far positive electricity has never been found to exist separate from matter, the electron stands as the basis of everything, for while it enters into the structure of each and every atom, it is also the unit particle of negative electricity. So we may well say that here matter and force mingle their distinctive characteristics in a common meeting-point: the electron. And in view of Mme. Curie's definite statement that radio-activity is a general property of matter, one of the most important conclusions that we may draw is that matter is by no means inert, but is on the contrary in a constant though (to us) very slow process of transformation. The atom, then, is a veritable storehouse of energy, which, if we could bring it under control, would constitute a source of power absolutely beyond our comprehension. It will be of interest in this connexion to quote a few words from William Q. Judge, written three years before the discovery of radio-activity. Speaking of matter in general, he says:

> It is all worked up into other states, for, as the philosophy declares there is no inorganic matter whatever but that every atom is alive and has the germ of self-consciousness, it must follow that one day it will all have been changed. Thus what is now called human flesh is so much matter that one day was wholly mineral, later on vegetable, and now refined into human atoms. . . . This is perhaps a fanciful scheme for the men of the present day . . . . but for the disciples of the ancient Theosophists it is not impossible or fanciful, but logical and vast. And no doubt it will one day be admitted by everyone.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

APPARATUS USED IN THE RADIUM INSTITUTE OF LONDON FOR COLLECTING RADIUM EMANATIONS
(Reproduction from *The Illustrated London News,* Oct. 11, 1913)

> Sir Frederick Treves, of the Radium Institute, speaking of these emanations, said: "This emanation has exactly the same properties as pure radium, and is as efficient as pure radium for curative purposes. . . . How it could be carried about was an extremely difficult problem, which we have solved. . . . We . . . . are now able to send supplies in plates or tubes to members of the medical profession in any part of the country. . . . Radium gives off the emanation constantly, and itself is not destroyed. It is the only reproduction of the burning bush of Moses."

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

FIVE LIVING HONEY-JARS POSED ON A STRING
THEY WERE SO BUSY CLEANING THEIR LEGS
THAT THE PHOTOGRAPHER HAD TO WAIT SOME
TIME BEFORE THEY WERE STILL ENOUGH
TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED

The Living Honey-Jars of Lomaland

By Percy Leonard

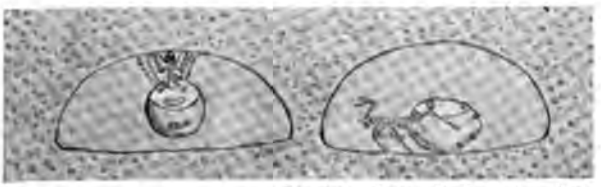
They also serve who only stand and wait. — *Milton*

SOME kinds of ants collect nectar from the flowers as the bees do; but as they cannot make those six-sided waxen jars known as honey-comb and yet require a store of honey for their use in winter, they are obliged to make other arrangements.

Most of the ants in a nest are females who do not lay eggs, but spend their time in nursing the babies, digging tunnels, or collecting food. Some of these maiden workers seem to be very lazy, because they do nothing but hang from the ceiling of the cellars underground; but as you will presently see, they are just as useful as any of the other ants in the nest.

The ordinary workers leave their burrows shortly after sunset, and climbing up the stems of plants they drink as much nectar from the flowers as they can hold, and then crawl home again. They go down to the cellars where their sisters hang and bring up the contents of their inside honey-bags for the stay-at-homes to swallow. These hanging sisters do not let the honey pass into their stomachs, but retain it in their "crops," which are simply elastic bags containing no digestive fluid like the true stomach, and where the stored honey is kept as safely and as clean as if corked up in a glass bottle. Night after night the patient living honey-jars keep on swelling bigger and bigger, until the elastic crop takes up all the room inside their bodies and the ant becomes as round and as large as a pea.

When the flowers die down and the honey harvest is over, the food-collectors bring home dead moths and dead bees and other insect food; but they also need honey, both for their own use and to fatten the babies. The writer has a number of honey-ants in a tumbler and has often seen a nursing sister walk up to a living honey-jar and gently tap her on the head with her feelers. Then the two sisters put their heads together and appear to kiss each other for about three minutes. Then the nurse goes away and seems to kiss one of the fat, white babies; but we who are in the secret know that she is giving it a meal of honey which she has just received from the living honey-jar.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

HONEY-ANT UNABLE TO REGURGITATE HONEY
WHILE HANGING, AND WHO HAS TO ASSUME A
RECUMBENT POSTURE BEFORE SHE CAN FEED
HER SISTER WORKERS

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THREE LIVING HONEY-JARS A LITTLE MAGNIFIED
HANGING FROM THE CEILING OF ONE
OF THEIR VAULTED HONEY-CELLARS
THE EXCAVATION WAS MADE IN HARD SANDSTONE

Of course the patient hanging ants who serve out the honey supplies cannot take any exercise and are not able to clean themselves properly, so very often a nurse comes up and licks their plump bodies with her tongue until they shine like polished amber.

One of the Râja-Yoga boys found a nest with more than two hundred living honey-jars. Some nests contain as many as six hundred, and by doing a simple sum it has been calculated that this wealthy family of ants must have had three-quarters of a pound of honey stored away! This is a bountiful supply, for ants are very small eaters.

A great variety of colors is seen among the honey-jars. Their skins are stretched so thin that you can see through them like glass, and so the ants are colored according

to the honey they contain. Some ants are filled with dark honey like molasses. Others are filled with golden-yellow honey. Straw-colored honey is not uncommon.

It is not every maiden ant that can serve her family by storing honey; it is only young ants or "callows" recently emerged from their cocoons, whose skin is sufficiently elastic. It used to be thought that the living honey-jars were imprisoned for life in their dark cellars; but now it is known that as they feed away their honey they shrink, so that by the time they are empty they are thin and lively once again and can take their part in any active work that happens to be needed.

However generous boys or girls may be, they look upon anything actually swallowed as theirs "for keeps"; but the living honey-jars do not consider their honey as private property. Any hungry sister is supplied with all she needs, if she makes her wants known by tapping the guardian of the treasure on the head.

A New Polar Continent

THE telegrams from Alaska announcing the discovery, by a Russian officer, of a new polar continent such as Greenland will, if verified, settle an old controversy between two schools of geographers and explorers. There have always existed two opposing opinions with regard to whether land or water formed the greater part of the vast unexplored area around the North Pole.

The new continent said to have been discovered by the Russian expedition must begin, according to the position stated in one telegram, not far from the point reached by Nansen in 1895. The least known portion of the Arctic region is that extending to the Pole from the extreme eastern peninsula of Asia and from Alaska on the far northwestern corner of the American continent. Roughly, a line drawn direct from Bering Strait to the Pole would pass through the center of this vast region.

Nicholas-the-2d Land, as the new territory has been named, was discovered on August 21, 1913, and taken possession of on August 22 (Russian calendar), according to *Pitman's Shorthand Weekly*.

The explorers witnessed a splendid spectacle said to be a rare Arctic phenomenon—namely, a green sun, lasting for ninety seconds each evening at sunset, from July 30th to September 14th.

The reason why the earth's longest diameter does not pass through the Equator is that all the lands lying on that line are comparatively low, while Mount Chimborazo, lying but a few degrees south of the Equator, reaches an altitude of 20,498 feet. A line passing vertically through this peak will, therefore, penetrate the greatest amount of the earth's substance, and is consequently the earth's greatest diameter.

Stanzas from The Primrose of the Rock

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

A ROCK there is whose homely front
The passing traveler slights;
Yet here the glow-worms hang their lamps,
Like stars, at various heights;
And one coy Primrose to that Rock
The vernal breeze invites.

. . . . . .

The flowers, still faithful to the stems,
Their fellowship renew;
The stems are faithful to the root,
That worketh out of view;
And to the rock the root adheres
In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living rock,
Though threatening still to fall;
The earth is constant to her sphere;
And God upholds them all:
So blooms this lonely Plant, nor dreads
Her annual funeral.

The Everlasting Primrose

ALICE and Harry were walking back from their skating over the crunching snow. The air was cold, the sky was clear, and though the sun had hardly set, a few bright points of light were twinkling in the sky. Alice was talking of a pale, yellow frock that she had helped to make for her next birthday party. "It is just the color of a primrose," she said. "Oh, how I do love primroses!"

Now Harry would never have begun to argue if he had not begged to be allowed to stay up late the night before; but ever since he had risen that morning his temper had been none of the sweetest. "It's silly to say that you love primroses," he objected. "There are no primroses now. Last season's flowers died long ago, and they won't come again till next spring. You can't love what doesn't exist; that stands to reason."

Alice made no reply. She knew it was of no use to argue with Harry when he talked about things "standing to reason"; she had tried it and had failed. So she let the matter drop.

"Is it really true," thought Alice, "that there are no primroses? Last season's flowers are dead of course; but are the primroses themselves dead and done for? Why, now this very moment I can see a primrose in my mind; so soft, so pure, so beautiful, it almost seems to shine; surely it must be real! The primroses we pick soon fade and wither; but I can look at the primrose in my mind whenever I want to, summer or winter makes no difference. If the primroses were really and truly dead, how could they spring up again? I do believe that though this season's primroses are dead and gone, there is an everlasting primrose that keeps living on and never dies. The everlasting primrose is stored up in Mother Nature's mind, and when the snow has gone and everything grows green again, the season's primroses

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A PRIMROSE BANK, NORTH WALES

start up and weave their bodies on the pattern of the everlasting primrose that they see in Mother Nature's mind."

Then Alice thought of Baby who had died last year just as the season's primroses passed away. "And yet I love her still," thought Alice, as she pictured to herself the happy smile and called to memory those cooing sounds with which Baby greeted all her friends. "Baby's body was put under ground, but the Real Baby still lives on like a bright thought in Mother Nature's mind. I love her still, and that's proof that she is still alive, because, as Harry says, you cannot love something that doesn't exist," thought Alice.

When they reached home, the light over the door shone on two bright tears which trembled on Alice's eyes; but she was smiling too, for she still felt a warm glow about her heart for the Real Baby who, though absent, still lived in their fond memories.

Although no words had passed between them, Harry remarked in a much softer voice, "I think I shall go to bed early and get a good night's rest."

"I believe it would be a good plan," said Alice, as they entered the house. P.

Gathering Bluebells

By L. Ormiston Chant

OUT in the meadows in the sun,
Under the trees where shadows run,
Over the hillside and the plain,
See all the bluebells back again!
Swaying and swaying the bluebells see!
Nodding and nodding so merrily,
Blown by the breeze all the livelong day,
Happy little bluebells they!

Come let us gather bluebells fair;
Seeking we find them everywhere;
Here is a beauty fresh and blue,
See I have pluck'd it, dear, for you!
Swaying and swaying the bluebells see!
Nodding and nodding so merrily,
Blown by the breeze all the livelong day,
Happy little bluebells they!

Follow, O follow, follow me,
On through the woods where bluebells grow;
Singing and laughing kind and gay,
Gathering bluebells all the way!
Swaying and swaying the bluebells see!
Nodding and nodding so merrily,
Blown by the breeze all the livelong day,
Happy little bluebells they! — *Selected*

A Gift from the Goddess of Fuji

AN OLD TALE RETOLD FOR YOUNG FOLK

MANY hundreds of years ago there dwelt in Japan a youth named Yosoji. At that time the whole country was suffering from the plague, and when it reached the village where Yosoji lived his mother was taken ill. His father was dead, so Yosoji had to care for his mother and look after their little home as well. He loved his mother very dearly, and did his best to bring her back to health, but all his efforts seemed vain. She grew worse each day. Finally Yosoji determined to seek the aid of a magician.

The old man told him that his only hope lay in obtaining some of the water from a brook that had its source on the southwestern side of Mount Fuji. This seemed simple enough, but it was far from being so, for the way was dangerous and led through dark forests.

Yosoji, however, thought only of his mother, and when he learned that he could help her he was determined to do so. The way was unknown to him, but what of that; he would find it some way. So he started out with a courageous heart.

On and on he went until he came to three cross-roads. Which one should he take? For all he knew any one

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

HOW A JAPANESE MOTHER CARRIES HER BABY

"MATCHLESS FUJIYAMA"
JAPAN'S SACRED MOUNTAIN

of them might be the right one. As he stood trying to decide, a beautiful maiden suddenly appeared before him. To his surprise she called him by name, and offered to show him the way to the brook. It seemed that she knew who he was, and why he had undertaken the perilous journey; "and those who seek so unselfishly," said his guide, "deserve to find the stream."

Yosoji could hardly believe what he heard, but he followed her with a rejoicing heart, and after many hours of climbing they came to the stream. Yosoji took some of the water for his mother, and at the maiden's bidding drank some, for she told him that this would prevent him from having the plague.

Then she led him to the place where he had first seen her. From there Yosoji had to make the journey alone, nor did he know what became of the maiden, for she seemed to become part of the forest itself.

Yosoji hurried home and gave his mother some of the water to drink. It was not long before she was much better, and in his heart Yosoji offered thanks to his unknown guide.

The maiden had told him that after three days he was to return to the stream for more water, and at the end of that time he once more made the long journey to Mount Fuji. When he reached the cross-roads he found the maiden ready to guide him again. There was no need for him to tell her that his mother was better, for he had come with such a light and happy step that the maiden knew it as soon as she saw him.

Once more he took away some of the life-giving waters; aye, again and again, until that long and perilous journey had been made five times, for not only was Yosoji's mother cured, but many other sufferers in the village were helped and grew well.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

IN THE GARDEN OF A JAPANESE TEMPLE

Great was their gratitude to Yosoji and also to the magician who had told him about the wonderful water; and Yosoji was very happy to think that he had been able to help them. There was one thought, however, that troubled him. What of the beautiful maiden who had come so unexpectedly to show him the way? Might not his journey have been in vain without her aid? Did not all the gratitude belong to her, and had he really thanked her for all that she had done? True, she had not seemed to wish for an expression of gratitude, nor had she been willing to tell him who she was; still Yosoji felt that he must see her once more to tell her how deep was his gratitude. So he took the lonely path again, and made his way unaided to the banks of the stream. But the water was no longer there, nor could he see anything of the maiden. Yosoji was very sad and prayed that she would receive his thanks and those of the grateful villagers.

Suddenly she stood before him, more beautiful than ever, and in her hand was a branch of the wild camellia. But when Yosoji would have spoken she told him that he should not have come there, that there was no need for him to thank her. Then she said good-bye, and bade him ever make his life as helpful as it had been.

