RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Monthly

Conducted by Students of the Râja Yoga College

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New Year's Day

ON New Year's Day the whole world stands at the beginning of a new life. The old ways, the former habits, and the past mistakes all fall behind with the dying year, and we look forward along a clear path that leads to a future bright with new hope and strong resolutions. It is doubtful if there are any, even the most indifferent, who do not find when this anniversary comes around that they feel within them an impulse to put forth greater efforts along lines of high endeavor, and consciously or unconsciously they make a determination to do so. This is the very thing that should take place, for the beginning of the year is not only a great awakening in nature, but it is also an awakening in man.

With the return of the sun the soul responds to the first bright rays, and the savior spirit in each one rises to lead him forth into a more glorious life. It is, therefore, important that we listen carefully to the voice that at this time faintly sounds within, for it comes from our higher self, and if we desire to follow the path that it directs we must at the beginning resolve upon a course of true purpose and noble action. One so often hears people say lightly, "Oh, what's the use of making resolutions on New Year's, anyway! They will soon be broken." Perhaps if these people could realize the deeper significance of this day, they would regard more thoughtfully the custom of making resolutions; for when we formulate in our minds a determination to build better in the coming year than we have during the past, do we not make a promise or a covenant with our higher selves? If we obey the inner prompting and make our resolutions with the idea that we are thereby undertaking a sacred obligation, we will not be half so likely to forget or break them. Those who refuse to hear the voice, and laugh at anything of the sort, had best take care, for they are playing tricks with themselves and willing their consciences to sleep at the time when they should be most wide awake and stirring.

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SOUTHEAST VIEW OF THE RÂJA YOGA COLLEGE AND ARYAN TEMPLE
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

But let us not consider whether or not we shall make resolutions this year. Of course we will make them, and good ones too! To be more brotherly and considerate, more helpful to our comrades, more obedient to parents and teachers, and, above all, to do what we know is right, no matter what may happen to us or what others may think — these are the resolutions that will make this a

golden year, full of happiness and great achievement. Not a minute to lose; not an unkind word to say; no more giving in to small desires, and no more grumpy moods. From January first, nineteen hundred and twelve, we are determined to make our lives radiant with cheerfulness, unselfishness and upliftment.

On this day the Râja Yoga children in Lomaland joyfully greet all their comrades in other parts of the world. We feel that today the bond of brotherhood that unites us is doubly strong, and we rejoice to think that there are many Râja Yoga boys and girls throughout our own country and other countries, striving to uphold noble ideals and to live true lives, who welcome the new year with kindred aspirations. All along the highway of life there are signs which mark a change. We are constantly at a critical point, for each day, each hour, and every minute, is the commencement of something new — the beginning of the future and the end of the past.

Comrades, let us strengthen our resolve with the thought that each day of the year is the first of three hundred and sixty-four more to follow; and let us listen each day for the small voice, knowing that, if we have trust, it will grow stronger and lead us in the end to the glorious goal of helpful service to Humanity.

The New Year

FLEETLY hath passed the year; the seasons came
Duly as they were wont, — the gentle Spring,
And the delicious Summer, and the cool
Rich Autumn, with the nodding of the grain,
And Winter, like an old and hoary man,
Frosty and stiff, — and so are chronicled.
We have read gladness in the new green leaf,
And in the first-blown violets; we have drunk
Cool water from the rock, and in the shade
Sunk to the noontide slumber; we have plucked
The mellow fruitage of the bending tree,
And girded to our pleasant wanderings
When the cool winds came freshly from the hills;
And when the tinting of the Autumn leaves
Had faded from its glory, we have sat
By the good fires of Winter, and rejoiced
Over the fulness of the gathered sheaf. — *Willis*

A New Year Answer

IT was the morning of the New Year that had come to Louie Gray, who was sweeping up the crumbs after breakfast in the kitchen of an old-fashioned farm-house up in the Adirondack Mountains. Outside there was a white and sparkling silence that seemed to say something to Louie about the world having turned over a new leaf.

"What *has happened* to the world and to Aunt Meddy and to me myself?" Louie thought many times during the morning, but the answer would not put itself into thoughts or words, but lay in her heart like a sweet flower that had blossomed unawares.

"Louie," said Aunt Meddy later in the day, "run out and tell Peter to harness Brown Bell into the single sleigh, and you and I will go down to Granny Jane's and see if she is comfortable."

"Yes, Auntie," said Louie, and she flew out to the barn, with a happy notion that perhaps now she was about to find out the answer to her New Year question. When she and her aunt were driving along the creaking mountain road she ventured to say:

"Aunt Meddy, doesn't it seem as if the whole world had turned new?"

"Yes, it does seem so. Indeed, I think it is so."

"But how *can* it — when the world is old?"

"Wait until you have seen Granny Jane, Louie. She may know."

They drove up to a little white cottage, and when Brown Bell had been hitched and blanketed Aunt Meddy took up a basket of goodies which she had brought for a New Year's greeting to Granny Jane, and they knocked at the front door.

"Bless my heart, Meddy; you never do forget, do you?" said the old lady, as she welcomed them in. "And little Louie — growing faster than a weed! Sit down, my dears. You must be cold after your drive."

Then, as the ladies sat and talked, Louie sat and listened. After a while Granny Jane said to Aunt Meddy:

"My dear, the world *is* new. Did you ever think of this world — these mountains and valleys in the ancient past, long before the wanderings of the red men began? Sometimes I seem to see a noble race of people here who could read this white book of the winter earth, and who knew that the winter sun had not turned back into his old path, but had gone farther out into a new place and taken the earth and all with him."

Louie came and stood beside the dear old lady, because she was trying to understand the words.

"Louie seems to be the same little girl on the outside, but the New Year is in her heart today, and she is different and new," Granny Jane added, and the kindness in her old eyes made Louie feel that she must keep new all through the year.

So when she and Aunt Meddy were driving homeward, and Aunt Meddy asked, "Louie, did you find your answer?" she could answer, happily, "Oh, yes!"

ZELLA

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile. — *Alice Carey*

The world's a very happy place,
Where every child should dance and sing,
And always have a smiling face,
And never sulk for anything. — *Gabriel Setoun*

SMILES live long after frowns have faded. — *James A. Garfield*

THE sunshine of life is made up of very little beams, which are bright all the time. — *Selected*

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PICKING WILD FLOWERS AT LOMALAND, CALIFORNIA

The Winning of the Frost Queen

ONE day some of the little girls of Lomaland were reading a story about fairies and flowers, and they liked it so much that they said, "Oh! let 's make it into a play for our teacher's birthday!"

So they all worked very hard. What fun they had rehearsing and making costumes, and what a harmonious spirit prevailed!

At last the day came on which they were to give the play. Then what mysterious noises were heard behind the curtain in the big Rotunda of the Râja Yoga College, and how curious we were to know what was going to happen!

In the evening we all assembled in the Rotunda and took our seats, expectancy written on every face. Then the curtain rose, disclosing an exquisite fairy garden. Presently a little pink fairy tripped in, followed by others in all colors of the rainbow. They told how they had been trying to win back the lovely flowers in the Northland from the Frost Queen's power, but all in vain. The poor blossoms were blighted, and the fairies were in despair.

As they were speaking Queen Lotus entered, bringing new courage and strength to their hearts. "Let us not tire of our work," said she. "We must not leave the lovely flowers to die. Who will give us counsel?"

Then a modest form stepped forth. It was the fairy Pansy. Kneeling to her Queen she said, "Let me be your messenger to the Frost Queen, for I feel sure that if we carry love and trust into her realm, we shall surely win her heart. I shall take no gift but a garland of flowers. Never will I return until sunshine and flowers dwell in the Frost-kingdom."

So the fairies gathered their choicest flowers and wove a fragrant garland, singing as they worked. When it was completed Pansy set out on her mission of love amid the cheering farewells of her comrades.

After traveling a long time she reached the dreary Frost-kingdom. All around was ice and snow, but the brave little fairy, never heeding this, made her way to the stern Queen, and laying the garland at her feet besought her to take pity on the poor withered flowers.

But the Queen would not listen and ordered her to be thrown into a gloomy cell.

Still Pansy did not despair, but by her love transformed the cell into a lovely garden. The Queen marveled much at the beautiful sight and summoned Pansy before her.

"If you can build a palace more beautiful than mine, I will grant your prayer, and all the flowers shall be free." Thus spoke the Queen, and Pansy turned sadly away, for her strength was almost spent. But soon a new courage filled her heart, and she cheerfully began her task. Long and silently she worked, but none might view her work till its completion.

At last it was finished and Pansy asked the Queen to come and view the palace. The Queen approached and gazed in silence on the wonder that had been wrought. All around were tall and stately trees, whose branches intertwined in a leafy canopy overhead. The ground was covered with grass dotted with many-colored blossoms, and a soft radiance filled all the air. Little Pansy came forward and, going up to the Queen, placed on her head a wreath of fairest flowers as a sign that the task was ended.

Then, to the strains of wild, sweet music, Queen Lotus

and her Flower Elves approached and were welcomed by the Frost Queen and her Elves. Whereupon both Frost and Flower Elves joined in a graceful dance, with their Queens in their midst, and as they danced they sang of the wondrous power of Love. F. S.

The Little Tots' Play

DEAR CHILDREN: As I know all of you would be interested in it, I shall tell you about the play of Cinderella which was given by some of the little tots of Lomaland a short time ago.

I am sure you will agree with me in thinking that it was taking part in *The Aroma of Athens* which gave them the idea of giving a play by themselves.

It was given on one of the hills in a place that looked just like an amphitheater, with the hills behind it forming seats for the spectators. We call this "The Children's Amphitheater."

All the teachers and the other girls were invited to come to the performance. On the invitation cards we were told that the costumes were made by Madame Madeathome. At first we were puzzled to know who the lady was with the queer name, but a bright thought cleared away the difficulty — Madame Made-at-home. Do you understand who she is?

As the guests began to arrive, two little pumpkin fairies dressed in yellow came tripping out with flowers for each, and then led them to their seats right down on the brown earth.

There was no curtain, but we soon found out that there was no need for one. The open space that served for the stage was divided into three parts by the Yerba Santa bushes which grew there. On one side was Cinderella's kitchen, with the kettle, the fire, and the dishes, and a big pumpkin growing out in the garden. The middle section was the dressing room of the two proud step-sisters. It had a little dressing-table, with a glass, a brush and comb, some fans, etc. The third and largest part was the ball-room.

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ON THE WAY TO THE CHILDREN'S AMPHITHEATER

The little actresses were hidden behind the bushes and around the curve of the hill, until time for them to appear.

The play began with a song by Cinderella in the kitchen, complaining of her tiresome duties. Proudie rang the bell for Cinderella, and so she had to go to the dressing-room to give the sisters some finishing touches before they went to the ball. Cinderella asked them to

please let her go too, but they refused and started off.

Then Cinderella began to mention all the things she longed for — a dress, a fan, some slippers, and two rings. As soon as she had expressed her wish, the Fairy Godmother appeared with her quaint costume, her tall hat, and above all, her magic wand. She brought some little helpers with her. She granted all Cinderella's wishes, and waved her wand. Then from behind the place where the pumpkin grew, the two pumpkin fairies appeared bringing a little cart, all covered with yellow cloth and smilax to represent the pumpkin.

Cinderella with her beautiful dress and slippers got into the little carriage and the fairies pulled her across the stage to the ball-room, where the Prince, dressed in purple and white, helped her to alight.

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IN THE GARDEN OF DELIGHT
Illustration from *The Strange Little Girl* (See page 16)

They danced together, the four little couples; and when the clock began to strike twelve, Cinderella flew away, leaving behind her little slipper. When the Prince found Cinderella with the help of the slipper, the Fairy Godmother and her troop of fairies came to join in a dance, first around Cinderella and the Prince, and then off the stage out of sight.

So ended an afternoon performance of pleasure for all concerned, and of new experiences stored up by the little ones; for this was the first time they had appeared before an audience by themselves and with speaking parts. Perhaps some day, on account of this small beginning, they may take part in some great performance like *The Aroma of Athens*, which will help to benefit the world.

S. B. P.

Some Ugly Little Imps

IF you don't believe in fairies, and the elves are not your friends,
And you have no faith in brownies or in gnomes,
Let me give you just a glimpse
Of the ugly little IMPS
That invade today so many happy homes.

IMPoliteness is an IMP whom every child should try to shun,
And older people, too, without a doubt.
IMPatience is another
Who will cause you lots of bother
'Less you send him quickly to the right-about.

IMPertinence and IMPudence are naughty little twins,
And, oh, it is astonishing to see
The mischief that they do;
And, my dear, if I were you,
Their comrade I would never, never be.

One little IMP will sit astride a pencil or a pen
Whene'er there is a problem hard in view,
And draw his mouth 'way down,
And whine out with a frown:
"IMPossible, IMPossible to do!"

IMPudence and IMPatience and IMPulse are three more
(Though the latter is not always under ban);
And there are more, no doubt,
Who are hovering about
To get us into mischief if they can.

Of little foxes you have heard, who spoil the lovely vines,
These ugly IMPS are dangerous, too, you see.
Let us raise a battle shout!
We may put them all to rout.
Oh, what a glorious victory that would be!

Pauline Frances Camp in *St. Nicholas.*

Be Cheerful

CHERISH this as sacred writ —
Laugh a little bit,
Keep it with you, sample it,
Laugh a little bit.
Little ills will sure betide you,
Fortune may not sit beside you,
Men may mock and fame deride you,
But you'll mind them not a whit
If you'll laugh a little bit. — *Selected.*

Benjamin Franklin

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was born January 17, 1706, in the city of Boston, in the colony of Massachusetts Bay.

He was one of the most eminent statesmen, journalists, diplomatists and philosophers of his time. His parents had suffered from no illness till that which brought about their death, the father dying at the age of eighty and the mother at eighty-five. He inherited from them not only a healthy and robust constitution, but good mental and moral qualities to sustain such a constitution.

In studying his character it is interesting and instructive to see how energetic his whole life was. It is plain that he saw, even in the small duties of boyhood, that he was put in the world for a purpose — to do something to help. And his greatest aspirations seem to have been to fulfil his duty, and so occupied was he in carrying out this aim that he seems to have been too busy, too fond of good, honest, hard work, to have had time for selfish wants, and likes or dislikes. In a word, he gave himself to his country's service, and fulfilled his duty nobly.

His tastes seem to have inclined him to intellectual pursuits rather than to any other pleasures. He worked for some time with his brother editing a newspaper, during which time he wrote one or two original articles which he sent in anonymously. Finding his success was not an accident, he threw off the disguise.

In 1723 Benjamin left New England for Philadelphia. He arrived there, a lad of seventeen, with no acquaintances, and only a few pence in his pocket. But he succeeded in getting work with a printer.

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FRANKLIN AS AN APPRENTICE

Like many of us he learned something of the world from experience. He was given an offer of a passage to England and means to establish himself in business by a man who had more words than money. He went to London rather against his father's wishes, and found himself left without the promising friend and having to rely on his own labor for daily bread. He found work and stayed in London until July 23, 1726, when he returned to Philadelphia. In a year after his return

PRINTING PRESS USED BY FRANKLIN WHEN A JOURNEYMAN PRINTER IN LONDON IN 1725

he was in business for himself. While in London he edited and printed a small edition of a pamphlet, which was entitled *A Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain.*

In 1729 he bought the *Pennsylvania Gazette.* In the following seventeen years the influence which he was able to exert through his paper and by his industry and good sense, bore abundant fruit. About this time he gained a convenient familiarity with the French, Italian, Spanish and Latin languages.

Of most interest to us, however, is the work he did during the French War, and afterwards during the approach and progress of the Revolutionary War. In 1754, while a certain congress was in session laying plans for protection to the Colonies during the impending French War, Franklin submitted a plan for colonial defense. This advocated the uniting of the Colonies whereby they would gain strength enough for protection without aid from England.

It is here that we see Franklin standing out in his true colors — all personal thoughts or feelings in him gone, set aside, with the one great aim of his country's protection. But unfortunately all were not such men as he. The Lords of Trade saw that such a union as this would show the Colonies their strength, so they managed to get his splendid plans rejected.

In studying the character of Franklin we find him carrying out his plans to the end. He knew when he was in the right, and as far as hard labor and fair means are able to bring success, he won it.

His untiring energy during the Revolutionary period is another marvel. He is spoken of as the best known

man in the world; he was called upon to conduct all kinds of proceedings and transactions. No better example can be found, I think, of wisdom, tact and impersonality. Why was Franklin able to push by so many obstacles? How was it that he could do every duty wisely and as it should be done? Because he was working for the right, and any man who works for the right in any cause is bound to succeed.

If Benjamin Franklin had not realized his responsibility as a citizen of the United States and had become

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BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

proud and egotistical, where would the cause of Liberty have been? It is true that George Washington, Thomas Paine, Jefferson and others were there to support the cause, but a man such as Franklin could not possibly have given way without a noticeable gap in the structure of America's freedom.

It is impossible to repeat here all that Franklin did for this land. We become familiar with the greatness of our American patriots by studying history with an unprejudiced mind.

In speaking of Franklin in France a German historian says: "His appearance in the French salons, even before he began to negotiate, was an event of great importance to the whole of Europe. . . . His dress, the simplicity of his external appearance, the friendly meekness of the old man and the apparent humility of the Quaker, procured for Freedom a mass of votaries among the court circles who used to be alarmed at its coarseness and unsophisticated truths."

America owes much to him for his service in various public capacities; the world owes much to the fruit of his pen; but his greatest contribution to the welfare of mankind generally was his wonderful example. *There* is a key to all greatness. We can all set an example of honesty and truthfulness. Gladstone says, "One example is worth a thousand arguments." Let us all remember that. Our actions speak louder than words. Let us be protectors of that higher liberty and patriotism that all countries should demand of their citizens.

"Poor Richard's" Proverbs

IN his almanac of 1757 Franklin published an imaginary discourse by Richard Saunders that contained the wisdom of ages. Here are a few of the proverbs, which were introduced by the phrase, *Poor Richard says:*

The sun never repents of the good he does, nor does he ever demand a recompense.

Do not do that which you would not have known.

Have you somewhat to do tomorrow; do it today.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

When you're good to others you are best to yourself.

Write injuries in dust, benefits in marble.

He that never eats too much will never be lazy.

Well done is better than well said.

Virtue and a trade are a child's best portion.

Today is yesterday's pupil.

He that can have patience, can have what he will.

How few there are who have courage enough to own their faults, or resolution enough to mend them.

Birds

IT must be sweet to be a bird
And sing and fly all day;
No hair to brush, no clothes to wear,
No things to put away.

Birds never have to sit quite still,
Nor learn to speak in school.
They always sing just when they will,
Without a single rule.

They have a good time all day long,
And yet, I think, at night,
I'd rather sleep in truly beds,
With covers warm and tight.

I'd rather be a little boy
And have my mother say,
"Good night, my little soldier, you've
Been such a help today!"

Louise Ayres Garnett in *Woman's Home Companion*

The Birds' Christmas Tree

DEAR Boys and Girls: The mention of a Christmas tree for the birds, in the "Birds' Post Office," in the last number of the RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER, reminded me of a beautiful custom that prevails among the Norwegians and elsewhere in Scandinavia.

We have in our Râja Yoga Library Du Chaillu's very interesting account of the "Land of the Midnight Sun," in two volumes. Just imagine that I am reading what he says:

The Christmas feeding of the birds is prevalent in many of the provinces of Norway and Sweden: bunches of oats are placed on the roofs of houses, on trees and fences, for them to feed upon. Two or three days before cart-loads of sheaves are brought into the towns for this purpose, and both rich and poor buy, and place them everywhere. Large quantities of oats, in bundles, were on sale in Christiania, and everybody bought bunches of them. In many of the districts the farmers' wives and children were busy at that season preparing the oats for Christmas-eve. Every poor man, and every head of a family had saved a penny or two, or even one farthing, to buy a bunch of oats for the birds to have their Christmas feast. I remember well the words of a friend of mine, as we were driving through the streets of Christiania; he said, with deep feeling, "A man must be very poor indeed if he cannot spare a farthing to feed the little birds on Christmas-day!" What a pleasing picture it is to see the little creatures flying round, or perched on the thickest part of the straw and picking out the grain! It is a beautiful custom, and speaks well for the natural goodness of heart of the Scandinavian.

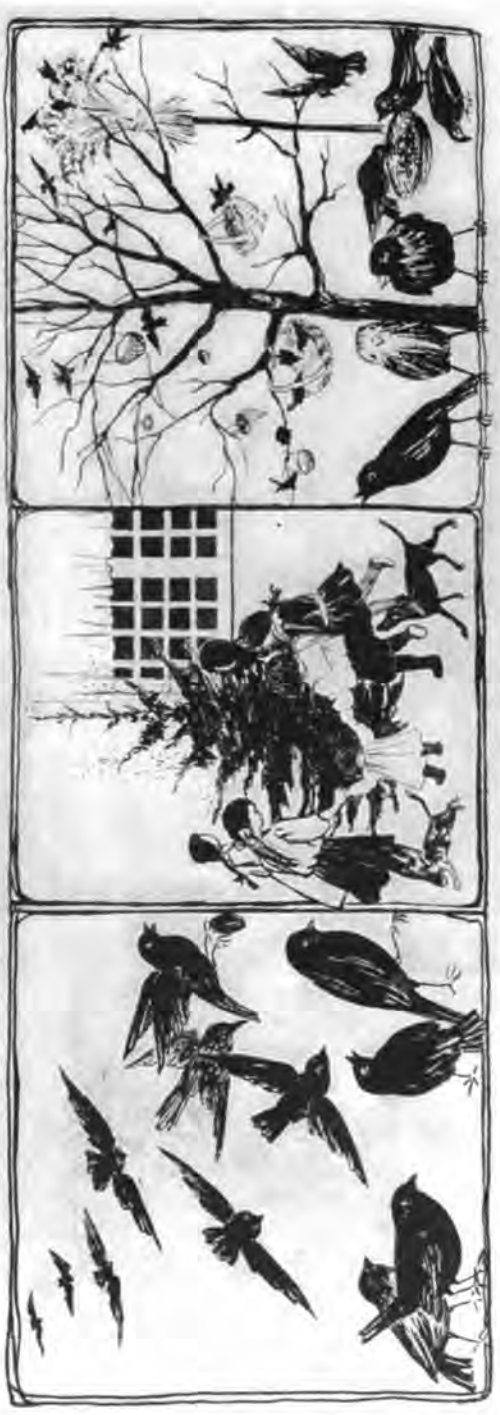
Nor is the bird the only dumb creature remembered by this gentle people at Christmas. Mr. Du Chaillu continues:

On this day, on many a farm, the dear old horse, the young colt, the cattle, the sheep, the goats, and even the pig, get double the usual amount of food given them, and have so much that often they cannot eat it all.

Do you not think this feeding of the birds and animals is a pretty custom? How grateful they must be! And don't you think the people themselves must get something much more than mere pleasure from it? I do.

One of our Swedish friends here has drawn you a picture of the birds enjoying their Christmas tree out of doors, and in the center of the picture you see the children and even their pets enjoying their tree indoors.

COUSIN OLAF



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A SCANDINAVIAN CHRISTMAS FOR ALL CREATURES

The Birds' Postoffice

THE SPARROWS' ROUND-ROBIN

A LETTER, Boys and Girls! Why, all the Sparrow Family want to write to you! Just think of it! Five hundred and fifty letters at once! You may be sure I had to think hard for a minute to discover how the Birds' Postoffice was to accommodate such a rush of mail, but the birds decided the matter by writing a round-robin, the brotherhood way, as you know, in which the whole family may share in the same letter, by each one writing a part. POSTMASTER

CALIFORNIA

"CHEWINK, TOWHEE." That's my name, boys and girls, though some people call me "Ground Robin." I'm one of the largest birds in Sparrowland. My mate dresses all in brown, but I wear black and white with red at the sides, and my eyes are red. Perhaps you don't know that birds' eyes are all the colors of the rainbow as well as the common blue, gray, brown and black, like the eyes of little folk.

Another thing about our eyes, different from yours, is that we have three eyelids. We need an extra one because we live so much in the light. So we have an inside one called the "nictitating membrane," besides

the outside upper and lower lids, and when we go to sleep we raise the lower lid to cover our eyes, just as you lower the upper lid when you shut your eyes.

"Chuck-burr-pill-a-willa-willa." That is my song. Some people say it sounds like a "peal of silver-toned bells." You can listen and decide for yourself, for you can see many of us hopping about on the ground all the day long. If we were invited, we might go into your house, for we would like very much to get better acquainted with you. Your friend, TOWHEE BUNTING

WESTERN STATES

"CHIP, CHIP." If you have a nice lawn near your house I'll take care of it for you, for I'm the little red-headed sparrow that eats the seeds of foxtail and crabgrass that spoil the lawns. If you have a fruit tree or a big rose-bush near your door, you may find a nest in it, and if you look carefully into the nest you may see your friend, CHIPPING SPARROW

MASSACHUSETTS

"OLD TOM PEABODY." That is not my name, little folk, but it is what the people of Massachusetts think I say when I sing. Of course, you know, birds have a language of their own, although they do not use words, as people do. But we have sounds of many different kinds to tell each other what we mean, and our songs, too, are all different. So when you hear what sounds like "Old Tom Peabody," you will know it is your friend, WHITE-THROATED SPARROW

MEXICO

SOON I'll be going to Labrador and the Great Lakes, boys and girls, to build my nest. I'm called the "Ballad Singer of the Mountains," and the "Aristocrat of Sparrowland." That is because Mother Nature has given me a beautifully marked dress, with a crown like the victor's in the games. I am so happy that I cannot stop singing, even when night comes. If you should wake up at midnight and hear a soft, sweet song, think of your friend, WHITE-CROWNED SPARROW

VIRGINIA

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: We belong to the same family as the sparrows even though our names are different. The sparrows, grosbeaks, linnets, crossbills, are all different members of the Finch Family, which is the largest of the bird families, and is known everywhere throughout the world, though some of us are better known in certain parts of the country than others. If you live in the Central and Western United States you can see many of the Grosbeak branch of the family. We are called the handsomest of the Finches because we have such bright colors, and our song is very loud and sweet. Some of us are so popular for cages that in Ohio there is a law that no Cardinal shall be caged. We spend the winter in Mexico and the Southern States and if you live in Virginia you may know our comrade who is writing this letter for all the grosbeaks, for he is called, VIRGINIA NIGHTINGALE

MEXICO TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

"PER-CHIC-O-REE!" Listen to the flocks singing in chorus from the evergreen trees! We are your friends, THE PINE-LINNETS

EAST AND WEST OF THE ROCKIES

"PIT-TUCK-ZEE-E-E." Though humble be our lot there are none more contented than we. As accompanists to the meadow orchestra, we help to bring out the harmony of the leading instruments — the lark, bobolink, and thrush. And everywhere we are the farmer's great friends, THE GRASSHOPPER SPARROWS

ARKANSAS

"SEEP-SEEP." Sunflower blossoms and thistle seeds! Wherever these grow you can see your little friend Yellow Bird, Thistle Bird, or Wild Canary, who goes also by the name of, ARKANSAS GOLDFINCH

NEW ENGLAND STATES

IF you live on a farm, little folk, look for me in the high pasture lands among the hills, in the grassy fields where cattle are grazing. In the warm twilight hour just as the sun goes down you will hear the joyous song that is sung for you by, VESPER SPARROW

MAINE TO CALIFORNIA

"MAIDS, maids, maids, hang on your tea-kettle, tea-kettle, ettle, ettle." That is what I sing at the first rays of the sun, all over the United States, every morning, for you know, boys and girls, the world has to be wakened to daily duty, and it takes something very jolly indeed to keep going rain or shine, summer or winter, all the year round, so Mother Nature taught me just a "plain everyday home song with the heart left in," and now people think I sing six different songs. In every State in the Union I sing — in the city, country, mountain and desert. All our family are songsters. Even a common English Sparrow picked up in the street, hurt, when put in a cage with a canary, learned in a few weeks to sing the canary's song better than he could sing it himself.

Most of our family are very confiding and trustful, and wish to be friendly with boys and girls. We eat the seeds of weeds that are very harmful to man, and as weeds are always to be found, even in winter, it is not necessary for us to travel very far south for food. It is said that Kant, the great German scholar, when he was eighty years old, was not interested in anything so much as the return of the Sparrows each spring to the trees under his window.

Though there are so many Sparrows in the world, we know they all belong to God's family, for the Great Teacher has said, "Not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father's knowledge," and "Not one of them is forgotten before God." If you look for one of the first birds to come in the spring, and one of the last to go in the fall, and who sings to you all winter if you live where food is plenty, you will find your cheery friend, SONG SPARROW

Stories from Starland

Star-Gazers Sixty Thousand Years Ago

MY DEAR CHILDREN: If we were allowed to use King Solomon's magic carpet and to wish ourselves back into the past, and if we went back a very long time indeed, we could, by just looking carefully at the places of some of the stars, tell exactly how many years would have to pass before we reached the year 1911 in the ordinary way.

We should need a modern star-map and a telescope with an arrangement to measure distances in the heavens. Then we would only have to wait for a suitable night when we could see the brilliant star Sirius, the brightest of all the so-called "fixed stars," which are not really fixed at all. For a moment we might be puzzled to find it, for instead of shining with the dazzling blue-white that we see today, it would be a beautiful red. It has not been white for more than a thousand years or so. But we should be still more puzzled to find that Sirius was not quite in its proper place, according to our map. Instead of being on the south-western side of the Milky Way as it is now, we should find it on the north-east side; that is to say, if we went far enough back, say sixty thousand years. It has taken Sirius sixty thousand years to pass across in front of the Milky Way — a distance you could about cover with two fingers held at arm's length. This distance seems small, but it is really so great that Sirius, in traveling at twelve miles a second, which is his rate, would go millions of millions of miles in that time.

ZOROASTER, ONE OF THE GREAT TEACHERS OF OLD AND A LEARNED ASTRONOMER OF ANCIENT PERSIA
(Reproduced by courtesy of the Open Court Publishing Co.)

If you would like to do a little simple multiplication sum you can find out how far Sirius has gone during the last sixty thousand years. I have not time, nor is there room here to work it, but it is this: Multiply 60,000 (years) by 365 (days) and the result by 24 (hours); multiply the answer in hours by 3600 (seconds in an hour) and this result by 12 (miles traveled in a second by Sirius). It would be more exact if you added the extra days in the leap-years, but this is not very important. It takes a very powerful telescope to measure the minute fraction of the sky Sirius passes over in a year, for it requires fifteen hundred years for it to travel across a space equal to the width of the full moon.

We know now that men have been living on earth for an immensely long time. One of the most curious proofs of this is that the Arabians, according to a great Persian astronomer, Al-Sûfi, who lived a thousand years ago, have a story about Sirius, which tells that it was once on the other side of the Milky Way and had to flee from its place. Now, neither the Arabians nor even Al-Sûfi had any means of knowing that Sirius is really moving, for it requires, as I said before, a good telescope with special measuring eye-pieces to show the slightest change for many years, so that they must have learned that it was once on the other side of the Milky Way from stories handed down from the ancient people who had *seen it there* sixty thousand years ago! The Arabians called it *"Al-shira al-abûr,"* meaning Sirius which has passed across. There is another bright star near it, which they said has not yet passed across. This is true, for it travels more slowly, and has farther to go.

Sirius is a double-star; that is to say, it has a companion which takes forty-nine years to revolve round it. Though this companion is very faint indeed, being ten

thousand times less bright than Sirius, it is nearly half its size. Sirius is called the Dog-star; it was greatly honored by the ancient Egyptians. Sirius is mentioned in Homer's Iliad. When Achilles rushes across the plain to meet Hector:

Him the old man Priam first beheld, as he sped across the plain, blazing as the star that cometh forth at harvest time, and plain seen his rays shine forth amid the host of stars in the darkness of the night, the star whose name men call Orion's Dog.

There are some stars which travel much faster than Sirius. One of them, a very small star, is called the "runaway" star because it is passing right through our universe of stars at the terrific speed of two hundred miles a second! Astronomers say there is nothing known in the universe that can stop it.

As the stars are moving, and as we are moving along with the sun and the rest of his family of planets, it will be clear that the shapes of the constellations are slowly changing. If we came back in fifty thousand years we should not recognize some of them at all. The Dipper, for instance, will be very different then, for some of its stars are going one way and some the other. Some stars are going away from us and will finally disappear; some are coming towards us and will get brighter, but we need have no fear that we shall be swallowed up by any of them, for there is plenty of room for them all, and the Earth has many millions of years to live before we have learned all the lessons for which we are here.

Affectionately yours,
UNCLE SOL

Song of the Stars

"AWAY, away, through the wide, wide sky,
The fair blue fields that before us lie—
Each sun, with the worlds that round him roll,
Each planet, poised on her turning pole;
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

"For the source of glory uncovers his face,
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space;
And we drink as we go the luminous tides
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides:
Lo! yonder the living splendors play;
Away, on our joyous path, away!

"Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite azure, star after star,
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass!
How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass!
And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

"And see, where the brighter day-beams pour,
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower;
And the morn and eve, with their pomp of hues,
Shift o'er the bright planets, and shed their dews;
And 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,
With her shadowy cone the night goes round!

"Away, away! in our blossoming bowers,
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
See, Love is brooding, and Life is born;
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
To rejoice like us, in motion and Light."

Selected from Bryant's poem of the same name

The Sahara Ocean

THE French people hold a high place among European nations in the sphere of engineering and mechanics. It was French genius which conceived both the Suez canal and the Panama canal, and now her enterprising engineers have a new project under consideration.

Much of France's African possessions comprise the desert land of the Sahara. While there may be certain admirable features in a desert, yet as a colonial possession it is not calculated to be of the highest possible value. It is known however, that the soil of the Sahara could be rendered extremely fertile by means of irrigation. But how to irrigate this vast area? By tapping resources equally vast; namely, the Mediterranean.

For several years men have talked about cutting a canal to let the sea in upon the burning sands, and Professor Etchegoyen declares the French should lose no time in letting the water in to cover part of the desert and make the rest of the land fertile.

A canal fifty miles in length would be required, which would let in the waters of the Mediterranean, forming a new sea of about half the size of the latter. The irrigating facilities thus acquired would add a whole new colony to the French possessions. A fleet of steamers could navigate the Sahara Sea, the depth of the latter varying from ten to sixty fathoms. This would produce traffic between Algeria and French West Africa, also lowering its temperature to that of Natal, and thereby enhancing its value as a colony for Europeans.

Two chief objections are brought forward to this project. Firstly, that the change in the climate of Africa incident to the introduction of a large body of water, would produce serious changes in the European climate. Secondly, that by the displacement of so many billions of tons of water the equilibrium of the earth might be actually affected. Savants, however, consider these objections to be exaggerated; so we may yet see a new ocean formed from an old continent. M. M.

The Aerophone

IN the land of romance and fairy tales nothing seems strange or out of place. All the dwellers in that happy realm are independent of those limitations of time and space which tend to hamper the movements of ordinary mortals. We read our romances of imagination with a consciousness that we are allowing ourselves to revel in the realms of the impossible and unreal. But the time seems fast approaching when we are to learn that the "unrealities" of our fairy stories were realities

once, and that they may be realities again in the future.

There was a time when it would have been considered most irrational to dream of any other form of vehicles than those drawn by horses; yet automobiles are now a most firmly established institution. It is but a short time since wireless telegraphy was laughed at as a chimerical dream of some impractical visionary; yet today it plays a vital part in the affairs of men. And from the wireless telegraph we now proceed to a new invention called the "Aerophone." This device, the invention of an English scientist, has recently been put to severe tests, with very promising results. Through its aid two persons have been able to transmit and receive intelligence by word of mouth through a distance of five miles.

No wire connexion is used, and so distinct and faithful is the transmission that the voice of the speaker may be easily recognized. The inventor also carried on communication with a person at the farther end of a large commercial building, he being locked in the strong room of the same, with nine inches of armor steel, nine inches of fire brick, and six feet of concrete between himself and the outer world. In this test the transmission was so perfect that his companion at the other end of the building was able to distinctly hear the ticking of the inventor's watch! And all this is accomplished by the scientific utilization of that medium, called for convenience "ether," which pervades all so-called empty space.

Surely it does seem as if Fairyland is real and that it is situated — all about us! M. M.

The Panama Canal

RECENTLY a number of the Râja Yoga students had the privilege of attending an illustrated lecture on the subject of the Panama Canal. Much has been printed and published on this subject, and many valuable accounts of this cyclopean project have been given to the public. But though one read all the available matter on the subject, it is impossible to appreciate fully what is being accomplished at Panama until one has heard the accounts from one who has been on the scene of operations, and whose accounts are rendered doubly real by the aid of colored photographs and moving pictures, showing the work in progress. One comes away from a lecture such as this with the realization that in the construction of the Panama Canal the world is witnessing one of the most gigantic feats of modern engineering. Probably the two greatest features of the work of cutting the canal are the operations at Culebra Cut and the erection of the Gatun Dam.

The Culebra Cut is situated at the eastern end of the isthmus; that is to say, at the end at which Panama is situated. This gigantic "ditch" is nine miles long, and has an average width of three hundred feet.

The great Gatun Dam now in construction at the western end of the isthmus, is intended to dam up the waters of the Chagres River, which waters will be utilized in filling up the locks which the vessels must pass in crossing the isthmus by the canal. The wall which is to retain this mass of water measures one thousand feet in thickness at the base, four hundred feet at the sea-level, and one hundred feet at the top.

A third engineering project under way is the construction of a breakwater extending five miles into the sea at Ancón.

The total length of the canal is forty-nine miles.

One form of labor alone can possibly cope with an undertaking of this magnitude, and that form is machine labor. In order to scoop out those nine miles of the Culebra Cut, immense shovels must be employed — steam shovels that remove the earth at the rate of five tons to a scoop, three scoops sufficing to load one flat car. Dozens of these monsters are ceaselessly at work loading the flat cars, and when they have carried their loads of debris out to the great breakwater, in the construction of which this material is utilized, a huge iron device built in the form of a great wedge, is drawn along the cars. This contrivance sweeps the load off the car on to the slowly rising embankment, and in so doing performs the work of three hundred men.

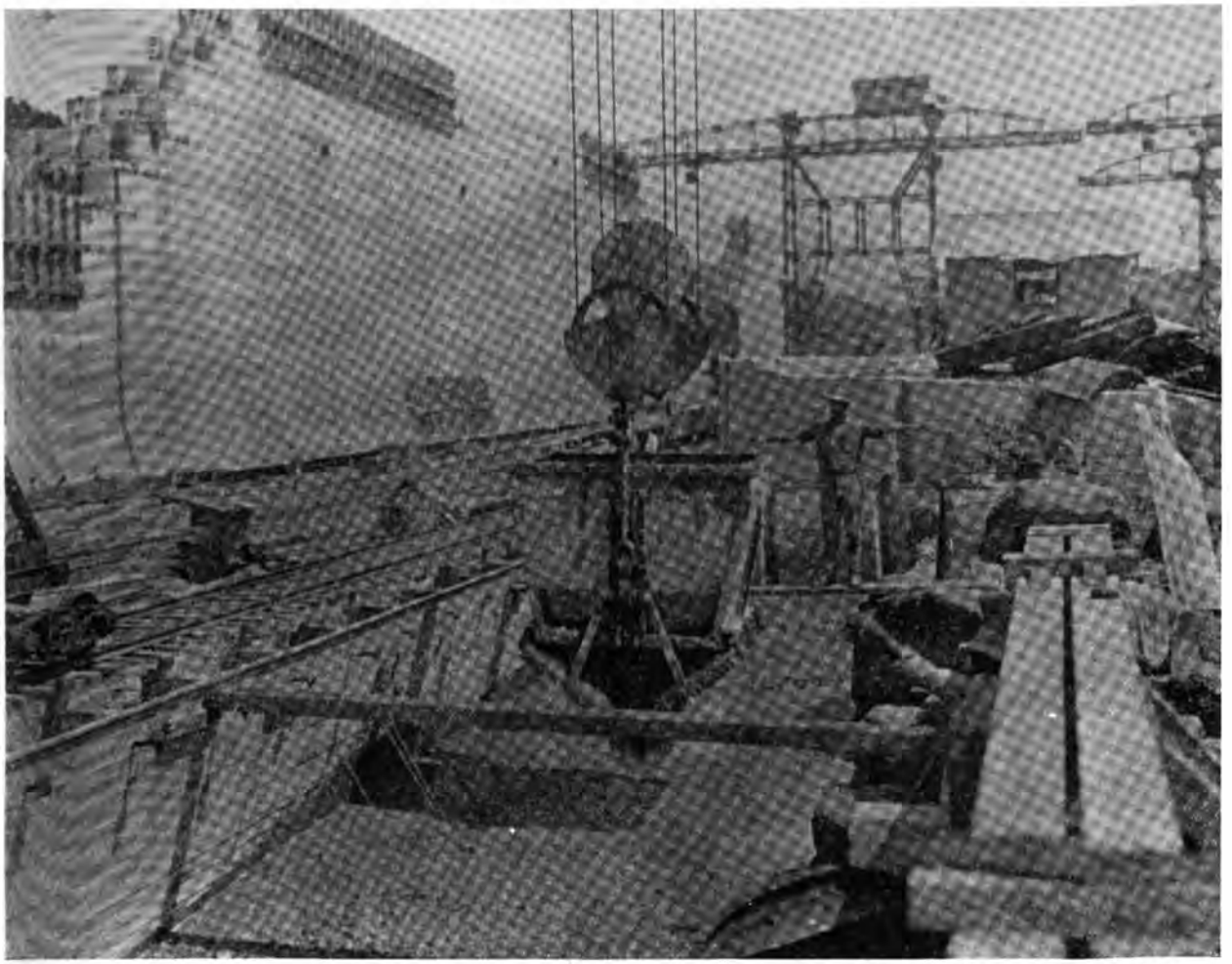
Then there is the question of drainage to be handled. In order to preserve the Cut from inundation from the surrounding water, and to remove the water arising from boring, huge drainage pumps must be employed. These pumps remove the water at the rate of two thousand five hundred gallons per minute.

In order to loosen the earth which is to be removed by the steam shovel, extensive blasting is necessary. In this work great drills are employed for drilling the deep pockets into which the dynamite is introduced.

Now, while all these monstrous engines of construction are made in the United States, it is impossible to rely on this country to keep them in repairs. Hence immense machine shops have been erected, where the work of repairing and replacing goes forward.

So far we have considered two phases of the work at Panama; the excavating proper, and the management and repair of the machinery for this excavating. But what of the thousands of laborers employed in the Canal Zone? They must receive food, clothing, quarters, means of entertainment in leisure hours, and schools for the children of those with families. Here we have another problem of no mean proportions.

When the United States first undertook the work at Panama, she found the country a fever-ridden swamp. The towns were unpaved, unlighted, without water supply, sewerage system, or electricity; the inhabitants were victims of the fever-bearing mosquito. Those who had the work in hand realized two great facts. Firstly that to build the canal the Government required an army of laborers. Secondly, to procure these laborers the Government must have a fit site for their housing and accommodation. Without delay these cities were rendered habitable. Swamps were drained; streets macadamized;



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CONSTRUCTING THE GREAT LOCKS AT PEDRO MIGUEL

sewerage systems, water mains, and electricity installed; cool, well-lighted hotels erected, and a club-house established for the men. The scene of future activity was thus converted into a healthy, up-to-date modern city. Whereas, in the first days of the work, *four* hospitals, all crowded, were inadequate to cope with the various cases of fever and other sickness, today all cases are competently handled by two hospitals. Scrupulous cleanliness is the law throughout the Zone, which law has converted an unhealthy swamp into a healthy and attractive place of residence.

While the work of building the canal is in the hands of the United States, yet in the labor employed, the work is truly international, for men of all nations are engaged on the Isthmus; and at the various settlements along the canal each nationality has its own cook, who is qualified to cater to the particular tastes of his own countrymen.

The Canal Zone abounds in scenes of delightful tropical charm, in all of which the luxuriant vegetation of the Torrid Zone forms a striking feature. This is the home of magnificent orchids, towering cocoanut palms, and luscious pineapples. Many of the natives bring their wares to market by water. The tide at Panama has a rise and fall of twenty feet. So, availing himself of this feature, the native comes in just before ebb tide and ties up near the shore; ere long the tide goes out and leaves him on dry land, where he immediately sets up his store and endeavors to sell out before the return of the tide. This is sometimes difficult, since the Panamanian is not generally in a hurry, and spends more time in making a bargian than his modest investment of possibly five cents would seem to warrant.

Two characteristic features of native Panamanian life are the Panama hat and the "machete." Yet, such are the vanities of this world, one seems to be a misnomer, for *no "Panama" hats are made in Panama;* and the other loses all its romance when we learn that the "machete," that romantic implement of general utility, *is manufactured in Pennsylvania.* A. M.

In Nature's Realm

The Japanese Cricket Cage

THE Japanese make strange little cricket cages of bamboo. They look as though the sticks of two wide-spread folding fans had been placed together and bound at the top and bottom. A small space of about two inches is left at the top; this is the cricket's home, and sometimes more than one is put in. The little insects seem to be quite content, and their song is very cheerful. The cages are hung in the house or on the trees in the beautiful garden, for which the Japanese are famous.

One may also see cages of fireflies and a kind of grasshopper called the cicada, for the Japanese ladies are very fond of these. The firefly cages, which are very small, are made of bamboo thread.

H. O.

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A JAPANESE CRICKET CAGE

Common Mistakes About Birds

IT is supposed by many people that just as a man goes home after his day's work, or as a fox seeks the shelter of his burrow after a night of hunting, so the birds retire to their nests after the work and amusement of the day. This is a mistake. Birds use their nests merely as a temporary cradle for rearing their young and not as a place of residence, nor as a shelter from the rain and cold. When the young birds have flown, the nest is abandoned and never used again. When night comes on the birds roost among the lesser branches of thick bushes, or in sheltered trees.

An ivy-covered wall or a hayrick is a favorite lodging of the sparrows. Starlings sometimes come in thousands and perch among the reeds of marshes to pass the night. Geese often push off from shore and take their sleep while floating on a pond. That this is better than resting on dry land is shown by the fact that a fox once swam out to choose his supper from a flock of floating geese. But Mr. Reynard was drowned by the geese, who were more at home on the water than he was.

Even learned authors are very ignorant about birds. Victor Hugo once wrote about a swallow who used to visit a lady's dungeon and pick up the crumbs she strewed for him upon the window ledge. No swallow would ever dream of eating crumbs. What the swallows really feed upon can be easily discovered by any one who has a pair of eyes and a mind that can think.

P. L.

Sunrise in the Hills of Satsuma

THE day unfolds like a lotus-bloom,
Pink at the tip and gold at the core,
Rising up swiftly through waters of gloom
That lave night's shore.

Down bamboo stalks the sunbeams slide,
Darting like glittering elves at play,
To the thin arched grass where crickets hide
And sing all day.

