RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Magazine Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth

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.

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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.

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Râja-Yoga Messenger

An Illustrated Magazine
Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth

Conducted by

Students of the Râja-Yoga College

Published quarterly, 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

Subscription (4 issues) 50c. Foreign Postage 20c. extra; Canadian, 10c.

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

VOL. XII JANUARY, 1916 NO. 1

A GREETING TO ALL

DEAR FRIENDS:

In spite of all that tends to discouragement in this terrible European War, and the human suffering we have around us, it is our duty to gladden each moment with Christmas and New Year's Cheer. Let our hearts be attuned to the noblest and best in life; let our sense of duty to our fellows stimulate us to more unselfish action. May we find at this Holiday time opportunities to make a record of noble service. With heart-felt Christmas and New Year's Greetings,

Yours faithfully,

KATHERINE TINGLEY

RESOLUTION AND PERSEVERANCE

"I CAN'T!" Have you ever heard any one say it? Have you ever said it yourself? And did it ever occur to you that "can't" is the weakest word in our language?

Suppose you were very desirous of doing something — of playing the violin or the piano, let us say. If you really felt imbued with the desire to do it, and were confident that you could do it if you only had a chance, what would you think if some one who had the power to grant your desire should say, "Oh! there is no use letting him try to do that; he never has done it, and I am sure he would find it impossible." Why, you would be filled with indignation! "How can I prove what I can do until I have had a chance?" you would demand.

But stop! It may be that *you* are preventing yourself from using the very opportunity for which you are longing. When you are confronted with the necessity of doing something new and strange, do you grasp the opportunity eagerly, courageously, as a new field for growth, or do you play the coward and refuse to do anything out of the ordinary for fear of making a mistake?

The man who fails ninety-nine times and succeeds the hundredth is given more credit than he who never makes a mistake because he never attempts to move out of the narrow rut in which he has placed himself. Emerson says:

> No man can antedate his experience, or guess what faculty or feeling a new object shall unlock, any more than he can draw today the face of a person whom he shall see tomorrow for the first time.

No one knows what he can do until he has tried. But so many of us are afraid to try, especially if it is a question of doing something unusual. We fool ourselves into the belief that we cannot possibly do this or that simply because we never have done it. So we go on, leading the same, limited life day after day, whereas each day should see our viewpoint broadening and new possibilities opening before us.

If we sincerely wish to grow to bigger things, and to succeed in what we undertake, we must be willing to try and to fail in so doing many times over; yes, even willing to be laughed at or reproved. For with faith in ourselves, success will come at last.

Then too, there is another way in which we limit ourselves: For everything that we do, whether in duty or for pleasure, certain mental faculties are needed and certain sets of muscles have to be brought into play. Now, suppose in following a schedule of duties we have fulfilled one task and it is time to turn to something of an entirely different nature. We may be so bound up with what we have been doing that, although the fingers take up the new task, the mind does not readily readjust itself to a command of the new situation; there is a consequent pull or hitch between our mental and physical machinery, to use such a simile, and the task in hand is but half done because we are not putting all of ourselves into it. Then we excuse ourselves and say: " Well, I cannot do this right after doing so and so, because my mind is still on what I was doing last."

Quite true! The mind does have a way of playing hide and seek instead of concentrating on the present duty. We know how difficult it is for most of us to keep our mind on one thing for ten minutes, and then, if necessary, to change the line of thought and concentrate on something else. In truth, most of us are the servants of our minds, instead of employers of our minds as " servants for the soul's use."

Here is something for us to think about on this beautiful New

Year's morning, and not only to think about but to act upon. So the next time we find ourselves saying "I can't," let us change it to the cheerful "I will try," and before we know it, it will be "I CAN."

A NEW LEAF

BY INA COOLBRITH

HERE'S the volume; stain nor blot
Mars a leaf today;
Sin and folly, they are not;
Sorrow is away.
Look! each page is white and clear,
And 'tis morning of the year.

Of the days that swiftly run
This will not be mute:
Good or evil said or done,
Sweet or bitter fruit.
What shall be the record, dear,
At the evening of the year? — *Selected*

OPEN THE DOOR

OPEN the door, let in the air;
The winds are sweet, and the flowers are fair.
Joy is abroad in the world today;
If our door is wide it may come this way.
Open the door!

Open the door, let in the sun;
He hath a smile for everyone;
He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems;
He may change our tears into diadems.
Open the door!

Open the door of the soul; let in
Strong, pure thoughts which shall banish sin;
They shall grow and bloom with a grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine.
Open the door!

Open the door of the heart; let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin,
It will make the walls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware.
Open the door! — *Selected*

SAN DIEGO'S NEW YEAR GREETING TO THE WORLD

WHEN the bells ring out the old year at midnight on December 31 and ring in the new, San Diego's message to the world will be the joyous one that her Exposition is to continue for another year as the Panama-California International Exposition. An official announcement to this effect was made through the Press on December 4 by President G. A. Davidson.

The addition to the official title of the 1916 Exposition is significant of the wider scope of next year's displays, which will be truly international in character. There will be extensive exhibits, we are informed, from Canada, Italy, France, Switzerland, Spain, Holland and Russia; while Central and South America will be represented by exhibits from Guatemala, Honduras and Argentina, and the present Brazilian exhibit will remain no doubt. In all probability the large Philippine exhibit will be secured. And it is reported that the Pan-Pacific exhibit may be brought to San Diego from San Francisco under the auspices of the Pan-Pacific Club, representing Alaska, British Columbia, Washington, Oregon, California, Mexico, Hawaiian Islands, several Pacific Latin-American countries, Japan, China, Java, New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland and New Zealand. Then too, it is said that the greater part of the Federal Government's exhibits will be brought here, such as those of the War, Navy, Treasury and Light-house Departments; likewise its exhibit of statuary and bronzes.

In consequence of the diversity of the above-mentioned exhibits and by reason of the widely separated territories represented thereby, San Diego's 1916 Exposition will assume much more of the character of a world's exposition than it could during 1915 when the larger Panama-Pacific International Exposition, backed by official recognition, was open at San Francisco. Perchance some of these exhibits may ultimately form the nucleus of a permanent international exposition or museum of the arts, industries and resources of the world; such as the Philadelphia Commercial Museum, for example.

We wish Southern California a Happy New Year and every success in carrying the Panama-California International Exposition of 1916 to a triumphant result and new inspiration for the future.

> Thou canst not gather what thou dost not sow;
> As thou dost plant the tree so it will grow.— *Laws of Manu*

A SYMPOSIUM OF UNIVERSAL PEACE

Conducted by Members of the H. P. Blavatsky Club
an Activity of the Girls' Department of the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, California

IV — Teutonic Peace-Workers

By Margaret H., an American Râja-Yoga Student

In Germany

JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE has been called the youngest of the great world-poets, and it is this universal character of his poetry which places him among the Torch-Bearers of Peace.

He was born August 28, 1749, in Frankfurt-am-Main, of a well-respected family. A beautiful harmony existed in his home, which had a great influence on him. With his sister Cornelia he received an excellent education from his father, special importance being attached to ancient and modern languages. His vocation, the law, was chosen for him by his father, but he was much more interested in literature and art. In fact there is hardly a branch of knowledge in which he did not work industriously for a time, his studies having included chemistry, alchemy, medicine, natural history, meteorology, osteology, botany, art and literature.

As a young man Goethe was one of the leaders of the Storm and Stress period in Germany; but under the influence of his great contemporaries and his travels in Italy, where he came in appreciative touch with the noble simplicity and repose of Antiquity, and finally through his acquaintance with Frau von Stein, he subdued the restlessness of his nature and his antagonism to all established forms of thought. He was living at this time at Weimar, where he was the friend and adviser of Karl August, and the center of a literary group including Wieland and Schiller, which coterie led the literary thought of the rest of Germany.

One of the wonderful aspects of this poet's verse is that all his works were, in his own words, " fragments of a great Confession." Every important event in his life left a vivid impression on his mind and his feelings, and he could not find his calmness again until he had given expression to his experiences in some poem or drama. Thus his work grew out of his own life, which was a continual endeavor to " live his life as a complete whole, and no longer in halves."

Another important phase of his life was his attitude to the established forms of religion. He was free from the narrowing influence of any particular sect, for he claimed " the right of holding his inner being free from all prescribed dogma, the right of developing himself religiously." Thus he was able to separate the chaff from the wheat.

Goethe was the greatest lyric poet of German literature, as well as a great dramatist, so mention only can be made here of two of his masterpieces, *Faust* and *Iphigenie*. He worked on *Faust* at many different periods of his career, and it therefore shows clearly the different aspects of his life; and *Iphigenie* is one of the most perfect dramas ever written, not a word of which but is inspiring, a challenge to our own better nature.

ANOTHER great peace-maker of Germany was Immanuel Kant, a philosopher and mystic of the 18th century, the influence of whose thought is felt through all the later transcendental philosophers.

The outward facts of his life are very few. He lived in Königsberg, Prussia, never traveling more than sixty miles from the city, and devoting his energies to studying, teaching and writing. He was very poor in his younger days and never became a wealthy man, as he was not interested in material advancement. He kept strictly to a regular schedule, for he had learned that he could overcome many of his physical weaknesses by careful diet, mental self-control, and strict habits of life. One of the mottoes of his life was, "Act now as if your act determined the deed of every man for all time." And through this teaching of severe self-discipline, he had a great moral influence on the younger writers of his time.

Kant's two masterpieces, *Critique of Pure Reason* and *Critique of Practical Reason,* changed the materialistic tendencies of many modern philosophers, for in them he points out and proves that it is impossible to recognize things above the mind by mere reason alone. Another principle which he taught was the law of duty, the moral law. He wrote, "An absolute commandment of duty lives in us which must be followed without hesitation or contradiction." His work entitled *Perpetual Peace* shows how deeply interested he was in this important question. Through his writings and his personal life he was a true peace-maker, because it is by recognizing the laws which govern our lives, and the forces which are beyond our mental conceptions, that we can live in harmony, individually and collectively.

In Austria

A great Austrian peace-maker of recent years was Baroness von Suttner. She was at one time secretary to Alfred Nobel, and influenced him and others by her ideas on Peace and the Brotherhood of Nations. Her book *Ground Arms* won for her the Nobel Prize in 1905. She died just two weeks before the great European war broke out last year, and was thus spared the sorrow which came to all the great workers for Peace on the overturning of their hopes.

In Hungary

The great name of Hungary during the last century was Louis Kossuth (1802-1894) who may be counted among the peace-workers in that he gave a high national ideal to his people, thus paving the way for peace.

He realized that there could be no peace in Hungary so long as it was subject to any outside policy and there were so many class-privileges. This was a time of change all over Europe, when the people of all nations were demanding reforms.

Kossuth's great opportunity came in 1848, when France sent another revolutionary wave over Europe. When the news reached Hungary of the overthrow of the French Government, Kossuth made a stirring revolutionary speech, which was translated into German and published in Vienna, where it had such an influence that a riot broke out, and Metternich was forced to flee the country.

The Hungarian Diet then passed the famous "March Laws," which contained much-needed reforms. Vienna was obliged to consent to these, because the Government was busy with uprisings in Lombardy, Venetia, Bohemia, etc. Finally the Austrian army was victorious in Italy and was free to be turned against the revolutionists. The March Laws were repudiated.

The next year, 1849, came the Hungarian Declaration of Independence and the appointing of Kossuth as President of the State of Hungary. The war was now not civil but international, and Francis Joseph appealed to Russia. The Magyar commonwealth was overthrown and Kossuth fled to Turkey. He was finally released from prison there by the united efforts of England and the United States, and he then visited these countries, speaking to large audiences, trying to win sympathy and assistance for Hungary.

A BELL

By Clinton Scollard

HAD I the power
To cast a bell that should from some grand tower,
At the first Christmas hour,
Outring
And fling
A jubilant message wide,
The forged metals should be thus allied —
No iron Pride,
But soft Humility, and rich-veined Hope
Cleft from a sunny slope;
And there should be
White Charity,
And silvery Love, that knows not Doubt nor Fear,
To make the peal more clear;
And then to firmly fix the fine alloy,
There should be Joy! — *Selected*

THE STORY OF THE LIBERTY BELL

ON November 12th, 13th and 14th there was exhibited at the Panama-California Exposition in San Diego our famous Liberty Bell, surrounded by masses of green and flowers, and guarded by Philadelphia police and U. S. marines.

The sight of this historic relic must have sent a warm glow through the hearts of countless thousands; certain it is that the writer felt a deep reverence on seeing this iron-tongued messenger that proclaimed liberty and independence for our country so many years ago. Its story is doubtless known to all young Americans. Nevertheless, for the sake of those of our readers, the elders as well as the young folk, who live in other countries and may not be familiar with the details, we believe this an opportune time to tell the story of the Liberty Bell.

It was the year 1751; scene, the city of Philadelphia, the seat of government of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, with a population of about ten thousand. Facing a square of about four acres, on the north stood the "State House," a modest brick structure two stories high, begun in 1732 and occupied three years later. The Assembly of the Freemen of Pennsylvania, together with the Supreme Court, occupied the lower floor.

In the above-mentioned year (1751) the Assembly appointed a

committee, of which Peter Norris was chairman, to arrange for a new bell for their State House, to be cast in England. The commission was forwarded to Robert Charles of London, with instructions that it should weigh 2000 pounds, cost £100, and bear certain wording. The bell arrived in August of the following year; however, it met with a mishap while being unloaded from the ship and must have been cracked imperceptibly without the damage being noticed. It was duly hung in the belfry of the State House, but, on being rung to test its sound, it cracked without any apparent reason. The firm of Pass & Stow, of Philadelphia, undertook to recast it, which had to be done twice, so it was not until June, 1753, that the perfect bell was available for use in calling the members of the Assembly together at their morning and afternoon sessions.

Around the bell, near the top, are two lines of inscription; the lower one reads: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.—*Levit.* xxv, 10." The full text is: "And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." Thus, besides bearing a prophetic message of what was yet to come, it so happened that the bell also commemorated the coming of William Penn and the first settlers to Pennsylvania somewhat more than fifty years before. The *Encyclopedia Americana* says that this wording was not on the original bell as cast in England, but was added at the time of the recasting in Philadelphia, a fact which, we think, is not generally known.

Indeed, as is the case with many points of history, there is more or less fiction mixed with truth concerning the Liberty Bell and the Declaration of Independence. For instance, who is not familiar with the story of the old deaf bell-ringer who waited patiently in the belfry on that fateful 4th of July while the Assembly below were discussing the future course of the American Colonies, and how, as soon as the Declaration had been signed, his little grandson from the street below shouted up to him the glad tidings: "Ring! Oh, ring for liberty!" and how the old bellman was so filled with excitement and enthusiasm that he rang the bell for two hours. Whereas the facts are:

The formal Declaration of Independence, as drafted by Jefferson, was presented to Congress on June 28th, 1776; was read and ordered to lie on the table until July 1st. On July 2d a resolution was passed declaring the United States independent of Great Britain, though the wording of the Proclamation was debated until the evening of July 4th,

when, after some alterations and amendments had been made, John Hancock, President of the Congress, and Charles Thomson, its Secretary, alone signed Jefferson's autograph copy of the Declaration, which was then hurried to the official printer, John Dunlap, for copies to be struck off. These "broadsides" were in Hancock's hands the next morning and were sent to the State Governors and other officials and to the Continental Army, and it was this printed document that was read at noon on July 8th to the assembled populace in the rear of the State House. Such was the momentous occasion of the ringing of the Liberty Bell (from which, indeed, it derived its name) and such was the first public celebration of American independence! Can you picture the scene?

Furthermore, on July 19th Congress ordered that this Declaration be suitably engrossed on parchment, which was done, and on August 2d this document was signed by all the members of the Continental Congress assembled in Independence Hall on that date, though several of the signatures were not affixed until a much later date. This treasured possession is in charge of the Department of State, and is kept in a hermetically sealed case. However, two hundred facsimiles were taken of it, and one of these is framed and hangs in the Library of the State Department at Washington, while underneath it hangs a portion of Jefferson's first penned draft submitted to the Committee. The latter is an interesting historical document as it shows the alterations made by the members of the Drafting Committee, composed of John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman and Robert R. Livingston, besides Jefferson; opposite each alteration Jefferson wrote the name of its author, so it is plain to see what part each committeeman played in drafting the Declaration of Independence. Naturally, Jefferson made a careful copy of this first draft, which he laid before Congress, and this, as before related, received the signatures of the President and Secretary of the Congress, thereby becoming the original Declaration. Sad to relate, this was lost; it was probably never returned from the printer's where it had been sent as "copy."

Nor was July 8, 1776 the only important event when the Liberty Bell rang to convene the Assembly of the Freemen of Pennsylvania and, later, the Continental Congress. On September 12th, 1764, it summoned the Assembly when the Massachusetts Bay votes were received, informing the Pennsylvanians that the Massachusetts colonists had instructed their representative in London to try to secure a repeal

of the Sugar and Stamp Acts. A year later it called the Assembly together to consider a plan for a general Colonial Congress, which convened in New York on October 7th, 1765, and which, after being merged into the Continental Congress that adopted the Declaration of Independence, gave place to the Federal Convention that created the Constitution and cemented the Colonies into one government.

On October 5th, 1765, the Bell was muffled and tolled as the British ships bearing the stamps for Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Maryland came up the Delaware, and on October 31st the same was done when the Stamp Act went into operation.

It tolled on February 4th, 1771, when the Assembly met to vote to uphold its rights and to maintain the union of the Colonies, and it called them to a second session on the same day, when a petition was sent the King for the repeal of the duty on tea. On September 18th 1773, the townsmen flocked to the State House in response to the Bell's clangor, when resolutions were passed denouncing the sellers and buyers of tea as enemies.

On June 1st, 1774, when the port of Boston was closed, the Bell was again muffled and tolled. On the 18th of the same month it called a town meeting at which the people pledged their support of the cause of liberty. The day following the receipt of the news of the Battle of Lexington, eight thousand people responded to its tolling, and pledged their lives, their liberty and property for the common cause.

At the session on June 7th, 1776, Richard Henry Lee presented his resolution for the independence of the Colonies. Following which, as we have already read, came the important sessions in connexion with the formulation of the Declaration of Independence. On September 26th, 1776, the Liberty Bell called the Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania together for the last time, it being forthwith dissolved.

On April 16th, 1783, it joyfully proclaimed peace. When Lafayette visited Independence Hall in 1824, he was welcomed by its merry peals. The Bell was also rung in jubilation on the fiftieth anniversary of Independence Day, but later in that year it performed a sadder duty, that of tolling for the deaths of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, both of whom died on the same day.

The last occasion on which the Bell was heard was during the funeral of Chief Justice Marshall, on July 8th, 1835, when it suddenly cracked while being tolled. It seems almost prophetic that the Bell

should have cracked on that occasion, inasmuch as the Chief Justice had been the first and greatest interpreter of the Constitution, was the last of Washington's companions to die, as well as having been the last of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

On many other occasions the Liberty Bell was rung, up to the time of its cracking, occasions both of public rejoicing and sorrow, and the affections of the American people have always centered around this old bell, so intimately associated with the crucial events of our national life. An injury to it would be felt as a personal misfortune by each and every American.

From the time when it was hidden in the Delaware River near Trenton in 1777, to prevent the British getting possession of it when they captured Philadelphia, until the present, the Bell has had an honored home in the State House, Philadelphia, the cradle of American liberty. There it has stood in a glass case on a pedestal having thirteen sides, except when it has made journeys to the great expositions throughout the country. It has been away from its home eight times, the following places having had the honor of exhibiting it: New Orleans, Chicago, Atlanta, Charleston, Boston, St. Louis, San Francisco and San Diego. On these trips it has always been attended by special guardians and every precaution has been taken to preserve it for future generations. Wherever it has gone, it has been received with the attentions and acclamations of a liberty-loving public.

The Liberty Bell's latest journey — that to the Pacific Coast — was the longest it has ever made, 190 days, in the course of which it traveled 17,000 miles, crossed 30 states, and stopped at 117 cities and towns. While at the two California Expositions it was viewed by ten million people, and another ten million saw it on the way to and from the Expositions, it is estimated. And of course the Râja-Yoga children saw the famous Liberty Bell while it was on exhibition at our Exposition in San Diego — an occasion which they will never forget. K.

CHILDREN should above all be taught self-reliance, love for all men, altruism, mutual charity, and, more than anything else, to think and reason for themselves. . . . We would endeavor to deal with each child as a unit, and to educate it so as to produce the most harmonious and equal unfoldment of its powers, in order that its special aptitudes should find their full natural development.

— *H. P. Blavatsky*

OUR FIRST CENTURY

By George Edward Woodberry

IT cannot be that men who are the seed
Of Washington should miss fame's true applause;
Franklin did plan us; Marshall gave us laws;
And slow the broad scroll grew a people's creed —

One land and free! then at our dangerous need,
Time's challenge coming, Lincoln gave it pause,
Upheld the double pillars of the cause,
And dying left them whole — the crowning deed.

Such was the fathering race that made all fast,
Who founded us, and spread from sea to sea
A thousand leagues the zone of liberty,
And built for man this refuge from his past,
Unkinged, unchurched, unsoldiered; shamed were we,
Failing the stature that such sires forecast! — *Selected*

ARCHITECTURAL STYLES AND THEIR MEANING

XX

Roman Tombs and Aqueducts

AS architectural features the Roman tombs are far more important than those of the Greeks. Though the immense monumental tomb of Mausolus (the Mausoleum) at Halicarnassus, Asia Minor, one of the "Seven Wonders of the World," was Grecian in its details, its general design was the expression of a slightly different race, the Carians, who had not exactly the same ideals. There is nothing like it, or like the large and magnificent Roman sepulchers, to be found in Greece proper.

The Romans obviously derived the custom of burying distinguished persons in stately tombs from their first teachers and civilizers, the Etruscans. The tomb of Cecilia Metella, wife of Crassus, which still exists in Rome, and that of Augustus, now destroyed, closely followed the design of some Etruscan tombs. The former consists of a bold, square basement, upon which rises a high round tower about 94 feet in diameter. The tomb of Augustus is understood to have had a circular basement about 300 feet across and 60 feet high, handsomely adorned with recesses. Above this rose a great cone of earth in terraces, planted with trees and the whole monument quite in Etruscan style. It was, in fact, a kind of pyramid, surmounted by the tomb.

The most splendid of the Roman tombs was that of the Emperor Hadrian; a large part still remains, though greatly mutilated and disfigured. (See picture in RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER for June, 1914.) The square basement had sides 340 feet in length; upon this rose a circular tower 235 feet in diameter and 140 feet high, surmounted by some kind of dome or conical roof now destroyed. The whole was not less than 300 feet high. The round part of this magnificent building was decorated with a colonnade. The interior was nearly solid.

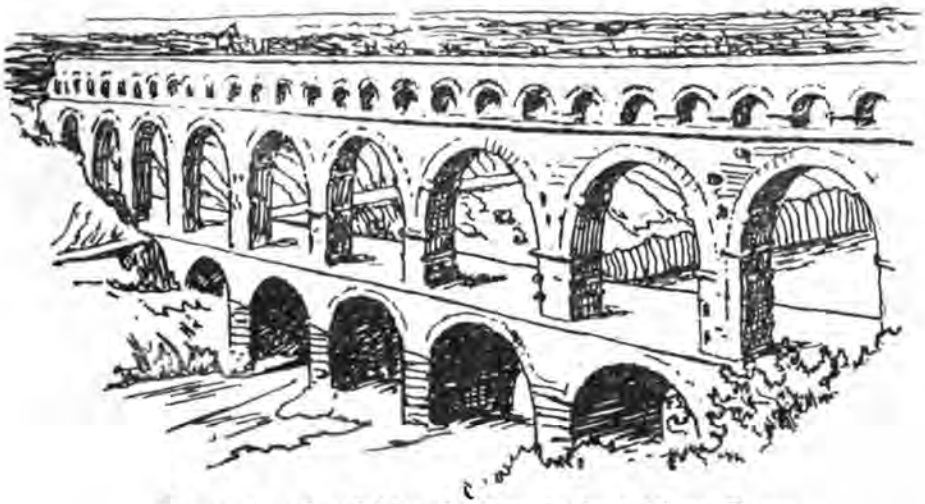
Another kind of tomb much used in Rome was the "Columbarium," (from *columba,* a dove) so called from the pigeon-holes in the walls which contained the urns for the ashes of the cremated dead. The Romans generally adopted the sanitary and reverent practice of cremation. As these columbariums were only rooms sunk beneath the level of the ground, they possessed no external architectural features; internally they were handsomely decorated with painted ornaments and figures.

The Appian Way, the great paved highway leading from Rome to the south, is lined for many miles with moderate-sized tombs that must have been very handsome when perfect. At Pompeii a large number of stately tombs standing at the sides of the roads leading out of the city can be seen in a fairly good state of preservation.

Tombs near Herculaneum Gate, Pompeii

In other parts of the Roman Empire, in Algeria, Arabia, Asia Minor, and Syria, there still exist many tombs built under Roman rule. These vary in design, but are, generally speaking, Roman in their details. Some great monuments in Algeria closely resemble the tomb of Hadrian in Rome. The wonderful tombs in the valley of Petra in Arabia somewhat resemble the Etruscan tombs that are cut out of the solid rock, but they have magnificent façades with pillars, turrets and niches, which give them some resemblance to richly-decorated temples.

Among the Romans there was no distinction between purely architectural buildings and works of engineering, probably because they made little or no use of iron in construction. We should, however, say that the great aqueducts and bridges which they built in immense



Roman Aqueduct-Bridge, the Pont du Gard, Nimes, France

numbers belong rather to the domain of science than of art, yet they are so well adapted to their purpose, so perfect in the simplicity of their design, that they stand today as among the most beautiful of the remains of classical antiquity.

In the Roman Campagna, the great aqueducts that stretch across the plain, bringing water from the distant moutains, are little more than severely plain lines of brick arches, but in the remote provinces of the Empire the aqueducts have greater claim to be considered works of art. The one known as the Pont du Gard, at Nîmes in France, is very interesting in design, the upper range of small arches producing the effect of an entablature above a row of columns. There is no ornament at all, nor any unnecessary member, yet this aqueduct, built only for practical purposes, is a perfect example of the beauty that is derived from the fitness of an instrument to the work it has to do. In Spain there are several other fine aqueducts.

The Romans, as we might expect, excelled in bridge-building. Their bridges are exceedingly strong, and they seem to be intended to last forever. The Emperor Trajan erected many; one at Alcántara in Spain is particularly noteworthy, and it is said to be

as fine and tasteful an example of the art of bridge-building as can be found anywhere, even in these days of engineering activity. . . . The bridges and aqueducts of the Romans richly deserve attention, not only because they are, in fact, the only works which the Romans were enabled to carry out without affectation, and with all their originality and power, but also because it was in building these works that the Romans acquired that constructive skill and largeness of

proportions that enabled them to design and carry out works of such vast dimensions, to vault such spaces, and to give to their buildings generally that size and impress of power which form their chief and frequently their only merit. (Fergusson)

The knowledge thus acquired by the Romans was not entirely lost but remained as the basis of all the European styles which rose after the fall of the Roman Empire. R.

OLD SOL AS LAMPLIGHTER

"THE Panama Canal from end to end is illuminated by a string of brilliant lamps, which light themselves at sunset and put themselves out when the sun rises again," says the *American-Scandinavian Review.*

This marvelous fairy-tale of modern science is due to the efforts of Swedish engineers to find some economical means of lighting their long, sparsely populated coast. The reefs and narrow inlets are a menace to skippers and fishermen, but the expense of engaging lighthouse keepers and providing them with the means of livelihood was so great that many dangerous points must necessarily be left unguarded.

The discovery that acetone dissolves great quantities of acetylene formed the basis of the invention by which Gustaf Dalén created his boon to mariners, the self-tending lamp. It afforded a practical and economical means of transporting large amounts of this highly illuminant gas; the Aga accumulator, which was finally evolved, contains one hundred times its own volume of gas and is at the same time safe and non-explosive. Instead of needing constant attention it can be fixed to burn for a year or even a longer time without being touched. The Aga flash-light apparatus makes it possible to give the marine lights a distinctive character by producing flashes of any desired duration or combination. As the flash character now generally adopted requires the flame to burn for only one-tenth of the time, this means great economy. Most marvelous of all to the layman is the sun-valve, which extinguishes the light during the day, thus further diminishing gas consumption.

The lighthouse of Gåsfoten on a little reef at the entrance to Ronneby in Sweden was the first in which the Aga light was installed. This was in 1904, and the experiment proved so satisfactory that it has since been adopted practically all over the world. Lighthouses and buoys have been placed where it was impossible for even the most hardy keeper to live. Difficult passages like the Straits of Magellan, where dangers known and unknown lurked in the way of the sailor, have had their haunting terrors dispelled by light.

The most brilliant triumph of the Aga lamp, however, came when it was chosen in competition with all known lighting systems to guide the ships of the world through the new Atlantic-Pacific highway. — *Public Opinion* (London)

FROM WHITTIER'S "SNOW-BOUND"

THE WORLD TRANSFORMED

UNWARMED by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag, wavering to and fro,
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow:
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

. . . . . .

And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below —
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden-wall or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift that once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

GLIMPSES OF COLONIAL LIFE IN AMERICA

By K. H., an American Râja-Yoga Student

I — THE MASSACHUSETTS BAY COLONY

OF all the interesting factors of the 17th-century development, few present a more unique and significant spectacle than the spots of English civilization transplanted across the Atlantic Ocean to the wild seaboard of America. There, severed from their parent race, with the primeval forest and trackless prairie before them, these exiles from European civilization braved the dangers and hardships of wintry climate and Indian foes until they drew into them-

selves a portion of the energy and strength of the forces they combatted. There finally, under the broad expanse of a new heaven, they brought forth a sturdier humanity than that which had quitted the shores of the Old World.

The American pioneers came from different classes and conditions; varying motives impelled them to cross the ocean and to wrest from the sovereignty of the " unknown " and the Red Man a continent which their children tamed and conquered. It is noticeable, particularly in the case of the English settlers, that the early Colonists planted themselves in those portions of the country most nearly corresponding to their own temperaments and characters, where their forces were most equally matched with the confronting conditions that had to be subdued.