The forest was as still as the night, and down from the summit of sacred Fuji a snow-white cloud floated. Lower and lower it came, until it veiled the maiden from Yosoji's sight. Filled with awe to think that his benefactress had been Fujiyama's beloved Goddess, Yosoji prayed once more to her, and she, parting the curtains of the mist, threw him the camellia, pure and white as her own mountain snows.

HAZEL

The Magic Cloak

CHAPTER VI

THE PAIN A HIDDEN WRONG SOMETIMES INFLICTS

THE joy of anticipated victory, the greater in that a stronger adversary confronted her, leaped in the heart of the fearless Queen Alys as she awaited the attack of this creature.

There, in that dark place, in that supreme moment, the picture of her court of laughing and singing children flashed upon her sight; likewise that of the shining palace, and of the sunlight shedding gold upon that far-away land of beauty. She heard songs of her home and gentle conversation; she scented its springtime odors; she felt its peace and she saw that she was fighting now to give all the world of men a paradise such as she had there created for her beloved ones. Can you not almost see that smile playing over her face as she thought of victory then?

You must try to remember always that this last of the Awful Beasts was very horrible indeed. The anger of the first foe glowed red in his ferocious eyes; the fear of the second caused him to crawl at times upon the ground; the vanity of the third puffed him up to a great size; and there was about him something so treacherous and so warily cautious that the smile died away from Queen Alys' face, and she involuntarily shuddered and drew her Cloak more closely about her as he came nearer.

She realized that a fearful hour had struck, but her courage was so strong that she would not permit the thought of the possibility of defeat to enter the citadel of her mind. Win she must! Win she would! Her confidence was like a mighty sword to her as she went to meet her foe, calling to him in that tone of her voice that demanded instant obedience:

"O thou vicious, thou Jealous One! thou blind and cruel enemy! Thou art hateful to thyself, to me, to all the world. Be done at last with thy dark secrets! Come forth into the sunlight, if thou canst! Thou miserable Jealousy, betraying thine own more than aught else, for thine own good I force thee here to yield to me!"

Never had she felt her invincibility so assured as in that moment. Before her eyes Queen Alys seemed to see the fourth of her dreadful antagonists shrink away from her true words and make himself ready to render her obedience, for Jealousy, the last and most terrible

of all, had receded step by step — and then suddenly he was gone.

"Victory is mine!" she laughed, exultingly. "Oh, my dear ones, now I return to you at last! You shall share with me the happiness of every stroke of victory, for well indeed has each one served. Without a flaw the Magic Cloak, that out of your lives you made for me, holds well together — holds well together — "

She lifted the folds of the garment upon her breast and gave a little cry of pain.

The meshes that had been woven out of the living thoughts of her workers had fallen away. There lay about her only the strands whereof the fabric of the Magic Cloak had been made, still remaining a filmy, radiantly wonderful substance, but unformed and without pattern, hanging now in shreds.

Then the gentle and tender-hearted Queen Alys knew, by the cruel anguish that wrung every fibre of her being, that jealousy, smouldering under deceit, had eaten away devotion in the life of some one whom she had held dear and had trusted and instructed.

She saw her foes returning in frightful haste. Anger came roaring up the banks, Fear resumed his disgusting trembling, Vanity went strutting and boastful, and Envy's eyes looked a thousand threats upon the place where his queenly challenger had been a moment before.

Queen Alys they could not now see, for with the destruction of the Magic Cloak the real Queen Alys was no longer visible, except to her own children, now awaiting with longing love for her delayed return; yes, and to a few dear souls here and there throughout the world, who, because of their blessed goodness, if ever they had knocked at the gates of the shining palace in the land of Near-the-Sun, must have been admitted with honor.

A Touching Episode

WE reprint the following, from *The Republican* of Logan, Utah:

I was walking on a railroad bridge across the Monongahela River below Fairmont. I stopped at a lookout to let a down passenger train go by. As the train approached the bridge I saw a dog running on the track between the rails.

Now, I am no dog lover, but my sympathies were with the dog and I hoped the train would beat him to the bridge so he might leave the track safely. But no, he kept right on and was fifty feet onto the bridge when he noticed the train. He gave a piteous look, then redoubled his efforts, but in another moment he had disappeared under the pilot of the locomotive.

I heard the owner down the track some distance whistling and calling. He came fast toward me and I called: "Please go up there quickly, man, and shoot that poor dog and put him out of misery. He has lost one leg."

He was a strapping young fellow. "Oh, I would rather shoot myself!" he declared. He walked back and forth a few steps, then threw his double-barrel gun down, threw himself on the ground and sobbed aloud. I went down the track and sent to him his companion.

Farther down the track I caught a shifting engine back, and from my perch I saw the young fellow, who was so badly broken up, standing on the abutment and looking very dejected. As we passed the lookout the other boy was kneeling beside the mangled dog, sadly stroking him, and the patient animal was fondly licking his hand.

I felt a lump in my throat, and as I looked away a mist was before my eyes of which I was not ashamed.

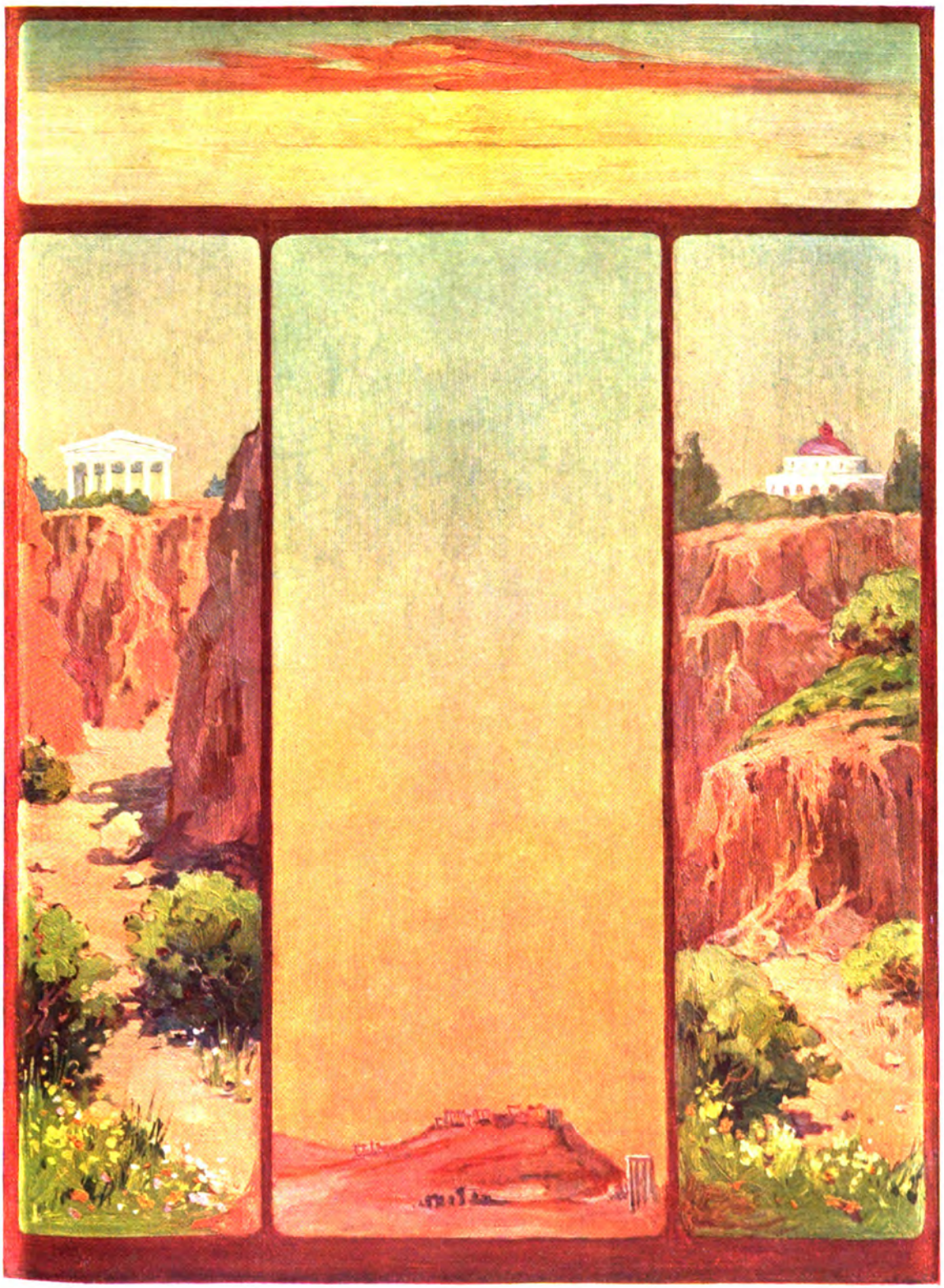
The Kiwi

THIS peculiar bird of New Zealand is in some measure compensated for the absence of wings by its swiftness of foot. When running it makes wide strides and carries the body in an oblique position, with the neck stretched to its full extent and inclined forwards. In the twilight it moves about cautiously and is as noiseless as a rat, to which it indeed bears some outward resemblance. In a quiescent posture the body generally assumes a perfectly rotund appearance.

CHINA is the original home of the orange, lemon, grape-fruit, citron, peach, apricot, European walnut, watermelon, rose, camellia, chrysanthemum, rhododendron, Boston ivy and tea plant.

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Monthly Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth



Vol. X No. 8 POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, AUGUST, 1914 10 Cents a Copy

The Râja-Yoga College

(Non-Sectarian)

Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, Foundress and General Directress

The Râja-Yoga system of education was originated by the Foundress as a result of her own experience and knowledge. Râja-Yoga is an ancient term: etymologically it means the "Royal Union." This term was selected as best expressing in its real meaning the purpose of true education, viz: the balance of all the faculties, physical, mental and moral.

The Building of Character

One of the most important features of this system is the development of character, the upbuilding of pure-minded and self-reliant manhood and womanhood, that each pupil may become prepared to take an honorable, self-reliant position in life.

In the younger as in the older pupils, the sense of individual responsibility and personal honor is aroused.

The Pupils

The Râja-Yoga College comprises two general departments of instruction: (1) The Râja-Yoga Preparatory School and Academy, for boys and girls respectively (separate buildings). (2) The College proper, for students following the collegiate courses.

The Studies

The studies range from the elementary to those of a university course, including the following: Literature, Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Surveying, Mechanical Electrical and Civil Engineering, Law, the fine Arts, Music, Industrial Arts, Practical Forestry and Horticulture, Domestic Economy, etc.

The Teachers

The staff of teachers is formed of men and women specially trained for their duties by long experience in scholastic work, and is composed of graduates of European and American Universities, and of specialists in other lines.

Directors

REV. S. J. NEILL — GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT, B. SC., M. D.

Assistant Directors

PROFESSOR W. A. DUNN — MRS. W. A. DUNN

Headmaster of the Boys' Department
H T. EDGE, B. A. (Cantab.), M. A.

Head Teacher of the Girls' Department
MRS. W. A. DUNN

For information, address

THE SECRETARY, RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE

Point Loma, California

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Monthly

Conducted by a Staff of the Students of the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, California

Published under the direction of Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, December 27, 1904, at the Post-Office at Point Loma, California, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879

Subscription $1.00; Copy 10 Cents

Foreign Postage 35 Cents extra, Canadian 25 Cents

VOL. X OCTOBER 1914 No. 10

Efficiency

EFFICIENCY is unfolding genius, and both are flowers sprung from the hardy root-stock of toil, that mighty conqueror of difficulties, and perseverance wins in time a crown of these rare blossoms. What genius is to the artist-soul, who possibly has clasped hands with divinity itself, efficiency is to each individual human soul who travels on the upward path — something to be sought after, and within the reach of all, in this life or in some other; a blessing when attained.

What a splendid thing it is to be able to do the necessary thing at that critical moment when we hold our breath and wonder who will fill the vacant place! What a blessing is the person who not only has ideas, but has so trained the physical tool that it does not hinder, but helps, their free expression! Thoroughness is the foundation of efficiency, for slipshod methods of thought or action bring only slovenly results, and regrets finally.

It is true that to gain readiness, ability, in any given kind of activity, one must work and pursue the path often through the clouds of apparent failure; but the goal is of more consequence than the trouble we take to win it. Every sincere attempt to advance leaves its impress on the deeper, inner nature, and even if all cannot imprison inspiration in their words and fingers, what matter? One life does not finish the drama of a human soul, but is one scene only, adding to the development of what in time blesses the world in the shape of a Beethoven, a Socrates, or a Michelangelo. "Genius is born," because it has been created in past incarnations, and even if we see only its results, be assured that earnest labor preceded the free talent that we wish we had. The fact is, we already have it, stored away somewhere within us. The seeds are sown in every heart, and even though the ground be hard to break after long neglect, spring comes to human life as to the freshening earth.

Our life-work comes with us when we enter the arena, and the difficulties we meet are the kind that teach us how to use the weapons that are in our hands, if we will only see them and do not try to fight with another's sword. Each man is responsible for a certain amount of good done in the world, and humanity suffers for lack of even the humblest service we can do—if we fail.

Genius rusts for lack of work, and lack of genius is only replaced by work. It is the great solace and panacea of human woes. "He who has put forth his whole strength in fit actions, has the richest return of wisdom." Let not discouragement darken the way of any soul that seeks the light. The obstacles show how precious is the treasure we aspire to, and no time is so easy as "Now."

Then, again, we must not make things harder than they are, for often by merely willing ourselves into a more positive, alert frame of mind, our imaginary limitations are seen to be only our half-hearted belief in ourselves and our timid fear of not succeeding at once. Failure is the mirror of our imperfections. Success shows how vitally important it is never to cease work. And, finally, the purification and strengthening that comes through striving for the hard to reach is lasting and eternal, but the shadows of the battle pass away.

Even if we fail in the eyes of the world, if we have honestly and truly done each duty in the fulness of our love and strength, we have won success in the eyes of Heaven, for God sees the record of the silent worker.

October

By HELEN HUNT JACKSON

THE month of carnival of all the year,
When Nature lets the wild earth go its way,
And spend whole seasons on a single day.
The spring-time holds her white and purple dear;
October, lavish, flaunts them far and near;
The summer charily her reds doth lay
Like jewels on her costliest array;
October, scornful, burns them on a bier.
The winter hoards his pearls of frost in sign
Of kingdom: whiter pearls than winter knew,
Or Empress wore, in Egypt's ancient line,
October, feasting 'neath her dome of blue,
Drinks at a single draught, slow filtered through
Sunshiny air, as in a tingling wine! — *Selected*

and knows the worth of each true deed, and the smile of conscience is worth more than all the praise of others.