The old crows caw from the camphor boughs,
They have builded there for a thousand years.
Their nestlings stir in a huddled drowse
To pipe shrill fears.

A white fox creeps to his home in the hill,
A small gray ape peers up at the sun;
Crickets and sunbeams are quarrelling still;
Day has begun. — *Mary McNeil Fenollosa*
in *A Flight of Verses*

The Beavers of the Rhone

ALTHOUGH the beaver is one of the largest of the family of Rodents or gnawing animals, he dreads the visit of the wolverine, and so he likes to make the entrance of his burrow open under water. The beaver can dive when he wants to go home, but the wolverine is only a land animal and so he is kept out. Few rivers are so deep that they may not sink so low in summer as to let the burrows be seen, and so the beaver builds a dam across the river to make a deep pond.

The embankment is made of logs of trees which the beaver fells with his great chisel teeth, and the whole is made solid and water-proof by being plastered over with mud. His food is chiefly the tender twigs of trees and the nourishing layer of the bark where the sap flows.

The beaver was once common in France and there are still some beavers left who live along the river Rhone near Avignon. Three hundred years ago, however, the trees there were cut down and thus the poor beavers could build no dams. For three centuries they have had no practice in making embankments; but have their descendants lost the habit? Oh dear no! A Polish Count has recently taken some Rhone beavers and set them free on his land in South Russia where there are plenty of trees, and the beavers have set to work cutting down timber and building dams just as if they had kept in constant practice.

A beaver was once kept as a pet. Across one corner of the room he built a dam. He piled up boots and books and brushes in a heap and then sat down in the middle and *waited for the water to rise*. This shows how strongly the habit of building dams is printed in the beavers' minds.

The cutting-teeth of beavers are so sharp and strong that the American Indians used them as chisels.

P.

beauty and symmetry to come from such places of darkness and gloom, where the sunlight is never seen!

Like most things of strange and wonderful origin, gems have had powers attributed to them. For instance, the diamond is supposed to restore strength; the agate to counteract poison; the turquoise to pacify pains. Then, too, the amethyst was thought to strike the right hour if held by a glass. Others were believed to cure wounds, sore throats, etc.

The most exquisite of jewels is the pearl. The tale of the origin of this "Queen of the Fair Stones" is that it was once a raindrop which fell into the ocean. This gave it the right to be called "the Tear of Heaven."

The diamond is usually thought to be a translucent white gem, but red, dark blue, pink, speckled with green, and black ones are found. In Vienna there is a fine collection in the form of a bouquet in which the flowers are made out of diamonds having the natural colors of the flowers. These stones came from Brazil and were collected by a miner.

Some precious stones have very interesting histories, for they have traveled much before reaching their present resting-places. The Kohinoor ("Mountain of Light") had traveled much through Asia before establishing itself in the English crown. The Orloff had many adventures, such as being stolen from the eye-socket of a Hindû image, taken to sea, and finally placed on the Russian scepter.

Among ancient jewels was a translucent quartz having a luster like wax. These were mainly used as seals. They were elaborately carved, at times symbolically, and were rolled over the wet tablet when a signature was required. This gave rise to our seal-ring, for the seal had a tiny hole in the middle which was later enlarged enough to enable it to hang from a chain, and finally hollowed out enough to be slipped over the finger. This custom of carving jewels was kept up for a long time. LEONOR

A Tibetan Dog

WHILE on his late expedition to Tibet the well-known explorer Sven Hedin had a strange experience with a dog named Takkar. One day a large and very savage dog, somewhat resembling a St. Bernard, appeared in camp. He seemed to recognize the explorer and after regarding him for a little while quizzically, with head cocked on one side, Takkar went up to him and stroked Sven Hedin's arm with his paw as much as to say, "I am very glad to see you. I know who you are, although you are disguised as a native, and I want to be friends. Now let's have a romp together."

Of course all the party were very much surprised to see Mr. Hedin playing with so dangerous an animal, especially when they saw that the two newly-made friends seemed to understand each other perfectly, and were enjoying their game to the fullest extent.

After that Takkar remained faithful to his chosen master for a long time, and throughout the whole journey guarded the explorer's tent where all the valuable instruments were kept. It was not until they reached the edge of the Tibetan country and were descending into a sunny region of flowers and warmth that he left the party and turned to run back into the cold, barren mountains. His home was many miles off, but he found his way to it without getting lost. He is still living there with friends of Sven Hedin. G. B.

Strange Doctors

MANY animals are known to have very efficient methods of curing the wounds they receive through the accidents of their daily existence.

The elephant is particularly skilled as a doctor, for his trunk excellently combines the functions of a number of very useful surgical appliances. Hunters have often observed Dr. Elephant at work, and they say that his universal formula for dressing a wound is to cleanse it with fresh water and then apply a mud plaster, or a coating of dust. This generally proves to be a very effective treatment. Grass and leaves are used for sun-scorched ears and backs. The mud bath is also one of his favorite remedies. G.

In the Râja Yoga Library

WE have just received a delightful little book, *The Strange Little Girl:* a Story for the Children, by V. M.* The child who receives this in his or her Christmas stocking this year has a treat in store. The illustrations are particularly good — elfish and fairy-like. One is reproduced on page five of this paper.

The following review appeared in *The Theosophical Path* for November:

> This litttle book, printed by the Aryan Theosophical Press, Point Loma, California, will be ready in time to form a wholly charming Christmas or New Year's gift. It is in large clear type on good paper, and the fourteen illustrations are quite unique.
>
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Râja Yoga Messenger

THIS publication for Young Folk is under the direction of a staff of the students of the Râja Yoga College at Lomaland. This periodical makes a beautiful gift — a gift that renews itself twelve times a year! Send a subscription for this year's MESSENGER to your young friends.

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On Taking Possession

THE old year is gone! The New Year stands before us with open arms and bids us take of her gifts whatever we will. Shall we claim what is ours and come into the possession of our own? Or is this year, like so many of her sisters, to leave us with a sad smile, because we will not see?

Come, let us be the bell-ringers of our own natures, and

> Ring out the old, ring in the New;
> Ring out the false, ring in the True.

the trouble. He who claims neglected property must expect that; but if he be a good manager such things will never daunt him.

How much depends upon the attitude with which we go about things! In fact it is that which decides the question, be it great or small. A negative frame of mind never accomplishes anything, for idle wishes take the place of a positive "I will." One of the first steps towards taking possession is that of standing up straight and meeting the world with a steady eye. Round shoulders, a hollow chest, and drooping head never did betoken the warrior, for they bespeak a stooping spirit; and what spirit could be courageous, confined in such a prison?

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MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE GROUNDS OF THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS AND THE RÂJA YOGA COLLEGE POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

We must act, and promptly, too, for the New Year calls for alertness, determination, and unconquerable courage. There are battles to be fought, and victories to be won, but the secret lies in *taking possession,* and it is ours if we will. Possession of what? Why, *ourselves,* and doubt not that there is plenty of work for us to do! We may find a crop of weeds awaiting us; if so, our first duty is to get rid of them, not by cutting them down, but by extracting them root and all. The task is a tedious one, you say. Yes, but well worth

The dawn of every day marks another opportunity for us to claim our birthright, and to step forth masters of ourselves, our thoughts, our deeds, and our actions. How much greater, then, is the opportunity held out to us by the New Year! Râja Yoga bids us realize that we are divine, for that knowledge "gives us the power to overcome all obstacles." Taking possession is not an

exalted action reserved for special occasions; on the contrary, it is the solid foundation on which we must always build, no matter how small the plan.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," is an excellent motto, but there come times when we must stop trying, and *do*. Some there are who never go beyond the trying stage, and Time, who waits for no man, leaves them far behind. What can send them forward? Only this, that they cease useless search on all sides, and follow the path in front. Step by step they will lessen the distance between themselves and the goal; but it is the first step that makes all the others possible, and it is the first step that marks the point where they *take possession*.

Then welcome the New Year with her greater opportunities, and claim from her the right to *know thyself*.

Inward Music

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

Musical Study

A GREAT musician has said, "If your music emanates from your own heart, it will find an echo in other hearts." Is this not so? Let us take a peep into the world of music with open minds, ready to receive and appreciate every lesson which may enable us to join the band of true musical students.

It is not necessary to study one particular instrument before one may study musically. There are some of our readers who possibly regret because they are not blessed with the opportunity of taking lessons in music. To these let us drop this thought: they can never make sweeter music on any instrument than that of living pure and cheerful lives which touch and bring sunshine into the hearts of others.

Every great teacher of Humanity is a master-musician; for there never was and never will be any grander music than the song of a noble life. Of course there are different ways in which we can express the noble qualities concealed within us. One may express it through music, another through sculpture or painting, and in fact through every line of life-work. For is not life the instrument through which the song of the soul is expressed?

As for our young, would-be musicians of the world, are we not challenged by their eager, though sadly misdirected, enthusiasm and conscientiousness, to give them some advice? Let us strive to feel in every note we play, even in the simplest scale or chord, something more than a mere number of notes to be struck with the first, second, or fourth finger, in as fast a tempo as our fingers will go. Are we true masters of our art when we allow our fingers to become automatic instruments of a mind which, only too often, soon becomes automatic? Even a single note struck a number of times, possibly to represent a midnight bell, when played by a pianist

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Listen to the song of life. Learn from it the lesson of harmony. Learn from it that you are a part of the harmony of the world's great life. — KATHERINE TINGLEY

whose touch on every note breathes a thought, can have a far greater influence than a grand rhapsody played by a noted technician, though not a true musician.

First let us work for a musical understanding of our art, and then, it is possible, we may be surprised to find that with this musical thought our technique will develop. For is it not one of the laws of Nature that everything works in harmony? With the mind attuned to true music, will not the fingers speed to fulfil their entrusted labor?

Music is a more lofty revelation than all wisdom and philosophy.

How Elsie Practised

IT was two o'clock—time for Elsie to practise—and she reluctantly left her interesting book and went to the piano. As she began her scale she was thinking: "I wonder what happens next in the story! Oh, I wish the time would just fly until three o'clock. I must see how the princess is rescued from the dragon." Just then she found that she was using the wrong fingering, so for a few moments she paid better attention to her music. But soon, while she was playing her study, she began again: "Oh, I hope the prince—" and so she went on dreaming, while her fingers were doing all sorts of wrong things.

After a while she took her piece, saying, "Oh, dear! I am so tired of this piece, I've had it so long." Then she began to play it, making the very same mistakes which her teacher had corrected week after week; and all the time she was thinking about her book and did not notice a single wrong note, until she made such a bad mistake that she was at last awakened from her dreaming and became aware that she was, or rather was supposed to be, practising. "Oh, what a hard piece!" she sighed. "I should think Miss Davis would see that it is too hard for me, when I have had it so long and don't know it yet. I hope it's nearly three o'clock. Oh no, just a quarter to. How slowly the time does pass! I wonder how the prince gets into the castle, and how—." Thus Elsie's mind wandered.

At last three o'clock came, and Elsie jumped off the piano stool with a sigh of relief, and went to finish her story.

That evening Elsie's aunt came to visit, and asked Elsie to play something. "I don't quite know my piece," said Elsie.

"Oh, try," said her aunt.

So she tried, but played so badly that she left the room and could not be induced to return.

Now Elsie was determined never to let such a thing happen again, and the next day she tried very hard to learn her piece, and was surprised to find how pretty it was. In fact, she became so interested that she quite forgot to think about other things, and stayed at the piano for more than an hour before she thought about what time it was.

A few days later, when she had her lesson, Miss Davis was surprised, for Elsie actually played her piece without one wrong note.

The next time her aunt came, Elsie did not have to run away after she had played. On the contrary she did so nicely that everyone wanted to hear her again.

She had learned how to concentrate, how to put her mind on just what she was doing, and she no longer thought about stories when it was time to practise. She had learned a lesson in Râja Yoga. FLORA

A VISION OF THE NEW YEAR

By A. S.

(Junior Pupil in the Râja Yoga College)

A VISION I beheld once, on the old year's dying night,
The wind was cold and bitter, and the stars were hid from sight;
An old man, worn and weary, with his shoulders bowed in grief,
His ragged garments shaking, as a falling autumn leaf,
In wind that howled around him, as in pain he onward stepped.
Froze cold the burning blood and sweat that down his pale cheeks crept,
And on his back a burden lay, like some huge, awful stone;
Yet ne'er from out his bleeding lips escaped a single groan,
And though his haggard face was sunk, his bright blue eyes shone clear,
Still fired with strength of will, for lo! it was the old, Old Year.

And then from out the darkness deep, a warrior great I saw,
A youth with noble face and mien—a flashing sword he bore,
With stirring courage in his eye—undaunted courage true,
And strength unbounded in him lay and thrilled him through and through.
He cried, "O father, thee I hail; sweet rest for thee draws near,
And thy great burden I will take—I am the new-born Year!"

The Old Year paused—he saw the youth, with strength of warriors great,
But said, "Care not for me, brave one, my load is but my fate;
A dull and silent work as this is fit for one as me;
The works of glory and of fame—Ah! these are works for thee.
Brave warriors are few who have such strength and will as thine.
Farewell, brave youth! Go win thee fame; this burden must stay mine."

"O Father, nay—thy toil is o'er; the dawn will soon be here;
The strength of gods within me throbs; my duty's flame burns clear.
The weaknesses, that, tempting men, leave nought but cruel pain,
I hurled them from me with my strength—they know me not again.
With faith I vanquished all my foes; forever gone is fear;
My will within burns for this work; I am the new, New Year!"

The Old Year smiled, "O Warrior great, thou shalt my burden take.
I sought to tempt thee from thy work, but nought thy strength can break.
Go forth into the world, my son, feel not the burden's weight;
It is but all the world's great grief, the leaden stone of hate.
Watch o'er thy flame of duty well, let it burn ever clear.
Behold, the dawn arises now! Men welcome the New Year."

KIND looks foretell as kind a heart within.—*Pollok*

A GOOD laugh is sunshine in the house.—*Thackeray*

. . . . All who joy would win
Must share it—happiness was born a twin.—*Byron*

LET your truth stand sure,
And the world is true;
Let your heart keep pure—
And the world will, too.
—*George Houghton (Selected)*

KIND words don't wear out the tongue.—*Proverb*

A FACE that cannot smile is never good.—*Martial*

IN A LOMALAND MUSIC-ROOM

The Keyboard

WILLIAM WATSON

FIVE and thirty black slaves,
Half a hundred white,
All their duty but to sing
For their Queen's delight,
Now with throats of thunder,
Now with dulcet lips,
While she rules them royally
With her finger-tips!

When she quits her palace
All the slaves are dumb—
Dumb with dolor till the Queen
Back to Court is come:
Dumb the throats of thunder,
Dumb the dulcet lips,
Lacking all the sovereignty
Of her finger-tips!

Dusky slaves and pallid,
Ebon slaves and white,
When the Queen was on her throne
How you sang tonight!
Ah, the throats of thunder!
Ah, the dulcet lips!
Ah, the gracious tyrannies
Of her finger-tips!

Silent, silent, silent,
All your voices now:
Was it then her life alone
Did your life endow?
Waken, throats of thunder!
Waken, dulcet lips!
Touched to immortality
By her finger-tips. — (*Selected*)

A Lomaland Christmas

"MERRY CHRISTMAS! Merry Christmas!" These were the words echoed from lip to lip on Christmas morning in Lomaland. "Merry Christmas!" sang out the little ones in glee. "A Merry Christmas to you!" responded the older ones. All nature rang with the glad, clear sounds. She was not to be outdone in making the day a happy one.

In Lomaland, as elsewhere, mysteries and pleasant revelations are always rife at Christmas time. Several days beforehand the busy preparations began, and some gifted fairy must have woven a magic spell over it all, everything was accomplished so quietly and skilfully.

There were great expectations as young and old entered the brilliantly lighted Rotunda where the festivities were to be held that evening. Little tots two and three years old sat and quietly waited with the rest, gazing about in wonder at the lights, green festoons, and cypress wreaths.

Orchestral music and a Christmas song began the program. Then the little ones, happy with anticipation, sang a song about Santa Claus, who, thus attracted to the scene, suddenly appeared on the stage just as the curtain rose, revealing a large Christmas tree and stores of toys and gifts just fresh from Santa's workshop. The children clapped their hands with delight.

Last Christmas, as you perhaps remember, the students of Lomaland had the extreme pleasure of welcoming, besides Santa himself, bold Robin Hood and his merry men. Little did we dream as the last strains of their quaint music died away in the distance, that when another year had rolled by they would again make their appearance to brighten the Christmas festivities. But return they did. At the sound of Santa's voice, they all tripped in "on the light fantastic toe," as Milton has it. As they grouped themselves before the audience, singing their joyful songs, it was scarcely believable that a year had elapsed since their previous visit.

The company consisted of Robin Hood in green doublet and hose; our gigantic friend, Little John; sweet Maid Marian; the Jester; jolly Friar Tuck in an ample cloak and hood of brown; George of the Green; an odd-looking Hobby Horse; a big brown Bear; and four rustic Musicians. With such a goodly company, all in high spirits, can you picture the startling effect? We again gladly witnessed their performance of the Morris Dance. The songs they sang called up familiar pictures of medieval times. They sang of "Good King Wenceslas," and "The Jolly Miller"; and the musicians played "Reminiscences," and "Airs Our Great-grandfathers Knew." All this was done in grand style and called forth hearty applause from the spectators. However, Father Time *would* have his way, in spite of all our inward pleadings that he would make a few concessions. So Santa Claus, finding he could no longer be held in suspense, called everyone's attention by mounting the platform and turning to the Christmas presents. With characteristic fatherly solicitude he began distributing the

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THE RUNAWAY CYPRESS HEDGE

toys one by one. No sooner did the children get them than the hall became a scene of childish enjoyment and rapture. Trains and automobiles sped across the floor, and indeed it was a wonder how the little dogs, poultry, and other representatives of Noah's Ark found themselves whole after an encounter with one of them; jumping-jacks with grinning faces popped out of their boxes to see what was the matter; little children, suddenly transformed into horse and driver, raced around at full speed, jingling their merry bells; elephants squeaked when they found themselves too tightly pressed by eager little hands; and prettily dressed dolls hid their meek faces in their mothers' arms. Truly, it was a sight to behold — and a sound to hear, one finds it necessary to add.

Finally Mr. Sandman appeared on the scene and reminded one and all that little eyes would have to close some time that night. So gradually one by one all departed, lingering now and then for another glimpse of the tree and the gifts yet to be distributed.

When all were gone and the place was again quiet, there still lingered in the atmosphere a feeling of joy and happiness, and could one have gathered the thoughts and feelings still floating about and sent them off on fairy wings, perhaps the whole world might have caught the joy and pleasure we would willingly have shared with the less fortunate, and then they would have rejoiced in the power of unselfishness and have learned one lesson in Rāja Yoga.

RUTH W.

A Cypress Hedge

THE many individual trees composing a beautiful green and velvety cypress hedge had been growing so long together that they had well-nigh forgotten that they were individual trees. Each tree felt that it was a necessary part of the handsome hedge, and knew exactly what it ought to do, and did it, that the hedge might retain its smooth lines of beauty.

Once the faithful gardener, who watched and tended and trained the hedge, was forced to go away and remain absent for a long time from his beloved duties.

At first the trees did not feel his absence and went on growing evenly together, so that from the appearance of the green, box-like hedge no one would have known that it was without a caretaker. Then a tree here and there discovered that it was able to put forth more strength than it had been allowed to spend in growing, and began to shoot up higher than its neighbors. There sprang up a rivalry among them, to see which should grow the highest in the shortest time. They grew higher and higher, exchanging the old days of sweet companionship with those on equal terms with them, for the dangerous, foolish days when they exhausted themselves upon an undertaking which separated them more and more.

The gardener at last returned. His mind was full of pictures of the beauty of his evenly-trimmed hedge and of thoughts of the joy he would have once more in its care. His astonished eyes beheld a ragged line of slender trees, tangled and ugly, and the sight made his heart sick.

He set to work immediately to bring back order to that state of confusion; but the cypress hedge did not recover its green and velvety appearance for a long time, because those trees which had grown most rapidly were exhausted and had to be removed. In their places great yawning gaps were left to be filled slowly and with great effort by their less ambitious brothers. ZELLA

Master and Pupil

An Anecdote of Rubens and Van Dyck

(Translated from the *Helsingborg Dagblad* by Ruth Bogren)

RUBENS, the great master of art, one day left his studio and his pupils, to make a short journey. He said to one of the oldest of them: "Keep some order in the studio, so that the youths do not make too great a disorder. Go, rather, with them out to nature; in the studio they have nothing special to learn." Rubens knew the habit of his pupils to steal into his own small studio, and stand there for hours admiring his pictures.

Although the pupils gathered around the master with great enthusiasm and love, they could not abstain from playing all kinds of tricks. One of the wildest of these young pupils was Van Dyck. He was full of fun, sparkling life, and unceasing good humor. Because of this he was very well liked, but no one believed that he was ever going to make a good painter.

Yet Van Dyck felt in his inner self a mighty power; and when he sometimes seriously devoted himself to work, especially if it were painting heads, his comrades gathered around him, admiring the strength and beauty of his drawing, and the richness of his colors. And then they said: "Perhaps he will become something after all."

As soon as Rubens had left, the young men hastened into his private studio, and there they stopped on the threshold with exclamations of surprise and admiration. A new canvas was just finished by the master, and the paint was still wet. A lively discussion commenced among the pupils about this new masterpiece, but this did not last very long. Van Dyke soon commenced to play all kinds of tricks. He took one of his comrades, a young boy, on his shoulders and carried him around the room; but unfortunately the boy fell off his shoulders just in front of the picture, in the fall upsetting the easel, so that the picture fell with the wet side down. Terrified, the young men picked it up and found that two figures were almost effaced. They looked at each other in dismay; but Van Dyck said: "Don't worry, that is easy to paint; I will do it."

"Do you mean to say that *you* intend to paint those figures?" asked one of the young men scornfully.

"Yes, I certainly do," answered Van Dyck. At this moment a knock was heard at the outer door. When the door was opened a woman appeared, asking for her shawl which she had forgotten.

"Were you the model for this picture?" asked Van Dyck eagerly.

"Yes, I sat for the last time yesterday."

"Will you not be so kind as to sit half an hour for me? You see what has happened," continued Van Dyck, and after a moment's hesitation she agreed to sit for half an hour. The students gathered interestedly around the easel, and Van Dyck commenced to paint. He did it in a way which none had thought him capable of, and so interested were all, both model, painter, and spectators, that they entirely forgot that hour after hour was passing. Not until the shadows of the evening commenced to fall in the studio did they depart.

Although all were astonished at Van Dyck's unexpected skill, there was an apparent feeling of unrest in the studio next day when Rubens came back. He went from one to another, correcting as usual, and then entered his studio. All work in the outer studio ceased, and every one held his breath, expecting the outburst of the teacher's anger.

PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF, BY VAN DYCK

After a few moments Rubens cried out: "By Saint Lukas, what have I painted?" Pulling aside the drapery, the master appeared in the door, calling the pupils to enter his studio. "Were you out with nature yesterday?" asked he.

"No, master."

"But you amused yourselves by having a fight in my studio?"

"By an accident—"

"Yes, of course, an accident! If I am not mistaken, Van Dyck has done this."

"Yes, Van Dyck did it," cried the pupils.

"Now, come here, Van Dyck, and tell me all about it. How did it happen?"

Van Dyck told the master how it all had happened.

"Well, the end of the story? Who painted this arm on the woman-figure? Have you also done this, Van Dyck?"

"Yes, master," said Van Dyck, and took a step back-

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A FALLEN GIANT OF THE YOSEMITE VALLEY

ward, as if he were afraid. The others stood in breathless suspense. But Rubens was calm. He laid palette and brushes aside, went to Van Dyck, who stood with pale countenance, and extended his hand toward him, saying: "If you, my son, have painted that arm, you have nothing to learn from me. Go to Italy; the works of the Old Masters will become better teachers to you than I have ever been."

An American Cadmus

OF all the various systems of writing in use among the tribes and nations in different parts of the world, that used by the Indians of the Cherokee nation is by far the youngest. It was invented early in the nineteenth century by Sequoyah, a Cherokee of some distinction, who lived among his people in Georgia.

Sequoyah, who was the grandson of a famous chief, foreseeing the decay of the ancient tribal tongue if no means were taken to preserve it, undertook to invent an alphabet for his people, that they might perpetuate their speech in a written literature. He accordingly gave up his warlike pursuits and, retiring to the solitude of the forest, studied and compared the sounds of his language, until at last he perfected an alphabet of over eighty characters.

When, with the help of his young daughter, he demonstrated the use of the alphabet, all who saw became enthusiastic students of the new writing. Even the young men forgot fighting and hunting, and applied themselves with great zeal to the study of letters.

In 1820 the United States Government sent the Indians a printing press with types cast after Sequoyah's characters, and ever since then all the books used by the Cherokee nation have been printed in its own language.

The giant redwood tree of California, which is named after this great Indian leader, is a fitting symbol of the good results which have grown out of the seeds planted by Sequoyah. H. B.

Mary, the Mother of Washington, and Her Times

DEAR Boys and Girls: Heretofore, on the return of February, we have usually had something to say about the "Father of his country," George Washington; for February is pre-eminently the Washington month of the historian's calendar, and on or about the twenty-second of this month patriotic school and other exercises are held throughout this wide land in commemoration of the birth of Washington. Nor is the observance confined to the United States; in many schoolrooms in other lands the name of this international hero is held up as an example of true patriotism, dutifulness, integrity, unselfishness, and nobility of character.

This time suppose we make the acquaintance of the mother of Washington, for how can we hope to know the illustrious son unless we know the noble mother? To understand better her true worth and strength of character, let us go back as far as we can and see who were her progenitors. Unfortunately there is not very much known about her early life that is authentic, and we shall have to use discrimination in selecting our information, lest we be misguided by the false things that have been said regarding her origin and character.

An interesting book is *The Mother of Washington and Her Times*, by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. In this book Mrs. Pryor has gathered all the information she could find,

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MARY WASHINGTON'S HOME, FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

selecting, whenever possible, the direct testimony of Mary Washington's own friends and neighbors, or that of writers of the next generation who were intimate with the Washington family. Her descriptions of those early days in Virginia are interesting and instructive, especially the latter part in which Mary Washington's beautiful nature and strength of character are well brought out in describing her influence for good upon her son and those about her all through the trying, anxious days of the birth of the American nation. To this author we shall be indebted for most of our facts in the following account.

Little is known of the ancestors of Mary Washington. In the Visitation Booke of London, in the College of Arms, is this entry: "William Ball, Lord of the Manor of Barkham, died in 1480." That is as far back as the descent of Mary, daughter of Joseph Ball, wife of Augustine Washington, and mother of George, their son, can be traced. The phrase, "Lord of the Manor of Barkham," does not necessarily mean that William Ball was a wealthy man. The possession of a few acres of land entitled a man to such a distinction and to the name of "Gentleman," as distinguished from the working class. Nevertheless he might well be proud of belonging to England's extensive gentry class. Have not many of her distinguished great men risen from it? One of this family of Balls was once honored by his grateful king for some unrecorded service, and granted the right to bear a coat of arms consisting of a lion rampant, holding a ball. The motto he chose, "*Caelum tueri*," becomes all the more interesting when we consider the character and eventual destiny of his distinguished descendant and many times great-grandson. It suggests also that he was a man of education and of some poetic feeling, as the phrase is chosen from these lines from Ovid:

He gave to man a noble countenance and commanded him to gaze upon the heavens, and to carry his looks upward to the stars.

The first of the Ball family to come to America was one William Ball, the son of an attorney of Lincoln's Inn, London. Being a Royalist, he, with other Cavaliers, had to leave England to escape persecution. Reaching Virginia in 1650 he settled in Lancaster County where he soon attained distinction and became the head of a large family. They were strict abiders by and supporters of the law, moral and civil, and, says Bishop Meade: "The family of Ball was very active in promoting good things." The Balls became prominent in the social and political life of the colony, and intermarried with the best families. Among other things to their credit, they were founders and patrons of schools for the Indians. Their name appears no less than fourteen times on the Roll of the House of Burgesses, the governing body of the colony.

William Ball left two sons — William of Millenbeck, and Joseph of Epping Forest — and one daughter, Hannah. Joseph Ball became the father of Mary, his youngest daughter, who was born at Epping Forest, in Lancaster County, Virginia, in 1708.

Unfortunately we know next to nothing of the life of Mary Ball's mother, except that Joseph Ball, after the death of his first wife, married the "Widow Johnson." She is reputed to have been a descendant of the Montagues of England. It matters little from what family she came; we know she must have been a woman of considerable strength of character and an excellent mother, to have been the mother and teacher of Mary Washington, a noble mother herself. As an old English proverb says: "One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters."

Mary Ball's father died before she was five years old.

Her mother married Captain Richard Hewes, of Northumberland County, but he died soon after, and she four years later, in 1721, leaving Mary an orphan at thirteen. Mary, although the youngest of three children, was made the principal one to benefit by her mother's will. Says the Rev. Beale:

Perhaps of all the tributes laid at the feet of Mary Washington, none has been more heart-felt or significant of her worth than legacies of her mother's last will and testament, written, as they were, all unconsciously of her future distinction.

John Johnson, Mary's half-brother, who was much older than she, made his little sister his heiress also, leaving her his lands in Stafford County. So that Mary Ball at eighteen was a rich young woman for those days, owning, besides a fairly large estate, three or more riding-horses, a maid, some jewelry, and sufficient house-furnishings to fill the needs of a young woman of her position.

It will help us, I think, better to understand Mary Ball's character if we stop to examine the every-day life of little Virginian girls during the early part of the eighteenth century. Let us hear what Mrs. Pryor says on this subject:

Little girls, from early babyhood, became the constant companions of their mothers, and were treated with respect. Washington writes gravely of "Miss Custis," six years old. They worked samplers, learned to edge handkerchiefs with a wonderful imitation of needle-point, plaited lace-strings for stays, twisted fine cords that drew into proper bounds the stiff bodices, knitted garters and long hose, took lessons on the harpsichord, danced the minuet, and lent their little hands to "clap muslins" on the great clearstarching days, when the lace "steenkirk" and ruffled bosoms, and ampler kerchiefs, were "gotten up" and crimped into prescribed shape. No lounging, idleness, or loss of time was permitted. The social customs of the day enforced habits of self-control.

There was no nursery full of toys for the amusement and instruction of colonial children in those days. The only dolls were stiff-jointed wooden things, and the only books for children were the old-fashioned horn-books — a wooden-handled board, faced with horn and bound with brass; on one side were the alphabet, the nine digits, and the Lord's prayer; while on the other was a rough carving of St. George and the Dragon. There were parish schools for orphans and poor children — "Little houses built on purpose, where are taught English, writing, etc." wrote Hugh Jones in 1722 — but private families that could afford it hired tutors for their children. That, however, was after Mary's girlhood days. Says Mrs. Pryor again:

Days of silent listening to the talk of older people were probably her early school days. . . . But there were earnest talkers in Virginia and the liveliest interest in all kinds of affairs. It was a picturesque time in the life of the colony. Things of interest were always happening. We know this of the little Mary — she was observant, and wise, quiet and reflective. She had early opinions, doubtless, upon the powers of the vestries, the African slave-trade, the right of a Virginia assembly to the privileges of Parliament, and other grave questions of her time. Nor was the time without its vivid romances.

Little is known of Mary Ball's life as a young woman from the time of her mother's death until her marriage in 1730. Doubtless she went to live with her married half-sister, Elizabeth Bonum, whose home was but a few miles distant. A mile and a half from Mrs. Bonum's was Sandy Point, the home of Major George Eskridge, a lawyer and one of the prominent residents of the "Northern Neck," who was an intimate friend and possibly the legal adviser of Mary Ball's mother. There were seven children in the Eskridge home, one of whom, Sarah, a year older than Mary, was probably her constant companion. Indeed, Mrs. Pryor thinks that Major Eskridge acted as one of Mary's guardians, and that the two girls grew up together. She says:

Under the "tutelage and government" of a man of wealth, eminent in the profession of the law, the two little girls would naturally be well and faithfully instructed. We can assume, considering all these circumstances, that Mary Ball's girlhood was spent in the "Northern Neck of Virginia," and at the homes of Major Eskridge and her only sister; and that these faithful guardians provided her with as liberal an education as her station demanded and the times permitted there cannot be the least doubt. Her own affectionate regard for them is emphatically proven by the fact that she gave to her first-born son the name of George Eskridge, to another son that of Samuel Bonum, and to her only daughter that of her sister Elizabeth.

The period we are now considering has been termed "the Golden Age of Virginia." We cannot gain a better idea of that time or of the society in which Mary Ball grew up than by reading what those who knew it have to say. Writing of "the good old days in old Virginia" Esten Cooke says:

It was a happy era! Care seemed to keep away and stand out of its sunshine. There was a great deal to enjoy. Social intercourse was on the most friendly footing. . . . The planter in his manor-house, surrounded by his family and retainers, was a feudal patriarch ruling everybody; . . . entertained everyone; held great festivities at Christmas, with huge log fires in the great fireplaces, around which the family clan gathered. It was the life of the family, not of the world, and produced that intense attachment for the soil which has become proverbial. Everybody was happy! Life was not rapid, but it was satisfactory. The portraits of the time show us faces without those lines which care furrows in the faces of the men of today. That old society succeeded in working out the problem of living happily to an extent which we find few examples of today.

According to another writer, one Henry Randall:

The Virginians of 1720 lived in baronial splendor. . . . In their general tone of character the aristocracy of Virginia resembled the landed gentry of the mother country. Numbers of them were highly educated and accomplished by foreign study and travel. As a class they were intelligent, polished in manners, high-toned, and hospitable.

An early historian, writing from Virginia in 1720, says:

Several gentlemen have built themselves large brick-houses of many rooms on a floor, but they don't covet to make them lofty, having extent enough of ground to build upon. . . . Of late they have sasht their windows with crystal glass; adorning their apartments with rich furniture. They have their graziers, seedsmen, brewers, gardeners, bakers, butchers and cooks within themselves, and have a great plenty and variey of provisions for their table.

(To be continued in the March issue)

A Cyclone in Cuba

THE sun is shining brightly, but suddenly some drops begin to fall. A black cloud is appearing on the horizon. The trained eyes of the countrymen can see that a storm is approaching; they go and put their oxen, horses, etc., in safe places, out of the reach of rivers, brooks, and falling trees, and their families get ready to go to the *vara en tierra* houses in case of great danger. They were right in so doing; already a great cloud has covered the face of the sun, as though to conceal from it the horrible scene of death, devastation, and destruction that is going to take place.

More and more clouds gather together; the earth becomes darker and darker; a moist breeze, with a peculiar smell, lifts up the small papers and leaves, as if it were an advancing skirmisher reconnoitering the ground where the great battle is going to be fought. The rain is already falling, but at short intervals, and making rapid and bold dashes which shake the leaves of the trees, producing a distinct noise like that of small stones falling on a piece of paper. The birds that a few minutes before were cheerfully building their nests, in a chorus of sweet songs, have gone into shelter, full of fear, and quietly sit in the thick forest. Not a noise is heard; only occasionally the lightning sends forth a tongue of fire, accompanied by tremendous rolls of thunder. The mother gathers her little children about her, and all the family prepare to meet death together.

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ROYAL PALMS IN THE PUBLIC GARDEN, HAVANA, CUBA

The cyclone is at its height. The thunder, no longer heard in all its pronounced fury, sounds as a vague subterranean rumbling. The wind, roaring like some huge monster, struggles and revolves around itself, carrying palms, great trees, and houses before it as mere feathers, sweeping along with untamable fury. Every new onslaught heralds fresh disaster, and that awful, long-lasting groan of the gale in its passage makes the bravest of men tremble, and leaves an eternal remembrance in their minds, as of the knell of doom. Nobody ventures to go outside. Those who attempt to do so are knocked down by the heavy rain and the wind, which now blows at a rate of one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour. In these moments of terrible anxiety and fear, amidst the fury of nature, one cannot but feel some kind of admiration for its majestic and terrible strength, and a great desire comes to one to go out, fight one's way against it, and bring help to those in need.

But let us pass by the anxiety and strain of these terrible moments and see the results of the evil designs of the wind. How many strange scenes meet our eyes! In the city most of the houses are roofless; a wall has fallen here and there: a large plate-glass window has been swept away, while a delicate piece of furniture covered with ornaments is left intact; small papers are still to be seen in the air, most of their companions having gone up for an aerial trip of one hundred and fifty miles or more. All is consternation; the people are helping one another as best they can; a dead man here, a wounded one there; hundreds are gathering from the country in the porches of the houses and in the squares, asking for bread for their unfortunate children. They have lost all they had; their houses are gone, as are their crops and cattle. They have neither food nor clothes; everywhere there is misery. Those whose houses still remain, generously open them to these unfortunate people, and mingled with the grief of their losses and their gloomy future can be seen smiles expressive of deep gratitude.

From the high houses can be obtained a splendid but saddening view of the surrounding country. The rivers look like brown seas full of moving plants and trees. Most of the palms, "The Queens of the Forest," are lying many yards from their thrones, and the foliage of others droops sadly around their stems, the lightning having performed the office of the merciless guillotine. Let us go nearer. Dead cattle, remnants of houses, houses entire with living chickens and other animals on their roofs, are floating down the muddy torrent.

The freaks of the cyclone are sometimes incredible;

straws, minute sand particles, and tiny stones are driven several inches deep into the trunks and branches of trees; freight cars have been taken several yards away from their tracks and gently laid upon the ground, whereas the locomotive some feet ahead is completely smashed; the walls of a house have been blown away, and the entire roof, falling squarely on the ground, has spared all the family, serving them as a safer refuge; a mother is dead here, while the little child that a few minutes before she pressed in her arms, is safely deposited in the branches of a giant tree; corners of houses are shaved away, leaving the rest of the house untouched.

At last the sun is shining brightly over this scene of misery and devastation; but hundreds of starving people are driven desperate by the prospects of the future. Although, unfortunately, it takes one of these catastrophes to move the feelings of the people, yet they respond to the cries of their brothers when the time comes, and all the Island of Cuba joins as one body to send what they can to the suffering districts; and, thanks to this and to the fertile soil, they soon recover from their misfortunes.

In the two terrible cyclones of last year in Cuba, Madame Tingley was the first one to send help to the people there.

RAOÚL

Stories from Starland

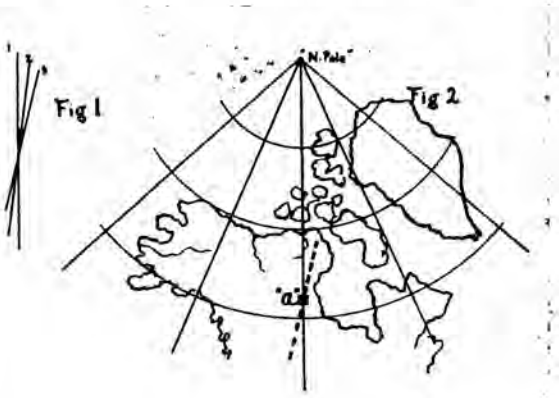
Does the Earth Revolve?

DEAR CHILDREN: This letter is about the Earth, which is really one of the stars. Seen from the Moon, or even from Venus, through a telescope, the Earth must present a most beautiful picture. One of the striking things would be the rapid movement of the Earth on its axis. New lands would be continually coming into sight on the western side, while others passed out of sight on the east. We ourselves can see a similar movement when we watch Jupiter or Mars through large telescopes. As Jupiter takes only about ten hours to revolve, we can sometimes see the whole surface of that planet in one night.

For many thousand years the revolution of the Earth, and its other movements, were preserved as a private teaching in the ancient College-Temples, and only explained to those who were intelligent enough to understand the subject. In the Dark Ages, after the destruction of the Greek and Roman empires, the great truths of astronomy were practically lost. Even now, when everyone knows that the Earth moves, there are many who are surprised to hear that there are several ways by which we can actually see that the Earth is turning under our feet.

A few months ago, in Spain, there were some fine exhibitions of one of these experiments. Thousands of persons saw it and listened to the lectures explaining it. These exhibitions are not often given, for they require great care and the apparatus is costly. I will now try to explain how "Foucault's Experiment" (as it is called after a French astronomer who invented it) is done.

To perform the experiment a large and very high chamber is necessary. From the roof a long cord is hung, carrying a very heavy weight. The whole thing forms an immense pendulum like that of some clocks, but it is so fixed that it can swing freely in every direction. At the bottom of the weight a sharp point is attached, and a table, covered with fine sand, is placed so that this point just touches the sand. The pendulum is pulled to the south or north side of the room and there let go with great care so that there shall be no jerk or twist. As it crosses the sand the sharp point cuts a fine line. Now comes the curious thing which proves that the Earth is moving. The next swing of the pendulum does not cut the sand in the same line as the first, but makes a fresh cut crossing it. The next swing makes still another cut,



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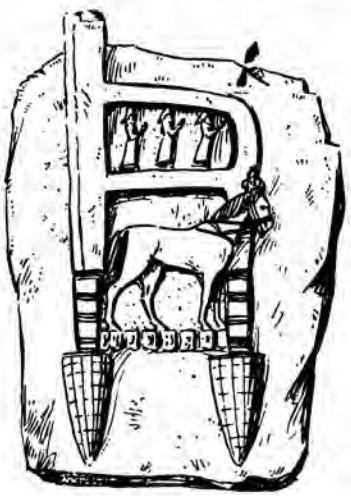
and so on till the pendulum stops. The difference between the cuts is very small, but after a short time it is easily seen. (See Figure 1)

You might say, "Oh, the pendulum is turning a little; it is not swinging truly"; but that is not so. It can be made to swing perfectly straight. The cause of the cutting away of the sand is the Earth's turning, not the pendulum's.

Here is a pretty experiment which you can easily do, and which will show you exactly how the thing works. Copy the outline of Figure 2 on a large card. Fix it to a board by a nail through the North Pole. Make a long pendulum out of a thread and a bit of lead. Hold it above "a" and swing it towards the North Pole. With your other hand slowly move the card to the right so that it will turn round the nail. Keep your hand which holds the pendulum moving with the card and always above point "a." After the card has moved a little, compare the line over which the pendulum is moving with the line from "a" to the North Pole, and you will see that it no longer covers it, but that the swing now covers the dotted line passing through "a."

The success of the experiment depends upon the principle that a pendulum will always swing in the direction

of the first swing unless it is forcibly turned. The joint at the top of the fifty-foot pendulum in Foucault's experiment has to be very carefully made so that it may allow the pendulum to swing perfectly free. Our card being flat instead of rounded like the Earth, makes no particular difference; but if we tried to make a flat model of the equator it would not do at all. The experiment will not work at the equator. I wonder if you can find out why? Affectionately yours, UNCLE SOL



ASSYRIAN CHAIR OR THRONE

Discoveries in Babylonia

OLD BABYLON continues to remain a veritable treasure-house for archaeologists and excavators. Interesting discoveries are being made there constantly, and our knowledge of the plan and construction of this wonderful old city is steadily growing. Much of the ancient city is now uncovered, and the architectural details of the buildings are laid bare. The elaborate system of drainage found throughout the city has awakened much interest, and the pavement of the streets is admirably done. Among other things, there have been discovered a great number of terra cotta tablets bearing inscriptions. Many of these tablets have already been translated, and their contents shed much light on the history of those early times. H. B.

Economy on a Railroad

FOR a long time the railroads have had great difficulty in supplying the wood necessary for ties and other purposes. The Pennsylvania Railroad, however, is employing a most economical way of providing this timber by growing its own trees along its right of way. Heretofore this land has been practically useless to the railroad, and as the cost approximates only five cents for every thousand board feet, the saving is very great. There is also a saving of expense by the railroad having a nursery of its own in Morrisville, Pennsylvania, where it raises its own trees for planting. The areas to be used for planting are very carefully examined so as to get the best results possible. If there is already a growth of timber, it is managed in the most improved manner of conservation; and if it is waste land, the trees most suited to that particular soil are planted. The work is under the direction of the foresters of the railroad company. C.

Preserving Wood

THE warping and shrinking of wood are well known to students of woodcraft, and they sometimes make a serious problem for the worker. Experiments for the practical solution of this problem have been successfully made in Australia. The wood is first boiled, and then allowed to cool and absorb a saccharine solution which contains many of the properties of sugar. Then it is thoroughly dried, the seasoning of the wood being completed within a few days of its cutting. This process increases the strength of the wood, stops all warping and shrinking, and makes the wood impervious to dry rot and to the attacks of white ants and other parasites which prey on ordinary lumber, because the sap of the wood is replaced by an antiseptic, owing to the solution boiling at a higher temperature than water. S. B. P.

Nature

LOOK Nature through, 'tis revolution all;
All change; no death. Day follows night; and night
The dying day; stars rise and set, and rise;
Earth takes th' example. See, the Summer gay,
With her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid Autumn: Winter gray,
Horrid with frost and turbulent with storm,
Blows Autumn and his golden fruits away;
Then melts into the Spring; soft Spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the first. All, to reflourish, fades;
As in a wheel, all sinks, to reascend—
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.—*Young*

In Nature's Realm

Notes by our Naturalist, P. L.

A Thoughtful Insect Mother

So, the bright train their radiant wings unfold
With silver fringed, and freckled o'er with gold;
On the gay blossoms of some fragrant flower
They, idly fluttering, live their little hour;
Their life all pleasure and their task all play,
All Spring their age, and sunshine all their day.
Mrs. Barbauld

MOST people think of butterflies as Mrs. Barbauld did. We fancy that they spend their time sipping nectar from the flowers and playing in the sunshine as they lightly flap their gaily painted wings, without a thought of duty or the welfare of their young.

An observer once saw a parsnip butterfly fluttering up and down some long rows of vegetable seedlings. The plants had only just come up and had hardly more than three leaves each, and, as you know, at that age all plants look very much alike. The butterfly was busy laying her

eggs, and you might suppose that she would simply lay them upon the nearest plant and then go and have some fun. But she was a thoughtful mother and seemed to know that if all the eggs were laid upon one plant, the little caterpillars would be too crowded, and would starve for want of food. And so she laid a few eggs here and a few there. Thus she provided "proper elbow-room" for them, and plenty of pasture.

The most wonderful part of her behavior was the way she chose the right plants. Her young ones could not live on any plants but carrots or parsnips. The wise little mother was watched for nearly an hour, as she hovered up and down the rows, yet never once did she lay an egg on a wrong plant. The observer of course could read the labels on the different rows, but the butterfly knew some other way.

Perhaps many creatures that seem to live careless lives of pleasure might, if carefully watched, be found to be busy with important matters. Very likely it is we who are careless, so failing to notice the clever foresight of the lower orders of life for the welfare of their young.