New England became the home of the Puritans, and the wintry day of their landing — December 22, 1620 — well presaged the prospects of these persecuted exiles fleeing from the land of their birth to seek in a distant home the right to live according to their own beliefs and convictions. A weaker race would have failed, but the stern creeds and the high morality of their order had fostered in them a will and the power *to do* that conquered disease, famine and discouragement in America, as in England they had withstood oppression and the loss of their liberties from the encroachments of a tyrannical monarch. The Puritans came to America because they found their only chance of existence in the freedom of a new world, where without hindrance from others they might work out those problems of spiritual life that comprised the essence of their existence.

Let us see what manner of life was led in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Sturdy logs from the forest were fashioned into the dwellings there, which were barely furnished, but scrupulously clean. Spinning-wheels were always in evidence, for the housewives of the day made their own cloth. They also treated slight maladies through a knowledge of simples handed down from mother to daughter and sometimes learned from the Indians. Indeed, they provided for all the necessities of life that naturally fell under their care.

Far different was the home-life of the Puritan women from that of their sisters in the Colonies to the south. Music was forbidden, simplicity and soberness of dress and language were enforced, and every act of life was regulated by a severe and rigid code, whose promoters felt the added authority of spiritual to temporal sovereignty.

The pillory, whipping, and even death, were frequent punishments under their harsh laws, and one of the first buildings in Massachusetts was the prison — a terror to Quakers, Indians, and malefactors.

The brooding spirit of the Puritans, ever dwelling on the contemplation of the other world, led them into such excesses as witch trials, and the belief that the Indians were painted servants of the Evil One and were to be treated as such. Their religious zeal was even known to fly to the opposite extreme of plunging an entire town in sackcloth and ashes in repentance of their misplaced severity!

As said before, every act of life was regulated by a prescribed code. To cite one instance: A distinctive feature in Boston was the dress of the different classes. Calf-skin shoes were restricted to the gentry, whereas workmen, mechanics and farmers had to be contented with a heavier variety. In fact, simplicity was the rule for all garments. Sober colors only were allowed, and the demeanor of the populace was under the supervision of the magistrates, who threatened once to send a young girl out of the Colony as a common vagabond because she smiled in church.

In education and literature Massachusetts was far ahead of Virginia, and therein, as in other ways, is reflected the temperament of the people — intense and vivid, but of a rather awful and gruesome character at times. But a lofty and noble morality prevailed in New England life, and this gave rise in later times to the school of writers and poets who are the pride of the American people, as much because of their splendid manhood as for their literary abilities.

The New Englanders were skilled politicians. They loved their liberties, but they also loved law. Among them were men of bold and keen minds, such as Samuel Adams and James Otis, who defended the rights of the Colonists with arguments based on the English Constitution itself.

Nor were commerce and the industries neglected in this northern Colony; as a matter of fact, such were the natural means of livelihood. Manufactures were started early in New England. Among the articles of home production were hats, paper, shoes, glass, coarse cutlery and farming implements. The weaving of cloth was a prominent industry. Lumbering and fishing were likewise sources of wealth; while its growing trade on the sea led to disputes about the Navigation Acts, which became a prime factor in the causes of the Revolution.

(To be continued)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AT SAN DIEGO'S EXPOSITION

ON our last visit to the Panama-California Exposition in Balboa Park, San Diego, we spent the afternoon in and about the Foreign Arts and the Commerce and Industries Building: this afternoon let us confine ourselves to the largest of the county buildings, that representing the seven counties of Southern California.

To economize time we will forego our favorite walk across Cabrillo Bridge and approach the Exposition by electric car from the south. We accordingly find ourselves alighting at the South Gate (*La Puerta del Sur*), which we should call the East Gate, in as much as it is at the eastern end of the main axis of the Exposition, called *El Prado,* which runs due east and west.

Passing through a row of turnstiles, we are now in the *Plaza de Balboa,* an outer court as it were, on the opposite side of which are the Exposition tollgates where we deposit the admission fee and are passed through other self-registering turnstiles. This brings us to the terminus of the *Prado,* which stretches westward as far as the eye can see, or until the two lines of palatial structures appear to meet at the end of a long perspective of beautiful architecture and shrubbery. This is one of the most beautiful vistas at the Exposition. (See illustration, "Looking Westward along El Prado" in April, 1915, issue.)

However, our destination for this afternoon is close at hand, the building known as the "Southern California Counties Building" being the first on the right. This is the largest of the county buildings, and stands apart by itself; it occupies an entire block, is surrounded by spacious lawns, and in the rear is the most beautiful formal garden on the Exposition grounds. Its general plan will be seen in the illustration, which shows an oblong structure two stories in height, from the front of which at either end project secondary masses as wings, the free ends of which are connected by a colonnade of Spanish arches. The space thus enclosed forms a charming *patio,* the most typical one at the Exposition, indeed. Opening off from this on its four sides are shady arcades filled with comfortable seats and chairs that invite sociability; as a matter of fact, "open house" prevails here all the time, and this social center, together with the rest-rooms and parlors of the building, vie with the official headquarters in the California Building in entertaining the Exposition's guests, extending to them that hospitality for which Southern California is celebrated.

The principal architectural features of this building are its façade, facing the patio, and its towers. The former is comprised of seven great windows, one for each county (Ventura, San Bernardino, Riverside, Los Angeles, Orange, Imperial and San Diego) in alignment with as many lower archways beneath. The large upper windows remind one of those around the court of the Royal Palace at Madrid (1730 A. D.) only the ornamentation of the pilasters and spandrels is much more elaborate in this case, being a characteristic example of the ornate Churrigueresque architecture — the favorite style of the viceroys of New Spain. Note the use of pillars and pilasters rather than columns and antae; also the decorated panels, the broken and curved lines, and above all the decorative sculpture in high relief. The latter was not a caprice of the imagination on

the part of the early architects of Mexico: it was planned with forethought in order that the projecting surfaces of the relief-work might break the glare of the semi-tropical sunlight on an otherwise flat glaring surface, thereby achieving a delightful contrast of light and shadow. Such a florid style seems entirely suited to Southern California, where Nature herself is extravagant; as one writer expresses this, "The style fairly breathes the luxuriance of palm and olive and acacia and the overwhelming splendor of the jungles, and it has more of freedom than any other style."

At either end of this highly decorated façade stand square towers absolutely devoid of ornament until they reach the roof-level, above which they rise but one story. They are pierced by three openings on each side, the central ones being provided with curved balconies affording fine outlooks. Above these the towers become octagonal, while small pinnacles rise from the four corners and above the balcony openings. Surmounting the whole are small domes rising from octagonal bases. Both domes and bases are covered with shining tiles in white, yellow, blue, green and black, harmoniously arranged in decorative designs. Such tiled domes are typical of Mexico, and it is interesting to note in passing that a common Spanish name for such was *la media-naranja*, the "half-orange," in addition to *cúpula* and other terms. The bright colors on these domes, the red tiles of the roofs and court, together with the varied hues of the green shrubbery, when set against a cloudless sky, provide those elements of color dear to the Latin-American.

So attracted were we by these architectural features as we approached the Southern Counties Building that we almost overlooked mentioning the decorative balustrade and portal of the colonnade, also in the Churrigueresque style. Above the arched entrance to the latter is a shell-shaped escutcheon displaying the rising sun above mountains, with trees and date palms in the foreground.

But what of the interior and the contents of this building? Entering an archway, we find ourselves in a *patio*, the tiling of which looks to be centuries old. Crossing this and passing beneath another arch, we come to the main doorway, which opens on a lofty and spacious hall occupying the entire main structure. Though the span is considerable, there is not a single column supporting the ceiling, which is divided into deeply recessed panels in the center of which are large opaque windows tinted a soft yellowish hue and decorated with designs of fruit, flowers, etc. By this means a charming illumination as well as a decoration has been attained.

At either end of this hall are double staircases leading to balconies, the spaces beneath which are enclosed and divided into rest-rooms at one end, while offices and mechanician's room in connexion with the moving-picture theater are at the other end, with hallways between leading to west and east entrances respectively. Connecting the end balconies and running the entire length of the building in front of the large south windows, is a narrow gallery whereon are displayed the educational exhibits of these seven counties. On the balcony at the east end is displayed the work of women in various handicrafts, that exhibited by Mrs. Anna M. Valentien being particularly noteworthy, and the east wall has

been decorated with paintings by J. E. McBurney. An exhibit of Southern California fauna fills the west balcony.

It is by the west entrance and balcony that access is gained to the Art Gallery on the second floor of the southwest wing, where, in our humble opinion, is gathered the finest representative collection of paintings to be seen at the Exposition. We were pleased to find among others several large canvases by our friend Maurice Braun, the Point Loma artist. We were also particularly impressed by a work entitled " Mountain Infinity," by William Wendt, who received the Grand Prize, as well as by a study of Indian life by Warren F. Rollins, entitled " Invocation." But enough; we did not mean to enter upon a dissertation on art. Suffice it to say that this little art gallery should not be overlooked, nor the fine kiosk of transparent views of Pasadena, a city of palatial residences and beautiful gardens; likewise the colored transparent photographs along the south wall under the gallery and those on the east and west staircases, the latter representing views of the old California missions at San Gabriel, San Juan Capistrano, San Diego and San Luis Rey; and furthermore, the colored photo-studies of wild flowers by Ethel Bailey-Higgins hanging in the west hallway. Two other exhibits of artistic craftsmanship deserving of special mention are Clemens Friedell's display of hand-wrought silver and John J. Sommans' cut-glass ware.

As for the exhibits on the main floor, they are by far too numerous to mention in our limited space. Suffice it to say that they include live-stock products, fish and game, vegetables, cereals, fruit (both fresh and canned), olive oil, wines, honey, salt, sugar, cotton, woods, minerals of all classes (including by-products), precious stones as well as building stones, clays, manufactured goods of many varieties, and doubtless other products that we overlooked in our hurry. There are, however, particular exhibits that interest us more than others.

The display of clay products and artistic pottery is most attractive, and some of this work is worthy of mention in connexion with that of the fine arts: such as the work exhibited by Markham, Robertson, and Brauckman; also that of the Batchelder Tile Co., and the California China Products Co. of National City, as well. Some excellent handicraft and art work is also to be seen in the case displaying the exhibit of the College of Fine Arts of the University of Southern California. Another display that deserves to be classed in this section is that of Indian basketry, representing the work of Indians in the Coachella Valley, which collection was gathered together by Emil P. Steffa of Pomona.

A fine collection of Southern California woods is exhibited by S. J. Higgins, which will prove of interest to the naturalist or the worker in woods.

In one of the large central glass cases is an extensive exhibit by Col. Robert M. Thompson of Durango cotton, which had been awarded the highest recognition at previous exhibitions. Another exhibit of a similar kind that is both interesting and instructive, as showing the possibilities in developing new resources, is the display of ramie fiber, both the raw material and the manufactured goods, made by G. William Schlichten of Pasadena. There are specimens of underwear, dress goods, yarns, twines, etc. Ramie linen is superior to flax linen in durability, luster and absorbent qualities, and there promises to be a

great future ahead for this fiber if properly exploited. The Cawston ostrich exhibit of feathers and plumes is another display worthy of special mention.

An exhibit, or rather collection of exhibits, that interested us not a little, is directly in front of the main entrance and comprises a handsome display of the gem stones found in San Diego County, which is known as the "Gem Casket" of the United States inasmuch as "it produces a greater variety of semi-precious stones than all the other states combined." In addition to its mineral resources this county possesses valuable deposits bearing such gems as beryl, tourmaline, blue and white topaz, hyacinth and kunzite. Some of the largest gem mines of the world are in San Diego County, which have produced millions of dollars' worth of stones.

The mineral exhibits along the northeast wall are likewise fascinating, and tempt one to linger there, but we must hurry on as the afternoon is waning and it will soon be time to turn our faces homeward.

But Southern California's exhibits are not confined to this building alone, for her "out-of-odors" exhibit adjoins the formal garden in the rear, with the *Calle Colón* separating them, and extends northward along both sides of the *Alameda,* comprising about seventeen acres. First comes the citrus orchard, planted in August, 1912, where may be seen orange, lemon, grapefuit, kumquat, and tangerine trees that bore fruit in two years and six months from the time of planting. Across the way is the Model Farm of five acres, designed to demonstrate the possibilities of profitable intensive farming on a small scale. Started in March, 1913, it was in full swing two years later. It is planted with deciduous trees, vines, vegetables and flowers; is provided with poultry and livestock, and is furnished with a model bungalow that affords the farmer's family all the conveniences and comforts of an ideal home. In addition to the above-mentioned fruit trees there are peach, apricot, fig, olive, apple, cherry, alligator pear, and even walnut trees, bearing their respective fruits. Indeed, this is to many interested visitors the most educative exhibit within the Exposition grounds. To do it justice, a separate article would be necessary.

We had looked forward to this visit to the Exposition with a feeling of both pleasure and regret — pleasure in anticipation of again visiting it, and regret at the thought that this would have to be our last view of the restful environs of the "Exposition Beautiful." It was, therefore, with real delight that we learned early in December that San Diego's Exposition is to be continued through 1916 as the Panama-California International Exposition, as announced elsewhere in this issue.

Corrections: July issue, page 126: Santa Rosa, Sonoma Co., should have been given as Luther Burbank's home.

October issue, page 183: Mr. L. S. Topjian should have been credited as the exhibitor of the Persian rugs instead of Mr. J. Gazvini.

PICTURE BOOKS IN WINTER

By Robert Louis Stevenson

SUMMER fading, winter comes —
Frosty mornings, tingling thumbs,
Window robins, winter rooks,
And the picture story-books.

Water now is turned to stone
Nurse and I can walk upon;
Still we find the flowing brooks
In the picture story-books.

All the pretty things put by,
Wait upon the children's eye,
Sheep and shepherds, trees and crooks,
In the picture story-books.

We may see how all things are,
Seas and cities, near and far,
And the flying fairies' looks,
In the picture story-books.

How am I to sing your praise,
Happy chimney-corner days,
Sitting safe in nursery nooks
Reading picture story-books?

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

CHIME, chime, chime, chime,
Christmas bells are calling,
Now, as in the olden time,
On the echoes falling.

Clearly on the frosty air
Of the Christmas morning
Comes the message sweet and rare
As a gentle warning.

Peace on earth, good will to all!
Thus the bells are ringing.
Young and old obey the call
Of so sweet a singing.

Petty quarrels put aside,
Christmas love beginning,
Banish selfishness and pride,
Every thought of sinning.

Chime, chime, chime, chime,
Christmas bells are calling,
Joyously at Christmas time,
On the echoes falling.— *Selected*

THE CHRISTMAS BELL

(Translated by a Swedish Student of the Râja-Yoga College)

A LONG, long time ago, in a city far away, there was an old church in which hung a wonderful bell.

When good and loving people lived in the city the bell used to ring with a clear and beautiful sound, but for a long time the bell did not ring at all, and tradition said that it would not ring again until the greatest gift in the world had been placed on the altar beneath it.

Every year at Christmastide the rich and wealthy people came to offer their gifts of gold and diamonds; they put them on the altar and then listened, but the bell kept silent.

Just outside the city there lived a little shepherd-boy, whose name was Bertil. He had heard about the wonderful bell, and his great aim was to earn a silver coin, which he could lay on the altar. At last he earned one, and early Christmas morning, while the stars were still shining, he started out on the way to the city. He walked very quickly, because there was snow on the ground, and his clothes were not very warm. Suddenly he heard a strange sound; he listened and then went on in that direction. Among some bushes he found a wounded bird; it was a big swan which a hunter had hurt and then left alone. Carefully did Bertil help it to the ground, and the bird looked at him with big, beautiful eyes as if it wanted to say, " I knew you would come."

Now what was Bertil to do? He really did not know. If he took it with him, the people would not let him go into the church; and besides the bird was very heavy, but still he could not leave it alone to die. Again the swan looked at Bertil. Tears came into the boy's eyes. " Well," said he, and took the bird up in his arms and kissed its head, " if I cannot go into the church, I can watch the people who go in, and if the bell should ring perhaps I might hear it." He took off his coat and folded it carefully around the bird, to shelter it from the frost, and with the bird in his arms he went on his way again.

After a while the sun began to rise behind the hills. Bertil had two pieces of bread which he now took out; one of them he gave to the bird: the other was his own breakfast.

At last he reached the city and the old church. Just as he had thought, the people would not let him go in with the big swan. It was almost too much for the cold and tired little boy; still he could not leave his comrade outside in the cold snow. The bird looked at

him with its wonderful eyes and now Bertil knew what to do. "I will ask somebody to put my coin on the altar." He kissed the swan and felt almost happy. He waited a while. It was not possible for him to ask any of these rich and noble people, who went in with their costly and beautiful gifts, to take his little piece of money to the altar. But after a while Bertil saw a little boy, who looked as cold and hungry as he himself. Perhaps he would take Bertil's little gift with him. Yes, the boy would certainly do it.

The rich and well-dressed people went one by one up to the altar and laid their gifts upon it. Each one waited a while to hear whether the bell would ring, but it remained silent. Not until all had passed, did the little boy dare to go in. He went very slowly up to the altar and let Bertil's coin fall into the money-chest. It was such a big chest and Bertil's coin was such a little piece of money, the boy felt quite ashamed. But listen! listen! everything is silent and still. The old church echoes with the chiming of the wonderful bell. The miracle has happened. Once more the bell has rung.

Even Bertil heard the bell, where he was sitting outside the door. The bird looked at him. Bertil was happier than ever before in his life, happy because he heard the bell ——

But Bertil never knew *why* the bell had rung.

AT YULETIDE

By Clinton Scollard

WHITE is the frost upon the fir,
And white the rime upon the thorn;
An ashen cloud, with threat of snow
Has veiled the eyes of morn.

The wind is like a burdened heart
That may not still its plaintive moan,
And sobs behind the wooded hills
In eerie undertone.

And yet within the chimney's throat
The back-log sings with lyric glee,
And there is sound of children's mirth,
And buoyant minstrelsy.

And down the spacious aisles of air
Triumphant music sinks and swells;
Their "Peace on earth, good will to men!"
Peal out the Christmas bells.— *Selected*

lost their way or their home, come to our gates and are taken in and fed and treated kindly, and they never want to go away.

There is one lady here who is sorry for sick dogs, and she has started a little hospital for them down over the hills. Some of the boys in the Lotus Home have had for years a hospital for sick birds. It is a good way to teach little folk to be kind to dumb animals, is it not? And don't you think it helps the children to think kindly, and feel kindly, and act kindly?

You may wonder how I happened to have the good luck to find such a happy home here in Lomaland, where all the people old and young, are trying to carry out the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." So I will tell you.

It was this way. I remember when I was a little puppy, I was in a home in a town not far from here, where there were little children, and all were very kind to me. But one day a bad boy who lived across the street, dragged me out into the road, and then carried me over into a field, where there were other boys playing. They tied a string to my tail, and then tied my front feet and commenced to whip me and try to make me run.

I broke the strings on my feet and got away from them. You can imagine that I was not very slow in trying to get back to my dear home. But the farther I went, the more dazed I got, until I found that I had lost my way. I had gone many miles, and I was too tired and hungry to go farther; and so I hid myself in the corner of a fence under a big tree.

But along came a big boy and gave me a kick. Frightened at his cruelty, I ran off again and got into a building where there were many people going and coming from the railroad cars. I was sick and trembling and ready to die, and hungry too. I crawled under a seat and commenced to moan.

Pretty soon a kind-hearted man came along and noticed me, and pulled me out, and I growled at him, because I thought he was going to hurt me. But he was not afraid, and so he untied the string from my tail, and noticed that I was hungry, and took me under his arm. I was only a little doggie then, so he carried me into an eating-place and got some milk, and went off at the back of the building and let me take a nice drink of it. This man believed in Brotherhood and in being kind even to dumb animals.

Then he picked me up again and I went to sleep; and when I awoke

THIS IS LITTLE THIRTEEN

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

WE HAVE LOST OUR HOME AND ARE HUNGRY. WON'T YOU LET US COME IN?

I was traveling on the train, in a big baggage-car. I was inside a basket, and there was food for me to eat; and every time the train would stop at a station, this kind man would come and speak to me, and take me out on to the platform and give me exercise; for I had suffered so much that I was still sick.

The next thing that I remember is that I found myself in his home in that great big city of San Francisco. With good nursing and kindness from the young folks of his family, I began to feel all right. But I still was unhappy, for I had the memory of the old home with the dear children, and I missed them.

I behaved myself, and all the people in the home where I was were very fond of me. But one time I was out in the back yard and on the other side of the fence there were a lot of nice little chickens running around. Well, there was my temptation to do wrong! And before I knew it I had crawled through the lattice in the fence and commenced to kill and eat the chickens. Wasn't that awful? Poor little harmless chickens!

There was a great noise and a man came out and was going to shoot me, when the lady of the house where I lived begged him to let me go, and she promised that she would send me away.

I was an unhappy dog. I knew I had done a mean thing, and I had shown great ingratitude to my mistress, and so now I was going to lose my home. I lost my appetite and was ashamed to hold my head up or to look at the good people. I know I looked mean, and I was surely ashamed of myself.

One day I was put into a big basket and carried away, and later I found myself in a baggage-car again. And then I went to another city where a friend of the man who had been so kind to me said he wanted a watch-dog. But I was not big enough.

But it happened that the building where I was to stay was a great big theater, where good people meet every Sunday to preach Brotherhood. I had to live on the top floor of this building, with the superintendent. There was a nice lady there and a man who tried to be very kind to me; but he had the idea that to make dogs mind, they should have the sight of a whip occasionally. So when I did not respond to what he wanted me to do, or when I did anything naughty, then I was not overlooked.

Well, because I did not have much exercise, I grew sick. This man got sorry for me, and so, hearing how kind people in Loma-

land are to dogs, he asked one of the workers to take me up to Lomaland for a few weeks to give me a chance to roam over the hills and to get a bit of sunshine.

Now that day was the turning-point in my life. This man had to go to the Central Building, which is called the Headquarters, to attend to some business; and when he went out of the door of his office, I followed him, because I thought I was going to be left behind and would be lonely.

He took me upstairs into the office where the one who is now my mistress sat busy at her desk. I did not know as much about the place then as I do now; but there was something there that I liked very much. I remember the room was filled with great high shelves of books, and then there were beautiful pictures, and there were flowers, and there was peace.

On the walls there were several pictures of dogs and other animals; and that was the first time that I saw the picture of Spots, about whom I am going to write some more in another letter. I had not been there very long, when the mistress said, "Oh! how much that dog looks like my dear little Spots." I commenced to wag my tail, and before I knew it, I was up in her lap, and she was talking baby-talk, or dog-talk — they are both just the same to me!

When the man who had brought me to the house started to go away, he called me, but I did not move; and then he whistled for me to come, and still I did not move. I was a little ashamed, for this man had been kind to me; but I knew I had got home, and so I made up my mind to stay. I could not speak, but I turned my eyes to my mistress in such a pleading way, that I saw her look at me with pity; and then she said: "Well, you had better leave the dog here."

So ever since that time, I have been living in this big house with my mistress; and I have been on duty a great deal of the time. It is true that I cannot run errands for my mistress, but I can keep watch; and so I always go to her desk and let her know when I hear anybody outside coming to the door to see her; and besides, at night nobody can go around the house without my hearing the footsteps, and then I give my little bark just to warn my mistress that there is somebody outside.

Well, now you have my story of how I reached Lomaland. I could write a great big book that would take you many years to read, if I could tell you all I have learned since I have been here with my mistress.

When she is very busy, I have a way of sitting under the big table very near by; and there I hear all the conversation that goes on with the members of the Society, who come to see her about the work, and with the boys and girls, and the little folk, when they come to see her and bring her flowers, and also when visitors come. Sometimes my mistress has to talk to the little Râja-Yoga boys and girls who are naughty. You know in this Râja-Yoga School children are not punished, but they are reminded and helped.

There are hundreds and hundreds of people coming here every week now to see beautiful Lomaland; and so occasionally my mistress meets some of them, and they are from all parts of the world. Some want to join the big society which my mistress directs all over the world; some want to become members of the great Peace-family in Lomaland, and some want to know more about the teachings of Theosophy that make everybody so happy and helpful and grateful. And then others have long and sad stories, telling of how hard their lives have been, and one knows by the tones of their voices and their looks, even if one does not understand their words, that they are discouraged.

Now it is at these times that I sit very still and feel I am growing very wise in hearing the words of encouragement that are given to those who come to be helped. I think humans and dogs are very much alike in some ways. They really can't find happiness until they forget themselves and begin to think of others. I do not believe I should be very happy if I sat all day thinking about what I was going to have to eat, and worrying for fear that I would not have enough, or that I was not going to have an easy path all the time. I know that happiness has come to me from trying to do my part to make others happy. "Step out of sunlight into shade, to make more room for others." I have often heard my mistress say this to those who needed it. Don't laugh; I know what it means!

All dogs can be unselfish. Wait until you hear stories that I can tell you of what dogs have done, that show that they were not only unselfish, but that they were wise and were courageous.

Here is a story that will please you all. At a big fire in Paris not long ago, the firemen were busy helping to save people in the burning house. And in the crowd there was a barking dog, who was held by his mistress. But he got away from her and rushed up through the flames on to the second floor and was soon seen coming down with a little doll in his mouth, which he laid at the foot of his mistress.

Now, one wonders what that little hero of a dog was thinking of when he dashed up into the flames. Was he attached to that little doll, and did he think it had life, and that he was saving it? Or was he following the noble and unselfish example of others he had seen — the firemen going up into the place empty-handed and coming back holding a human body? Well, in either case he certainly showed that he was brave and unselfish and thoughtful.

Now, children, try to be protectors of all the little dogs that you see, no matter if they do not look lively and pretty, but are little lonely things roaming the streets. Always protest when you see any one unkind to them; and, should you have a little dog yourself, do not handle him like a plaything, and do not abuse him. And then, why not put down on your little memory tablet every night the record that you have tried to be unselfish all through the day, in doing those things that will help to make others happy? Thus you will find happiness yourself.

Out of this little story find the little lessons of kindness and unselfishness and real courage.

I suppose you are all busy getting ready for the Holidays, and have had your long talks with Santa Claus and told him what to give to your parents, and your brothers and sisters, and your dear grandmothers and grandfathers, and all the rest of the folk.

Christmas is an awfully jolly time, is it not? Somehow all the people in the world at such a time seem to forget the sorrows of human life, and are more like little children. But I do not think that this Christmas will be as happy a one here at Lomaland as other Christmases have been, for the reason that we are all Peace-Makers, and everybody who is interested in the work here feels that the war should cease.

It is a terrible, terrible war. And I am thinking of all those poor suffering humans who should *live* to help their country and humanity, and also of our poor dumb animals — how they have had to suffer! Of course there are plenty of humans who feel sorry for humans; but there are not so many who feel sorry for dumb animals. I am glad they have done a big part in helping the humans in the war. You see, I am rather proud of my dog kinship.

Well, good bye until my next letter, when I will write you some more of my experiences in dog life. I wish you all a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Yours, DIXIE

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.

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Râja-Yoga Messenger

An Illustrated Magazine
Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth

Conducted by

Students of the Râja-Yoga College

Published quarterly, 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

Subscription (4 issues) 50c. Foreign Postage 12c. extra; Canadian, 8c.

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

VOL. XII **APRIL, 1916** **NO. 2**

VIGILANCE

By KARIN NYSTRÖM, a Râja-Yoga Student

Place sentinels everywhere.— VICTOR HUGO

"Watch well through the inky gloom of the night
For a far light's fitful gleaming,
Lest fear or sloth overcome you quite,
And our land be lost through your dreaming."

Thus called the guard as he passed on his way
Through the heart of the night ere the dawn of day.

"Watch well, my heart, through the perilous fight
When the ground beneath you is shaking;
Watch well, my heart, when the day dawns bright,
Lest a shadow should cloud your waking."

Thus sang my soul as I called for aid
When the burden of doubt upon me weighed.

"Watch well, ye hosts of human souls,
Whether grief or joy surround you;
Watch well, that the Light of lights may enfold
The world and its glory round you."

Thus spake the Powers that have guarded the world
Since the banners of dawn were first unfurled.

VIGILANCE is the consciousness of our higher natures, promoting or preventing our daily acts so as to make them harmonize with the laws of nature and man. That is vigilance in its primary and true sense.

It is an established fact, however, that where we find a true creative power working for the good of humanity we may be certain of the existence of an antagonistic force disintegrating the efforts of the higher. Thus vigilance has its opposite which is called by the same name, though it is employed in gaining selfish ends.

True vigilance may be divided into three groups, which in their turn may be classified even to the smallest detail, but time and space permit mention only of the three general classes. One of these in-

cludes what may be called exterior vigilance, such as a mother expresses for the welfare of her child, or a teacher employs in unfolding the character of a pupil. The second class is more subtle, for the material world is at once left behind, and we have to deal with the control of the mind and the guidance of thought. Each individual must watch over his own mind and thought-world, and this responsibility awakens an individual or personal vigilance. Third and last comes that splendid eternal vigilance exercised by the guardian powers of the universe, the silent watch compassionately working for the upliftment of humanity. Aye, verily, the world is ruled by those who possess eternal vigilance!

Thus we see that vigilance is present in the world to a certain extent, but oh, how much more is needed to promote individual growth and development! If we are punctilious in performing everyday tasks that we know must be done, why is it we are not always alert and watchful of every moment? Is it not that the human mind for generations has been allowed to leap from one object to another, claiming our interest for a thousand heterogeneous matters, while the greatest chances for strengthening and developing our characters may be passing by unnoticed simply because our vigilance for the time being is withdrawn? Men in general do not realize that each moment is charged with potency for good. Everything in the universe can be turned into something useful; but our finer sensibilities, which should discern this, are stupefied and blinded by the many passions and desires alive in human nature. We must not be so wrapt up in the fragrance and beauty of the rose that we forget to look out for the thorns. Nor must we lose vigilance or self-control for one moment even while enjoying the most innocent of pleasures.