Let each one, then, cultivate his smallest and most lacking ability with the utmost diligence and patience, with hope writ large on his brow. They are all in you, friend. Everything you seek to supply yourself with from another's store but saps your strength; but live on the harvest of your own heart, and you thrive and grow strong. Then turn your hand where you will — it shall have the power to save and bless and serve.

"The Mind is the Great Slayer of the Real"

THESE words are from *The Voice of the Silence* by Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, Foundress of the Theosophical Society. They may at first sight puzzle one, for, as generally understood, it is the mind that raises man immeasurably above the brute; and it is surely the directing and guiding power in that complex mosaic of human life, which is indeed most real to us. How then can the mind be a destroyer? Some thought and study will be necessary before the precept begins to yield its inner meaning, and then perhaps it will seem that there is not enough spirit directing the affairs of life today.

The mind itself is not a creator — it is but the instrument through which the Lower and the Higher Self control human actions. When the mind is not under the sway of the Soul, certain phases of the intellect may become so accentuated, so hardened and brilliant, that the warm, pulsing waves of Soul-life never soften its adamantine keenness. This lower mind may suffice to carry a man successfully through the material needs of life, and it is indeed a most valuable aid when in its proper place. The lower mind naturally deals with external objects, their appearances and phenomena.

This is only one-half the function of the thought-organ however. It is noticeable that those who are most brilliant intellectually, are often the ones whose minds become bored on approaching things of a philosophical or spiritual nature. This is because in these lofty, impersonal themes there is nothing to satisfy the craving of the personality for sensation and emotion. Weak minds also are tired by subjects of wide scope and depth.

When the Soul does not illumine the brain-mind, our whole relation with life assumes a distorted aspect. We can see neither ourselves nor our fellows as they really are. Other people's faults may assume exaggerated proportions in our eyes, and their virtues seem relatively small, when we are filled with too much self-righteousness. All the world is at fault then, and we are surely right! It is sometimes a painful shock to find that other eyes see us quite differently from what we see ourselves. But the shock is a blessing, if it opens a truer, wider range of vision.

All our deeds undergo transformation in the eyes of others. No two people see the same thing alike, and if we misunderstand our comrades, it is nothing to be wondered at if they misunderstand us, for each one's personality acts as a glass through which he views life. Charity for others, a broad view-point and willingness to change, are necessary to peace of mind.

It is hard to make restless thoughts stay at home, but let us remember that the superficialities of life sustain only the lightest strains of our natures. If we desire to mingle with the deep, heroic forces of the Spirit-life, the mind must be subdued and made the servant of the Soul. Then it does not obstruct inward light, but is a channel for the Highest to work through. When we throw our whole force, all our thought and will-power into a task, no matter how disagreeable at first, it becomes pleasant, because the mind has found the harmony beneath the surface. Each must do this for himself; it is the only way to find the real force of life. It is the way of peace and spiritual illumination.

Important to Subscribers

THE RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER is to be enlarged, and after the publication of the October issue, 1914, it will be published as a quarterly instead of as a monthly.

This change in the period of issue is made on the suggestion of our Teacher, Mme. Katherine Tingley, who says that many advantages will result from it to our readers, and that we can render better service in the present condition of international affairs. The War in Europe has opened new avenues for helpful work and propaganda, so needed at this time in the cause of Theosophy and Universal Peace, and this change will not only give us more time for the preparation of articles, but also help to relieve the extra strain that is at present being put on the Aryan Theosophical Press, from which a great stream of propaganda goes out continually.

The pupils of the Râja-Yoga College who edit the magazine, greatly appreciate the interest which has been aroused in response to their efforts to present in its pages the principles of the Râja-Yoga System of Education, originated by Mme. Katherine Tingley, which have been to them such an inspiration in their lives, and which they have learned to love.

All subscribers who have already paid their subscriptions will continue to receive the magazine at the same price per copy, until they have received the number of copies which their subscriptions call for; that is, those who have already subscribed to the end of 1914, will, in addition to the October number, receive two other numbers, which will be published in the months of January and April, 1915. Those who have paid their subscriptions up to and including June 1915, according to the old arrangement, will have their subscriptions carried forward to January 1917.

The subscription rates, beginning January 1915, will be: per year seventy-five cents, per copy twenty cents.

A POINT LOMA HEADLAND

Sea Witchery

By Richard Burton

YON headland, with the twinkling-footed sea
Beyond it, conjures shapes and stories fair
Of young Greek days: the lithe immortal air
Carries the sound of Siren-song to me;
Soon shall I mark Ulysses daringly
Swing round the cape, the sea-wind in his hair;
And look! the Argonauts go sailing there
A golden quest, shouting their godlike glee.

The vision is compact of blue and gold,
Of sky and water, and the drift of foam,
And thrill of brine-washed breezes from the west:
Wide space is in it, and the unexpressed
Great heart of Nature, and the magic old
Of legend, and the white ships coming home. — *Selected*

Faith

Tennyson

Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,
And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith!
She reels not in the storm of warring words,
She brightens at the clash of "Yes" and "No,"
She sees the Best that glimmers thro' the Worst,
She feels the Sun is hid but for a night,
She spies the summer thro' the winter bud,
She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls,
She hears the lark within the songless egg,
She finds the fountain where they wail'd "Mirage!"

Autumn

By Percy Bysshe Shelley

THE warm sun is failing; the bleak wind is wailing;
The bare boughs are sighing; the pale flowers are dying;
And the Year
On the earth, her death-bed, in shroud of leaves dead,
Is lying.
Come, months, come away,
From November to May;
In your saddest array
Follow the bier
Of the dead, cold Year,
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulcher.

The chill rain is falling; the nipt worm is crawling;
The rivers are swelling; the thunder is knelling
For the year;
The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
To his dwelling;
Come, months, come away;
Put on white, black, and gray;
Let your light sisters play, —
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead, cold Year,
And make her grave green with tear on tear.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

RÂJA-YOGA STUDENTS: A REST-HOUR BY THE SEA

Chrysanthemums

Chrysanthemums of snowy white,
Of red or brown, of pink or gold,
Tell me, within your petals curled
Do you some autumn secret hold?

C. L. H., a Râja-Yoga Student

Grotius
"The Marvel of Holland"

HUGO GROTIUS, or de Groot, was one of Holland's great men. His name is famous not only in his native land, but throughout the world. He was born in the old town of Delft on the 10th of April, 1583. As a youth, he was a prodigy in learning, of whom Edmondo de Amicis refers in his *Holland and its People* as

that Grotius who at nine years of age wrote Latin verses, at eleven composed Greek odes, at fourteen philosophic theses, and three years later accompanied the illustrious Barneveldt in his embassy to Paris, where Henry IV, presenting him to the Court, said: "Behold the marvel of Holland!"; that Grotius who at eighteen was distinguished as poet, theologian, commentator, and astronomer, and had written a prose epic on the city of Ostend, which Casaubon translated into Greek, and Malesherbes into French verse.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

HUIG DE GROOT
The "Father of International Law."

Sonnet

BY HUIG DE GROOT

RECEIVE not with disdain this product from my hand.
O mart of all the world! O flower of Netherland!
Fair Holland! let this live, though I may not, with thee;
My bosom's queen! I show e'en now how fervently
I've loved thee through all change—thy good and evil days—
And love, and still will love, till life itself decays.
If here be aught on which thou may'st a thought bestow,
Thank Him without whose aid no good from man can flow.
If errors meet thy view, remember kindly then
What gathering clouds obscure the feeble eyes of men;
And rather spare than blame this humble work of mine.
And think, "Alas! 'twas made—'twas made at Louvesteijn."

Young de Groot entered the University of Leyden at the age of twelve, spending three years there. After leaving the University he was, as we have already learned, attached to an embassy under Barneveldt, one of the greatest of Dutch statesmen, so that he had an excellent opportunity of studying statecraft at an early age. Returning from this mission in about a year, he practised law at The Hague when but seventeen.

From 1607 to 1619 Grotius held various public offices. In his twenty-fourth year he was made Advocate-General for Holland and Zealand, and wrote a celebrated treatise, *Mare Liberum*, "Liberty of the Sea"; in 1613 he was elected Pensionary of Rotterdam; in 1618 he was again sent on an embassy with Barneveldt, this time to England, to settle a dispute in regard to the North Sea fisheries; but their mission proving unsuccessful, the commissioners returned to Holland, where Grotius became involved in the religious troubles that threatened the peace of his country, resulting in 1619 in his arrest with Barneveldt and others. Barneveldt was tried illegally and sentenced to death, while Grotius was condemned to life imprisonment in the fortress of Loevestein on an island formed by the Meuse and the Wall.

In this fortress, which was a prison for political prisoners and might be compared to the Tower of London or the Bastille of Paris, Grotius remained for almost two years, and was not allowed to see even his father. His wife, however, finally obtained permission to share his imprisonment. He pursued his studies all the while and continued his writing. For this purpose it had been the custom to receive and send away books in a large chest, and as time passed his wife observed that the guards were becoming careless regarding its inspection. This was her opportunity, and she was not slow in seizing it. Grotius himself was packed in the chest. As heavy as it was, it aroused but little suspicion, and that little was allayed by the faithful wife. The chest arrived safely at a friend's house in Gorcum where Grotius emerged from his concealment, and, disguised as a stonemason, made his way safely to Antwerp, and from there to Paris, which he reached in April, 1621. Madame Grotius was strictly guarded after that, but only for a short time. When liberated she rejoined her husband at Paris in October of the same year.

Grotius spent a number of years in France, an exile from his native land. Those were days of hardship and suffering, both mental and physical, for this loyal Dutch couple, for, added to the discomforts of an enforced absence from the land they both loved, were the privations necessitated by an ever-scanty purse. It was during the summer of 1623, while enjoying the hospitality of a generous Frenchman's country residence at Balagni and while living on a small pension granted by Louis XIII, that Grotius began in earnest the final preparation of his masterpiece, *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, "On the Law of War and Peace." This great treatise, the culmination of his life-work, had been evolving in his mind since he was twenty-one, at which early age he had already mapped out the general plan and arrangement of this work, as proved by an unpublished MS copy of Grotius' entitled *De Jure Praedae*, written in the winter of 1604.

Let us turn aside for a moment from Grotius' movements in order to learn something about this master-

piece of his which made him famous. For this purpose we cannot do better than to turn to the Introduction to the *Law of War and Peace*, as published in English, and read what David J. Hill has to say on "The Work and Influence of Hugo Grotius." To quote from this:

The claims of the great work of Grotius, *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, to be included in a list of Universal Classics, do not rest upon the felicity of style usually expected in a classic composition. . . . it is, nevertheless, one of the few notable works of genius which, among the labors of centuries, stand forth as illustrations of human progress and constitute the precious heritage of the human race.

If it is not literature in the technical sense, the masterpiece of Grotius is something higher and nobler — a triumph of intelligence over irrational impulses and barbarous propensities. Its publication marks an era in the history of nations, for out of the chaos of lawless and unreasoning strife it created a system of illuminating principles to light the way of sovereigns and peoples in the paths of peace and general concord.

. . . . .

It was in the midst of these wars that Grotius was born. He saw his own country rising from a baptism of blood and all Europe rent and torn by the awful struggle of the Thirty Years' War, in the midst of which his great work was written and to whose conclusion it served as a guide and inspiration. . . . Amid the general wreck of institutions Grotius sought for light and guidance in great principles. Looking about him at the general havoc which the war had made, the nations hostile, the faith of ages shattered, the passions of men destroying the commonwealths which nourished them, he saw that Europe possessed but one common bond, one vestige of its former unity — *the human mind*. To this he made appeal and upon its deepest convictions he sought to plant the Law of Nations . . . Until formulated by Grotius, Europe possessed no system of international law. Others had preceded him in touching upon certain aspects of the rights and duties of nations, but none had produced a system comparable to his. . . .

. . . It is, indeed, to the pacific genius of Grotius more than to all other causes that the world owes the origin of his great work; for it sprang from his dominant thought, ever brooding on the horrors of war and the ways of peace, during more than twenty years, and never wholly satisfied till its full expression was completed.

. . . . .

From the authority of the Empire and the Church, no longer effectual as an international agency, Grotius appeals to Humanity as furnishing the true law of nations. Beginning with the idea that there is a kinship among men established by nature, he sees in this bond a community of rights. The society of nations, including as it does the whole human race, needs the recognition of rights as much as mere local communities. As nations are but larger aggregations of individuals, each with its own corporate coherence, the accidents of geographical boundary do not obliterate that human demand for justice which springs from the nature of man as a moral being. There is, therefore, as a fundamental bond of human societies, a Natural Law, which, when properly apprehended, is perceived to be the expression and dictate of right reason. It is thus upon the nature of man as a rational intelligence that Grotius founds his system of universal law.

. . . . .

It is needless, perhaps, to point out that the work of Grotius is not and could not be a work of permanent authority as a digest of international law. His own wise appreciation of the positive and historical element — the authority derived from custom — should exempt him from the pretense of absolute finality. It is the Book of Genesis only that he has given us, but it is indefeasible distinction to have recorded the creation of order out of chaos in the great sphere of international relationship, justly entitling him to the honor accorded to him by the spontaneous consent of future times as the Father of International Jurisprudence.

RÂJA-YOGA STUDENTS AT THE HAGUE

These young people were sent by the Râja-Yoga College as its Delegates to the International Theosophical Peace Congress at Visingsö, Sweden (June 22-29, 1913). On their way home they were invited to sing at the opening of the Twentieth Universal Peace Congress that convened at The Hague a year ago last August. One of the songs rendered by them on that occasion (August 20) was *An Ode to Peace*, written by Mr. Kenneth Morris, of Point Loma, and set to music especially for the above-mentioned occasion at The Hague by one of their number, Rex Dunn, the conductor of this orchestra and chorus.

The first edition of *The Law of War and Peace* was issued in March, 1625, but it was not until eight years later that the world awoke to its merits. In the meantime Grotius' condition was precarious indeed; at one time his family were almost out of clothes. The author's returns for his labors had been two hundred copies of the book, most of which were given to friends, and the sale of the rest did not cover the cost of materials used in writing it. The French King, though the work was dedicated to him and a handsome copy sent him, was so ungracious as not to acknowledge these courtesies even with a gratuity. The author's patience and resignation were phenomenal. He wrote his father and brother that "if he had their approbation and that of a few friends, he would have no cause for complaint but would be satisfied." When sick and practically on the verge of destitution he wrote as follows: "It is not necessary to ask

anything for me. If my country can do without me, I can do without her. The world is large enough."