THE ATLAS MOTH AND ITS COCOON

The Royal Ermine

THE beautiful white fur with which the robes of kings and nobles are trimmed is much admired, but it is not generally known that the skins are obtained from the common stoat or "weasel," as the animal is called in America. The stoat is only a little larger than a rat, but his body is longer and very snake-like and supple, and curves over like a bent bow. In temperate climates the fur turns from brown to white as the winter comes on; but the jet-black tip of the tail stays black all the year round. In the north of Scotland it is so cold that the stoat keeps his white coat through the summer, although you may sometimes find a brown one. On the summit of Ben Nevis, however, none but snow-white stoats are found.

Although stoats are savage little animals, and get their living by hunting rats and mice and hares and rabbits, yet they are very fond of a game of play. Sometimes two of them stand up and box together; others may be seen turning somersaults for fun, or even competing in a high-jump competition, while all the time they utter sharp, excited little shrieks of "jack, jack," as if to express their feelings of lively enjoyment.

Hares and rabbits are attracted to watch these athletic sports, and, I am sorry to say, one or two of the bystanders are sometimes found missing. But frequently the stoats carry on these games with no evil intention, just for the fun of the thing, and they have been known to play with young rabbits and let them go home unharmed. They have even been seen to share the food of birds in a very peaceable and friendly fashion.

If I were a mother rabbit, I must confess I should consider stoats as very bad company for my young ones, and should feel somewhat anxious until their game was over and all had come home safe and sound.

Most of the ermine fur is brought from Lapland and Siberia.

The "Sweet Tooth" Among Animals

EVERYBODY knows that foxes are fond of rabbits and hens; but in spite of Aesop's fable we forget that they have what is called "a sweet tooth," and frequently eat ripe fruit. The coyotes of Point Loma, which are first cousins of the foxes, often devour two or three watermelons in one night. They bite them open and relieve their thirst, as well as satisfying their love for sweet things. They will also eat the "prickly pears" which grow on the wild cacti, and are even suspected of robbing big fruit trees.

There are lions living in a very dry part of Africa, which quench their thirst on small melons which grow wild there.

Bears also are fond of fruit and eat quantities of berries in the autumn. Their "sweet tooth" leads them to attack beehives too, and they do not suffer so much as you might think, as their thick fur protects them from the angry bees. Where the hair is short, as it is on the nose, the bees have a chance; but Bruin perhaps consoles himself with the thought, "There is never a rose without a thorn."

You have all heard the curious humming the wind makes among the telegraph wires sometimes. When a bear comes upon a telegraph post and hears the humming overhead, he very naturally supposes that it is a hollow tree with a bees' nest in it, and glad with expectancy he clambers up the smooth and slippery pole, with thoughts of honey in his heart. He finds nothing but tough wires and disappointment at the summit, and as he sadly shuffles down again I suspect he wonders who it was humming up there, anyway.

A visitor to a Zoological garden once threw a pill-box full of honey into the bears' pit. The lucky bear that got it was so pleased with the gift that he not only ate the honey, but swallowed the pill-box too.

Chivalry Among Dogs

HOWEVER much dogs may take delight in chasing full-grown cats, it is only the very worst characters among them who will attack a basket-full of young kittens. The helplessness of the baby cats appeals to their better nature and they let the chance for fun go by.

HELLO! WHO SAYS WE ARE NOT FRIENDS?

Very few dogs will bite a female of their own kind unless greatly provoked; a feeling of chivalry restrains them. Some dogs extend this delicate consideration even to female wolves (who are closely related to dogs), and many a wolf hunt is spoiled because the hounds will not follow up the scent of Miss or Mrs. Wolf.

Have you never noticed the politeness of good dog Tray when you offer him a dish of water when he is not thirsty? In order to let you know that your kindness is appreciated, he will take just two laps of it and then run away. For the same reason some human beings will take a sprinkle of pepper over their food, not because they want it, but just because someone has passed the pepper-pot in their direction and they wish to acknowledge the attention.

Why the Salmon is Pink

WE all know the beautiful pink of the flesh of the salmon; but everybody does not know that this is caused by the shrimps and prawns and other crustaceans on which the salmon feeds. Someone may object to this and say that shrimps and prawns turn pink only after they are boiled. However I simply pass on to you what learned naturalists have said.

A bather was once down on the sand under the sea when he saw a little spark of light flash before his eyes and disappear. Soon after, more sparks flitted past, and presently he caught a struggling, prickly creature which turned out to be a prawn. No doubt the reason why a salmon bites at a piece of bright tin on a fisherman's hook is because he thinks he is going to get one of those tasty little sparks we call prawns.

When the salmon of the Pacific Coast leaves the ocean and swims up the rivers to lay her eggs, she has to leave the prawns and shrimps behind her, and so as long as she lives in fresh water she gives up the eating habit altogether, and she and her silvery husband grow very thin.

It is very fortunate for us that we do not get colored by the food we eat, as does the salmon; otherwise a hearty meal of tomatoes would make us look like boiled lobsters, and in the blackberry season our skins would turn to a dark purple.

The tiny cells which line the digestive canal allow the nourishing part of the food to pass through into the blood, but keep the coloring matter back. How do the cells know? But for this habit of theirs should we be always changing colors like chameleons, according to the food we had eaten?

We do not know everything about colors yet. You might suppose that tea made out of the green leaves of a sage bush would be green; but, as it happens, it pours out a golden brown. There are mysteries about color yet to be explained.

The Colors of Young Animals

THE child of an American Indian is reddish brown like his father; a white man's child is white; but among the animals it is common to find the marks and coloring of the young ones quite different from those of their parents.

A lion's cub has dark spots something like a leopard's, and so has the young puma. As they grow older the spots disappear.

The little ones of wild pigs, all the world over, are striped while they are young; but the domestic pigling keeps the marks and colors he is born with until his dying day.

Before the young lapwing can fly it is covered with gray fluff and speckled all over with dark spots. If a man comes near, the little bird crouches on the ground and pretends to be a stone; so that unless the man wants something to throw, he leaves it alone. Later on the young lapwing turns black and white and grows a graceful crest upon his head, and when he sees anything terrible, such as a man, for instance, he just flies away. He need no longer pretend to be a stone.

There is a lizard found at Point Loma, which has a brilliant blue tail while it is young. Who knows what benefit it is to the young lizard to have a steel-blue tail? Why is almost every animal white or light-colored underneath? But that must be considered at some future time.

A Bold Ermine

ONE day as the writer was walking by a honeysuckle hedge in Lomaland, he saw an elegant ermine or stoat coming in his direction. Stopping quite still he drew breath through his lips to imitate the shrill chirp of a nest of young birds. The sound, as was expected, attracted the approaching ermine. The little furry rascal ran up to the standing figure and walked over the boots,

while he looked everywhere to find the nestful of birds whose chirping he seemed to hear so loud and near at hand.

Presently he fancied that the nest must be near the summit of the living statue at whose base he stood, and so set himself to climb up the legs. But a pair of slippery leggings gave him no foothold, and he tumbled down disappointed. Had the writer wished, he might have caught the eager little animal as he stood sniffing the air at his feet; but he thought it better to go about his duties, and the restless ermine, with his appetite sharper than before, ran off to look for mice along the hedge.

A Peep at the Underworld

NOT all the beauties of the earth are above its surface. Indeed, some of its strangest and loveliest sights are in caves underground — places where we can get glimpses of the scenery of the underworld and of the fairy palaces and gardens of the Water Elves.

These openings to the realms of the elves and gnomes exist all over the earth, but some of the most interesting are found in America. Chief among these is the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, which is the largest known cave in the world. It covers an area ten miles in diameter, and its great length of windings and twistings is over one hundred and fifty miles. It may very well be called the capital city of the Water Fairies' kingdom, for in its great extent are grand audience-halls, domes, avenues, and chapels, where all the sprites of the earth could hold their revels. There is a great variety in the scenery, too. We find rivers of cold, clear water, peopled by queer, blind fish; and cataracts and lakes; while deep pits and unexplored places make traveling dangerous without a guide. In the gardens there are many flowers, and you can see roses wreathing snowy pillars of frozen water, and luscious grapes tempt you as you pass. In the winter-time in these domains, the snowstorms are showers of glittering crystals.

Not so imposing in size, but more remarkable for their beauty, are the caverns of Luray in Virginia. Here are exquisite stalagmites and stalactites and sparkling columns, some so great in size that it has taken seven million years to form them. Everywhere abound drapery and lace-work in stone, in all tints of red and brown, or pure white. Holding back the folds of one shimmering portière is the image of a baby's chubby hand, perfect in outline, and of a delicate rosy color.

The stone formations in these caverns are perhaps more curious and varied than in any other. In the "Vegetable Garden" there, you see cabbages, asparagus, cauliflowers, and other such things. As to the fish in the "Fishmarket," there are fine specimens of silver perch, shad, mackerel, and many more, quite perfect, even down to the notches in their tails. The fruits and cakes of stone would prove too tempting for us to resist, could we pick them up and feast on them.

In another part we see the "Balcony," where, possibly, some of the ladies have left their scarves of alabaster embroidered in silver, when they were there to hear the "Organ" and the "Chimes" in the "Cathedral." The guide can perhaps make them play for you, but how would their deep, sonorous notes and bell-like tones sound under the magic touch of the Queen's concert-master? She has groups of statuary there, too, and in her menagerie are elephants and camels which appear very docile; but over in the corner is a terrible dragon, guarding the treasures that must be respected by all who come to visit this wonderland. In her "Park" is a frozen geyser which, I am sure, has been missed from the Yellowstone at some time. The leaning tower of Pisa has also been copied remarkably well.

In Bermuda there are some beautiful caves also, where the ceilings are all massed with stalactites, and frozen icicles from the North seem to have been stolen by the Elves to decorate these, their ball-rooms.

These are only a few of the many wonderful caves to be found, and perhaps some day you will visit them. Then you will be sure to know that they have been carved out by the architect of the Queen of the Underworld, which is Water. If you look sharply, who knows but what you may see some of the fairy sprites at their work of beautifying their home, or, perhaps, even hear their laughter at their merry revels. K. H.

ICE CAVERN ON MT. TACOMA
State of Washington

The First Punctuation Marks

WE are so accustomed to the punctuation marks used in printing and writing today that it is difficult to think of any one ever having been without them. They are in reality quite modern in comparison with the long ages that mankind has been using successively carved, drawn, written, and printed characters to express his thoughts. For instance: the colon (:) was first used about 1458, the comma (,) about 1520, the semicolon (;) some fifty years later, while the period (.) is the only mark that was used prior to the fifteenth century. If we were obliged all of a sudden to cease using punctuation marks in writing, we should probably find it very difficult to make ourselves understood or to understand the unpunctuated writing of others. Imagine trying to read a book without any stops!

Memorial to a Humane Worker

PEOPLE the world over will be interested in the hospital for animals which is to be erected in the city of Boston. This building is a memorial to George T. Angell, who was a pioneer worker for all dumb creatures.

FORGET NOT THE DUMB CREATURES

He was founder, and for nearly fifty years president, of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It is this society that will erect the memorial.

Mr. Angell did not limit his efforts to the city of Boston alone, but sought to make his influence felt beyond the limits of his own State, and even those of his country. He was also founder of *Our Dumb Animals,* a paper devoted to the promulgation of that sympathy for every living creature which should glow in the hearts of all. He established the American Band of Mercy, and through it he opened the way for a greater scope of humane education.

To those who love Nature's dumb children, a life of such untiring work calls forth deep and sincere appreciation.

HAZEL

How a Horse Saved his Master

THERE have been innumerable accounts of the dog's loyalty, his almost human intelligence, and his love; but few think the horse as intelligent as the dog, though he is known to be as affectionate and as loyal.

Here is an account of interest on this subject, which will at first seem incredible, but it is nevertheless true.

A man who was currying his horse, was all of a sudden attacked from behind by another man. Having been thrown down, he lay unconscious on the floor. The horse, seeing that his helpless master was still being maltreated began to kick and bite and follow the assailant until he left the place. Thus the horse saved his master.

LEONOR

Items of Interest

ONE of the commonest of the many erroneous ideas held about natural-history lore, is that bees will swarm at the ringing of a bell or the sounding of a tin pan. It originated in the custom which Alfred the Great introduced to prevent disputes over the ownership of a swarm. He ordered that each man should ring a bell while his bees were swarming, and ever since good farmer folk have been rushing out of their houses with clanging bells whenever their bees were swarming.

IN the village of Tule, in southern Mexico, says *The Technical World,* is one of the largest trees in the world. It exceeds in thickness the famous redwood trees of California, and equals the largest giants among the baobabs of Africa. This "old man of the forest" is 160 feet high, has a waist measurement of 154 feet, and spreads his arms to an extent of 140 feet. He is a great many years old, and it is said that he once sheltered the army of Cortez while it was conquering the surrounding country.

ONE of the exhibits at a horticultural fair in Sebastapool, California, was a locomotive, perfectly complete as to its outward appearance, made entirely of apples, on an apple track with apple ties. The whole structure was twenty-six feet long and six feet high, and it was run by a concealed electric motor. It required thousands of apples to carry out the design.

THE largest red or cotton-tailed deerhead as yet recorded was recently brought to Bangor, Maine. It has fifty prongs on the antlers and is very even, having twenty-six on one side and twenty-four on the other. It spreads twenty-eight inches in the widest place and has broad webs on each antler, spreading seven inches.

THE decrease in the number of kingfishers in Yorkshire, England, of late years, has been deplored by many bird-lovers. But last autumn there was instead a great increase due to the dryness of the long summer, which greatly reduced the depth of the rivers. In this way, the small fish used for food were much more easily obtained. The great supply of food has increased both the numbers and the size of the kingfishers.

RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Monthly

Conducted by Students of the Râja Yoga Academy

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KATHERINE TINGLEY, WITH OFFICIALS AND STUDENTS OF THE RÂJA YOGA COLLEGE AND ACADEMY LEAVING THE ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE FOR THE GROUND-BREAKING CEREMONIES FOR THE TEMPLE ON THE SITE OF THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, NOVEMBER 12, 1911

Ready for Action

NO one expects to see with his eyes closed; but more than once in the world's history people have expected to be in the right place at the right time without making any attempt to get there.

Mental lethargy is a serious condition, nor are we half so free from it as we may suppose. It is subtle and creeps over us as gently as any fog from the ocean; but once it settles, the simile ceases to exist, for it does not quietly pass away, nor does it leave us refreshed to revel in sunshine.

Some people seem naturally alert and ready for everything; but this is simply because they have learned the art of mental housekeeping. No matter when or how this secret was discovered — that may not be known to the persons themselves — at some time or other there was a discovery, and a very important one, too. Who does not love to see a house in order, with a place for everything and everything in its place? Strange to say, many of our mental edifices cannot boast this enviable condition, and a thorough Saturday cleaing would prove a blessing indeed!

Every one of us may learn to keep house mentally, as well as any other way, and a good rule in one case is

equally valuable in another. First of all we must have some plan — no one would think of dusting and then beating the carpets. When the work has been thus systematized there is the natural sequence to be taken into consideration; room following room is certainly more consistent than flitting about here, there, and everywhere; besides, such a course wastes time and energy. Having decided on law and order, we shall very soon find that the attitude of mind is a most important factor in our new round of duties; in truth it was that which led us to our choice.

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"... THE SOUL OF ALL DELIGHT
FILLS A CHILD'S CLEAR LAUGHTER"

Where is the right attitude to be found? Not in eagles' nests, nor fleeing over rugged mountains like the chamois. It is everywhere; before us this minute, as it was in the last and will be in the next; ours if we wish; something we may *assume* this instant, not a thing that we must acquire. How often is the goal lost because we sit at the foot of the mountain, and with every passing minute think how much higher it has grown!

It is not necessary to fly around creating a sensation and getting in everyone's way. This is only another form of sitting at the bottom of the hill, and resembles the useless efforts of the moth around the alluring flame. Once we do assume the right attitude, what we need is the willingness to dig deeply in our natures, and the perseverance to keep on when we come across boulders; for when all is said and done, it is the step after step that takes us everywhere.

These things are not the kernel, the center of power, but merely its outward expression. Through them flows a mighty river, as essential to their existence as motive-power is to an engine. This is the will, the electric spark, and as we make ourselves the masters or let it run its course unchecked, so do we prove our power to see what surrounds it, and whether we are ready or not for prompt and vigorous action.

A Child's Laughter

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

ALL the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the wells on earth may spring,
All the winds on earth may bring
All sweet sounds together;
Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sounds of woods at sun-down stirred,
Welling water's winsome word,
Wind in warm wan weather.

One thing yet there is, that none
Hearing ere its chime be done
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of man beneath the sun,
Hoped in heaven hereafter,
Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very sound of very light
Heard from morning's rosiest height
When the soul of all delight
Fills a child's clear laughter.

Golden bells of welcome rolled
Never forth such notes, nor told
Hours so blithe in tones so bold,
As the radiant mouth of gold
Here that rings forth heaven.
If the golden-crested wren
Were a nightingale — why, then,
Something seen and heard of men
Might be half as sweet as when
Laughs a child of seven. — *Selected*

A Mathematical Conquest

"I SIMPLY CAN'T learn mathematics!" exclaimed Julia.

"*Can't* is a large word for a small girl," said her sister.

"Not so large as arithmetic!" replied Julia.

"You will find it larger. Your grammar and history do not burden you, I see."

"Oh, they are different. They are like tools for one who expects to write poems and stories."

"Isn't arithmetic a valuable tool for an author?"

"Why, no! It's so dull — this times that, and that times this!"

"Julia, dear! Please take a fresh page in your note-

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A SCENE IN A RĀJA YOGA CLASS ROOM, POINT LOMA
THE TOTS' MENTAL ARITHMETIC DRILL

book and write a heading: "Mathematical Mysteries."

"Done!" announced Julia.

"Mystery Number One," dictated her sister. "To find the square of a mixed number, the fraction in which is ½, multiply the integer by the next higher number and add the fraction ¼. Example 5½ squared is $5 \times 6 + \frac{1}{4}$, or 30¼."

"Yes, 30¼ square yards make one square rod. That's in the measurement tables."

"Well, apply the rule to another mixed number. What is 1½ squared?"

"It is $1 \times 2 + \frac{1}{4}$, or 2¼."

"Do you know decimals?"

"Y—e—s."

"Then what is the square of 35?"

"I don't know! Oh, I see — $3 \times 4 + .25 \times 100$, or 1225! O, sister dear, I must run and astonish the girls! Why, I can find the squares of every number ending in 5, up to 205, and ever so many complicated fractions!"

"Wait a moment, Julia. This is only a simple mystery. Mathematics opens the mind, develops concentration, and strengthens all good thought."

"Will it help me to write?"

"Lewis Carroll, who wrote your *Alice* books, was a mathematician, and I have read that before writing *Paradise Lost* Milton devoted two years to mathematical work. Probably the world's greatest poems and stories wait to be written by broad-minded men and women, become, through rounded development of all faculties, far greater than mere poets and story-tellers."

"They will be Râja Yogas, sister!"

"Well, Râja Yoga includes steady mathematical drill."

"Where is my dear arithmetic?" said Julia, forgetting to "astonish the girls," in a new and true interest in numbers.

W. D.

Jock's Pets

"I HAVE a dog and Phil has a Persian cat."

"And what has Jock got?" asked Dr. Porter.

Phil and Clement laughed. "Oh you should see Jock's pets," they exclaimed in chorus, and laughed again.

"I should like to," their uncle answered quietly, as little Jock turned silently away. Jock was used to their ridicule, but it still hurt at times, like the present, when his peculiarities were discussed with newcomers, like his uncle who was a stranger to them, and he felt he would rather be out of hearing. But no laughter followed him across the field, and presently he found his uncle had joined him as he loitered by the rocks to feed the little lizards with his cake crumbs.

"And who is the next?" asked a kindly voice; "Old Bess?"

"Yes," answered the boy shyly; but he knew he had found a new friend when Uncle Charlie gathered a handful of grass that "Bess" could not reach, and examined poor old Rover's paw and extracted therefrom a thorn.

Great was the astonishment of Phil and Clement to see the interest their clever, interesting new uncle took

in Jock's pets, and how he supported him in his ideas. The climax came when their father told them that Dr. Porter was so pleased with the little boy that cared for all the *uncared for* animals round about their home, that he had offered to pay for his education as a doctor, and take him to live in his own beautiful home.

"He came determined to make the offer for one of you, and Jock's unselfishness and pluck — so he told me — won his heart," said he.

Mr. Watson looked over his spectacles at his motherless boys as he finished. "But I am afraid, lads, I shall find it difficult to persuade him to go; for I left him sobbing at the idea that *there would be no one to look after his pets,*" and, rubbing his head in a perplexed sort of way, their father left the room.

There was a long pause. Clem whistled a tune, then cleared his throat, as they also made for the open air. Old Rover hove in sight, but turned back disappointed. "We are not Jock, old fellow," said Phil, "but here's a pat, all the same," and he stooped and petted the old dog, who wagged first a deprecating and finally a rejoicing tail. And that was the beginning of it, for the boys made up their minds that *Jock must go, and go joyfully.*

And the end of *that* chapter of their lives may be given in Phil's parting words to his little brother as the train slowly steamed from the station: "We'll write and tell you all about them, you bet; they 'll like us better than you before you 're back, don't you make any mistake!"

Jock's radiant answering smile was without a trace of jealousy. Nor did Phil and Clement neglect their brother's pets. ETHNE

Preparing for Easter

THE Flower Fairies were in a great flutter of excitement. A Wild Flower had ventured up through the cold March soil and bloomed, and returned with the story that Easter was to occur a whole fortnight earlier than usual. The Queen Fairy called a meeting, and the disturbing news was being anxiously discussed.

"Comrades," spoke the Queen after every one had finished talking, "I am aware that as you say, the task before you is one that seems utterly impossible of accomplishment. Not a Sunbeam have we felt since we waked up this spring. What rain we have had was cold and dreary, and only this morning the chill was so great down here that I am sure the earth must have been covered with frost at least, if not snow. But no matter. We must do our duty and be ready to bloom by Easter. Think of the disappointment it would be to mortals to have a flowerless Easter! All through the year they would miss the inspiration to good that we never fail to give them every Easter morning. So I say to you: Do your best to be ready. Hyacinths, keep busy making bells; Lilies, improve your whiteness; Tulips, ply your paint brushes diligently; prepare your perfume, Violets; and Daffodils, you above all must keep up a brave heart, for on you I must rely to carry to men our message of springtime joy. No one must be idle a minute. And trust me when I tell you that your efforts will not we wasted. The warmth will come in time, I know, and all you will then need do is to burst through the ground in dazzling splendor." Thus encouraged the Flower Fairies went home to work and wait in patience for Easter morning.

LOMALAND EASTER LILIES

But the Queen long sat on her throne in reflection. "I told them to trust," she mused; "but how do I myself know that we shall succeed? Perhaps the Sunbeam Fairies have forgotten us away down here in the earth. Perhaps the Cloud Fairies consider our work of little importance; and they are far away from me, high up in the sky, and I cannot inquire of them. So I, too, must simply wait and trust that in some way our unselfish object will not be allowed to suffer defeat."

So the Queen Fairy shook off her gloom and entered enthusiastically into the work of cheering her subjects on in their difficult task.

It lacked but a week of Easter before any change occurred to brighten the situation. Then one warm welcome Sunbeam penetrated to the Flower Fairies' realm.

"We thought you were never coming," said they.

"Well, I have not come to stay, but only to make a short call. How very busy you all are here! That is fine

painting you are doing, Tulip. I suppose that will win you great admiration from mortals next Sunday, eh?"

"Possibly, kind sir; but my object is not that, but to cheer and help them as our dear Queen has directed."

"Good, good," murmured Sunbeam. "And Lily, how proud you are going to be, occupying the place of honor on the altar!"

"Proud! Ah, you pain me! I would but fill their hearts with longings for the sweet, spotless purity that I represent."

"Ah, well enough, well enough! But what is little Miss Violet doing here? Distilling perfume, are you? As you are not very conspicuous in looks, I suppose you expect to attract attention by your sweet fragrance."

The Violet Fairy burst into tears. Sunbeam hastily apologized, and after a few more remarks took his departure.

The Flower Fairies were all discouraged. "Only one Sunbeam! And such an uncomfortable one at that!" they complained.

But the eyes of the Queen Fairy shone with joy and hope. They also sparkled with amusement, for she had surmised the errand of the sly Sunbeam. "Fairies, Fairies! Cease your moans. Now we shall have the blessed rain and the warm sun. Quickly to your tasks, for tomorrow you will all be buds," said she.

That night the rain came down in torrents, and the morning brought the steady, life-giving heat so long withheld. The Flower Fairies all bade farewell to the dark earth, and on Easter morning the hearts of mortals drank in once more the beautiful lesson prepared for them every Eastertide by their friends, the Flowers. B. F. C.

But try, I urge — the trying shall suffice;
The aim, if reached or not, makes great the life. — *Browning*

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OH! WHERE HAS THE FIFTH KITTIE GONE?

The Cats' Tea-party

F. E. WEATHERLEY

Selected

FIVE little pussy-cats, invited out to tea,
Cried: "Mother, let us go — Oh, do! for good we'll surely be.
We'll wear our bibs and hold our things as you have shown us how —
Spoons in right paws, cups in left — and make a pretty bow;
We'll always say, 'Yes, if you please,' and 'Only half of that.'"
"Then go, my darling children," said the happy Mother Cat.
The five little pussy-cats went out that night to tea,
Their heads were smooth and glossy, their tails were swinging free;
They held their things as they had learned, and tried to be polite;
With snowy bibs beneath their chins they were a pretty sight.
But, alas! for manners beautiful, and coats as soft as silk,
The moment that the little kits were asked to take some milk,
They dropped their spoons, forgot to bow, and — oh, what do you think?
They put their noses in the cups and all began to drink!
Yes, every naughty little kit set up a *miow* for more,
Then knocked the teacups over, and scampered through the door.

A Tribute to Charles Dickens, by an English Girl of the Râja Yoga Academy

Charles Dickens, the Author

ON the seventh of February, 1912, thousands of people in both the Old World and the New were united in doing honor to the memory of Charles Dickens, who was born just one hundred years ago.

Dickens' childhood was far from being a happy one. He went to school for only a very short time, and then spent his days working in a factory where shoe-blacking was made. Here he came into contact with all sorts of people, representing the poorer side of human life in all its various aspects. Being a very observant boy, and a keen student of human nature, he retained the impressions thus gained, and stored up an endless fund of material for his future work as an author.

He later had a position as a reporter, and he has depicted his early struggles with shorthand in *David Copperfield*, one of his best-known works.

The work that brought Dickens into prominence and raised him to the highest rank in the literary world, was his *Pickwick Papers*. These were published periodically, and each was awaited with delight and impatience by thousands of readers.

One thing that makes Dickens so universally beloved is his irresistible humor. When we read about Mr. Micawber, with his copious letter-writing, and his wife who will never desert him, or the Pickwickians, with their ludicrous adventures, or dear old Dick Swiveller, we forget cares and sorrows, and laugh in spite of ourselves, so brimful of laughter is Dickens.

But his characters, although so many of them are humorous, are real people; he took them from among the crowds that thronged the streets of London, and gave them a permanent place in literature, where they will live to be the favorites of many a future generation.

For more than three-score years Dickens has held the hearts of both old and young; so with great affection we celebrate his centenary. FRANCES S.

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CHARLES DICKENS

A Visit to Dickens' Land

IT was a stormy winter evening, and I had been spending a pleasant hour, buried deep in my beloved Dickens. As I read, it grew darker; the twilight merged into dusk and my eyes could no longer see the printed pages. I leaned back in my chair, musing, and totally oblivious of the world without, when suddenly looking up I beheld the queerest apparition I had ever set eyes upon. He seemed to be a boy in years, yet he was dressed in a coat that was made for a man, and a hat which seemed on the point of falling off.

His whole figure, and especially the expression of shrewd yet kindly cunning on his face, seemed at once familiar and yet strange to me. Where had I seen him before? At last I remembered. Of course he was the Artful Dodger, whose acquaintance I had made in company with poor, starved, little Oliver Twist.

Before I had time to wonder what was coming, he put his finger to his lips to enjoin silence, and then beckoned me to follow him. I obeyed, and soon, without being conscious of having passed through the house door, I found myself walking along a country road, with my strange guide beside me.

It seemed to be midday, and in the distance I could see the sea sparkling and glistening in the sunshine. But what was that black object, half boat, half house, on the beach near us? It reminded me of David Copperfield and his nurse Pegotty. Yes, there was David himself, picking up shells on the beach, and by his side stood a pretty little girl whom he called Em'ly. As I passed I heard him saying: "And some day you will be a fine lady, and I will take you over the seas in a big ship, far away to other lands."

Happy children! Gladly would I have stopped to talk to them, but my guide was already beckoning to me, so off we started again and soon reached the city. But we turned away from the noisy thoroughfares, down a quiet little street and into a big bare room.

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THE "OLD CURIOSITY SHOP"

THE HOME OF LITTLE NELL, WHOSE STORY IS ONE OF THE MOST PATHETIC IN LITERATURE

In one corner of it a little girl sat, busily sewing. Her back was crooked, and she had a queer, sharp little face, with bright gray eyes, and a lovely shower of golden hair. On the table before her were dolls of every description, and one could tell she was accustomed to her work by the deft way in which she fitted the gowns and cloaks, for this was the little dolls' dressmaker.

Poor little maiden, suffering from pain, shut up there in the heart of the great city, far from the woods and the birds and the flowers, where was the sunshine in her life? Why, she made it herself, for I heard her telling her friend Lizzie, who had just come in, how she sometimes thought about flowers so intensely that she could see them and smell their fragrance. And then bands of Shining Ones would come to play with her and make her forget her pain and care in a short space of ease and rest.

So we left her to her shining dreams and soon passed into a large hall, on the door of which we read in large letters, "Jarley's Waxworks." Inside were a number of wax figures dressed in all manner of quaint costumes, and in front of them sat a stout lady. Near her stood a little girl, to whom she seemed to be giving instructions. And little Nell, for she it was, seemed to learn her lesson well, for the stout lady's face was lit up with a smile of approbation, and as we left the hall we could still hear Nell's clear voice, as she rehearsed the description of one figure or another, interrupted now and again by Mrs. Jarley's cheerful tones.

Our next visit brought us to the seaside again. This time I espied a picturesque little group which looked familiar. Right at the water's edge there was an invalid's chair in which sat a frail little boy of about five, with a wan, wistful little face. By his side sat a little girl of eleven, with her sewing in her lap. Both the children were gazing far out to sea, watching the waves in their ceaseless flow, and listening to their dull roar and murmur. "What do they say, Floy?" asked little Paul. "I want to know what it is the waves keep saying." And I knew that for many days they would sit thus together, and ever would the same wondering query rise to little Paul's lips: "What is it they keep saying?"

Leaving the brother and sister, it was not long before we arrived at a very small house from which the sound of gay voices issued. What a lively scene met our gaze

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A GROUP OF THE YOUNGER STUDENTS OF THE RĀJA YOGA COLLEGE, POINT LOMA

as we entered! This was evidently some festive occasion, for the mother of the family was busy cooking something which emitted savory odors. Around her flocked her children, each trying to help in his own way, and every tongue going as fast as it could go.

Just then the father entered, carrying on his shoulder a tiny crippled boy. Then I knew where we were: we had come upon the whole family of Cratchits, just ready for their Christmas dinner. How they did enjoy it, and I could not help thinking as I watched them, "What a happy family! May they spend many more Merry Christmases with Tiny Tim in their midst!"

But what sound was that that startled my ear? It sounded like the clock striking twelve, and while I listened to its deep tones, the scene faded away before my eyes — the dinner-table, roast goose, and all, and Tiny Tim too; even my strange guide vanished.

I sat up and rubbed my eyes, and found that I was still in my chair where I had fallen asleep. Alas! My delightful visit to Dickens' Land was only a dream!

FRANCES S.

TRUE happiness consists not in the multitude of friends, but in the worth and choice. — *Ben Jonson*

Musical Activities at the Râja Yoga College

DURING the last month the meetings at Isis Theater, San Diego, have been conducted by the students of the Râja Yoga Academy and College. The programs were entirely musical, and were well attended, for it is seldom that the public has the opportunity of enjoying such a treat. The following short résumé will give an idea of these interesting events.

The Râja Yoga Orchestra performed, among other numbers, the overtures to Wagner's *Rienzi* and to Schubert's *Rosamunde,* besides an original work, "Concert Overture No. 1," composed by one of the students of the Râja Yoga College; two selections of the celebrated Finnish composer, Sibelius, *Finlandia,* and *Valse Triste;* selections from Bizet's suite *L'Arlésienne*; and several shorter numbers, among which may be mentioned Meyerbeer's *Fackeltanz,* and the celebrated march from *Aïda.*

As regards solo work, mention should be made of the following violin solos: *Rêverie,* by Vieuxtemps, with orchestral accompaniment, and Wieniawski's *Légende,* and *Souvenir de Moscou.* Piano solos: "Allegro con brio" from Beethoven's *C-minor Concerto,* also with orchestral accompaniment; Chopin's *Berceuse;* Mendelssohn's *Hunting Song;* also a piano duet, *Fantasia on*

Oberon, by Weber-Leybach; and a trio by three of the tots. Among the miscellaneous instrumental selections may be mentioned a trio for violin, piano, and 'cello; a flute duet; and a trombone solo, *The Erlking,* with orchestral accompaniment.

Turning to vocal work, the full Râja Yoga Chorus rendered two songs by Eaton Faning, *The Miller,* and *The Vikings;* the Râja Yoga Girls' Chorus, Chaminade's *Evening Song in Brittany,* and the *Ode to Music;* the Râja Yoga Boys' Chorus gave several selections from Lahee's cantata, *The Building of the Ship;* the Junior Girls' Chorus sang two songs, *The Mermaids,* and *Moonlight,* and the Junior Boys' Chorus gave a remarkable rendition of Rathbone's cantata, *Vogelweid, the Minnesinger,* accompanied by the Râja Yoga Orchestra.

From the foregoing it is evident that the month of February has been remarkably full of musical activities, and we may feel sure that these concerts have given as much pleasure to those who participated in them as to those who had the privilege of attending. M. C.

Sea and Shore

HENRY VAN DYKE

Selected

MUSIC I yield to thee;
As swimmer to the sea
I give my spirit to the flood of song:
Bear me upon thy breast
In rapture and at rest,
Bathe me in pure delight and make me strong;
From strife and struggle bring release,
And draw the waves of passion into tides of peace.

Remember'd songs, most dear,
In living songs I hear,
While blending voices gently sing and sway
In melodies of love,
Whose mighty currents move,
With singing near and singing far away;
Sweet in the glow of morning light,
And sweeter still across the starlit gulf of night.

Music, in thee we float,
And lose the lonely note
Of self in thy celestial-ordered strain,
Until at last we find
The life to love resigned
In harmony of joy restored again;
And songs that cheered our mortal days
Break on the coast of light in endless hymns of praise.

Mary, the Mother of Washington, and her Times

(Concluded from the February issue)

REGARDING the domestic life and responsibilities in the days of Mary Ball, Mrs. Pryor herself says:*

Those were not troublesome days of ever-changing fashion. Garments were, for many years, cut after the same patterns, varying mainly in accordance with the purses of their wearers. "The petticoats of sarcenet, with black, broad lace printed on the bottom and before; the flowered satin and plain satin, laced with rich lace at the bottom," descended from mother to daughter with no change in the looping of the train or decoration of bodice and ruff. . . .

The lady of the manor had occupation enough and to spare in managing English servants and negroes, and in purveying for a table of large proportions. Nor was she without accomplishments. She could dance well, embroider, play upon the harpsichord or spinet, and wear with grace her clocked stockings, rosetted, high-heeled shoes and brave gowns of "taffeta and moyre" looped over her satin quilt. . . .

She managed well her large household, loved her husband, and reared kindly but firmly her many sons and daughters. . . . She lived in an age and in the land of chivalry, and her "amiable qualities of mind and heart" received generous praise. As a matron she was adored by her husband and her friends.

"LADY WASHINGTON"
One of the character studies in a historical drama at the Râja Yoga Academy, Point Loma

As for the society of Westmoreland in which Mary Ball and her friends moved, it was "the finest for culture and sound patriotism in the Colony," said Bishop Meade. She was surrounded by families that later became famous in the history of their country, such distinguished neighbors as these: the Masons, Lees, Washingtons, Fitzhughs, Mercers, Moncures, and Newtons; among not-far-distant friends and acquaintances were such as the Randolphs, Byrds, Carters, and Harrisons. To what extent she moved in such society we can only conjecture, but we can rest assured that her social position opened all doors to her if she chose. However, even as a young woman she was probably more retiring

* *Mary, the Mother of Washington, and Her Times,* by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor (Macmillan, New York).

and thoughtful than her companions. Nor was she the only young woman of that time destined to play an important part in the history of her country; there was, for instance, Jane Randolph who became the wife of Peter Jefferson and the mother of the framer of the Declaration of Independence; and again, there was the brilliant and talented Sarah Wilson, the mother of Patrick Henry.

According to Mrs. Pryor, the gentlemen of those days were "warmhearted and honorable, and most chivalrous to women." They dressed in the picturesque costume of colonial gentlemen, with which you are familiar. Velvet and silk were conspicuous in their attire, and "curled, powdered wigs, silver and gold lace, silken hose and brilliant buckles," as well. They were fond of the long King Charles' vests. The women dressed in hoops and stiff bodices, and wore their hair "craped" and powdered.

How unfortunate it is that we do not possess a portrait of "Mistresss Mary Ball." There is not one authentic picture of the mother of Washington in existence today; there are several that are claimed to be genuine, but her relatives say there is none, that the only portrait for which she ever sat was lost when her home was burned soon after her marriage. All that we can go by is the testimony of her relatives and neighbors who knew her after she was a middle-aged woman. One of these was George Washington Parke Custis, the great General's stepson, who said that she was "a beauty and a belle." Some one has said she "was finely formed, her features pleasing, yet strongly marked." There have been writers who allowed their imaginations too free a rein, I think, when styling her "the Rose of Epping Forest," and "the reigning Belle of the Northern Neck" — phrases that convey an erroneous opinion of the temperament of Mary Ball, who was undoubtedly unlike the majority of her gay and frivolous young associates. The following estimation of her person and character, drawn by Mrs. Pryor, is more exact and truthful; at least it sounds more reasonable and more in keeping with what we know of her later life. Says this writer:

I, for one, am assured that she was handsome and *distingué* — a superb woman in every particular. She possessed a pure, high spirit. . . . Handsome and stately she certainly was. Nor can we suppose from the character developed in her early maternal life, that she mingled to any extent in the gaieties of her time. In no letter, no record of any kind, is her name mentioned until her marriage. She was doubtless always grave, always thoughtful, concerning herself much with her religious duties, industrious in womanly occupations. . . . It is certain that she could not escape the social round in the gay society of Westmoreland, and quite as certain that she was not a prominent part of it. When the gardener desires the perfecting of some flower, to bloom but once in a twelvemonth, he keeps it secluded in some cool, dark spot — only when well-rooted bringing it forth into the sunlight. Thus the mind and character grow best in quiet and seclusion, becoming serene, strong, and superior to petty passions. When Mary Ball's hour was come, when her high vocation was pressed upon her, she was rooted and grounded in all things requisite for her exalted but difficult lot.

There, my dear boys and girls, you have an excellent pen-picture of George Washington's mother. Such a picture as I am content to leave with you until some other time. Already I have overstepped the bounds of space your Editors allowed me, and I beg their forgiveness. I wanted to bring home to your minds some idea of the times and conditions under which Mary Washington lived, and to prove to you that the mother of Washington was no ordinary woman; but, believe me, we have hardly begun to do that. So far Mary Washington has not figured at all, except as the grown woman is foreshadowed by the growing girl. We have only reached that point where Mary Ball ceases to be Mary Ball and becomes Mary Washington by her marriage with Augustine Washington. The strong points of her character have been in the bud heretofore and are now waiting to blossom out in the development of the character of her son and in the example of her unostentatious life of placid self-control and hopeful trust in the Divine Law. If you are interested and would like to hear more about this noble mother and son, and provided the Editors will be so good as to grant the space at the next anniversary of Washington's birth, it will give me much pleasure in concluding this sketch. Then, if I may have succeeded, perchance, in awakening your interest in the mothers of our great men of the world I shall be happy; for, believe me, it is a subject of wider importance than it may seem. Whoever said, "The story of civilization is the story of the mother," said a true thing. In *The Child and Childhood in Folkthought*, Mr. Alexander F. Chamberlain says:

Hardly yet has the mother of the "father of his country" received the just remembrance and recognition belonging to her who bore so noble and so illustrious a son. By and by, however, it is to be hoped, we shall be free from the reproach cast upon us by Colonel Higginson, and wake up to the full consciousness that the great men of our land have had mothers, and proceed to rewrite our biographical dictionaries and encyclopaedias of life-history.

Let us, too, hope so!

Affectionately yours,

UNCLE ROBERT

Some of Dickens' Sayings Worth Remembering

IF we are not sincere, we are nothing.—*Barnaby Rudge*

MY advice is never to do tomorrow what you can do today. Procrastination is the thief of time.— *David Copperfield*

I WOULD rather have the affectionate regard of my fellow-men than I would have heaps and mines of gold. —*Speeches*

NEVER be mean in anything; never be false; never be cruel.— *David Copperfield*

CHEERFULNESS and content are great beautifiers, and are famous preservers of youthful looks, depend upon it.— *Barnaby Rudge*

BE busy, busy, busy — useful, amiable, serviceable, in all honest, unpretending ways.— *Bleak House*

Aztec Literature

HOW many persons have ever heard of such a thing as an ancient Mexican Literature? The great majority of people very likely have not. Nevertheless the literature of ancient Mexico, or Anahuac, was very voluminous and versatile, and there exist many fragments of it even to this day.

The Aztecs, who were not the barbarians that many would believe, cultivated all the varied branches of this art. Poetry, history, religious, and scientific works, were all abundantly represented in their writings. Of their poetry we have very little remaining. Among these few poems is an elegy by the last Tezcucan king, Nezahualcoyotl. It is of great length and of much poetic beauty. Among the historians are Ixtlilxochitl, Tezozomoc, and

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AN AZTEC CALENDAR

many others, of whom less is known. Many of their works are still extant, and it is from these that modern historians derive all their knowledge of the so-called "prehistoric" period of Mexican history. In the scientific books we find astronomy, astrology, biology, agriculture, the various arts, medicine, magic, and other subjects represented.

The language of the Aztecs is worth much attention and study. It is described by all the early Spaniards, who heard it spoken, as rich, graceful, and elegant. The historian Mendieta says: "It is not to be excelled in beauty by the Latin, and it abounds in tropes and metaphors." In 1571 an Aztec dictionary was published which contained more words than any standard English dictionary of the time. The most conspicuous characteristic of the Aztec tongue is the length of many of the words. There is a certain plant mentioned in an Aztec handbook, named *mihuihuittlilmoyoiccuitlatonpicixochitl!*

The Mexican language lacked the consonants *b, d, f, r,* and *g,* but otherwise it employed the same sounds as most modern European tongues. It had a complex system of syntax not at all similar to the Greek and Latin. So far no relationship has been found between this unique language and any of those spoken on the continents of Europe and Asia, possibly excepting the Basque, of northern Spain, but more light will doubtless be thrown on this subject as more is found out regarding the early history of this remarkable people. HUALPA

The Tomb of Pythagoras

GREAT interest has been awakened by a discovery recently made on the Gulf of Tarento, in southern Italy. On the site of Metapontum, an ancient city of Magna Graecia, a large number of Greek tombs have been unearthed, most of them being of large proportions and beautifully wrought with carvings and inscriptions. As it is known that the philosopher Pythagoras was buried here about 500 B. C., it is hoped that his tomb will be found among the rest. H. B.

Ancient Greek Tragedy Discovered

EGYPT, the El Dorado of the archaeologist and the excavator, continues to yield one priceless treasure after another. The latest discovery has been that of a lost play of Sophocles, entitled *The Trackers.* It was discovered completely written out on fine papyrus. Though the existence of this play had been known of before, this is the first complete copy that has been discovered. H. B.

Stories from Starland

The Next Eclipse of the Sun

MY DEAR CHILDREN: There is going to be a specially interesting eclipse of the sun on April 17. It will not be well seen in America, but it is expected to be at its best when it comes into the view of the people of Paris, France. The interesting point about this eclipse is that it may help to decide the question of the exact size of the moon, for, although our companion planet, the moon, is so comparatively close to us — closer by far than any other heavenly body — astronomers have not been able to agree upon its true size within a mile or two. There are many difficulties in the way of telling the exact size and distance of the moon, but before you can understand how the coming eclipse will help to clear up some of these, you must know something about eclipses, and why an eclipse of the *sun* will be useful for finding the distance of the *moon.*

An eclipse of the sun takes place when the moon passes across the face of the sun and hides it from us. Now the moon's track is very irregular. Sometimes it hurries up, and at other times it slackens down in the most bewildering manner, but all according to law, though we have not yet discovered all about the laws governing it. The

moon's track being so irregular, at times it is much closer to us than at other times. Now it is a most curious thing (and one which probably has a very deep meaning) that when the moon is at the average distance from us, it appears exactly the size of the sun, and so if it passes over the sun at that time it will just cover it for an instant. But if the moon is at its *greatest* distance from us it will seem to be a little smaller, and will not cover the sun, but will show a ring of light round it — the part

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TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

Showing Corona; the streamers from the Corona; the red flames close to the Sun; and the dark body of the Moon passing across the Sun.

of the sun not covered. This is called an annular eclipse (ring-eclipse). On the contrary, if the moon is closer than usual it will seem larger and will cover the sun completely over and also a little of the sky all round, and so the sun will be several minutes hidden while the moon is passing across it. This is a total eclipse of the sun. Seven minutes and fifty-eight seconds is the longest time the sun ever remains hidden behind the moon. A partial eclipse is when the moon passes partly above or below the sun and only shuts off some of its light. Partial eclipses are not interesting. A total eclipse is a wonderful sight, for then we can see the beautiful rosy flames that blaze out all round the edge of the sun, which are invisible at other times because of the great brightness of the sun itself; and also because we can then see the corona, the crown of white with its streaming rays which dart out from the sun in all directions.

According to the English astronomers the moon is a little smaller than it is according to the French ones, and as the coming eclipse is going to be one in which the moon, if smaller than calculated by the French astronomers, will not *quite* cover the sun, the result will be of great use in helping to settle the question. If it does cover the sun, and is therefore total, it will prove that the French astronomers are right in their calculation of its size.

Though the eclipse will be seen from many other parts of the world, it can be total only in the neighborhood of Paris. At the moment of the eclipse the moon will be high up as seen from Paris, and therefore a little nearer to that part of the earth than it will be from other places where it will be nearer the horizon. Now, when it is nearer it is larger, and so will be more likely to cover the sun. At the places which are farther from it, of course it will seem smaller and cannot possibly cover the sun, and there the eclipse will be annular, or partial.