Humanity has not reached the stage where each individual can in one moment acquire a virtue such as vigilance, but the laws of Nature teach that when the seed is sown the plant will grow. Therefore we must sow the seed, so to speak, by making up our minds with a firm strong will that vigilance shall be one of our attributes. Nor must we be satisfied with thinking alone. Life on this earth requires action, and it is by active efforts that we grow. Let no one imagine that vigilance is needed only when great differences and temptations arise, for it is in the little moments when we are comparatively at rest that we must be particularly watchful lest a thought or action creep in, unworthy of our higher selves. Our daily acts form the

basis of our character, and it is our duty as members of the great league of humanity to see that the foundation we build on is strong and pure.

There is no room for vigilance in our minds when we forget our duties of brotherhood and allow a temporary annoyance to cloud our reason so that we are neither just nor kind to our associates. The quality of vigilance is a companion of self-possession and discrimination. One who is self-possessed has time to discriminate between a just and an arbitrary act, because his vigilance is ever ready to disclose the true nature of his motives and those of others. When some old passion, which we think we have conquered, comes back in a disguised form to make entry into our natures, too often we hail its appearance as an old friend, something belonging to our natures and without which we feel incomplete and lonely. How easily we are deceived by its mask! for did we not feed and nourish it in former days, and can we be expected to remember the train of griefs that dog its foosteps? We are too apt to forget the poison of an attraction. Now is the time for vigilance to assert itself, to uncover the mask of the usurper and reveal it in its naked ugliness and grossness.

Should we endeavor to acquire vigilance for the sake of advancing ourselves alone? History has revealed to us many a tyrant who, under the guise of some virtue, was the ruin of his nation. Yet he did not possess virtue, for if he had, his reign would have been a blessing, not a curse. No more can we hope then to attain to a perfect state of vigilance when we have a sordid motive and a false object in view. We may acquire wonderful training in observation, but never vigilance of the higher self. The barren soil cannot yield roses. If we aspire to that companion of god-men, eternal vigilance, we must come to the shrine as brothers of humanity with the welfare of the world in our hearts. Then shall we grasp the true meaning of the golden words "eternal vigilance."

CHANCE will not do the work: Chance sends the breeze;
But if the pilot slumber at the helm,
The very wind that wafts us toward the port
May dash us on the shelves. — The steersman's part
Is vigilance, blow it or rough or smooth.— *Sir Walter Scott*

O SOFT SPRING AIRS

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

COME up, come up, O soft spring airs
Come from your silver shining seas,
Where all day long you toss the wave
About the low and palm-plumed keys!

Come from the almond bough you stir,
The myrtle thicket where you sigh;
Oh, leave the nightingale, for here
The robin whistles far and nigh!

For here the violet in the wood
Thrills with the fulness you shall take,
And wrapped away from life and love
The wild rose dreams, and fain would wake.

For here in reed and rush and grass,
And tiptoe in the dusk and dew,
Each sod of the brown earth aspires
To meet the sun, the sun and you.

Then come, O fresh spring airs, once more
Create the old delightful things,
And woo the frozen world again
With hints of heaven upon your wings! — *Selected*

A LETTER FROM JAPAN

A professor in the Imperial Naval College of Japan writes:

I think that the citizens of San Diego must be sufficiently well acquainted with the beneficent work carried on at Point Loma. . . . For they know that morally, and in every other way, Point Loma is one of the greatest assets not only of San Diego, but of California. I can assure you that this is realized by many people in Japan, and by thousands of people in all parts of the world, whose attention was called to San Diego by the fact that Theosophical work of a world-wide scope is carried on from that center. As a recent local instance of this appreciation, I may mention that the leading authority on educational matters here, who lately returned from a tour of inspection of schools throughout the world, delegated by the Japanese Government, gives first place among the thousands of schools, both public and private, visited, to the Râja-Yoga Academy at Point Loma. And in his report published in the magazine of the Educational Society here, the greatest part of it deals with the methods of the Râja-Yoga education and the splendid results shown in the character, learning and general attainments of the Râja-Yoga students. This report, coming from the greatest specialist in pedagogics in Japan, has aroused much interest here, and is a glowing tribute to the wise and effective educational work of Mrs. Katherine Tingley.

A NEW INTERPRETATION OF SHAKESPEARE

THE drama, like music, is regarded by the world as merely one of the relaxations of life because it is supposed to deal with the unrealities. True drama points from the unrealities to the real life of the Soul. As such, the drama should lead and guide the public taste, providing it with ideals towards which it can aspire.— *Katherine Tingley*

THE dramatic work of the Râja-Yoga students has always been regarded as a very important feature of the school work. Doubtless our readers will remember the accounts of various dramatic productions given at Lomaland, among others the Greek symposium, *The Aroma of Athens,* and Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* both of which, so all the critics agreed, were unique in spectacular effect and perfection of detail, not to speak of the realistic interpretation of the actors. The dramatic work of these students during the past year has included the study and presentation of two of Shakespeare's most charming comedies, *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night.*

Probably all who have taken part in any dramatic work, have found an irresistible fascination in it. There are not many, however, who have been afforded opportunities such as those which the Râja-Yoga students have been given. To these students the drama is not merely a pastime, but a great educational factor, and its true interpretation is much needed in the world today. Under the personal supervision of Madame Katherine Tingley, those taking part receive an inspiration not to be found elsewhere, for Madame Tingley's knowledge and great experience place her in the position of one ideally fitted to interpret the drama and place it once more in its true position.

As You Like It has already been given several times this year. The first presentation was in the Rotunda of the Râja-Yoga Academy, and with its forest fragrance and its sparkling buoyant woodland life, it was redolent of the true spirit of the holiday season. The setting was probably the most unique that has ever been used in any of Shakespeare's plays. The opening scenes were played before a dark curtain, the simplicity of which could not have been better chosen to set off the players' grace of gesture. Then suddenly, after a few seconds of total darkness, the scene changed as if by magic, disclosing a wide forest whose trees and rocks and mossy banks transported us to Arden itself. As we followed the players — Rosalind, who, though assuming "a swashing and a martial outside," sustains throughout her sweet womanly dignity; Orlando, the faithful lover; Celia,

the devoted friend; Jaques the melancholy, who has tried all the springs of pleasure and found happiness in none; Touchstone, the sage in fool's garb, and all the others — we were impressed with the idea that this was no comedy played for mere amusement, but verily a symbolic presentation of the mysteries of life. Those who played knew what they were doing, and the knowledge gave to word and act a seriousness of purpose which one felt to be a true interpretation of Shakespeare's words.

Then the music! the work of our Lomaland composer, Rex Dunn. Surely Shakespeare's words never rang to such melodies! We cannot do better than quote from the *San Diego Union* of February 3d. Professor Daniel de Lange, a musician of very high standing both in Europe and America, writing of a subsequent performance of this play in Isis Theater, San Diego, said:

> As a musician, naturally the musical life of the play appealed to me most strongly. Never before have the songs in *As You Like It* been set to such music and presented in such a splendidly appropriate manner. . . . For the Râja-Yoga production, Rex Dunn, the famous composer of Point Loma . . . has written music that is an evening's entertainment in itself, and the male chorus brought out the merits of the compositions in a most delightful way.

For the performance at Lomaland, only two songs, "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind" and "Under the Greenwood Tree," were composed. Both of these are sung by Lord Amiens in the forest, accompanied by a chorus of foresters. Later the music to another chorus, "It was a Lover and his Lass," was composed. Then it was decided by Madame Tingley to have two benefit performances of the play given in aid of those who had suffered from the flood in San Diego County. For the first of these a new hunting song was written — "What Shall He Have Who Killed the Deer?" The day after a San Diego critic wrote:

> It is significant of the type of work done at the Point Loma Homestead that one of the numbers last night, the Hunting Song in the fourth act, was only written the day before, and rehearsed for the first time yesterday afternoon, only four hours before the performance began.

The spontaneous appreciation called forth by the acting was not one whit less enthusiastic than that evoked by the music. In the *San Diego Union* of February 13th appeared an appreciation by "Yorick" under the caption, "Their Tribute to the Master," which appeared on the page entitled *On the Margin,* and which reads in part:

The Benson players are the most famous Shakespereans in the world. They live at Stratford-on-Avon in the very atmosphere of the Shakespearean tradition. I cannot, therefore, say more in praise of these San Diego amateurs than that for grace of action, harmony of diction, accuracy of dramatic detail, they could understudy every actor of the Benson school, yielding not a whit of the spirit that breathes in the purpose of the English amateurs. For the most part, an exquisite art concealed the art of acting; but above all was the meaning of the speeches conveyed distinctly with an enunciation clear and penetrating — not a word was lost in hesitancy or mumbling, not an inflection misplaced; for the actors knew what they were doing and why, and they pleasured in the doing. . . . I am sure that the Master would have commended these players who played for the love of him in this play that was not for an age but for all time.

About a week later *Twelfth Night,* the merriest of Shakespeare's comedies, was given for the same purpose, and with equal success.

To understand the success attained by these young players, it is necessary to look behind the scenes and to learn the source of their inspiration, and the motive which underlies all their work. As expressed by one member of the company:

No words can ever fully express what the opportunity to study the drama under Madame Tingley's direction means to the students of the Isis League of Music and Drama. It is the opening of a door into boundless regions of ever-increasing interest. It is not only the study of an art in which the highest ideals are held out, but it is also the study of character and of life itself. The wonder of Shakespeare, the master-poet, grows and becomes ever greater, even as the fragrance that bursts upon one at the unfolding of a perfect blossom. And the attempt to interpret truly the Master's words evokes the higher qualities of one's nature in a way that can be acquired only by a conscientious effort at self-knowledge and self-mastery.

It is evident to those who have had the privilege of witnessing the work of these young students, that a new school of dramatic art is growing up in the West, which, at a time not far distant, "will once more restore the drama to its rightful position as one of the great redemptive forces of the age," says Katherine Tingley. O. Y. S.

DR. LUDWIG FULDA, a German dramatist, while on a visit to this country, was reported by *The Outlook* as saying, respecting the different attitudes of the European and the American public toward the drama: "Abroad we are more serious. The stage there is respected more as a museum or a library would be, as an artistic institution. In the playhouses there, there is a sort of feeling of reverence, as in a church, that I have not seen here." Dr. Fulda would, we believe, have found himself very much at home during a performance in the Greek Theater at Point Loma.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS

By Ellen P. Allerton

BEAUTIFUL faces are those that wear —
It matters little if dark or fair —
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and with daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless —
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well won,
Beautiful rest, with work well done. — *Selected*

A SYMPOSIUM OF UNIVERSAL PEACE

Conducted by Members of the H. P. Blavatsky Club
an Activity of the Girls' Department of the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, California

V — Russian Peace Workers

By Margaret Hanson, a Râja-Yoga Student

RUSSIAN history begins with the accession of Rurik, a Varangian chief of the Scandinavian tribe of Russ (hence the name Russia). In 867 he, with his two brothers and their armed followers, came from Scandinavia on invitation by the people of the principality of Novgorod who, though successful merchants, lacked military prowess and political ability, and were consequently a prey to invaders attracted by their wealth. "Let us seek," said they, "a prince who will govern us and reason with us justly." So they applied to Rurik: "Our land is great and has everything in abundance, but it lacks order and justice; come and take possession and rule over us."

In 864 he took peaceful possession of Novgorod and its territories and, his two brothers having died, he became sole ruler and extended his power over all the country as far south as the Dnieper. He gave his Slavonic subjects Scandinavian laws, and otherwise improved their condition, and reigned over them wisely for fifteen years. On his death he was succeeded by his cousin, Oleg, whom he left as guardian of his four-year-old son Igor, and of whom the historian Karamsin says that he "is to be regarded as the founder of the empire's greatness." Oleg was faithful to his trust, preserving the succession for Igor, who succeeded him in 913 and reigned thirty-two years. On his death in 945, his widow Olga ascended the throne as regent for her young son Sviatoslav, and it was she who was the first Russian to accept Christianity, but she was unsuccessful in persuading her son to follow her example.

The next Russian prince who became conspicuous for his efforts for civilization and peace was Vladimir, Rurik's great-grandson. In his early years, however, he was a notoriously bad man, but in 988 he reformed his life, accepted Christianity and established the Greek Christian Church in Russia. Thereafter he spent the rest of his years in civilizing his subjects. In Clare's *History of the World,* Vol. III, we find this estimate by the historian Kelly of Vladimir's work:

> This rough-hewn colossus had great qualities. If he was not always to repress his turbulent neighbors, he generally frustrated their incursions. He caused deserts to be cleared by colonies established for that purpose. He built towns, and while he was rendering his country more flourishing he thought it his duty to provide for its embellishment, and invited from Greece architects and workmen eminent for their skill. By their means he raised convenient and substantial churches, palaces and other buildings. The young nobles were brought up in seminaries endowed by the prince, to which his bounty had attracted able masters from Greece. . . . Vladimir, who waded through the blood of his brother to the throne of Kiev, received from his nation the surname of the Great.

Between 879, the death of Rurik, and 1019, the accession of Yaroslav (see below), several noteworthy events occurred: the Treaty of Constantinople, 911 A. D., the first written document of Russian history; the introduction of Christianity in 988, as previously recounted, and the extension of the boundaries of the empire.

In 1019, after years of civil strife, Yaroslav, one of the twelve sons of Vladimir the Great, became sole ruler, and then began a memorable period indeed for Russia. His attention was directed primarily to the laws so as to establish a reign of order which would encour-

age the peaceful arts; though he engaged in many wars to extend his dominions, he left this work largely to his lieutenants, as he did not wholly sympathize with such a method of aggrandizement. Russia then extended from the Volga to the lower Danube and from the Black Sea to the Baltic; consequently he had enough to do in consolidating this vast empire and giving it a code of laws based on justice. Previous to this time the laws had been unwritten and could therefore be easily interpreted one way or another to suit the occasion. So a written code, even though with many imperfections, was a great improvement. The people, especially the Novgorodians, were grateful to him for the protection thus afforded life and property.

One does not as a rule connect the idea of municipal freedom with Russian autocracy; but at this time Novgorod, for instance, was really a republic, the prince who acted as governor being bound by many restrictions, and the other city offices and assemblies being elective. The government was not, however, on a firm basis, for the third class was entirely of slaves wholly unprotected by the law.

Yaroslav was the man needed at this time, one who was sufficiently in advance of his people to lead them in that period of change from a barbarian to a civilized state. He espoused the cause of education, had many Greek works translated into the language of the country, built schools and churches, and even colonies and towns. But his good work was not lasting. Before his death, in 1054, he divided the empire among his sons, with the injunction that they should obey the eldest. Of course that was not done, and immediately following his death the country was plunged into civil war and anarchy, which prevented any great internal improvements. Even during this period the empire did not fall to pieces, for the family of Rurik, though divided against itself, still held supreme power in Russia. Yaroslav also strengthened his government by contracting domestic alliances with various other countries; for example, his sister was queen of Poland, his sons married Greek, German and English princesses respectively, and his daughters became the queens of Norway, Hungary and France. But, as the *Historians' History of the World* says: " He gave Russia a code of laws, which was more valuable to her than the highest connexions, or the most ambitious accessions of dominion."

The next great name of early Russian history which deserves to be included in a list of the world's torch-bearers of peace is that of Vladimir Monomakh (1113-1125), who, after becoming supreme rul-

er, maintained peace in his empire so far as he could; indeed, everything he did was for the good of his country, as he understood it. Even before he was called upon to reign he might easily have made himself Grand Prince, but his sense of justice would not permit him to violate the succession law and he was furthermore loath to plunge the country into civil war. He was essentially a prince of peace and likewise a maker of laws. Among other statutes, he enacted laws for the protection of the "half-free," those who had bound themselves to the rich by borrowing money at usurious rates, which he reduced from 120 to 20 per cent., and made it impossible for the landlord to reduce them to virtual serfs. He left a paper of "Instructions" for his sons, dated 1117, some of the advice in which is very interesting, even remarkable, and gives us an insight into the life of this great man. The following are a few of his pithy sayings:

"Neither fasting, nor solitude, nor monastic life shall save you, but good deeds. Forget not the poor, feed them." "Be fathers to orphans; judge the widows yourselves: do not let the strong destroy the weak. Do not slay either the righteous or the guilty." "Esteem old people as fathers, love the young as brothers." "Everything good that you learn, you must remember; what you do not know, learn." "Idleness is the mother of vices; beware of it." "Let not the sun find you in your bed!" "I concluded nineteen treaties of peace with the Polovtsi, took prisoners more than a hundred of their chief princes and let them go free."

Mr. R. Bell, in his *History of Russia,* says:

He did not lay waste other states, but was the glory, the defender, the consolation of his own, and none of the Russian princes has a greater right to the love of posterity, for he served his country zealously and virtuously.

Unfortunately civil war soon broke out after his death and checked the good results which would have followed so peaceful a reign.

Such were some of the early Slavonic torch-bearers of peace and civilization, but Russia was soon to see dark days indeed, for Tartar hordes devastated her domains (1221-1462) and set back the clock of civilization two and a half centuries, separating her from European influence.

The next instalment of this series will deal with several of Russia's peace-workers of more modern times, in particular with that noble-born Russian champion of peace and progress, Madame Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, herself a descendant of the great Rurik.

PEACE

PEACE is a subject that has been discussed and worked for through all ages by all peoples. Much has been suggested and done to create a lasting peace and brotherly relations between the nations. Arbitration has been established and has accomplished many splendid results. Science has contributed to industrial progress, encouraged peace, but has also made war more destructive.

The only solution of the problem is true education of the people. The nations' children should be taught that their natures are dual, and that the lower must be made the servant of the higher if there is to be peace in their natures, for the peace of the world is dependent upon the amount of brotherly love, respect, consideration and self-control that exists in the human family today. Katherine Tingley has said:

> A tree is known by its fruits, and the Râja-Yoga College of Point Loma, California, which was established thirteen years ago, is proving the theory that if youth is given from early childhood the opportunity to know and realize the duality of human nature — the Divine Higher Nature, which is immortal, and the lower, personal, animal nature, which is impermanent — then it is at least prepared through environment and example to meet life's battles with clear perception and courage. . . .
>
> Can you not picture the inspiration there is in having little children growing up under the Râja-Yoga system, conscious, to a degree at least, of their divine natures; not merely *believing* that they are divine, but *knowing* that they are; and being able to discriminate between the Higher Nature and the Lower? They have at so early an age that touch of knowledge, simple as it is, that works through the heart and mind and assists the beginning of the real life by self-control, by power of resistance of evil, by finding touches of the God-like spirit within.

THE CUCARACHA SLIDE AT PANAMA

THE accompanying illustration, though photographed before the completion of the Panama Canal, gives one a good idea of the difficulties which the Government engineers had to contend with when building the Canal. Even thirty years ago the Cucaracha slide gave the French engineers a great deal of trouble, and as it was recently the cause of the blocking of traffic, it may not be inaccurate to call it the first and last problem at Panama.

As concerns the cause of the troublesome slides, we cannot do better than quote part of an article that appeared in the *Scientific American* of January 17, 1914, as follows:

In bygone ages that strip of land ten miles wide by forty long, which is now known as the Canal Zone, was under water. Its upper layers or strata were formed by a slow deposit of solid materials, which, in the course of ages, settled to the bottom and became more or less compacted. Ultimately, volcanic action raised this portion of the floor of the ocean above the level of the sea and formed the Isthmus of Panama. The bed of the ocean as thus elevated was lifted irregularly and in considerable confusion. Here and there, the molten igneous rock was forced up through the overlying marine deposit, destroying the general level and producing that confused topographical appearance with which every visitor to the Isthmus is familiar. When these volcanic agencies quieted down many centuries ago, the dry land as thus formed consisted of ridges of hard igneous rock, between which, broken up into great confusion, lay the above-mentioned masses of submarine deposits, in various stages of hardness, but possessing very little resistence to crushing or sliding or other movements, should the conditions of equilibrium into which it had settled be once disturbed.

Then came the engineer with his drilling machines, dynamite, steam-shovels and dredges, and proceeded to cut a deep and broad pathway through this geologically confused mass of material. When he encountered the volcanic rock, the material stood up to the arbitrary slope which the engineer had determined upon for the sides of his great excavation; but when he cut into the looser marine deposited material, he began to get into trouble. Nature took the matter in hand, laughed at the engineer's contour and slope stakes, and proceeded to grade the sides of the cuttings according to her own liking. Generally speaking, she preferred a slope of one to seven, as against the engineer's slope of one to two. As a matter of fact, nature has been a very active agent in the excavation of the Panama Canal; for between 30 and 40 million cubic yards must be credited to her activity as against 190 million cubic yards done by the engineers of Uncle Sam, or, say, something over one-sixth of the whole.

GLIMPSES OF COLONIAL LIFE IN AMERICA

By K. H., a Râja-Yoga Student and daughter of the Southland

II—"THE OLD DOMINION" AND THE SOUTH

THE Virginians were impelled by various reasons to migrate from their European homes, though, as in the case of the Puritans, mainly in order to start life anew under other conditions. Finding themselves in a more favored environment than their countrymen who had settled in the northeast, they divided the virgin soil among themselves with lavish hands, acquiring great plantations: whereas the frugal Puritans cultivated assiduously a small, unwilling plot of land.

Even in those early days the foundation of the liberal thought and tolerance of our country was laid, for in Pennsylvania and Rhode

Island religious liberty was the most striking characteristic of their constitutions. In the former colony, those found a home who elsewhere were obnoxious to their neighbors because of religious or political views; consequently its heterogeneous population was early composed of the educated, the cultured, and lovers of liberty. Philadelphia then became the home of the Quakers, who, by their thrift and enterprise, soon built up a flourishing trade. The city was beautifully and regularly laid out by William Penn, the streets often taking their names from the trees planted by his direction.

All these people brought with them the customs and habits of their European life, just as they did their furniture and household utensils, which were valued all the more in a land where household comforts depended so largely on individual industry and skill. The Cavaliers in their Virginian homes kept their gay, merrymaking dispositions, and were as much given to feasting, dancing and celebrating the Christmas festival as the friends of the Stuart king at home. With large retinues of household servants in attendance, these aristocratic colonists were free to follow a life of luxury and refinement. Their broad plantations of cotton, sugar-cane and rice were far apart and in many cases distant from ports, which necessitated the production on the plantations of the necessities of life and as many articles of general use as was possible. This was accomplished by the slaves on each estate, among whom were often men of ability and varied occupation; indeed, such servitors were indispensable, as the elegant manners of that time made it undignified for the educated and property-owning classes to perform manual labor.

As for the homes of the Southern colonists, their mansions were commodious and even palatial, and many historic associations are connected therewith — Washington's home at Mount Vernon, for instance. (See April 1915, RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER.) The following description of one such home is taken from *The South in the Building of the Nation,* an exhaustive work of several volumes treating all aspects of Southern life and history:

> Most of the leading planters built, before 1750, homes that were centers of social activity. . . . For example, Nomini Hall, the seat of Councillor Robert Carter, was a brick mansion, seventy-six feet by forty-four feet, with four rooms on each of its two floors, all of them large and handsome. The large porch of the house could be seen from a distance of six miles, and its stuccoed walls stood out boldly against the landscape. Around it were four smaller brick houses, set at the four corners of a rectangle and serving as schoolhouse, coachhouse, stable

and workhouse. Back of these stretched the other outhouses with the "house-quarters," making a little street. Scarcely less extensive were Rosegill, Mount Airy, and other homes.

Such residences were sometimes built of imported brick and adorned with handsome wainscots and panels of carved walnut or mahogany. Spacious halls and dining-rooms offered facilities for the exercise of a warm hospitality and the entertainment of large parties of guests. From the ancestral homes came glass and shining plate, which was tastefully displayed on shining sideboards. The exports of rice, flour, fruits, indigo, cotton and tobacco sent to Europe, returned in the shape of handsome furniture, tapestries, books, pictures, rugs and other household adornments, as well as rich materials of attire that made the costumes of that period so attractive — all of which added a degree of splendor and comfort little known in bleak New England. Then too, the violin, flute, hand-lyre and spinet were in common use as adjuncts to the art of entertaining.

While education was not so generally provided for as in New England, where the Puritans (who had brought the idea of the common school from Holland) sent their children to school at six years of age, nevertheless learning was not undervalued or neglected in the South, for we read, "The College of William and Mary [Williamsburg] was founded as a 'place of universal study' before the Virginia Colony had a population beyond that of a sizable city in the present century." Also witness the culture and learning of such men as Madison, Patrick Henry, Monroe and Jefferson, whose library was famous for its size and comprehensiveness. Architecture, too, had a beginning in Virginia, as in the case of Monticello (Jefferson's home), the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, the capitol of the State of Virginia at Richmond, as well as other buildings designed by Jefferson.

THE POET OF OLD PROVENCE

PROVENCE in France recently came into prominence in literary circles upon the event of the death of Frédéric Mistral, the modern writer in the old *Langue d'oc*.

This poet, who was a gifted and fluent author in the modern French tongue, prized his native speech very highly, and wrote all his works in this tongue, as a token of patriotism for his province.

Born on September 8, 1830, at Maillane, near Marseilles, of a

peasant family in a quiet and prosperous farming country, Mistral early displayed a love for his native poetry. His mother possessed a large collection of old Provençal songs in dialect, which the boy eagerly learned and absorbed. After attending the village school where, we are told, the youth was a noted truant, he was sent by his father to study law at Aix, after having attended school at Avignon. At the latter school he made the acquaintance of Anselme Mathieu, who afterwards became an active co-worker with the great poet. There he also met Joseph Roumanille, a teacher twelve years his senior, who in his quiet way was devoting his energies to the work of raising the Provençal tongue out of a mere *patois* to an instrument of dignified literary expression.

At the age of twenty-one he returned home to choose his career, in which choice he displayed no hesitation, at once adopting the sphere of the poet, one in which he was destined to make his name famous. A few years later, in 1854, he, with Roumanille and other Provençal writers, founded the *Félibrige,* an organization which sought to purify, ennoble and restore their native speech as a literary language of Provence.

In 1858 Mistral produced his masterpiece *Mirèio* (Mireille or Mirella) which remains a classic to this day. On reading this work Lamartine wrote:

> A great epic poet is born — a true Homeric poet in our own time, a primitive poet in our decadent age, a poet who has created a language out of a dialect as Petrarch created Italian; one who, out of vulgar *patois,* has made a language full of imagery and harmony delighting the imagination and the ear.

Besides this great epic, which has been written in opera form by Gounod, Mistral also produced a long poem entitled *Calendau; Lis Isclo d'Oro,* a volume of lyrics; *Nerto,* a tale in verse; *Memoires et Récits; Olivades,* his last verses; and a monumental dictionary of the dialects of the language of *oc* (that in which *oc* means "yes") entitled *Tresor dou Félibrige.*

This Provençal poet is described as a typical "man of the soil," living in a pretty little house in the heart of his beloved fields, the rear of the house fronting on the highway and the front opening on to a beautiful garden which was his pride for many years. So great and sincere was his home love, that when assured of being elected a member of the French Academy, if he would make the trip to Paris, he gladly relinquished that distinction rather than stray so far from the

land he loved. It is stated that no honors could alter the kind and gentle simplicity of his nature, and at the time of his death he was one of the most picturesque figures of the literary circles of Europe.

His last appearance was at Aix-en-Provence, on the feast of Saint Estelle in May 1913, when this sleepy little village was transformed into a scene of gay rejoicing. Here assembled poets from all parts of Provence; a stirring sermon was preached in Provençal, houses were garlanded, the air was filled with old Provençal folk-songs, and house and hillside were the scenes of picturesque folk-dances. Here, to his last great festival, came Mistral, heralded with cannon salvos and at once the center of all the festivities. After the public celebrations came the Feast of Students. This was celebrated with songs and speeches, one of the songs being Mistral's *Song of the Cup,* and last of all the *Song of our Ancestors,* which was sung by the great poet himself with a fire and feeling that brought tears to the eyes of the throng of younger authors and students present, by one and all of whom he was deeply loved and revered.

Through the tireless and enthusiastic labors of Frédéric Mistral not only has an almost dead language been revived and preserved to modern generations, but a great literary movement has been established. This movement today amounts to the formation of an artistic union of Latin races which shall counteract the tendency to limited centralization in literature by reviving the racial life and consciousness and reminding modern writers of the intellectual and historical treasures of the past.

M. M.

ARCHITECTURAL STYLES AND THEIR MEANING

XXI — ROMAN (concluded)

BEFORE closing the story of Roman architecture it will be interesting to make clear the distinction between the two "classic" styles, the Greek and the Roman. We shall find that the Roman is the starting-point from which modern architecture has developed in several most important directions; the Grecian more truly belongs to the ancient world. Among the minor differences are the following:

(a) The Roman doors and windows are usually round-headed, and windows were much used; in Greece windows were not common and all the openings were square-headed.

(b) In Greece pillars were used for the practical purpose of supporting something — for constructive purposes; but in Roman archi-

tecture they were often used for pure ornament, as in the Triumphal Arches, and in arcades; and this method of employment was not always in good taste, as the illustrations in former chapters have shown. The three Orders were often, in Rome, used together, one above another, the heavier Doric being the lowest and the light and graceful Corinthian the uppermost, as in the Colosseum. Each Order marked a different story of the building. The Greeks very rarely used more than one Order in the same building, and still more rarely built an upper story.

(c) The profiles or outlines of the Roman moldings are bold and effective, but far less graceful and refined than the Greek; they can be drawn mechanically with ease, for they are parts of circles. The Greek moldings are parts of more changeful and interesting curves, such as ellipses, or even curves which can best be drawn by hand. The ornamental designs on the moldings in Roman buildings are rich and bold, but never so graceful as the Greek, and are often overdone in quantity and extravagantly luxuriant. The Romans depended a good deal on the gorgeous magnificence of colored marbles, and mosaics were greatly used. Mosaics are pictures made of a great number of tiny pieces of stone or glass of various colors, and they are very suitable for floors.

(d) The proportions of the Roman buildings were not so refined, on the whole, as those of Greece, in which perfect harmony prevailed. We must remember, however, that the Romans faced more difficult problems in building than the Greeks. If the Greeks had adopted the round arch and had tried to erect immense two or three storied buildings with great interior halls and spacious roofs and domes, they might have done no better than the Romans.