Later on, Grotius, at the solicitation of friends and relatives, returned to Holland, but finding that he could not yet be free from persecution, he sorrowfully turned his back once more on the land of his birth and settled at Hamburg. There fame sought him eight years after the publication of his greatest work, though none too soon, as he was even then suffering from pecuniary embarrassment. All Europe simultaneously awoke to a realization of his importance, and invitations were tendered him by Poland, Denmark, Spain, England and Sweden to enter their public service. But long before that one of his earliest admirers had been the great general and leader, Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, who had kept Grotius' work "alongside his Bible under his soldier's pillow" all through the Thirty Years' War. Gustavus had urged its author to go to Sweden then, but it was not until 1635 that, being again importuned by Oxenstierna, the Regent, he accepted a post in the Swedish diplomatic service, becoming Swedish ambassador to France. Although such a work was not congenial to him, and was one for which he was, perhaps, not suited, he filled the position for ten years with credit.

His heart had ever been with Holland, and wishing to spend his last days there, he sought permission to withdraw from the Swedish service, but the Swedish Government was loath to part with him, for it valued his services highly. Finally, however, he was dismissed with honors and gifts of money and plate. He had a rough voyage across the Baltic, during which he was exposed to the inclemency of the weather, so that, upon reaching Rostock in Germany, he was attacked by an illness which proved his last, and he passed away on the 28th of August, 1645.

Grotius was pre-eminently a jurist, but he was also a poet, a theologian, and a statesman, and he gave to the world the science of International Law. He saw the necessity for more humane methods of warfare, and through his efforts made a great change possible. As terrible as war is today, it was far worse before Grotius sought to change it, and though he may be honored by many for his learning, yet this greater service to mankind must always stand first in the hearts of men. *Prodigium Europae* he is styled in his epitaph on the simple tomb that marks his grave near the mausoleum of "Father William" in the New Church by the Groote Markt in Delft. H. O.

THERE never was a good war nor a bad peace.
— *Benjamin Franklin*

WAR never decided any question of right or wrong.
— *Thomas Jefferson*

WAR is the trade of barbarism.— *Napoleon*

Peace

From Longfellow's *Song of Hiawatha*

ON the Mountains of the Prairie,
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
He the Master of Life, descending,
On the red crags of the quarry
Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together.

. . . . . .

Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
The Creator of the nations,
Looked upon them with compassion,
With paternal love and pity;
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling
But as quarrels among children,
But as feuds and fights of children!

Over them he stretched his right hand,
To subdue their stubborn natures,
To allay their thirst and fever,
By the shadow of his right hand;
Spake to them with voice majestic
As the sound of far-off waters,
Falling into deep abysses,
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise:

"O my children! my poor children!
Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life, who made you!

"I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
I have given you brant and beaver,
Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,
Filled the rivers full of fishes;
Why then are you not contented?
Why then will you hunt each other?

"I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
Of your wranglings and dissensions;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.

"I will send a Prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the nations,
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,
Who shall toil and suffer with you.
If you listen to his counsels,
You will multiply and prosper;
If his warnings pass unheeded,
You will fade away and perish!

"Bathe now in the stream before you,
Wash the war-paint from your faces,
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,
Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,
Break the red stone from this quarry,
Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,
Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest feathers,
Smoke the calumet together,
And as brothers live henceforward!"

dress that Madame Tingley gave us at Tent City, in addition to the entertainment and the education that she is furnishing us this afternoon, brings a great many things to light that were heretofore very much in the darkness to us. It brings a deeper thought, a deeper study in our hearts and minds, of those things that she is teaching every day, and of which we hear very little in the outside world.

"Especially true is this now, when the war of the European nations is just beginning, and Madame Tingley's great effort for Universal Peace seems at this moment to have gone for naught. But I believe that she has planted the seed, and in that she has done a noble work; and I believe that before many months are over the seed planted by her and by this Institution will bear rich fruit in the United States, and that the foreign countries must and will respect that demand for Universal Peace. Thank you." (Applause)

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

LITTLE RÂJA-YOGA STUDENTS MAKING THEIR EXIT FROM THE GREEK THEATER

KATHERINE TINGLEY'S ADDRESS AT THE RECEPTION TO THE FEDERATION OF STATE SOCIETIES OF SAN DIEGO

"Friends: It is a very great pleasure to have you here this afternoon. I know that you are all lovers of the true and the beautiful, and I am certain that you will find it expressed here in nature in a very marked way. You have your beautiful curtain of the heavens in the background, the great expanse of the Pacific, the blue horizon, and the peaceful and quiet touch of the Greek environment. It is always a good thing, I think, for humans to get away from the rush and whirl of the world and its unrest, out into peaceful surroundings.

"I was just thinking how little I dreamed when I first designed this theater that there would be so many dear people from all parts of the world who would come here and drink in the peace and the inspiration of it all. I feel very sure, if we had the patience, that we could find something in this stillness and quiet and in touch with nature that possibly might give us much more real entertainment and real help than the words of our best orators and teachers.

"I know, moreover, when in thought I am in touch with the ancients and their wonderful works, I find that they had a knowledge that helped them to understand life and to live better than we moderns do. There was not the rush and the whirl of the modern world: the ancients lived more in the inner life, more in communion with their inner thoughts and all that is best and noblest. They knew how to work in consonance with nature more than we do, and they found something that the people of today have not yet found.

"One of the great reasons why we modern people lose so much of the true and the beautiful and the best and the noblest in life, is that we are so separated. We have allowed ourselves down through the ages to hold to what we call the ownership of things — we have been too much carried away by the selfishness of this age and other ages. We are the progeny of other ages, and many of those ages which have preceded us have not built for the best and the noblest, the unselfish and the true. So down the ages we have come, so to speak, with these obscurations before us and around us, and our lives have been limited by the pressure of worldly interests and by self-aggrandisement.

"Could there be, I ask you, a better time than this for us to think away from the unrest of the world, that we might gain the strength to help it, to throw aside all our fears and our sorrows and our misgivings, to promise ourselves that never would we entertain a pessimistic thought of life? Right here, in the presence of all that is so inspiring in this beautiful hour, we could bring to the front in our natures, so to speak, something so splendid, so uplifting and inspiring, that we should be as people reborn. All humanity is waiting for something; the people are calling for something. The unrest of the age tells the story of their longing and their despair. But are they ready to listen? That is the question. Are they ready to throw aside their misconceived ideas of life, their prejudices, their selfishness, their desire for possessions, in order to create among all peoples of the world and all countries something that has not been known in past ages — a genuine peace, a real peace, a spiritual peace, a soul peace? That is what the world needs, that is what humanity is calling for, and that is what we must have before we can advance as real living souls, before we can step out as warriors of the world and know anything about the high-

er patriotism or become real peace-makers.

"We have our ideals of patriotism, but have we reached that point where we can understand what the real meaning of patriotism is? Is there not a patriotism that is grander than anything that you have heard of? And this is, that instead of offering up your sons and daughters and your own lives for your country, you should offer your sons and daughters and yourselves to live to build the world, [applause] and thus make a peace that shall be so solidly based that warfare shall disappear.

"So the song of the present hour is, 'Live for right, live for justice, live for truth, live the larger life — the life of higher patriotism. Live to serve your country and the countries of the world.' And in living in this spirit of which I speak, none of you could participate in warfare or endorse it; none of you could enter into the thought that you should vindicate the honor of your country by warfare; none of you would ever dream of it. You would find new knowledge in your life, a new song in your heart, a broader comprehension of life and its duties, if you understood your lives better. When you have reached that point, then you may dream of peace.

"Somehow it seems to me that if we could be of one thought now, if you would think with me as I am thinking with you in these hopes for Universal Peace — then out of the silence, carried by the breezes on some higher plane, there would go a message out to other countries, out where there is struggle and warfare, where brothers are arrayed against brothers, where death and slaughter are the living pictures of the hour. And I believe further, that even the dying would hear the song, if you had the faith in these higher laws that I have; if you could hear the message, something would go to them in the hour of struggle, and their pain would be lessened, and a new hope would be born.

"It is time that we awakened to the new possibilities of the human family, and so I always feel an inspiration and a strength whenever I meet a body of people who are federated as you are. You have high purposes. I am sure you are working for the advancement of the age. You are struggling to overcome evil and to build your Federation in such a way that it shall be an honor to your country and a help to your fellows; but I have taken the liberty of adding one more note to your song, and that is, to sing the song of Peace to the world by a grander activity for Universal Peace, to bind yourselves together in that spirit of larger fraternity that shall break down all barriers of separateness in the human family; and I believe that in so doing, your life, the very influence of your efforts, would reach other bodies and other federations, and in the course of time you might have the honor and the privilege and the joy of seeing a sweeping force going through America and around the world for the upbuilding of true brotherhood, real joy, and higher patriotism. Thank you."

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

MEMBERS OF THE FEDERATION ON THEIR WAY TO THE GREEK THEATER

The Abolition of War

By NOAH WORCESTER

[The following excerpt from *A Solemn Review of the Custom of War* was written by Mr. Worcester a hundred years ago, in 1814. Noah Worcester was born at Hollis, N. H., in 1758, and died at Brighton, Mass., in 1837; therefore having been through two wars, he knew whereof he wrote.— Editors]

"So prone are men to be blinded by their passions, their prejudices, and their interests, that in most private quarrels, each of two individuals persuades himself that he is in the right, and his neighbor in the wrong. Hence the propriety of arbitrations, references, and appeals to courts of justice, that persons more disinterested may judge, and prevent that injustice and desolation which would result from deciding private disputes by single combats, or acts of violence.

. . . . . .

"It is an awful feature in the character of war, and a strong reason why it should not be countenanced, that it involves the innocent with the guilty in the calamities it inflicts, and often falls with the greatest vengeance on those who have had no concern in the management of national affairs. It surely is not a crime to be born in a country which is afterwards invaded; yet in how many instances do war-makers punish, or destroy, for no other crime than being a native or resident of an invaded territory! A mode of revenge or redress which makes no distinction between the innocent and the guilty, ought to be discountenanced by every friend to justice and humanity."

A Sacred Peace Day for the Nations, Inaugurated by Katherine Tingley

ON August 26th Katherine Tingley, Foundress-President of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood (founded March 3, 1913) formulated a plan for the observance of a "Sacred Peace Day for the Nations" by this Parliament, assisted by the Men's and Woman's International Theosophical Leagues and by the pupils and students of the Râja-Yoga Academy and College, at the International Theosophical Headquarters on Point Loma. Upon further consideration the plan was extended and it was decided to invite the citizens of San Diego and all cities of the Union to join in a nation-wide observance of such a day, in the belief that their united and simultaneous action could not fail to hasten the return of peace in Europe. Accordingly the following telegraphed letter was sent to President Wilson on September 3:

PARLIAMENT OF PEACE AND UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD
(President's Office)

Point Loma, Cal., Sept. 3, 1914.

THE PRESIDENT,
The White House, Washington, D. C.

Sir:

To presume upon your valuable time with any personal proposition or interest is not my intent. But because I feel there is an opportunity to unite the people of this country in a closer bond of unity and a higher expression of patriotism, particularly during this war time, I write you in the interests of Universal Peace and ask your kind consideration of and co-operation in the accompanying plan, to which I have given much thought and which, I believe, if properly carried out, will create a closer tie among the people of the earth, and more real sympathy for our suffering brothers across the waters.

Will you not therefore find it a splendid opportunity to let your heart out and give new hope to all the people of the United States by naming a day to be called "The Sacred Peace Day for the Nations," appealing to men and women of all nationalities (not alone the citizens of the United States, but to those of all other countries who reside in the United States), and to people of all beliefs — Protestants and Catholics, Jews and Gentiles, Christians of all denominations and free thinkers of no denominations, Moslems and Parsees, Buddhists and Hindûs, Confucianists and Shintoists, etc., etc. — to meet together on the level of their common humanity, to dedicate their best efforts on that day for the accentuation of a higher patriotism, both among the elders and the youth, and as a loving tribute to the cause of Universal Peace, and to send a message of sympathy and encouragement to the suffering mothers and wives and children in Europe?

The simple outline of a program, which I present below as being appropriate for so important an occasion, I feel must appeal to every class of people, regardless of all differences in religion and politics.

I would respectfully suggest that you name Monday, September 28, 1914, as THE SACRED PEACE DAY FOR THE NATIONS, for the whole United States.

An early response to the above proposition would be greatly appreciated.

I remain, with sincere respect,

Yours cordially,
(Signed) Katherine Tingley,
Foundress-President, Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood.

Madame Tingley suggested that as uniform a program as possible be carried out in all cities observing the Peace Day, and she outlined the following: A non-political observance of the Day; a parade or pageant starting at 3 p. m., participated in by pupils and students of all grades of educational institutions, public and private, and also by all peace and non-political organizations, clubs, etc.; the same to carry, in addition to their own banners, at least one banner inscribed, "A Protest Against War; Universal Peace": that appropriate music be furnished by musical clubs, choral societies, etc., and that one appropriate vocal selection be sung at three pauses in the procession. In connexion with this latter suggestion, it was announced that the Isis Conservatory of Music, Point Loma, would furnish musical and choral societies with free copies of "An Ode to Peace" which was set to music for and sung at The Twentieth World Peace Congress, at The Hague, August 20, 1913, by international representatives from the Râja-Yoga College at Point Loma. It was further suggested that public meetings, presided over by the mayor with the assistance of prominent citizens, should be held on the evening of the same day, during which addresses should be delivered on "Universal Peace" solely and absolutely without criticism of any nation or nations.

On September 3d a delegation from Madame Tingley called on Mayor O'Neall and the City Council of San Diego, inviting them to a meeting at her home on Point Loma on Monday evening, September 7th, to discuss with a Committee of Citizens plans for the San Diego Peace Day observances. The Mayor and City Council accepted the invitation.

The San Diego *Union* of September 4th announced that active preparations were under way for the holding of a Sacred Peace Day for the Nations in San Diego, stating what steps had already been taken, as to telegraphing the President, etc., and in the same issue was published the telegram that Madame Tingley had sent the day before to Governor Johnson, which was the same, in substance, as that sent the President.