When the moon is high up in the sky it is four thousand miles nearer to us than when it is rising or setting. Now I wonder who can tell why? Get a globe to represent the earth, and a ball a quarter the diameter of the globe for the moon, and puzzle this out; it is not difficult. I daresay many will say, "Oh, but the moon looks much larger when it is rising than when it is high up." That is perfectly true; it *looks* larger at first sight. But if you measure it carefully you will find it is not so; it is a very strange "optical illusion" which has never yet been fully explained. Make a paper tube (if you have no telescope) and look at the moon through it on rising; then look at it again four hours later, and you will find it is no smaller. Even a small telescope will show you that it is really a tiny bit bigger. The same curious appearance happens with the constellations; the Dipper, for instance, looks half as large again when it is near the northern horizon as compared with its apparent size when overhead; but it is exactly the same in reality.

There will be another total eclipse in 1912, visible in South America. The greatest number of eclipses of the sun that can happen in one year is five, and the least number is two, so that this year is a poor one for these interesting sights.

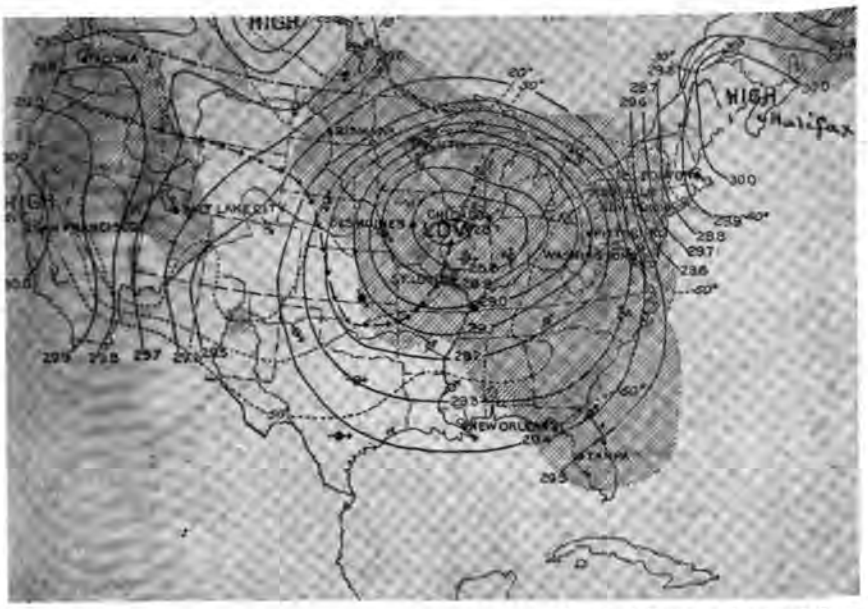
Affectionately yours, UNCLE SOL

Notes by the Lomaland Weather-Man

How We Get our Weather

WHILE watching a river you may occasionally see a dead leaf slowly traveling in a little circle of its own. Now it floats a little distance down the stream, then it curves a little way across, then it travels up the current a little way, and then crossing again it floats down the stream once more. The leaf has been caught in an eddy and whirls around its tiny orbit, while the eddy as a whole is floating down the stream.

The ocean of air which covers the earth flows over the landscape from west to east and carries with it eddies



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ONE OF THE LARGEST, SWIFTEST CYCLONES EVER RECORDED

of wind called "cyclones." These eddies are of enormous size, often measuring more than a thousand miles across, and sometimes take a week before they arrive on the Atlantic coast. Cyclones which bring the rain spin slowly round in the opposite direction to the hands of a clock laid on its back. In the foremost part of the advancing cyclone the wind of course is blowing from the warmer south. In its journey northward it is chilled by the cold ground. As it cools it can no longer support the moisture it contains, and so the invisible water vapor condenses into clouds, which later drip upon the earth as rain. After you have got your rain the cyclone drifts past, and when the western portion of the eddy reaches you the wind is blowing from the north. The cold north wind is naturally warmed in passing over your fields and can therefore carry its load of water more easily. The clouds are dissolved into water vapor, the weather clears, the sun's rays reach the earth, the storm has passed away.

Anticyclones also drift over the country in the steady stream of atmosphere that flows from east to west; but these spin round *the same way as the hands of a clock* and bring fine, dry, bracing weather. Curiously enough, below the Equator the cyclones revolve *with* the hands of the clock, while the *anti*cyclones spin round in the opposite way.

Those terrible, twisting columns of wind gone mad, which carry away houses and snap off trees by the roots, we had better call "tornadoes," and keep the word cyclone for the larger, well-behaved air eddies that bring the rain.

The Government's Weather Bureau prints maps every day on which these cyclones and anticyclones may be clearly seen as they sweep over the land. By watching these maps you may get some idea as to what the weather is going to be. The weather forecasts are not always right; but the more the weather prophets can find out by telegrams as to the weather in other regions, especially from the west, the more accurate their prophecies are likely to be.

The Râja Yoga boys are interested in weather maps. They do not only care to know if it will be fine for baseball tomorrow; they also want to know the chances of a good storm of rain for the corn in Kansas. To educate yourselves to take large views of life, study the weather maps.

Cyclones

IN the picture you will see a large cyclone sweeping over the Eastern States. The little arrows show the wind blowing contrary to the hands of a clock. The shaded portion shows where rain has fallen during the previous twelve hours. The center of the cyclone is now near Chicago, and so a little to the east of this rain must be falling. The robe of air that wraps the earth is thinnest and therefore lightest in the centers of cyclones, and so the barometer is low at Chicago. At New Orleans, on the cyclone's outer edge, the barometer stands about an inch higher.

An anticyclone is just sweeping in from the Pacific, with its center a little west of San Francisco. This will bring fine, dry weather. In the center of anticyclones the air is piled up high, making the atmosphere so heavy that the barometer stands high.

Another anticyclone, or high pressure area, of irregular shape is drifting out over the Atlantic, with its center at Halifax. The figure 30.0 which stands on the curved line nearest Halifax and San Francisco, means that the mercury in the barometer stands at 30 inches there, which is high. As the lines stand farther from the center the height of the mercury falls to 29.9 and 29.8, and so on.

IN CYCLONES	IN ANTICYCLONES
The wind blows spirally inward to the center.	The wind blows spirally outward from the center.
The air-pressure is lowest at the center and therefore they are called "lows."	The air-pressure is highest at the center and therefore they are called "highs."
The air is warm, especially in front.	The air is cold, especially in front.
The weather is cloudy and rainy.	The weather is clear and dry.
The wind blows round in the opposite way to the hands of a clock, in cyclones above the Equator.	The wind blows round the same way as the hands of a clock in anticyclones above the Equator.

Meadowlark

A. J. WATERHOUSE

(From *Our Dumb Animals*)

IT sang, and 'twas as heaven's door
Some angel hand had left ajar,
And from its portals straight did pour
Rare music borne from star to star.
It sang, and every dreamy vale
Was sweeter for its liquid voice,
And echoing hills took up the tale,
While zephyrs whispered low,
"Rejoice."

Oh, breast of gold, thy limpid note
Is still more golden than thy breast,
And from thy tiny, feathered throat
Ring melodies of life the best.
There is no fairy vale so sweet
But thou dost make it sweeter still,
And elfin sprite of music meet
Where thou art found to do thy will;
Rejoice.

The Birds' Postoffice

(CONTINUED)

YOU want to see, as well as hear from the birds, do you, boys and girls? Well, now is the time to get your opera glasses ready, for the very last of February and the first of March the birds begin to think about nest-building. From then until June is the season to study the ways of birds and to get well acquainted with all the different families.

By the way, birds do not need opera glasses to study us, for their eyes are like telescopes, so that when flying high in the air they can easily see insects on the trees and ground. Their eyes are quite round, too, and magnify everything, so you can imagine how enormous a small boy looks to a small bird.

Here are some letters from the Thrush Family. They cannot all write at once, for there are more than a hundred different members of the family. The scientists say that "Bird organization reaches its highest development" in this family. You know, music has a great power to bring out the best in all that lives, and these birds are the most famous of all the songsters. POSTMASTER

FLORIDA

Dear boys and Girls:

I'm the traveler who starts earliest from the warm South to wake the buds and blossoms from their winter sleep. Cousin Robin comes about the same time as I do. If you live anywhere between old Nantucket and the Mississippi Valley, near the big city parks, or out on the plains, on farms, or in villages, you may watch out for us when the last of the winter snow begins to melt. I'm the easiest bird of all to recognize, for my dress is like the color of the sky. If you live in the Western States you may see my cousin who looks just like me, only a lighter shade of blue. So now you know this letter is written by the boys' and girls' great friend, BLUEBIRD

EUROPE AND AMERICA

"Be cheery! cheery! cheery!" All over the world, every child in the nursery knows my song and story. I'm the bird of the morning. Perhaps you can guess my name, for I'm the big bird with the red breast — oh yes! now you know, ROBIN REDBREAST

GULF STATES

Listen to the Mocking-bird! In Mexico they call me "the bird of four hundred tongues," because of the many different songs and sounds I can imitate. In New York every summer many hundreds of us are sold in cages, and so many die that now Mocking-birds are quite scarce; but if you live anywhere around the Gulf of Mexico, or in any of the States on the map from Southern California to Maryland, perhaps you may see some of us who have escaped the bird-hunters.

People like us because we are easily tamed and learn their ways. Once a pet in a family was shut up in a room while the family were at dinner. He did not like being alone, so he tried to amuse himself with a big work-box full of spools of thread. He unwound every spool and carried the thread all over the room tying up everything in it, chairs, tables, vases, pictures, until the family could not enter the room without first cutting the thread.

If you watch the shrubbery and low trees you may see a large gray bird, larger than the English Sparrow, with large patches of white on his wings, and it will be your friend, MOCKING-BIRD

EASTERN STATES

"Meow! meow!" I'm not a cat, but I can imitate one, for I am a cousin of the Mocking-bird. It is great fun to say "caw" like a crow, for the big silly fellow gets ridiculously angry at being imitated by such a tiny bird, and he dashes down to try to catch us, but he never does. Although we like to tease Jim Crow, our friends say there is no bird more kind than we, for we take care of all our neighbors' babies when accidents happen to the parents. If you have vines on your porches, and are very kind to birds, you may some day find the nest of your friend, CATBIRD

EASTERN AND WESTERN STATES

I'm Robin Redbreast's smallest cousin. Anywhere East or West you may find my queer nest. Always look for it in a snug place — a box, or any cozy nook, inside a city hitching-post, or a hole in the village gate-post, or an empty basket in the store-room, or the pocket of the farmer's old coat, or a bag hung up in the barn — and there you may find your tiny friend, JENNY WREN

UNITED STATES AND EUROPE

Dear Boys and Girls:

We are the trio of famous singers: Tawny Thrush or Veery, Wood Thrush, and the Hermit; and we are the great friends of poets who know something about the Silence, for we love the solitude of the woods and mountains. April, May, and June is the time of our best song, but in England and Scotland the song of the Thrush is heard every morning and evening from January to October. We sing even during a pouring rain, so con-

tented with life are we. Our voices are always a sign of plenty in the land. We protect all the early vegetables and fruits by eating the insects that would destroy them.

If you hear "Quee-wee," "pee-ro," you will know it is Tawny Thrush calling; and if you hear a song beginning with what sounds like the words "Come with me," you will know it is Wood Thrush, but when you hear a song that makes you feel as though you were in an entirely new world, more full of beautiful things than you ever dreamed could be, then you will know it is the Hermit.

We hope you will get acquainted with all of our family.

Your friends, THE THRUSHES

The Spring

MARY HOWITT

Selected

THE Spring — she is a blessed thing;
She is the mother of the flowers;
She is the mate of birds and bees,
The partner of their revelries,
Our star of hope through wintry hours.

The many children, when they see
Her coming, by the budding thorn,
They leap upon the cottage floor,
They shout beside the cottage door,
And run to meet her night and morn.

They are soonest with her in the woods,
Peeping, the withered leaves among,
To find the earliest fragrant thing
That dares from the cold earth to spring,
Or catch the earliest wild bird's song.

The little brooks run on in light,
As if they had a chase of mirth;
The skies are blue, the air is balm;
Our very hearts have caught the charm
That sheds a beauty over earth.

Up! let us to the fields away,
And breathe the fresh and balmy air;
The bird is building in the tree,
The flower has opened to the bee,
And health and love and peace are there.

In Nature's Realm

Where Geese are Shod

SHOES for birds! What a strange notion! And yet millions of geese are shod every year in preparation for their long march to Warsaw, Poland, where they are driven to be sold at the Fair. Some of these geese are reared one hundred and fifty miles distant from the market, and their unprotected feet would suffer terribly by such a long tramp on the hard road. Before they start for the Fair the geese are made to walk over melted tar, and then before the tar has had time to harden they are driven over fine sand. The sand of course sticks to the tar and forms a hard coating which serves to protect the skin from the wear and tear of walking on the roadway. These tough, flexible shoes of tar and sand fit the feet perfectly. They are very cheap and are no trouble to make. All honor to the kind heart and clever head which first invented shoes of tar and sand for geese upon the march. P.

Leaping for their Lives

WHEN towns were first built out on the prairies a wide strip of land was cleared and plowed all round them, so that the prairie fires could not travel through the houses, but were obliged to go round the towns.

One night a sea of flame, driven by a south-west wind, came racing over the dry grass in the direction of a town in Dakota. Of course it could not pass the bare ground that girdled the town, and so it rolled away to the north-east, crackling and roaring on its mad career, but leaving the town unharmed.

Next morning the townspeople found fat, green bullfrogs everywhere. They had jumped for dear life ahead of the wall of flame and had found shelter in the protected town. How far they had traveled nobody knew. They could not have come from the river six miles distant on the east side of the town, and the only river on the west was thirty miles away. They could hardly have been living among the prairie grass, for bullfrogs never stray far from water.

Many of the town children had not seen a bullfrog since they had left their eastern homes, and they spent much time in petting the new arrivals. In a few days, however, the bullfrogs left as suddenly as they had come, and the frog-loving children could find nothing but the dull, brown, warty toads that were regular inhabitants.

Bullfrogs can jump six feet when they have a good motive for speed; but could the liveliest bullfrog race with a prairie fire for thirty miles? Here is a puzzle for you to think over. However you decide the question, you will surely agree with the writer that it must have been a most exciting game of leap-frog. L.

Field Mice of Lomaland

ONE early morning a field mouse marched into my tent and disappeared into a cupboard, the door of which was standing ajar. When I had dressed I found three blind, gray mouselings in a nest of wool, with their mother watching over them. The brave mother stayed at her post of duty, and the whole family was gently pushed into a tumbler. Later on a large cage was made and handsomely furnished with twigs nailed to the walls. In a few days the young ones opened their black beady eyes, and very soon they could feed themselves and clean their fur. They often insisted on cleaning their mother's ears, and I believe they really worried her a good deal with their unnecessary, though kindly-meant attentions. They fed upon seeds of all kinds, and delighted in licking the dewdrops from freshly-gathered flowers, and afterwards in eating the petals.

As they grew older long, brown hairs appeared con-

cealing their first short-haired coat of gray, and the lower surface changed to a pure white. The new fur grew out in irregular patches, and so one was called Tufty-face. Bighead was so called because his head was the first to be covered with the thick fur, while the third mouse, whose hair was slower in pushing through, received the nickname Sharpnose. Bighead was always my favorite. He was such a grave, sweet-tempered, sensible mouse; so tame that he would eat in my hand, and so reliable that he could be trusted by himself on a long shelf, where he would explore the corners and sniff at everything he saw. Sharpnose was peevish and unreasonable, and often would strike at my hand with her paws when I offered her a piece of apple or a melon seed. In the evening, after nibbling at their supper they would rush all over the cage in wild excitement. They took flying leaps from branch to branch, like acrobats giving a performance. In the early autumn they got a craze for storing food. They would cram their mouths with seeds and run to a little "cray" of soil, dig a hole, put in the seed, and then hastily scratch the soil over them.

Some naturalists say that animals never exercise themselves for fun, but only in the search for food. But my mice had all their wants provided for them, and yet they dearly loved to frolic all night long. They were caught so young that they had never known freedom and they looked upon their cage more as a home than as a prison. P. L.

Fever Kills Plants

ONE often wonders if the wounds inflicted upon plants cause any discomfort. Surely no living thing can remain undisturbed and unconscious that something is ailing it when its parts are severed.

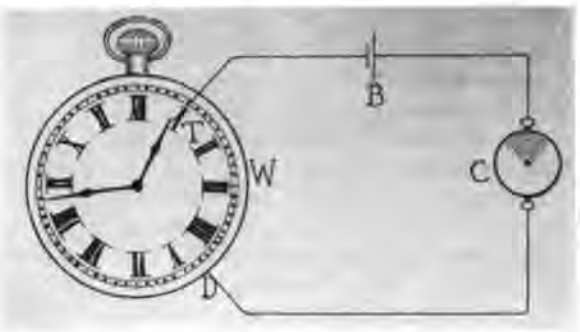
A French botanist tells us that plants are affected by wounds. Once the plant is wounded, he says its temperature is raised and it becomes feverish. Sometimes the plant is killed; at others, not. If it lives, its breathing becomes normal in a few days; but after the fever has gone it is left in a weak state, just like people.

It is fortunate that this fact is known, for many people, who from ignorance hurt plants now, will in the future think twice before they will break off the limbs of a plant just for wanton destruction. LEONOR

Electrically-fed Plants

A GREAT deal of thought has lately been given to the use of electricity as a means of nourishing plants. From time to time there have been quite a number of astonishing experiments made. In the first systematic attempt at electrically stimulated horticulture they used a current of 600,000 volts, sent through 200 feet of greenhouses.

All experiments of this kind have proved very successful; electricity seems to have within it a hidden food which, when properly administered, greatly enriches plant life. The apparatus for generating the current consists of a series of revolving plates of glass, acted on by small brushes. This simple device has proven very effective when employed for the above purpose. G.



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An Experiment for Young Folk

THE accompanying illustration shows how a watch may be made to do the work of an alarm clock, with an old battery and an electric bell. Remove the crystal from the watch W; bend the large hand up a trifle, and arrange the small hand so that it will touch the wire at T; connect the wire to battery B and bell C, also to the back of watch at D. By placing the wire at T at the desired hour, when the small hand reaches that hour it will complete the circuit, causing the electric bell C to ring. G. R.

The Best Time for Sending Wireless Messages

A MISCONCEPTION has arisen in the minds of a great many in regard to this subject. On hearing that wireless messages travel a great deal better at night than in the daytime, most people draw the conclusion that the fact is due to the absence of the commotion that is constantly going on during the day. This is quite a false idea, for wireless messages travel by the ether waves which penetrate through noise as easily as through a brick wall.

Scientists have put forward many theories, but so far there has been no actual proof as to the cause. It has been easily proved, however, that messages do not travel so far in the day as by night; this was done by conversing before sunrise from two stations at the extent of their wave length. With the appearance of the sun above the horizon the communication was immediately cut off. The obvious solution of this seems to be some element in the sun's rays which interferes with the ether waves.

G. R.

RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER

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Character

THE sun set; but set not his hope:
Stars rose; his faith was earlier up:
Fixed on the enormous galaxy,
Deeper and older grew his eye:
And matched his sufferance sublime
The taciturnity of time.
He spoke, the words more soft than rain
Brought the Age of Gold again:
His action won such reverence sweet,
As hid all measure of the feat. — *Anonymous*

The Expression of Character

OUR acts, no matter how small, stand not for themselves alone, but for the source from which they spring, and each serves in its way to bring forward some phase of our character. This expression of what we are is of far greater importance than many of us realize, for by it we have a means of looking into our natures and of finding a clue to the cause of what we see.

Every person we contact makes a different impression on our minds, for each has a character of his own, and through his words and acts is continually expressing it.

For the forming of character, a firm foundation, as in all things, is needed, and for this a perfect balance of all the faculties is required. With the mind and heart ready to obey the will, and all subject to the guidance of that higher power within each one of us, the foundation of our Character Temple is laid, and each succeeding stone should fall into place with unerring exactitude. Then the expression of this must necessarily be true, for as the cause, so the effect.

What is the charm of some characters? For there is a charm, though we may never have discovered it. Truly it is the outward expression that first attracts us, but we are held because this mirrors the beauty that is within.

Learning this from others, why not turn the searchlight on ourselves and discover by its rays the vast room for improvement in our own characters? There is no knowing what we may discover there, for the deeper we go the more we shall find; and if there seems to be no depth, the greater reason we have for making a thorough investigation.

Some people are naturally refined, and every act and movement is one of grace. This is not mere polish, but the indication of that perfect harmony which exists whenever the whole organism is unified. We say this is natural to some people, but that is no reason why all should not be so. Refinement may be acquired, taken possession of, and not only made *ours,* but a *part of us.*

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AN ASSEMBLY IN THE GREEK THEATER FOR THE GROUND-BREAKING CEREMONIES OF THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

We express *something,* never *a mere blank,* and as we would have the result a desirable one, let us at once seek out the cause.

Noble characters have ever been an inspiration to the world, and have given it a glimpse of that higher life which, indeed, all may live. Through the very realization of that fact our characters must express something better, and the first step having been taken, all others are easier.

Râja Yoga shows us how to live the higher life, and how to express the noblest that is in our characters.

The Return of Joy

ONCE in our early days, our toddling-time, Joy, like a loving playmate, housed with us, played with us, and sang with us. Then on a day so long past and gone out of life that we have almost forgotten what went before it, Joy disappeared, and, though we have searched the wide world over, we have never yet been able to recall our merry playmate.

"Not here," comes the answer to our inquiry as we go searching everywhere aimlessly among the bewildering worlds of sense; "Not here," comes the answer to our questioning as we go seeking so diligently through the stores of information in the world of books. Not in the possession of many things nor of much knowledge; not in vain shows of pride and pomp, nor in popularity, nor in any of the criss-crossing paths along which hurry the restless feet of the selfish world. Not there!

Had we searched as carefully and as tirelessly along the little neglected path of the heart — ah, then! Who knows if we might not have found our truant long ago? For sometimes in the flush of the doing of a noble act, when we have done something in advance of ourselves, as it were, has not Joy seemed to hover like an attendant fairy, quite closely? Are there not hours of unselfishness when we are almost certain that Joy is coming home to us at last? Are there not periods of inspiration when Joy is a presence, a living reality?

Oh, let us then hasten along this blossoming path of the heart! Though it may lead through many a dark and fearful place, we must remember that we ourselves have shut out the light, and we must go on bravely. Though it undoubtedly lies through many a thicket of brambles, we must not forget that we ourselves planted the thorny obstructions, and we must clear them away. Then we shall walk uprightly, fearlessly, out into the sunshine, more certain at every step that Joy awaits us smilingly somewhere along the happy way. ELFRIDA

Fra Paolo Sarpi

PIETRO SARPI, later Paolo Sarpi, the great Venetian, might well be called the hero of the world of scholars in the sixteenth century, for he had mastered all the difficulties of that realm to such a nicety that he was not only proficient in one science, but in all.

Let us first picture him among the children; then we shall follow him through youth and manhood on his upward course and among men of the highest standing.

When he was quite young his father died, so he was under the sole care of his ideal mother, who, though highly educated, did not lack the indescribable qualities of a loving mother and a true woman. In frame he was always frail; in character he was shy, simple and honest. His brilliant mind enabled him to remain at the head of his classes without an effort from the first, so that by the time he was twelve his uncle, a priest, admitted he had nothing more to teach him. He was a splendid debater, so he was always chosen as one when his school gave public exhibitions.

Once he started to discuss his subject, his shyness left him and he became master over his audience by his enthusiasm and his inexhaustible knowledge on all the subjects presented to him. At the age of eighteen he was given a list of one hundred questions on theology to discuss. His defense was so excellent that, in spite of his youth, he was chosen professor of theology at one of the colleges, and later as a private theologian to a duke.

TO THE MEMORY OF
THE GREAT VENETIAN

It was his parent's wish to have him become a priest, but he stood firmly against it and became a friar. At first thought we might not see much choice between the two, but he knew that being a friar he could hold office and take part in the affairs of his country, and that as a priest he would have to devote his whole time to the services of the church.

As a friar he was simple, pure, and devotional, and always in a cheerful mood. He strove to make his life a living example to those whose ways of living were corrupt and unbecoming to their calling. In accordance with this life his diet was simple, consisting of bread and fruits.

During his time Venice was at the zenith of her wealth and prosperity. She was the center of European learning. There all the brilliant minds of the continent went, forming famous literary clubs. Fra Paolo frequented these and was the central figure in them, for he was sought by famous mathematicians, learned jurists, chemists, and scholars of all kinds.

Among his numerous studies were those of color, sound, light, reflection and refraction. It is needless to name all the sciences of which he was master, for you would not know them by name, and the length of this article does not admit of a full definition of each. It will be of interest, though, if mention be made of a few of his achievements, namely: he discovered the valves of the veins before Harvey by simply reasoning it out, while the latter did it by experimenting; in conjunction with Galileo he discovered the thermometer; he was the first scientist to prepare maps of the moon; he made important discoveries in chemistry; he knew all that there was to know about medicine in his time; he was also the foremost Greek and Hebrew scholar.

He was so certain of his knowledge that he never was proved wrong, nor were his decisions ever reversed. When he was made the Theological Counsellor, he became the head of Venetian affairs and the virtual ruler of Venice. Much of his time while holding this office was taken up with quarrels with the Popes who interfered with Venetian affairs. His life was in constant danger, for the Pope, demanding his presence and not being able to get it, hired priests to take his life. The Venetians, knowing the dangers that beset their loved and honored leader, always had a bodyguard at his service when he went out. Ten times after his death were his remains taken up and hidden, because his enemies would not allow them to be put in an honored and consecrated place.

His counsel was so highly valued that even on his death-bed he was consulted about state affairs. Thus the great Venetian hero breathed his last with wise counsel on his lips for his people and his country.

Within the last ten years the Venetians have raised a statue in his honor on the road which he traversed daily, from the Doge's palace to the cloister of the Servite monastery. It is a standing figure of the great hero robed in his friar's garb, and in his hands, which are crossed about his waist in front, are some papers. His countenance bears a serene, thoughtful, and wise aspect, and his eyes still look out upon his beloved people.

This monument must certainly be a source of inspiration and encouragement to the Venetians of the present day, as well as a challenge to bring back those glorious days they enjoyed when their leader was alive. LEONOR

April in England

ROBERT BROWNING

OH, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England — now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the Whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field, and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dew-drops, at the bent spray's edge,
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!

And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower,
— Far brighter than this gaudy melon flower.

The Ancient Town of Winchester

THE present city of Winchester, the county seat of Hampshire, England, is built upon the site of one of the most historic towns of early Britain. There the Britons built their *Caer Gwent* (White City) long before the Saxon invaders landed, and when the Romans arrived they changed the name to *Venta Belgarum* and erected temples to Apollo and Concord close to the site of the present cathedral. By the third century it had become one of the principal centers of the Celtic Christians. Under the Romans the town became one of importance by reason of its central position on the system of highways they built in the south of Britain, and in much later times, when hosts of pilgrims began wending their way from Salisbury to Canterbury, passing through Winchester, this pilgrims' way became one of the most traveled roads in Britain. Even before that, upon the advent of the Saxons in the fifth century, the town grew steadily until in the sixth century it became the capital of Wessex under the West Saxon kings, many of whom were crowned and buried in its Cathedral. To the Saxons, moreover, the present city owes its name, they having changed the Roman *Venta* into "Winte," calling the place *Winte-ceaster* (the city of the Winte), whence the modern name Winchester. The pre-Norman kings not only made it their capital, but also the principal place for coining their money; for instance, under Athelstan there were six mints there, and only three in London. The name of that good king, Alfred the Great, is closely associated with this first royal city of Britain.

Winchester, however, chiefly owed its popularity and growth to the Normans, especially to William the Conqueror. Being fond of hunting and the chase they preferred it to Canterbury or London, because of its proximity to the forests; also because of its convenience to the coast, thereby affording easy access to their native land across the Channel. Even after the Conquest, Winchester remained the royal residence, succeeding kings being crowned in its Cathedral and holding their parliaments there; indeed, the important Statutes of Winchester were passed by the Parliament of 1285. In 1184 Henry II gave the city its charter of incorporation and rebuilt and enlarged the royal palace.

During the Middle Ages Winchester became an important commercial center, especially in wool and textile fabrics. By the fourteenth century it had become the chief wool mart of England, with an extensive trade with France, Belgium, and Holland. In the fifteenth century, though, its prosperity began to decline and never recovered. During the Parliamentary War it suffered severely at the hands of Cromwell's soldiers, who dismantled the Castle of Winchester and wrought havoc in its stately Cathedral.

Having briefly sketched the history of this ancient town let us proceed thither in imagination. Imagine that we are approaching the port of Southampton by steamer from America. Having steamed through the Solent, past the beautiful Isle of Wight on the right and with a distant view of the New Forest constantly in sight on our left, the steamer turns to the left into Southampton Water and after a run of some seven miles reaches the bustling railway and shipping mart. Disembarking, we take a small river steamer and proceed up the Southampton estuary, which narrows into the little river Itchen. This is a clear, sparkling stream, unlike the majestic Thames or the picturesque Dart, but with a quiet beauty all its own, derived from the vivid greens of rich meadows and rolling downs and overhanging trees. Along either bank picturesque villages nestle among clumps of trees. That village a short distance back from the right bank is Owslebury, where is to be seen the house of the "Mistletoe Bough" tragedy, with its fatal chest and sad ending. The down on the left, covered with short grass and dotted here and there with a white chalk-pit, is Hursley Down, associated with the name of John Keble, the kind and simple-hearted poet and Oxford professor, who was a special lover of nature and children, one of his best-known works being the *Lyra Innocentium*, a book "about children, their ways and privileges."

After a steam of about twelve miles we are approaching Winchester. That Norman church and its outlying buildings amidst the trees is St. Cross, the oldest almshouse and hospital for poor men in England, built by Henry de Blois, brother of King Stephen, and bishop of Winchester. The gateway and "Hundred Men's Hall" was built by Cardinal Beaufort. A mile farther on a fine view of Winchester and its massive cathedral, next to

the largest in England, lies before us. As the scene breaks upon our view we are mightily impressed by all that it suggests, and the mind is awed by the train of associations that pass before the mental vision. It is a land of ancient traditions that are yet very much alive; in the words of Richard le Gallienne, we are

> now entering on a region where the names of Saxon kings are still on the lips of peasants, where the battlefields have been green for a thousand years, and the Norman Conquest is spoken of as elsewhere we speak of the French Revolution — a comparatively recent convulsion of politics. To us, pondering upon these ancient thoughts, there comes forth to meet us from Royal Winchester a strange array of
>
> "Visions, like Alcestis,
> Brought from underlands of Memory."
>
> We seem to see Alfred the Great and his tutor St. Swithun; King Canute, whose imperious way stopped only at controlling the tide; William of Wykeham, the great builder of cathedrals, churches, and colleges; Jane Austen, friend of us all; the gentle Isaac Walton, and many another. . . . And is not Winchester itself the ghost of the kingly capitals it has been — the Saxon capital of Alfred, who here wrote the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle;* the Danish capital of Canute, whose sway extended far out over Scandinavia; the Norman capital of William, ruling both sides of the Channel?

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A PARTIAL VIEW OF WINCHESTER, ENGLAND

So let us reverently enter Winchester, the ancient home of English sovereigns. We will step ashore beside a bridge at the foot of High Street. Opposite is the new Town Hall. Suppose we take a walk up High Street, the principal one of the city. Says Canon William Benham:

> High Street is the most picturesque that I know, at home or abroad. . . . The buildings are not stately; but the gables and varied heights, the low arcades, the great projecting clock, the graceful "Butter Cross," all present an enchanting appearance. He commends the shopkeeepers in preserving "the quaint fronts which were good enough for their forefathers."

Close to the West Gate, on the right, is the County Hall around which throng many historical associations. The one that will most interest our young readers, probably, is that connected with the famous Round Table which hangs high up on the wall within this hall, around which, so says the legend, gathered King Arthur and his knights. The stained-glass windows of this hall are particularly fine, and recall Tennyson's lines:

> And, brother, had you known our hall within,
> Broader and higher than any in all the lands!
> Where twelve great windows blazon Arthur's wars
> And all the light that falls upon the board
> Streams through the twelve great battles of our King.
> Nay, one there is, and at the eastern end,
> Wealthy with wandering lines of mount and mere,
> Where Arthur finds the brave Excalibur.

Another interesting object on this street is the "Butter Cross." The origin of this monument is not certain: one theory says it was built with money payed for license to eat butter during Lent, the same as the old "Butter-tower" near Rouen Cathedral; another has it, that its name comes from the fact that its steps were used by dairymen for selling their wares on market-days. Its style is that of the fifteenth century, and its decorations are quite ornate. It was probably erected by Cardinal Beaufort, "who was zealous for such erections." The buildings immediately surrounding the Butter Cross are by far the most picturesque and interesting in Winchester.

Now we come to the principal monument of Winchester, the Cathedral itself. Looking at the picture we get some little conception of the massiveness and grandeur of this magnificent structure, although it has to be seen in actuality and from various angles to do it justice. Turning off High Street at the Butter Cross and passing through a queer little archway, we stand within the "Square" that connects the "High" with the Cathedral grounds.

Once inside the Cathedral grounds we are face to face with many historical reminiscences, if we are only fortunate enough to have some one by our side to point them out. In the corner near where we entered, William the Conqueror's palace stood, reaching from Great Minster Street to Market Street, and from the High to the Square.

The "New" Minster was east of that, extending to the end of the Cathedral grounds. It is called "New" to distinguish between it and the "Old," the Cathedral itself. It was founded by King Alfred, under the learned St. Grunbald, for the education of priests and the young nobles of his court. Thither the good King's body was first carried and laid at rest, but later on it was removed. The "Slype," a narrow passage at the southwest corner of the Cathedral, leads into the cathedral "Close," having been constructed in 1636 in order to save the Cathedral from being made a public passageway.

The view of the west front, with its large perpendicular window and long nave extending beyond to the low square tower at the intersection of the transepts in all their Norman simplicity, is one of the best to get an idea of the Cathedral's massiveness. But to go into the details of the architecture of this next to the largest cathedral in England would require a separate article, and as our present interest is mainly historical let us confine ourselves to the events that took place in and around this old edifice. Nor can we do justice in this article to those great bishop-builders who were responsible for the present Cathedral, such as Bishops Walkelin (who commenced it in 1079), De Lucy, Edyngdon, and Wykeham. The Cathedral that we see today is chiefly due to the first and last of these; nothing remains of the original Saxon building founded by kings Cynegils and Cenwalh. William of Wykeham is said to have been one of the greatest of English builders.

An excellent idea of the important part that Winchester and its Cathedral have played in English history is given in the following summary by Dean Kitchen in *Famous Cathedrals*, edited by Esther Singleton:

> In no English church, except Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, lie so many men of name. For just as the features of the cathedral represent all the successive phases and changes of the art of building, until it has been styled a "School of English Architecture," so it may be said to be the home of our early history. Long is the roll of kings and statesmen who came hither and whose bones here lie at rest. Cynegils and Cenwalh, West Saxon kings, founders of the church, are here; Egbert was buried here in 838; Ethelwulf also, and Edward the Elder, and Edred. The body of Alfred the Great lay a while in the church, then was transferred to the new minster he had built, and finally rested at Hyde Abbey. And, most splendid name of all, the great Cnut was buried here, as was also his son, Harthacnut, as bad a man as his father was great. . . .
>
> In this great church many stirring scenes in English history have been enacted. The early kings made Winchester their home and the cathedral their chapel. Here it was that Egbert, after being crowned *in regem totius Brittaniae*, with assent of all parties, issued an edict in 828, ordering that the island should thereafter be always styled England and its people Englishmen. Here King Alfred was crowned and lived and died. Here in 1035 Cnut's body lay in state before the high altar, over which was hung thenceforth for many a year, most precious of relics, the great Norman's crown. Here William the Conqueror often came, and wore his crown at the Easter Gemôt; here, too, clustered many of the national legends: . . . It was in Winchester Cathedral that Henry Beauclerk took to wife his Queen, Matilda, to the great joy of all English-speaking folk. Here Stephen of Blois was crowned King; and here, on the other hand, the Empress Maud was welcomed by city and people with high rejoicings; here, too, was drawn up and issued the final compact, in 1153, which closed the civil wars of that dreary reign, and secured the crown to the young Prince Henry. He in his turn often sojourned in Winchester, and befriended, in his strong way, the growing city. The Cathedral witnessed another compact in the dark days of King John: the King was here reconciled to the English Church in the person of Stephen Langton; Henry III and his Queen, Eleanor, were here in 1242; and on May-day of that year "came the Queen into the chapter-house to receive society." In 1275 Edward I, with his Queen, was welcomed with great honor by the prior and brethren of St. Swithun, and attended service in the church. The christening of Arthur, Prince of Wales, elder brother of Henry VIII, was here, and here Henry VIII met his astute rival, the Emperor Charles V. It was in Winchester Cathedral that the marriage of Philip and Mary took place, and the chair in which she sat is still to be seen in the church. The Stuart kings loved the place. . . . Since the days of the Merry Monarch, who was often at Winchester, and loved it so well that he built his palace here, no striking historical events have been enacted within its walls. The church by degrees recovered from the ruin of the Commonwealth time, and has had a quiet happy life from that time onward, a tranquil gray building, sleeping amidst its trees, in the most charming of all South English cities.

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ST. KATHERINE HILL AND COLLEGE MEADS
WINCHESTER, ENGLAND

Let us add three more to this list of historic events; namely, on Easter Day, 1043, Edward the Confessor was crowned in Winchester Cathedral, and Richard, on his return from captivity in 1194, was recrowned there on the octave of Easter Day, and it was there likewise that Henry IV married Joan of Navarre.

What a host of thoughts and associations all these great names suggest! Our minds filled with such, let us leave

the Cathedral Close by the gate at which we entered. Turning eastward and following the cathedral wall will bring us, after a short walk, to another famous institution, Bishop Wykeham's "St. Mary's College." We will not enter this time, as we could not do the Bishop or his great foundation justice in a few words. Suffice it say in passing that the establishment of his school at Winchester and of New College, Oxford, gained for Wykeham the name of "founder of the English public school system." His charter of incorporation for his "Seinte Marie College of Wynchestre" is dated October 20, 1382, but long before that he had superintended the education of boys in temporary quarters. Indeed, as early as St. Swithun's day the monks of his institution conducted a school at Winchester, the most celebrated scholar having been no less a person than Alfred the Great.

Do you see those boys in the picture of the College Meads? Perhaps they are pupils of the school. What do you suppose they are thinking of? Of Alfred the Great? of the great things they purpose doing when they are men? Or are they just intent on fishing? The river we see must be the picturesque Itchen. Suppose we ascend St. Katherine Hill yonder to that clump of trees. Perhaps from there we will be able to see the New Forest, where there is a school in which the students of the Râja Yoga Academy and College here are very much interested, for it is the English branch of the Râja Yoga System of Schools, the headquarters of which are at Point Loma, California.

L. R.

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PROPYLAEA OF THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS

The Propylaea, Athens

THE entrance to the Acropolis is perhaps the most beautiful gateway in the world; it rivaled the Parthenon in the estimation of the Athenians themselves, and Epaminondas so admired it that he threatened to remove it to the Cadmean citadel. It consists entirely of Pentelic marble, and was built by Perikles, whose architect was Mnesikles. It was five years in building. Occupying the whole of the west side of the Acropolis, it consists of two porticos, an eastern and a western, separated by a wall pierced by five gates, a large central one twenty-four feet high and thirteen wide, and two smaller ones on either side. These entrances were closed by massive gates, the grating noise of which is alluded to by Aristophanes. The roofs of the porticos were supported on the front by Doric columns, six in a row. The approach was by the western portico, between the two columns flanking the central gate, the passage-way being below the level of the portico floor. Behind each of the two central Doric columns, flanking each side of the passage, was a row of three Ionic columns. The roof of the eastern porch was higher than that in front, and their pediments were probably unadorned. The ceilings, however, were spangled with gilt stars on a blue ground, and color was elsewhere used to add to the general beauty.

Flanking the western porch on north and south are projecting wings. The colonnade of three columns, on the extreme left of the picture, belongs to the north wing, comprising an inner room, called the *Pinakotheka*, containing the celebrated paintings of Polygnotus.

What a pity it is that this beautiful structure was destroyed by the Turks in the seventeenth century! Give the imagination freedom and picture the great procession of the Panathenaea wending its way up the marble staircase and through this splendid gateway to Athena's shrine beyond, with all Athens in its train. In the words of Wordsworth: "Let us imagine this fabric restored to its pristine beauty; let all its architectural decorations be fresh and perfect; let their moldings be again brilliant with their glowing tints of red and blue; . . . and then let the bronze valves of these five gates of the Propylaea be suddenly flung open, and all the splendors of the interior of the Acropolis burst upon our view." Hail, "Ancient of days! august Athena!"

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THE ERECHTHEUM WITH THE CARYATIDES TO THE RIGHT, ACROPOLIS, ATHENS

THIS temple stands near the northern edge of the Acropolis and opposite the Parthenon, a corner of which is seen on the right of the picture. Begun in the time of Perikles, it was not completed until 407 B. C., owing to the interruptions of the Peloponnesian war. It marks one of the most sacred spots on the Acropolis — the spot where Athena is fabled to have contended with Poseidon for the possession of Athens. He struck the rock with his trident and a spring of salt water gushed forth; she touched the ground with her spear and an olive tree shot up. The marks of Poseidon's trident were pointed out beneath an opening in the floor of the North Porch (the well-preserved one in the left foreground of the picture, near the base of that column in the shadow). The gnarled olive tree grew on what is now that open space in front of the wall with the two small, plain doorways. It was destroyed when the Persians burned the temple in 480 B. C. This space was originally enclosed by the Pandroseion, or temple of Pandrosos, daughter of Kekrops, which contained, besides the tree, an altar to Zeus Herkios, and was probably the home and playground of the Arrephorae, the handmaidens of Athena. Behind the wall of the two doorways, connecting the North Porch and the "Porch of the Maidens," was the house of Erechtheus proper, comprising two chambers and a narrow western corridor next this wall. Therein were the salt spring and the tomb of Kekrops, the mythical parent of the Greek race. The other side of these chambers, and entered by the East Porch, was the sanctuary of *Athena Polias*, the guardian of the city. The Erechtheum is noted as a work of art for the perfect example of Ionic architecture in its North Porch, and for its unique South Porch also, which is called the "Porch of the Maidens" from the six graceful figures supporting the roof. This arrangement is said to be the most remarkable combination of architecture and sculpture that the Greeks ever produced.

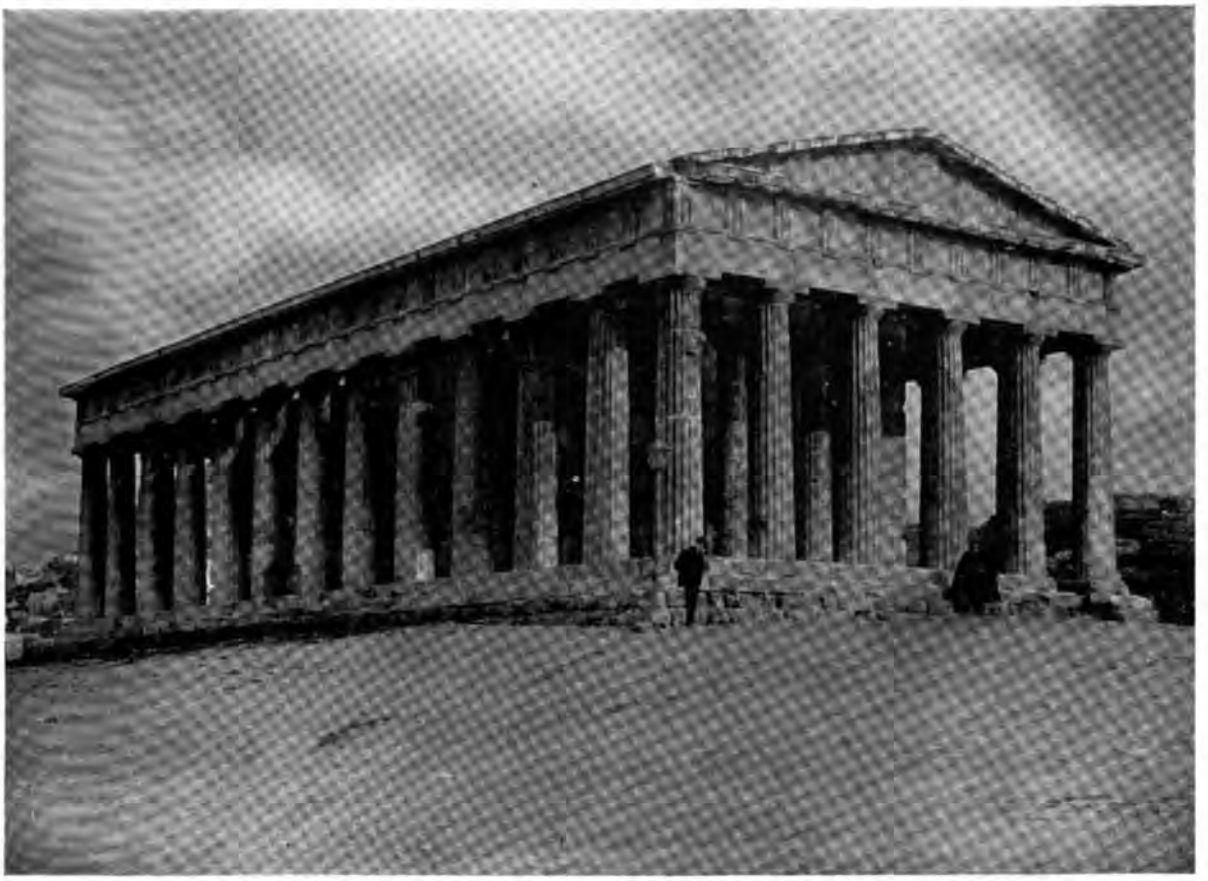
Greece and her Temples

GREECE was the legendary home of the gods and the heroes, and stories abound telling how the immortals came down to earth and walked with men, instructing them in many useful arts. One of the first pictures that comes to our minds in thinking of the land of the Hellenes is that of the temples built by that ancient race in honor of the powers that rule the world.

Scattered over the country are these monuments of piety and devotion — a splendid testimonial of the high state of culture and refinement attained by the early men of Greece. To the Greek, religion and the worship of the gods was a most important part of his existence, and entered intimately into every detail of his daily life. All this feeling of reverence and adoration was put into the building of the temples, for every detail was wrought with loving care, and it is this faultless grace of conception and construction which has been left as a priceless legacy to modern times.

Let us follow the history of the marble from the time it leaves the quarry until we see it transformed into a stately column or a charming statue.