(e) The most remarkable and far-reaching invention of the Romans was the "groined" roof or ceiling. It is shown in Figures 2 and 7. The dome also was a feature of great importance; it was not quite an original invention, for we find small ones in Chaldea. One was illustrated in the chapter on Assyrian architecture. The Greeks had neither the groined roof nor the dome, and, as the use of these by the Romans has profoundly changed the whole course of architecture, the Roman style really belongs to the present age.

The groined roof and the spacious dome were made possible by the use of the round arch, which the Romans did not invent, but only took over from the Etruscans, who probably copied it from the ancient

Egyptians or the Chaldeans, who both knew how to use it. Neither did the Romans invent the semicircular roof, the "barrel" or "tunnel" vault, as it is called. (See Figure 1) The Chaldeans had covered small or narrow rooms with the barrel vault thousands of years earlier, though always on a small scale because of the poor quality of their bricks and their lack of stone. The Romans used very hard well-baked bricks, and stone, imbedded in excellent mortar or concrete, and so they were able to cover wide halls with great semicircular ceilings, which gave a grand and lofty impression. These great barrel vaults transformed architecture, for it made the interiors of temples and palaces and other public buildings of greater importance and beauty than the exteriors. In Greece the outside of the temple was the most striking part.

The plain barrel vault was only the beginning of greater things; it was not entirely satisfactory for several reasons. What was to be done when two halls roofed with barrel vaults crossed one another? The working out of this problem brought into existence the groined vault. Carefully examine Figures 5, 6 and 7 and you will see how the penetration of one barrel vault by another makes the groined vault. The lines at the junctions of the two, *a* to *c*, and *b* to *i*, are called "groins," hence "groined vault." Fully to understand the diagrams, cut out pieces of paper to represent the barrel vaults and fit them together at the dotted lines, after cutting away the extra pieces *a e b* and *b e c* and the corresponding pieces at the opposite sides. The principle of the groined vault will then be seen, and it will be clear that the Romans had made a great discovery. From corner to corner (the groins) a strengthening ridge of larger stones was finally thrown which helped to support the rest. Notice that each square of the groined roof rests on the four corners, no longer on the side walls between them as in the barrel vault. If these corners are firmly supported, the side walls can be made very thin, or filled with a large window, or taken away, so the groined vault is more economical and useful than the barrel vault, which requires a very solid wall to prevent the outward pressure pushing it over. This pressure is called the "thrust" of the arch, and we shall hear some interesting things about it later on. Some Roman vaults are built of concrete molded in a single piece; there is, of course, no outward pressure from these, as they stand like a cup.

The lofty domes of modern times are made possible by the applica-

tion of the principles of the arch. The Roman domes in some cases were built on the arch principle, but in others they were made of rings of masonry, firmly cemented, each smaller than the last. They were never raised on high towers, but the domed Temple of Minerva Medica, Rome, proves that the builders of the later imperial age understood the general principles of engineering which were developed to perfection a thousand years later by the great geniuses Michelangelo, Brunelleschi and others.

The half-dome or apse roof (Figure 3) is a Roman invention, greatly used in church building in later times.

The Romans, with all their great qualities, their wealth and power, were more scientific than artistic. Their genius came out more strongly in engineering, in building everlasting roads, useful bridges and aqueducts, than in works of inspired art. Still we must never forget that their scientific skill gave a new character to the architectural art; they were the links between the ancient world, in which builders had few difficult engineering problems to face, and the Middle Ages, when art and science worked harmoniously together to create the wonderful fabric of the Gothic style.

Quantity rather than quality was what the Romans aimed at; in Grecian lands fewer buildings were demanded, but each was the work of an artist. The Roman Empire increased so rapidly in size and wealth that temples, palaces, baths, theaters, basilicas, etc., were called for everywhere. It was impossible to supply a sufficiency of good architects and original sculptors. Every city strove to excel its neighbor in magnificence. The result was that the general designs remained about the same for centuries, and a great amount of the sculptured decorations seem as if they were made by machinery, so monotonous are they. In the outskirts of the Empire some variety is found, owing to local causes; for instance, there are more handsome bridges and aqueducts in Spain, more triumphal arches in North Africa, and so forth. From signs of development found in the buildings erected shortly before the fall of the Empire it is thought likely that a new style was just about to appear, but this had to be postponed in Italy many centuries, owing to the destruction of its civilization. R.

ARTIST, let they words be few,
To they shaping tool be true,
And work thy soul from day to day,
Like a breath into the clay.— *Goethe*

A PROSPECT OF SAN DIEGO'S 1916 EXPOSITION

WHILE waiting for the Panama-California International Exposition to be formally opened, we must content ourselves with a prospective glance over the scope of the greater Exposition of this year — and linger in anticipation. First, however, let us survey two of the main structures not hitherto inspected, the Varied Industries and the Home Economy Buildings, as they were known last year.

The illustration shows but a portion of the south façade of the former building facing the Prado, and gives little idea of the size of this, one of the largest buildings on the grounds. There are two such decorative entrances on this side, connected by a two-storied arcade, the first archways of which are seen at the right. The architectural treatment of these entrances is characteristically Spanish-Colonial, showing the excessive ornamentation of the Churrigueresque style. Note for instance the columns entwined with grape vines, the elaborate decoration over the lower archways, the treatment of the windows framed by heavy architraves and supporting pilasters, and likewise the use of curved rather than straight lines and the excessive relief-work casting deep shadows and breaking up the light in a pleasing manner. That round window, deeply recessed and with flaring sides, is typically Mexican; for example, many such appear on the façade of the Colegio de los Viscaynos (early 18th century Baroque style) in the City of Mexico, as well as on many other buildings throughout New Spain. On the other hand, that beautiful second-story arcade of six round arches is almost pure Spanish Renaissance, and looks as if it might have been transported bodily from Old Spain itself; there is one such at Lupiana, for instance. And yet it reminds one of similar arcades in Querétaro and Oaxaca, Mexico.

The variegated greens of the shrubbery below, the striped blue and yellow curtains in the archways, together with the red tiles of the roof, combine to add just enough color to make this a charming, restful picture. The ensemble effect of this building suggests a *fonda* or hotel on the plaza of some Mexican city, though its east front is more ecclesiastical in character.

It was most fitting, we thought, that the Home Economy Building was devoted last year to the interests of the housewife, for its exterior reproduces facsimiles of the decorative features of an old *casa señorial* of the days of the Viceroys — that of the Conde de Heras in Mexico City, in the 17th century Spanish-Colonial style. Were the old Don himself to emerge from that archway in the illustration and, in the good old Spanish manner, graciously invite us within, at the same time assuring everything in his house to be at our disposal, we should not be surprised. This old palace still stands at the corner of the calles de Manrique and Canoa, and strikes the eye at once because of the elaborate decorations at the corner, about the entrance and the window above, on the fine doors and on the low frieze-like parapet crowning the second story. The façade illustrated herewith is a faithful reproduction, even to the rainspouts at the roof level on either side of the window. The corner ornamentation referred to is not shown, unfortunately, being considerably to the right. It consists of a decorative leaf motif extending three or four feet on each side of the corner like a much-extended molding. It is as much in place as the vines that clamber

elsewhere over this building; indeed, it resembles a petrified mass of foliage.

The beautiful tower at the southwest corner is an added architectural feature borrowed from the Casa de Monterey at Salamanca, Spain (Spanish Renaissance, 15th century). (See tower to the left in illustration opposite page 181, in October, 1915, issue.) It is an exact copy of its prototype, even to the small windows beneath the open archways of the belfry. Here the pigeons like to gather, and it is a pretty sight to see them rise from the Plaza in wide ascending circles and alight thereon, or again to see them descend with a swoop to be fed by an ever-willing crowd of spectators.

Salamanca, it should be remembered, was the birthplace of the architect Churriguerra, the originator of the style called Churrigueresque after him. As this style is represented at the Exposition more generally than any other, does it not seem appropriate that this landmark from his native town should have been reproduced here as a monument to him? It is, however, not in the Churrigueresque, but in the Spanish Renaissance style. But this brings us to the end of our architectural study of the "Exposition Beautiful," San Diego's "Dream City," as it has been aptly styled.

Let us now take a cursory inventory of what the 1916 Exposition will offer the visitor when its gates open on March 18th. The roster of exhibits shows fifteen foreign nations, seven states and one territory of the United States, two insular possessions thereof (Hawaii and the Philippines), sixteen counties of the State of California, and a dozen or more departments of the Federal Government. That this year's Exposition will be truly international is evident on reading a list of foreign participants. Great Britain will be represented by Canada, Australia, New Zealand and India. Germany, Austria, Italy, France, Switzerland, Holland, Spain, Greece, Persia, Japan, China, Russia, Brazil and Guatemala will also have distinctive exhibits. Our own country will be represented by the following states: Utah, Montana, Washington, New Mexico, Arizona, and of course California, many of whose counties are as large as states themselves.

Some of the best exhibits displayed at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco last year have been obtained. Of these the Canadian and French exhibits are the largest and finest. The former will occupy the entire building known as the Commerce and Industries Building last year. It represents fifteen years of work and is the acme of exposition display. Many of its features are panoramic, requiring large spaces. Indeed, the Canadian Building promises to be of exceptional interest to children, particularly those interested in nature-study. For instance, there will be a miniature forest in which ten live cub bears will be seen at play in their native surroundings; elsewhere beavers will be building their dams, and other animal life of the Dominion will be realistically depicted.

The French exhibits are so valuable that the California Building, a concrete structure, had to be utilized for their safe custody. Young folk interested in French history, art and literature will find therein rich tapestries, the Rodin sculptures, as well as interesting mementos of Napoleon and Josephine, Victor

Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, the Marquis de Lafayette, and other famous Frenchmen. Across the *Plaza de California* is now on display in the Fine Arts Gallery a collection of eighty pictures from the Luxembourg Gallery at Paris, representing the work of more or less contemporary artists and the development of French art since the Romantic movement. This is a rare opportunity to see one of Europe's famous art collections at our very doors!

In the Foreign Arts Building farther down the Prado the largest displays will be the German, Austrian and Italian. The first two countries will exhibit cutlery, Bavarian glass and porcelain ware, jewelry and other art works. Italy will be represented by statuary, jewelry, and almost every variety of manufactured art. A feature of the displays representing India, Persia, Egypt and Turkey will be native girls wearing the costumes of their respective countries.

The former Indian Arts Building is now occupied by the Russian and Brazilian exhibits. The former include lacquer, wooden and leather ware, pottery, furs, embroidery, fancy work and bric-a-brac, as well as paintings of Russian history and mythology. Entertainment is provided by an orchestra of Russian girls, and Cossacks are to be seen in their picturesque garb in this building, which is already open. The Brazilian exhibits are much the same as last year, though there are extensive additions to that interesting display.

The Netherlands exhibits in the Foreign and Domestic Products Building will include art pottery, tile paintings, carpets, silverware, Batikware from the Dutch East Indies, brassware, and of course Dutch pipes and cocoa.

Not the least interesting of the exhibits this year will be those of the Pan-Pacific countries to be seen in the former Home Economy Building. The following Pacific nations and states will participate: Japan, China, Java, Hawaii and the Philippine Islands, British Columbia, Alaska, Washington, Oregon, California, Guatemala and New Zealand, while Australia will be represented by New South Wales and Queensland. One of the exhibits that will interest young folk will be that of beautiful fish from the Hawaiian Islands, which will remain as a permanent aquarium.

But of all exhibits at the Exposition this year, the most educative as well as interesting, for young people, will probably be the exhibits of the various Departments of the United States Government, which will occupy three entire buildings — the former Sacramento Valley and Nevada Buildings, and a new Fisheries Building. Then too there are the Smithsonian exhibits in the Science and Education Building.

Taken as a whole, the 1916 Exposition will be a world's fair truly, and being the only exposition open it will attract many more thousands than it did last year, when the greater attraction in the north drew the crowds to San Francisco. Realizing the countless thousands who will visit San Diego during 1916, the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society now has a building all to itself at the Exposition. It is the former Kansas Building, the second building beyond the Spreckels Organ to the right. This is now being refitted and will be ready for the official opening day, March 18th.

SPRING BLOSSOMS

WHAT a delight it is, after a long cold winter of rain or snow, to have the sun shine on the spot where our little flower friends are sleeping and resting deep in the ground and wake them up again. How we watch for the first sign of the little green leaves pushing themselves up through the hard earth! Would you think such tiny, soft leaves could be so strong?

Long before they send up their sword-like leaves, the flowers which go to sleep in little pockets or bulbs, as we call them, are busy pushing downward their little white roots from the lower rim of the bulb, breaking through tough layers of skin which have protected the bulbs during their period of rest and while they gathered together their wonderful life-force and prepared it for the next season of growth and blossom. If you should open a bulb, you could not see what makes the flower. You might find what is called the germ, or that which contains the life and power; but that which makes it grow — that you can never see.

All such things are Nature's great mystery. We only know that in the germ lies an intelligence that knows the right time to send the little roots deep into the ground to absorb the right kind of nourishment to make the plant grow. It knows when to send up the leaves into the bright sunshine and fresh air. It knows whether its blossom will be pink, white or yellow — not as we know such things, but because Nature knows and has so planned it; for this is Nature's care.

We learn to know our garden friends by their different leaves, and by remembering just where they bloomed last spring. Here are the daffodils coming up like rows of green soldiers. By and by we shall see the tiny buds pushing up between the green leaves, and then after a little more rain and sunshine they will merrily swing their yellow bells with the soft breeze. When you gaze at them there will come from your heart a strange thrill of wonder and delight, and you will feel like saying, "O little yellow daffodils, how I love you!"

The freesias have a rare secret stowed away in their little pockets. They will unfold this to you as they open out their creamy blossoms, one by one, along their curving stems. What is their secret? It is their delicious fragrance, which rises to meet you whenever you bend to gather them or to admire their dainty shapes.

The tulip will hold up her cup of many bright colors for you to see. And perhaps you may discover a brown bee which, having found himself too far from home as evening came on, spent the night nestled

in the heart of the kind flower, which closed its pretty leaves around him and kept him warm until morning.

The great royal hyacinths are one of Nature's most regal offerings to the world at springtime, with their heavy perfume and wax-like blossoms; but I doubt if we love them any better, or even as well as the tiny snowdrop, or the pink and yellow oxalis.

But can we say we really love one more than another? Perhaps, yet each has its place in our hearts; and each in its own way pictures the great universal life and beauty, teaching in this wonderful way the great cyclic law of rest and activity which comes to every living thing. So we, too, shall rise from the dead just as the flowers do, to live again upon the earth. This is the real meaning of Easter.

COUSIN EDYTHA

A SONG FOR APRIL

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

LIST! list! The buds confer.
This noonday they've had news of her;
The south bank has views of her;
The thorn shall exact his dues of her;
The willows adream
By the freshet stream
Shall ask what boon they choose of her.
Up! up! The world's astir;
The would-be green has word of her;
Root and germ have heard of her;
Coming to break
Their sleep and wake
Their hearts with every bird of her.
See! see! How swift concur
Sun, wind and rain at the name of her,
A-wondering what became of her;
The fields flower at the flame of her;
The glad air sings
With dancing wings — *Selected*

There is nothing so kingly as kindness, and nothing so royal as truth.
— *Alice Carey*

The fisher who draws in his net too soon
Will have no fish to sell;
The child who shuts his book too soon
Will have no lesson well.— *Anonymous*

THE BLOSSOM TIME

By Ina Coolbrith

It's O my heart, my heart,
To be out in the sun and sing —
To sing and shout in the fields about,
In the balm and the blossoming!

Sing loud, O bird in the tree;
O bird, sing loud in the sky,
And honey-bees, blacken the clover beds —
There is none of you glad as I.— *Selected*

ANOTHER LETTER FROM DIXIE

Lomaland, March 10, 1916

DEAR TOTS: You see I have not forgotten you. I am going to tell you some more dog stories which I hope will interest you. And more than that, I have a feeling that I am preaching a little of the heart-doctrine in these stories; for almost every dog that I have known or heard about has done some good in life, and in some cases dogs have sacrificed their lives for their masters and their friends. They cannot speak, it is true, and they are very much misunderstood; but there is something inborn in them that makes one feel that they are man's friend; and for this reason, if for no other, they should be treated with great kindness and not like brutes.

Now let me see, the last time I wrote you was on November 29th. Then we were having torrents of rain in this part of beautiful California, and there was a bit of chill in the air. But now it is like real summer weather. All nature is at its best. The flowers in the gardens are showing their beauty in a rare and wonderful way. They are responding to the gentle services of the sun and the rain and are coming forth in fragrance and beauty, as wonderful lessons in brotherhood. And besides this, the air is so sweet. You see in this part of the country we are said to have the purest air in the world. This comes from the warm breezes of the desert blending with the salty breezes of the Pacific Ocean and the fresh, invigorating, mountain air, so full of life.

I suppose you think that dogs do not appreciate this kind of a climate, but I can tell you that we do. Now that the weather is so warm, it promises to be almost too hot for us, so that if we could, we would change our furs and put on linen; but this is not possible.

Since I last wrote you, we have had an addition to the family. A gentleman, knowing my mistress' fondness for animals, and particularly for dogs, made her a present of the tiniest little bit of a creature, only a few weeks old. He is a mixture of a fox-terrier and a spitz dog, and his name is "Dinks." Though my mistress appreciated the gentleman's kindness, she was at first afraid that the dear little thing would suffer from a lack of attention, because she had so much to do for the world's children. And then too, I heard her say: "Poor little Dixie! I shall love this little fellow so much, that Dixie will think he is going to be forgotten." So after she had kept little Dinks a few days, she turned him over to a family here on the Hill that had been waiting for just that kind of a dear little pet.

I am going to own up, my dear Tots, and tell you that I was downright jealous. I lost my appetite while that little dog was here. And when I saw my mistress leaving her work and going off and giving him such dainty little dishes of nice milk, which I could not have, I did think that I was left out and forgotten; and I suffered just as little children do sometimes, I am sure, when they get jealous. But soon I found that this was the wrong thing to do, for every time my mistress spoke to me after Dinks arrived, she would be even more attentive to me than before; and her voice would grow softer and gentler, so I did not lose anything by having that little dog here. And now that he is away, I miss him.

What lessons we can get, Tots, can't we, from our feelings and our emotions! These are big words for a dog to use, but you look in the dictionary and you will find out their meaning. I heard my mistress speaking to a little boy who had been very naughty because some other boy had more attention than he did. She said that it was the selfishness of one's nature that brought unhappiness and made jealousy; and in a little while the boy's face brightened up, and I knew that he had changed; and ever since then he has had no jealous feelings. Now the truth is that jealousies and selfishness bring misery not only to children but to dogs, and so I have learned my lesson. I suppose that if I were to tell this story, simple as it is, to one of the Râja-Yoga children, he would say: "That is Râja-Yoga — to kill out self-love and in its place put kindness and unselfishness." You see, living right here in the atmosphere of so much brotherhood, I cannot help but preach; but I will make my sermon short.

Now that this lovely weather is here, I go for long walks over the

hills and down by the sea and through the gardens, and I have, oh! such a jolly time! It is fun to watch the squirrels — nice little things in their places, but awfully troublesome when they steal up and try to eat down to the very roots our pretty flowers and plants. Occasionally I see a gopher, and if I did not have a strap on, I suppose I would want to eat him up. A gopher is a little burrowing animal a little smaller than a squirrel, and is sometimes called a " pouched rat " or " striped prairie squirrel." He is very fond of gnawing the roots of young plants, and you can always tell where he has been doing his work by the mounds of fresh earth that he leaves behind him. He is not very popular with those who have flower-gardens.

The only way that we can keep the hungry little rabbits from destroying our beautiful gardens is by putting wires around the plants when they are small. The junior Râja-Yoga boys have charge of a garden, and they do all of the work in this garden, and they have a lot of fun. You know their garden is called " The Prisoners' Garden," because they plant the flowers and care for them in order that every Sunday when our prison-workers go down to see the men in jail, they can carry little bunches of flowers to each of the men behind the bars; and attached to each little bunch of flowers are words of encouragement which the Râja-Yoga girls have copied from good books. Of course I am out of this, because I do not have any chance to get in and do brotherhood work in jail.

There is one thing that I want to say in favor of all the dogs here at Lomaland. It is that none of us chase birds or try to eat them, though there are some of us here whose parents were bred to go out with men who use their guns to shoot birds, so that when the birds were shot, then the dogs would go and bring them back to their masters. But we do not have anything of that kind here, for that is not brotherhood. But we go walking around the hills and in the gardens where the birds are flying about and singing, and we know at least enough to let them alone. Look at the picture of " Thirteen " and Gösta, and the " Peace Dove " perching quietly on this little Swedish boy's head. So you see that while dogs are dogs, still they have intelligence and a love of humanity. Here is also a picture of " Prince," a dog-friend whom I have never met.

Well, good-bye until the next time. DIXIE

SCIENCE FOR YOUNG READERS

IS THERE A "TERRA FIRMA"?

TRAVELERS on reaching port after a stormy voyage are very apt to say how good it is to be on *terra firma* (solid ground) once more; yet those who make a study of the past according to records in the rocks, could tell us many things to shake our trust in the stability and safety of the solid ground.

A man who owns a farm in England enjoys a pleasant feeling of security in his possession. Land is not like money that can be stolen, nor like cattle that can run away, nor yet like timber to go up in smoke in a single night. He fancies that his farm will always be in his possession, and that when he dies his family will occupy the place forever. But we are told by geologists that the whole of Great Britain has been swallowed by the sea four times, and that again and again it has slowly pushed its way up and become covered with a fresh growth of trees.

The Alps and the lofty Himâlayas were once at the bottom of the deep blue sea, as is proved by the shells and fishbones found embedded in their rocky bases, which once lay on the ocean floor in the form of soft mud. The desert of Sahara, now so dusty and so dry, was once the bottom of an ancient sea. Within the last five thousand years the coasts of Norway, Sweden and Denmark have been raised as much as six hundred feet in some places, and even now there are channels near the shore where the grandfathers of the present fishermen could row their boats, but where the water now is too shallow to let a boat pass. Along the South American coast long stretches of sea-beach are found at high altitudes, some as much as thirteen hundred feet above the sea. Now, as the level of the ocean never alters, it follows that their lofty situation was not due to the retreating of the waves, but was caused by the upheaval of the rocks on which they rest.

However, while certain sections of the earth's surface are rising, others are settling. The coast of Greenland is sinking so fast that the natives will not build very near the shore for fear of waking up some morning to find their huts converted into salt-water baths.

These rises and falls are sometimes very sudden; for example, it is said that, not so very long ago, a strip of the coast of South America was lifted some ten or fifteen feet and let down again before an

hour had passed. In 1783 an island was suddenly heaved up near the coast of Iceland. The King of Denmark promptly claimed it as a part of his dominions and it was named Nyö, or New Island; but in less than a year it had sunk back into the water, and a sounding-lead lowered from a boat, sank to a depth of three hundred and sixty feet before it rested on what had been land only a few months previously.

Many people believe that a huge island once stretched between Europe and America, and it certainly is interesting to hear that the soundings made from time to time, and the material dredged from the ocean bottom help to confirm this belief. Plato, the Greek philosopher, was one of the first to start this idea, for in one of his books he tells us that "the island of Atlantis . . . disappeared and was sunk beneath the sea." Elsewhere he says that the island sank nine thousand years before his time.

A study of the rocks of North America supplies us with many good reasons for believing that there used to be a mass of land above the water not very far to the east of the United States. Let us imagine for a moment that there was a large island in the Atlantic whose rivers continually brought down quantities of stones, gravel, sand and mud, at a time when the United States was lying deep beneath the sea. Should we not expect that the coarse, heavy gravel would soon fall to the bottom, that the sand would travel farther out before it came to rest, and that the finer mud would slowly settle down far out beneath the western waves? It would also seem likely that the layers of material, as they settled down, would become thinner the farther they traveled from the mainland from which they came. Now when we come to study the rocks which form the foundation of the eastern States of North America, this is exactly what we find. The nearer they are to the supposed island, the coarser the materials of which they are made; but as they extend farther to the west their texture becomes finer and finer. Also these same rocks when measured in Pennsylvania and Virginia are found to be between twenty-five and thirty-five thousand feet in thickness, but in Illinois and Missouri they are found to have dwindled to three or four thousand feet in depth.

Deep-sea soundings have been made in the Atlantic, and a tableland has been found rising nine thousand feet from the surrounding depths. Parts of this huge mound rise to the surface of the water at the present day, and are known as the Azores, St. Paul's Rocks, and

Ascension and Tristan D'Acunha islands. It looks as though these islands were the peaks of old Atlantean mountains, and, by taking soundings of the ocean bottom, valleys have been traced which must have been formed by the carving action of rivers and the weather when this land was above the level of the water. One of the officers of the *Challenger,* a British vessel used in taking deep-sea soundings in the Atlantic, gave a lecture in London on his return, in the course of which he said he believed that this great submarine plateau was a remnant of the lost Atlantis.

Maps need correction every few years because of changes in the boundaries of nations; but in the course of ages still greater alterations will be needed in the outlines of the sea and land. If our descendants five thousand years from now should happen to dig up the atlas you are using, they will be greatly astonished to find many places marked as land which in their maps are colored blue to represent the sea, and many portions colored blue in your maps which they know to be solid ground. The world is always being made anew and we can never say that it is finished, because it is forever in process of becoming something else. Continents rise and fall, and mountains rear their heads into the clouds; but in the course of centuries the mackerel and the codfish swim over their highest peaks when they have sunk beneath the sea. Of all things in the world, the sea has changed the least. When we watch the curling waves now sparkling in the sunshine and now lying flat and smooth beneath a leaden sky, we know that it must have looked the same when first its waters spread themselves like a blue robe over the earth. P. L.

SCHOOL FAILURE AND FAULTY SYSTEM

KATHERINE TINGLEY usually knocks the nail on the head when she criticises social and educational conditions which hold sway in this sublimely civilized age. A couple of weeks ago she spoke on the education of the child, and deplored the fact that, while " splendid men and women are in charge of our schools, they have no control over the children, except in school hours. There may be influences counteracting the good work they are doing. That is why there should be schools for parents. I should like to see the churches of the country given over, six days a week, to systematic training of parents in the care of their children. And the parents would attend. There are thousands of them who want such instruction." Madame Tingley is correct. We have mentioned this matter time and time again. This lady emphasizes it boldly and pronouncedly.— Editorial from *B'nai B'rith Messenger,* Los Angeles, Cal.

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.

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THE SECRETARY, RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE

Point Loma, California

Râja-Yoga Messenger

An Illustrated Magazine
Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth

Conducted by

Students of the Râja-Yoga College

Published quarterly, 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

Subscription (4 issues) 50c. Foreign Postage 12c. extra; Canadian, 8c.

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

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PURPOSE

By John James Platt

STRONG in thy stedfast purpose, be
Like some brave master of the sea,
Whose keel, by Titan pulses quickened, knows
His will where'er he goes.
Some isle, palm-roofed, in spiced Pacific air
He seeks — though solitary zones apart,
Its place long fixed on his deep-studied chart.
Fierce winds, your wild confusion make!
Waves, wroth with tide and tempest, shake
His iron-wrought hull aside!
However driven, to that far island fair
(His compass not more faithful than his heart)
He makes his path the ocean wide —
His prow is always there! — *Selected*

THE POWER OF A LITTLE CHILD

PEOPLE visiting Katherine Tingley's wonderful Râja-Yoga School on Point Loma invariably remark on two features of the work here. First they gaze upon the great blue Pacific rolling in deep diapason round the base of tall cliffs, and they look around at the forested hills and flowering gardens, and they speak of the "wonderful atmosphere" of Lomaland. Then, after hearing the children in their songs and symposium and watching their folk dances, they exclaim: "What wonderful children!" More than one guest has observed: "The joy about the Râja-Yoga children is that they *are real children* — they have retained the true spirit of childhood!"

This is one of the great lessons which Râja-Yoga is teaching its students here in their beautiful home on the margin of the Pacific — how to be real children, and how to keep the freshness and bloom of these happy childhood days all through their lives. The Râja-Yoga children feel a great gratitude towards the wise Foundress of their School, who selected this beauty-spot of the world. Where in the world may children grow up under such surroundings as those afford-

ed by this high hill in the heart of the Gold Land, brooded over by the kind gray mountains of the east, lapped by the foamy curlings of vast blue waters on the west? It is the home of sunshine; a haven for birds that are tame, tuneful and generally sociable; a wonderland of flowers and shrubs and trees that have discovered how to be bright and beautiful at all seasons of the year. Certainly if there ever was a children's paradise, this would be it; to spend one's childhood in this home is to fill the mind with thoughts and memories that must remain precious and blest throughout life.

It is the way with most of us to be always longing for things we have not got, and to be very careless and unappreciative of those gifts which lie right at hand. How many boys and girls are there who have not heard some older person say: "I wish I might be of your age, to have the opportunity of living over again the happy days of my childhood"? And yet how many boys and girls are there who would not give anything to be "grown up"?

O boys and girls of all ages! think over these words of the grown folk; they were children once, and they, like you, looked forward to the day when they would be grown up. But now those days have come, now the clear bright morning of life is gone by and cannot be conjured back. These grown-ups are now, for the most part, in the midst of a busy, battling world: in the place of receiving playthings with which to while away the hours, they must earn by hard labor the necessities of existence; instead of exercising their ingenuity in devising delightful "make-believes," they must toil and worry over the very real game of Life; their glad free joy of childhood is in nearly every case replaced by the bewildering artificialities of social life. In many a home the merry playmates of childhood have departed to give place to the grim, gray-visaged companion of sorrow and disillusionment.

And yet, all this need not have been: had the grown-ups of our day had the true education — had they learned some of the secrets of the Heart Doctrine, they might have discovered that hidden elixir of life rising from the wellsprings of the heart itself; they might have learned how to lay hold upon the native courses of its vivifying stream, so that no passage of Time should dam the streaming waters or taint their vital purity.