On the same day (Sept. 4th) personal letters were mailed to the Governors of all States in the Union by Madame Tingley, in which she requested their co-operation in furthering the plan for a nation-wide observance of a Sacred Peace Day for the Nations, for "the best interest of our American life and dignity." Enclosed in each letter were copies of the telegrams that had been sent to President Wilson and Governor Johnson of California.

On September 5th the San Diego *Union* published an interview with Madame Tingley. As this contains the gist of the Peace Day movement inaugurated by her, and is by far the best expression of her views that has been published up to date, we take pleasure in reproducing it in full, as follows:

"My object," said Mme. Tingley, "in proposing the setting apart of such a day as a Sacred Peace Day for the Nations is to provide an opportunity for the whole people of the United States to protest against war, and to appeal to the President to call upon the other neutral powers to join with him to declare that war must cease, that there must be no more slaughter of our brothers, and no more suffering and despair brought to the women and children through the horrors of war.

"The time has come when the people as a whole must take a stand in defense of civilization, which in Europe at least is threatened with destruction. The establishment of such a Sacred Peace Day for the Nations will give an opportunity to the people of San Diego and of the State, and of the whole country, to sound a note of universal peace on practical lines.

"It would be in a sense a challenge to all to recognize the interdependence of the human family, and to meet this unparalleled crisis in human affairs that confronts the whole world, with a new and dominant expression of human brotherhood.

"The people of the United States, I feel, are peculiarly challenged at this time, and have a splendid opportunity of evoking a quality of hope that will sustain them through the ordeals of the present hour, and support them in meeting worse conditions that must arise if the war continues. The Press, which should take precedence in voicing the best interests of the people of the United States, has an unusual opportunity of assisting in this public effort.

"There is a great danger ahead," continued Mme. Tingley, speaking very seriously, "which I fear others do not apprehend, and for that reason the people of the whole country should be aroused to take a stand, and to act quickly and unitedly in the cause of universal peace. To me it is a sacred duty and a privilege to do what little I can in this direction, that the misconceptions and prejudices that exist among the nations of the earth may be eliminated from the minds of men and that the inhuman discord of war may cease. I hold that a new order of things which will redound to the dignity of the United States can be ushered in on such a Sacred Day, provided that those who participate do their part nobly, unselfishly, and in the true spirit of brotherhood, thus accentuating the heart-notes of our common humanity.

"Let our efforts in this connexion be works of righteousness, that shall in the course of time establish true peace for all peoples. Remembering that the passions which break forth in war exist latent in the human heart even in times of peace, we should ever be on guard."

On September 5th personal letters were sent to the Mayors of over five hundred of the largest cities in this country, to all Peace Societies, and to the Presidents of all the Women's Clubs in San Diego, inviting their hearty co-operation in a Protest against war by the celebration of a Sacred Peace Day for the Nations, and telling them of the keen interest that Mayor O'Neall, the City Council and prominent citizens of San Diego are taking in the plans for a fitting Peace Day program for their city.

The previously-mentioned meeting at Madame Tingley's residence called for the evening of the 7th, was duly held, with the Mayor, representatives of the City Council, prominent citizens, and officers of the International Theosophical Leagues in attendance. The proceedings of this preliminary meeting were reported in the papers on the following morning. Mayor O'Neall heartily endorsed Madame Tingley's plan and said he would issue an official proclamation appointing September 28th and also appoint a committee of one hundred to look after the arrangements. On behalf of the City Council, Mr. Otto M. Schmidt likewise endorsed the plan. Mr. A. G. Spalding, Chairman of the meeting, having called upon Madame Tingley for an expression of her ideas, she responded, dwelling in particular upon the idea that "it should be a truly sacred day, and should appeal to the religious instincts which are deep in the hearts of all men." Before concluding she offered a resolution which was unanimously adopted and, after being endorsed by Mayor O'Neall, was telegraphed to President Wilson. This resolution reads:

"Believing, as we do, that there is in the United States a moral power strong enough to call for a pause in the war in Europe; and, in the name of humanity, to urge that a truce or armistice shall be declared, and that all fighting on land and sea shall cease during such time as shall allow to be called and held a special conference in the Peace Palace at The Hague, at which shall be represented all the powers now at war, as also the United States, and all other neutral powers, in order that calmer counsels may prevail for the consideration of the causes of the war, the war itself, its destructiveness and the suffering brought to countless women and children; that the destruction of European civilization may be averted by once more reminding all mankind that they are brothers.

"Believing that the United States has the moral strength to intercede and accomplish this, and through whom should it be done, save through you, the President, representing this great peace-loving nation?

"We therefore call upon you to further the golden opportunity that is presented to the United States to fulfill this sacred duty to humanity. We feel that no time should be lost in thus voicing the heart cry of millions of people in the United States.

"We also call upon you to invite all other neutral powers to join with you in this intercession, and so aid the United States to usher in a new order of the ages, from which will result a sacred, permanent peace for all humanity; for war is a confession of man's weakness, not a proof of his strength."

The above Resolution was unanimously adopted.

(Signed) A. G. Spalding, *Chairman*

"The foregoing Resolution meets with my approval and is, I believe, the initial step in a movement that should tend to lend aid and comfort to the unfortunate citizens of the warring European nations.

"It is to be hoped that the United States of America and the various States comprising the same, individually, as well as municipalities, will further the idea of a Peace Day, and if possible concentrate on September 28, A. D. 1914.

(Signed) Chas. F. O'Neall, *Mayor of San Diego, California*

It being further suggested that this telegram should be wired to the Governors of all the States, asking them to telegraph their endorsement of the same to the President, the Chairman, Mr. Spalding, volunteered to pay the charges.

In addition to these telegrams, copies of this Resolution were mailed to the five hundred Mayors who had received previous communications on this subject.

The daily Press of September 8th and 9th published a Proclamation by President Wilson naming October 4th as "A day of prayer and supplication." It is of interest to note that Madame Tingley's first telegram to the

President was sent on the 7th and that his message is dated the 8th.

Madame Tingley has received replies from the following Governors: Governor Johnson of California, Governor Hunt of Arizona, Governor McCreary of Kentucky, and Governor Eberhardt of Minnesota, the latter's endorsement carrying a proviso that the date, September 28, might not embarrass the President's efforts in the same direction. Enthusiastic responses have also been received from many prominent citizens of San Diego. One of the first women in San Diego to respond was the President of the California Federation of Women's Clubs, Mrs. Lillian Pray-Palmer, who expressed herself as being in perfect sympathy with the idea and willing to participate in the program. The Woman's Press Club of San Diego likewise responded.

In the San Diego *Evening Tribune* of September 11th was published Mayor O'Neall's Greetings to the citizens, also a Resolution passed by the City Council, both documents endorsing Madame Tingley's suggestion that September 28th be observed as a Sacred Peace Day for the Nations. They read as follows:

To the Citizens of San Diego,
Greetings:

Whereas Mme. Katherine Tingley and a Committee have requested me to aid in a Sacred Peace Day ceremony on September 28th, by inviting all citizens to participate in exercises to be held on that occasion, and

Whereas this purpose meets with my approbation, and believing that every effort for peace should be encouraged,

I therefore as Mayor of this City urge every citizen to do all he or she can to aid in this undertaking to the end that peace may reign again on earth.

May the ideas and purposes of this day be productive of such good results that the Day of Prayer on October 4th will be largely attended.

May peace visit all nations and abide with us always.

(Signed) Charles F. O'Neall, *Mayor, City of San Diego, Calif.*

RESOLUTION No. 18104

Whereas, various countries of Europe are engaged in open warfare, destructive alike of wealth and civilization and those virtues that tend to bind countries, as well as individuals, into closer relationship, resulting in their mutual good, and

Whereas, at a meeting of citizens of San Diego, held on the 7th day of September, 1914, a Resolution was adopted, calling upon the President of the United States of America, as the highest representative of this peace-loving nation, to call upon all other countries, neutral to the present war, to meet with the United States on the 28th day of September, 1914, as a Sacred Peace Day for the Nations, from which meeting it is believed order will be brought out of the present confusion, resulting in peace for all the world, Now therefore,

Be it Resolved, By the Common Council of the City of San Diego, that the City of San Diego, through this, its Common Council, do and hereby does approve of the sentiments expressed in the foregoing Resolution.

I hereby certify the above to be a full, true and correct copy of Resolution No. 18104 of the Common Council of the City of San Diego, California, as adopted by said Council, September 8th, 1914.

Allen H. Wright, *City Clerk*
By Hugh A. Sanders, *Deputy*

Madame Tingley has tendered the use of the Isis Theater in San Diego for a morning and evening meeting on September 28th, also the open-air Greek Theater at Point Loma for other features of the program, in furtherance of which all the entertaining resources of Loma-land will be available, such as the co-operation of the members of the Men's and Woman's International Theosophical Leagues of Humanity, together with the students of the Râja-Yoga College, and likewise the services of the Râja-Yoga Chorus of fifty voices and the Râja-Yoga Orchestra of forty pieces, and last but not least Madame Tingley's personal services in whatever way they can best be rendered.

It has been announced that the procession on September 28 will start at 2 p. m., and all the public school children have been invited to participate.

Meanwhile we are "as busy as bees" here at Loma-land, and as happy as can be. Everyone — young folk as well as the elders — is doing his or her part to make the Sacred Peace Day for the Nations all that the name implies; a happy song is singing in every heart. Every afternoon the larger part of the population of the Hill swings out on a practice march of an hour or so, and it is an inspiring sight. The students' preparations for the Peace Day carry the marching above the commonplace. The events of the 28th will be reported and illustrated in our next issue.

International Legion of Peace Holds First Meeting at Isis Theater

RÂJA-YOGA STUDENTS EVOKE ENTHUSIASTIC RESPONSES IN PREPARATION FOR SACRED PEACE DAY

SPECIAL PLEA MADE TO BOYS AND GIRLS

(From the San Diego *Union*, September 21, 1914)

AN enthusiastic audience, composed about equally of young people and elders, greeted the Râja-Yoga students last night at Isis Theater. It was the first public meeting of the International Legion of Peace, established August 15, 1914, by Madame Katherine Tingley for young people. Among those present were Madame Katherine Tingley, Professor and Madame Daniel de Lange, Mr. L. B. Copeland, Vice-Chairman, and several other members of the "Sacred Peace Day" Committee. The chairman, Hubert Dunn, in opening the meeting, said:

Our object in holding this meeting is to prepare for the coming solemnization of a great Sacred Peace Day for the Nations, which Madame Katherine Tingley has also convoked and in which it is hoped all the citizens of San Diego will participate on September 28. This event will present an opportunity of arousing the youth of this city to the needs of the hour. These needs are very pressing and rest on the youth as well as on the elder folk.

In the hope, therefore, of inspiring our friends to a proper expression of co-operation in the efforts for the Sacred Peace Day for the Nations, we shall this evening present to you the resolutions of our International Râja-Yoga Legion of Peace and endeavor to tell you how much this organization means to us.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

INAUGURATION OF THE LEGION OF PEACE AT MISSION CLIFF PARK, SAN DIEGO

In regard to the term, "Sacred Peace Day," it should be observed that in the use of the word "sacred," Madame Tingley in no way implies the idea of sectarianism or a thought of anything credal or dogmatic. Herein is implied only that compassionate sympathy which all true patriots hold for the suffering of their fellow-men in every land under the sun, and a reverence for the heroism and devotion to principle in all climes and in all ages.

RESOLUTIONS PRESENTED

Resolutions drafted by the senior classes of the Râja-Yoga College and Academy were read, from which the following are extracts:

Object: To accentuate the principles of international fraternity by the constant application to our daily lives and actions of the law of universal brotherhood.

Whereas, world peace depends upon the mastery of the forces of light over the forces of darkness; and the forces of light cannot control world issues until they are accentuated in individual life; and youth is the time when character is building, and the tendencies toward good or evil can be then more easily encouraged or checked; and

Whereas, the education which we have been privileged to receive at the Râja-Yoga College has enabled us to appreciate to a certain extent the necessity of the establishment of peace among the peoples of the world; and

Whereas, we realize that it is the duty of every large-minded and intelligent member of the human family to hasten the true and lasting development of civilization by the establishment of international amity,

Resolved, that we, the members of the Râja-Yoga International Legion of Peace, do hereby solemnly pledge ourselves so to apply the principles of our Râja-Yoga College to every action of our daily lives, as to fit ourselves to step forth at all times in support of the ideals of truth and brotherhood;

Resolved, that while we hold it truly glorious to die for peace and justice, yet we deem it equally noble to live for their establishment and vindication, and, in pursuance of this conviction, we dedicate our lives to the service of humanity and to the furtherance of international peace and universal brotherhood;

Resolved, that we regard this International Legion of Peace as a means of uniting the youth of all lands in a strong band to check the undermining influences which are the cause of all the world's strife.

This is an opportunity to start a movement to benefit all mankind. Let us be worthy of our trust.

Addresses were given by Miss Kate Hanson of the Râja-Yoga Academy and Montague Machell of the Râja-Yoga College. Following are extracts from Miss Hanson's address, entitled *The Present Crisis:*

War is an inheritance from our ancestors. The youth of today have on their shoulders a birthright of twenty centuries of unbrotherliness and dissension since He who walked on the Galilean waves said to his followers: "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." The causes of the battle strife in Europe are as old as time itself, for they are deep-rooted in the fruitful soil of human nature. And yet, we have not learned to adjust our differences without relying too often on a mere preponderance of brain-mind effort and brute force, which never brings lasting results. The clash of human interests and desires grows and increases until in the battle flames and sabre thrusts of today we can see a visible counterpart of the struggle going on in the thoughts and feelings in mens' minds, because we have not been taught to rule the lower by the higher self.

War is terrible not only while it is in progress, but in its after effects. The psychological influences it carries in its wake poison the air for years, and have power to breed war in the blood when lances themselves are laid in rest. And think of the wasted life and energy, the desolate homes and the suffering and disease that follow. While we reverence the spirit that is glad to sacrifice life in a noble cause, still we can serve humanity only by living.