Blocks of marble about two-and-a-half feet thick, called drums were quarried in the mountains, and rudely shaped there. These were rolled down the mountains to the places where they were wanted, and at Pentelicus



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TEMPLE OF THESEUS, ATHENS, GREECE

This temple is one of the most beautiful examples of the Doric order and is the best preserved of the ancient Greek temples. Built about 460 B. C., of white Pentelic marble which has turned a golden yellow, it resembles the Parthenon, but is not half as large in area. In the reliefs on the frieze are depicted the achievements of Theseus, the Labors of Hercules, and the battle between the Athenians, the Lapithae, and the Centaurs.

there are the traces of a small railway that was used for this purpose. In order to protect the marble from being scratched or disfigured in the rolling, projections as large as two fists were left on the drums until they were placed in position. These were cut off where the work was well finished, but on the back of one temple they were left, something having occurred which prevented the conclusion of the work.

The columns are composed of these drums, fitted so exactly together that no trace of jointure is now visible. The Greeks knew how difficult it would be to make perfectly fitting edges. In order to accomplish this, they scooped out the top and bottom of each drum, leaving the outside edges perfectly even. Iron clamps were next put in with molten lead, and the drums were screwed round and round until they fitted perfectly together. The channeling was done on the columns after they were set up, and was generally done in an upward direction.

There were different styles in Greek architecture, as in modern. The Doric, sturdy and severe, has no base to its column, and the capital is quite plain. The Ionic is much lighter and more graceful. There is a base to every column, and the capital is decorated with spirals. The Corinthian is marked by the rich ornamentation of acanthus leaves on the capital. It is said that the idea of putting acanthus leaves on the capitals was suggested to the artist Callimachus by seeing a basket surrounded by the leaves of an acanthus plant, upon which it had fallen.

One very noticeable thing about the Greek temples is the absence of straight lines. The Greeks, wherever possible, substituted a very slightly curved line for a perfectly straight one, thus adding grace to their work, and also preventing any impression of sagging in long horizontal lines. In the Parthenon there is not a single straight line. Even the steps have a gentle curve, and the columns are minutely curved so as to produce a slight swelling in the middle, and a narrowing at the top.

Not only were the temples beautiful in themselves, but they were richly ornamented with sculptured friezes and statues, and with golden shields, and gifts brought

by the worshipers. Often the floors were in rich mosaic designs, and the ceilings too were beautifully ornamented with painted or gilded terra-cotta. Most of us have imagined Greek temples as being snowy white, but in reality they were painted in strong colors, and gilded so as to make them more splendid and gorgeous.

Scenes from Greek legends and history were sculptured on panels or friezes. The work was wonderfully done, for the artists were great men like Phidias and Praxiteles, whose very names call up the image of some work of art.

Chief among the Greek temples is the Parthenon, erected on the Acropolis, in honor of Athena, the protectress of Athens. Ictinus and Callicrates were the architects of this building, and Phidias and his helpers sculptured a great frieze all around it, showing Greek youths and maidens in festival procession. Within the temple was his colossal statue of the goddess. It was forty feet high, and was made of ivory and gold, her hair, weapons, drapery, and sandals all being of the precious metal. Near the temple was another statue of Athena, one that recalled days of heroic battle and victory, for it was made of the spoils of Marathon, the victory that freed Greece from Persian rule. Within the temple were placed the trophies of war taken by the victorious Athenians.

Another famous temple was that of Artemis. It was a great national gallery as well as a shrine, for painters and sculptors longed to have their masterpieces placed within its walls. After it fell in ruins some of its jasper columns were taken to the great mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople.

To Zeus, "the father of gods and of men," was erected a magnificent shrine in the vale of Olympia, where were held the games sacred to the father of the gods. In this temple was another statue by Phidias. He portrayed in gold and ivory the picture of Zeus given by Homer in the Iliad. The statue was sixty feet high, and represented the god seated on his throne. Nothing less beautiful than gold could be used for hair, beard, and the exquisitely carved robe. The all-seeing eyes were of brilliant stones, and beautiful gems decked the throne.

There are many more temples, and more to be said about each one, but from these few we can form an idea of what a treasure-house Greece is for the archaeologist and lovers of the beautiful.

If the ruined temples of Greece are a source of much inspiration today, think what they must have been in the days of their glory! We can imagine what an uplifting influence it must have had on the beauty-loving people to have been always in sight of those noble representations of what they held best and dearest in life. KATE

WE should make the same use of books that the bee does of a flower. He gathers sweets from it but does not injure it. — *Cotton*

A KIND face is a beautiful face.— *Proverb*

The Organ
(Allegro)
NATHAM HASKELL DOLE

GIFT of the faithful, the eloquent organ,
Gracing the loft that faces the transept,
Waits for the master to waken the spirit
Forth from the marvelous heart of the instrument.

Silent as yet are the tall golden bourdons,
Motionless lie the powerful bellows;
Closed are the stops, all inert are the pedals:
They will respond at the hour of the festival.

Come, O breath of the gale from the ocean,
Come from the far distant murmuring forest,
Come from the reeds that sigh by the river:
It is your music the master makes manifest.

Songs of the warblers, the soughing of branches,
Waterfalls, mountain-brooks, silverly tinkling,
Echo of lakes when the ice shouts his paean —
All these mellifluous voices you bring with you!

Selected

Music at the Râja Yoga College

THE weekly concerts given at Isis Theater, San Diego, by the pupils of the Râja Yoga Academy and College, have continued regularly during the past month. The increased audiences which have attended these musicales have shown by their interest and enthusiasm that they appreciate the advantages of the education which these young musicians are receiving, not only in regard to music, but along all other lines of development; advantages which, in after life, it will be their duty to pass on to others.

The following numbers, among which are a few selected from the weekly concerts given at the Râja Yoga Academy, will give an idea of this month's work. The Râja Yoga Orchestra performed, among others, the overtures to Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas*, and to Weber's *Der Freischutz*; the "Allegro vivace" and "Adagio" from Beethoven's *Fourth Symphony;* several selections from Gounod's *Tribute of Zamora,* and A. E. Matt's *Norwegian Scenes;* and two short selections of Carl Bohm's, *Sarabande,* and *Angelus.*

Piano solos: Mendelssohn's *Capriccio Brilliant,* Op. 22, with orchestral accompaniment; Chopin's *Impromptu,* Op. 29. and *Valse,* Op. 64, No. 1; MacDowell's *Witches' Dance,* and *Shadow Dance*; Rubinstein's *Kamenoi-Ostrow;* Joseffy's *Spinnlied;* and a duet, Brahm's *Hungarian Dance,* No. 8.

Among miscellaneous instrumental work may be cited the following. Violin solos: *Romanze* by Max Bruch, and *Benedictus* by Mackenzie; *Variations Symphoniques* by Boëllman, for 'cello and orchestra; "Adagio" and "Rondo" from Mozart's *Concerto for Clarinet,* with orchestral accompaniment; horn solo, *Romanze,* by C. Matys; and the "Adagio" from the *Trio in C-min.* by Arthur Foote, and Dvorak's *Bagatellen,* Nos. 3, 4, 5, for organ and strings.

In regard to vocal work, the Junior Girls' Chorus rendered several selections from the cantata *The Home of*

Titania, by Berthold Tours; the Râja Yoga Girls' Chorus sang Schubert's *Erlking*, with orchestral accompaniment; and the full Râja Yoga Chorus sang, among others, Schumann's *Gypsy Life*, and the famous selection, *O for the Wings of a Dove*, from one of Mendelssohn's oratorios.

M. C.

Stories from Starland

Herschel and his Greatest Discovery

ALTHOUGH the wisest among the ancients knew that there were several more planets than the easily-seen and bright ones, that knowledge was kept secret and was entirely lost for more than a thousand years, until the great astronomer, Sir William Herschel, rediscovered the giant planet Uranus on March 13, 1781, followed sixty-five years afterwards by the discovery of the still larger planet, Neptune. No modern astronomer imagined that beyond the great ringed world, Saturn, two more colossal planets were traveling far out in the depths of space. Since the discovery of Neptune no other large planets have been found, but many think there is another still farther off. Uranus, though 31,000 miles across, and Neptune, 37,000 miles across, are so far from us that they are practically invisible without a glass. Few people have good enough eyesight to see even Uranus which, being nearer, is much brighter than Neptune.

Herschel was making one of his telescopic "sweeps" of the skies when he came upon a star which his trained eye told him was quite different from the rest. Instead of being just a twinkling point of light it showed a little circular disk. At first he thought it was a new comet which had not yet grown a tail, but a very little time proved that it was a new and large planet, nine hundred millions of miles farther from the Sun than Saturn, till then supposed to be the most distant of all. It turned out that several other astronomers had seen Uranus, and even noted its position, but none of them was clever enough to distinguish it from the stars around it.

Herschel sprang instantly into fame as the discoverer of such a wonder as a new and important member of the Sun's family. King George III of England, though a very foolish king in many ways, had some good sense, and he quickly saw that Herschel was a very great man who should be encouraged. He granted him a comfortable income, knighted him, and offered to pay for the building of a larger telescope than any before made. Herschel made this himself, for he was a very clever mechanic as well as a great mathematician and observer. It was forty feet long and four feet across — a real colossus which has not often been surpassed in the matter of size, even in modern times. Unfortunately the handling of such a large and cumbersome instrument was very troublesome and Herschel preferred as a rule to use his smaller ones, with which most of his discoveries were made. Nowadays still larger telescopes can be handled quite easily, owing to the improvement in machinery and the employment of electric motors for accurate control.

At the beginning of his career Sir William Herschel was only a poor musician who had come over from Germany to seek his fortune in England. He was successful as a musician but his heart was devoted to astronomy, and every moment he could steal from his professional duties he devoted to the making of telescopes and the study of the stars. He would even rush out in the intervals of a concert he was conducting to watch some interesting event that was happening among the planets. He could not afford to buy a telescope, for they were very expensive at that time, so he made his own. He had made over four hundred before starting his gigantic forty-foot reflector.

Caroline Herschel, his sister, became famous as an astronomer, largely through the help she gave her brother, to whom she was devoted. Sometimes, when he was grinding or polishing his telescope mirrors she would feed him with her own hands, for the exquisite surface would have been spoiled if he had stopped his work until a certain stage was reached, which often took many hours. Caroline Herschel made many original discoveries of her own and was highly honored by the learned societies.

Herschel's son and grandson were both distinguished workers in astronomy. His great telescope has been dismantled, but portions of it were preserved as curiosities.

Affectionately yours, UNCLE SOL

Ancient Stone Masonry

THE ruined temples at Baalbec, in northern Syria, will remain for all time a marvel of architectural achievement. The engineering skill shown in the construction of these temples is very wonderful, both for the large size of the stones used and for the extraordinary exactitude with which they are joined. In the immense walls of these buildings are found stones 60ft. long and 13ft. wide, and of unknown thickness, which, in spite of their enormous size, are squared and fitted so truly that at first sight the joints are not discernible, and even when found they do not admit the point of a knife. But even these gigantic stones are dwarfs when compared with a single stone lying within the temple precincts, which is 17ft. wide, 14ft. thick, and almost 70ft. long, weighing, according to calculations, about 1500 tons!

H. B.

A STORY is told of Charles Darwin, the naturalist, which says that when a young man he took quite a delight in literature, poetry, and the fine arts. When he became interested in biology, his mind was more and more absorbed in scientific things until he was well on in middle age. He then discovered with regret that all his taste for artistic things had been lost. This illustrates a point which it is well for us all to remember. If we allow our minds to become one-sided through indulging exclusively in a single line of work, it must be at the expense of other and equally valuable faculties. Nature will not allow her gifts to be neglected.

THIS IS MY COSY CORNER IN MY LITTLE GARDEN

The Chatterbox

ANN TAYLOR

FROM morning till night it was Lucy's delight
To chatter and talk without stopping:
There was not a day but she rattled away,
Like water for ever a-dropping.

No matter at all if the subjects were small,
Or not worth the trouble of saying,
'Twas equal to her, she would talking prefer
To working, or reading, or playing.

You'll think now, perhaps, that there would have been gaps,
If she had not been wonderful clever.
That her sense was so great, and so witty her pate,
It would be forthcoming for ever;

But that's quite absurd, for have you not heard
That much tongue and few brains are connected?
That they are supposed to think least who talk most,
And their wisdom is always suspected?

While Lucy was young, had she bridled her tongue,
With a little good sense and exertion,
Who knows but she might now have been our delight,
Instead of our jest and aversion? — *Selected*

HE that would govern others should first be master of himself. — *Massinger*

The Two Gardens

HILDA lay out in the garden reading a book, but becoming tired of fairy palaces and magicians, she flung it aside and closed her eyes. Suddenly she heard strains of sweet music, and as she opened her eyes (for she had begun to doze) they were dazzled by a strange, brilliant light. She gazed about in wonder, and found that the old familiar garden had vanished. The air was fragrant, and the beautiful flowers made low, murmuring sounds, which produced a sensation altogether delightful.

Hilda felt a little frightened, but soon this feeling disappeared and, impelled by an invisible force, she walked on. She was in the midst of a garden of mystical beauty, where birds and butterflies daintily tinged with the rainbow colors fluttered from flower to flower, and overhead floated the silvery grayness of misty clouds.

She came to a cluster of gorgeous pink flowers, exquisitely fragrant, which seemed to create an atmosphere of gaiety and pleasure. Others, golden and yellow, shed rays of joy about her. Hilda enjoyed the company of these flowers, and lingered in their midst.

A feeling of awe and wonder grew upon her as she felt changeful harmonies blend with the iridescent hues of the flowers, some of which were so delicate that they appeared scarcely distinguishable from the surrounding atmosphere.

When Hilda emerged from this garden, the filmy atmosphere had disappeared and a renewed freshness thrilled her with pleasure.

But hark! What weird, discordant notes, and behold! all the joyful beauty has vanished. A chill of fear overcame Hilda as she felt this sudden change. The atmosphere had changed from a delicate fragrance to a poisonous, overpowering sweetness. The music, too, became louder, now bursting forth full and rich, and again becoming insipid in its sweetness. Flowers, dark red and purple, of dazzling beauty grew here in careless profusion. And oh, the weird strangeness of the place and the wildness of its beauty!

Hilda was bewildered, and on and on she ran, only conscious that she must hurry from the spell of enchantment which seemed to envelop her,

As the sunless depths gradually receded in the distance Hilda slackened her pace and finally sank down exhausted.

A soft twilight deepened around her, and a delicious coolness pervaded the atmosphere. Out of the profound stillness Hilda heard a voice. Whence it came she knew not. Perhaps it arose from the depths of her own heart. In solemn tones of musical mystery it revealed the meaning of much she had seen.

"Oh!" Hilda mused, "I see what it means now. The flowers which made me feel so happy were the good thoughts, and those which made me feel miserable, the wicked ones. I'll never — "

"Hilda! Hilda! why, it's time for supper and I have been looking all over for you! Where have you been?"

"I," Hilda sat up and rubbed her eyes; "I thought I — I'd — been — oh Maggie, if you'd only seen that garden!"

"What garden? But come now, or mother will be anxious. You can tell us all about it afterwards."

Hilda did tell them all about it afterwards, and what they thought I do not know, but whenever she found herself thinking an ugly thought, Hilda remembered the thought-garden. Perhaps if she could have seen the garden again, she would have found a few less poisonous flowers and more pure and beautiful ones. RUTH W.

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A RĀJA YOGA TOT
GATHERING FLOWERS FOR MAMMA

The Daffodils

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

GATHERED by March, the daffodils are here.
First, all the air grew keen with yesterday,
And once a thrush from out some hollow gray
On a field's edge, where whitening stalks made cheer,
Fluted the last unto the budding year;
Now that the wind lets loose from orchard spray
Plum bloom and peach bloom down the dripping way,
Their punctual gold through the wet blades they rear.
Oh, fleet and sweet! A light to all that pass
Below, in the cramped yard, close to the street,
Long-stemmed ones flame behind the palings bare,
The whole of April in a tuft of grass.
Scarce here, soon will it be — oh, sweet and fleet! —
Gone like a snatch of song upon the stair. — *Selected*

I WOULD not waste my spring of youth in idle dalliance; and would plant rich seeds, to blossom in my manhood and bear fruit when I am old. — *Hillhouse*

The Daffodils' Message

IT was the season of daffodils, and the handsome daffodils in Jessie's well-kept little garden were hurrying into bloom for no other reason than to go to school, to tell Miss Jasper and all the other children the glad message which the radiant Queen of the Flower-World had entrusted to them.

"Love is like pure gold, daffodils," said their Queen to them one day; so the daffodils, understanding, grew more deeply golden, that all who looked upon them might be reminded of the precious quality of love.

Jessie carried her yellow daffodils to school on a morning when many of the other children also brought other daffodils, and Miss Jasper gathered them up and arranged them into a huge bouquet which she placed in a vase of fresh water upon the shelf in the schoolroom.

"Children," said Miss Jasper, "our great bouquet makes me think of a reunion of a large and very happy family. Here are all the daffodil cousins having a party! They are wearing their prettiest dresses and are all fresh and smiling, and are bowing to each other so gladly. They are so happy to see each other."

"They make me think of the sun shining in the morning, they are so yellow," said a little child.

Jessie had not been sure that she was glad to have her choice blossoms lost in a bouquet, where they did not show to as great advantage as she had hoped they would; but she remembered the Queen's message that she had read in the faces of the daffodils, and when Miss Jasper asked of what the bouquet reminded her, she answered: "The daffodils are yellow to remind us to love each other, because love is radiant like the sunshine, and as precious as pure gold."

"Oh, that is a good thought, Jessie!" exclaimed Miss Jasper. And all day long the daffodils smilingly told the children their loving message.

Jessie was glad that she had remembered to put their message into words for those who do not understand the language of flowers; for, you know, the faces of the flowers have their messages to tell us, just as well as the faces of children and big folk have. ZELLA

Sunshine Valley

SUNSHINE VALLEY was a beautiful place, indeed, so beautiful that all who saw it for the first time were speechless with delight. True, it was not very large, but therein lay one of its charms; one only, though, for there were a thousand others. High mountains sheltered it, while at their feet lay peaceful meadows, and these were always gay with nodding flowers. A laughing brook flowed through the heart of the valley on its way to meet the sea, and as it bubbled along through meadow or wood it ever told of the loveliness of the valley.

Did anyone live there? Oh yes! and its homes were as bright as its flowers. The Sunshine children were happy from morning to night, and the Sunshine mothers and

fathers were people with noble and loving hearts. They lived their lives in a simple way, but they sought to grow from within, and they gave their children such shining examples that these in turn were ever seeking to help others in their way.

Even the birds and insects felt the joyousness of the scene, and the harmonies that floated through the woods had power to soothe and cheer the saddest heart. The Sunshine children particularly loved the birds, and often sought to learn the secret of their tiny throats.

Life in Sunshine Valley was not all play, though, for every day brought many duties to all. Even the youngest tots were proud when they could go to school. Yet that was not to be wondered at, either, for who would wish to stay away when there were such delightful lessons to be learned! Lessons about themselves, lessons about other people and things they did not know, and lessons of life itself. They knew that "Helping and Sharing is what Brotherhood means," and that this is the secret that "Life is Joy." They knew of a beautiful land in the West, too, where little children are learning to help themselves, and to help the great world all about them. They loved that land and all who dwelt therein, and in their own sweet efforts to make their lives a song they made their Sunshine Valley the home of Harmony. Those beyond the mountains felt its magic power, and as the years passed by other homes grew bright, for people began to realize that every one might live in a Sunshine Valley.

HAZEL

The Little Knight in Green

KATHERINE LEE BATES

WHAT fragrant-footed comer
Is stepping o'er my head?
Behold, my queen! the Summer!
Who deems her warriors dead.
Now rise, ye knights of many fights,
From out your sleep profound!
Make sharp your spears, my gallant peers,
And prick the frozen ground.

Before the White Host harm her,
We'll hurry to her aid;
We'll don our elfin armor,
And every tiny blade
Shall bear a-top a dewy drop,
The life-blood of the frost,
Till from their king the order ring:
"Fall back! the day is lost!"

Now shame to knighthood, brothers!
Must Summer plead in vain?
And shall I wait till others
My crown of sunshine gain?
Alone this day I'll dare the fray,
Alone the victory win;
In me my queen shall find, I ween,
A sturdy paladin.

To battle! Ho! King Winter
Hath rushed on me apace—
My fragile blade doth splinter
Beneath his icy mace.
I stagger back. I yield—alack!
I fall. My senses pass.
Woe worth the chance for doughtiest lance
Of all the House of Grass!

Last hope my heart gives over.
But hark! a shout of cheer!
Don Daisy and Count Clover,
Sir Buttercup, are here!
Behold! behold! with shield of gold
Prince Dandelion comes.
Lord Bumble-Bee beats valiantly
His rolling battle-drums.

My brothers leave their slumbers
And lead the van of war;
Before our swelling numbers
The foes are driven far.
The day's our own; but overthrown,
A little Knight in green,
I kiss her feet and deem it sweet
To perish for my queen.—*Selected*

CHERRY BLOSSOMS

In Nature's Realm

Cherry-blossom Season in Japan

EACH year when the month of April comes around, the cherry trees, whose branches were quite bare only a few days before, become covered with tiny light-pink buds. As the days go by these buds gradually increase in size and finally burst into bloom, and then every tree is a mass of pink, just as if there had been a heavy fall of pink snow.

In Japan the cherry tree is honored by everybody, and its blossom is considered the king of flowers. Trees are planted in the parks, around castle moats, by the river banks, and along the borders of the sidewalks.

There are several places in Kyoto and Tokio which are noted for their cherry blossoms, such as Mukojima, Uyeno, Asukayma, and Koganei. When the cherry season comes in every one does honor to the favorite blossom.

The Japanese word for this festival is *hanami,* which means "viewing the flowers." On these occasions crowds of people dressed in their best holiday costumes may be seen moving about beneath clouds of pink blooms. Here and there you meet passers-by whose faces are almost concealed in the mass of flowers which cover the branches they are carrying in their hands.

Formerly it was a custom to compose poems and hang them on the trees, and though this custom has largely died out, there are still a few people who adhere to it. Many beautiful poems to the cherry blossoms have been written by the great poets and poetesses of Japan.

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CHERRY BLOSSOMS IN OLD JAPAN

The blossoms die off very quickly as a rule. One or two days of rain and wind blow away the pink petals, and the next fine day finds the trees stripped of their beautiful pink dresses. But then the leaf buds begin to appear, and very soon every tree is covered with green foliage which is almost as beautiful as the blossoms were. This green foliage lasts all through the summer. TETSUO

Drivers on the March

"Tramp, tramp, tramp! the boys are marching."

THE driver-ants found in Africa and the warmer parts of America are the terror of every living thing. It is only in the breeding season that they form a temporary home. The rest of the year they spend in wandering about the country, attacking other ants, and even animals as big as pigs and pythons! They prefer to forage at night or on cloudy days; but sometimes when the sun comes out while they are on the march, the "warriors" clasp their huge mandibles (or jaws) together and form a living screen to shield the others from the light.

A little regiment of drivers was once put into a glass jar, whereupon they immediately formed a column and began to march up and down the inner surface of the glass. When the cover was taken off they streamed out, still in military formation, and when they reached the bottom they walked round the yard. Now driver-ants are blind and simply follow in the steps of the ant in front, being guided by scent alone. Each driver faithfully plodded along after the comrade he marched behind, and so round and round they went. The shadows of the evening deepened into night as they tramped on; and when the morning came it found them still on the march. There was no "standing at ease," no halt for refreshments; but just a steady, silent marching. Each ant no doubt supposed she was traveling over a lot of country and would certainly get somewhere after a while.

The march was kept up for forty-six hours — nearly two whole days — and yet the patient, plodding insects were no farther on their journey than when they started.

No wonder that ants cover the globe, when they possess such powers of perseverance and endurance.

A regiment of a species of driver-ant invaded the Lotus Home one cloudy day this spring. They were found pouring out of the mouth of a honey-ants' nest, carrying away ants and cocoons. It took a lot of kerosene spray to persuade them to retire and leave our honey-ants in peace. This kind of drivers seems only to attack insects.

P. L.

Educated Bears

DEAR CHILDREN: Have you ever heard of educated bears? Well, I am about to introduce you to two famous bears who are actually being educated and who are learning to display their wonderful talents in public. Nor have they proven altogether unsuccessful in their attempts. They can now dive like sea-lions and they thoroughly enjoy the pastime.

They were at first taught by being lured up a rocky slope and from there being compelled to dive seven or eight feet into the water for their food. From a necessity, they soon began to regard this diving as an amusement, and now one of them in particular delights in pushing through the bars a huge lump of wood, which the keeper takes and throws into the water. The bear then dives in after it, only to return it to the keeper, thus keeping up the game till the keeper himself tires. R. W.

The Sunday Stone

THE Sunday Stone is as rare as it is interesting. There is only one of its kind and that one is in the British Museum. It was not formed like other stones, and it did not lie deep in the dark and silent bosom of Mother Earth while it was forming. This stone was formed at the bottom of a drain in a coal-mine.

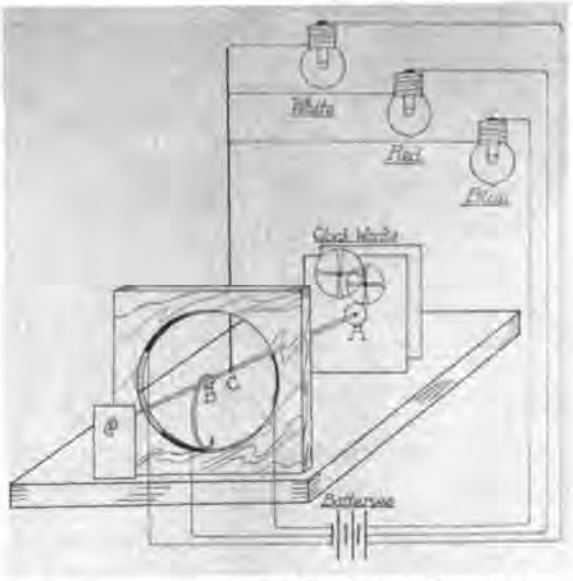
The process of its formation was as follows: while the men were working, the small particles of coal which were drained during the day formed a black deposit, and the drainage during the night formed a white one. Thus it accumulated and formed a compact mass with alternate layers of black and white. During the holidays and Sundays the white streaks were wider and from them it was named the Sunday Stone.

Thus were the labor days and holidays marked off by the running water, and a natural calendar designed. There is no doubt Mother Nature has made many such records which are unknown to man at present, but which are destined to be his guide when he turns to read her accounts.

MARIE C.

Strange Housemates

THERE was a gay young lark who lived in a hollow tree with two gray squirrels. What? Yes, it is true. A great storm came one day and destroyed the nest, and the poor little lark flew about from tree to tree seeking shelter from the wind and rain, till at last she found a hollow tree, the abode of two large silver-coated squirrels. She nestled down beside them till the storm had passed, and after that she sang for them so sweetly that they invited her to remain and live with them. Every winter she goes south to the cotton fields, but in the spring she comes back for the summer without fail to keep house with her strangely-adopted brothers.



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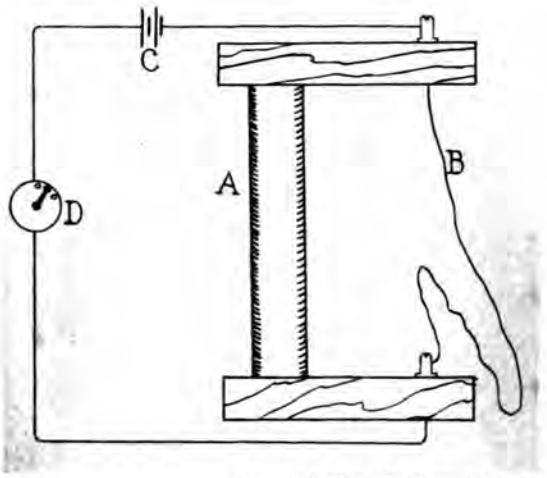
An Electric Light Flasher

THIS experiment requires very little explanation; by studying the diagram carefully it will easily be seen how to construct this electric light flasher so that each colored lamp will flash on one after another. There will be an interval between the flashes. The red, white, and blue lamps having been lighted in turn, the cycle will be repeated. Such devices are used in electric signs.

A piece of heavy wire should be fastened to the center wheel of the clock works at A, which, it will be found, runs very slowly. At B a piece of clock spring should be soldered so that it makes a contact with the metal plates tacked on the inside of the hole cut in the woodwork.

A suggestion for arranging this in a more artistic form is, to have the lights attached to a Japanese umbrella, the mechanism being enclosed in a convenient box.



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An Electric Snake

In the above illustration A is a simple bar magnet, B a lengthy strip of tinsel, C the battery, and D a reversing switch. When the current is turned on by the reversing switch at D the piece of tinsel B behaves like a snake, winding itself in the most fantastic manner around A. This is caused by the lines of magnetic force issuing from the bar magnet A.

Wireless Telephony

AN English scientist has been experimenting with small wireless telephony outfits. He first succeeded in talking through the walls of a house. He now claims to have communicated over a distance of six miles. His apparatus consists of a small box holding a battery, motor, and transformer. He claims that when the invention is perfected everyone will be able to carry his own telephone about with him whenever he wants to.

RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER

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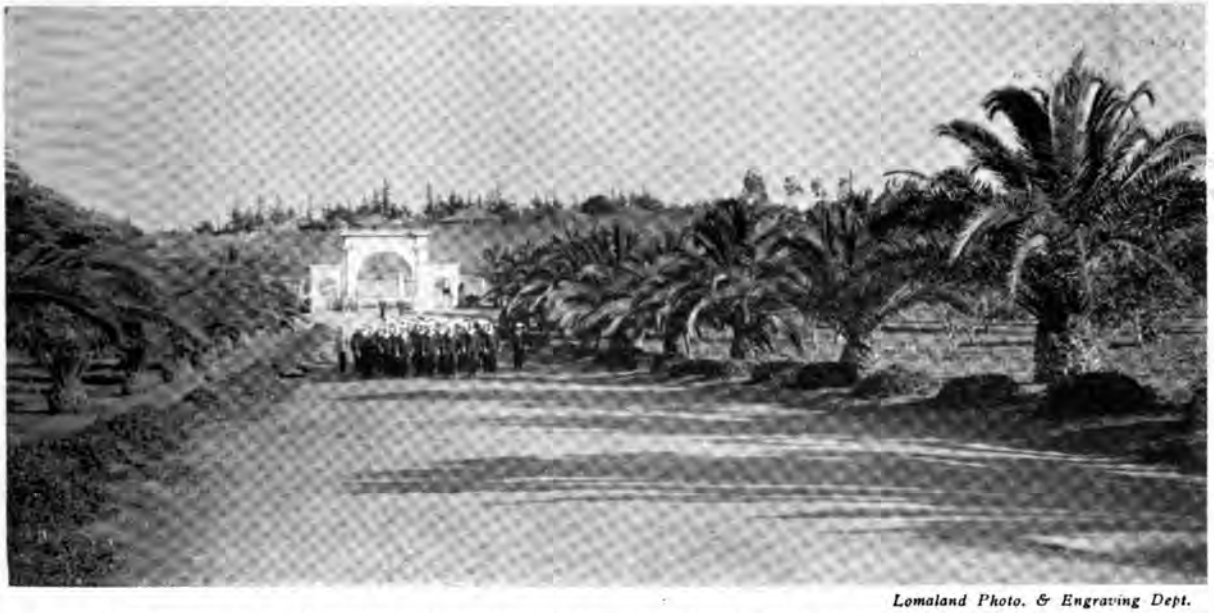

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A COMPANY FROM H. B. M. SHIPS "ALGERINE" AND "SHEARWATER" VISITING POINT LOMA, OCT. 1909

The Purpose

LIFE is a great school, in truth the greatest, and strange are the lessons we learn in its many halls: some are easy and seem to require little or no thought, while others are constantly slipping out of our grasp or else loom up in front of us to be tripped over and bumped against until one day the shock opens our eyes. Then comes a surprise, and we wonder why we never discovered the secret before. This happens again and again, but no two people go through the same experience, for each one calls forth the lesson according to his or her needs; thereby we learn to appreciate more the saying, that we get out of life exactly what we put into it.

In this vast school there is always time for one thing more, and those who have the most to do are the best proof of this. They are the happiest, too. They stand out from the millions of others as having found something different in life, and the force of their presence is felt by all. Perhaps you question the statement, and bring up as argument, the fact that so many, who are doing their duty from day to day, seem to have no time for anything more, and on the whole get very little out of life. Duty is a noble thing, and we should never cease in our efforts to bring about a realization of its sacredness, but let us also realize the mighty power hidden within the word. Many, many people today are doing their duty, and faithfully, too; but their actions are often more or less mechanical, and so without soul, while their lives are bounded by four walls of their own creation, and thus no room is left for anything new.

Among the millions are the few who, while doing their duties, still have time for other things, and stand masters of themselves, not mere rudderless barks to be swept about by wave and wind. You will find them with a purpose, one which they never lose sight of — a purpose which has become a part of their own natures. Nourished by the force of character which each one of these must inevitably have, this purpose sends forth branches and leaves, and stands like a hardy oak, ready to give its shade to others. It may be compared to a thousand different things, but in its essence it remains the same — a great force which gives to the fulfilment of the duties themselves a new charm and an added power. Its source is always the same, though this flows into many channels, often little resembling each other. Though we may not see it at the first glance, it is humanity's great need which calls forth this purpose; but the course it

takes may be influenced by the desire to strike a new and deeper note in life, or by awakening to the fact that the material at hand has not yet been made to serve its purpose.

Madame Blavatsky was one of the few with a purpose. In her position many were the duties that fell to her, and each was fulfilled faithfully and in every way as it should be; but her life held more than that. She was here for a purpose — humanity must receive the truth, and through long years of bitter persecution that purpose was never lost sight of. You say she had an iron will? Of course! But part of her purpose was to teach others that all might have an iron will, and she helped man by showing him how to help himself.

At last she had founded the Theosophical Society, and when the time came for her to go, the great purpose of her life was bequeathed to another, William Q. Judge. Of that bequest and its wonderful growth you all know something, and you can picture still more when you stop to think of all that Râja Yoga has done and is doing. Children the world over today are being taught to find the soul of duty, to realize that they are here for a purpose, and to make that purpose a part of themselves.

It breathes of fresh air and the salt sea, does it not? And from it all may learn, for this is but one of the many lessons of life.

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

EVERY mean and selfish action sends us backward and not forward; while every noble thought and unselfish deed are stepping-stones to the higher and more glorious planes of being. Thus [this life] may be used as the golden gate through which we may pass, not selfishly and alone, but in company with our fellows, to the places [of peace on earth] which lie beyond.

THEOSOPHY is the quintessence of duty.

MAKE men feel and recognize in their innermost hearts what is their real, true duty to all men. —*H. P. Blavatsky*

CAN we have a greater aim than that of making all humanity feel the joy of that truer life which we are striving to realize in Lomaland? — *Katherine Tingley*

BY error the poem *Character*, on page 1 of the last issue of the RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER, was not properly credited. The author is Ralph Waldo Emerson, and we hasten to correct the error which was inadvertently made.

Helena Petrovna Blavatsky

GREAT deeds do not always meet with prompt recognition, nor do noble souls always receive the open-hearted response and appreciation that is their due; but virtue is its own reward, and as one of our poets has said:

> Great souls are not cast down with gloom,
> There is a strength within. . . .

All those who have battled for right have had this inward strength of soul and character, and Madame Blavatsky was one of the greatest of these. She came from a noble Russian family, and when still a small girl she gave evidence of that force of character and the indomitable will which served her so well in later years. She sought to bring the truth to humanity, and her efforts were untiring; but truth is often unwelcome, sometimes to those who clamor for it most loudly, and Madame Blavatsky must often have found that inward strength a rare blessing.

Like all warriors Madame Blavatsky dared to do whatever was right, and as a result she met and overcame obstacles that would have been unsurmountable to a weaker spirit. Enemies she had in plenty, for the very purity of her motives brought forth those who were ready to turn against her. She triumphed, though, and the light she carried could not be put out; no! nor even dimmed.

Not only through the Society which she established did she seek to bring about a realization of the teachings of Theosophy; gifted as she was, every talent was made to offer its best to the cause, and her wonderful books bear testimony to her never-failing perseverance.

Though this courageous woman did not have many to stand by her, still there were loyal hearts, and their devotion has made much possible. Today the world over, the name of Madame Blavatsky is spoken with love and respect. The children, too, give their tribute of affection and gratitude. May the eighth, White Lotus Day, is the anniversary of her passing away, and in Lomaland, that center of light which she made possible, all nations meet to honor her memory.

Truly the mission of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky was a great one, and her whole life was a beautiful interpretation of it. We may feel some of its depth, but the greater part must remain unknown until we have recognized our own divinity. On this foundation we may safely build, for "the knowledge that we are divine gives us the power to overcome all obstacles." HAZEL

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RÂJA YOGA CHILDREN IN "THE SPRING FLOWER-FESTIVAL"

A Scene from *The Aroma of Athens,* as presented in the Greek Theater, Point Loma, California, on April 17, 1911.

The Anthesteria, or Athenian Spring Flower-Festival

IF there is one privilege which the Râja Yoga children enjoy more than all others, it is that of participating in the dramatic work conducted by Katherine Tingley at Point Loma. And to see the rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes of the children most fully aglow with radiant sunshine, one must witness them performing their part in the Greek Flower-Festival as presented in *The Aroma of Athens.* In this production the children play a very important part, affording a true "Aroma of Athens," a very essence of the fairest and most exquisite side of Greek life.

First they are seen at their games, running and playing joyously about the great Greek Theater, the music of their shouts and laughter rippling out over the hills like the music of the mountain brook. Later they trip blithely upon the scene in a mazy round, each graceful form draped with garlands of real flowers, not "stage flowers." And as these sylph-like figures wind in and out with a magical rhythm and grace, we are really made to feel that the golden days of fair Hellas have dawned once more, and that we may rejoice in the glory of *our* fair Athens. And, indeed such presentations do help to bring back to the world the glories of past civilizations.

The children who take part in this play know what they are representing and do their utmost to get into the real spirit of the work. Surely, this is the highest form of historical education, for, instead of merely studying about these great peoples, the children are learning to live again in the glories of past ages. ASTER

A May-Day Dream

SADIE LOCKE sat poring over a torn old book of fairy tales one rainy spring night, forgetting that she was a tired little child of poverty and unhappiness. Now she sat beside the Queen of the Palace of Golden Delights and sipped honey-dew from white rose-petals; again she tripped at sundown with singing companions through green meadows and apple orchards; now she rocked in a boat with gleaming sails over dancing blue seas; and again she rode in the silver chariot of the new moon through glittering avenues of stars.

Suddenly she was hurried back to her "plain everyday" by her father's voice, saying:

"Sadie, put down that silly book and go to bed."

"Yes, Father," said Sadie, closing it carefully and tying its precious worn leaves securely inside the broken covers, and carrying it to its place under her mattress. Soon she found herself in a dream — she, tired little Sadie Locke, smiling and shining like a flower on May-Day morning.

"Is it really I?" she heard her timid voice inquire.

"Yes, indeed!" came the reply.

"But where did I get this strong body?"

"Out of brave thoughts it grew."

"And where did I get my happy smile?"

"In hours of patient work."

"And where did I get my shining eyes?"

"Through looking for sunshine in dark places."

"And where am I going?"

"To find the dawn of the May!"

Sadie saw herself walk lightly into the shadows, and every step she took seemed to brush clear a path where none had been visible before; and the sunlight came and lingered over the place, and little pink-and-white daisies gathered in dimpling borders to hold the sunshine in.

"Is it I, for sure?" asked Sadie in perplexity. She was awake in the gray morning, and it was time to get up and work. She ran first to her cracked mirror. There she saw a thin, sad face, and she thought that her beautiful self had been only a girl in a dream. Then out of her heart there sprang a feeling that made it almost seem that the shining eyes of the dream-self looked back from the glass. The feeling was something like this:

"I shall do my work well, and that will make a little patch of sunshine where there once were shadows; I shall help Father better and have more loving thoughts, and then others will not fear the darkness, and it will be just as if I had planted a border of daisies to show them the way ahead."

She began to work swiftly.

"Sadie, are you out of bed yet?" called her father.

"Yes, indeed. I've been up this long time. Come to breakfast, Father. It's all ready."

"Well, what has happened to you, Sadie?" he asked in astonishment.

"I got up early to see the dawning of the May, Father dear," she replied.

"Oh, that fairy book!" said he impatiently; but when he sat down he noticed that Sadie had put something new into the food, into the arrangement of the dishes, and into everything in the poor home. He seemed thoughtfully silent while he ate, and when he took down his hat to go he put his hand on Sadie's head and said:

"My dear, Father will try to find the morning, too."

Sadie turned to her work with a light heart. The sunshine of May-Day lingered where she walked, and she could almost imagine that the heads of daisy buds were cropping up about her feet. And all that day her father felt an indescribable something that he had not felt before, and he worked with a light heart. ZELLA

My Song

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

OH, glad am I that I was born!
For who is sad when flaming morn
Bursts forth, or when the mighty night
Carries the soul from height to height!

To me, as to the child that sings,
The bird that claps his rain-washed wings,
The breeze that curls the sun-tipped flower,
Comes some new joy with each new hour.

Joy in the beauty of the earth,
Joy in the fire upon the hearth,
Joy in that potency of love
In which I live and breathe and move!

Joy even in the shapeless thought
That, some day, when all tasks are wrought,
I shall explore that vasty deep
Beyond the frozen gates of sleep.

For joy attunes all beating things,
With me each rhythmic atom sings,
From glow till gloom, from mirk till morn;
Oh, glad am I that I was born! — *Selected*

"CHILDREN ARE TREASURES" IN NIPPON

The Little Ones of Japan

CHILDHOOD must be very happy in a land where *Kodakara* ("Children are treasures") is a household word; and the little ones of Japan are indeed very happy.

They have many important days to celebrate, but one of the greatest is the *Miyamairi*. This is the visit to the temple and corresponds to a certain extent with our christening. The baby, if a boy, is taken on the thirty-first day, and if a girl, on the thirty-third day, to the temple, and is placed under the protection of some guardian deity chosen beforehand by the parents. Of course baby's

clothes must be suitable for such an occasion, and they are the finest that the parents or grandparents can afford. They consist of three sets, the outer one having the family crest and being lined with silk.

During the first year or two of the child's life no difference is made between a boy and a girl except in dress. The baby's color is scarlet, but after the first year the boy's clothes are blue or brown, or of some black and white striped cloth. Little girls have brighter colors, and their kimonos are often gay with designs of flowers and birds. Pink and crimson are prominent, but their use diminishes as the children grow older. White is never used for the little ones, as this is the color of mourning.

Japanese children love their parents dearly, and they are very respectful to their elders and to each other; in fact they are the most respectful children in the world.

H. O.

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THE ESKIMO'S CHEERFUL HELPER

The Dogs of Labrador

THE settlers and Eskimos of snowy Labrador could hardly live without their dogs. They are more like half-civilized wolves who have been trained to draw sledges, than regular dogs. Their sharp-pointed ears stick up straight, they are warmly clad with thick fur, and carry their bushy tails curled over their backs. Their eyes are slanting like the eyes of some Chinamen. The driver of a team of dogs one day observed a number of wolves visiting among his dogs on the beach outside his hut, but it was so hard to tell them apart that he was afraid to shoot. In character as well as in appearance they resemble wolves, and they often get themselves disliked among the neighbors because they eat their goats. When treated well they are affectionate and playful and make good friends.

Eskimo dogs simply love hard work, so that they are wild with excitement to start when harnessed up for a drive with about a dozen yelping comrades. Each dog knows his exact place in the team, and never shirks to pull his proper share. A team once drew a sledge one hundred and eighty miles in two-and-a-half days. The weight of the sledge divided among the dogs came to about one hundred pounds for each dog to pull.

No reins or bits are used in driving Eskimo dogs; they simply obey the voice of their driver and draw him on the smooth surface of frozen snow, over hedges and ditches, and up and down all but the very steepest mountain slopes, being quite independent of roads. When traveling over thin ice they scatter so that their weight shall be distributed over the surface and not concentrated in one spot.

These dogs are better than automobiles because their "machinery" never gets out of order and no gasoline is required. You have only to give them a pound of dried fish or meat once a day, and instead of drinking they just eat the snow. They have discovered that sealskin harness makes a pleasant addition to their scanty rations, so they sometimes devour their traces when pressed by hunger. They even eat the little boots made of skin that are supplied them when the ice-crust of the

frozen sea is full of sharp crystals. The drivers use a whip with a sealskin lash thirty feet long, and their aim is so accurate that they can drive nails into a door with the blow of their cracking whips. These cunning dogs are also smart enough to know that the formidable lash of their driver's whip gives far more pleasure when stowed away under their skin than when it flickers round the outside, so they very wisely eat the lash whenever they get a chance.

Eskimo dogs are so hardy that they will lie on the ice all night when the thermometer stands at 50°F. below zero, with no protection but their brushes (bushy tails) laid across their faces, and yet they never get frost-bitten. During the short summer they enjoy a vacation, and when the sea thaws they wade in and walk about in the shallow water. When they feel a flounder wriggle under their toes they dive their heads under and bring it to the surface. They so spend nearly the whole of the summer day in fishing, with the result that they swell out as round as barrels.

These cheerful, active animals living under the open sky are probably just as happy as your dog Pompey, who lies by the fire and eats three substantial meals a day.

P. L.

Art

Wouldst know the artist? Then go seek
Him in his labors. Though he strive
That Nature's voice alone should speak
From page or canvas to the heart,
Yet is it passionately alive
With his own soul! Of him 'tis part!—
This happy failure, this is Art.

—*Lilla Cabot Perry* (*Selected*)

Leonardo da Vinci

THERE have been many men of genius who have been masters of the different branches of the arts and sciences, but Leonardo da Vinci is one of the few who has excelled in all lines. He is perhaps most famous as a painter, and indeed his paintings have never been surpassed; but he was in addition an architect, a sculptor, a musician, a mathematician, an engineer, an inventor, and a philosopher. He also studied chemistry, astronomy, geography, geology, physiology, and anatomy, extensively.

As a painter we have evidence of his art in one of the most interesting portraits ever created, *Mona Lisa*, which has recently been stolen from the Louvre. Fortunately many engravings have been made of it, though all do not carry that exquisite charm which Leonardo gave to the original. *The Last Supper*, painted on the refectory walls of a monastery in Milan, has been ruined by time and dampness, together with the clumsy work of restorers who have often done more evil than good. At one time a door was cut through it, and during Napoleon's campaign he used the hall as a stable and the painting suffered every abuse. Even now, in its decayed magnificence, one is struck by the grandeur of the subject and its wonderful execution.