Childhood is the time when we are all nearest to the wonderful, beautiful, splendid things of life. As little children we come into

the world as Wordsworth tells us, " Trailing clouds of glory," out of a world of wonder; trailing and shedding that wonder about us, for, as we realize later in life, babyhood, childhood and youth are our wonder days — days when we hold wonders for the world and the world's wonder-casements stand ajar for each of us. " How soon the smile of a happy child can change the world," Katherine Tingley has written. Let the children of the world think of these words, think of the power for good they hold and can exercise by simply holding true to the fair, clean, happy life of real childhood; in their childhood, in their youth they hold a treasure, a power. The child who can understand the power of the Warrior who looks out so plainly and so untiringly through the eyes — those bright little windows of every happy child — can learn to come close to that Warrior, to remain at his side, to understand him and remain his faithful servant. And the child who can do these things has discovered the Fountain of Eternal Youth, that miraculous spring of whose wonderful properties so many old, old tales have been written. A true and lasting alliance with this shining inner Guardian wins for each one a spirit of childhood which shall last throughout life, and make existence doubly rich for him who attains it, and a double benediction to all whom he contacts.

The Power of Youth is a stupendous power, a mysterious power; it is the same power we find ascribed to the gods and heroes in legend and fairy-story, the power of Apollo, of Hercules, of Samson. " But how can a child remain a child in spirit and heart throughout life? " you ask. Well, what is the power and mystery about the charm of children? Is it not the nearness that we feel in them to the pure and sacred things of life; is it not their kinship with the glory of flaming sunsets, their sympathy with the birds and the flowers? To maintain this Power of Youth, then, is to grasp that inside Self that flames up to greet the fires of dawn, that sings with the song of the thrush at evening, that pulsates with the pulsing glamor of sapphire heavens and age-old seas, that feels itself to be greater than the greatest, and more ancient than the most ancient. This is the self that is always young; this is the self that beams and smiles and flashes starry lightenings in baby eyes all wonderlit and clear.

Let the little children of the world discover and foster this Child Within. Let them strengthen it through childhood, assert its power in youth, rely upon it through manhood till old age " like a lusty winter

— frosty, yet kindly," sheds its mellow tints upon a life still rich with the wholesome dews of the morning of life — a joy unto themselves and to all their fellows! A LOVER OF CHILDREN

VOICES OF CHILDREN

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

VOICES of children breaking
On eve's delaying hour;
Voices in low mirth calling
From the dusky garden-bower;—
They mock the late robin's chanting,
They call the young moon in glee —
And through the sweet lingering twilight
They steal in to me.

Shy girl with your low glad laughter,
Wee boy with your bubbling mirth,
The odorous garden around you
Is a playground 'twixt heaven and earth!
And what can I do to keep you,
O sweetest and dearest twain,
Ignorant of earth's harsh discords
And free of its stress and pain!

Soft trebles of golden laughter
Fall faint through the starry eve;
And the robin in the maple
Wings home and ceases to grieve;
While with drowsy steps and reluctant
To their cots the children climb,
Their throats still bubbling laughter
And their lips still murmuring rhyme.

I turn away to the garden
Their goodnight sweet in my ears,
And ponder and dream and wonder
At the mist-veiled tide of years;
Ah! if only the mirth and laughter
From their hearts might never die;
If the sweet, shy awe and wonder
In their gaze might always lie!

But the slim, young moon fades westward;
The night wind murmers low,
And above me the planets question
What man nor star may know.— *Selected*

SHAKESPEARE, THE RÂJA-YOGA

A Tercentenary Tribute

By Prof. Kenneth Morris, of the Râja-Yoga College Faculty

WE know so little about Shakespeare that it is quite a pleasure to be able to say we know anything about him at all. So little do we know that some people are fond of saying that his name was not Shakespeare, but Bacon; and that besides his plays and poems, he wrote a number of essays and was Lord Chancellor of England. Of course, he *might* have written some of the essays — in his weaker moments; but others again he could not have written because they are in Latin, and he did not know much Latin. And then, he could not have been the Bacon that was Lord Chancellor, because that Bacon attacked his benefactor, the Earl of Essex, and helped to bring him to the scaffold, whereas Shakespeare is fond of showing us that ungrateful people are not to be excused, and that they generally come to a bad end. If he had been one himself, he would have made excuses for them. Also the Lord Chancellor was dishonest and took bribes, whereas Shakespeare is always proving to us that he himself was as honest as daylight. He did not know he was proving it, but he was; because if you read him it is like taking a run out on the hillside or by the shore on a clear sunny day with a fresh wind blowing; and a man who makes you feel like that is sure to be honest.

And then, Shakespeare is such a much more suitable name for him: because he was a true Warrior, and, as somebody says, was always shaking a spear or a lance at the forces of evil and ignorance: the name seems quite symbolic of the man and his work, and is inspiring, and you can't think of any other that would have suited him as well; — whereas Bacon — does not seem specially appropriate somehow. In so many of his plays he shows the evil results and suffering that come of weaknesses of character: in fact, he was a great Teacher of Karma, like our own Teachers, Madame Blavatsky and William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley. Writing plays was his method of teaching the great truths about life; and the plays he wrote, he left as a legacy to all the Great Teachers who should come after him, that they might use them to help the people to understand themselves and the lessons of life.

People are so careless in their way of living that they do not see the meaning of the things that happen to them as a rule. They do foolish and wrong things, and then they suffer for it; but it does not occur to them to connect the suffering with the wrong action that

caused it. But when they go to see plays like *Hamlet* or *Macbeth* or *Othello,* they cannot help seeing to some extent that it is the wrong-doing or the weakness that brings the suffering, and they cannot help being a little bit the wiser. If the plays are acted by people who understand their true meaning, then the audience gets the hint given them all the more clearly. When Shakespeare directed his own plays, and even acted in them himself, as he did, no doubt lots of people in the audiences really learned deep lessons in Theosophy from them; and the same thing is true of course when Katherine Tingley directs the production of the plays and the Râja-Yogas take the parts.

Whatever else we do or do not know about Shakespeare we know that he was a supreme Râja-Yoga. How? Because Râja-Yoga, as we know, means balance of all the faculties in our nature: a " Kingly Union " of the different parts of us, under the direction of the highest part, the Soul. Now, every one knows that, more than any other writer we know about, Shakespeare was balanced. All his faculties were united, and played in harmony with the rest; he had established Universal Brotherhood within himself; one part of him was not at war with another; he could call on any one of them when he was writing to do its work at a moment's notice, and would always be obeyed. That means that he was fully master of himself. And you cannot be that unless you know yourself thoroughly. Shakespeare did. One can tell that by the way he knew every sort and condition of man and woman. All their motives and secret thoughts were clear to him; and so he could *make* people — real living characters. He knew how to do it, because he knew what men and women really are like in their inner as well as their outer natures; and in order to get that knowledge, he had first to know what he was like himself — to know himself. The Great Teachers are unlike other people because they have that self-knowledge. That is why they are always bound to be right in their dealings with others. They cannot fail to understand them. So we do know quite certainly that Shakespeare possessed self-knowledge and self-mastery.

The mind is like a mirror, it gathers dust while it reflects. In a sense we may say that the dust is all the personal and selfish and unreal things that we think and imagine; they lie thick on the surface of our mind, and then the true pictures cannot be reflected. *It needs the gentle breezes of soul wisdom, to brush away the dust of our illusions.* When those gentle breezes are playing on it all the

time, the mirror is always bright and dustless, and the true pictures are always to be seen there. Now, when you get a man whose mind reflects the true pictures with diamond clearness all the time, you know that he has learned how to keep the gentle breezes of soul wisdom always playing on it. That throws a light on Shakespeare. His mind, above all men's, was like a mirror: a magical mirror, across which the whole world and all life is always flashing. Rosalind, and Falstaff and Hamlet, and hundreds more of them, become much more living and better known to you, once you have read about them, than most of the people you see every day; and there is almost no type of character that you do not find drawn in one or another of the plays. You watch that wonderful mirror, and you find that everybody you know is there, the whole world is there; and all of them real and living. And then, you watch more closely, and you find that the deeper meanings of life are there also: behind the talk and action of the Rosalinds and the Hamlets and the Falstaffs, you can see the human Soul at work, Karma at work, all the great powers and forces that work for good or evil, to save us or to destroy — you find that the mirror has revealed them. Now, how impersonal the man must have been, to have been able to see and write down all that. So impersonal, so free from delusions and anxieties and selfish desires, that it seems as if the Powers that are above humanity, the powers that were of old called the Gods, used him to make known their wisdom to mankind. Because their wisdom is in his plays.

You find some geniuses that are cranky in one way or another: ill-balanced, and with many weaknesses and faults. So it is that so many display great promise, and never come to anything; we know that they are wonderfully clever; that they can see deeper into the beauty of things than the rest of us; but — personal failings spoil them. But Shakespeare's genius was hall-marked with Râja-Yoga — balance. We know that he was an excellent business man; that his way was to give close attention to the details of his life and work; that perhaps you might not have known him, if you had met him, for the greatest writer of historic times; that he had the power "to appear as nothing in the eyes of men." Otherwise we should hardly have missed knowing of a single detail in his personal life. Everybody would have been talking and writing about him. We know so much about hundreds of his contemporaries; so little about him. It was that divine impersonality of his; it caused him, being the great-

est of them all, to escape attention. We only seem to get one personal message from him: the lines written on his tombstone. They beg us not to meddle with his bones: a curious request, but symbolic like his name and his plays and everything else about him. Leave the personality forgotten, he says; let the sun of the Soul, the grand impersonal genius shine on serene forever, without memories of the personal nature. So we hail him, the Master, by the most impersonal epithet that can be applied to a man: *Shakespeare the Râja-Yoga!*

A PEEP INTO BRITTANY

TURN to the map of France and you will see a large peninsula jutting out into the Atlantic from the northwestern corner of that country. This is the ancient duchy of Brittany, a name that reminds you of Britain, perhaps. Indeed, they are related; for between the fifth and seventh centuries, following the Saxon conquest, many Britons crossed the English Channel and settled in what we now call Brittany (Little Britain), then known as Armorica.

Although the coast of Brittany is bleak and windswept much of the year, a short distance inland the scenery is varied and often very beautiful — a land of dreary mountains and sombre forests, of flat tablelands and rolling valleys, of shady glens and great open spaces. Only about one-half of the country is under cultivation, and that is divided into small farms, orchards and pastures.

The spring is the most beautiful time to visit Brittany. Then the earth is literally carpeted with flowers. When the apple orchards are blossoming in May the landscape appears as though enveloped in a white mist tinged with pink, through which the slate-colored roofs of an occasional village protrude as through a fog bank. In autumn, however, the foliage of the orchards is tinged with bright red and ruddy gold, and perhaps the road you are traveling is bordered with golden gorse, while the fields on either side may be stacked with rose-colored bundles of buckwheat on a ground of russet brown. And were you to go into the highlands, you might think yourself in Scotland, for the landscape would be all purplish with heather. A September Breton landscape is a study in gray, blue and lavender.

However, really to appreciate so much beauty, one must go and see for oneself. So suppose we turn our attention to the accompanying pictures and see what we can glean therefrom. But first a few

words about the Bretons themselves. They are a simple, childlike, unaffected, undemonstrative, imaginative, superstitious and very religious people, more Welsh than French in type. Above all, they are extremely conservative, as well as tenacious of their legends, beliefs, and mode of life and dress. They have been influenced little by the outside world, which is fortunate for those who love to study old customs, folk-lore and costumes.

Brittany is "an enchanted world of light and color," as one traveler describes it, and no doubt the Bretons passionately love color, as is shown by the many hues appearing in their dress, even that of the men. It is, however, only on special occasions that these beautiful clothes are worn; if you wish to see them you should attend one of their many *pardons*, as their religious fêtes are called. Let us therefore imagine we are attending one of these and witnessing the display of beautiful costumes as described by Mr. Arthur Stanley Riggs in *The National Geographic Magazine* for November 1915.

Every town or region has its own variation of costume and colors, and a pardon crowd is as brilliant and full of contrast as a cloud of butterflies. Some of the women's costumes — heirlooms every one — are exceedingly rich and costly.

Those of Pont l'Abbé and Quimper are of fine black broadcloth, banded heavily with black velvet. The tight bodice is ablaze in front with thick, heavy, brilliant embroidery — all done by old men — in vivid crimsons, gold, orange, salmon, blues and greens. Over the full skirt is a fine silken apron of delicate lavender, green, pink, or cream, exquisitely embroidered.

Even the littlest children are in costume on pardon days, and the tinier they are the droller they look, though not so droll as papá, with his baggy gray or blue trousers, short jacket, embroidered clerical-style vest, and shovel beaver, with two long black velvet ribbons dangling down his back. There are other costumes in Brittany which are prettier, but none so characteristic.

As said before, such elaborate dresses are worn only on certain occasions, much more simple ones being donned for work. Ordinarily the women are to be seen wearing short skirts and loose waists of a black or dark-blue cloth, with a large white collar and frequently a white or colored apron. When out of doors the hair is concealed by a white cap, often decorated with lace and varying in style with the locality. A rear view of these broad collars and white caps of amazing shapes is indeed striking. The customary dress of the seafaring men along the coast consists of a blouse, baggy trousers and a flat woolen cap. The children's suits are miniature copies of their elders'. R. L.

ARCHITECTURAL STYLES AND THEIR MEANING

XXII — BYZANTINE

WE now have to trace the progress of architecture in its first developments from the classic styles.

As the Roman Empire began to fall to pieces the arts of civilization were almost ruined by the incessant wars and invasions, the rule of barbarous captains, and by the break-up of the ancient forms of religion that helped to unify the peoples of the different states. We never hear of "religious wars" in pre-Christian days. In the year A. D. 476 Italy became a separate kingdom, and from that time there was a great deal of hard fighting and miserable living for centuries in Western Europe. There was a great dread of the year 1000, which was ignorantly supposed to mark the end of the world. For many centuries we shall find no palaces, theaters, castles, town-halls or universities. Churches are almost the only buildings which the poverty-stricken people had the energy to put up, and so it is in church architecture that we find the new styles beginning. The Eastern Roman Empire was more prosperous than Western Europe, and it developed a noble architectural style very rapidly.

The two well-marked divisions which strike us immediately we leave the classical period may roughly be called the Eastern, or Byzantine, and the Western, or Gothic, if we include the "Romanesque" of Italy, France, Germany and England under the convenient term "Gothic." A line drawn from Memel on the Baltic Sea to the Adriatic Sea, dividing Italy into two parts lengthwise, would fairly represent the frontiers of the Eastern and Western styles. We must now consider the Eastern, or Byzantine, and its off-shoots.

There is a difference of opinion as to the origin of the Byzantine style, and it is probable that it had not a simple, single origin. The Eastern Empire gradually rose after the founding of Constantinople (Byzantium) in A. D. 324, and the new style developed until it reached the perfection of the Emperor Justinian's great Church of St. Sophia (Divine Wisdom), built between 532 and 538, the most prosperous age of the Empire.

In the Byzantine style we find elements of the Roman, the Greek and the Persian Sassanian blended into something quite new. The student of art — in any of its numerous forms — soon learns that new styles were not invented suddenly; they came very quietly, and unconsciously on the part of the artists, who were simply doing the best they could and usually clinging as much as possible to the old

ways. In architecture this is particularly true: the great styles grew naturally out of the necessities of the changing times, and the new elements of beauty were inspired by the new methods of construction that were invented from time to time. Of course a race of inartistic people could not do so much with the same materials as an artistic one. In the Byzantine style we shall see how a new style was formed naturally from the materials at hand.

The great church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, is the finest example of the Byzantine, and illustrates most of its characteristic features. Though originally a Christian building, it was turned into a Mohammedan mosque when the Turks took the city in 1453. Like all churches of the earlier centuries of the Christian era, it is not very attractive outside, but within there is no building in the world more splendid or beautiful.

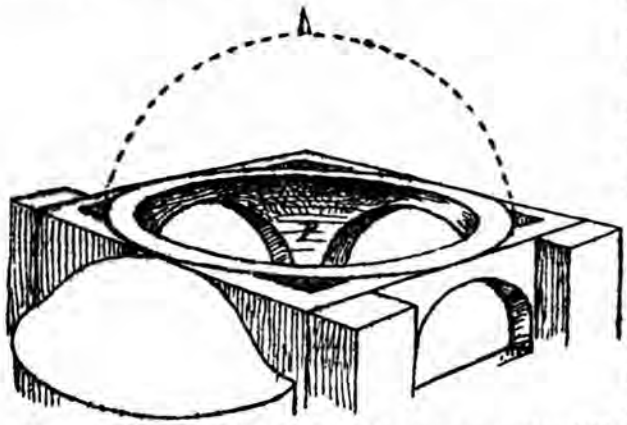
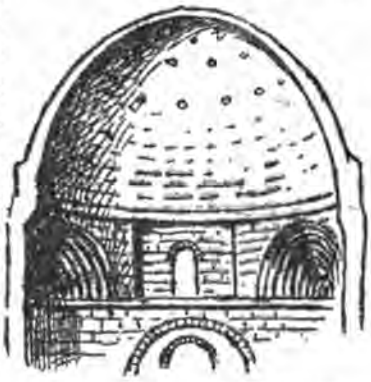


Diagram of dome of St. Sophia, showing pendentive (*P*)

The great dome, one hundred and seven feet in diameter, springs with wonderful lightness from two great arches at the north and south, and from two half-domes at the east and west. The problem of supporting this enormous semi-spherical roof was solved in a way quite different from the Roman method. Anthemius, the illustrious architect, adopted the Persian method of construction. From very early times domes were built in Mesopotamia, as we have seen in an earlier chapter. (See RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER for November, 1913.) These cannot have been very large, but the builders of the Persian Sassanian Empire (A. D. 226-636) were able to fit circular domes on the tops of square halls of great size by means of the "pendentive" system. The Romans never faced this peculiar problem, for their



Interior of Dome at Serbistan, Persia, showing pendentive arrangement

domes rested on round or octagonal halls. The diagrams on the preceding page show the use of the pendentive in holding up the otherwise unsupported parts of the domes overhanging the corners of the square halls. In the large picture of the interior of St. Sophia the pendentives are distinguished by the mosaic figures of angels with which they are decorated. The Mohammedan builders, who largely copied from St. Sophia, made the pendentives of their domes highly ornamental.

Another difference between the dome of St. Sophia and that of the Pantheon is in the lighting. Instead of a circular opening at the top, a row of small windows running round the lower part illuminates the upper part of the building with almost as fine an effect.

Types of Byzantine Capitals

The details of the building are as admirable as the general design. The flat surfaces are covered with beautifully colored marble panels and mosaics on golden grounds; the pillars are of the rarest marbles, porphyries and other valuable stones. The capitals of the pillars are very interesting and afford good examples of the new style that had grown out of the Corinthian. The outline of the Corinthian is a hollow curve with ornamental leaves partly attached (see issue of August 1914, page 26, etc.). When the columns were close together and had only a light weight to carry, as in the one-storied temples, this rather weak form of capital satisfied the eye; when, however, the pillars were called upon to support wide arches with heavy walls above, something stronger-looking was demanded. The Byzantine sculptors designed capitals with the curves reversed, and with shallow ornament which did not weaken the stone. There are many kinds of Byzantine capitals, but all are comfortably strong to the eye. The various Byzantine orders, though hardly two are alike, have the same general feeling,

and cannot be mistaken for anything else. Notice that we have left behind the three (or five) classical Orders — the Doric, Ionic and Corinthian, with their definite forms.

We have now reached a period in Western art when the architects began to make all kinds of experiments and to revel in their freedom from restraint. The ancient rules of proportion (though they were never mechanically and slavishly obeyed) were entirely abandoned with the profound philosophic knowledge which underlay them. The upholders of the new form of religion, which was now triumphing over the decaying forms of the Roman Empire, were not anxious to imitate the styles of the ancient temples, though they often built their churches upon the same sites. So we find the Eastern churches rising from a new plan, generally square, with a central dome; the Western churches are mostly oblong and resemble the Roman Halls of Justice (the Basilicas) or the Atriums of palaces. The classical temples were specially ornamental outside, with their rows of splendid pillars and fine sculpture; their interiors were small and less important. The early churches, on the contrary, were extremely plain outside, but spacious and richly decorated within, as a rule. R.

A SYMPOSIUM OF UNIVERSAL PEACE

Conducted by Members of the H. P. Blavatsky Club
an Activity of the Girls' Department of the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, California

VI — Russian Peace-Workers (*concluded*)

BEFORE passing to Russian peace-workers of modern times it is but just that we review, however briefly, the work of certain Russian leaders who deserve to be named as peace-workers in recognition of their services in behalf of civilization and humanity. In our last instalment we arrived at the twelfth century, Vladimir Monomakh — the most celebrated monarch of that period — having been the last character to be considered. Let us now scan the seven hundred years from the thirteenth to the twentieth centuries for torch-bearers of progress and enlightenment.

"The most conspicuous historical personage in Russian history from Monomakh to Donskoi," says the *Historians' History,* was Alexander Nevski (1245-1263). He loved his people dearly. He rebuilt destroyed cities and founded new ones, and on more than one

occasion he paid the detested tribute to the Khans rather than suffer his country to be devastated again by the Mongols. Yet he was no coward; he dealt the Swedes a crushing defeat on the banks of the Neva, whence his surname of Nevski. But he was likewise a peaceful man, the patron of every good enterprise and the originator of many domestic improvements. The head of the Russian Church thus announced Alexander's death: "My beloved children! learn that the sun of the land of Russia has set."

Ivan I (1328-1340) surnamed Kalita ("the Purse") from the purse carried before him, from which money was given to the poor, purchased from the Golden Horde the title to the principality of Moscow, and brought peace to Russia by putting an end to the dissensions between the petty Russian princes. He and his sons Simeon and Ivan II, together with his grandson Dimitri II, greatly benefited Russia by establishing and maintaining a direct succession to the Russian throne. The latter threw off the Tartar yoke by his celebrated victory over the forces of the Great Khan in 1380 on the banks of the Don, in recognition of which he was called Donskoi.

It remained for Donskoi's great-grandson Ivan the Great (1462-1505) to liberate Russia completely from Tartar dominion and to make himself autocrat of all Russia, which he left more united than had any of his predecessors. Although despotic in some respects, he was a wise ruler and accomplished much for his people on the whole. His last years were beneficially influenced by his second wife Sophia, heiress of the Byzantine emperors. The presence of this educated and refined woman and that of her suite of cultured Greeks and Italians prompted Ivan to send for scholars, architects and craftsmen, and to begin those improvements which Peter the Great completed. He also instituted beneficial reforms, improved the laws, and equitably adjusted the taxes. His son Vassali Ivanovitch (1505-1533) exchanged ambassadors with the principal sovereigns of the West, which was a radical departure from Russia's policy of seclusion.

Another Russian woman deserving to be classed as a peace-worker was Anastasia, the wife of Ivan the Terrible (1533-1584). She was a remarkable woman, a true friend to humanity, and exercised a powerful influence for good over her despotic huband as long as she lived. Associated with her in her work was Alexis Adashev, in whose hands Ivan placed the reigns of government for a time. Through their influence the laws were revised and administered impartially, printing

was introduced, the port of Archangel established, commerce and communication with other countries encouraged, and the greed of the clergy was restrained and their morals improved. However, both Anastasia and Adashev died in 1560, much too soon for the good of Russia.

Several of the Czars of Russia were truly enlightened men, notwithstanding popular opinion to the contrary, and endeavored under great difficulties to turn away from warlike pursuits and concentrate the energies of their country upon peaceful development. The first member of the present dynasty, Michael Romanov (1613-1645) a descendant of Rurik in the female line, was a humane ruler, under whose rule Russia began to emerge as one of the rising powers of Europe. He concluded treaties of peace with Sweden and Poland, relieved Russia of its civil wars, and devoted himself to building up its industrial and commercial prosperity. To this end he concluded commercial treaties with England, France, Persia and China.

In the peaceful reign of Feodor III (1676-1682) certain abused privileges of the hereditary orders of the nobility were abolished, a reform with which Prince Galitzin, his enlightened minister, was intimately associated.

Peter the Great (1682-1725) though dissipated and brutal at times, as he himself said: "able to correct the faults of his subjects but not his own," nevertheless stands deservedly high among the first of those sovereigns who labored unselfishly for the welfare of their subjects. He did more for the upliftment of the Russian people than all his predecessors and successors. In 1703 he founded St. Petersburg. He brought his country into contact with Western civilization and more than doubled its commerce by the roads, harbors and canals that he caused to be built. He curtailed the power of the nobles, enforced religious toleration, framed new statutes and organized courts, built hospitals and schools, founded an academy of sciences, established factories, and developed the mines. He also encouraged immigration and invited foreigners of all professions to settle in Russia, and even sent young nobles and their families to travel in Europe in order to contact Western civilization. Conscious of his own and his people's lack of culture, his cherished plan was to educate himself and them until they should be able to take their place as one of the great nations of the world. Even if he did build a navy and Europeanize his army and prosecute wars, he was a man of peace withal. In 1721

he made peace with Sweden and was so humane as to take under his protection the family of Charles XII, who had been his enemy for eighteen years. Finally, he may be said to have given his life for others inasmuch as his death was hastened by having plunged while ill into icy water to rescue a boatload of soldiers in distress.

Elizabeth Petrovna (1741-1762), a daughter of Peter the Great, perpetuated his work. Not without her faults and mistakes, to be sure, yet she should be remembered for the benefits she conferred upon Russia. She abolished the death penalty and established a new criminal code. Moreover, under her patronage education, the sciences and French culture were fostered; with her assistance the University of Moscow was founded by Shouvalov in 1755, Russian architecture had its birth, and art was encouraged; while Russian literature and drama might be said to have had their beginnings in the works of Lomonosov on the one hand, and Sumarokov and Volkov on the other, with the Empress as their patroness.

Catherine the Great (1762-1796) brought to Russia thirty-four years of prosperity, and her reign was one of the most brilliant periods in its history. She did more than any of her predecessors to civilize the great nation over which she governed. She fitted herself for her duties by studying history, political economy and literature. She was self-controlled, mild and considerate; she avoided giving offence, and governed her actions by principles of humanity; as she herself said: "I will live to make myself not feared." She adopted the policy of Peter the Great and proceeded to develop Russia's resources. The Imperial Code of laws was rewritten; navigation, commerce and industries were encouraged; fifty thousand artisans were established in Southern Russia; education was given a tremendous impetus, and brilliant statesmen were invited to the Court. Catherine's views were largely influenced by leaders of French thought, such as Voltaire, with whom she corresponded extensively.

Alexander I (1801-1825) in spite of his successful wars against Napoleon, was a humanitarian with the greatest desire to abolish wars and bloodshed; he declared that Russia had had enough "glory" of that kind. His reforms were many, too numerous to particularize here. He was an enlightened patron of literature and science. If he lacked the firmness and the instruments to carry out his policies, he wielded unlimited power with the loftiest resolve to promote the welfare of his people. He held opinions far in advance of his age,

and endeavored to promote peace under the most discouraging conditions. He had many friends among the English Quakers, and highly approved of their general principles, particularly in relation to peace. His conduct at the fall of Paris in 1814 was an index of his naturally generous and humane disposition. At the head of the allied troops and in company with the King of Prussia, Alexander entered the French capital in a spirit of humility and magnanimity unknown to previous conquerors; not as a victor but as one seeking the happiness of others, he thus announced his mission: "I do not come as an enemy. I come to bring you peace and commerce." Associated with him in his humanitarian work was his noble mother, Marie Feodorovna, who immortalized her name by founding hospitals and educational institutions.

Alexander II (1855-1881) will be always remembered as the Emancipator of the serfs. Furthermore, he educated the masses, built railroads and telegraph lines, perfected the postal service, and favored the press, thereby quickening the intellectual life of the nation. In everything he exercised great clemency and humanity, and followed the dictates of his heart. He devoted his life to the welfare of Russia and its people.

Heretofore we have concerned ourselves with Russia's ruling class mainly, but let it not be thought that her humanitarians were confined to that class alone. We will now enumerate a few such workers in the field of Russian literature.

Simeon Polotski (1628-1680), tutor of the Czar Feodor, was the forerunner of modern Russian literature, and was instrumental in introducing Western culture. Theophanes Procopovitch combatted the superstitions of the time, espoused the cause of science, and ably assisted Peter the Great in educating the people. Michael Lomonosov (1711-1765), a fisherman's son, also advanced science, culture and national education. Alexander Radistshev (1749-1802) was one of the first to give a philanthropic trend to Russian literature, and has been likened to Bobbie Burns because of his love for his fellow-men. Alexander Pushkin (1799-1837) was the first Russian poet to champion the cause of the oppressed. Ivan Turgenev (1818-1883) was an advocate for the Russian peasant though himself a landed proprietor. He deserves to be remembered for his services in behalf of the Russian serfs. The works of Feodor Dostoevski (1821-1881) reflect a sensitive nature that sympathized with the oppressed, the despised and

the humiliated. But a more familiar name to the average reader is that of Count Leo Tolstoi (1828-1910), philosopher, author, philanthropist, and champion of religious as well as political freedom. Born wealthy, he found nothing but hollowness in wealth and fame, and only attained happiness when he identified his life with the humble. On the emancipation of the serfs, he gave up a brilliant literary career and retired to his estates to educate his serfs and prepare them for their new responsibilities. In doing so he found the greatest satisfaction he had yet experienced, besides learning many lessons he had not found in books. The greatest was that of self-sacrifice. The aroma of life that he distilled from his daily labors is thus summarized by Mr. W. D. Howells: life has no meaning unless lived for others; happiness is the result of labor and sacrifice in serving others; there is no room for selfish joy unless it displaces that of some other, but there is infinite room for unselfish joy. It is difficult to decide which of his works is the greatest, but his *War and Peace,* published in 1860, would certainly rank him as an advocate of universal peace even if he had nothing else to his credit as a peace advocate.