Great is the responsibility and wide the power for good that lies in the hands of the American nation today, because it is in a position to bring peace to those now in arms. More than a duty to our own nation compels us to recognize the efforts now being made to re-establish world-harmony among all men, and on the Sacred Peace Day for the Nations we shall march like a band of peace warriors, calling on our fellow-men to lay down their arms and to remember that precept given us by the Son of Man: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The only place where the kingdom of heaven is needed is on our earth, and it can never be realized till we consistently, in word and deed, live in such an everlasting bond of fellowship that discord cannot enter in our ranks, for we must ever accentuate the true spirit of brotherly love. This Sacred Peace Day for the Nations, appointed for all nations, is sacred to many, many hearts, who have labored for a lifetime to bring about a permanent universal peace, and who have dedicated their best to it. The response of the youth of this City and throughout the country should be doubly enthusiastic; for we have been shielded from all the horror of war, and, as the future citizens of this Golden State, we must imbue our minds and hearts with the loftiest idealism as well as with the most practical expressions of peace in our own lives.

It is to the girls and the young women particularly that I appeal for a strong and womanly response to this effort to bring peace to the world. We cannot all leave our homes and go to the front as messengers of mercy, but we can make peace in the lives of those around us, and the duty that lies nearest is the most important. So much depends upon the mothers' knowing how to bring up their sons, and the principles of life and education set forth by the peace movement are so eternal and true in their application, that years hence we may turn to them for inspiration and guidance. If we are imbued with broad and far-reaching ideals, shall we not fill our homes with such gladness and harmony that our children will find war a thing unknown in the land?

And in conquering human nature, and the faults that lie therein, we make the greatest conquest of all, for that is the root from which all troubles spring. This is a conquest possible only in peace, for war only affords the field for human passion to satiate itself.

Dear girl friends, can you not see that we hold in our hands a large share in the shaping of the destinies of the nations for war or peace, by the way in which we mould our own lives, and accordingly the lives of those who follow us? A greater opportunity was never opened before us, and our inner vision must see the beseeching eyes and hands turned toward us, challenging us to be worthy of our trust, to so open our lives to the glad new forces awakened by the Sacred Peace Day for the Nations, that we may become workers for peace in the humblest sphere of our lives. Let us call upon our own hearts, turn our faces toward the light of the new day, and in our own lives and in the life of the nations let us make an end of war.

Montague Machell said in part:

It is to the youth and young men of San Diego that I address myself more especially this evening, and my address is an appeal to you to fire your hearts with the enthusiasm which tonight kindles the hearts of every member of the International Râja-Yoga Legion of Peace.

It is hard to express to you how much this movement means to us. But I believe you have already caught a glimpse of the earnestness and enthusiasm which is flowing in our midst this evening, and I believe you are already willing and eager to co-operate in realizing a glorious victory for peace. In holding this mass-meeting for the youth of San Diego, we have a great purpose in view. We seek, as you see, not merely to interest you all for this evening alone, nor merely to invoke your enthusiasm for the twenty-eighth of this month. Our desire is to start a new force moving in your lives, a force that will inspire you to look at your responsibilities as the rising generation of a great nation, in a new and more serious way; a force that will inspire you to band together and become a positive power in this city for international peace.

AMERICA IN FOREFRONT

This American nation stands today in the forefront of the nations in paths of progress. But the moment we start to tear down the great, the beautiful things, the helpful things of life, then we cease to progress. Now it must be plain to the youngest school-boy here that every time nations engage in warfare the belligerent powers are exerting a destructive force. They are destroying national resources; they are destroying national order and discipline; they are destroying national home-life; and worst and most terrible of all, they are destroying that which they can never restore — human life. Peace, then, means building up our nations. And how do we attain this up-building power of honorable peace? By naught else than the application along right channels of those very forces which, misdirected, call down the curses of war.

Just picture to yourselves for a moment this fair city of San Diego, aptly termed the City of the Sun, suddenly engulfed in war. Picture the drums rolling, the cannon booming, the fathers called from field and workshop, from mother, daughter and son, to fall into line and be shot down by, or else shoot down, fathers of other sons and daughters. Should such a call come, in an instant every boy would feel the manhood in him fire up and he would long for a chance to take his place in the ranks and offer up his life for his country. Why is this? Because in every human being there is a warrior, and whenever the call comes to fight, to sacrifice, to serve, that warrior asserts himself and refuses denial.

Do you think, then, that our Peace Legion calls upon the youth to stifle the call of this warrior? Can you believe we are banded together to ignore the heroic inspiration of service, sacrifice, duty? No indeed! We sound a call to fight; but it is to a larger fight than was ever fought on earthly battlefield. We have gathered together here tonight to invite you all to challenge that warrior in each of you, to make of yourselves soldiers of peace, to serve your country nobly and well by living, not by dying, for it. The drums must roll; the bugles shall sound; the tramp of marching feet shall be heard throughout this whole vast continent. But it is a muster of the veterans of peace; the reveille calls all to duty; and we are all summoned to march forward to swell the greatest and grandest army that ever trod a bloodless field!

Let us remember that it is the boy of today who must be the law-maker and statesman of tomorrow. And a law-maker in these days should be something more than he has been in the past, even though many were great in many ways. Every year should find the nations more closely united, and therefore every year must increase the spirit of brotherly love among the peoples of the world and enlarge the conception of responsibility of one nation to her sister nations. As this great American republic increases in prosperity, in wealth and in power, it must also increase in that wisdom which will enable it to help its sister nations.

Now who is first going to acquire this wisdom? It must be the boys and young men of this present generation. They have to set to work and find out the secret of making laws that will do away with all those forces that destroy civilization, and they must learn to legislate in such a way as to replace those destructive forces with constructive power. How is this to be done? First, by setting to work in our own particular legislature; I mean, our own characters. Here we have to set up a love of order, of discipline, of good government, of true patriotism and character-building, on the noblest lines. Once we do this we shall begin to gain an insight into the real needs of our country, and in any moment of crisis we shall be prepared to help her in the real way.

It is with the object of emphasizing these ideas that the International Râja-Yoga Legion of Peace was established — established with a great and unanimous enthusiasm. And tonight we have come down to your city to tell you of our hopes and our aspirations in this work; we have presented our resolutions to you in the hope of awakening a similar enthusiasm in the youth of this city. We do not wish this work to rest with us alone; we do not wish it to concern our school alone; we wish it to touch San Diego, and to extend from San Diego throughout California, and from California throughout the United States, and at last throughout the whole world. But we do look forward to having the youth of San Diego take the lead in this great movement for the establishing of permanent international peace.

Both the resolutions and the addresses were greeted with much applause, as were also the musical selections.

The Star-Spangled Banner

By Francis Scott Key

(Text slightly revised by comparison with the fac-simile of a copy made by the author in 1840. Only first two stanzas given below.)

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the clouds of the fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

Centenary of "The Star-Spangled Banner"

THE 13th of September was the centenary of the writing of *The Star-Spangled Banner*, the national anthem of the United States of America, and in honor of this Baltimore, the home of its birth, held a week's celebration last month.

The story of the writing of this poem is most interesting. During the War of 1812, after the British had captured Washington City, their commander General Ross declared that it would be an easy matter to go through Maryland. The troops of his state, led by General Stricker, made a valiant stand at North Point, about twelve miles from Baltimore. General Ross and Admiral Cockburn commanded the British force of about nine thousand men. Although they far outnumbered the Americans, the enemy, when about two miles from the entrenchments of the defenders, hastily withdrew to their ships, whence they bombarded Fort McHenry on the night of September 13. The bombardment lasted through most of the night, but very little damage was done to the fort, which was defended by General Armistead and a garrison of about one thousand.

A witness of this engagement was Francis Scott Key, the author of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. He had gone under a flag of truce to Admiral Cochrane's flagship, *The Royal Oak*, to obtain the release of a Dr. Beanes, a friend who had been arrested by the British. Key was successful in his mission, but the Americans were not allowed to go ashore that evening for fear that they might give information as to the preparations for the bombardment: so they were obliged to remain with the British ships, whether in their own boat under guard or in one of the enemy's ships is not known.

So long as they heard the guns of Fort McHenry returning the fire, the Americans knew that the fort had not surrendered. By the "rocket's red glare" they could see the bombs bursting over the fort, but it was not until dawn that the two patriots knew that it was safe, for towards the break of day the bombardment ceased. By the first beams of the rising sun they saw the Stars and Stripes still waving from the flagstaff. This so filled the poet with exultation that he then and there hastily wrote the words of *The Star-Spangled Banner* on the back of an envelope, completing the poem on the way back to the city.

The words of this song, which are so inspiring to every American heart, were the outcome of the feeling which the poet had at the moment when success was at hand, after a night of terrible suspense. It was set to the music of a well-known air.

Francis Scott Key, the son of a Revolutionary officer, was born in Frederick, Maryland, on August 1, 1779. He was educated at St. John's College, Annapolis, and began the practice of law at Frederick, Md., in 1801, but soon after removed to Washington, D. C., and was made United States District Attorney. He became a prominent lawyer, and also a poet of no mean ability. It is claimed that he was descended from John Key, the first Poet Laureate of England, who lived in the seventeenth century. His famous poem was written in his thirty-fifth year. He died in Baltimore, aged sixty-four.

"'TIS THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER"
The Key Memorial
Frederick, Maryland

The flag which floated over Fort McHenry at the time of the bombardment is still in existence in the National Museum at Washington, and has been used on several important occasions.

Several monuments have been erected in memory of Francis Scott Key; that in the accompanying illustration marks Key's grave in the cemetery at Frederick, Maryland. It was unveiled on August 9, 1898, by Key's granddaughter, Miss Julia McHenry Howard, and represents Key pointing to the flag still waving "o'er the land of the free."

M. H.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ON THE STEPS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE
Mr. John H. Judge is the gentleman with the flower on the lapel of his coat.

A Pleasant Surprise

VISIT OF MR. JOHN H. JUDGE TO LOMALAND

TUESDAY, August 25th, was a red-letter day in the annals of Lomaland and the Râja-Yoga College for the reason that many of us on that day had the honor and pleasure of meeting Mr. John H. Judge, the younger brother of our beloved and honored William Q. Judge, the second Leader of the Theosophical Movement, successor to Madame Blavatsky and predecessor of Katherine Tingley, the present Leader of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. Mr. Judge, who was making a very hurried business trip to San Diego, had expressed the desire to meet Madame Tingley and visit the International Theosophical Headquarters. As soon as it was known that he was coming, the greatest enthusiasm prevailed, and a spontaneous and most hearty welcome was accorded him.

On his arrival he was greeted with a song by the Râja-Yoga Chorus, and then, after spending a little time with Madame Tingley, Mr. Judge accompanied her to the front veranda of the Râja-Yoga College, where were gathered several of the old Aryan members and some of Madame Blavatsky's old pupils to meet him. A most delightful half-hour was spent in reminiscences of the old days in New York. One of the most interesting points was Mr. Judge's recital of his meeting Madame Blavatsky when he was but a boy, his great admiration for her, his frequent visits to her house, and how he copied at her request much of the manuscript of *Isis Unveiled*.

Then Madame Tingley sent for a number of the Râja-Yoga Students, and also for some of the younger children, who gave an impromptu recital of their symposium, *The Little Philosophers*. Two of our number, Mr. Montague Machell, representing the College and the William Quan Judge Club, and Miss Kate Hanson, representing the Academy and the H. P. Blavatsky Club, were then called upon by the Leader to say something about their work and life in the Râja-Yoga College, and then our good friend, Mr. Fred J. Dick, who met William Q. Judge in 1888 in Dublin and became closely associated with him, spoke of the wonderful influence that Mr. Judge had had on his own life and those of others whom he knew.

Mr. John Judge also made a few remarks, expressing his pleasure at meeting our Teacher, Katherine Tingley, and his surprise at the wonderful results she had accomplished. He said he had never so fully realized the great work which had been begun by Madame Blavatsky and his brother, and that it made him very proud and happy to realize that he had had William Quan Judge for his brother. He said, in part:

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE EXPOSITION FROM THE WEST

It is really quite touching to hear all these beautiful tributes paid to my brother and to know how much his efforts were appreciated. And then of course I cannot help being conscious of a certain personal satisfaction because the man you so honor was my brother; and it is a satisfaction to know that you had a brother who accomplished something. So I certainly wish you all well, wish you all success — there can be no doubt of it; and I wish Madame Tingley a long life and a prosperous one.

At his request the Râja-Yoga Chorus sang again one of the old Irish songs, *The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls*. Several photographs were taken, one of which is reproduced herewith.

Mr. Judge promised to visit Lomaland again and said that possibly he may come to reside in San Diego, and then we shall see him often. His visit seemed to bring us much nearer to our dear Chief, William Quan Judge. It forged a new link of love and gratitude between our hearts and his. RECORDER

The San Diego Panama-California Exposition

ON the western coast of the United States there are few more fascinating cities than San Diego; fascinating because of its location, its climate, and its progress. The mother-city of the West Coast, where the history of California had its beginning, San Diego preserves the flavor of ancient days without forgetting that it is a twentieth-century community.

The harbor of San Diego has been celebrated since Cabrillo warped his diminutive ships into its safe waters in 1542. Like many other sayings, it became trite to declare that one day San Diego Harbor would be a great port; every one so declared, but no one made any effort to make it a great port. It is one of the surprising things that this harbor has become an important port from necessity more than from the efforts of individuals, companies, or civic movements, though the City secured control of all the water-front and started in 1912 a series of public docks that will cost $6,000,000. In this connexion, it is interesting to know that San Diego Harbor is the first American port north of the Panama Canal.

When public thought crystallizes into a concrete idea and the citizens of a city determine to make that idea a reality, no power can hinder it from so becoming. So it has been with San Diego; a concrete idea was needed upon which all could unite. And one day the Exposition Idea came to one of San Diego's citizens. This idea was like fire in prairie grass; it swept the whole city. Like one man, every grown person in San Diego adopted the Exposition for his very own.

San Diego would have attracted attention to herself by simply announcing that she thought of holding an Exposition. To actually go ahead and subscribe $40 per capita for such an enterprise, to attract men of genius and rank from all over the United States to help her plan it, to go about the actual building of it as if she had always been in the Exposition business — this attracted wide notice. All at once it began to be noticed that hundreds of new faces were in evidence on the streets. San Diego had not dreamed of a pre-Exposition growth, but here it was, and increasing so fast that there was hardly room in the city for the newcomers. In two years San Diego doubled in population and began doubling again. When the Exposition Idea occurred to her she had something like 39,000 people. In less than three years she is crowding the 100,000 mark, and has set her figure for 1920 at 250,000.