There are no remains of Leonardo's work as a sculptor, but we know that he worked in marble, bronze, and terra cotta. While in the service of Lodovico Sforza, Duke of Milan, he undertook to make a bronze equestrian statue in memory of his patron's father, the honored Duke Francesco. When the model was exhibited it brought forth the greatest praise and admiration. It was twenty-six feet high and was expected to weigh twenty tons when cast. But unfortunately, owing to the increasing difficulties of Lodovico, the statue was never cast, and during the French invasion the model was demolished.

As a boy, Leonardo, though very fond of drawing and modeling, was much interested in music and mathematics. He made himself a silver lyre in the shape of a horse's head and played upon it beautifully; he was also famous for his skill in mathematics.

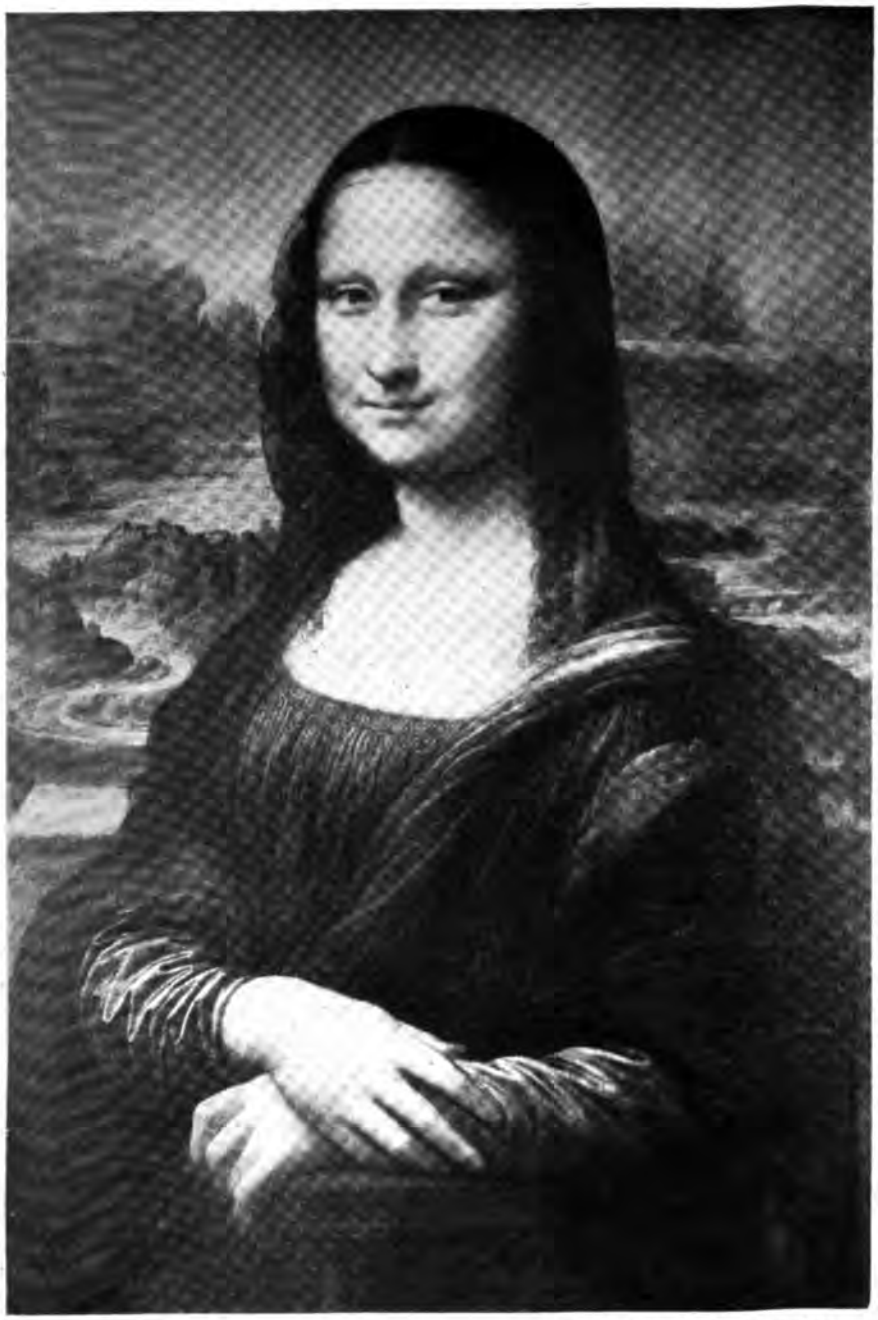
As an architect he designed many of the private and public buildings in Milan and Florence, also the Palace at Amboise for Francis I of France, in whose service he was engaged during the last years of his life.

Leonardo was distinguished both as a civil and military engineer. He planned canal systems and aqueducts, built roads and fortresses, constructed cannons and scaling-ladders, and invented and improved other machines of war.

On account of his scientific inclination he made a very deep study of the art of painting. He studied effects in light and shade, so as to bring out the deepest shadows and the brightest lights. He studied the laws of perspective as a mathematical problem, and his foreshortening was wonderful. In this way his general knowledge aided him in perfecting this one art, on which he wrote a celebrated treatise.

He was very much interested in chemistry and manufactured all his materials, including his paints and varnishes. Once he read of a recipe for a stucco used by the Romans, and wishing to experiment with it he used it when decorating the wall of the Council Hall in the Palazzo Vecchio. Leonardo's subject was a battle between the Florentines and the Milanese. The subject was especially interesting to him and he worked zealously upon it. His cartoon was soon finished and he began his work in the Council Hall, but he found that the composition of the stucco was too soft, and that his colors ran. He had painted only the central group when he gave it up in disgust; but all who had seen it agreed as to the beauty of the figures and the excellence of the work. Efforts were made to preserve the painting, but it gradually perished, and today we have only a few sketches, as the cartoon was lost.

In preparation for his work for the mighty statue for the Duke of Milan he made an elaborate study of the anatomy of the horse and wrote a treatise thereon. He



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MONA LISA: BY LEONARDO DA VINCI

A Lomaland Student Traveler, writing in the *New Century Path* of October 21, 1906, says: "This portrait is one of the few examples in existence of the art of Leonardo, the most extraordinary and versatile genius of the fifteenth century, to whom painting was merely one mode of expressing his universal genius; indeed, he considered it one of his lesser accomplishments. . . . All that Leonardo was, felt, and knew, he seems to have put into this portrait of *Mona Lisa*, which bears a strong resemblance to his own in the Uffizi gallery. She is the very spirit of calm and poise, of dignity and repose. There is a deep fascination and profound significance in her face. In it is depicted not only the flower of Renaissance days but a conscious and splendid prophecy of a greater awakening; she seems to apprehend the world's secret."

was famous as a physiologist. Leonardo was also a student of natural law. He understood the law of gravity, the molecular theory, and the Copernican theory; in fact he was eminent as a geologist, geographer, astronomer, and physicist, anticipating in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries much that was proved in the eighteenth and nineteenth.

He invented all kinds of machines and instruments; he even attempted to construct a flying machine and a diving armor, and he made animals that talked and walked, and birds that flew.

Notwithstanding his great knowledge Leonardo was ever seeking for something new. He was never satisfied with himself, and when he found himself proficient in one art he attempted to perfect himself in some other line of study.

And with all this he was a genial, witty, and pleasant companion. We have no picture of him in his youth, when he was considered to be exceedingly handsome, with great natural grace and charm. He was a great favorite among his companions. There is, however, in the Royal Library at Turin a portrait of him by himself in his old age.

Leonardo belonged to the great Florentine School of art, being one of the first masters of the Renaissance. Nature was his teacher, and to him she revealed many of her secrets.

CORA LEE

Maxims by Leonardo

Obstacles cannot bend me.

He who thinks little makes many mistakes.

Ask counsel of him who governs himself well.

The line that is straightest offers most resistance.

Constancy: not he who begins, but he who perseveres.

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A SCENE IN "THE AROMA OF ATHENS." THE CENTRAL FIGURES ARE PERIKLES AND PHEIDIAS

A Song in the Night

GEORGE MACDONALD

A BROWN bird sang on a blossomy tree,
Sang in the moonshine, merrily,
Three little songs, one, two, and three,
A song for his wife, for himself, and me.

He sang for his wife, sang low, sang high,
Filling the moonlight that filled the sky:
"Thee, thee, I love thee, heart alive!
Thee, thee, thee, and thy round eggs five!"

He sang to himself: "What shall I do
With this life that thrills me through and through!
Glad is so glad that it turns to ache!
Out with it, song, or my heart will break."—*Selected*

Notes on Music and the Drama

THE month of March has been characterized by remarkable activities along musical and dramatic lines; for, besides the regular musical work, the Greek symposium, *The Aroma of Athens*, was presented at Isis Theater on the 27th and 28th of the month, both performances being very well attended. The beauty and nobility of the music and dialog, the grace and harmony of the children's dances, and the magnificence of the scenic effects, have called forth unstinted praise. A new feature was the presentation of several tableaux representative of various important events in Grecian mythology and history. These tableaux have elicited the highest commendation, many of those present declaring that the nobility, strength, and harmony expressed therein had given them a deeper insight into the true spirit of the glorious life of old Hellas, and had, moreover, proved a source of real inspiration, by showing clearly the true possibilities of men and women.

The following selections have been chosen from the musical programs. By the Râja Yoga Orchestra: Overture to *Phèdre* by Massenet; Prelude to *Loreley* by Max Bruch; and an original composition, *Dedication*, by one of the Râja Yoga students; also two of Dvorák's *Slavonic Dances*, Nos. 6 and 8; and selections from Moszkowski's opera *Boabdil*. Violin solos: *Ballade et Polonaise*, by Vieuxtemps, with orchestral accompaniment; and *From Ireland*, a fantasia composed by a Râja Yoga student. Piano solos: *Air de Ballet* and *Arlequine* by Chaminade; Sinding's *Rustle of Spring;* Moszkowski's *Moment Musicale;* and a piano duet, *Tarantelle*, by J. Raff. Clarinet solo, *Concerto*, by Händel; Clarinet and Horn duet, *Nocturne*, by Voigt; and Schubert's famous *Trout* Quintet for piano and strings.

In regard to vocal work may be mentioned a duet, *Breezes of Night*, by Gounod; three songs by the Râja Yoga Girls' Chorus, with orchestral accompaniment; Schubert's *Erlking*, and two compositions of one of the Râja Yoga students, *I Know a Bank*, and *The Song of the Brook*. M. C.

Bruce and the Brownies

THE greatest event of the last month has been the production of an operetta entitled "Bruce and the Brownies." In it was enacted the story of Scotland's struggle for freedom and the magical aid rendered it by the wee Brownie folk. Exquisite songs were sung by the Brownies, interspersed with Scotch reels, the Highland fling, and a sword-dance, executed with remarkable grace and skill.

The libretto was written by one of the older students, Mr. Kenneth Morris; and the music for the songs and dances was composed by Rex Dunn, one of the Râja Yoga students. The production was a veritable triumph, and all the Râja Yogas feel intensely proud of their talented comrade, the composer, and of their younger comrades, the Brownies, who, one and all, fulfilled their parts to perfection.

Perhaps you would like Tammas Mucklelugs to give an account of the great event in his own quaint Scotch.

Hech now, ma wee bairns! Ken ye the bit o' magic that was played on us here in Lomaland by the wee Broonie bodies o' Loma braes? Weel now, 'twas a richt canny bit o' play actin' and richt weel dune.

Lairnin' o' the fact 'twas our beloved Teacher's birthday, tae Broonie bodies called their clan taegither, an' twas decided on that nicht they wad spirit awa a' the folk o' Lomaland, wee bairns, young folk an' auld folk alike, back tae thae guid auld hero days o' the Bruce an' his brave warrior clans o' bonnie Scotland.

But mind ye, 'twas nae wee bit o' a task the Broonie folk took on 'em, an' when they tauld their King o' the trick they wad play on us a', ye should ken the King was tickled michtily, an' he spoke up an' said: "Weel now, ma bonnie Broonie bodies, 'tis a richt merrie sport, an' gin ye'r wullin' tae lairn the lines I'll gie ye, an' pipe the tunes to which they'll be set, a ken richt weel ye'll gie the folk o' Loma's braes a muckle surprise!"

So the King o' the Broonie clan sent for his ancient minstrel mon to tell him ower agen the tale o' the Bruce an' his fechtin' for Scotland, an' ilka nicht by the licht o' the moon he wove wondrous melodies — lays sae sweet an' sae tunefu' as 'twad melt the sad hairt o' the auld world tae ken them. Now the lay was blithe and chirpin' like the birds in the trees o' a May mornin,' or the rustlin' o' the wind through the bonnie heather bloom; then 'twas low an' tearfu' like, as 'twas the auld wind sobbin' in the willow boughs in the wan licht o' the moon. Then 'twad com pealin' forth maist like 'twas the battle song o' the Bruce leadin' his men tae victory. An' fast as the Broonie King wove his magic lay the Broonie bodies wad tak and lairn it; an' ye ken, mony a Loma body wha trod the braes by moon-licht wad catch the bits o' Broonie lays comin' up ower the brae.

Weel, the great day cam' alang fast enoo' an' the Broonie King summoned a' the folk o' Loma's braes tae meet taegither in the great Rotunda. An' aw! bairns, ye dinna ken the magic the wee Broonie folk worked on us a'! A ken weel masel' 'twas the bonniest o' a' the bonnie nichts that e'er were seen in Lomaland. The

HISTORIC MELROSE ABBEY, SCOTLAND

The heart of Robert Bruce was buried in Melrose Abbey, with the history of which his name is closely associated.

Broonie bodies skipped an' capered ower the floor in a manner 'twad cheer your hairt tae see. They danced the guid auld Scottish reel, the Hielan' fling, an' the canny sword-dance wi' a toe sae licht an' sae airy as 'twad nae shake the dew frae the heather-bloom. An' the bonnie minstrel laddie piped a lay sae mournfu' an' sae sweet as made the hairts sad tae hear.

Then cam the michty Bruce, "the mon that focht for Scotlan's richt, an' a' for kith an' kin." Ye ken, ma wee bairns, 'twas a richt doughty wight, in his shinin' helmet, his glistenin' sword, an' siller armor an' a'. But aw! 'twas sad o' hairt he was, an' sickenin' wi' the weight o' troubles that lay ower bonnie Scotland. An' ye ken he wad hae gi'en up a' for lost, but one o' the wee Broonie folk betook himsel' tae the form o' a "particularly muckle-green spider" an' did weave his web ower the cave where the Bruce lay sad an' weary. Sax times did he weave it and sax times did it breck, but on the seventh the web held fast. The which was a sign, an' the Bruce kent it, and syne he kent a' was not lost, an' that ain mair try wad dae a'. An' noo cam in the army

o' doughty fechters singin' the bonnie battle song that wad lead the Bruce on tae victory. An' wi' this the magic o' the Broonie bodies cam tae a close.

Losh! bairns, but a tell ye 'twas a richt bonnie nicht; an' we Loma folk are michty proud o' our canny Broonie bodies. TAMMAS MUCKLE-LUGS

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FAÇADE OF ONE OF THE RUINS AT MITLA

Chopin

ZITELLA COCKE

O SOUL most beautiful, and loving heart!
O bright, wild bird, — now crooning on thy nest,
Now soaring, sped by a divine unrest,—
How Nature speaks through thy perfected Art! —
Till from our eyes ecstatic tears do start,
Till all our souls and senses are possest,
And we must weep or smile at thy behest,
And in thine ever changing mood take part,
Like watchers on enchanted Mount, who see
Fair visions pass at a magician's call,—
The fairer for their cloud of mystery,—
Who feel the necromancer's spell and fall
Entranced beneath its pow'r, nor would be free,
So deep the rapture and so sweet the thrall! — *Selected*

A Royal Musician

THE bi-centenary of Frederick the Great, which was observed in January, caused many interesting facts about the life of this great man to be brought to our notice.

Frederick the Great's fame rests not alone on his achievements as a great general and beneficent ruler. His name has a peculiar interest for music-lovers, as he is pre-eminent among the few royal masters of that art with whom we are acquainted.

As a child Frederick showed a passionate love for the flute, thus intensely displeasing his warlike father, who could not conceive of any use in so unpractical a thing as music! But the boy had a will of his own, and he surrounded himself with musical attendants so as to practise in secret. He acquired great skill and played not only with technical perfection, but with much expression. The King particularly liked adagio movements, playing them with such warmth and tenderness that "it was difficult to listen to his playing without weeping."

The royal flutist was also a composer, and probably his symphony was often on the programs of the court concerts, where he frequently delighted his hearers. It is said that at one he played three long and difficult concertos in succession, all equally well.

Even during the Seven Years War the King found time to play his flute, and when he had to give it up toward the end of his life, he felt that he had lost his best friend. KATE

Modern and Ancient Mexico

GREAT things grow out of small beginnings. Small things do sometimes, however, grow out of great. This seems to be the case with the modern city of Mexico. This city, though a large one, covers but a part of the site of the ancient city, which was destroyed by the Spaniards early in the sixteenth century.

The ancient Aztec city, Tenochtitlán, originally built out on the waters of Lake Tezcuco, was a sort of large-sized Venice, and was built much on the same plan, being traversed in every direction by large canals running in parallel and transverse rows like streets, for which they were used.

It is said by old historians that the Spaniards, when they razed the temples and palaces of the Mexicans, filled in these canals with the débris. Thus the modern Mexico is on the second story, so to speak, being built on founda-

tions which were laid by the aborigines. As it is, excavations for building are scarcely ever made without unearthing relics in the shape of statuary and sculptured fragments, terra cottas, pottery, and parts of buildings.

Large numbers of valuable relics have been found during the past few years, and as a great interest has been awakened for the early history and civilization of Mexico, a national museum has been founded, in which these treasures are carefully preserved. H. B.

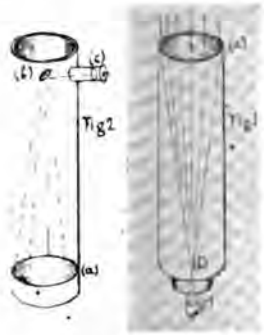
WHEN the old town of Delphi was recently excavated by the French, it was found to constitute a veritable library in itself. On the walls of the numerous temples, courts and porticos of the ancient town were found numerous inscriptions, some beings sacred vows and prayers, others, odes and songs of praise. Some related to the emancipation of slaves, while others concerned treaties and covenants made between different states and cities.

Stories from Starland

Something about Telescopes

DEAR CHILDREN: I have told you many things about the stars, but today I think you would like to hear a little about the different kinds of telescopes which have been invented to examine them more closely, and also for the measurement of their movements and the movements of the earth.

There are two principal ways of making telescopes, but many different designs in the application of them. Galileo's original astronomical telescope, which he made in 1609, after hearing the description of the very simple and weak Dutch telescope that had just been invented, was what is called a "refractor." It was of the same pattern as the ordinary hand telescope which is used by sailors, and consisted of a tube with glass lenses at each



1. REFRACTING TELESCOPE
(a) Object-glass, (b) Eyepiece

2. REFLECTING TELESCOPE
(a) Mirror, (b) Flat,
(c) Eyepiece

end. To "refract" light means to bend it, and as the telescopes with lenses at each end bend the light that passes through the lenses from the stars, they are called "refractors." (I once saw a funny advertisement which, by a mistake of the printer, offered "A large *refractory* telescope for sale"!)

Fig. 1 is a diagram of a refractor. The light from the stars falls on the big lens *a*, which is like a magnifying-glass, and is bent into a cone whose point is at *b;* then it opens out again, but before it has opened much it is caught by the small magnifying-glass *c*, through which you look. Now, you see, a great deal of light is caught by the big lens, collected, and sent into your eye — far more than the tiny pupil of the eye could gather without

THE LARGEST REFRACTOR IN THE WORLD

Yerkes Observatory
University of Chicago

The object-glass is forty inches in diameter.

the help of the glass. That is why the stars look so much brighter in the telescope than without it. Just think what a blaze of light the great Lick telescope at Mount Hamilton, California, sends down the tube, for its big lens is a yard across! The small lens at the eye-end is called the "eyepiece," and it magnifies the image of the star sent down by the other lens, which is called the "object-glass" because it is nearer the object you wish to examine.

There are good reasons for believing that the ancients possessed telescopes, but the people in the Middle Ages had forgotten all about them, and certainly large telescopes have only been used for less than two hundred years. The opera-glass and the field-glass are small refracting telescopes, specially made so as to take very little room and to be used by both eyes.

The other kind of telescope is called the "reflector," for its principal part is a very brightly polished mirror, (*a* Fig. 2) made either of white metal or of glass silvered over like an ordinary looking-glass. The mirror is not flat but slightly hollow. It is fixed at the *bottom* of the tube. The tube is open at the top to let the light in. The light from the star is reflected back by the mirror up the tube, where in the most frequent kind of reflector, it is caught by *b*, a small *flat* mirror (called the "flat") and turned round so as to enter the eyepiece *c*, which is a magnifying glass like the eyepiece of the refractor. This kind of reflector is called the Newtonian, because the great Sir Isaac Newton invented it in 1672, some time after Galileo made his astronomical refractor.

The largest reflector ever made was that of Lord Ross, at Parsonstown, in Ireland. It is six feet across the big mirror, but it is not nearly so powerful as some smaller refractors. A much larger one is now being made at Mount Wilson Observatory, California, eight feet and

four inches across, and we are all looking forward to many new discoveries which may be made when it is finished, for it will be far more powerful than any other telescope now in existence. I told you lately about Sir William Herschel and his great telescopes. They were all reflectors.

Reflectors are more troublesome to use than refractors, and the mirrors require a great deal of attention. They are not so powerful when compared with good refractors of the same size, but they have some advantages of their own, particularly in taking photographs of the stars. The refractor usually shows some rainbow-colored fringes round the stars, owing to slight imperfections which cannot be avoided, but the reflector gives perfectly clear views.

Now I must tell you something about telescope stands. A well-mounted telescope, even if a little smaller, is more useful than a larger one badly mounted. The ordinary telescope for observing ships or scenery is mounted with two motions, an up-and-down one and a side-to-side one. But this will not do for the stars. Take the sun, for instance. It rises on the eastern horizon and steadily climbs till noon, when it begins to drop till sunset, making a great curve in the sky. The stars do the same, each in its own degree. In order to watch the stars or the sun for a long time we must make our telescope move along the same curves as they do, and for this purpose a very ingenious kind of stand has been invented. In the picture of the great Yerkes telescope on this page you will see how it is mounted. I cannot explain the exact way it works as that would take too much time and many diagrams, but if you are really interested you will find it described in any book on astronomy, or perhaps you will be able to find someone who has a small telescope mounted for looking at the stars.

Of course you understand that the stars are not really moving round the earth once a day; their seeming motion is the result of the earth's turning round the other way — from west to east. Now, as the stars appear to move along in perfect circles day and night without ever stopping, and as the telescope can be made to follow them by simply turning a handle, you will easily see that, once we have fixed the telescope on a particular star, we can watch it as long as we like, *even after the sun rises, in bright daylight.* Quite small telescopes will show the brightest stars by daylight, when you know where to look for them. Astronomical telescopes are turned by clockwork or electric apparatus at the same rate as the stars move, so that they keep in the very center as long as you wish. That is the way the wonderful photographs of the stars and the moon are taken, for they often require many hours' exposure.

We are not obliged to find a star at night and then follow it for hours in order to see it by day, for there are marks on the turning parts of the mounting which tell you exactly where to point the telescope in order to find every star at all times of the day or night. By the help of these marks you can find stars that are invisible to the eye, but which are put down in the star-atlases.

Yours affectionately,

UNCLE SOL

LORD ROSS' GREAT TELESCOPE AT BIRR, IRELAND

The Cap of Darkness

EVER since Perseus with his cap of darkness wandered on the earth, people have tried to acquire the art of making themselves invisible to other men. The attempts have hitherto been such failures that there are very few who have not fallen back on the idea that "it is only a myth, after all." But all myths have their foundations in actual occurrences: and so it must be with this one, for a recent discovery has been made in this direction, which if successful in practice, is likely to make fighting so deadly that wars will perhaps be ended.

It is in connexion with airships, which can be so constructed that they appear invisible at any height above 2500 feet. The man who has accomplished this is Baron Adam Roenne, a noted aeronautic engineer. The English patent office has lately issued a patent for this first invisible airship.

This astonishing invisibility is to be acquired in this way: the outside covering of the vessel is to be made of chromium, whose surface will keep its great polish by means of a covering of transparent varnish. This will make it reflect just as a mirror does, thus enabling the airship to take on the color of its surroundings. The keel will taper down to a point to prevent a shadow being thrown on the bottom. Thus, the Baron claims, it will be quite invisible: and when the means are in operation to silence the engines, it will also be inaudible in its flights.

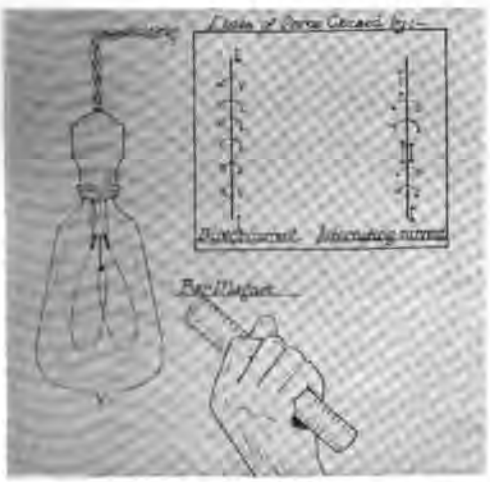
S. B. P.

A Sound-Proof Room

AT the Physiological Institute of the University of Utrecht, Holland, is a very strange and interesting room. It is perfectly sound-proof, and was built for the purpose of making experiments with sound. It is about seven and a half feet square, and is situated on the top floor, where by proper arrangements it can easily be illuminated and ventilated from above. The floor, walls, and ceiling are each built of half a dozen layers of different materials, with air spaces between, and all interstices are filled with sound-deadening substances. Everything has been done to exclude all noises except such as are desired for the experimenting, and a copper tube is the only inlet for sound from the outside. It is said that some people experience a peculiar sensation in the ears while in the room.

Printing by Wireless

A NORWEGIAN inventor has recently produced a telegraph-typewriter. It is an improvement that can be attached to any telegraph system, and it is said to be so simple that with a little practice anybody could use it. A typewriter is at each end of the wire, and the key struck at one end makes the corresponding letter drop at the other. The type-printing apparatus keeps the telegrams secret. It has been found that the system works just as far and as rapidly as the Marconi wireless, and it can be applied to any existing radio-telegraph plant. The patents have been secured by a German manufacturing company, and it is expected that the machines will be on the market in a very short time.



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A Useful Experiment

AMONG young people engaged in electrical experiments, it is often desired to know whether the current they are using is direct or alternating, in order to avoid any danger of spoiling their instruments by the wrong use of the current. The method shown in the illustration has been found very simple and exact. Hold an ordinary bar magnet very near to a lighted incandescent lamp, and if the filament vibrates back and forth the current is an alternating one, but if the filament be repelled or attracted then the current is direct.

To explain the principle of this experiment, let us first deal with the phenomenon accompanying the direct current, namely, the attraction of the filament to the bar magnet. We know that when a current is flowing through a wire there is always an electrical field around it caused by the lines of force, and if a direct current is flowing through the wire the lines of force in the electrical field always travel around the wire in the same direction. When the bar magnet comes in contact with the electrical field from the lighted lamp, the current being direct and the lines of force moving around the filament in the same direction, the filament is attracted or repelled according to the pole of the magnet which is held up.

But when the current is alternating, it does not constantly flow in one direction, but keeps changing, first traversing the wire in one direction and then in the other; hence the lines of force in the magnetic field are constantly being reversed in their passage about the filament in the lamp, first causing it to be attracted and then repelled. These changes of direction succeed one another so rapidly that the wire is caused to vibrate. G. R.

May

GEORGE MACDONALD

MERRY, rollicking, frolicking May
Into the woods came skipping one day;
She teased the brook till he laughed outright,
And gurgled and scolded with all his might;
She chirped to the birds and bade them sing
A chorus of welcome to Lady Spring;
And the bees and butterflies she set
To waking the flowers that were sleeping yet.
She shook the trees till the buds looked out
To see what the trouble was all about,
And nothing in Nature escaped that day
The touch of the life-giving, bright, young May. — *Selected*

How Congo Pays his Board

THAT an elephant has business ability sounds strange, but this is actually the case. A baby elephant in the New York zoological park was crippled by the weakness of his back legs. The doctor operated upon him, and during his convalescence he aroused much sympathy among visitors by appearing in splints and begging for pennies. The proceeds of his efforts went to buying peanuts, which he received during the week in addition to the regular six quarts on Sunday. Congo, that was his name, was so successful in begging that he was given a small cash-register in which to keep his coins, and by his enterprise and strict application to business he has now made himself entirely independent, and pays the full price for his board and lodging in the zoological park.

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"FACING WESTWARD"
Evening, at ebb of tide, from the foot of Lomaland Cliffs

Twilight at Sea
AMELIA B. WELBY

THE twilight hours, like birds, flew by,
As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand on the sea.

For every wave with dimpled face
That leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace
And held it trembling there. — *Selected*

In Nature's Realm
THE POCKET GOPHER

THE pocket gopher lives underground and drives his tunnels among the roots of our flowers and vegetables, pulling into his burrow anything he happens to take a fancy to eat. He is about the size of a small rat, and he has a very short tail, bright black eyes, short ears sunk down amongst the fur, and long claws on his front paws for scooping and shoveling loose earth. No one works harder in the garden than a gopher; but notwithstanding that, he is not much liked, because he works just for himself alone, and not for the good of the garden.

He is called pocket gopher because of two enormous fur-lined pouches, which have their openings on his cheeks and reach back to the shoulders. A monkey can fill his cheeks with nuts till they bulge out; but the gopher's pockets are quite outside the mouth. The gopher leaves his burrow mainly at night and finds his pockets very handy for bringing home grain of all kinds "in the milk"; that is, before it is hard and ripe. He will pack his cheek pouches as full as they will hold, and very ludicrous he looks running back home with his head and shoulders bloated out to more than twice their proper size.

He is wise enough, very often, to back down his burrow, and thus he is always ready to defend himself with his sharp teeth against any enemy who may try to follow him into his home.

In the eastern states they give the name of gopher to a striped ground squirrel, which is only a very distant relation to the gopher of the California fields.

Our readers may be interested in reading the follow-

ing true story of a short acquaintance with a pocket gopher.

GODFREY THE GOPHER

A FEW weeks ago a pocket gopher was caught as he was taking an evening stroll in the road which runs by the Râja Yoga Academy. He was put in a pail half-filled with fine moist soil well beaten down.

Godfrey, as he was named, immediately showed us how a gopher does his digging. In place of a pickaxe to loosen the soil, he used his strong front teeth, while his long curved claws made splendid shovels. The loosened dirt was pushed out by paws, chin, and throat acting together, and he had the prettiest way of pressing it together into a barricade to close the entrance of his burrow when he wanted to be quiet by himself for a while. His paws moved very rapidly, with a tremulous, patting action, and how hard a gopher can pack the earth together is only known to those who try to dig them out. He showed perfect trust in me from the first, and he allowed me to stroke his back or tickle him behind the ear without ever attempting to bite.

Godfrey was a very sound sleeper and one had to tap for a long time on the side of the pail before he would wake up. One day I saw him asleep, curled up on his right side, and I think he was dreaming of digging tunnels, for his paws and shoulders twitched from time to time.

Although he had much important digging work on hand, besides the serious business of carrying down provisions, he was usually ready for a game of play. In his leisure time he would often seize the end of my pencil and tug at it with might and main. I often let him win the tug of war just to encourage him.

He was always careful to comb his thick brown fur with his long claws, and to moisten it with his tongue, reaching as far round his back as he could from both sides. The result of his grooming was that he often had a very decent parting right down the middle of his back. If he was presented with a nice, long, juicy stalk of bearded wheat, he quickly bit it into half-inch lengths and stowed the pieces away in his pouches. His movements were so rapid that you could not follow them with your eye.

One evening when I was away, he heard "the Call of the Wild," and thinking only of his own wishes, he overleaped the side of the pail and deserted his home and friend.

P. L.

The Running Postman of Formosa

IN the island of Formosa the postman must be very strong and a good runner. He generally goes by the quaint nickname "the horse of a thousand miles." An ordinary sack of coal weighs a hundred pounds, and the postman has sometimes to carry as much as one hundred and sixty pounds at a trot for days and nights without stopping! He must also be prepared to fight with robbers at a moment's notice, or rather without any notice at all, as the robbers prefer to take him by surprise.

In order to keep himself strong and active, he eats not more but *less* than other people. He never satisfies his hunger with a full meal; but rises from his eating with an appetite for more. After unusual exertion he eats himself "seven-tenths full." This seems to show that much of what we eat is only an extra burden to carry about and that our strength is used up to no purpose in the digestion of superfluous food.

The postman of Formosa trains himself for his profession by running with sand-bags tied round his ankles.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

POLAR BEARS IN THE LONDON ZOO
(Photo by W. S. Berridge, F. Z. S.)

Sam and Martha

DEAR EDITORS: In the March issue of the RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER I noticed a short article on "Educated Bears," and only a little while before that I had read an interesting account in one of the illustrated monthlies telling about two polar bears that are members of the large family of animals at the Zoological Gardens in London. The descriptions are so similar that I feel certain that the same bears are referred to in the two articles. And, to complete the matter, I chanced to come across the accompanying picture in *Animals at the Zoo,* one of Gowans' *Nature Books,* containing sixty reproductions from photographs of animals at the London Zoo. Consequently I believe we shall not be wrong in believing that we see before us the likenesses of these well-known bears, Sam and Martha.

It was six years ago that Sam and Martha arrived in London on a steamer from the polar sea. Sam was a two-year-old cub then, and Martha was his junior by some months. Don't you think they must have been a cunning pair, and can't you imagine the crowds of London children that trooped to the Zoo to see the new arrivals?

Martha did not appear to object to her new surroundings; on the contrary, like a sensible woman, she proceeded to make herself at home and set about making new friends. It was different with Sam, however. He seemed not to admire his cramped city apartments and

his new mode of life; he fumed and fretted, and refused to take any interest in his new surroundings. But then, Sam and Martha are of totally different temperaments; the one is pessimistic and morose, the other optimistic and sunny. Can't you tell which is which in the picture?

Martha's nature is so happy and sociable that she made friends from the first. She is naturally more teachable than Sam. One of the things she has learned is to "retrieve" or bring back a log of wood that her keeper throws into the water. As mentioned in the preceding article in your interesting paper, she is so fond of this sport that she will dive in for the log time after time, and never wearies of bringing it back so long as the keeper's patience lasts; indeed, it is he who tires first, so fond is this bear of play. It must indeed be a fine sight to witness a game between them, and to see this great white creature rise on her hind legs and hurl her great body into the water. As she weighs about two tons, you can imagine what a splash is made.

Considering her great bulk, Martha's agility and dexterity in getting about is wonderful. She handles the log of wood in the water better, I was going to say, than a man could. She sometimes plays with it as a kitten plays with a spool. When bringing it in she either carries it held against one cheek with a front paw, or she swims on her back and holds it with both fore paws. In the illustrated article referred to, which appeared in *T. P.'s Magazine*, I think, there were several excellent pictures of Martha swimming with the log, and one where she is hurling herself half out of the water in an effort to catch her plaything. There is a rocky islet in their miniature polar sea, and it is remarkable how easily and quickly she climbs up its steep and rugged sides in order to gain a vantage point for diving.

The ball (represented by the log) having been captured, she takes it to her keeper just as if she were a retriever carrying a dead partridge to her master after he had brought it down with his gun. In doing this it is her invariable habit to stand erect at her full height against the bars, and in that attitude to push the log through the bars so that it drops at the keeper's feet. Why she does this, only she knows. Can it be possible that she is conscious of the fact that she thus shows off her fine form to the best effect, and must we call it vanity? Oh fie, fie, Martha!

What is Sam doing meanwhile? Probably sulking in a cool corner, or else pacing up and down behind those bars that are the cause of all his sorrows. Poor Sam! No matter how long he lives he will probably never become reconciled to captivity. The only hope for him is that Martha's buoyant disposition shall eventually work on him, so that he will not be able to withstand her infectious playfulness. As it is, when Martha waltzes up to him with an invitation to play, he will probably give her a box on the ear with that powerful front paw of his that almost sends her spinning, exemplifying the great strength of these animals. Nevertheless, Sam *has* been known to accept Martha's invitation to a frolic in the water, and fortunate were those spectators who happened to be present on those rare occasions. So let us hope that Sam will reform and become a congenial mate for the happy, frolicsome Martha.

In this connexion I wish to say a word in behalf of those wild creatures who are confined in menageries and such places. I cannot help feeling sorry for them, and hope that the picture and this biography of a happy and a hapless bear may interest your readers. ROLLO

AFTER THE RAIN

After the Rain

HAROLD MCGRATH

THE sun shines down with a fonder gleam,
The flood gives way to the smoother stream,
The lark springs into the air again,
After the rain.

The roses swing and the grasses sway,
The sky smiles down in a kindlier way,
The old earth's tune hath a sweeter strain,
After the rain. — *Selected*

IT is stated that the sun's rays penetrate the water of the ocean to a depth of six hundred feet.

RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER

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Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE RÂJA YOGA-COLLEGE AND THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC AND DRAMA (TO THE LEFT), POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Awake!

MOTHER NATURE is ever ready to open her wonderful books to us if we but go to her with an earnest desire to learn. He who would read, though, must first have shaken off all signs of sleep, whether mental, physical, or spiritual. What time is better for that awakening than the present moment! Spring itself, now giving place to Summer with all its promise, is both a lesson and an inspiration. Each new bud or leaf unfolding to the sun bids us realize our own power, that we too may awake and disclose some hidden beauty and strength of character.

Forever the same truths are with us, and what we might read at a glance often takes years because we will not awake! We reap what we have sown, but much also depends on cultivation. Though bad seed will not turn out good, many a good seed is lost through lack of proper care. Flowers, if properly nourished, blossom into something that is beautiful; so likewise will the seed we plant in our own natures. If in childhood we learn to resist temptation, and to love duty, never shirking it, we have sown seeds that will develop into qualities which will make us masters of ourselves, ready to overcome all obstacles.

We, too, develop according to the laws of Nature, but we have the higher soul qualities and discriminating powers which enable us consciously to foster that part of our nature which is noblest. With the awakening

to the realization of our divinity, we have the power to free ourselves entirely from all that is not good.

The fact that we go through the day in a somewhat mechanical way shows perhaps that we do exist, but it is certainly no sign that we truly live. The faculties may have been stirred, but if the soul has not been aroused, we are virtually still asleep, because the nobler powers of thought are not operative until the higher nature has been awakened.

It is not to be expected that the awakening of all will be the same, for we are so many millions of units, each with different characteristics. No rule can be laid down, and what causes a garden to blossom forth in one case, might produce something entirely different in another. The power to awaken is ours, though, and the secret lies in the forgetting of self. Then we find that we have the courage and the ability to do anything.

A CUBAN STUDENT
ISIS CONSERVATORY, POINT LOMA

The Power of Song

WHO has not felt the power of song! From ages immemorial hearts have thrilled responsive to the human voice lifted up in song, and to the end of time this best gift of man will have power, as nothing else, to reach the soul and awaken the nobler aspirations and endeavors.

In palace and in temple song holds an honored place, and naught else brings such joy to the prison or the cottage. In the sacred ceremony, anthems and songs of praise intone the aspirations and reverence of exalted souls; the overflow of joy in the heart bursts through the lips in carols and tuneful lays; grief is soothed; anger is calmed; and the strong warrior-spirit of an entire nation is called forth by the chanting of stirring and patriotic music. No human emotion, no condition in life, but has its fitting expression in song. In the field of music where there are so many instruments for creating and interpreting the noble art of sound, song is held by many to be the highest form of music. Richard Wagner says:

> The human voice is really the foundation of all music; and whatever the development of the art, whatever the boldest combinations of a composer, or the most brilliant execution of a virtuoso, they must, in the end, all return to the standard set by vocal music.

How high then must be the standard set by vocal music to keep all other forms up to the highest level!

Why is it that song appeals to so many whom instrumental music cannot arouse in the same way? In the first place, the instrument itself far surpasses anything made by the hands. Just think of it, your instrument is part of yourself, always with you, and ready to express your inmost feelings when you have learned to play on it! All other instruments are made of wood, metal, or some tangible, visible material. But you cannot see your throat, and yet from it issues a loveliness of quality that all other instrumentalists are consequently seeking to imitate on their instruments. One of the points of excellence in considering players and their violins, flutes, or other instruments, is their ability to create tones approaching the voice.

There are many elements that go to make up a song. First, consider the words. They may be sprung from the inspiration of a great poet — a gem in literature, straight from the heart of one wise and compassionate; then, the composer has perhaps given us strains that suggest murmuring brooklets, and humming bees, and whispering winds, or make one feel "'Tis like the music of the spheres." But all this beauty, all this inspiration, lies useless till in the voice of a singer, who can interpret the poem and sing the song, it is given forth to bless humanity.

What is a singer? Not merely a vocalist, who has trained his voice till its technical perfection is unquestioned, or has all the operas and dramas at his tongue's end. He cannot sing to the heart of his hearers until his life is worthy, and his mind and heart are unfettered. Then, all the richness of his character, his compassion and aspiration, and his strength and knowledge, adds the touch and brings the art without which a singer cannot sing.

The old bards were teachers as well, and their songs gave lessons of wisdom, or recited the deeds of heroes till their hearers longed to be the same, and thus they had a power which they exerted to uplift all who listened to them.

The voice expresses character, for "The soul's most transparent veil is the human voice, in whose true accent

we catch a man's real self." The voice is the outcome, not only of our present lives and efforts, but the past also has an ineffaceable ring, because the qualities in us that caused it are still living, be they good or evil.

One who really loves the art of song will seek to unfold his better, stronger nature, that he may have something worthy of his divine self to offer those who listen. The training of the voice in a technical sense is alone wonderful. Think what you can do with an instrument you cannot see or touch! Nevertheless, it is in closer communion with your heart than anything else on earth, for it is only that which really sings. The practice of singing keeps the body in health, for it is an excellent hygienic exercise, and the true student has to cultivate his mind in every way to broaden his conceptions and learn the lessons of life that he has to interpret. Thus mind and voice and soul must go together to make a perfect whole.

This is what the Swabian poet Schubart says:

Singing is without doubt the first article in the entire art of tone, the axis round which revolve melody, modulation, and harmony. Singing sits on the throne like a king, and all other instruments bow before it as so many vassals. The human voice is naturally the primary tone, and all other voices of the world are only the distant echo of this divine first tone. The human throat is the first, the purest, and most perfect instrument of creation.

KATE

From our Notebook

TREE DAY has been annually observed for a number of years in Denver, Colorado. This year April 19th was made the official tree-planting day, on which occasion the city government presented 17,857 shade trees to its property owners. One half were of soft maple, and the other half were American elm. As the saplings are one and one-quarter inches in diameter, they will not need a great deal of care on the part of the citizens; consequently their life is more assured than if they were younger. Although the cost of the trees to the city government was $5000, the investment is considered a profitable one, when the beautification and health of the city is considered. If every city in the land should follow Denver's example, think what beautiful results would be obtained by the next generation of citizens! In the words of Lucy Larcom,

He who plants a tree,
Plants a hope.

. . .

He who plants a tree,
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy;
Every day a fresh reality,
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

THE Elizabeth Peabody Settlement of Boston, Mass., is going to have a theater of its own where the children of the neighborhood will be drilled in folk-songs and dances, and trained as well to act in plays made up from old tales that children have long been familiar with.

A Day in June

(From *The Vision of Sir Launfal*)

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

AND what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world and she to her nest, —
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop over-fills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, —
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

WONDROUS is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its power of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous — a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright. — *Carlyle*

To improve the golden moment of opportunity, and catch the good that is within our reach, is the great art of life. — *Samuel Johnson*

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

MR. FUSSELL AND ONE OF HIS LITTLE LOMALAND FRIENDS

A Tribute

ON Monday afternoon, May 6, 1912, the oldest resident at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Mr. Joseph Fussell, Senior, passed away at the age of ninety-four. All the Râja Yoga girls and boys unite in paying their heart-felt tribute to their beloved friend.

Mr. Joseph Fussell was one of the oldest living English artists; and besides being a renowned English painter and illustrator, he was yet something more, something more worthy of glory even than a master artist, he was a true representative of the "perfect gentleman" of the old days. And how much lies in those words!

In all the nine years of intimate relationship with him on Point Loma, no comrade ever heard a harsh word pass his lips, or witnessed a single unkind or thoughtless act done by him. Such a record as that is worth more than all else that life can bestow, for it is a crown wrought and attained by the wearer himself, a visible expression of the eternal Warrior within, an immortal talisman.

Mr. Fussell dearly loved the Râja Yoga children. They were ever in his thoughts, and often, ere his strength began to fail, he would visit them in their Lotus Home, and give them charming and interesting talks about his experiences as one of the leading artists of his time. And towards the last, when unable to leave his bungalow, he would occasionally receive visits from the Râja Yoga boys, and every other day the Râja Yoga girls would go and sing for him.

Mr. Fussell was a most successful art-teacher and all the students receiving their training under his guidance became well known in their profession. Before beginning his career as a teacher, he entered for an examination at the South Kensington School of Art. At this Institute he waited for several days to be examined but received no attention, until at length one of the presiding officers inquired of him what he wished. On learning that he wished to be examined to take his degree as a teacher of painting, the master assured him that this was unnecessary. "Mr. Fussell," said he, "we cannot examine you, indeed you are qualified to give us instruction in your art."

As one of the principal artists for *The Illustrated London News*, Mr. Fussell became very well known, and had many interesting experiences, becoming intimately acquainted with the leading illustrators of the day. Among his friends was Mr. Cruikshank, one of the earliest cartoon artists and the well-known illustrator of Dickens' works.

Mr. Fussell was a great lover of flowers, and with his truly artistic appreciation of color effects, was delighted with the wealth of floral growth in Lomaland. Here he had a fine garden of his own, and his bungalow was always beautifully adorned with potted plants and flowers of his own rearing. Throughout the bright summer days

he might be seen in his Lomaland garden, cultivating, watering, and trimming his fine collection of flowers.

Mr. Fussell used to tell an incident strikingly illustrative of that fine courtesy which he so fully appreciated. When a young man, he was one morning sketching in the park near Buckingham Palace. Princess Victoria chanced to pass that way, and seeing him at work, became very interested. But her interest never superseded her fine sense of courtesy and good breeding, and stepping up, Great Britain's future Queen asked: "May I look, please?" Mr. Fussell always told this incident as an example of truly "royal" bearing.

Mr. Fussell leaves behind him a younger brother aged eighty, and two sons, Mr. Alexander Fussell, a well-known teacher of languages in American colleges, and Mr. Joseph H. Fussell, who, as Private Secretary to Katherine Tingley, is one of the most active workers at the International Theosophical Headquarters.