We cannot leave this subject without referring to one who, in our estimation, was the most eminent messenger of peace of the nineteenth century — Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. Since Russia was Madame Blavatsky's birthplace and girlhood home, she should be included in a list of Russian peace-workers; but in reality her work was not for Russia alone, it was for the whole world. She was more truly a peace-maker than any of the others; for while many have worked in hope of bringing peace to their own nation, her object was peace for all nations. Others have wished to establish international peace and have labored to that end, but on brain-mind principles or else with only a glimpse of the reality; whereas she came with knowledge, spiritual knowledge, which alone can establish harmony within, and from that harmony without. And this internal personal harmony and self-control is the only basis for permanent world-peace.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The pen is mightier than the sword.— *Bulwer-Lytton*

For in this assembly, before the matter was decided, I said many things in favor of peace, and even while war was going on I retained the same opinions, even at the risk of my own life.— *Cicero* (106-43 B. C.) *to the Senate*

A RAMBLE THROUGH THE EXPOSITION

By Iverson Harris, Jr.

The Spirit of the Exposition

"A THING of beauty is a joy forever." And there is no question about it, the Panama-California International Exposition at San Diego *is* a thing of beauty. Back of every outward expression of beauty there is a spirit which is infinitely more beautiful than its own creation. Whence came that spirit which has taken possession of the city of San Diego to such a degree that it has been able to accomplish a marvel in this Exposition? I think I know who gave birth to this spirit I speak of; but as one of Katherine Tingley's own students, perhaps it would not be wise to tell my secret!

Some sixteen years ago San Diego was one of the sleepiest little Western towns imaginable. Nature had done her part, to be sure. There was an unmatchable climate, a magnificent land-locked harbor, and glorious scenery. But there was little evidence of culture, of enterprise, of intellectual vigor, or of esthetic tastes.

At about this time Katherine Tingley came to California and established the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma. She purchased in San Diego the finest opera-house on the Pacific Coast, renaming it the "Isis Theater." Shortly after its purchase she publicly announced that San Diego was destined to be the Athens of America. But San Diego did not then care to be the Athens of America.

So Katherine Tingley decided to let San Diego remain the Piraeus, and she commenced building up her own Athens on Point Loma. She inaugurated the practical work of the School of Antiquity; she erected the first Greek theater in America; she established a college for the higher education of youth, the success of which has aroused the enthusiastic admiration of pedagogs and social workers the world over; she started a conservatory of music whose pupils recently caused Madame Melba to weep and exclaim: "I have never felt this way but once before in my life, and that was when I heard *Parsifal* for the first time"; she attracted to her Athens artists, craftsmen, musicians, scholars, poets, writers, and men of affairs, who, in their own way, would not have been out of place among the pillars who supported Pericles in the Golden Age of Attica; and she presented in the Greek Theater an original drama, *The Aroma of Athens*.

San Diego began to stir. Stimulated by many motives, possibly with emulation, and not liking to be looked upon abroad as nothing but the Piraeus, San Diego began to break down the Long Walls between Athens and her port! Only the other day one of the leading literary lights of the now world-famous city published the following:

> If you will think it over disinterestedly, perhaps you will agree with me that it is not such a far cry from the Lyceum of Athens to the gardens of Point Loma; nor from the theaters where Sophocles thundered and Aristophanes scoffed, to the stage where the students of the Isis League of Music and Drama are inspired to re-enact the humor and philosophy of him on whose ample shoulders has fallen the mighty mantle of Greek drama.

The San Diego Exposition *is* a thing of beauty, as we said before; and

all honor is due to those who have helped to make it so. But he who runs may read the secret which we have referred to above.

The Theosophical Information Bureau

The first place we went to in our ramble through the Exposition, as the reader may well guess, was the Theosophical Information Bureau — a building purchased by Mme. Tingley, and which is the second building to the right of the splendid out-of-doors organ, contributed by Mr. John D. Spreckels to the success of the Exposition. Our reasons for going there first were both sentimental and rational. Sentiment told us that there was no place like home — even if it were only a "branch office" of home; and reason told us that, to provide against any possible interference with our program, we should not miss one of the best things.

The Theosophical Information Bureau has certainly an atmosphere all its own. It is the blending of true art with the religious spirit. Woe to the religion which divorces itself from beauty, and woe to the art which divorces itself from spirituality! Theosophists have not made this mistake; and at the Theosophical Information Bureau, as indeed in all of Katherine Tingley's work, one sees religion made beautiful by art and art made spiritual by religion. "Beauty is truth, truth beauty: that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

The Luxemburg Paintings

The sixty-three paintings from the Luxemburg Museum of Paris, which were exhibited at the San Diego Exposition until about the first of April, represented the greater portion of the pictures which were on exhibition at San Francisco last year. They comprised many of the best paintings of the Modern French School since 1870 — a period characterized by a wonderful renascence of the artistic spirit in France. It is dangerous for a dilettante to pose as a critic; so I will only hurriedly mention those pictures among the Luxemburg paintings which pleased the eye of an amateur or appealed to his fancy.

There were one or two exceptionally good portraits. The first one which appealed to me on account of its naturalness, was that of the late Dujardin-Beaumetz, Undersecretary of State for Fine Arts, painted by Adolphe Dechenaud. Bastien-Lepage's portrait of M. Simon Hayem brought back recollections of his picture of Joan of Arc in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, which was one of the first pictures that awakened in me an interest in art — not so much, perhaps, because I appreciated its artistic merit, as for the reason that I have always been a worshiper at the shrine of the peasant girl of Domrémy.

Other portraits of interest were Léon Bonnat's portrait of Robert-Henry; Benjamin Constant's portrait of Aunt Anna — a genial face which is a never-failing source of kindliness and affection. Paul-Albert Besnard's portrait of Alphonse Legros, portrait-painter, sculptor, engraver, and *médalliste;* Jules-Élie Delauney's portrait of his mother; Fantin-Latour's portrait of Mme. Fantin-Latour; François Flameng's portrait of his wife — a really beautiful classic face; Claude-Ferdinand Gaillard's portrait of his aunt, Mme. R.; Jean-Jacques Henner's portrait of Mlle. Le Roux; Alphonse Legros' portrait of the great French statesman, Léon Gambetta; and Alfred-Phillipe Roll's portrait of Damoye.

I cannot leave the portraits without speaking of the lasting impression made upon me by Léon Bonnat's picture of the well-known opera singer, Mme. Pasca, deceased, 1914. There is something peculiarly fascinating in the eyes of this woman; but it is not the fascination of spiritual beauty, so much as it is a kind of snake-like charm. She follows you with her eyes wherever you go. I have never known but two or three people in my life who looked like that, and I never felt safe in their presence.

Particularly interesting at this time were several war-pictures. The one which made the most lasting impression upon my mind was *The Dream* by Jean-Baptiste-Édouarde Detaille — said to be his most popular work. The soldiers lie asleep on the ground with their guns stacked nearby, and the campfires smolder in the distance. Above them, "in the mist of the early morn, soars the apotheosis of the glorious armies of the past, foretelling victory for the present." As I looked upon this picture, I thought of another dream — the dream of the devoted mothers and sisters, of the heartbroken wives and sweethearts at home, wondering if their loved ones would ever return again. And General Sherman's words echoed in my ears: "War is Hell — its glory is all moonshine!"

There were other interesting war-pictures, but I had not the time to study them carefully. To me personally they were not so interesting in theme as *Washington Crossing the Delaware,* at the Metropolitan Museum in New York, or the enormous war-paintings at the Hamburg Museum, which the Râja-Yoga students visited in 1913. I do not vouch for the artistic merit of the celebrated American masterpiece (!) above referred to, but I like it because I knew it from the time I opened my first American history primer. But some of the Hamburg war-paintings are certainly superior works of art.

An interesting drawing whose theme was more to our taste was *A Musical Evening* by Léon-Augustin Lhermitte. This was particularly attractive to us for the reason that it contained — among the portraits of a number of notables — that of Saint-Saëns. It was the only pencil sketch in the collection.

Jean-Alexandre-Joseph Falguière's *Begging Dwarfs of Granada* is a rather bizarre and freakish picture. And a painting whose theme is distinctly modern and not altogether artistic was Henri Gervez's *Staff of the Newspaper La République Française, 1890.* Maurice Lobre's picture of *The King's Library at Versailles* was remarkable for its faithful reproduction of detail.

Eugène Carrière's two paintings, *Christ on the Cross* and *Alphonse Daudet and his Daughter,* have a peculiarly distinctive style — not altogether satisfying to the unlearned observer. There is a bloodlessness and corpse-like appearance to his pictures — perhaps not out of place in the former subject, but most distressing in the portrait of the poet and his child.

Puvis de Chavannes is best known in America for his great work at the Boston Library in 1895. His painting *The Revictualling of Paris by Sainte Geneviève, Patron Saint of the City, attacked by Attila and his Huns in 451,* in conception reminds one of some of Alma-Tadema's beautiful paintings in the Royal Museum at Amsterdam, but is certainly not to be compared with the great Dutch-English artist's classical studies in richness of color and finish. But perhaps it is not fair

to compare the original sketch for a monumental work with the careful execution of a painting *per se*.

The last painting which I will speak of is what was catalogued as Gustav Moreau's *Jason*. I did not examine the title until after I had left the Exposition; but it would surely seem better to call it "Jason and Medea," for certainly the two figures are equally prominent; and I am wondering if perhaps the painting was not Maignan's *Jason and Medea* instead of Moreau's *Jason*. The picture reminded me of some of the early Renaissance paintings which I had seen in the Vatican and the Louvre. I suppose it is well done; but I must say at the risk of offending some artistic specialists, that I do not like paintings of the nude. It may sound puritanical, but I believe that we come nearer to showing that the human form is "the Temple of the Living Christ" in sculpture than in painting the nude. Even in great works like Titian's classical *Sacred and Profane Love*, or Julius Kronberg's modern *Wood-Nymph*, I do not believe it is everybody, even among lovers of the beautiful, who can lose himself in the beauty of the art and forget that it is flesh he is looking at. If the eyes are the windows of the soul, let us look at the soul of the beautiful Venuses and Madonnas (Venuses with Christian names!) we paint, through their eyes; and let us drape the rest of their forms so that we do not have to make an effort to find the soul expressed. Mona Lisa's beautiful face will live as long as the most perfectly executed nude, and we will always be grateful to Leonardo for having dressed her so simply and so chastely. But the same criticism does not hold true of sculpture. There is no suggestion of warm animal life coursing through the veins when we look upon the *Venus de Milo* or Michelangelo's *David*. Here we may easily forget the flesh and blood and realize that we are gazing reverently upon a human form that is a veritable "Temple of the Living Christ." And this brings us to the French and Italian Exhibits.

The French and Italian Exhibits

Most of the sculpture in both the French and Italian exhibits consists of statuettes. In the French hard-buscuit Sèvres porcelain, particularly notable is *The Reading Woman* by Dalou. The attitude and the whole expression is wonderfully natural, and the face is admirable. The same may be said of the busts of Voltaire, La Fontaine, Molière, Berlioz, and other famous personages in this same ware. A charming group for a fountain, made of the Sèvres glazed porcelain with crystallizations, is *The Children with Frogs* by M. Max Blondat. It is irresistible in its optimism. You cannot help smiling and hearing the frogs croak and the children laugh when you see them. It is really excellent.

Before leaving the French exhibits, we must speak of the wonderful Gobelin tapestries, dealing with the lives of Alexander the Great and Joan of Arc — the first being from the drawings of Charles Lebrun, the second from the models of J.-P. Laurens. Both sets are interesting in theme, but the four huge tapestries entitled *The Battle and Passage of the Granicus, The Battle of Arbela, Porus, Wounded, is Brought before Alexander*, and *The Triumph of Alexander* (at Babylon), in spite of the grand scale on which they are woven, appear to be so overloaded with figures that to the uninitiated observer they leave the impression

of a confused jumble, though no doubt exceedingly well executed. This criticism does not hold with the Joan of Arc tapestries, though neither of the two sets are to be compared with the wonderful tapestries in the Vatican, whose cartoons were drawn by Raphael and the other Italian masters.

There are other interesting features to the French Exhibit, but I must now pass on to the charming little Italian statuettes. These are really lovely — so chaste and beautifully executed. A novel feature in sculpture to me was the varicolored stones, which were very pleasing to the eye. Two statuettes remain in my memory. One was *Beatrice,* and the other a charming little duo entitled *Let's be Friends Again.* This latter is a very happy conception, and my companion remarked upon seeing it, "Phoebe and Silvius," which certainly would make a good sub-title. In fact the whole group of Italian statuettes makes one of the brightest spots in the Exposition.

As this is merely the account of a ramble through the Exposition, I cannot go into details about the art works exhibited from other countries. I have only touched on the things which made the most vivid impression on my receptive but dilletante mind, omitting entirely any mention of the exhibits which were displayed last year. The Russian Keezelwood inlaid work was quite attractive; some of the Dutch china and enamel ware was also tasteful — especially the miniatures of great paintings. So were the German dolls and Persian rugs. But none of these, I think, can be compared with the Japanese exhibits of last year. The Guatemala confectionary and the Suchard and Stolwerck chocolates may be very toothsome, but hardly come under the head of art. And this brings us to the industrial exhibits.

The Canadian Exhibit

The Canadian Exhibit so far excels all the rest of the industrial exhibits that it deserves a whole chapter to itself — not as a work of art, for it was not intended for that, but for setting off the natural resources and industrial advantages of the Land of the Maple Leaf. Not only is one struck by the magnitude of the concession, but also by the wonderful skill with which Canada has displayed her inducements to the settler. So successfully has this been done, that I heard an old gentleman say to his wife, while standing and looking at the Canadian Exhibit: "Let's take the next boat for Vancouver." And I have no doubt that is the way many feel when they look at this magnificent display of Canada's resources. You leave it with the idea that Canada is rolling in natural wealth, and that all you have to do is to go there and partake of it.

There are some other exhibits that make quite an impression on the mind. The Philippine concession is quite attractive, with its basket-work, its silk robes, and its articles of art made out of hammered fish-scales, etc. The Keen Kutter Cutlery Company's exhibit is certainly unique, and forces you to linger and examine it. The Globe Flour Mills' exhibit is interesting to good housekeepers. Several of the exhibits of abalone products are extremely pretty, and the pattern-weaving devices are worth seeing for those interested in that line of work.

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A NEW TEXTILE FABRIC

A NEW addition has recently been made to the textile fabric industry by the discovery of M. Jean Mondamert de Saint-René of a method of carding, spinning and weaving the Kapok fiber. This is a silky down obtained from the *Bombax ceiba* or "silk cotton tree" of the West Indies, South America, Java, the Soudan and other tropical lands. In Java there are already some fifty establishments for the collection of this product. In *The Scientific American* of February 19, the fruit of the Kapok is described as long and capsudal, containing seeds and a silky fiber one-half to three-quarters of an inch in length.

The most important characteristics of this new fiber are lightness and impermeability to water, the hollow cylindrical fibers being filled with air and coated with a kind of wax or "solidified oil." It excels all substances in buoyancy. "It will support from thirty to thirty-five times its weight in water, while ordinary cork will float only about five times its weight," says the above-mentioned journal, and continues:

> Experiments have shown that a packet of Kapok which sustained thirty-two times its weight when first immersed, would still hold up twenty-six times its own weight at the end of a month in the water. No other vegetable substance known has this extraordinary ratio of flotation power and impermeability; it is an attribute of down of Bombax alone.

Moreover, in consequence of its ability to keep out water and its quickness in drying, it does not decay. All of which characteristics, together with that of great elasticity, render Kapok fiber an excellent material for filling cushions, mattresses, etc., as well as much superior to cork for use in life-preservers.

The silk cotton tree is usually grown from seeds, though sometimes from slips, and in Java it bears in from three to four years. In Cambodia the fruit ripens in April or May, and a five-year-old tree bears about four hundred pods, four of which will produce an ounce of fiber. The pods are gathered, and women and children remove the down and spread it out to dry, after which the seeds are separated from the fiber by a primitive process of ginning. The fiber is then loosely baled and shipped to the factory, where it is made into sheets like cotton batting or into rovings for making threads. Hitherto the mechanical difficulties in manufacturing this delicate fiber into thread and cloth seemed unsurmountable, but M. de Saint-René has succeeded after many trials, and the results lead French experts to believe the industrial future of this new textile fabric is assured. M. M.

came President of the International Theosophical Society, which my mistress now presides over.

I am thinking of what a fortunate dog Spots was, for he had met Mr. Judge; and I have heard several stories of how fond Mr. Judge was of animals, and that he often said that man can be benefited by becoming acquainted with the real nature of animals; that often these dumb creatures can teach lessons to those who seem to know more than they — lessons of fidelity and heroism.

Well, Spots was fortunate, was he not? to get into a family where animals were so loved. The story is that little Spots traveled quite a long way from a gentleman's residence where he was born to his new home, and that he had parted from his mother and his brothers and sisters in one of the finest kennels in New York.

He was a little puppy and had to be handled with great care. My mistress was delighted with the little creature, for he was the same kind of a little dog as she had had when she was a little girl, which was killed by a brutal sportsman, just for the fun of it. Wasn't that awful?

Well, Spots won his way into the heart of my mistress; and so all the people who used to come to her house in those early days to work with her for Brotherhood throughout the world, had a chance of seeing Spots; and if he were alive now and could talk, he would tell many wonderful stories about all that happened in those days. He met many of those interesting people whose unselfish lives led them to do so much good for Brotherhood.

Nobody ever thought that Spots would be anything more than just a little house-dog in a happy home, where everyone was kind to him, where he could frisk and caper about to the delight of all the little children who used to come to the house to visit; for my mistress was very fond of children, though she had none of her own.

But after Mr. Judge died, my mistress was identified with the Theosophical Society, which you all know is for the purpose of doing good and trying to lift burdens from unhappy people by teaching them the way to live. Then Spots' future changed, as did the future of my mistress and her family.

Spots' first experience in traveling was when he went with her to Europe. It seems that my mistress had no thought of taking him at first, but intended to leave him at home with the housekeeper and servants; but at the last moment, it is said, Spots clung to her as

though he felt she were going to leave him; and so some of the workers who were going with her said: "Why not bring the little dog? He is so small that he can be carried along."

So the master of the house got a small satchel, and had one end of it opened up with a leather curtain; and then there was a small piece of wire-netting placed at the end, like a window, to let in air; and Spotty traveled in this little satchel much of the time. One of the party, a young man who was a great lover of dogs, was always ready to carry the satchel when necessary.

It seems that my mistress did not intend to make a very long journey when she started, but it ended in her visiting several countries and seeing many people, besides all the nice little children of the Lotus Groups. Everywhere she went she spread the teachings of Brotherhood and met the members who had been stedfast friends of Madame Blavatsky, who, you know, was the first Theosophical Teacher of modern times.

Yet I know it was sometimes a bit troublesome to have a dog about, although Spots was an obedient dog, and had learned from his puppyhood to be neat and clean, and not troublesome. He was so lovable that everybody cared for him; and he seemed to appreciate all the kindness that he received from any of the little children when he visited the different countries.

Everything went all right for Spotty on the journey across the Atlantic, and going from England to Germany. In going off the cars and traveling about, he was kept in his little satchel, because he was so small that he would otherwise have gotten under people's feet. He could always have the satchel open, so that he could get plenty of air, and his food, and there was no trouble.

But when my mistress and her traveling companions reached Germany, there was quite a fuss about the dog. There were some very strict rules there, and Spots just barely got through. The story is too long to tell, though I have heard it, and I am sure that the children who are reading this letter would laugh heartily if they could hear it.

The greatest trouble came when Spotty, who was still in his little satchel, was on board the steamer crossing from Germany to Denmark. He had had his luncheon and was very comfortable, and the top of the satchel was open that he might peep out, and he was sitting so that he was not observed. But suddenly my mistress looked up and found that the satchel was empty! Then an effort was made

to find Spots; and, wandering around the boat, my mistress found him off in a corner, in great distress, he having strayed too far, and lost his bearings. After that he was very docile, and behaved very well indeed.

But when the boat arrived on the shores of Denmark, the custom-house officers decided that Spots could not enter the country! I do not know who suffered more, my mistress, who had become so attached to the dog, or poor little Spots himself. He seemed to know that something very serious was happening, and he crouched down in his bag, as though he feared to be carried away from his mistress.

This experience caused some delay; but after a while his mistress, with the help of those who were with her, secured a written pass for Spots from the officials, saying that he could pass through Denmark, provided he was kept in his satchel, and the satchel was kept locked. This order was respected all the way through Denmark. But Spotty did not suffer a bit, because the little leather curtain was lifted, and he could look out of the window and see the interesting country and all the people who gathered at the stations — among them many little children.

It is said that his mistress took a long breath, and hoped that there would be no more trouble with Spots; and that in this experience, she realized that dogs are all right in their proper places, but to undertake the care of them on a long trip was almost impossible.

After the party had passed through Denmark they reached Sweden; and of course there was a custom-house to meet again; and the custom-house officers all endeavoring to do their duty. Then poor Spots had to have another experience. He was not satisfied to sit in the station in his satchel and wait for all those trunks to be examined; he could not see any sense in that. So, without letting anyone know, he jumped out of his satchel and wandered off again. And later his poor tired mistress found that the satchel, which stood right beside her, was empty!

Great was her consternation and anxiety; for this station was a great building, and just over to her left were the custom-house officers! Then the question was: what would be the next thing that would happen to Spots or to herself, or what delay would there be?

A few minutes later my mistress spied the lost Mr. Spotty walking almost under the feet of the custom-house officers, who were sitting

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BIG AND LITTLE THINGS

By Alfred H. Miles

I CANNOT do the big things
That I should like to do,
To make the earth forever fair,
The sky forever blue.

But I can do the small things
That help to make it sweet;
Though clouds arise and fill the skies,
And tempests beat.

I cannot stay the rain-drops
That tumble from the skies;
But I can wipe the tears away
From baby's pretty eyes.

I cannot make the sun shine,
Or warm the winter bleak;
But I can make the summer come
On sister's rosy cheek.

I cannot stay the storm clouds,
Or drive them from their place;
But I can clear the clouds away
From brother's troubled face.

I cannot make the corn grow,
Or work upon the lands;
But I can put new strength and will
In father's busy hands.

I cannot stay the east wind,
Or thaw its icy smart;
But I can keep a corner warm
In mother's loving heart.

I cannot do the big things
That I should like to do,
To make the earth forever fair,
The sky forever blue.

But I can do the small things
That help to make it sweet;
Though clouds arise and fill the skies
And tempests beat.—*Selected*

THE LOTUS CHILDREN OF SWEDEN

IT is one of the delights of the children of the Lotus Groups in Sweden to go out into the heart of the woods when the beautiful spring weather draws near and there enjoy the freshness of newly-

awakened Nature. The Göteborg Lotus Buds in the accompanying pictures are enjoying such an outing in the woods near their city.

Early some bright morning they don their cool, comfortable clothing, pack up boxes of " goodies," and then start off in high spirits with *portörer* flung over their shoulders in which to store shrubs and specimens. Once in the woods they imbibe the fragrance of early spring. There the cowslips, buttercups, anemones and wild wood-violets seem as happy as they. Yes, they even seem to have put on their brightest looks to welcome their little friends. Swedish games and dances enliven the happy hours, as well as frolics and rambles under the tall trees. Nor do the children hesitate, when healthy appetites remind them, to gather in the shade of some great oak or ash tree and delve into the hidden secrets of the lunch baskets.

But every day must end, even a very, very happy one. And as these children turn homewards thinking of the good time they have enjoyed, the woods still echoing with their songs and laughter, did they but turn about they might, perchance, see the sparkling eyes of tiny flower-fairies peeping out from each chalice or the slender arms of wood-nymphs waving their goodbyes. — Who knows? Happy children who are trying to be fairies themselves in goodness, carry about with them a spirit which does not fail to leave its influence.

Such is but one of the many interesting times which the Göteborg Lotus Children enjoy. They also gather regularly in weekly Lotus Group meetings, on which occasions they unite their efforts with those of the children of other Groups throughout Sweden, as well as all over the world wherever similar gatherings are held, in expressing their unselfish aspirations in music and happy thoughts.

These non-sectarian Lotus Groups, begun by Mr. Judge and now being continued under the direction of Madame Tingley, his successor and the present Leader of the Theosophical Society, have undoubtedly a promising future. A way is thereby opened for all young folk who are anxious to do their part in brightening the life of mankind. Through their education and enlightenment in these Lotus Groups a fresh vigor and life will spring into being and help to bring happiness and well-being into the lives of people of all nations. RUTH W.

CHILDREN generally hate to be idle; all the care then is, that their busy humor should be constantly employed in something of use to them.— *Locke*

(*Continued from page 138*)

at their big desk. You remember Spots was just a little bit of a creature, and did not weigh more than ten pounds. What was his mistress to do now? This was her thought.

Although she looked quiet, still all the party knew that there was great danger that Spots might be transferred to some little corner in the government store-house, and that the party might have to go on and leave him behind. Suddenly his mistress went over to the custom-house officers and commenced to talk to them; and as she did so, she stooped down and caught little Spots by the collar and pulled him up under her cape. And do you know, he did not bark or make any noise? He seemed to understand. Then his mistress walked off quietly and put him in his satchel, where he belonged, and where he could not trouble anyone.

After he got to Stockholm he was seen by many of the little children of the Lotus Groups, and they saw that he was nothing but a simple, quiet, good-natured, dear little dog that was attached to his mistress, and that through the kindness of her heart she had undertaken to keep him with her, without realizing how great the price would be.

I think my mistress had many thoughts about what would happen next, as she moved on with the little dog, for you will remember there was a long distance between Sweden and America, and she had many places to visit. From that time it is said that Spots seemed to know that he had been making mistakes along the road and causing trouble; and he was more careful all the time he was in Sweden.

After my mistress had been talking to the people in Stockholm and to the Lotus Buds, etc., she went with her party to other places, where there were many Lotus Buds and their parents and good friends to meet her. And then she, with her party, sailed from Göteborg for England one pleasant day when there were no clouds in the sky, and it seemed as though they would have a smooth passage through the Skagerack and the North Sea. But after one day at sea a storm commenced, and it was a very heavy one. The ship rolled from side to side, and that day there were but three people, out of the large number on board, who went to dinner!

Poor Spots had the hardest lot of all, because he was such a little fellow. He was too small to tie down under the berth; and so when he was put on the floor, with a lot of pillows around him to keep

him from rolling, it would seem as though he ought to have been secure, and would not get hurt. But then would come a big wave, and over would go the boat, and over would go Spots and the pillows too!

After a while Spots rebelled at this annoyance and kept up an incessant barking, which could not be controlled, because everyone who knew him said that he was really frightened, and I am told it was one of the most terrible storms that ship had been through for many years. Then there came complaints from the people, who were awfully seasick, about "that noisy dog." But Spots kept up the howling, as though he were fighting the storm which, he thought, was going to destroy his mistress. But after a while he went to sleep, exhausted after the hard strain. The storm abated and all the party were glad to find themselves safe when they arrived in England.

Spots had many exciting experiences in England and on the way home, which I will tell about in my next letter. Good-bye! DIXIE

A RAMBLE THROUGH THE EXPOSITION

(*Continued from page 131*)

MUSIC AT THE EXPOSITION

There is one excellent feature of the Exposition, and that is, that the lover of good music can always hear good music, and on the other hand, the man who likes to feel his feet itch with the latest popular jig need not leave the Exposition grounds to find it. Dr. Stewart always has some beautiful classics for the big out-door organ, and Tomassino's "Royal Italian Band" furnishes a strangely mixed diet of music of all sorts, ranging, on the day I heard it, from a splendid selection from Puccini's *Tosca* and Tschaikowsky's *Ouverture Solennelle, 1812,* to *Bright Eyes* by Hoschna and *Tipperary*. But there is this much to be said: whatever they serve, they always serve it in fine style.

With Tomassino's band were three grand opera singers from Milan, who rendered the Quartet (!) from *Rigoletto*. There was no contralto, so I suppose her part was taken by the "Queen of the Wood-winds," to whom I myself am wedded.

If you should happen to be more interested in acrobatics than in music, you can stop up your ears and watch young Maestro Tomassino capering around the platform. I heard an old couple pass a very unkind criticism on this youthful Italian bandmaster. They said: "After the band plays, he comes out and bows and gets all the applause, when the players have done all the work." This was as unreasonable a criticism of music as probably some of mine have been of painting; for I will wager that Director Tomassino uses up as much energy in leading that "Royal Italian Band" as all his players put together.

Taking it altogether, it was a most interesting ramble, and one well worth taking a day off to enjoy.

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.

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THE SECRETARY, RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE

Point Loma, California

ANNOUNCEMENT

For 1917

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS:

IN consequence of the increased high cost of paper and other materials used in the publishing business, due to the war, we are obliged to advance the price of this magazine. However we intend giving our readers the full equivalent of their money by adding two more numbers to the year's file, as well as by other improvements as explained below.

Beginning with the January 1917 issue the RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER will be published every two months (6 copies a year) at 20 cents a copy, or $1.00 a year in the United States, its Territories, Mexico and Cuba; $1.10 in Canada; $1.20 in foreign countries.

The addition of two extra issues, together with certain artistic touches that will constitute an important feature of the new magazine, will result in making it far more attractive, especially to young readers, for whom it is primarily intended. Three months is a long time for children to wait; therefore the extra numbers will be very welcome to them. Furthermore, the contents are to be devoted more to the interests of younger readers. In order to please the children's fancy delicate color touches will be added in some of the illustrations; there will be at least one beautiful picture in three colors as a frontispiece; the illustrations will be distributed more generally than heretofore, and dainty sketches will be interspersed amidst the text.

Râja-Yoga Messenger

An Illustrated Magazine
Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth

Conducted by

Students of the Râja-Yoga College

Published quarterly, 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

Subscription (4 issues) 50c. Foreign Postage 12c. extra; Canadian, 8c.

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

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OUR LIFE, A MOSAIC

OF all the arts, life can be most easily compared to a mosaic, in which every act has to be separately polished before it will fit harmoniously into the whole design. The design is the most important thing of all, and gives the pieces of the mosaic meaning and significance. The materials may be of excellent quality or only mediocre, but their true excellence depends upon the way they are worked into the design. A finely wrought design of materials of only modest quality is far better than the most beautiful substances commingled without intelligence or reason.

Sometimes one has an inward design for his mosaic of life, but knows not how to use the materials at hand; another has good materials, but the faculty of putting them into form has not been aroused; and still another does not recognize the value of what his nature contains, and so his design is never completed.