The Exposition Idea before referred to was none other than that a world-wide Exposition should be held at San Diego throughout the year 1915 in celebration of the completion of the Panama Canal, that stupendous engineering achievement, the opening of which to the commerce of the world will go down in history as one of the notable events of the twentieth century. And be it known that San Diego was the first city to take up this 1915 Exposition Idea. The Panama-California Exposition, popularly known as the San Diego Exposition, was accordingly launched in August, 1911, amid unbounded enthusiasm on the part of San Diegans. An Exposition

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE EXPOSITION AND A PORTION OF SAN DIEGO

Company was formed, stock subscribed, and plans laid down for an Exposition that shall embrace everything that has made and shall make for human advancement, social and economic. The noteworthy point is, that this information is so presented as to be genuinely interesting.

The San Diego Exposition is particularly fortunate in its site. Probably no other spot in America, unless it be Point Loma across the Bay, commands so beautiful a view as is to be had from the elevations in Balboa Park, San Diego's 1400-acre City Park. The Exposition site therein, comprising a little over six hundred acres, is spread out on the crest of a mesa three hundred feet above the tops of the tallest buildings in San Diego's business district, and the eye looks over these piles of brick and cement to the blue sea just beyond. In the distance are the Coronado Islands; to the west Point Loma's headland juts out from the curving shore-line, guarding the Bay of San Diego, the "Harbor of the Sun"; the City of San Diego itself lies at our feet upon gracefully undulating hills that roll back from the sea mile after mile, until finally merged into the sloping foothills; behind us, to the eastward, is a range of majestic mountains; on either hand is the coast country, to the north and the south, while immediately surrounding the Exposition site on three sides is the most beautiful residential portion of San Diego.

As regards the architectural features of the San Diego Exposition, every building, from the California Building which towers at the entrance of the grounds, to the tiniest of the concessions on the Isthmus (the amusement section), conforms to the Spanish-Colonial type, which is in keeping with the traditions and romance of California. Red-tiled roofs and creamy walls rise from a setting of green. The patio, or inner courtyard so characteristic of Spanish structures, is an attractive feature of almost every building. Filled with grass, gay flowers, vines, and tropical shrubs and palms, these patios will afford grateful shade and rest to thousands. Towers and minarets rise over the Exposition city like those in the cities of picturesque Old Spain and Central and South America — her children.

Of exhibition buildings there are fifteen within a space of one hundred acres; another hundred acres is devoted to the state and foreign buildings; the amusement features of the Isthmus occupy twenty-five acres, and the rest is laid out in outdoor exhibits, landscape gardens and park. The arrangement and purpose of the principal buildings is as follows:

Approaching the main entrance to the Exposition grounds at Laurel and Park Ave., the visitor crosses a deep canyon on a broad causeway — Puente Cabrillo, nearly a quarter of a mile long, the concrete arches of which rise 125 feet. Traversing this, then entering a rose-covered gateway, and passing beneath a memorial arch, is like entering another country; nay, it is equivalent to stepping backward four centuries and finding oneself in medieval Spain on some fiesta day. Stretching from this archway to the eastward is the Prado, the main axis of the Exposition. Along either side of this avenue the eight chief exhibit buildings are grouped, many being joined by arcades. Little latticed balconies are suspended beneath many of the openings. Surmounting many of the buildings are towers whose domes are bright with inlaid tiles and gilded globes.

On your left is the greatest of these buildings, that of the State of California, the tower of which rises nearly 200 feet, dominating the Exposition. The ornamentation of this tower is profuse. Overhead, ornamental arches connect the California Building with the Ethnology Building on your right. Both of these are reinforced-concrete structures. In the latter will be housed the valuable exhibits of ethnological and archaeological interest that have been collected in part by the Smithsonian Institute and the National Museum at Washington, and in part by commissioners of the Exposition. Here will be found relics of the past from our great Southwest, as well as from the lands of the ancient Incas and Aztecs. Prehistoric man will here be reconstructed in the shape of life-sized figures made from data that has taken years to collect. The story of man's evolution and achievements from the dawn of civilization to the twentieth century will be realistically depicted.

Beyond these two buildings and along the Prado are the buildings devoted to Science and Education, Arts and Crafts, Foreign Arts, Home Economy, Commerce and Industry, Agriculture and Horticulture.

Some distance down the Prado is a central rectangular court, the Plaza de Panama or Court of Honor. Opening from this on the south is a street that gives access to the Plaza Internacional, surrounded by the edifices of the state and valley buildings. At the far end of the Prado — the East Entrance to the Exposition — stands the building erected by the Counties of Southern California, surrounded by a delightful garden.

However, the grounds of the San Diego Exposition will be its greatest charm without a doubt. In the depths of the canyons tropical palms and ferns have been planted, and the slopes are covered with flowering shrubs and plants of every known variety. Winding roads and pathways lead through dense foliage to many bowers of indescribable beauty. A botanical garden, with the great lath-house in the center, is given over to a variety of strange trees and shrubs and flowers, with a long open pool stretching down to the Prado from the front of the Botanical Building. Nearby are the gardens surrounding the pavilion of Japan and Formosa. On the Exposition's 615 acres there are already growing many thousands of trees and shrubs, and before the gates open the growing things will number at least 2,500,000. There are graceful palms of every variety, as well as acacia trees in their dress of yellow flowers; but among the trees, none will be more popular than the eucalyptus with its aromatic leaves sweeping toward the ground and its branches gay with masses of fragrant yellow or red blossoms. One of the interesting features of the horticultural exhibit will be the fence encircling the Exposition grounds. Ten feet high, of heavy wire, it will be entirely covered with vines; fragrant jasmine, honeysuckle, and clematis will entice the hummingbirds with honey, while bougainvillea and tecomas will offer the eye masses of gorgeous bloom. Rare specimens of practically unknown plants are being propagated in the Exposition nurseries — even one or two species entirely new to botanists.

When the gates of the Exposition open to the world on January 1, 1915, there will be presented a series of exhibits which prominent instructors say will be one of the most remarkable educational displays ever gathered together. From the outset it was decided that San Diego's Exposition should stand as a symposium of human endeavor and growth, of man's achievements and possibilities; that it should portray the progress of man in the only interesting way — by means of processes; that it should be an "ing" and not an "ed" exposition. Every wheel should go round; every tree and pumpkin, orange, apple, grape, and bunch of alfalfa should be growing. Every department of the Exposition will be built around this central thought — an exposition of *processes*, not of finished products. In this respect it will be of particular interest and educational value to young people; for, do not children always prefer to "see the wheels go round?" — would they not rather watch a *living* thing rather than something inanimate? Yes, the children should, by all means, see the San Diego Exposition.

Let us take, for illustration, the domain of Agriculture, man's first occupation and profession, and his most necessary and important occupation today. The visitor will be shown a reproduction of those early days when man irrigated the fields by means of crude ditches and with clumsy instruments, when the success or failure of crops depended entirely upon the capricious will of the "rain-gods." Then he will be led past the steps by which irrigation methods have gradually reached the high point of today's great reclamation projects, such as the Roosevelt and Elephant Butte dams in Arizona. This story of irrigation will be told by means of actual reproductions of the different steps, or by the use of motion-pictures.

An interesting exhibit will be the section of ten acres set aside for a demonstration of all forms of tractors, whether driven by steam, gas, electricity, or any other method of propulsion. Road-making equipment, ditching machines, irrigation and reclamation machinery, will be shown in actual operation. The working of the road-making equipment will be of particular interest and instruction to people from all sections of the country, for good roads are as vital to the prosperity of a country as good arteries are necessary to the life of its people.

Many of the exhibitors are preparing outdoor exhibits — special attractions that cover acres of ground, each complete in itself, yet forming a part of the whole, conforming to the spirit of the Exposition.

Every exhibit will be carried out in the same manner. The evolution of machinery; the application of man's servant, electricity; all sorts of manufacturing; the various arts of painting, music and sculpture; the de-

velopment of the art of living — all these stories of man's progress through the ages will be told in the same instructive and yet fascinating way, by means of processes showing the different periods of growth.

The exhibit buildings will house displays from every section of this country, and in addition there will be exhibits from Old Mexico, Europe, and Asia. For example: tea will be served from the samovar in the Russian section; the varied arts of Japan will cover an extensive area in the Foreign Arts Building; Sir Thomas Lipton has erected a Ceylonese Tea Garden and a plantation, where the entire process of tea-growing and making may be observed and the finished product tested by partaking of a cup of tea grown and cured on San Diego soil; a particularly important feature of the Exposition will be the displays from nearly every American country. One of the most interesting of the United States' exhibits will be the model farm operated by the International Harvester Company, where, throughout the year, various crops will be sown, cultivated and reaped by scientific methods, while side by side with this and in contrast thereto will be shown the antique methods of cultivation. Adjacent to this exhibit will be a demonstration of reclamation and irrigation methods of vital economic interest to this country, in fact to the world. The exhibit of the Southern Counties of California will be spectacular indeed, consisting of growing displays of the agricultural, horticultural and floricultural possibilities of this wonderful Land of Sunshine. An entire wall in each of the State Buildings will constitute a topographical map of that State, showing the minutest details, which will be of great value to the prospective home-seeker; for instance, the guide in attendance, upon learning what particular food product of his State is of the most interest to those present, walks to the map, points to the exact spot where that product was grown, and explains the specific qualities of the soil and the possibilities of that locality.

In short, the aim of the San Diego Exposition, with its thousands of exhibits, is to exploit the great West — to bring from the over-crowded cities hundreds of thousands of men and women and aid them in locating on the millions of idle acres in the Western and particularly Southwestern States. In Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Wyoming, and California there are great tracts of virgin soil suitable for growing all sorts of things that the world needs. In San Diego's back country alone there are 44,000,000 acres of irrigable and arable land awaiting cultivation.

The above is but a brief indication of what the San Diego Panama-California Exposition will mean to the farmer, the manufacturer, the home-seeker, and the tourist; viz., the most remarkable and practical demonstration of the opportunities of the Great West and the neighboring countries to the South in Latin-America that the world has ever seen—truly, an educational work of vast magnitude.

The House of the Trees

By Ethelwyn Wetherald

Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood,
Wash me clean of dust and din,
Clothe me in your mood.

Take me from the noisy light
To the sunless peace,
Where at midday standeth Night
Signing Toil's release.

All your dusky twilight stores
To my senses give;
Take me in and lock the doors,
Show me how to live.

Lift your leafy roof for me,
Part your yielding walls;
Let me wander lingeringly
Through your scented halls.

Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Take me — make me next of kin
To your leafy brood.— *Selected*

The Râja-Yoga Free Summer-School for the Poor Children of London

An Interesting Letter from Comrade Herbert Crooke, Director of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in England

Written at "Kanawha" Fleet, Hants, and dated 18 Bartletts Building, London, E. C., 20th July, 1914.

Dear Teacher: Here behold us duly and most comfortably installed in the delightful home which expresses so much of its builder's fine taste and artistic capabilities. The children and everybody are just charmed with it, and you can imagine little groups of the girls in twos and threes walking around the little avenues, pathways and bosquets, arm in arm, noting with quick cries of surprise some new wonder they have discovered in flower or leaf or fruit. I never remember seeing a garden in a somewhat limited area so beautifully and economically laid out — every inch of space utilized to its utmost with a wonderful variety of plant and shrub, flower and vegetable. The birds, too, seem quite tame as they hop about among the bushes. The children are constantly calling to one another or to a teacher to see some new delight.

Saturday was the first full day the children had experienced of this country life. It was a busy day, but not quite so busy for the teachers as the first day they were down, when everything had to be got into proper shape. On my arrival in the afternoon somewhat laden with packages, I resisted an inclination to take a conveyance, thinking the quiet walk from the station would be very enjoyable. It was lucky I did so, for soon I spied a small procession of our children walking along two by two with teachers in attendance and in a regular Râja-Yoga fashion, coming to meet me. I was delighted to see how bright they looked and their quiet

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

"KANAWHA" AS SEEN FROM THE ROAD: FLEET, ENGLAND

dignified manner and yet a real happiness beaming from their eyes. Some of these children had been with us in the New Forest last year and they had not forgotten their drills and exercises which have helped them to value the privilege of this new Theosophical school.

We turned and walked together till a cross-road was reached, when they went off to the woods and I turned down to the house.

A little later Miss Collisson, the Superintendent, and another teacher with the remainder of the girls who had been detained by their home duties, went out to join the party, and I with them. Soon we met the others in the woods that surround a large lake locally known as "The Pond." This is a wide expanse of water held by the Government and at one time used for experimental purposes, but now left to the graceful swans and ducks that enjoy its somewhat shallow waters. Then we made our way to the waterside and found a nice little strand covered with short grass, on which the children romped and played to their hearts' content. The little ones were quite excited when word was passed from their teachers that they might "paddle" in the water. Here for half-an-hour they had a very good time. The water, the blue sky with its fleecy clouds, and the glorious sun made a perfect picture; and this was in no way dimmed by the sharp shower of rain that fell from a passing heavy cloud. When the sun shone forth again the scene was simply ideal, for against the heavy cloud a perfect rainbow became visible, with its shadow-like companion arching the sky.

It was now getting near to tea-time, so the paddlers resumed their shoes and stockings and the merry party set off homewards — for truly the feeling of home is already quite fully established at our Theosophical Summer-School at Fleet. Little amusements happened on the way down the country lane. An impromptu hopping competition brought the children quickly to a small chicken farm, when a hearty "cluck, cluck" aroused the cocks and hens, who came tumbling over one another nearly in their eagerness to see these strange new neighbors who were passing by. Then a toadstool of gigantic size was spied, on which one could easily imagine a curious little gnome might comfortably sit, while heather-bells and blackberries (the latter not quite ripe yet) made everyone feel that this was a path we must come down again!

Soon we reached our lovely Râja-Yoga summer home, and then preparations for the evening meal began. With rosy faces and bright, sparkling eyes, the little company took their places in the refectory and busily regaled themselves — but there was no chattering or disputes; something of the Râja-Yoga quiet and silence that they had read about, was practised, which added

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A GLIMPSE OF THE GARDEN AT FLEET

greatly to their *refreshment* after the excitement of their enjoyable outing.

After tea there were other duties in preparation for the close of the day, and I had an opportunity to inspect the "dormitory," which is everything that could be desired — no crowding, no stuffiness; all clean and bright, and beautifully arranged.