Lacemakers' Song

M. E. Townsend

SEND the bobbins swiftly plying,
Hear the bobbins gaily flying!
Faster, faster,
Staying not!
Under, over,
Tangling not!
Ever moving, twirling, twisting,
With a marvelous persisting.

Busy fingers daily toiling,
Clean and fresh and free from soiling!
Did some fairy
Teach your art?
Nay! 'twas Patience
Did her part!
White the thread upon the pillow,
As the foam upon the billow.

See the dainty fabric growing,
Graceful lines in patterns flowing.
Lace for baby,
Lace for bride,
Be it narrow,
Be it wide,
Good the work and true endeavor:
Real lace will last forever!

Cheerly work your work with singing,
Into it some sweet thoughts bringing.
Think what beauty
Thus you weave!
Think what pleasure
Thus you give!
On the wearers breathe a blessing,
All unknown to those possessing! — *Selected*

The Spinning-Wheel Hums

Translated from the Swedish of Lily-Ann Ljungström by O. L., a Swedish Râja Yoga girl in Lomaland.

"BUZZ, BUZZ," sounded from the spinning-wheel, while the wheel zealously twirled round. The fire crackled on the open hearth, and little pussy lay sleeping on the woolfelt. The quiescence and the flaming fire-sheen spread a fairy-glimmer in the room, and in the dark corners brownies and other small fairy beings seemed to whirl about.

At the spinning-wheel a young girl sat spinning. Her golden hair looked like sunshine and her bright blue eyes saw dreamingly forward. She almost resembled a little fairy, dressed as she was in an airy, white dress. Her foot trod the spinning-wheel, and between her fingers the finest thread grew forth.

She sat and dreamed bright dreams of the future, and played that it was the thread of life that ran forth between her fingers. The dreams called forth beautiful fairy-shapes who sat down in the dusky room to assort with her. But all of a sudden, as she sat there, she fancied she heard a low voice. Perhaps it was only her thoughts that gained a voice; but nevertheless she heard the head of the flax beginning to talk to the spinning-wheel.

So spake the head of flax: "Yea, now I sit here, but I have not always looked as I do now. Think how glorious it was, when I had living light-blue flowers and grew on a wide field, and when the kind sun warmed me by his rays, and the dew-drops cooled me. Then I thought that I was always going to have it so glorious. But one fine day, there came a man and cut me off by my roots, together with my comrades. Thenceforth I came through many transformations ere I got that feature I now have. Oh, did you only know, how I sometimes am longing to be back in that glorious meadow with its thousands of flowers! Why was I not allowed to stay there? And why do I exist only to be treated in this manner? Can you tell me that, you old sensible spinning-wheel?"

"Well, I will tell you why I think you exist," replied the spinning-wheel. "It is to gather experience and for developing the divine spark within you. You were not allowed to stay on your meadow, but had to come out into the world to learn to warm and gladden others, and to become useful. You see, the joy of life lies just in the power of gladdening and helping, and I think that

SPINNING SILK IN LOMALAND

you ought to be really glad that you get the opportunity to partake in the making of a beautiful web."

Yes, now the head of flax also thought this to be true, and it took on an earnest air. So the wheel continued its uniform motion, but for the rest all was silent.

The girl had listened attentively to the conversation, and was rather thinking that the head of flax, which first became a thread to form thereafter a piece of web, could be likened to a human life. Only think, if all men would try to weave thoroughly with their life-thread, how beautiful and radiant would the web of mankind then become! She, herself, was as yet but a little flax-flower, but she would try to make her corner in the web really nice.

So the evening soon went by, and the spinning-wheel twirled slower and slower until it stopped.

The small dancing flames one after another sank to rest, and nobody moved in the room except little Robin Goodfellow who tended the last embers.

Floating in the world of dreams the girl seemed herself to weave on her beautiful textile. Perhaps not all the figures became as fine as she intended, but over it all played a shimmering sunshine.

JUNE

ANONYMOUS

SHE sits all day plaiting a wild-rose wreath,
This daughter of the Sun, come from afar.
Sweeter is she than her bright sisters are
Who follow her across the flowery heath.
A daisy is her sign, and underneath
The meadow's foamy flow the clovers wear
Their uniforms of white and red, and bear
Their cups of sweet to scent their mistress' breath.
What dawns are thine, O dear, delicious June,
When at the drawing of thy curtain's fold
The birds awake and sing a marvelous tune
To the young day that comes in rose and gold!
What twilights when the gray dusk hides thy face
That thou mayst come with more enchanting grace!

Dogs that Earn their own Living

SOME years ago an official who worked at one of the great railway stations in London, owned a dog that he trained to collect contributions for the fund for the widows and orphans of railway employees, and for hospitals and similar institutions. London Jack, as he was called, carried on a successful business for many years. At his death he was stuffed and placed in a glass case in the station, where he still receives many contributions from the numerous passengers who throng the platforms.

There is another Jack now, who is as general a favorite as his predecessor was. He may always be found at his post of duty fully fifteen minutes before a train leaves. He goes from passenger to passenger, gently soliciting their attention by putting his paws up on their knees. He never forgets his manners, and always extends his paw to be shaken in return for the penny or sixpence for which he is waiting.

Another favorite is Paddington Tim, whose chief business is done with the members of the royal family. Whenever the royal train arrives from Windsor, he is eagerly looked for by the young princes and their sister, who never fail to respond to his silent appeal.

For many years now these dog solicitors have been at work, and their efforts seem to have been rewarded

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A PENNY, IF YOU PLEASE, FOR THE ORPHANS

with great success. Besides the dogs that collect alms at the stations, there are others whose duty takes them to other public places, even among refined circles of society. One of these is the late King Edward's little dog, Caesar. He collects funds for the King's Hospital in London, and as he is well known and beloved by children all over England, his task is not a very hard one, and the little box on his collar is never empty very long.

Do you not think, children, that it would gladden King Edward's heart to see his faithful companion at work in so useful and noble a cause? F. M. S.

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BEACON STREET MALL, BOSTON COMMON

Historic Boston Common

BOSTON COMMON is one of the oldest of the public pleasure-grounds in this country. Its present area is about forty-eight acres, and it is surrounded by an iron fence, built in 1837 at a cost of more than eighty thousand dollars.

What attracts the attention first, after entering the gates, is the large number of beautiful old trees which line the malls, or public walks. In fact there are thirteen hundred of them, which are cared for at the public expense. One tree, "the old elm," which is regarded as the oldest tree in New England, is protected by strong iron bands and props, and by an iron fence.

Boston Common has been very intimately connected with the history of the city. At first it was a large number of acres set apart for new settlers and for common use; but when so much of it had been granted to individual interests, it was agreed in a town meeting to prohibit any more land from being used for private purposes. When the town grew into the city a clause in the charter still further protected it by forbidding its sale or lease.

This common has been the scene of many a historical celebration, such as when the Stamp Act was repealed; when Cornwallis surrendered; when the Revolution closed; when President Monroe and Lafayette visited it; when President Jackson was received there. It was also the mustering place and training ground of the local militia. From here also the British troops went in 1776 after George Washington had seized Dorchester Heights. Thus it has not only a present interest, due to its beautiful appearance, but a past interest intertwined with the history of the city. S. B. P.

Patrick Henry

PATRICK HENRY, the great American statesman and orator, was born at Studly, Hanover County, Virginia, May 29, 1736.

As a boy Patrick did not give much evidence of those great talents which so distinguished him when a man. As he grew older, however, his tastes changed and he commenced reading history, especially that of Greece and Rome. It is probable that young Henry, in studying about the struggles for liberty in those two countries, gained a great deal of invaluable knowledge that stood him in good stead in after life.

At twenty-four years of age Henry became a lawyer and entered upon a long and brilliant career. His sense of honesty was strong, and he never argued in a case which he knew was wrong. As a result, he was always poor and, as he said himself, "never in easy circumstances." He did not waste his energy on trivial things.

He remained for a long time without a practice, not caring to use his profession as a source of income alone. At last an opportunity came which he deemed worthy of notice. This is known in history as the "Parson's Cause" — a complaint of the people against the parish clergy. Appearing for the first time in public, Henry, as advocate for the cause of the people, so astonished his hearers by his extraordinary eloquence that the clergy rose and left the room, while the people carried him about on their shoulders, wildly cheering.

For a time fortune smiled on him, but because of his honesty and fairness of mind he was soon again poor.

A little while after the "Parson's Cause," the first trouble between Great Britain and the colonies broke out. While most people hesitated or advised half measures, Patrick Henry boldly declared that Great Britain had no right of taxation. Throughout the whole Revolution he continued to do his utmost by pen, voice, and example to encourage the Colonies to hold out and remain firm until absolute freedom was granted to them.

Patrick Henry was simple in his habits, cheerful, and a strong patriot. His eloquence was extraordinarily vivid and startling, never failing to convince his hearers. He saw the right, and stood to his duty like a man, thereby earning the lasting gratitude of the American people and the admiration of the world. T. VON H.

IN some of the large cities of this country, notably in New York and Chicago, the public-school houses are now in almost constant use. After the children and their teachers have gone, the doors again open for grown-ups, principally poor working people who did not have the same educational advantages when young as their children share today. Not only classes and lectures, but socials and other entertainments of an uplifting nature, are held for these people, and thus the cities' educational buildings are serving a double purpose and the lives of an increasing number of working people are brightened and uplifted each year.

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ONE OF THE LOMALAND GARDENS

A Summer Day

ANONYMOUS

OVER the fields the daisies lie,
With the buttercups, under the azure sky;
Shadows and sunshine, side by side,
Are chasing each other o'er the meadows wide;
While the warm, sweet breath of the summer air
Is filled with the perfume of blossoms fair.

Ferns and grasses and wild vines grow
Close where the waters ripple and flow;
And the merry zephyrs the livelong day
With the nodding leaves are ever at play;
And birds are winging their happy flight
'Mongst all things beautiful, free, and bright.

There's a hum of bees in the drowsy air,
And a glitter of butterflies everywhere;
From the distant meadow — so sweet and clear —
The ring of the mower's scythe we hear,
And the voices of those who make their hay
In the gladsome shine of the summer's day.

Sing, little robin, sing, and wait
On the old rail fence for your tardy mate.
All hearts rejoice in the happiness
Of the perfect day. Like a sweet caress
It lies on our hearts, and fills our eyes
With a sunlight born of the tender skies.

In a Lomaland Garden

ONE of the beautiful features of Lomaland is the gardens, in which the most delicate grouping of colors is found. One of the striking features at this time of the year is the unique way in which these gardens are bordered with mesembryanthemum. During the autumn and winter months these borders remain a beautiful green color, but when spring arrives this moss-like plant clothes itself in such a profusion of dainty little pink flowers that its green foliage is almost obscured.

As spring passes and summer draws near, the sight of these gardens excites the admiration of all who see them, especially those with an artistic eye, for the harmonizing of the colors is unusual.

This summer the open spaces between the shrubbery in the garden shown in the illustration are completely filled with linaria, California poppy, and sweet alyssum. Their purple and gold and white, in combination with the delicate pink of the geraniums and mesembryanthemum borders and against a background of the soft, delicate greens of shrubbery, trees, and aloe plants, produce a harmonious, quieting effect that suggests the presence of an abiding peace and contentment. G. R.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A STAG, IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

Why Should the Animals Fear Man?

HUNTERS of big game are responsible for the statement that wild animals instinctively flee from man. In the February issue of *Out West*, George Wharton James is quoted as denying this, and an interesting experience of his is given in proof of his statement. He says:

> I was once in the high Sierras, taking my noonday lunch in a beautiful grove of quaker aspens, my horse quietly feeding not far away, when suddenly there appeared in the thicket a buck, a doe, and a young fawn. They eyed me at first with some surprise, but no alarm, and then the doe came up quietly and gently, and was soon licking my hand. The fawn and the buck followed, and we were soon as friendly together as such shy creatures could be. Of course I was exceedingly careful not to alarm them. By and by they quietly browsed away and I saw them no more. Why should not the loving heart of a stranger to them make them feel their security?

Why not? to be sure. For upon our attitude toward Mother Nature's younger children depends their attitude toward us: if we set out, equipped for hunting, intent upon taking their lives, the wild animals flee from us, as old hunters will tell you; if, on the other hand, we happen to be in the woods upon some more peaceful errand, perhaps absorbed in the admiration of the beauties of nature, as likely as not we fall in with some shy denizen of the forest that looks at us in mild and curious amazement, as the stag is doing in the accompanying picture. If, at such a time, we felt nothing but kindness to all beings, and were at peace with ourselves, do you not think that the sensitive wild creature would feel an inclination to draw near and investigate us? I am sure it would.

Dame Nature has provided her children, weaker and younger than man, with compensating powers of keenness and sensitiveness to all her influences, many of which are so delicate that our less acute senses are insensible to them. The unprotected dumb animal possesses subtle senses that enable it to protect itself against man's ingenuity and intellect, and thus are the gifts of Nature so bestowed that there shall be a balance all around. The pity of it is, though, that Man, the eldest member of Nature's family — when he sometimes allows his pride and selfishness temporarily to get the upper hand of his better nature, his true Self — breaks up this balance or harmony, and, striking this discord, passes along his way, careless and indifferent and self-satisfied.

Here in Lomaland is exemplified daily this sensitiveness to kindness upon the part of the wild creatures, in both fur and feather, especially so in the case of the feathered denizens that are ordinarily thought of as being wild, but which may be truthfully said to be domesticated on Point Loma, so tame are they. Hardly a day passes but that some of our visitors notice this and comment upon it, expressing surprise and pleasure in being able to approach so close to the coveys of quail and other birds in groups that share the roadways with them, in passing from one part of the extensive gardens to another.

R. L.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

BOATING SCENE AT HAINES, ALASKA

Providing for the Eskimos

WE feel that a step has been taken towards the realization that "Helping and sharing is what Brotherhood means," when we read that the United States Government has of late made a provision for the welfare of the Eskimos and the Indians of Northern Alaska. This was by introducing, from Norway, some reindeer, with a number of Lapps who know how to care for them. The original number, which did not exceed a hundred, has multiplied to forty-two herds, making a total of twenty-seven thousand reindeer. Thus there appears to be no doubt of the natives having an abundance of draft animals for all their purposes in the future.

These animals live on a special kind of moss or lichen which grows under the snow. It grows in abundance on the American continent north of the Arctic Circle. But in spite of this advantage, people generally thought the introducing of reindeer to be a wild experiment and not likely to produce any benefit. Their doubts of its success have proved unfounded, as is shown by a recent yearly profit of $24,636. More than one-half of these reindeer are owned by the natives, who have profited greatly by the help extended to them by the United States Government. S. B. P.

A Lamentable Sacrifice

IN the recent dash for and discovery of the South Pole by Captain Amundsen's party, a pack of fifty-two Eskimo dogs constituted one of the most important, if not indispensable, adjuncts of the equipment. It was due to the speed and endurance of these dogs that the party was able to reach the locality of the geographical South Pole. These faithful dogs thought nothing of covering from twenty to thirty kilometers a day, it is said.

Such are the stern requirements of traveling in the Arctic and Antarctic regions, where every extra pound is a hindrance, that the explorers had to take some of their provisions in such a shape as to be as little dead weight as possible; that is, in the bodies of the dogs themselves. After passing the 82½ degree, they were obliged to begin killing a dog at a time for food for themselves and the remaining dogs. What a pity that such a sacrifice was necessary! But that it was necessary, we may feel assured after reading the following words from Captain Amundsen himself:

> What touched us most keenly on the whole journey was the unavoidable killing of the dogs which had shared our dangers and had done such splendid work. The killing of them went to the heart of everyone.

The Bee with Three Trades

BESIDES the honey-bees which live in crowds together, there are also solitary bees which rear private little families of their own. Among this latter class is the leaf-cutting bee, and if you will carefully look over your rose trees you are almost certain to find traces of her work.

In the early summer the leaf-cutting bee mates with a lazy drone and at once makes preparation for her family. First she chooses a nice rotten stump and digs out a long tunnel, backing to the entrance every now and then to clear away the litter of loose chips and fibers torn out by her jaws. When at last the cavern is com-

HOLES CUT BY A LEAF-CUTTING BEE

pleted, she has a good clean-up and combs the wood dust out of her brown hair. Next she flies to a rose bush and, alighting on a leaf, begins to snip out a neatly-rounded oblong piece, or sometimes it may be a circular piece. If you stand still by a rose bush you may watch the whole proceeding. When the piece is nearly cut off she clings to it, and just as you fancy that both leaf and bee will have a fall, she gives her last bite, grips the severed piece between her jaws, and suddenly you see her launched upon the air, buzzing on her homeward way. With the oblong pieces she builds a neat little cell at the end of her tunnel in the post, shaped like a thimble.

We have now seen this industrious bee as cave-digger and pattern-cutter; let us next watch her as she makes her puddings. At this stage she finds it necessary to visit the flowers. She elbows her way right into the nectary of the blossoms and collects the sweet syrup she finds there. She also gathers the fluffy, nourishing powder called "pollen," and carries these two substances into one of her rose-leaf cells. Here she kneads and mixes the two together until she has half-filled the cell with the sweet, sticky pudding. Then she lays an egg on the top and closes over the open end, using one or two circular pieces of rose-leaf as a capping.

In a few days a blind, white, helpless grub hatches out, who rolls about in the pudding and stuffs herself with the rich food, for the whole duty of a bee grub is to get fat as soon as possible. So carefully has the mother-bee calculated her baby's needs, that by the time the pudding is eaten its appetite is gone and the plump little bee-baby spins herself a garment of choice silk and goes to sleep, dozing comfortably in her sleeping chamber while the world outside is white with snow. In the spring the grub becomes a "pupa," and a few weeks later she changes into a lovely brown-velveted leaf-cutting bee with shining, gauzy wings just like her mother's. Her leaf-lined cell seems like a prison, now that she has her wings, and so she bites her way to freedom and flies about in the soft, warm winds of early summer. She probably never meets her kind mother who made such splendid preparation for her; but without any teaching she knows her mother's three trades of wood-working, pattern-cutting, and pudding-making, and later on she works with loving care to give a good start in life to her own young ones just as her mother had previously started her.

NATURE LOVER

Our Feathered Friends

BEFORE relating the interesting observations taken of birds while in a free state, let us turn our attention to some of the characteristic physical structures of these inhabitants of the air.

The first things to attract our notice are the wings, for their spread is very great in proportion to the body of their owner. These appendages necessarily need large and strong motors to propel them, so Nature has provided the proprietor with a breast-bone with a deep keel to which muscles of great size are attached, thus enabling the bird to raise and lower his wings. Then, turning to details, we notice that the wing feathers are not all of the same size or arrangement. For instance, on the sparrow's wings we find the primaries (the longest feathers of the wings) comparatively short, concave, and rounded; on the eagle and vulture we find them long, flat, and firm; and, still different, in the owl we see them large, concave, and edged with a soft fringe. The difference in the flight of birds is due to this very variation of the wing structure. The reason the sparrow labors so in his flight, and beats and dips his wings between each stroke, while the eagle flies with such ease, grace, and swiftness, and the owl's flight is so noiseless, is because of the kind of primaries they possess.

The tail or bird-rudder is another important factor in flight. The arrangement and number of quills upon it render it more or less useful. The average number of quills upon it is from twelve to fourteen in the more aspir-

ing fliers, as the swallow; but in those whose tail is of no great importance in flight there are more than fourteen, as in that of the swan. When you see that a bird's tail has its longest feathers on the outside like the swallow, it is because he is a graceful and powerful flier; and when you find one with the longest ones in the center, as the pheasant, you may be assured that he is not a good flier.

An interesting fact about the use of the wings is that when the bird strikes them up and down he always beats the air with the flat surface of his feathers, while when returning for another stroke he cuts the air with the sharp edges of them, thus using the same movement as a boatman does with his paddle. When you hear the word "feathering" used in connexion with a rower, you will know that it is due to the art of rowing having originated from the movement of a bird's wing.

The strangest of all the structures in the members of the feathered kingdom is that some of their bones — the upper one of the wing, the breast-bone, and leg-bones — are hollow, and that in some cases even those of the feet and toes are hollow as far as the insertion of the nail. A curious fact is that these hollow bones are connected with and are supplied with air from air sacs, which in their turn are connected with the lungs, thus enabling birds to send the warm air of the lungs through these bones and to feel the least change in the weather. From the latter fact the bird has won the name of weather prophet.

You may miss the outer ear in a bird; nevertheless his inner ear is as good as any beast's; and he can boast of having better eyes than any other animal. An erroneous belief about the sight of birds is that nocturnal birds cannot see in the daytime. It has been proved scientifically that these can see quite well in daylight, but that the diurnal ones cannot see in the darkness, even though a large number of small birds of this kind migrate at night. It appears that this habit is due to trying to avoid their enemies, the hawks, crows, and gulls.

Besides being useful as motors, the feathers are extremely helpful in keeping the bird's normal temperature — which is equal to fever-heat in man — through extreme cold and heat, if there be no excessive dampness. This is possible because the amount of air between the feathers prevents the inward or outward passage of heat. From this it has been proved that migrations of birds are not due so much to discomforting weather, as to the lack of food supply in their neighborhood in wintertime.

In connexion with the flight of birds, it is of interest to know that flightless birds live shorter lives than the fliers, and that the larger of the latter, such as parrots and water-fowl are known to have lived over a century.

In line with the above is the fact about the longevity of geese. At a State Fair in New Jersey there was exhibited a goose which was over one hundred and ten years old and had been handed down for three generations. In Massachusetts there was also a goose which had been in a family for one hundred and one years, and which could have lived longer had not a horse kicked it.

A thing worthy of note about birds is the use they make of the wind currents. When a bird stays motionless in mid-air and yet moves forward, it is because he is allowing the wind to carry him wherever he desires to go. He does this by putting his wings at an angle with the wind, thus letting it not only sustain his weight, but also push him in a straight course to his destination. If it so happens that the current of wind is greater than is needed for the two mentioned purposes, then the bird is lifted to great heights. A good example of a gliding bird is found in the vulture, which is able to glide for miles on the back of the wind.

The study of birds from books is most interesting from many points of view, but most pleasing is the study of them in their free and natural life. LEONOR

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE GREAT NEBULA IN ANDROMEDA
Showing its spiral form.

Stories from Starland

CELESTIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

DEAR CHILDREN: Some time after the invention of photography, a bright idea struck some astronomers. "Why not try," they said, "to photograph the stars and planets!" But it was a long time before there was any great success. In the early days of photography it was impossible to give the plates an exposure long enough to take faint objects. For many years photographs had to be taken on glass plates coated with a wet preparation. As soon as this dried they were useless. The wet plates were also very troublesome to handle.

As soon as the dry plate, which is now always used, was invented, much longer exposures could be given. The dry plate is much more sensitive than the wet plate, and stars and other heavenly bodies which, owing to their faintness, no human eye can see even in the largest telescopes, are now being photographed by the large telescopes. This seems curious, but the reason is simple. The telescope to which the plate is fixed can be turned to follow the faint star for many hours; all the time the tiny ray of light which is too faint to be seen, but which is collected by the telescope, is making its mark upon the plate, until at last the image is strong enough to show in the finished picture. Very wonderful discoveries have been made in this way. In a space in the Milky Way, in the constellation Cygnus (the Swan), where one hundred and seventy stars can be seen in a large telescope, about five thousand are visible in the photograph!

By the study of photographs of the starry skies a good many new stars have been discovered. Many pictures of the same part are compared by trained observers, and sometimes a star which is quite bright on one of the more recent plates, is found to be absent on the earlier ones, showing that it has just flashed up out of the invisible.

The Sun and Moon are the easiest of all the heavenly bodies to photograph because they are so bright. It takes less than 1/4000 part of a second to get a photograph of the Sun, and the Moon can be taken very quickly, too. You would expect that the planets would make good pictures, but you would be wrong. None of the photographs of the planets are altogether satisfactory, they are not sharp and distinct. The eye can see fine markings on the planets which are quite blurred on the photographs. We hope that good photographs of them will be made soon.

The nebulae, those curious misty spots of light, which are supposed to be the raw material of suns and planets, make splendid photographs, and many invisible ones have been taken. The picture on page 12 will show you one of the finest, the Great Nebula in the constellation Andromeda. It is just visible to the naked eye, and in a large telescope it is a glorious sight. It is probably a great universe of suns and planets in process of forming out of thin, vapory matter. No one knows how far off it is, but it is certainly farther than many of the stars. A great deal more detail is seen in the photograph than the sharpest eye can see. It is one of the Spiral Nebulae, which seem to be unwinding in streams from a center. There are 150,000 of these; most of them were discovered by photography, for they are generally very faint.

Photography is now applied to comets. Every comet has its picture taken every night it is to be seen, and many strange things have thus been found out.

The reflecting telescope is best for photography, for the refractor usually shows some colored rings round the objects looked at, which interfere with the sharpness of the picture. A special lens has to be fitted to the refractor to make the photograph sharper. I will explain why in another letter. Affectionately yours, UNCLE SOL.

Peru and its Wonderful Ruins

PERU, with its rugged sierras and luxuriant montañas, is a very beautiful country. But if one were to journey through it, what would perhaps attract one's attention even more than the magnificent scenery is its wonderful wealth of ruins. Remains exist in many countries, but perhaps none has more to offer in the way of ancient relics than Peru. Here, we know, once flourished

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AN EXAMPLE OF PERUVIAN MASONRY WORK
(Photo by Dr. H. Grattan Guiness.)

The man is standing beside one of the walls of *Coricancha*, the Temple of the Sun, at Cuzco, Peru. The joining of the stones in this wall is so perfect that it is impossible to insert the point of a knife, as the man is trying to do.

a mighty civilization, and consequently we feel a certain fascination about her colossal ruins, those reminders of a great past, which call forth our admiration and wonder.

All the remains found there prove the high state of civilization attained by the early inhabitants of Peru, who are known to have existed there before the Trojan War; a civilization far superior to that of the later Incas. For, according to a native legend, the later Incas or "Children of the Sun" came to Peru in the year 1000 of our era, after the degeneration and downfall of the pre-Inca civilization, and were believed to have been sent to reclaim

the tribes from their savage state, and to have instructed them in agriculture, spinning, weaving, and the arts, and also to have given them laws and institutions.

A remarkable thing about the pre-Inca ruins is their resemblance to the Egyptian style and the Pelasgian remains in Italy and Greece. This, however, is readily explained by the fact that these countries were all once a part of the great submerged continent of Atlantis, once the home of a splendid civilization.

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A CYCLOPEAN WONDER
(Photo by Dr. H. Grattan Guiness.)

One of the gigantic stones in the wall of the fortress of Sacsahuamán, outside of Cuzco. It is sixteen feet in height and weighs many tons. These stones were so carefully fitted, one to another, that no mortar was necessary.

The ancient inhabitants of Peru were acquainted with secrets and arts totally unknown to our modern civilization, and there still exist among remaining Indian tribes various customs and ceremonies whose real and sacred meaning has been lost, but which are remnants of their lost knowledge and power; for the Indians are themselves but the remnants of a once powerful people, not primitive tribes on the upward move of their evolutionary cycle.

Very recently, a lost city known as the "hill of the three windowed temples," called by the natives, Macchu Pichu, has been found on a plateau two thousand feet above the valley of the Urumbamba River, by the Yale-Harvard exploring party in Peru. The natives had told them tales about marble relics to be found there, and they marveled greatly to find themselves in a country so beautiful and rich in old remains. The city has been found to be partly pre-Inca and partly Inca. There were buildings still ten feet out of the ground and some were described as truly palatial. The cutting of the huge blocks of white granite is said to be perfect and they have been very skilfully joined without mortar. All the temples had three windows and were beautiful on the interior and exterior.

Another account is given of some very ancient bones which have been found in Peru, buried at least a hundred feet under a heap of glacial drift. The age of these human bones, instead of being ten thousand years as primarily believed, has been computed to be no less than fifty thousand years.

The pre-Incas also had a splendid system of irrigation, and there still survives an aqueduct five hundred miles long. Painted representations show them to have been very fond of animals. They also liked music and indulged in elaborate dress. The roofs of their houses were sloping instead of flat like those of the Incas and modern Indians, and their sculpturing was still more wonderful. Another remarkable representation found there is the figure of Prometheus chained to a rock.

Again, remains of Chimu pottery in the Chimcana Valley have been unearthed, and these are said to be superior in some cases to the Assyrian, and even to the Egyptian and ancient Greek.

Thus we see there is much in Peru which not only arouses interest and curiosity, but promises fair to reveal some missing links in the history of antiquity.

RUTH. W.

(The illustrations accompanying this article were reproduced from *Peru: Its Story, People, and Religion*, by Geraldine Guinness; F. H. Revell Co., Chicago, publishers.)

THE Archaeological Institute of America has a party in Guatemala, where they are excavating a palace of the ancient Mayas, near Quiriguá, in the midst of a tropical jungle. According to a press dispatch of May 2, the finds will be brought to San Diego and form an important part of the archaeological exhibit of the Panama-California Exposition in 1915.

WE are sent into this world to make it better and happier, and in proportion as we do so we make ourselves both. — *Dr. Geikie*

FALSEHOOD is cowardice; truth is courage. — *Ballou*

ALL who become men of power reach their estate by the same self-mastery, the same self-adjustment to circumstances, the same voluntary exercise and discipline of their faculties, and the same working of their life up to and into their high ideals of life. — *J. G. Holland*

The Geometry of Sound

MANY interesting experiments have been performed with the purpose of elucidating the laws of vibration underlying the production of musical sounds. In the course of his experiments a professor of the Royal Institute of London demonstrated how, by the reinforcing of the sound waves produced by a very powerful tuning-fork, a candle could be extinguished.

In the production of the Chladni figures, flat plates of brass, uniform in thickness, are set in vibration by a bow drawn along the edges so as to produce a low note. If sand be sprinkled over the plates, the unequal vibration of the parts causes the sand particles to assume the forms and figures of shells, serpents, and other odd shapes are produced.

This throws much light on the wonderful power that is in the human voice, and the influence that lies in song. Just think of it! A beautiful song is literally the peopling of the air about us with exquisite forms and shapes into which the nature of the singer is breathed.

The principle of sympathetic vibrations is one of vital importance, considered in connexion with the wonders of wireless transmission. It is most simply demonstrated by striking one tuning-fork in close proximity to another of the same pitch. On damping the first, the second will be heard humming in sympathy, although untouched.

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Fern Form Seaweed Form Daisy Form

DRAWINGS OF VOICE PICTURES MADE ON THE EIDOPHONE

most beautiful geometrical figures. For this experiment a fusible metal is useless, since its soft consistency renders it incapable of vibration. It can however be plunged into liquid air, a treatment applied in the experiments of the Royal Institute, and thereby be rendered capable of exhibiting qualities of resonance.

These results, however, though very interesting, do not compare for beauty with the exquisite picture-forms that may be produced by the human voice singing into an instrument called the eidophone. This is a bent tube over which a membrane of india-rubber has been stretched. On this stretched rubber a layer of very light powder is spread. When a note is sung into the other end of the tube the powder on the membrane is thrown by the vibration into a beautiful figure, corresponding to the note sung. Three of these figures, which are selected from an article by Mrs. Watts-Hughes in *The Century Magazine* for May, 1891, are shown in the illustration. Our readers will easily distinguish that these figures resemble the forms of ferns, seaweed, and the daisy. These were produced by certain notes, the daisy-like form, for instance, being produced by a very low note. Many other flower-like forms have resulted from the singing of other notes, such as those resembling the pansy, the marigold, the chrysanthemum, and the sunflower; while even tree

We are told that the experimenter Koenig, of Paris, adjusted during his life as many as ten thousand tuning-forks without ever making a mistake. This scientist was able to make two synchronous tuning-forks vibrate at the distance of *a mile*, by sending out sound waves from one to the other.

While we are unable to explain exactly what *sound* is, yet there are few subjects of study or consideration more fascinating, and at the same time more vital, than that of *vibration*. Vibration seems to be revealing itself as one of the fundamental forces underlying a great majority of the phenomena accompanying life on our globe; and the gigantic potency of *harmonious* vibration is positively inconceivable.

M. M.

Comets

THERE is nothing in the starry skies that has aroused more curiosity and wonder than the "hairy stars," or comets, and last year there were five or six. Three of them were large enough to be easily seen with the naked eye.

Comets shine partly by means of their own phosphorescent light and partly by reflected sunlight; some of them are so brilliant as to be visible in daylight. The beautiful one of February, 1910, was well seen by daylight in

Africa, but when we saw it much of its brightness was gone. It is only when comets are near the Sun that they brighten up; when they travel away they get paler and paler until they become so faint as to be invisible in the largest telescopes. The Sun's power arouses them to great activity.

Comets travel in long oval-shaped tracks, not like the planets and the Earth, in nearly circular ones; the Sun is not situated in the middle of their tracks, but near one end, and so when they are at the other end they are millions of miles farther from it than when they are passing by. They travel at a tremendous speed when they are near the Sun; otherwise they would be caught by its attraction and swallowed up, which probably does happen occasionally in spite of their endeavors to escape.

There is some great mystery about the origin and purpose of comets, and astronomers are still very much puzzled to explain their behavior and constitution. We do not know exactly what effect, if any, comets may have upon the earth, but scientists are trying to find out if the passage of the earth through part of Halley's comet's tail in 1910 is responsible for the curious weather that followed.

The Sun has quite a large family of comets; one of these takes only four years to travel round the Sun, but one takes seventy-five years. This is the famous Halley's comet, which paid us one of its rare visits year before last. Halley was a great English astronomer who was the first to make the bold guess that comets possibly returned. He prophesied that the great comet of 1682 would return in about seventy-five years. This was no guess, but the result of wonderfully skilful mathematical calculation. The comet came to time, but Halley was not there to see it. It has come regularly ever since.

In olden times comets were greatly dreaded, and even year before last, when Halley's comet appeared, some foolish persons frightened themselves to death and placards had to be posted up in certain localities telling country people that it would do them no bodily harm! The imaginary danger of a collision between the earth and a comet reminds one of the retort that George Stevenson, the founder of the railway system, made to a nervous person who asked him what would happen if a cow came into collision with one of his newfangled locomotives. He replied in his broad North of England dialect: "So much the worse for the coo, Ma'am!" A comet would be even worse off than the unfortunate "coo," after a collision with the earth, for it is such a flimsy thing that the faintest stars can be seen through its thickest parts — stars which a puff of smoke would hide. C. R.

EVERY year since 1881 there have been discovered no less than 12,000 new varieties of animals. There are about 600,000 known at the present time. It is probable that with all their cataloging the naturalists know only a small fraction of the species in existence.

About Army Horses

IT is a well-known fact that when a man enlists in the army now-a-days a minute description of him is recorded in the books. This includes all the information that would identify him should he desert; such as, for instance, his weight and height, the color of his hair and eyes, etc., and in fact every principal mark and measurement of his body.

It is perhaps not so commonly known, however, that when a horse enters the army his physical appearance and characteristics are recorded no less accurately. His weight, age, height (in hands; a hand is equal to four inches), color, markings, and name (if he has any) all go down in the official books. If he has no name, as is often the case, he is given one, along with a registration number (like an automobile). He then has the letters U S branded on his shoulder or thigh, and also cut in his hoof, and is assigned to duty in his regiment. Here, like any other recruit, he has many things to learn, and it is not until the cavalry horse has served a full enlistment and knows all the bugle calls and drill by heart that he can be called an accomplished soldier. G. B.

The Children of Athens

A WRITER in the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* says:

A visitor to Athens who goes to the neighboring village of Heraclea is surprised to see children with blue eyes and light hair playing in the streets; in fact, they are little folk who resemble but remotely the descendants of Pericles.

These children on the Greek soil are descendants of the suite and followers of King Otho I. When the Prince of Bavaria was called to the throne of Greece in 1832 he was accompanied by soldiers, officials, professional men, workmen, and shopkeepers.

Most of them remained behind after the fall of the dynasty and, occupying good positions today in Athens, are the bearers of names unquestionably German; for instance, Hoesslin, Rienck, and Schauroth.

The Bavarian king and queen encouraged the settlement of their countrymen in Greece. Queen Amalia created a model farm in Pyrgos Amalias, but the land, uncultivated, has now returned to a state of nature. The king founded a village upon which he bestowed the ancient title of Heraclea, and in view of the brigandage he surrounded it with walls and gates. At the four corners he erected small forts. It had new town houses for sixty families specially reserved for Bavarian artisans, but only forty were ever occupied.

After the troubles of 1843 thirteen families quitted the township and the German population has since then continued to decrease, but those who have remained do not seem to have contracted Greek marriages.

RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER

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SOUTHEASTERN VIEW OF THE RÂJA YOGA COLLEGE, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA
THE ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE TO THE LEFT

Step by Step

WHO has not been told at least once that "Step by step we climb"? And yet how often we try to scale the ladder at one bound! Of course the result is disastrous, and doubly so, because of the many times we pick ourselves up, no wiser than before. It is true that we are living in an age when everything goes by leaps and bounds; but that is only the greater reason why we should learn to see things as they really are, to realize that the endless rush leads nowhere, and, by beginning with ourselves, to bring about other and better conditions.

Perhaps the first thing to do is to understand thoroughly what "step by step" means; otherwise we shall go to work with such broad and enthusiastic plans that we shall defeat our own ends. Not that we are to work without enthusiasm, but so often we allow it to run away with us; whereas, if wisely directed, it would render us the greatest service. In truth the first step is easier than we may suppose, and perhaps that is why we trip so soon.

Climbing step by step is only another way of learning the value of little things, the particles that constitute the whole. In their perfection lies the strength of that which they represent. We admire works of art, but we do not truly appreciate them until we see more than their outward beauty. This is only one example, for so it is with

everything, and as we learn to find the true worth, which is often hidden, our eyes take on a new power of vision, and a different world suddenly lies before us.

Why not begin with the duties of every day? For the first step is always the one that lies nearest us. You think the prospect is not an interesting one? Then the greater need to make it so; for when we confess that our duties have no charm, we show how far we have failed to know them. Doubtless we have gone over the same ground day after day, and that not very thoroughly, when we might have made all kinds of delightful discoveries. Working more earnestly, what a change we could make in all of our duties; how much more they would mean to us, and what happiness we could bring into our own lives, and the lives of those around us.

When our simplest acts are representative of an earnest endeavor to bring out the best that is in our natures, everything we do naturally speaks of the same purpose, and nothing that is right is beyond our power to accomplish.

Everything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well; so, too, the things we value most are those we have worked for. All through the ages this truth has been brought before us time after time. Every man or woman whose life has stood for something more than the endless and unprofitable round that so many follow, has given proof of this fact, and the importance that each has given to the apparently insignificant things, has formed the solid foundation of a noble character.

We admire such characters, and love to read of them, but shall we do no more? Why talk of climbing step by step, or of climbing at all, if we are never to begin? We are here, one and all, for a purpose, and the unselfish efforts of others challenge us to realize this. Let us accept the challenge, then, and make our lives what they were meant to be.

"Little Annie's Ramble"

SWEET has been the charm of childhood on my spirit throughout my ramble with little Annie! Say not that it has been a waste of precious moments, an idle matter, a babble of childish talk, and a reverie of childish imaginations, about topics unworthy of a grown man's notice. Has it been merely this? Not so; not so. They are not truly wise who would affirm it. As the pure breath of children revives the life of aged men, so is our moral nature revived by their free and simple thoughts, their native feeling, their airy mirth, for little cause or none, their grief, soon aroused and soon allayed. Their influence on us is at least reciprocal with ours on them. When our infancy is almost forgotten, and our boyhood long departed, though it seems but as yesterday; when life settles darkly down upon us, and we doubt whether to call ourselves young any more, then it is good to steal away from the society of bearded men, and even of gentler women, and spend an hour or two with children. After drinking from those fountains of still fresh existence, we shall return into the crowd, as I do now, to struggle onward and do our part in life, perhaps as fervently as ever, but, for a time, with a kinder and purer heart, and a spirit more lightly wise. All this by thy sweet magic, dear little Annie! — *Nathaniel Hawthorne*

The Pin

ANN TAYLOR

"DEAR ME! What signifies a pin!
I'll leave it on the floor;
My pincushion has others in,
Mamma has plenty more:
A miser will I never be,"
Said little heedless Emily.

So tripping on to giddy play
She left the pin behind,
For Betty's broom to whisk away,
Or someone else to find;
She never gave a thought, indeed,
To what she might tomorrow need.

Next day a party was to ride,
To see an air-balloon!
And all the company beside
Were dressed and ready soon:
But she, poor girl, she could not stir,
For just a pin to finish her.

'Twas vainly now, with eye and hand,
She did to search begin;
There was not one — not one, the band
Of her pelisse to pin!
She cut her pincushion in two,
But not a pin had slidden through!

At last, as hunting on the floor,
Over a crack she lay,
The carriage rattled to the door,
Then rattled fast away.
Poor Emily! She was not in,
For want of just — a single pin!

There's hardly anything so small,
So trifling, or so mean,
That we may never want at all,
For service unforeseen:
And those who venture wilful waste,
May woeful want expect to taste. — *Selected*

One Day at a Time

IT is a blessed secret, this of living by the day. Any one can carry his burden, however heavy, until nightfall. Any one can do his work, however hard, for one day. Any one can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly, and purely, until the sun goes down. And this is all that life ever really means to us — just one little day.

"Do today's duty; fight today's temptations, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them." The Law gives us nights to shut down the curtain of darkness on our little days.

We cannot see beyond. Short horizons make life easier, and give us one of the blessed secrets of a brave, true, holy living. — *Selected*

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PUPILS OF THE RÂJA YOGA ACADEMY, PINAR DEL RÍO, CUBA

Ora's Lesson

"PLAY that you are a queen and that I am a messenger from a foreign land," said Ora Coleman to her cousin Polly, when they had finished a long game of hide-and-seek.

"All right," said Polly. "I'll be Queen of Fairyland and you may be a messenger from the Land of Mortals."

"You must sit in a fairy bower on the river bank, and I will cross the dark waters to reach your throne," planned Ora.

"How shall I get a fairy bower?" asked Polly.

"Why, you just build yourself one, while I am trying to find a way to get to the other side of the dark waters so that I can cross them again. You can call in the bees and the butterflies to help you, but I, a poor mortal, must labor alone."

Polly set to work, and Ora ran down the bank. Not finding the little canoe that her brothers sometimes tied under a bent old willow, the daring and impulsive girl pushed a short log into the water, and with a stout branch for a paddle tried to steer towards the opposite bank.

She had often rowed in company with her brothers, but now she soon realized that the current was strong, the raft unwieldy, and her strength not equal to her task. She called to her cousin, but Polly's enthusiasm had carried her into a world of day-dreams and she heard nothing.

Ora saw then that she was in a very dangerous situation, and that she needed all her energy to save herself from drowning. She was a brave girl and her heart was true, though, as now, she made many impulsive steps in the wrong direction. She stopped calling and stood quietly, trying to guide the log out of the current. Sometimes she succeeded for a moment, and then, because of her lack of skill, it would be caught again and whirled swiftly on.

She had left the shores of the familiar fields about her father's estate, and Ora knew now that she could scarcely escape going over the dam that held back the water for the factories of the town below.

Then her fortune was to pass a gentleman in a boat, who called to her to stand very still and he would try to help her. He made a noose in a rope and tossed it over her head, pulling it tightly around her waist. Ora clung to this rope and pulled herself along by it until she could step into the gentleman's boat.

She told him how she had happened to be out on a log in the river, and he rowed her back. While he was tying his boat to the willow, Ora ran up to her cousin.

"Welcome, thrice welcome, messenger from the land of Mortal Darkness! What willest thou?" called Polly, in her most regal fashion.

"I *will* to go home and tell my father what has happened to me," said Ora. "I have nearly drowned myself."

Polly saw the gentleman coming and she stared in surprise at her cousin. All three then went into Ora's home.

"She was the bravest little girl I ever saw," said the gentleman to Ora's father.

"Brave, in the face of danger, but the lesson set for my daughter by this day's experience is the bravery of facing the moment's duty. She was not thinking of that when she risked her life in play."

Ora smiled through tears, for she knew that she had a lesson *by heart* that she had long refused to learn.

ZELLA

The Toy Review

THE tots have been busy lately; they have given two plays. One of these plays was called "The Toy Review." It is a cantata, and the actors sing most of their parts instead of speaking. This is what the play is about:

Three little girls, Molly, Polly, and Dolly, decide to have a review of all their toys, and they invite some of their "lady" and "gentlemen" friends to see it. The different toys tell (in song, of course) who they are, and show what they can do.

Now this is the way we saw it. When the curtain rose we saw the three little girls sitting on the stage, surrounded by many playthings. Soon the ladies and gentlemen entered, and after the little hostesses had politely

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RÂJA YOGA TOTS IN A SYMPOSIUM
IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE RÂJA YOGA ACADEMY, POINT LOMA

greeted them and provided them with chairs, the entertainment began. Polly informed the guests that her Noah's Ark would come first. Then a queer procession marched in. A little old man with a long, white beard was leading, with a little old woman, both dressed in a very ancient style; behind them came the animals (all children, you understand, carrying various toy animals). Mr. and Mrs. Noah each sang, and then all the animals sang, saying how happy and safe they were in their little ark.

Then Dolly said that she had a funny little fellow whom she would next introduce. She went over to the corner and began to wind him up; soon his arms and legs began to move very stiffly, and he went jumping and hopping around the stage, singing about himself. He was very amusing indeed. His name? Why! Master Jumping-Jack, of course.

Next, Molly brought in two beautiful dolls. One was dressed all in light blue, and had very curly hair with a big bow on it; the other was a baby doll, with a dainty white dress and a bonnet tied with blue ribbons. They both looked just like real dolls. They sang a song together and made jerky motions with their hands, the way that some dolls can do. The baby doll was only three years and a few months old, and the way she watched and imitated the older doll was very charming.

Polly's tin soldiers followed. They had guns and executed the commands of their captain with the greatest precision. After they had sung their part, they and all the others — guests, animals, jumping-jack, and dolls — marched around the stage, and then sang a good night song, promising to come again, some time, if we wished. We do hope they will come again soon. FLORA

The Little Philosophers

THE above picture represents the Râja Yoga "tots" of Lomaland grouped for one of their symposiums, "The Little Philosophers."

"Call them up, call them up! Prepare the way; take the stumbling-blocks from out the way of the people!" These opening words of their symposium are a challenge to the warrior-spirit within them. In words of wisdom they ask and advise how best to remove the stumbling-blocks from out the way of the people. There are so many of them, and so few to help remove them. But that is the very reason why they must wait no longer to begin.

Ignorance is one of the greatest of stumbling-blocks. Then there are selfishness, jealousy, wrong education, cruelty to animals, and oh! so many more. These must all be lifted out of the way. But how? "By knowledge," they answer, "knowledge of Râja Yoga." They declare, as Confucius advised, "Conquer by love, not hatred." And quoting the Zuñi prayer, they implore, "Father, let us not stumble in the path."