The best materials one can use to create a lasting life-mosaic are in the treasure-house of his own character. The merits of another will not do him the slightest good, nor will another's industry shape his stones. His design is his daily duty — that which lies at hand for him to do. His own conscience will point it out to him, and he can follow it only so far as he is able to listen to the voice of his inner guide.

The experiences of life are provided us to purify and burn away the dross from the materials which we use, and to give us skill in using them. Our awkward fingers must be trained, and many lives may have to pass before the design is perfected. Our mistakes, personal desires and ignorance mar the beauty of our work and dull its brightness.

True education teaches the student to search within himself for his materials, and develops patience and skill in working them.

Life is the glorious design which it lies in everyone's power to create, and man's spiritual nature makes it possible for him to create in fullness and beauty his life-mosaic stamped with his individuality.

CORRECT SPEECH

By a Swedish Râja-Yoga Pupil

THE faculty of expressing thoughts by words is one of the most essential gifts rendered mankind. It is a means of communication which has, as long as history has existed, been changed, polished, worn and added to until we have in our possession at the present time that impressive force called language.

It will be found that fluent orators do not gain their eloquence by wasting their vocal energies in idle speech, but by careful study of grammar and the correct use of words, thus forming a comprehensive mind.

We should pay more attention to our speech in order to become more useful and able to express ourselves in a grown-up way. "Speech is silver, silence golden," it is true, but that is no reason why we should not attempt to improve our language. Although "Silence doth sustain the soul as food sustains the body" and is more useful along spiritual lines, we find that those who devote their energies towards perfection of language do not lose anything thereby, but rather gain in a way, because they bring to themselves more opportunities for assisting in public affairs.

Some boys form an idea that bad expressions and slang come from the application of words that are not in the language, but this is *not* the case. Bad expressions merely come from the incorrect use of words.

The use and abuse of our vocal powers might be more clearly illustrated perhaps by the simple example of one of the most common practices, that is, humming in study-hour. Humming in study-hour gives a feeling of disturbance which is irritating when the boys are supposed to concentrate their minds on their school work; yet humming in its place is useful and even helpful, and may be of assistance in pulling us out of the gloomy corners in life that we sometimes get into. So humming in its place is all right and adds to the pleasure of the occasion, but humming out of place is all wrong and has a harmful influence; likewise words in their proper place are all right and add to the beauty of a sentence, but words out of place are harmful and displeasing to the ear, maybe making one of the worst expressions in the language.

"Think three times before you speak," is one of Madame Tingley's maxims — one of rare value indeed. Many people might have saved

quarrels or ill-feelings by thinking carefully before giving their opinions or answers.

So we might have wonderful results if we keep in mind the fact that we are doing our language an injustice by misusing it. S. P.

RIGHT ACTION

By a Cuban Râja-Yoga Pupil

THOSE who have really succeeded in trying to act right know that there is a sustaining power in right action which gives strength, courage and new life; they also know that there is lack of it in wrong action, which brings weakness, inharmony and disease, and this they learn from the experiences of failure. Moreover, when the motive is pure and unselfish, this sustaining power is present, whatever may be the seeming unsuccess of the action.

It is very difficult to keep oneself always on the higher levels of motive, thought and action, for the other side of our dual nature ever waits its opportunity to assert itself, and we are inclined to swing like the pendulum between the two. But a knowledge of what is involved in our action will help us in maintaining the correct attitude and right performance.

We have been told by our elders that there are others who are depending upon us and our right action, and that by our example we can make the upward path an easier one for them to climb; but if, on the other hand, we suffer ourselves to fall back, they too will fall, and although we may rise again, they may not perchance be able to do so. Think what a great responsibility this places upon us! How can we ever be careless with such a thought in our minds? And is not this thought enough, provided we carry it with us always, to make us ever choose the highest and the best, and to sacrifice our personal wants and likings for the better service of all?

The dividing-line between right and wrong action is less than the thread of a spider's web, and that is one of the reasons why it is so difficult to keep always on the right side. Therefore let us use our keenest discrimination, and when the lower self tries to get into a higher position than the higher self, let us say to ourselves, "I will do what I know to be right in order that others may have help to do

the same; I will withstand temptation even in this little thing and so perchance help another to withstand a greater temptation; I will add so much to the moral force of the world instead of detracting from it." If we do this, we shall at once feel the uplifting force of that great sustaining power — Right Action. A. P.

ONE DAY AT A TIME

By Helen Hunt Jackson

ONE day at a time! That's all it can be,
No faster than that is the hardest fate,
And days have their limits, however we
Begin them too early and stretch them too late.
One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme;
A good one to live by —
A day at a time!

One day at a time! Every heart that aches
Knows only too well how long that can seem:
But it's never today which the spirit breaks;
It's the darkening future, without a gleam.
One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme;
A good one to live by —
A day at a time!

One day at a time! A burden too great
To be borne for two can be borne for one;
Who knows what will enter tomorrow's gate?
While yet we are speaking, all may be done.
One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme;
A good one to live by —
A day at a time!

One day at a time! 'Tis the whole of life!
All sorrow, all joy, are measured therein,
The bound of our purpose, our noblest strife,
The one only countersign, sure to win!
One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme;
A good one to live by —
A day at a time! — *Selected*

DON QUIXOTE

By Craven Lanstroth Betts

GAUNT, rueful knight, on raw-boned, shambling hack,
Thy battered morion, shield and rusty spear,
Jog ever down the road in strange career,
Both tears and laughter following on thy track,
Stout Sancho hard behind, whose leathern back
Is curved in clownish sufferance, mutual cheer
The quest beguiling as devoid of fear,
Thou spurrest to rid the world of rogues, alack!
Despite fantastic creed and addled pate,
Of awkward arms and weight of creaking steel,
Nobility is thine — the high estate
That arms knights-errant for all human weal;
How rare, La Mancha, grow such souls of late —
Dear, foiled enthusiast, teach our hearts to feel! — *Selected*

CERVANTES

By Miguel Domínguez

CERVANTES, Lope de Vega, Calderón: these three form the foundation-stones of Spanish literature; of these Cervantes is the most popular, his popularity resting upon one book: *Don Quixote de la Mancha.* It has been said that this book was written with the intention of ridiculing knight-errantry out of fashion, but it is erroneous to give any brain-mind reason as to what it all means. Cervantes clearly saw the truth and set it down; therein lies the secret of its lasting popularity. It is a true book, for none but true books survive for any length of time, and this one has been a general favorite of Europe and America for over three centuries.

Every man once in his lifetime mounts his Rozinante and rides forth to tilt against windmills, satisfied that his Membrino helmet will protect him, and his windmills are real giants to him, and his sheep real armies; but only Cervantes calls them by their right names and laughs delightedly at such foibles. He was a man whose native light-heartedness was never dampened by the troubles of a struggling life. Let us look behind the scenes and see if he had the right to laugh at the rest of us, no matter how good-naturedly.

Born in 1547, in Alcalá de Henares, Cervantes had for schoolmaster a man of character and literary ability who probably gave him his love of literature. While still a young man Cervantes became

acquainted with Cardinal Acquaviva and traveled to Rome under his patronage, but he soon left him to enter the army as a private soldier. This was during the great enthusiasm that swept through Europe for a Crusade against the Turks, who were threatening Christendom through their successes in the Mediterranean. Pope Pius V, Philip II of Spain and the Venetians formed an alliance to check the progress of the Turks. In 1571 the combined fleets of Spain, Rome and Venice almost completely destroyed the Ottoman fleet at the Battle of Lepanto, fought on the west coast of Greece. It was in this battle that Cervantes won fame as a soldier and lost the use of his left hand, "for the greater glory of the right." Although ill of a fever, yet he fought so intrepidly as to win the admiration of the commander-in-chief, Don John of Austria, who gave him letters to the King of Spain, highly praising his valor. The ship in which he was returning to Spain was captured by Algerine pirates, who, judging by the contents of the letters that Cervantes was a man of importance, fixed his ransom at a figure altogether beyond his means, so he was taken as a slave to Algiers, where he remained for five years. There were at Algiers several thousand Spanish slaves at this time, and it must have been a godsend to the poor captives to have the witty and high-spirited Don Miguel as their leader; for he soon became the moving spirit of the Spanish slaves, encouraging them and promising speedy release or escape. His fertile brain was always working out plans for their escape, and his glib tongue forever persuading even Mohammedans to help in his plots, but his plans always miscarried through the treachery of others. In spite of the fact that he never would expose his associates in his numerous attempts to escape, Cervantes was never punished, although his master was noted for his cruelty to slaves. The gods were looking after their own.

In the fifth year of his captivity his family managed to scrape together and borrow enough money to pay his ransom, and he returned to Spain. Once again he entered the army, enlisting in the same regiment in which Lope de Vega was then serving. But fighting had now become distasteful to him and he left the army after fighting under Alva in Portugal. It was during this period that he was unjustly imprisoned several times, and one of these imprisonments led to the idea of writing *Don Quixote,* the first part of which appeared in 1603, and the second part in 1615. The work instantly became famous and brought renown to the author, but nothing else; for to

the end of his days he lived in more or less straitened circumstances.

Besides *Don Quixote,* Cervantes was the author of several plays and novels, but none of them approach his great work; his *Novelas Ejemplares* alone deserves mention. His first serious work was a pastoral poem, *Galatea.*

Spanish is a language eminently suited for the turning out of proverbs, and Cervantes took full advantage of this when writing *Don Quixote.* The proverbs that he puts into the mouth of the delightful Sancho, brother to Falstaff, are now household words in the Spanish-speaking world. When a book becomes popular in Spain, the people take it to their hearts, and it becomes a part of their everyday life. Every lean horse is Rozinante and every good-living peasant Sancho Panza. In the same way a beautiful woman is called *una dama Lope de Vega.* This Spanish characteristic alone, if nothing else, will make *Don Quixote* and other popular Spanish books live even after their authors are forgotten.

A Few Proverbs Selected from *Don Quixote*

Quien canta, sus males espanta: He who sings frightens away his ills.

Donde una puerta se cierra, otra se abre: When one door is shut, another opens.

Bien predica quien bien vive: He preaches well who lives well.

Siempre favorece el cielo los buenos deseos: Heaven ever favors good wishes.

Todo saldrá en la colada: All will come out in the washing.

Saca fuerzas de flaqueza: Draw strength from weakness.

Es dulce el amor de la patria: Sweet is the love of one's native land.

No es oro todo lo que reluce: All is not gold that glitters.

Todos los duelos con pan son buenos: All sorrows are less with bread.

Al freir de los huevos lo verá: It will be seen in the frying of the eggs (which is good).

Tanto vales cuanto tienes: You are worth as much as you possess.

Más vale pájaro en mano que buitre volando: Better a sparrow in hand than a vulture on the wing.

Hombre apercibido medio combatido: A man prepared has half fought the battle.

El comenzar las cosas es tenerlas medio acabadas: To begin matters is to have them half finished.

IN A BOOK OF ROMANCES

By Percy Haselden

LIKE some tired traveler I stray
From surfeit of the world's mad dance
To hoarded dreams of yesterday,
In old-world gardens of Romance.

Here is a little dreamland hewn
Out of the nigh-forgotten days
When knightly deeds and flowers of June
Were meet for courtly ladies' praise.

Here is a garden where still bloom
Old-fashioned favorites that spin
Glad pictures for my silent room
That Sorrow may not enter in.

The above verses, which appeared in *T. P's Weekly*, are so suggestive of the old-world garden atmosphere of San Diego's Exposition as to seem to belong thereto.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SAN DIEGO EXPOSITION

THE Exposition in San Diego is of greater interest from an artistic point of view than most previous expositions held at other places, because it is built in such close organic connection with nature.

It is a great truth that never should be lost sight of by architects and builders, that only in co-operation with nature can man attain the highest results of beauty and harmony. Even the most artistic and skilfully constructed building does not give us the joy of a great work of art if it is not placed in the right surroundings, or if it does not blend somewhat with the general character of the view of which it is a part. On the other hand, even comparatively inconspicuous and simple buildings can be of fine artistic effect when they stand in intimate relation to the place on which they are built and where they seem to be rooted, so to speak, in the soil, forming a unified composition with the surrounding trees, hills, and all that nature has bestowed on that special place. This is very evident at the International Theosophical Headquarters on Point Loma, where so many of the charming small bungalows almost seem to have grown up from the soil, and where the larger buildings form the artistic crown on the ridge that gradually rises from the sea. The connecting link between these buildings and the ground on which they stand is formed by the trees, the shrubs, and even the plants that cling to their walls, thus giving them a touch of growing life.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL PALACE-LIKE BUILDINGS
AT THE PANAMA-CALIFORNIA INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA
Note the close organic connection between the building and its site — a unified composition of man's art and nature's.

Something of this same organic effect has been attained, on a larger scale, at the San Diego Exposition. It does not consist, like most previous expositions, of rows of buildings hastily put up on a bare sandy plain; but it comprises groups of buildings set in rich verdure, and so well arranged that they seem to belong to that place and to have been there for ages.

When one approaches the Exposition from the city and enters on the high bridge that leads over the Cabrillo Canyon, the view is quite suggestive of some old-fashioned little Spanish or Italian town that has been cleaned and freed of the small dirty houses which usually form the outskirts of the towns in Southern Europe. Instead of such hovels, fragrant trees and shrubs cover the hillside. The large buildings on the top of the hill have mostly plain white walls and flat roofs, and above these some towers rise as landmarks for the eye. At the side of the largest tower there is a multicolored dome. Is this the church and the bell-tower of the town?

Finally we reach the city gate. It is powerful, with ornaments on the columns and figures in relief above the arch. Just as in the old city gates, there is a window over the entranceway through which the guard can watch the people who approach. You know, in ancient times all the cities were surrounded by high walls, and nobody could enter except through the gates where soldiers kept guard. In wartime, or when unfriendly people approached, the heavy doors of the gates were kept shut with large beams behind, and it required great force to break through such gates.

At the San Diego Exposition however the gates are open, and we pass from the deep shadow under the archway into the sunny Plaza de California. This is one of the most beautiful open places at the Exposition. It is closed on three sides by arcades formed by low rounded arches on heavy pillars, but on the fourth side there rises a richly decorated high façade. The surrounding buildings give us the impression of some old monastery with its adjoining church; the low, simple arcades have evidently been suggested by those of the "missions" that the Spanish monks erected in California in the seventeenth century, but the church façade with its abundance of decorative garlands and statues is designed on the model of some cathedrals in Mexico.

The architecture of the San Diego Exposition has been suggested partly by the old California missions and partly by the stately build-

ings of the Spanish-American Renaissance. This makes it in a way very appropriate, because those buildings were suited to the climate of southern latitudes; their long arcades afforded shade from the blazing sun and shelter from the rain, and their open courtyards could be used as pleasant living-places in warm weather. Many of the buildings at the Exposition may thus be regarded as illustrations of the older history of Latin America; they have a local character which is interesting, particularly to the foreigner. This is especially true in regard to the "Southern California Building," which shows a most successful modern adaptation of the old mission style.

Continuing our walk along the main street of the Exposition city, which is lined by rows of trees and shady arcades, we soon reach a large central square, the "Plaza de Panama." This is surrounded by some palace-like buildings which seem to be the residences of the governor and other officials. The central palace may be the city hall, for in front of it is a broad terrace eminently suitable for public ceremonies and proclamations, but at present often occupied by bands or singers, who entertain the crowds that gather on the plaza. Everybody comes here to feed the tame doves and to hear the music. Thanks to all these birds and the indescribable air of *dolce far niente,* the place has something suggestive of the Piazza San Marco in Venice, though the surrounding buildings are quite different. It is a place where you want to rest for a while and let the eye enjoy the beautiful pictures formed by the white façades partly covered by creeping bougainvillea, or the open view over the verdant *esplanada* bordered with golden pansies that leads down to the large organ. And when the music reaches you from the distant organ, the harmony of this beautiful blending of art and nature becomes still more complete — you almost forget that you are at an exposition: it is like a dream of some ancient peaceful corner of the earth — or is it a promise of the future? O. S.

A dream city grew on the hills of Balboa,
A vine-covered city of magical art.
Her flower-gemmed graments of emerald splendor
Spring lush from the fount of earth's generous heart.

To treat life in the spirit of art, is to make life a thing in which means and ends are identified; to encourage such treatment, is the true moral significance of art and poetry.— *Walter Pater*

MODERN DUTCH ART

By Iverson Harris, Jr.

THE Netherlands Exhibition of Contemporary Dutch Art, under the management of Mr. G. E. de Vries, was shown to the public at the Panama-California International Exposition in San Diego from May 15th until July 31st — a period of eleven weeks. It is now on circuit and will be seen in the principal cities of this country. Several groups of the Râja-Yoga students saw the Dutch paintings while they were at the Exposition — among others, some of those who had traveled through Holland with Mme. Tingley in 1913 and had seen the masterpieces of Dutch art in the Amsterdam Museum of Art.

On taking up the catalog of the Netherlands Exhibition and reading the introduction by J. Nilsen Laurvik, Commissioner of Fine Arts for Norway at the P. P. I. E., San Francisco, one feels at once that he is in the company of a distinguished cicerone and critic. For a scholarly and sympathetic review of the Dutch paintings in this collection, one should read Mr. Laurvik's introduction. He thus explains the character of the Exhibition and the School it represents:

> Indeed, the general aspect of this collection of paintings brought together by Mr. G. E. de Vries is distinctly light and colorful. Retaining in part the works exhibited in the Netherlands Section in the Palace of Fine Arts at the P. P. I. E., 1915, the additions to this Post-Exposition Exhibition shown at the P. P. I. E. from January 1st to May 1st of 1916, comprise in the main works by younger men of pronounced modern tendencies. Instead of the gray tones of the old palette that served the famous Hague School and their successors, there is a predominance of lighter hues, and here and there, as in the radiant *Early Morning* of Johan Meyer's, we are confronted with the violet shadow and its complementary prismatic accompaniments. These are the bright harbingers of the new day over which the fame of the old still lingers.

Hendrikus van Ingen is the oldest exhibitor in the whole collection, except Matthys Maris, who is no longer actively engaged in his art. He was born in 1846 and did not become known until 1903. He was self-taught and had no artist's influence or academies to help him. And yet today his paintings are admittedly the finest in the whole of the Dutch collection. Perhaps the more radical artists and critics of the present day may regard him as somewhat behind the times in his quiet colors and conservative methods. But van Ingen's cattle and landscapes are as refreshing as are the tranquility of Bach and the sunshine of Mozart and Haydn after listening to the harmonic intricacies of Richard Strauss and Debussy. In looking at van Ingen's paintings — exhibited in America for the first time in this collection — the amateur in art is reminded of Nathaniel Hawthorne's words about music:

> Heaven be praised, I know nothing of music as a science; and the most elaborate harmonies, if they please me, please as simply as a nurse's lullaby.

This venerable Dutch artist is represented by six canvases, as follows: two *Dutch Landscapes, Resting, Summertime, At the Stream* and *Head of a Cow.* His treatment of the latter study is so realistic as to make sympathetic observers regret that they have not a handful of nice succulent clover-leaves to give Bess as they pass. Aside from the admiration which one feels for his beautiful land-

scapes and contented bovines, one cannot read of his life without feeling the same affectionate regard for him that one feels for the great French naturalist, Henri Fabre. Both were of humble birth; both learned their lessons from their own observation and without the aid of fortune; both stayed at home; both grew old without fame overtaking them; both suddenly became characters of international repute — the Frenchman as the greatest living entomologist, the Hollander as the finest living painter of cattle; both have retained that child state which most of humanity has lost — the same ingenuousness and sweetness of disposition at seventy as they had at seven. How can we help admiring such characters and their works?

In marked contrast to the pastoral repose of van Ingen's paintings are the pulsating pictures of the great modern industries by Herman Heyenbrock entitled *New Building, Steel Works, Belgian Colliery, Factory in Winter, Extinguishing Coke* and *Belgian Glass Factory.* These paintings are not only remarkable for the originality of their subjects in the field of art, but also for the way they *live;* Heyenbrock's coke actually burns, and his steel plates glow. His pictures are as real and true to life as Velasquez's painting of *Las Meninas.* With palette and brush the Dutch artist has expressed on canvas the soul of modern material progress with as much truth and insight as Kipling did on paper with pen and ink when he wrote *.007* and *The Ship that Found Herself.*

Louis van Soest hails from the Dutch East Indies. He was born in Java in 1867, first studied engineering, and did not begin painting until 1891. He is represented by two pictures, *Carnival* and *Winter Evening.* Of the former Mr. Laurvik writes:

> The technical virtuosity, the breadth and certainty of characterization, the vivacious play of adroitly harmonized colors, the sense of life and movement in the scene, recall the dash and daring of Hals, but a Hals whose nostrils are filled with the breath of modernity.

Among the Luxemburg paintings the portraits were perhaps the best and most attractive feature. In the Netherlands Exhibition, on the other hand, portraits are conspicuous by their scarcity. On the whole, the Dutch paintings are more pleasing to the eye — at least to the eye of an amateur. The colors are brighter, the subjects are more joyous, and nature is more affectionately delineated. Take for instance the fresh bright faces in *The Looking Glass* and *The Springtime of Life* by Professor Nicolaas van der Waay; Tjerk Bottema's distinctly modern pictures, *Loading Hay, The Drinker* and *Harvest Time;* Eugene Lücker's *Blooming Apple Tree* with its fresh pure color; A. M. Luyt's *Peasant Festival, Zeeland;* van der Maarel's lively treatment of children playing *On the Beach;* Antoon Mauve's *Returning Home, Sheep Shearing* and *A Warm Day;* Fritz Mondrian's *The Golden Autumn,* a rich warm canvas; *The Land of Tulips* by Willem E. Roelofs Jr.; C. Vreedenburgh's *Unloading Peat on the Edge of a Canal* and *In the Meadow* revealing "a blythe nature in love with clear skies and sunlit fields"; Mme. Vreedenburgh's *Slum in the City of Hattem;* and all of van Ingen's works.

Notable contributions to Dutch genre painting in this collection are: *Domes-*

tic Cares by J. S. H. Kever; *Feeding the Chickens* by Anna E. Kerling; *Faggot Gathering* by J. Kleintjes; *Interior of a Dutch Home* by Betsy Repelius; *Before the Open Door* and *Cleaning Vegetables* by Jacob Snoeck; *Preparing Fodder* and longshoremen *Navvying* by Jacob Zon; and *Waiting* by Frans Oerder.

Conspicuous among the paintings of the Luxemburg Exhibition were the war pictures. But Holland is still neutral except for a single picture, *Caring for the Wounded,* by Piet M. van Walchren. However the Dutch collection is rich in a field of which the French exhibit was practically barren. The Luxemburg paintings gave a very slight picture of France itself; whereas the Netherlands Exhibition takes one right to the land of William the Silent and Grotius. The following partial list will serve to illustrate this point: *The Old Cottage* and *Road on the Heath* by Miss C. F. Balwe; *Dutch Landscape* by Bernardus Antonie van Beek; *On the Banks of a Dutch Lake* by Ludolph Berkemeyer; *In the Garden of the Castle* and *The Edge of the Forest* by Gerard J. de Boer; *Volendam* and *Volendam Fisherman* by Joan Collette; *Amsterdam* by A. Le Comte; *In the Kempen Country* by G. de Groot; *Sheep on the Dunes* by Willem Hamel; van Ingen's two *Dutch Landscapes* previously mentioned; *Spring Morning on the Dunes* by Jan Jans; *Repairing Fishing Nets in Katwyk* and *Girl from Ierseke, Zeeland* by Miss M. Robert Janssen; *Dordrecht* and *Sions Hill, Nymegen* by Eugene Lücker; *Mill at Nigtevecht* by P. P. Schiedges; *Country Road in Overyssel* by Johan Vlaanderen; *Village of Blokzyl* and *Village of Nieuwkoop* by C. Vreedenburgh; *Ancient Part of the Hague City* and *Moonlight in Dordrecht* by Cornelis Anthony van Waning; and *The Mill* by Jan van Vuuren. Certainly the American descendants of one-legged Peter Stuyvesant and old "Diedrich Knickerbocker" can rejoice that the traditions of Rembrandt, Rubens and van Dyke are not yet forgotten in the land of their forebears.

Of a little canvas so captivating that we wanted to take it home with us, Mr. Laurvik remarks:

> The ebb and flow, the actions and reactions that keep the tide of art ever moving, is exemplified in Willem van den Berg's *Boy with Bowl of Fruit,* a strongly designed, vigorously painted, rich yet subdued color ensemble, which, in its pattern no less than in its color, so strongly recalls Vermeer of Delft as to appear to derive therefrom. We note a similar love of citron yellow and a somewhat similar appreciation of the essential value of the background, in this instance, as so often in Vermeer, a grayish wall that at once harmonizes the color and accentuates the pattern. Moreover, it has the same curious and tantalizing combination of modernity and old masterish qualities which makes Vermeer a contemporary of Degas and Corot whilst he remains essentially of his own time. . . . So much real ability combined with such profound admiration for what is vital in tradition as is shown here should go far toward accomplishing the high aims revealed in this striking little canvas.

This artist also has a larger canvas, entitled *Persian Blue,* in which a boy stands in front of a large vase of that color. The same criticism as to the excellence of his color ensemble applies equally well to this study; in fact, you know at once that this is a van den Berg canvas.

J. van Essen, born in Amsterdam in 1854, is universally recognized as the greatest modern Dutch painter of animals. An excellent specimen of his work

is the *Pelicans* of this collection. He has the great merit of being almost photographic in his realism, without being in any way inartistic. Other interesting animal studies, besides this one and those of van Ingen's already referred to, are: *Cart Horses at the Riverside* by C. J. van Overbeek; *The Beast of Prey* by C. J. Mension; *Geese near the Lake* by C. Koppenol; *Dutch Plowing Oxen* by H. J. van der Weele; *Plowing* by Jacques Geerlings; and *Sheepfold* by Carel L. Dake, Jr. Mr. Laurvik's comments on the work of "that brilliant young virtuoso of the brush, David Bautz," are particularly apt. He says:

> We see that contemporary Dutch art has not strayed so very far from its time-honored traditions. In conception and treatment his *Dead Birds* recalls the vigorous opulence of old Dutch still-life painters with something more of breadth and verve in the handling.

Interesting Dutch character-studies, besides those already mentioned, are: Hobbe Smith's *Fisherman Knitting Nets;* H. M. Krabbe's charming *Little Sis;* Anna E. Kerling's *Diligent Old Woman;* Professor Johannes Christian Addicks' *Mother and Child;* Jacob Dooyewaard's *Meditation;* Miss Bertha Gori's *Old Woman;* J. F. Sterre de Jong's *Waiting for Breakfast;* Professor Nicolaas van der Waay's *Dutch Orphanhouse Girl;* and Otto van Tussenbroek's *The Volendam Sailor.*

It is to be regretted that the lately deceased Israels, Holland's greatest modern painter, is only represented by one small engraving and no paintings at all. *The Dance,* by P. C. de Moor, in its freedom of movement is somewhat suggestive of Louis Loeb's *Temple of the Winds,* though less imaginative. Professor Carel L. Dake's *The Three Holy Kings* is most romantic and striking, and his son's *Chinese Gate, Honkong* is also exceedingly picturesque. Among the many fine canvases of winter scenes may be mentioned those by Martimus Kramer, F. A. Mooy, Pieter Adrianus Schipperus, David Schulman, Louis van Soest, Antoon Mauve and his son A. R. Mauve. Though the winter scenes predominate, there are also some excellent pictures of the harvest season, a few of spring, and one or two of summer.

As for the display of etchings, lithographs and graphic art in general, it might well constitute an exhibition by itself. Unfortunately, it being exhibited by itself in a side gallery, we did not discover these treasures until our visit was drawing to a close; therefore we shall not be able to comment upon them individually, except a few which specially appealed to our fancy. All of Dirk Harting's finely etched plates delighted us, particularly *Amsterdam Lock, Steeple Amersfoort, Amersfoort I* and *Amersfoort Canal V.* In praise of his workmanship Mr. Laurvik says:

> In these impeccably drawn and beautifully bitten plates, in which every tone attains its true value, one is face to face with the underlying spirit not alone in Dutch art but in its life — the prodigious power of taking pains which indeed is akin to genius, if not of the very essence of it, as Carlyle observed. These plates hold and thrill one by the sheer virtue of their craftsmanship, by their amazing grasp of detail which shirks no difficulties, that gives everything its due with a meticulous care that nevertheless avoids being a mere dry assemblage of facts. To be sure, they lack the casual impressionistic quality one

> is accustomed to associate with etching, and have, on the whole, more the character of steel engravings. . . . His plates are always, however, distinguished by an interesting point of view and by a pictorial sense of light and shade that denotes the real artist interested in the picturesque aspect of his subject.

Harting's work is strikingly individualistic; although hung in different parts of the gallery, nevertheless we always knew one of his etchings the moment it attracted our attention.

The etchings that pleased us most, next to Harting's, were the oriental studies by M. A. J. Bauer, most of all his *Street in Constantinople*. To quote again our entertaining critic and guide:

> M. A. J. Bauer stands today as one of the leading exponents of pure etching, of a free, impressionistic style that carries forward the traditions bequeathed by Rembrandt. He may be said to be the first really great etcher that has appeared in Holland since the master of Leyden established his supremacy in this art.

Lack of space, as well as of notes referring to the specific titles of many other excellent plates, prohibits our commenting upon them; but we cannot close this appreciation of the Netherlands Art Exhibition without referring to the following: G. C. Haverkamp's well-drawn figures and carefully executed plates; the studied plates by Albert Hemelman; M. van der Valk's finely bitten plates; the striking contrast of light and shade in Jan Poortenaar's versatile studies; the finished draughtsmanship of a single lithograph by Th. van Hoytema; also the choice plates by Josef Israels, Matthew Maris and Tjeerd Bottema.

NATURE NOTES FOR YOUNG READERS

The Tongues of Birds

IF we could visit a well-stocked aviary and, like a doctor, ask the various inmates to show us their tongues, we should be surprised at their wonderful variety. The tongues of common birds bear much the same proportion to the size of their bodies as ours do, and we might very naturally suppose that a bird as big as a pelican would have a tongue like a large-sized carrot at the very least. As a matter of fact, the tongue of the pelican is no bigger than a toothpick, and indeed a larger one would be only in the way, as he swallows his fish down whole.