Then in the charm of our English twilight after the sun had gone down, there was the ceremony of raising the School Lamp to shed its light far and wide from the high flag-staff, which has always been a feature of the Râja-Yoga School work in England ever since our beloved Leader originated it at No. 19 Avenue Road, London, in 1899, when the old home of H. P. Blavatsky came into her possession. The tiniest then went off to bed. Some older children remained for their music practice, and the duties of the day being ended, the teachers had a quiet talk among themselves, interspersed with some delightful music — and so till the time for "lights out."

The next morning, rising early, I went for a stroll to explore the neighborhood. The sun again shone brightly and the steady western wind gave a freshness to the air which is so invigorating to the tired Londoner. In the distance I heard the School bell sounding and knew the children would be stirring again. Later another signal called us all to the grounds where a procession was formed, the children carrying the flags of all nations, and we surrounded the flag-staff once more — this time to hoist the School flag for the day. It was done by

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A GROUP OF LONDON POOR CHILDREN
WITH THEIR TEACHER

one of the small boys in perfect silence. As it rose to the summit of the staff, all saluted, then quietly marched away to breakfast and the other activities of the day.

In the afternoon a Lotus Group was held, when the songs from the Lotus Song Book were sung and there was an interesting talk about the purple and golden-colored pansies that each held and the message and love that they symbolized, and also about the School flag and the lamp that are hoisted each morning and evening; then in "Silent Moments" our thoughts went quickly to Lomaland and to all the children throughout the world. This peaceful, happy meeting was held in a large tent, which is a great acquisition to the grounds and makes an ideal summer school-room.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

LONDON CHILDREN
Enjoying a summer outing in the country, Fleet, Hampshire

Ever faithfully,

HERBERT CROOKE.

In the Golden Birch

BY ELIZABETH GOSTWYCKE ROBERTS

HOW the leaves sing to the wind!
And the wind with its turbulent voices sweet
Gives back the praise of the leaves, as is meet,
To the soft blue sky, where the cumulous clouds are thinned,
And driven away, like a flock of frightened sheep,
By the wind that waketh and putteth to sleep.

Here, in the golden birch,
Folded in rapture of golden light,
I taste the joy of the birds in their flight;
And I watch the flickering shadows, that sway and lurch
And flutter, like dancing brownies, over the green,
And the birch is singing wherein I lean.

From over the purple hills
Comes the wind with its strange sweet song to the land;
And the earth looks bright, as it might when planned
By the Maker, and left unblemished of human ills;
And the river runs, like a child to its mother's knee,
To the heart of the great unresting sea.

How perfect the day, and sweet!
Over me, limitless heavens of blue;
Close to me, leaves that the wind sifts through;
And the one sweet song, that the wind and the leaves repeat,
Till the mild, hushed meadows listen, crowned with light,
And the hill-tops own its might! — *Selected*

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

"ARE YOU ALL READY?"
"Exile" asks these Râja-Yoga pupils out for a drive in Lomaland.

The Magic Cloak

CHAPTER IX

HOME AGAIN AND OTHER VICTORIES AWAITING

UP from the shores of a blue sea, on a golden morning in springtime, a woman with a few companions was seeking a way through ancient paths wildly overgrown. On all sides lay tracts of desolate land clothed only with stunted shrubs and strewn with sand wind-blown through centuries.

The paths were steep, but their difficulties were nothing compared to the ascent of the bleak hills that had for long shut out all sight of her goal; they were rough but not so harsh as those thorny ways her feet had known throughout her weary pilgrimage.

"Home!" she sighed, when she stood upon the highest hilltop. "Home at last!"

After a time of silence she spoke again:

"Friends, does it not seem that in the distance the blue of the sea turns in wide places to silver?" she asked, and they answered her that so it seemed to them.

"And the city lying beneath the hills is beautiful in your eyes, is it not?" she asked them.

"Under the spell of sunshine and distance it seems a fair city," they replied.

"And here can you not dream that an everlasting Maytime reigns?" again she asked them, eagerly.

"Spring is in the touch of the sun and the breath of the breeze," they said.

She extended her arms in a gesture that told her companions that her tenderness would reach the whole of human kind and all that waited below. Then she began to speak very softly to them.

"Here," she said, "once stood a shining palace of a thousand lighted windows, and I was there with you and others."

Her companions looked at her with new understanding of their trust in all she said and did, as she went on recalling memories of customs and events and places that had anciently existed and that they had known.

"The name we gave the palace was 'Home,' and the folk around gave the city the name of 'Place of all Beauty.' From the windows of the palace the sea seemed zoned with blue and silver, and those places, we said, were our pathways into the heart of things. Spring lingered indefinitely among the hills. The ruling colors were rose and saffron, and the odors I can almost scent again this moment. There were little happy, singing children who were wise and good — busy little children with garlands on their brows and the look of heaven in their eyes. There was a noble work begun and more than begun then. It was a great work, really almost completed. And here we are and here we shall begin again; for today all the past is as yesterday, and Now has opened its portals and we have entered in."

Her thoughts went like triumphant couriers, summoning noble men and women to her side. Soon they came; country men and country women, men and women city-bred, folk from the hills and folk from the lowlands and inland seas. They assembled, a world in miniature, eager to take up their old duties.

Then on that wild hill the woman they loved rebuilt into their memories first the house wherein they had all once dwelt. She promised them that if they but dared begin the work their hearts had ever urged upon them, if trust were strong at last in fact, she could call up again the Court of Happy Children wherein the Magic Cloak should be finally and perfectly woven.

"And light shall be where now is night," said a young girl, as though she were repeating the words of an old lesson. And they all stood up and solemnly said the work should be done.

Dear child, a-singing in this many-windowed schoolhouse on this hilltop, you know that it is no dream; the memory lies in the recesses of your heart. Oh, the joy to think that you have come back to the serene beauty of the old springtime land, once more gay with blended laughter and bird-songs and your own songs, too! To think that it is you, *you*, that shall learn to weave again, with tireless fingers, and with loving, patient, stedfast care, the gleaming substance of the Magic Cloak!

Reviews

A Nosegay of Everlastings, from Katherine Tingley's Garden of Helpful Thoughts: Published by the Students of the Rāja-Yoga College, Point Loma, California, 1914.

(From *The American Freemason*, September, 1914.)

BUT few of our readers will need to be told of that wonderful center established by the Theosophical Society at Point Loma, just outside San Diego, California. I use the word "wonderful" advisedly, as no other would so well describe the faith and energy that has built up this central place of the Theosophical cult. It has imitators, but no equal. The plan of the Theosophical Society was first projected by the late Madame H. P. Blavatsky. But it was the directing genius of Katherine Tingley, the present head of the Society, and her wisdom and ability in choosing and holding competent aids, possessed with the like aims and enthusiasms, that have made this institution possible in all its fair proportions. And to her credit be it said that she has avoided all those fads and follies taken up by others, who have made Theosophy a thing of ridicule and even a term of reproach. The conduct of affairs at Point Loma is sane and common-sensed, though devoted to attainment of the highest ideals. The Point Loma Center is self-contained: real homes are there; a school unique in design and conduct and results; a theater that has a real message and an inspiration and is truly part of the work; a literary propaganda that is reaching out to every land, and a publishing plant equal to the very best in the country.

And from this printing house, every production of which is notable for artistic excellence, comes the little booklet whose title page is given above. It is truly a work of art, and the contents are worthy the setting given. It would be easily possible from Mrs. Tingley's published works to choose many such "Nosegays," though I imagine that for this bunch of "Everlastings," the loving students of the Rāja-Yoga College have culled the very choicest blossoms. I am going to keep the book close to my elbow at the desk with a double purpose. One to provide "fillers" worth while, for these pages, and the other for momentary readings for my own delectation. For every extract is a call to new effort for good; at once an incentive and an inspiration.

The Fates of the Princes of Dyfed, by Cenydd Morus. Aryan Theosophical Press, Point Loma, California, U. S. A. Royal 8vo, cloth, $2.00, postpaid.

(From *The Theosophical Path*, September, 1914.)

THIS is a volume of peerless, archaic witchery. Here we have the Mabinogi ensouled and made vibrant with the living fire of Theosophy, and Theosophy, in turn, illustrated and illumined by the inner meaning of the Mabinogi. When were the Immortal Kindred ever before brought so near to us that we breathe the clear air and perfume of their laughter and wisdom, hear the bell-like tones of their voices, and live with them in the empyrean spaces of time and destiny? Where was ever the antique soul and genius of a people — the Welsh — so lovingly portrayed? Or where could we look for a better interpretation of H. P. Blavatsky's splendid epigram: *It takes a God to become a Man?* And besides, the story shows how Gods are made, as well.

With utter simplicity, charm, and humor and with matchless fidelity to all that is worthy and noble in life, the story unfolds in a way that seems to transcend prose or poetry. Rather it resembles a rich stream of fiery music, vari-colored, and flashing now and then into exquisite poetic form, as if throwing a beautiful veil athwart the absolute magnificence of the soul-pageantry. It is epic, saga, and sacred book, all in one. One feels as if it were the gift of Wales to suffering, blind, and creed-oppressed humanity, whom the Immortals have not yet entirely deserted.

The preface is no less delightful and inspiring, and affords some keys of interpretation. We can hardly do better than cull a few flowers therefrom, for the story itself cannot be summarized in a brief notice.

"The deepest truths of religion and philosophy had their first recording for the instruction of the peoples, not in the form of treatise, essay, or disquisition, but as epics, sagas, and stories. I do not know what better form could be found for them. It is the soul of man that is the hero of the eternal drama of the world; the 'Universe exists for the purposes of the soul.' From the beginning of time, events, circumstances, and adventures are unfolding themselves about the human soul; it is weaving them about itself. Man enmeshes himself as in a web in the results of his own thought and action; and by his own action and thought he must make himself free. The Great Ones of old knew well that there is a 'small old path, that leads to freedom'; a path of action, of thought, of wisdom. They related the Story of the Soul; leading it from the first freedom of Gwynfyd, down into the depths of Abred and incarnation, to the gates of that path of freedom, and then onward to the heights. . . . . .

"The ancient masters [of epics, sagas, and stories] did not seek to tell you things *about* the soul — which is the method of philosophy; but to present in great pictures that soul itself — which is the true method of art. . . .

"So in this attempt to retell the Mabinogi, the Gods had to be restored. For the endeavor has not been to bring the stories up to date, as down through the centuries so many have done with that other Welsh saga, the Arthurian legend. . . . The atmosphere of our mountains calls for some older glamor, some magic more gigantic and august: you must have Gods and Warriors and great Druids, not curled and groomed knightlings at their jousts and amours. . . .

. . . The life that those old bards criticised belongs to no age, has not changed since they wrote or sang: since it is the inner life of the soul struggling towards freedom. It is proper to the days of prehistory, the age of the Italo-Celtic unity and the flowering splendor of the Celtic empire; it is proper to the time when our ancestors were defending their hills against the Norman invaders; it is proper to our own time, and to tomorrow. For to any of us, today, tomorrow, next year, it may happen to behold from the heights of our own inward Gorsedd Arberth, Rhiannon mystically riding through the twilight and beauty of the valley; we may hear at any time the music of the Three Singers of Peace. We may at the moment of attainment lose through rashness or fear the Goddess we have so nearly won; we may be compelled to go forth seeking such another basket as Pwyll Pen Annwn sought and found; to us, as we watch upon the sacred hill, the Gods will come with their lures and wiles and machinations, striving against their own will as it were to draw us away to defeat their own immediate, for the sake of their own ultimate ends; who would make us, too, divine; who would prepare us to wage their warfare with them, where they are camped out against chaos on the borders of space. . . .

"We owe it to Madame Blavatsky, the Foundress of the Theosophical Movement of modern times, and to William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, her successors in the Leadership of that Movement, that the criterion exists effective for such work: that there is accessible a compendium, an explanation, a correlation and explicit setting forth of those inward laws: the knowledge, the purpose, and the discipline out of which all religions drew their origin, and which are the heart of all true religion; which proclaim this to be the end of all existence: that that which is now human should be made more than human, divine. . . ."

The book is beautifully adorned with numerous appropriate illustrations by Mr. R. Machell. F.

What to See and Where to Stop when You Visit San Diego, the 1915 Exposition City

When in San Diego

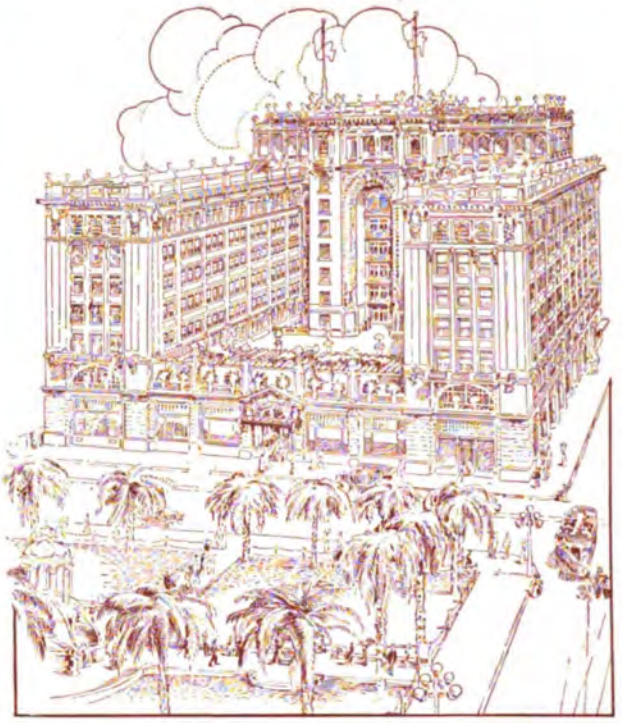
You are only one-half hour's drive from the grounds of the

International Theosophical Headquarters

and the Raja-Yoga College on Point Loma

The beautiful situation, with the imposing buildings and the open-air Greek Theater, make this one of the points of interest to tourists. Do not fail to visit it.

These private grounds are open to visitors daily, except Sunday, from 1 to 4 p. m. For information as to transportation call at 330 Broadway (see advertisement opposite). Guides in attendance. Souvenir booklet given each visitor.



European Fireproof **U. S. Grant Hotel** RATES $1.50 per Day Upward

J. H. HOLMES, Manager

Information Bureau

and Depot for Theosophical Literature

If you desire literature on Theosophy or the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, call at the

Store of the Theosophical Publications

U. S. Grant Hotel
Next to Main Entrance
330 Broadway, San Diego

where you will find on sale standard Theosophical literature in different languages.

Having visited the Headquarters grounds on Point Loma, you will want more information about this world-wide movement in which all thinking and progressive people are interested.