In the owls, the larks, and the swifts the tip of the tongue is forked, reminding one of the cleft tongues of the snakes and lizards, and as the birds are believed to be descended from the reptiles, it looks as though these particular birds were still keeping up the family fashion in tongues.

The common flicker or "golden-winged woodpecker" has a very

remarkable, extensible tongue which he can shoot out to a distance of two or three inches. Other woodpeckers have long, slender tongues four inches long and armed at the point with barbs like a fish-hook.

Woodpeckers, as everybody knows, are always tapping the trunks of trees with their bills, and when they find a hollow spot they are certain that some harmful grub is boring his way through the timber below. They set to work at once with the greatest vigor, and by heavy blows of their chisel-like bills they break into the tunnel where the grub lies hidden. Following its windings with their long, supple tongues, they very soon find the tree's enemy. Piercing him with the barbed tip of their tongue, they draw him out into the daylight.

The sap-sucking woodpeckers have a regular brush of hairs at the tip of their tongues. This is useful to soak up the sweet sap that flows from the holes they bore in the bark of the maples.

The double-tubed tongue of the humming-bird is formed by the curling up of the outer edges. The tip of the tongue is more or less split and frayed, and this makes it an excellent implement for mopping up the nectar of flowers and flicking up the insects they find among the petals.

The tongues of parrots and cockatoos are thick and fleshy, with club-shaped tips, reminding one somewhat of a rubber bottle-stopper. It seems strange that with tongues so unlike ours they can imitate human speech so well.

The tongue of the chickadee has four little prongs at the end like a fork, which make it a splendid instrument for collecting the insects it finds in the crevices of the bark of trees.

In the tongue of the common goldfinch the sides curl inward, thus forming an admirable seed-scoop.

The tongue of the bird is of very little use as an organ of taste; and indeed one could scarcely expect such a hard and horny instrument to be very sensitive.

COUSIN PERCY

RAW SILK was first made by the people of China, called Seres, in B. C. 150. Silk was first taken to Europe from India in A. D. 374, at which time it was worth its weight in gold. The manufacture of silk was introduced into Europe from India by some monks in 551; first used for dress goods in 1455; first manufactured in France in 1521.— *Century Book of Facts*

A SONG OF HOPE

By Ina M. Stenning

PUT far thy dreams; the world is only won
Upon thy feet.
Stand up and face the course that is to run
With faith to meet
Thy destined lot in life, to do or die
And have no fear —
Lift up thy heart! The Dawn is in the sky,
The Day is near!

Trust in thyself; thou hast a golden key
Within thy hand;
Be pure, be strong, make Fate a slave to thee,
And thou shalt stand
Courageous, with calm soul serene and high,
A pioneer —
Lift up thy heart! The Dawn is in the sky,
The Day is near!

Only be tender in thy strength, be kind
To those who fail,
Else are thy guidance and thy hopeful mind
Of no avail:
Tell out thy message as thou passest by
That all may hear —
"Lift up your hearts! The Dawn is in the sky,
The Day is near!"— From *The Westminster Gazette*

A SYMPOSIUM OF UNIVERSAL PEACE

VII — French Peace-Workers

ON turning the pages of French history we find an array of names of men and women who were the friends of humanity and who benefited their country; consequently they deserve to be included in a list of the world's peace-workers. But so numerous are they that some will have to be omitted, and those whose names will appear will be given the briefest possible mention.

The first French peace-worker, in point of time, was Clotilda (475-545) a Burgundian princess. In 493 she married Clovis, the king of the Franks, over whom and his people she exercised a beneficial influence. Good Queen Clotilda survived her husband thirty-four years, residing chiefly at Tours, engaged in charitable work. Her

daughter-in-law Radigonde, wife of Clothair I, was another good woman of this time. She was a patroness of learning, and her school for women near Poitiers was unique in its day.

A little more than a century brings us to Charles Martel (685-741) who, though only Mayor of the Palace, was the real king under the "Do-nothing Kings." He directed the Frank nation with wisdom and vigor for twenty-three years, and was the greatest man of his day in Europe. He enlarged the kingdom and left it in peace and prosperity, his aim having been a unified nation directed by a central government. A great warrior by force of circumstances rather than choice, he defended the Franks against encroachments from without and from the effects of anarchy and factions within their borders; but he wished for peace and not war. On more than one occasion he offered favorable terms to the enemy before beginning an engagement, in order that "the blood of so many noble Franks might not be shed," said he; moreover, it was his custom to bestow honors upon his defeated foes, thereby winning their friendship. His defeat of Abderrahman and his Arab host on the plain between Tours and Poitiers in October 732 was one of the decisive battles of the world. Furthermore, he laid the foundation upon which his grandson reared the Frank kingdom and later the Western Empire.

This grandson was the illustrious Charlemagne (742-814) who completed the work of his grandfather and brought peace to the land of the Franks by vanquishing their fierce neighbors on all sides, but not until he had waged for thirty-two years a war for civilization and progress. His age required that he should be a conqueror and stern ruler rather than a constitutional monarch; nevertheless he was one of the world's greatest legislators and civil administrators, also a true friend of humanity. Two of his striking characteristics were his versatility and energy: he was a patron of learning, science and the arts; the educator of his people, both high and low; a promoter of agriculture, industries and navigation; an untiring worker for the public welfare, and a man of no mean intellectual attainments. "Many ambitious sovereigns have appeared in the thousand years since his time," says Giesebrecht, "but none has striven towards a higher ideal than to be placed beside Charlemagne; with this the boldest conquerors, the wisest pacific princes have contented themselves."

Louis VI (1108-1137) was the first French king to grant charters to towns and to recognize the "Third Estate"— the free townspeople.

But even more notable as a friend of the people and a lover of peace was his trusted minister Suger (1081-1152) "the Solomon of the century." His knowledge of men and his ability to handle them, combined with his love of country, made him an excellent minister — one who worked unselfishly for the best interests of the land and the people he loved. On the death of his patron Suger became the virtual ruler, Louis VII being a wayward youth of eighteen. When the latter went on the Second Crusade, Suger did his best to dissuade him, pointing out that his duties lay at home rather than in foreign lands. During his sovereign's absence he governed the kingdom wisely, maintained peace and order, dealt out strict justice, encouraged agriculture, and restored prosperity. He believed in a central monarchy — in a chief magistrate who is the maintainer of peace, the protector of the weak, the dispenser of justice, and the champion of the common weal against personal ambition. "The duty of kings," he said, "is by their strong arm and their high prerogative to curb the insolence of the great who tear the state to pieces by their constant wars."

We now come to another woman peace-worker. Blanche of Castile (1188-1252), though a Spaniard by birth, was French by adoption, having married Louis VIII, after which she devoted her life to the services of France. As Regent during the minority of her son Louis IX, and again while he was absent on his first Crusade, she ruled France with consummate ability; she was untiring, politic, adroit, prudent and wise. The French historian Henri Martin says of her: "This woman, the greatest who had borne the crown since Brunehilda, was worthy to rule and defend the inheritance of Philip Augustus: she had the same thirst and genius for rule, with a like energy, courage and perseverance. She had in truth all the manly virtues without sacrificing any of the grace and address of woman." Her rule was peaceful and just, and she left the kingdom more prosperous than when she received it. Devout as she was, she resisted successfully the encroachments of the ecclesiastical power. Perhaps her greatest work was as a mother: the rearing of her son, whom she trained in things spiritual as well as temporal, and imbued with her genius for statecraft; he himself attributed all his talents and virtues to his good mother. Queen Blanche was indeed a humanitarian; in the accompanying illustration she is seen dispensing charity to the poor, and she rescued the imprisoned serfs of Nôtre Dame at the risk of her life and in defiance of the Church.

Of Louis IX we have just heard. He was the ideal knight of his age — virtuous, pious, courteous, sincere, chivalrous, patient, industrious, humane and just. Except for his disastrous Crusades, he was a wise ruler and on his return from the Holy Land in 1254 he devoted himself to the interests of his people. He realized that a sovereign's first duty is to maintain peace; consequently he put a stop to private wars between the barons, curbed feudal oppression, reformed the finances, made the weak equal with the strong before the law, personally dispensed justice, gave France a new code of laws, and placed her in the front rank of European nations. The humblest subject could lay his grievances before him and be sure of an impartial decision. In pleasant weather he held his court of justice under a great oak in the forest of Vincennes, near Paris. He did not believe, as many then did, in building churches to atone for one's sins; he said, "Living men are the stones of God's temple, and the church is more beautified by good manners than by rich walls."

Jacques Cœur (1395-1456) another commoner, rose to be a rich merchant and a great Minister of Finance under Charles VII. He refined the debased coinage, built up French commerce, corrected fraudulent commercial abuses, reformed the taxes, encouraged development of the natural resources of France, put a stop to private peculation at the expense of the State, and combatted dishonesty in both high and low. Says Michelet: "Jacques Cœur restored the coinage, discovered in finance a thing hitherto unheard of, namely, justice, and held that for kings, as for everybody else, the way to get rich is to pay one's debts."

As for Joan of Arc (1412-1431) a contemporary of Jacques Cœur, all the world knows the story of how she delivered France from a foreign foe, transformed a vacillating prince into an energetic sovereign, and brought peace to France after twenty-five years of warfare. Let it not be thought that she took up the sword from choice: inspiration and duty compelled her to, and by so doing she made the greatest sacrifice of the ages — her martyrdom. "She takes so high a place among the great men and women of the world that wherever noble deeds and noble lives are held in honor, the name of Joan of Arc is reverenced," says Marshall.

Let us now turn our attention to two scholars. The first is Guillaume Budé (1467-1540) scholar, royal librarian, reformer; the forerunner of the Renaissance and the Reformation; the friend of

Erasmus, Rabelais, Charles VIII and Louis XII; also a collaborator with Margaret of Angoulême and Francis I in founding the Collège de France, his noblest monument. His part in that undertaking will be dealt with in the concluding chapter of this series. An interesting sidelight is thrown on his character by an extract from his last instructions: "I wish to be carried to earth by night, without any sort of ceremony, or more than one or two torches. . . . For I can never approve of the practice of gloomy rites and of funeral pomps, and I forbid their celebration in my honor."

The other scholar is François Rabelais (1483-1553), philosopher, humorist, satirist, physician, naturalist, the friend of humanity, and the apostle of the Renaissance and the Reformation; he was the first to make Frenchmen laugh. He preceded Cervantes in ridiculing the so-called romances of chivalry, as well as the follies, foibles, pedantries and bigotries of his day. He sincerely loved his fellow-men, and many of his utterances sound the keynote of sympathy and compassion. He said: "Men were born for the aid and succor of men"; and again, "We establish sovereign good, not by grasping and taking, but by opening our hands and scattering bounty. And we deem ourselves happy, not if we receive much from others, . . . but if we give largely unto others."

We now come to three great names, a mother and her daughter and son, who were inseparable in their work of liberalizing thought in France and preparing the way for the introduction of the "New Ideas" and the birth of the French Renaissance. We refer to Louise of Savoy, Margaret of Angoulême and Francis I. These benefactors of France, together with Louis XII, Queen Anne, Henry IV, Colbert, Turgot, Lafayette, Victor Hugo, and other peace-workers, will be considered in Chapter VIII of this Symposium of Peace.

ARCHITECTURAL STYLES AND THEIR MEANING

XXIII — BYZANTINE (continued)

THE leading characteristic of early Christian architecture is the placing of the arches directly upon the capitals of the columns. This plan was just beginning to be adopted by the Romans before the decline of the Empire. One of the best examples is shown on page 12 of the RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER for September, 1914, taken from the palace of Diocletian at Spalato (A. D. 284). This innovation

and the invention of the groined vault, described in Chapter XXI, provided the materials which gradually developed into masterpieces of architecture in far later centuries.

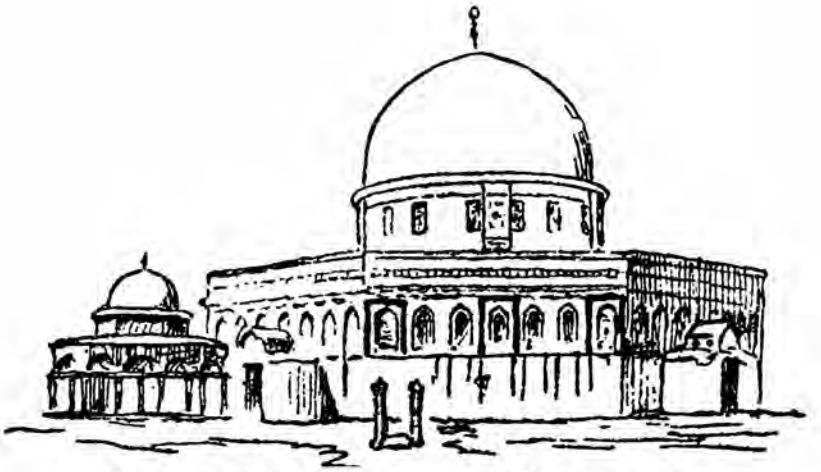
As we saw in St. Sophia, the domes of the early Byzantine style rose directly from the walls of the building and were not very impressive outside; later on we find them elevated upon a tower, as shown in the accompanying illustrations. It will be seen that the windows are no longer in the dome but in the tower, or "drum," as it is called, in the manner we are accustomed to see in modern times. This marked a great change in the appearance of buildings; in fact, we shall find few examples of anything deserving the name of a tower before the Byzantine period. Of course many centuries elapsed before the tall and graceful spires and soaring domes of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance were developed. The slender, lance-like minarets which surround St. Sophia's, and give it a very attractive character, were added by the Mohammedans when they turned it into a mosque. The Moslems needed high places for the muezzin to call the faithful to prayer, and in consequence minarets and high elegant towers were brought to perfection by them at a very early date.

Mosque of Kahira Jamissi, Constantinople, formerly the Church of *Moné tés Koras*

As an interior St. Sophia's ranks as one of the supreme achievements of human architectural genius. The overshadowing unity of the dome includes a multitude of subdivisions, each of great beauty in itself. The Byzantines discovered the power of subdivision of parts and used it in a manner that makes the whole building seem larger, and permits the eye to judge correctly of the size. In certain later buildings this has been forgotten, and the parts are so few and so simple that the spectator has no way of comparing the small with the great; the result of this fault is that an immense building in some cases actually looks smaller than one hardly more than half its size. St. Peter's in Rome is a glaring example of this. One of the greatest distinctions between medieval and ancient design in western architecture is the use of sub-divisions and grouping of parts in the more modern styles. St. Sophia's is a perfect example of this; the grouping is so skilful that the great height of the dome and the

spaciousness of the building is actually accentuated. It is no wonder that the Emperor Justinian, as he gazed on the completed work at Christmas time in the year 537, declared: "I have surpassed thee, O Solomon!" As a matter of fact St. Sophia's is infinitely more beautiful in every way than the Temple of Solomon.

One of the special glories of the Byzantine style is that the stone vaults serve both for outside roofs and inside ceilings at the same time. This can be very clearly seen in the domes. In later times the art of making the same vault serve both purposes was lost, and the vaulted ceilings were not strong enough to stand the weather, and so had to be protected by wooden roofs covered with lead or tiles. This



The Dome of the Rock, or Mosque of Omar, Jerusalem

is a very important matter, and we shall hear more about it later on.

The Byzantine style spread from Constantinople to the east and the north. Russia received it through Armenia, and it is still, with modifications, the dominant style of those countries. The Copts in Egypt have kept to their variety of the Byzantine to the present day, and many churches were built in Asia Minor and Syria in styles directly derived from the Byzantine. When the religion of Mohammed conquered a large part of the East, the general principles of the Byzantine style were immediately adopted by the Moslems, and we find the wonderful results in Egypt, Persia, India and Spain. The Mohammedan developments of the style will form the subject of some future chapters, but before entering upon that we must consider the development of Byzantine and Romanesque architecture in Italy. R.

nally, however, after a frightful shaking-up, they arrived safely.

But here poor little Spots and those who were interested in him had to undergo another experience. The English law is very particular about dogs, and that is the way it should be, because often very serious diseases are carried to different countries by little pets. And so the English Government decided that Mr. Spots could not go on with the rest of the party to London! Spots seemed to know well (and if he did not, his mistress did) that there was going to be a great deal of trouble about him.

Well, one of the members of the party, who had formerly lived in England, set about to see if he could not get Spots pushed through. His mistress and all her party but this gentleman went through to London, and Spots came through on the next train and took up his temporary home in the old Headquarters where Madame Blavatsky had lived. There he was happy, for he could roam about the gardens, which were filled with beautiful foliage and flowers, and enjoy the change, as one would who had been at sea for a long time.

One day, when he was feeling his best, while sitting out on the front porch, an English official appeared who was connected with the Government and had come to look up Spots. Poor Spots! He was becoming quite an important figure in this trip; and he somehow seemed to sense that there was something wrong. And so he crawled under the sofa and could not be pulled out.

The official said he was from the Health Board, and that the authorities had taken the dog's name and address, and they wanted to know if he had arrived, so that they could inspect him. The official said that he would visit at certain times during Spots' stay in London, to see if the dog was still there and in good health.

About two days afterwards poor Spots was taken seriously ill, and everyone felt that his trip had been too much for him. It was found out that, while he was waiting to get his pass, on the arrival of the boat in England, the one who had charge of him did not know how to care for dogs, and so he fed Spots with sweets and all sorts of things. And besides, Spots had stayed out in the dampness on deck and caught a terrible cold. So there was every reason to believe that soon the party must lose poor little Spots.

And then again my mistress began to wonder what would happen when that health official came again. She thought that probably the poor little creature would be dragged off. But it seems that after the

official had inspected Spotty and had my mistress' word of honor that he would not be removed, he allowed Spotty to remain at home, and did not take him to the hospital, and was even kind enough to suggest remedies for the dog. This, you see, was real brotherhood work, and it won the good will of Spotty, who, sick as he was, moved up and laid his head on the officer's hand and looked at him in such a grateful way. Well, Spots got well, and while he remained there, he was very happy, and became a great favorite of all who saw him. And some of the Lotus children also saw him there.

One would think that after all these distressing experiences poor Spots had met with enough disagreeable things for one life. But there were more ahead. From Southampton went the ship that was to take my mistress and the party back to America; and with them was Spots, quite well now and ready to enjoy the sea-breezes, and to eat his fill of the good things that would be brought to him by the stewardess, who grew very fond of him. The weather was calm and delightful, and all the party were rejoicing at the thought of soon being home; and Spotty wagged his tail as though he knew all about it.

After three days at sea a terrible storm came up, much worse than the one which I have already told you about. They say it was simply terrific, so that no one was allowed on deck; and the captain gave orders for all the hatches to be closed. Many people were sick, but many more were afraid, for it seemed as though all must go to the bottom if the storm continued. Those who could hold up their heads remained in their cabins, and were, of course, in a state of mind that none could describe.

The rolling of the ship and the noise of the waves, as they dashed up against the sides, prevented all from doing anything but thinking and wondering what was to come next. Suddenly there came a terrific wave, and it seemed as though it would smash the ship to pieces. It forced the porthole open, and in rushed a great body of water, which covered my mistress and the lady who was with her, and tossed poor Spots right up into the air, so that he hit the ceiling and came down with a bang. And in came the water! Such a flood!

Soon the head officer was there with the steward and helpers, and they closed the porthole, but not until the water was almost up to the lower berth. His mistress thought of poor Spots, while she was shivering with the cold and the wet; and Spots looked like a wet

rag. All you could see of him were his big brown eyes looking up in wonderment, while he was clinging to his mistress. The poor little fellow was terribly bruised, though no bones were broken, and it was several weeks before he could walk about without pain.

The storm continued, and it was not until the third day that the sun was seen and the waters were more calm. After that Spots stayed in New York with his mistress, and must have had some very pleasant experiences; for the servants loved him, and he used to go over to Central Park and walk about, and hear the birds sing and watch the monkeys' pranks, and see the little children. And it was noticeable that whenever he saw the little boys and girls, he would run over to them and commence to dance and reach up his paws for their attention.

Spotty once went to Cuba, and the experience he had there would fill pages, so we must pass that time over. But there is a funny story told about Spots and the Cubans, when they used to come to the International Brotherhood League Headquarters in Santiago, where my mistress and her workers were giving help, medicines, food and clothing to the poor. One young man spied Spotty standing up on a barrel watching the people. He always acted as though he were on guard for his mistress.

This young Cuban, who could not speak a word of English, went up and took off his brother's glasses and put them on Spots, and then commenced to whistle and sing to him. Spots made no attempt to push the glasses off, and it was found that as the Cuban sang and moved his hands, Spotty would move his body and try, with his little, soft barks, to have those who were watching him think that he was singing. It was a pretty picture, and it shows that when dumb animals are treated kindly they will always respond.

Later Spots took a trip with his mistress to Pont Loma, where he stayed ever after. He lived many years here, and those who loved Spots say that those years were the happiest of his life; for he loved the sunshine, and he would often sit for hours and look out towards the sea, and watch the sunset, and wag his tail, to show how happy he was. He loved to smell the flowers, and to play with the children; and he was a great favorite with the Cuban children, who had come to Point Loma.

There was one little girl, Carmen, whom my mistress had taken into her home to educate personally; and Carmen dearly loved Spots,

and they were great chums. Spotty had a way of following that little girl whenever she went out on the grounds; and nobody had any fear of his running away, because he was so devoted to her. And it was noticed that whenever she went over to the Lotus Home, where there were some tiny little children whom she was teaching, she having learned to speak English from her mistress, Spotty would always go there and watch her while the children were being taught.

Spots would probably be alive now if he had not taken a severe cold, from which, in spite of all the good care that was given him, he died; and to this day all those who were then little children remember Spots as the dearest little friendly four-legs they had ever known. He was not such a wonderful dog, but he was such a good dog. DIXIE

GAMES

BY GEORGE COOPER

PRETTY birds, pretty birds, what do you play,
Flying about in the leafy spray?"
"Little maid, little man, can't you guess?
Every one comes in a tidy dress;
Every one cheerfully keeps the rule;
We merry birds are playing school."

"Butterflies winging from rose to rose,
What are you playing? There's no one knows."
"Little maid, little man, oh! 'tis fun,
Roaming and sporting till set of sun;
Roses and lilies are white and neat,
'Mong these we play at hide and seek."

"Gay breezes, tossing the leaves about,
What are you playing at when you're out?"
"Little maid, little man, come and see;
Here we go racing from tree to tree;
Oh! it is jolly, we never flag,
This is our merriest game of tag."

"Grasshoppers, out in the meadow so sweet,
What do you play with your nimble feet?"
"Little maid, little man, one, two, three;
Hipperty, hopperty, can't catch me!
Oh! such a merry, delightful game!
Hop-scotch you young folks call its name."— *Selected*

CANDIES: a Story by A. P. D.

MRS. DAVIS, the gardener's wife, was in a flutter; the lady of the big house had arrived unexpectedly with her two little girls, Florence and Beatrice, and — oh dear! if she had only known, Peggy and Jim would have had on clean clothes.

But Peggy and Jim did not mind. They stood with their big brown eyes fixed on Beatrice and Florence, who smiled back in return. Peggy's face matched her clothes; it was not very clean, and it bore traces of tears. Florence noticed this, seeing which Jim explained, "She cried because she wanted more candies."

"You may have them now," said Mrs. Davis, rising as she heard the word candy, "to give to Miss Florence and Miss Beatrice."

"Let's go outside and divide them," suggested Peggy, leading the way to a border bench outside the porch. "One, two, three, four," she began to count, until finally the candies were divided into four small piles. "These are yours, and these are yours," said she, inviting Florence and Beatrice to take their share. Jim helped himself.

"What a lot of candy you get," remarked Beatrice as she put a piece into her mouth.

"If I was rich like you," returned Peggy, "I would have a whole shopful." There was an awkward pause.

"But we don't get as much as you do," said Florence.

"Don't you?" queried Jim, looking incredulous; "and you are rich? Why don't you?"

"Mother won't give them to us."

"Why? asked Peggy.

"She wants us to be well and happy when we grow big, and to be able to do something with our lives," said Beatrice, and her sister chimed in, "She loves us and wants us to be strong and bright when we are grown up."

"But eating candies won't make any difference," said Peggy. "Our mother loves us, too, and she gives us candies nearly every day, to keep us good."

"But perhaps you will be sorry when you have to stay in bed with headaches when you grow big," said Beatrice gravely.

"What do *you* get to make you good?" asked Peggy, puzzled.

"Mostly, we have to be good because it isn't nice to be naughty and horrid," replied Beatrice.

"You will be crusty and horrid when you grow big, Peggy," said Jim, with a twinkle in his eye.

"I won't," retorted Peggy, flushing hotly; and she darted past them to the old well, into which she dropped her candies. "I can be good without candies," said she on her return.

"Yes, dear, I am quite sure you can," said a pleasant voice, and the lady of the big house appeared on the porch.

Peggy gave her a grateful adoring look, and her little heart beat quickly. "I will grow up nice and bright and strong too," she said to herself, "and do things just like Florence and Beatrice; I can, if I try."

GOD JUL!

MANY a custom there lives of old
In far-off North, handed down and told
For many a generation gone
By father and mother to daughter and son.

Around Yuletide they are lingering still,
And the air with their sweet charm they fill:
You'll find there the ancient "Wheel of the Sun,"
The "Gingerbread Goat" and the "Svastika Bun."

Many a sacred symbol you find;
And though their meaning be lost to the mind,
The heart doth feel what hidden lies
Under the old and quaint disguise.

Making his round there Santa thought
Of the family here, and with him brought
Some *julekusar* from Svithiod's strand
For children and grown-ups in Lomaland.
God Jul!

CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN

BY A SWEDISH RÂJA-YOGA TEACHER

THE day of the Winter Solstice has from time immemorial been dedicated to the Sun God. The Celts then celebrated "the seven day's feast of Samhain," lighting fires in his honor. At the Midwinter Festival the Norsemen of olden times assembled in the halls of their chieftains, drinking mead, singing songs, and telling sagas and stories. At the "hour of promise" every warrior made a solemn vow to Frey, the Northern Sun God, to perform some heroic

deeds during the coming year. Indeed, the celebration of Christmas seems to be a universal custom, which has taken different forms at different times and with different peoples. In the Christian world the returning of the light has become the symbol of the coming of Christ.

There are many old traditions in connection with the Swedish *Jul* (Yuletide or Christmas). It is still the greatest holiday of the year, and the preparations for this day of days require a great deal of time and attention. First, there are of course all the gifts to be made. During the long winter evenings the members of the family come together, knitting, sewing, painting, sloyding or drawing, while someone reads aloud, plays, sings or tells stories. These precious hours linger in the memory of those who have taken part in such gatherings.

As Christmas Eve draws near the traditional buns and cookies must be made, some in the form of the svastika, others with three arms like a *triskele*. The goat made of ginger dough with long horns and almond eyes is almost certain to be found in the collection. Nor is this all, for a large supply of food is needed at Christmas in a genuine Swedish home. The different members of the family then come from near and far to spend at least a few days at home; children, grandchildren, relatives and friends often fill the whole house. It is, however, not only the family which must be provided for. The poor people have to have their share of the abundance of good things, the birds their corn, the animals their provender, and the dear old *tomte,* or brownie, must also be remembered.

This gray-haired little elf with the long beard, clothes of *vadmal* (homespun), and pointed red cap, who dwells in every happy and prosperous Swedish home, is busier than ever at Christmas time. If you mean well to him and do not laugh at him, it may happen that you can see him running around in the cellar or up in the garret. The tomte, however, does most of his work when people are asleep. Then you will find him in the kitchen or in the pantry sifting the flour or attending to the dough, or out in the stable sweeping and cleaning. The tomte enters very vividly into the life of the Swedish country people. You will still find many old people putting a bowl of milk or porridge under the stairway for this little faithful friend.

The "Christmas tomte," who brings all the gifts for the children, lives in the palace of King Winter. If we could take a peep in there, we should find him and his little helpers very busy indeed. He knows

the people all over the country, from the king to the poorest beggar, and each one may be sure to be remembered by him in some way.

Snow and sunshine, tinkling bells, happy faces, merry laughter, the smell of sealing-wax, pine and fir — such is the picture the mentioning of Christmas Eve calls up in the mind of a Swede!

The traditional Christmas dinner is served in the kitchen, where the entire family and all the servants take their seats together around a large table. Everything from ceiling to floor must be scrupulously clean, and the copper pans on the stove must be shining like so many suns. This custom seems to be a revival of the old patriarchal days.

In the early evening the Christmas tree is lighted. Father plays old merry tunes on his fiddle, and young and old dance around the tree to their hearts' content. In the midst of the merriment the tomte comes knocking on the door, or sometimes it is the "Christmas goat." He is of course received with open arms and brings gifts to all. On each little package is always written a verse suited to the occasion.

Early the following morning the gong sounds to awaken everybody for the *Julotta,* the Christmas morning worship of song. The Christmas tree is lighted and candles are placed in every window. Somebody stays at home to watch them and all the rest walk or, if it is out in the country, ride on sleighs to the church. Very often they carry torches to light their way, and it is a beautiful sight to see them flickering in the darkness preceding daybreak.

The celebration of the Swedish Christmas does not end with Christmas Day. Not until twenty days after is the Christmas tree "danced out," and with it the holidays.

There are many old legends connected with the Northern Christmas. Some of the most beautiful are about "the great Christmas peace" (*den stora Julfriden*), for Christmas is not celebrated by men only, but is held sacred by all living creatures. On Christmas night Nature proclaims peace in all her kingdoms. Woe to him, man or beast, who breaks this old decree. When the midnight hour strikes, animals, elves and gnomes meet in the halls of the mountain. Here the tomtes give their reports of the people whom they have served, and here their deeds are weighed by the great and mighty mountain king. So, lightly or heavily falls the good or evil in the scales, tipping them year after year. The old king thoughtfully strokes his beard. What may he be thinking about? Perchance he sees the day when the people of the world will have found the true path of life. GERDA F.