Yes, in such a manner teachings of some of the great philosophers of ancient times are being taught to the little scholars of Lomaland. Not, however, in simply an abstract and theoretical form; for they are learning to be more than mere philosophers, and will some day be able to help clear away the world's stumbling-blocks, because they are being taught the right way from the beginning. In the words of the symposium, they declare, "Let us be Builders of the nation's future; let us as Warriors stand; let our light shine to glorify the living word of Christ, to help Humanity, to make Theosophy a living power in our lives!" R. W.

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CAN'T YOU SEE MY SMILE?

Oh, See the Toy Dog!

BOW! This isn't a mechanical toy at all. Can't you see my smile? Really and truly this is my own photograph and I'm really and truly alive.

"What makes you stand up in that fashion?" I hear you ask.

Don't you suppose that a little dog likes to see what is going on in the big world? Besides, I was sure that I had caught a glimpse of Sport out in the next garden.

"Who is Sport?"

Why, don't you know? Sport is my — younger brother. I was just going to say *little*, but then I wouldn't have had an adjective left for Pompon and Tommy.

"Who are Pompon and Tommy?"

My, my! How much you don't know. Pompon and Tommy are my *little* brothers. Didn't you observe what I said about saving that adjective for the proper place?

"What do dogs know about adjectives?"

My dear, we're brought up on adjectives!

"Dogs?"

Yes, indeed. At first I remember I was fed upon "cunning" and "sweet" and "fluffy-white" and "dear." As I grew older I was given more of "pretty," "lively," "mischievous," "hungry," and once in a while "naughty." Now-a-days, since I have grown up, my diet is "handsome," "intelligent," "faithful," and "good;" though I am sure it will grieve you as much to hear as it does me to tell, that there is now and then an occasion for "dirty" and "bad." I like the comfortable adjectives.

"Comfortable adjectives!"

Yes, like "happy," for instance. Doesn't *happy* give you a most pleasant feeling?

"*Happy* isn't the name of something!"

Oh yes it is — at least in the language of dogdom.

"Can you parse *happy?*"

I'll try. *Happy* is an adjective because it describes the way you feel when you're good. It's a noun because it names a state of being, like *true*. *Happy* and *true* are two-thirds of a dog's existence.

"Well, what is the third third?"

Just doggie, I suppose. Bow! It certainly *is* Sport. Excuse me. Good bye! HECTOR

Scottish Play in California

THE interest aroused in the Land o' Cakes (Scotland) in the première of the operetta *Bruce and the Brownies* is shown by the following account taken from the *Weekly Scotsman*, published in Edinburgh, Scotland:

A correspondent sends us a description of "an entirely original Lomaland composition," called *Bruce and the Brownies*, an operetta which was performed on April 5 at Point Loma, California, in honor of the birthday of Mrs. Ethelind Dunn.

"Lairnin' o' the fact 'twas our beloved teacher's birthday," says the account of Tammas Mucklelugs, "tae Broonie bodies called their clan taegither, an' 'twas decided on that nicht they wad spirit awa' a' the folk o' Lomaland, wee bairns, young folk, an' auld folk alike, back tae the guid auld hero days o' the Bruce an' his brave warrior clans o' bonnie Scotland."

The programme says: "Ye a' ken the story o' Bruce and the spider? Weel, here's the true secret o' it: 'Twas the bonnie wee Broonie bodies that worked the whole miracle, as ye'll learn, gin ye hae the patience to listen. Gin ye dinna ken whae the Broonies are, speir at the first Scotch body ye meet!"

The performance went with a fine swing. "They danced the guid auld Scotch reel, the Hielan' fling, an' the canny sword-dance wi' a tae sae licht an' sae airy as 'twad nae shake the dew frae the heather-bloom. An' the bonnie minstrel laddie piped a lay sae mournfu' an' sae sweet as made the hairts sad tae hear." These hearts must have been those of the elder folk, carried back in thought to scenes in the beloved home-country.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

RÂJA YOGA BOYS AND GIRLS ON THE BEACH AT LOMALAND

The Vacation Season

March away! march away!
To the playground lead the way;
. . . .
'Tis the time for sport and play,
So merrily, merrily march away.

THE school children all over the world are now spending their vacation during the long pleasant days that come at this time of the year, leaving the crowded cities and flocking out into the country to enjoy the fresh air, the green fields, and the golden sunshine. But here at Lomaland we have vacation all the year round — that is, a little every day — for we live out in the fresh air much of the time. At this season, however, we do take more time from our studies than earlier or later in the year, and then we have such fun — picnics on the hills, on the seashore, and even on the water.

How much enjoyment we get rambling out on the hillsides, or going for picnics! The warm sunshine of Southern California that pours over the hillsides of Lomaland fills everything with fresh life and vigor, and finds reflection in all directions in the hosts of golden flowers everywhere.

Every now and then we come to some shady cañon, sloping down towards the sea, where the dark green manzanita bushes and the fragrant sage grow, and where hundreds of birds have their nests among the branches, under shading leaves. It is here in the shady parts of the cañons that we find the beautiful green ferns, and the delicate maidenhair, hidden under some shady bush on the cañon side. We always pick large bunches to put in our vases at home. Between the bushes grow the graceful hyacinths and the purple and yellow mariposa-tulips, while covering the ground are thousands of other flowers of all colors.

Here things of interest are to be seen every day, for Nature can be seen at her best in the flowers and the birds; and all of her children whom we find out on the hillsides can tell us hundreds of wonderful things if we will only open our ears and listen.

Often we go down to the beach to play in the sands when the tide is low, as you see the Râja Yoga Boys and Girls doing in the illustration. It is impossible to describe the fun that we have on the beach, chasing each other up and down, playing jolly games of leap-frog, prisoners' base, and many others. How we enjoy wading in the cool water among the rollers, or hunting for beautifully-colored pieces of seaweed, or strangely-shaped shells and pebbles among the rocks, or playing in the warm sand!

We wish that all the many, many children of the world could join us in our picnics and enjoy the merry times that we have all the year in Lomaland. A. S.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

The Rock and the Sea

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON

THE ROCK

I AM the Rock, presumptuous Sea!
I am set to encounter thee.
Angry and loud, or gentle and still,
I am set here to limit thy power, and I will —
I am the Rock!

I am the Rock. From age to age
I scorn thy fury and dare thy rage.
Scarred by frost and worn by time,
Brown with weed and green with slime,
Thou mayst drench and defile me and spit in my face,
But while I am here thou keep'st thy place!
I am the Rock!

I am the Rock, beguiling Sea!
I know thou art fair as fair can be,
With golden glitter and silver sheen,
And bosom of blue and garments of green.
Thou mayst pat my cheek with baby hands,
And lap my feet in diamond sands,
And play before me as children play;
But plead as thou wilt, I bar the way!
I am the Rock!

I am the Rock. Black midnight falls;
The terrible breakers rise like walls;
With curling lips and gleaming teeth
They plunge and tear at my bones beneath.
Year upon year they grind and beat
In storms of thunder and storms of sleet —
Grind and beat and wrestle and tear,
But the rock they beat on is always there!
I am the Rock!

THE SEA

I AM the Sea. I hold the land
As one holds an apple in his hand;
Hold it fast with sleepless eyes,
Watching the continents sink and rise.
Out of my bosom the mountains grow,
Back to its depths they crumble slow;
The earth is a helpless child to me —
I am the Sea!

I am the Sea. When I draw back
Blossom and verdure follow my track,
And the land I leave grows proud and fair,
For the wonderful race of men is there;
And the winds of heaven wail and cry
While the nations rise and reign and die —
Living and dying in folly and pain,
While the laws of the universe thunder in vain.
What is the folly of man to me?
I am the Sea!

I am the Sea. The earth I sway;
Granite to me is potter's clay;
Under the touch of my careless waves
It rises in turrets and sinks in caves;
The iron cliffs that edge the land
I grind to pebbles and sift to sand.
And beach-grass bloweth and children play
In what were the rocks of yesterday;
It is but a moment of sport to me—
I am the Sea!

I am the Sea. In my bosom deep
Wealth and Wonder and Beauty sleep;
Wealth and Wonder and Beauty rise
In changing splendor of sunset skies,
And comfort the earth with rains and snows
Till waves the harvest and laughs the rose.
Flower and forest and child of breath
With me have life—without me, death.
What if the ships go down in me?—
I am the Sea!—*Selected*

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ROBERT BROWNING

Robert Browning's Centennial

ROBERT BROWNING, one of the greatest poets of nineteenth-century England, was born at Camberwell, a suburb of London, on the seventh of May, one hundred years ago. His home, surrounded by forests of birch and stately oak trees, and rolling meadows dotted with daisies and buttercups, was just the place in which a youthful poet could find inspiration. In the distance he could see the roofs of the great city of London, and who knows what daydreams and boyish longings filled his soul as he gazed westward toward the city which enclosed so much that was to him as yet unknown?

His home-atmosphere was such as to develop his highly intellectual and poetical temperament. His mother was a gentle, serious woman, and an accomplished musician, who did much to influence her son's character.

As a boy Browning was very impressionable, and one of the happiest pictures of his home-life shows him sitting in the library gazing into the fire, while his father told him stories of the Greek and Trojan heroes, to which the boy listened with all the ardor of his imaginative nature.

Young Robert's education was begun early, and he soon found the ordinary child's lessons so easy that he left school, to be taught by his parents at home. He devoured with eagerness all the books he could lay his hands on, some of his early favorites being *Robinson Crusoe*, the works of Milton, and the dramas of ancient Greece. He also studied the English poets with great zeal. Even before he could write he composed poems, and at the age of twelve he produced a volume of short poems modeled after Byron, who was for a time his favorite poet. He later came accidentally upon a volume of Shelley, and it seemed to open up a new world of poetry to him. He read all of Shelley's works with avidity, and their influence is seen in much of his later work.

Happily for Browning, his parents were wise enough to make his education an all-round one. Besides the studies of the average schoolboy, he studied French, music, and later, Greek. He also spent some time in riding, boxing, and fencing, and took great pleasure in the care of his pets, which included several kinds of birds, a monkey, toads, and even snakes.

His father had wished Browning to become a lawyer, but seeing his son's natural bent, he did all in his power to help him to become a poet. When the poet's career was finally decided on, one of the first things that Browning did was to read and study every word in Dr. Johnson's dictionary!

His first long poem, entitled *Pauline*, was published in 1833, when he was twenty-one. It was favorably reviewed in several magazines, and then forgotten, until twenty years later it was found by the poet Rossetti, who took and copied it, and thus preserved it for future generations to read. His second great poem, *Paracelsus*, attracted the attention of several great poets and writers of the day, among them Dickens, Wordsworth, Landor, and the actor Macready, who became Browning's close friend.

One thing that won Browning so many friends was his attractive personality. He bore himself with a certain grace of carriage and gesture. His eyes were deep and very expressive; his hair was dark brown, almost black;

and his voice was sweet, clear, full, and very convincing.

It was in 1838 that he made his first visit to Italy, where he spent the greater part of his later life. From that time all his work was tinged with the influence of the impressions which he gained from studying Italian life and thought. About this time also he wrote several dramas, which were performed in London with varying success with the help of his friend Macready.

Soon after this he met Miss Elizabeth Barrett, who already enjoyed a reputation as a poet. They were soon married and went to Italy to live. All during their married life the relation between these two poets was most beautiful in its perfect harmony. They helped and encouraged each other in their chosen work, and their happiness would have been complete, had it not been for Mrs. Browning's ill-health, which resulted in her death in 1861. After this, Browning returned to England, partly on account of his son's education. He spent these later years in compiling a new and complete edition of his works in six volumes, besides writing other poems. At last his labors were rewarded, and he became recognized as one of the greatest of England's poets. These were very happy years for him, broken only by the death of his father in 1866. He had a great many congenial friends, and received many honors from the great Universities.

During his last years, which were spent in his beloved Italy, his health began to fail, and he died in Venice in the Palazzo Rezzonico, on the twelfth of December, 1889. He was buried in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey.

In the wall of the Palazzo Rezzonico a tablet has been placed to his memory, on which is an inscription in Italian, and then these lines:

> Open my heart and you will see
> Graved inside of it "Italy."

FRANCES S.

Browning for Young Folk

DEAR Young Folk: Although Robert Browning is considered by some people as one of the greatest of Victorian poets in English literature, he seldom wrote expressly for children; consequently only a few of his poems will interest you today, which means, however, that a treat is in store for you when you are a little older and more thoughtful. At least I hope you will find it a treat; for not every one is of the same mind regarding Browning's poetry. Some say they cannot understand it, that it is so involved that the meaning is obscure; others, on the contrary, find both entertainment and instruction in his poetry, and look upon him as one of the world's greatest literary craftsmen — a musician who used words rather than notes. Should you have difficulty in understanding his verse, you may find it a help to read it aloud, or, better still, to listen to it read by a good reader.

One thing is certain, in the event of your finding any interest at all in Browning's poetry, you will certainly not be content with one reading, but you will read and reread it, for it is so charged with meaning and intent that it will stand painstaking study and analysis. That there are but few of his poems which fail to carry their moral and lesson, is not, I believe, too sweeping an assertion. However, all this is beyond our present purpose; namely, to suggest a few of Robert Browning's poems that may strike the fancy of our young readers.

First and foremost, there is the poem that Robert Browning wrote especially to amuse a little sick boy — William Macready, the son of the well-known actor, who was Browning's intimate friend. You are doubtless already familiar with this poem, *The Pied Piper of Hamelin;* indeed, show me the child who has not read it! Isn't it a striking example of the power of combining words, and do not the rhyming words make sweet music? In this respect it reminds me of those two gems of Tennyson's, *The Brook* and *The Bugle Song* (from *The Princess*), and stanzas seven and twelve also remind one of Southey's *Cataract of Lodore*.

How many schoolboys, I wonder, have recited Browning's *Incident of the French Camp?* A great number! It was always a favorite of mine, I remember — just such a poem as would appeal to a boy! From "You know, we French stormed Ratisbon," down to the pathetic climax, "Nay, I'm killed, Sire!" there is ample room for the most imaginative boy's conception.

In *Hervé Riel*, another historical poem, Browning has immortalized and saved from oblivion the act of a simple Breton seaman who kept his self-possession and level-headedness in a crisis when his superior officers had lost theirs. It tells how the remnant of the French fleet, flying from the disastrous engagement at La Hogue in 1692, appears off St. Malmo, on the thirty-first of May, seeking refuge in the harbor, for the English ships are in hot pursuit. But not a pilot can be found who will undertake to guide such large ships through the narrow entrance to the roadstead and safety. When all seems lost, Hervé Riel, a simple sailor who is familiar with every inlet and shallow, steps forward and denounces the traitorous pilots, declaring there is a passage and that they know it well; and he offers to lead the way with Damfreville's flagship. The admiral places him in command, and he steers the ship through the narrow entrance as if "the inch of way were the wide sea's profound." The others follow his lead "safe through shoal and rock," and as the twenty-three ships cast anchor in safety, "Up the English come — too late!" Nor does this simple sailor lose his head even in the hour of his triumph; he is "Just the same man as before," and when the admiral tells him to name his own reward, he says laughingly that since his duty on board is done, and "Since 'tis ask and have, I may — Come! A good whole holiday! Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!" "That he asked and that he got — nothing more."

Pheidippides will interest the boys, it being the story

of the great runner who runs from Athens to Sparta with a call to the Spartans to help to defend Greece against the Persians. The envious Spartans withholding their answer, he dashes back to Athens in disgust, takes part in the battle of Marathon, and after the Grecian victory he is sent back to Athens with the joyful news. He runs like fire through a field of grain; he bursts in upon the archons, but is only able to shout, "Rejoice, we conquer!" for "Joy in his blood bursting his heart, he died," which was counted his reward in full; for the god Pan, who had appeared to him when he was on his way home from Sparta, had promised him as his recompense, "Henceforth be allowed thee release from the racer's toil, no vulgar reward in praise or in pelf!"

Echetlos opens with these words, "Here is a story, shall stir you!" It is another story of the great fight at Marathon, and how the Greeks were helped by an unknown stranger who was unarmed except for a plowshare. Nevertheless his strength was supernatural, and he was everywhere, supporting the weakest places. "To the rescue, at the need, The clown was plowing Persia, clearing Greek earth of weed." After the battle he was nowhere to be found, and when the oracle was consulted as to his identity, the answer was, "Care for no name at all! Say but just this: 'We praise one helpful whom we call the Holder of the Plowshare.' The great deed ne'er grows small."

Muléykeh describes how Hóseyn, a poor Arab, loses his peerless mare through his selfish pride and conceit. He refuses all offers for her, and she is stolen by night. The theft discovered, Hóseyn mounts his Pearl's sister that, though speedy, is less swift than the matchless one. However he overtakes Muléykeh and her purloiner, because, not feeling the touch of her master, she does not respond to Duhl's urging, and so allows herself to be overtaken by her sister. When the two horses are nose by tail and it is apparent that Hóseyn is about to regain possession of his Pearl above all price, suddenly he shouts to Duhl to touch the right ear and press the left flank of the mare with his heel. Instantly the noble animal recognizes her master's voice and urge, and "to hear him was to obey"; with a leap she "evanished for evermore." So did Hóseyn lose his beloved mare rather than regain her and have her beaten for the first time in her life!

The lesson contained in *A Grammarian's Funeral* is that it is better to aim at a great result, even though it be missed by ever so little, than to aim low and succeed.

Tray is founded upon a true incident, showing wherein the instinct of a dog surpassed the reasonings of a crowd of humans, and was written by Browning in protest against the cruel practice of vivisection.

I might mention still others, but these will probably prove of the greatest interest to you boys and girls. As I said at the beginning, there is a treat in store for you when you are old enough to read Robert Browning's deeper poems. May you find it so, is the wish of

Your affectionate UNCLE JOHN

BACH

ZITELLA COCKE

AS some cathedral vast, whose lofty spire
Is ever pointing upward to the sky,
Whose grand proportions, transept, nave, and choir,
Impress with awe, and charm by symmetry,—
Stupendous pile, where sister arts with grave
And loving tenderness mold form and frieze,
Adorn entablature and architrave,
And touch with life the marble effigies,—
So, great tone-master, strength and sweetness dwell
In thee, close-knit in interwoven chain
Of harmony, by whose resistless spell,
Uplifted to sublime, supernal strain,
The soul shall reach the noble, true, and pure,—
Strong to achieve and faithful to endure! — *Selected*

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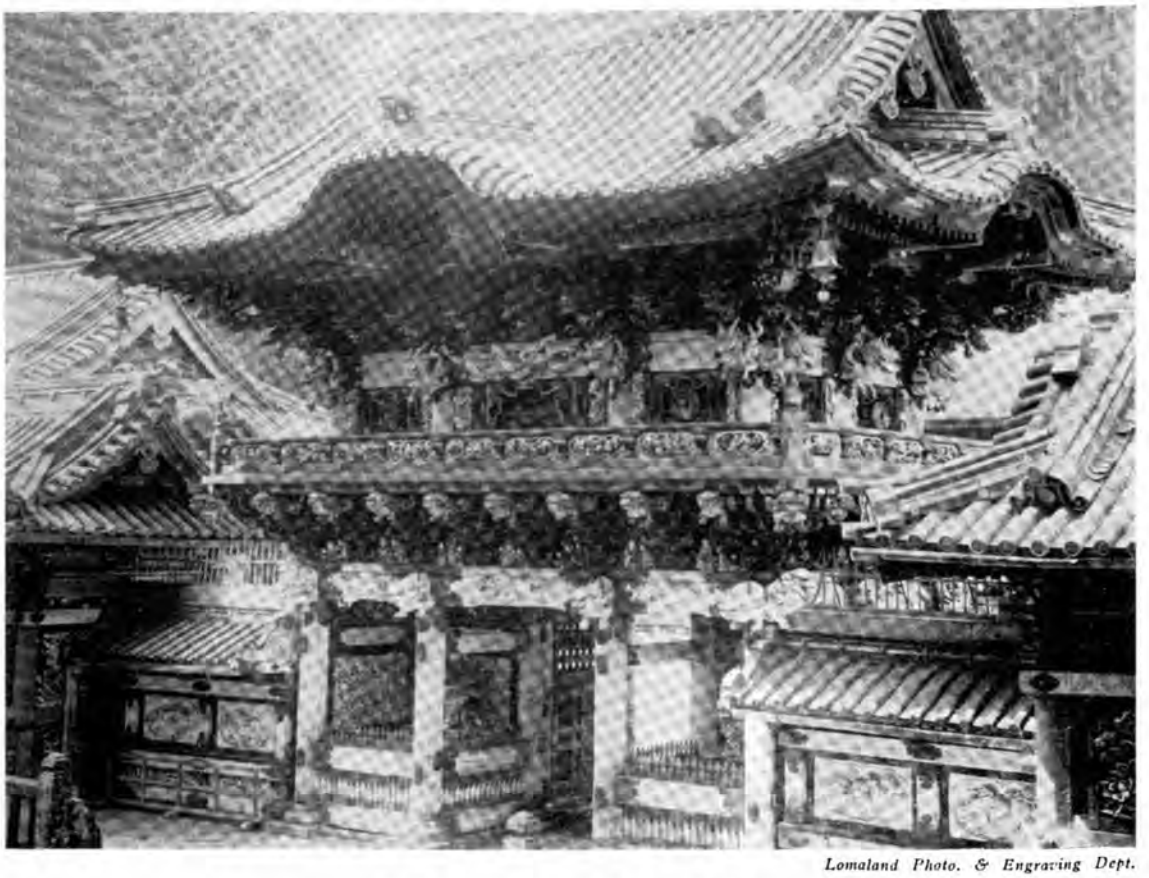
JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

PLAY always as if in the presence of a master.

WITH sweetmeats, pastry, and confectionery we cannot bring up children in sound health. The mental food must be as simple and nourishing as the bodily. Great composers have sufficiently provided for the former; keep to their works.

FREQUENTLY play the fugues of good masters, above all, those of J. Sebastian Bach. Let his "Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues" be your daily bread. By these means you will certainly become a proficient.—*Schumann*



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THE GOLDEN HOUSE, NIKKO, JAPAN
An illustration of the elaborate embellishment of Japanese art as applied in architecture.

How Cloisonné Enamels are Made

IF you have ever looked carefully at a piece of cloisonné, you will have noticed that each figure of the design is outlined by a fine wire called a *cloison*, which means a partition; hence the name cloisonné. It is a beautiful kind of enamel-ware which is made principally in Japan.

There are vases, plates, small trays, plaques, screens, cigarette cases, and numerous jars and bowls of all shapes and sizes. The process of making it is very interesting, and it requires a great deal of careful, painstaking work.

The form of the desired article is made out of metal, generally copper or bronze, or porcelain. After this has been hammered and beaten into shape and the surface made smooth, the design, which has been drawn by some artist on silk or paper, is then carefully traced on the metal with india ink. Next comes the very difficult task of fitting on the cloisons, for the whole design must now be outlined with these fine wires of copper, silver, or gold. Each wire must be just the right length, so as exactly to fit every in-and-out curve of the design. In some cases, in one square inch it will take more than a hundred pieces of this metallic ribbon to carry out the design. The utmost care is necessary, for the slightest jar will disarrange the wires and spoil the design.

The cloisons are first fastened on the base by a glue made from the root of a species of orchid. Then they are delicately soldered and securely fastened finally by firing. After this, each partition is filled with colored enamel by means of a bamboo pen. This brings out the design; but it is not an easy task when you think of filling in the spots of a butterfly's wings which are only about half an inch long. When this has been done the piece is again fired, or perhaps two or three times more, according to the difference in the enamels.

When the enamel is dry the surface is very rough and must be rubbed smooth. This is what takes such a long time. The principal ingredient of this enamel paste is a pure crystal glass, so that when it is highly polished it gives the effect of being covered with glass, and it seems as if the design were seen through this glazed surface. It is first rubbed with coarse stones, then finer and finer ones; after which it is polished with coarse sand, then with charcoal, and finally with hartshorn mixed with rapeseed oil. One piece has to be rubbed for many months, and the larger pieces for upwards of a year. This is no mechanical process with the artist; he puts

his very soul into the work, and gradually the design becomes clearer and clearer, every tiny detail being brought forth along with its beautiful coloring.

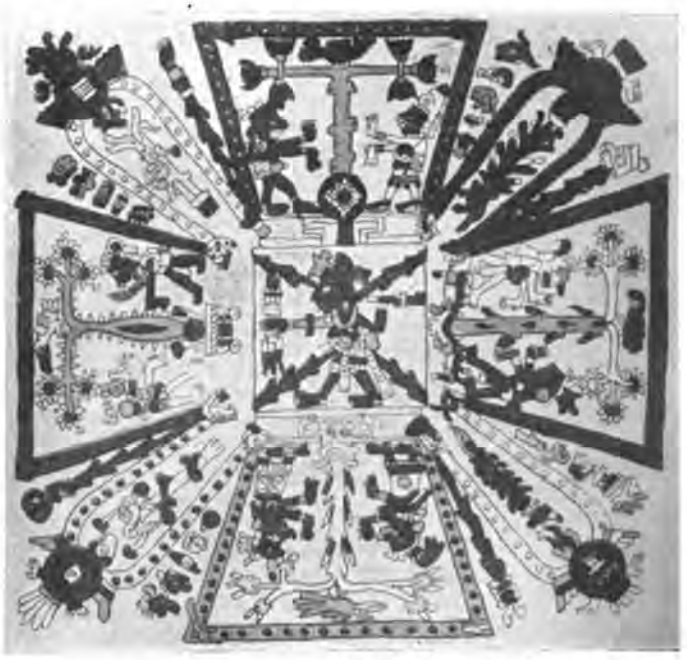
One design may be of snowy chrysanthemums on a background of transcendent purple; another of peacock's feathers with their iridescent coloring; and still others will represent graceful storks, or dainty Japanese scenes and figures. One could spend hours looking at them. Every detail is so perfectly executed, and the whole is such a beautiful blending of color — sometimes rich and dark, with ruby-red dragons on a blue background; again with violets, greens, and blues, all in harmony together. The soft subdued tones are what appeal to the true Japanese taste. Then we have their delicate effects with cherry blossoms and tiny birds and butterflies with their gauze-like wings, or the tall bamboo and pretty water scenes. Another effect is had by designs in scroll work and fern decoration. It is all so artistic and so characteristic of one side of the Japanese, the love of minute detail. Sometimes a box only three or four inches long and two inches wide will be just covered with tiny butterflies, with two perfect sets of wings showing all the delicate markings and colorings.

What infinite patience and care they must take to do this work! The Japanese call this "shippo" ware, *shippo* being a contraction for *shichi*, seven, and *ho*, treasures; because, on account of its great beauty, it seems as if it were made out of the seven precious things, which among the Japanese are: gold, silver, emerald, coral, agate, crystal, and pearl; so says a Japanese professor of art, Professor Jiro Harada.

There are many variations of this way of making cloisonné, which produce different effects, and there are also different grades of work; but this will probably give you some idea of the labor that is expended on these articles, and this is what makes a really choice bit of cloisonné so valuable.

Cloisonné work is not confined to Japan alone. It is also made in Europe, and was first introduced from the East in about the sixth century B. C. It is interesting to note that the revival of cloisonné work in Japan has been chiefly through European patronage.

CORA LEE



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SYMBOLIC RECORD OF THE NAHUATLS OF MEXICO

From the "Codex Fejervary-Mayer," now in the Liverpool Free Public Museum. This codex is painted on four strips of parchment pasted together, making a strip twelve and one-half feet long. Its symbology is of astronomical, chronological, and theological significance, and bears witness to the fact that it must have been derived from the same common source as that of the Egyptians, Chaldaeans, and Hindûs — namely, the Wisdom-Religion of antiquity.

Nothing New Under the Sun

THAT "there is nothing new under the sun" is a very good proverb in many ways, and opportunities for applying it seem to present themselves without end. We have lately learned of the existence of commercial schools in ancient Egypt, and of daily newspapers read and published in China from the earliest times. Equally, if not more interesting, is a list of the many "modern" institutions existing among the ancient peoples of Mexico, before the conquest of that country by the Spanish under Cortés.

Decadent as these nations certainly were, they still retained in practice a large number of laws and customs which must have been inherited from better times, some of which institutions have only been introduced into modern life within the last century. In reading accounts by both the older Spanish writers and the later researchers, we find mentioned a large number of these, of which the following are particularly interesting: public hospitals, public baths, public parks laid out with fountains and trees, shaded walks and boulevards, a public-school system, municipal police force and street-cleaning departments, street lighting, a well-regulated tariff system, academies of arts and sciences from which all teachers of the arts and all practising physicians were required to take diplomas, and also schools of dancing and oratory.

In Tezcuco, the elder sister-city of Mexico, which has been called "the Paris of America," was established an Academy of Fine Arts which held a censorship over all artistic and musical productions, and which met in yearly conventions, at which prizes were awarded for the best works of art and the finest musical and poetical compositions produced during the year. At these conventions the

king and his principal lords were always present, and it is said furthermore, that the Aztec aristocracy were liberal patrons of the arts, and that they maintained numerous musicians, artists, and craftsmen on their estates, thereby doing much to preserve the arts. H. B.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

PINECLAD HILLS AROUND LAKE LAIVONSAARI, NEAR KUOPIO, FINLAND

The Peasant, the Ax, and the Pine

"They tell me your carpenters," quoth I to my friend the Russ,
"Make a simple hatchet serve as a tool-box serves with us.
Arm but each man with an ax, 'tis a hammer and saw and plane
And chisel, and — what know I else?" — *Browning*

IN northern Russia where the solemn silence of the pine forests has never been broken by the screech of the locomotive, nails, springs, screws, hinges, and other articles of manufactured iron, are almost entirely unknown. This deficiency is supplied in the following way.

By the help of his ax the Russian peasant cuts out of "the manageable pine" almost everything he needs. Before he gets married, he builds himself a wooden hut, and every plank is smoothed and cut to the right length by the same useful tool. He has no plane, nor saw, nor chisel; nothing but his ax to work with. He drives his bride to the wooden church in a home-made cart of pinewood, the wheels of which have no protecting iron rim like ours, and his horses' shoes are kept in place by means of wooden nails. His baby sleeps away the first months of its life in a hollowed-out log shaped like a boat. When it is older it sits on a pinewood chair and eats its simple meals from a wooden plate by the help of a wooden spoon. He stores his flour in bins carved out of pine. He keeps his beer in wooden casks and drinks it out of tankards also made of wood. His shoes are often woven out of strips of birch-bark; but when made of leather of course the soles are fastened on with wooden pegs. When he grows old the peasant makes himself a comfortable coffin out of pinewood planks, and very often when the house is crowded he uses his coffin to sleep in, but otherwise it is used to hold the family stores of rye-meal.

The peasants of Russia are seldom able to read, and so it is a good thing that they are obliged to fill up their spare time in carving. It takes more time, as you may imagine, to carve a pound of nails out of wood than it does to send Jack to the store round the corner to buy a pound of ready-made iron nails; but during the long winter evenings it gives the peasant something to do and keeps him out of mischief. As they work they must think a good deal of their silent, stately neighbor in the forest, and feel grateful to the useful tree which gives them almost everything they need. P.

HERETOFORE the people of the United States have obtained most of their bulbous flowering plants from Holland. Last year no less than $1,000,000 worth of hyacinth, narcissus, tulip, and crocus bulbs was purchased abroad, which set the Department of Agriculture to studying the matter. The result is, it has been found that bulbs can be raised successfully on the Pacific Coast, bulbs from there not only flowering earlier, but being as fine in quality and as free from disease as the Dutch bulbs, says the San Diego *News* of recent date.

The Lesson of the Bee

ANNA LYNCH BOTTA

THE honey-bee that wanders all day long
The field, the woodland, and the garden o'er,
To gather in his fragrant winter store;
Humming in calm content his quiet song,
Seeks not alone the rose's glowing breast,
The lily's dainty cup, the violet's lips,
But from all rank and noxious weeds he sips,
The single drop of sweetness closely pressed
Within the poison chalice. Thus, if we,
Seek only to draw forth the hidden sweet
In all the varied human flowers we meet
In the wide garden of humanity,
And, like the bee, if home the spoil we bear,
Hived in our hearts, it turns to nectar there. — *Selected*

HONEYCOMBS OF THE WILD BEE

In Nature's Realm

NOTES BY OUR NATURALIST, P. L.

Butterflies and Bees

THE bee is a useful insect, spending the warm summer days in buzzing in and out among the flowers and laying up enormous stores of honey for our food. But though the bee with her brown velvet back and shining legs is neat and pleasing to the eye, you cannot really call her beautiful.

But what about the butterflies? Butterflies streaked with orange and black, and spangled with glittering silver! Butterflies spreading their wings of blue, and looking like pieces of fallen sky as they flutter among the flowers! Butterflies yellow, that flash their gold wings as they float in the sunshine, or rest on the roses! Butterflies threading their way under the cool, green shadows of the arching trees, like colored flames to light the darker pathways of the garden!

It is true that the butterfly provides no honey, nor does she give us silk to make our clothes; and yet we could ill spare her from the garden. No one is the richer in his pocket for the butterflies; but think of what this world would be without them. Many a man and many a woman going to their work in some dull factory, has walked with a lighter step and brighter eye for meeting with a butterfly perched on some wayside weed. Brightness and beauty do not feed the body, but they enrich and satisfy the mind, and through the hard day's work the picture of the happy insect has been seen with memory's eye and filled the worker with new hope and cheer.

Clothing and food and dollars and cents are useful, but we need more than merely useful things. Let us be grateful then to butterflies that flit like fairies up and down the world and signal messages of cheerfulness and joy by flashing colors at us from a code of signals which all children understand.

The Indispensable Rain

Rain! rain!
Go away;
Come again
Another day.

WE do not like to have our games, our picnics, or our country walks spoiled by a rainy day; and yet the farmer must have rain to make his crops grow. Our daily bread is made from wheat ground into flour, and if we had nothing but sunshine we should have no wheat to grind. Many fruits are almost wholly made of rainwater!

If you took a slice of melon weighing 1000 grains and hung it up to dry, 970 grains would pass off as invisible water-vapor, and only 30 grains of solid matter, mostly sugar, would remain. In buying peaches you are paying most of your money for rainwater because only 200 grains out of 1000 grains of peach flesh is solid. The other 800 grains is just rain sucked up from the earth by the roots of the peach-tree. A carrot, too, looks substantial enough, and yet nine parts out of ten is simply water.

The value of a farm depends a good deal upon the amount of rain that falls upon it in the course of a year. In some parts of Australia, where only ten inches of rain fall in a twelvemonth, the land yields so little grass that eight or nine sheep can scarcely pick up a living in a field which measures a square mile. Land which gets twenty inches a year can easily feed 640 sheep on every square mile, while at Buenos Aires, with its copious rainfall of 34 inches a year, a flock of 2560 sheep could easily support themselves upon the sweet and juicy pasturage of a square mile of that favored country. No wonder then that farmers love to hear the patter of the falling rain upon the roof.

If you live in a dry country, like Egypt, where the rain scarcely ever falls, you can raise good crops if you irrigate the land with river water. But you have to dig canals and ditches, and take a good deal of trouble in regulating the flow of the water. The softly-falling rain that Mother Nature sprinkles down spreads itself evenly over the fields without the slightest labor on your part; and best of all, she never sends you in a bill at Christmas time.

A rainstorm which measures an inch in the rain-gage

lets fall a hundred tons of water on every acre of the ground! And this handsome present is usually made at the season when the crops are most needing it.

At the Râja Yoga School at Point Loma a rain-gage is kept, and every morning at eight o'clock it is examined to find out how much rain has fallen during the previous twenty-four hours. We always like to see how near we can guess before it is measured.

The rain here usually falls at night, which is a very convenient arrangement. Although we sometimes have to stay indoors because of rain, we love to see the great black clouds roll in from the Pacific, and the gentle pit-a-pat of raindrops on the shingles is one of the sweetest of the many sweet sounds of Lomaland. The birds of course feel rather damp and bedraggled as they hop about under the bushes in a shower; but how they sing when the bright sun shines out once more and every leaf is glittering like a diamond drop that sparkles in the golden light!

Come children! Let us take a walk. The roads are almost dry and there are yet two hours before the sun will sink from sight beneath the dark blue ocean waves that seem to touch the cloudbank in the west.

CAN YOU FIND THE WALKING-STICK?

The Walking-Stick Insect of the Tortugas

THE Tortugas are a string of small islands which lie in a sweeping curve to the southwest from the extreme point of Florida. They are so low that in time of storm the salt spray falls in showers all over the islands; and yet the stunted bay cedars manage to get along very comfortably in spite of the shower-bath of brine. On these little twisted trees may be found the walking-stick insect which looks so exactly like the twigs on which it lives that even hungry birds are quite deceived and leave it alone.

You may make a heap of these queer, living twigs, and as long as they lie in the daylight they will keep perfectly still; but if you cover them with a box and make it dark, they scramble away in all directions. They seem to know that moving in the light is dangerous because the birds may see them and snap them up; but as soon as darkness sets in and they think the birds have gone to roost for the night, they consider it is their opportunity to take some exercise, and eat their food, and have some quiet fun.

Stories from Starland

What is the "Equation of Time"?

MY DEAR CHILDREN: I wonder if any of you have been puzzled by a curious notice in the almanacs, "Clock before Sun," or "Sun Fast," "Sun slow," followed by some figures? I think you will be interested to hear the meaning of this.

The almanac tells us that on January 1 the Sun was 3 minutes and 44 seconds slow, gradually getting slower till February 11, when it was 14 minutes and 26 seconds slow. It then began to get faster until April 15, after which it rapidly gained until May 13, when it was 3 minutes and 48 seconds too fast. It is now getting slow again, but on July 25 it will hurry up a little, and by November 2 it will actually be 16 minutes and 22 seconds too fast. And yet the Sun is really not concerned in the matter at all; it is the Earth that causes all the fuss.

If the Earth went around the Sun in a perfect circle, and if it stood upright upon its axis while spinning round, the Sun would come to its noon (its highest point in the sky) every day at exactly the same time and at the same position. But as the Earth does not go around the Sun in a circle, and as it is not upright, the time the Sun comes to the highest point (called the meridian) varies a little, and it is this variation which is recorded in the almanacs.

I will now tell you how the shape of the Earth's orbit around the Sun causes part of the variation in time. You know that the orbit is elliptical, i. e., longer one way than the other, and that the Sun is nearer one end than the other — not much, but enough to make a distinct difference. When the Earth is at that part of the orbit which is nearer the Sun, it goes faster than when at the greatest distance. If not it would be gradually drawn into the Sun and swallowed up. Now as the Earth turns round regularly without any hurrying or slackening, when it is at the part where it begins to move faster in its orbit the turning will not fit exactly with the distance moved in a day, and so it will have to turn a little more before the Sun is at its highest point. Hence, it is easy to see, the

Sun's noon and the Earth's noon will not be together.

Now our clocks are made to keep regular time and therefore this little extra turn which is required before the Sun reaches the meridian makes it appear as if the Sun were late, and so we get the entry in the almanac, "Clock before Sun," or "Sun slow." When the Earth is going more slowly, the Sun seems to get to the highest place *too soon*, and so the almanac says "Sun fast."

MERIDIAN PILLAR AT HAMMERFEST, NORWAY
It marks one end of the longest surveyed meridian, extending from the most northerly town in Europe to the Danube.

There is still another reason which is impossible to explain fully without taking too much space. This depends upon the tilting over of the Earth. If the Earth were vertical to its path around the Sun the change in the "Equation of Time," as the variation is called, would be quite regular, and we should find the Sun slowest in the winter because the Earth is then going faster, and fastest at midsummer when the Earth is going more slowly. But as the Sun seems to climb up and down in the heavens according to the season of the year, another factor has to be reckoned with, which makes a great difference and causes the apparent irregularity.

The times when the Sun is "slow" or "fast" are given in the almanacs so that one can calculate the exact second of real noon for every day in the year by watching the Sun till the moment when it is at its highest and then adding or subtracting the difference. Admiral Peary and Captain Amundsen, when they reached the neighborhoods of the North and South Poles respectively, had to allow for this very carefully before they could tell where they really were. Affectionately yours, UNCLE SOL

Caligula's Barge

ONE of our large ocean liners, if lost at sea, would surely be an object of great interest to any one who should happen to discover and raise it some two thousand years hence. This is just the case with the Italian engineers who recently attempted to raise the old Roman galleys which were discovered on the bottom of Lake Como, in northern Lombardy.

These old ships, which are supposed to have been the state barges of the emperors Tiberius and Caligula, were found to be in too fragile a condition to raise to the surface, but a great number of relics of great historic interest were recovered from them.

The objects found on the galleys are most valued for the light they throw on the smaller details of Roman house furnishing, such common utensils as vases, chests, and plate being found in abundance. The mechanical details in the construction of the vessels are also very interesting, and in many cases show great ingenuity on the part of the builders; for instance, the falling to pieces of the decayed wood has brought to light several interesting contrivances, such as a kind of self-clinching screw, and also nails which, after being driven into the wood, have bent round like a hook, thus assuring a firm grip. Doubtless many other interesting discoveries would be made if these ancient pleasure yachts could be raised from their watery graves. H. B.

A Wireless System to Encircle the World

A WIRELESS system that is to encircle the world has been the lifelong ambition of Guglielmo Marconi. Its realization is not far distant, for there is a plan now on foot which, if it be concluded by the British Government and the Marconi Company, will make it possible to have a complete wireless system encircling the world.

There are to be at least seven high-power stations established. The main object of this system is to enable the admiralty in London to direct the fleets by wireless in every part of the world. G. R.

LAST year on the opening of the new wireless station at Coltano, Italy, Mr. Marconi sent a greeting to the New York *Times* across a distance of four thousand miles. This message at the time held the long distance record for a regularly sent message. G. R.

THE impossibility of recalling a hastily spoken word is well illustrated by the Greek poet Menander in these words: "It is as easy to draw back a stone thrown with force from the hand as to recall a word once spoken."

RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Monthly

Conducted by Students of the Râja Yoga School and Academy

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AN INTERNATIONAL ASSEMBLY FORMING IN FRONT OF THE ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

Food for the Mind

HE who respects the laws of health knows the value of good, wholesome food, and endeavors to procure it. This happens the world over; but can it be said that people are as careful of the food they give to the mind? Hardly so, for in that case many things would not now be as they are. Perhaps you wonder at this, but it is obvious that one cannot fill the mind with unhealthy thoughts and expect it to keep in perfect order and always alert. This would be directly against natural laws.

Of thoughts in general, volumes could be written, and taken simply as food for the mind they occupy no small space. It is not only the positively evil thoughts that act as a poison, but all those which creep in when we are unguarded, or the many that cause us to waste time, for they tend to tear down rather than to build up. This work of decomposition may seem to go on slowly, but, with the truth of the old proverb, it is sure, and once it takes hold of the mind it progresses with a rapidity that is often startling. The result varies; in all cases, though, the mind is a faithful reproduction of the nourishment it receives, and so we find that there are many different stages of development.

Why is it that some minds are absolutely incapable of understanding anything that deals with matters which

do not interest them personally? Surely, the answer is obvious, and examples may be found in every walk of life. Let us cite a few of these, and perhaps the picture will do more than words. You are doubtless familiar with the person who talks nothing but ailments, making himself and all with whom he comes in contact unspeakably miserable. Do you think such a mind has known much of wholesome food? What room is there for seeing the sunshine of life, or for the ability for prompt and vigorous action? Again, some minds are filled with the thoughts proper to ungoverned appetites, and unenviable indeed is their condition. Still another class turns to fashions and the world of flimsy nothingness that accompanies them. The pity of it all goes far beyond the mere actuality of the things themselves, for they are but the outward expression, while underneath is the cause — a condition that seriously demands our immediate attention. That a man should think only of when and what he eats is certainly deplorable; but what of the cause, what of the condition of mind that can make such a thing possible, and what of the mental food that must have been building up that condition? There is no interest in all the things that make life beautiful, no power to understand anything that is uplifting; in fact, it is like a garden in which every flower has been choked out by some pernicious parasite.

Perhaps if we realized more all that our minds are capable of, we should appreciate them to a greater extent, and should give them the proper nourishment. The pictures we have just seen may have been somewhat gloomy in their truthfulness, but they have their counterbalance in vastly different scenes; and the mind as it should be is nothing that can be monopolized, but is the common right of all. Its capabilities we can never know until we have tested them. There are wonderful surprises in store for the pioneer. Various occupations call forth corresponding thoughts, but one need never be limited to them; if this were the case, some of the greatest characters in history would never have existed.

Now, of course, no one supposes that the food we give our minds is a matter of chance, or that people have become great just because they happened to have thoughts that were lacking in some one else! First, there is a choice between two ways, and the determination to choose correctly and to follow the path unfalteringly makes the selection of wholesome thoughts for the mind a natural conclusion. That is a foundation, a starting point, and once the work is begun it is a comparatively simple matter to go on with it. Each day brings added strength, and with it the power to direct the mind wherever desired. Then there is no more a starting out in one direction, to suddenly veer off in another; no more a passive recognition of what is passing around us, but a realization that it is part of us. Having gained this mastery of the mind and a broader, more impersonal outlook, there is a keen appreciation of all nature, and a determination to live truly instead of merely existing.

The desire to do something worthy is plausible, but the determination to accomplish it is a thousand times more desirable and vastly more practical, for it actually builds up the character and mind which correspond to the ideal. The true patriot is often an example of this. Rising perhaps from among the more obscure ranks of the people, through a determination to serve his country faithfully he makes himself worthy to hold the most trusted positions she has to offer. This is only one example, though, and there are countless others; indeed, all of us may be examples, but each one must find the way for himself, for it is in truth as Emerson has said: "No one knows what you can do but yourself, and you do not know till you have tried."

The Month of Glory

EVERY month has some special day in it which is connected with great deeds, and which is famous for its associations with the lives of great men and women. Can any month, of the whole twelve, be of fuller significance, or awaken more inspiring memories and feelings than July, or as I love to think of it, *The Month of Glory?*

To begin with, its very name suggests greatness and power, for it was taken from the name of Julius Caesar, one of the strongest and grandest characters of the ancient Roman world. Many nations have liberty-days or patriotic celebrations during this month. As for America, the best and truest in our national life must surely leap into flame at the thought of the many heroes whose splendid lives have built and maintained our republic, "The Shrine of each Patriot's Devotion."

Truly, it is a worthy shrine at which to offer the best we have, since to really serve our country we must necessarily dedicate our lives to the highest principles of true nobility and purity of life.

A nation's liberty-day carries with it a very sacred meaning. It means that on that day all those people constituting that nation reached a point where they felt that they were one united body, and that their national life was too strong and distinct to be controlled or broken by any foreign power.

When Liberty Bell rang in the dawn of the first July Fourth, it was in the midst of strenuous times of strife and revolution. The whole spirit of the nation was stirred to its depths; change and excitement were the air men breathed. The men who have been the shining lights of our history ever since, were then working and suffering, laying the foundations of our nation, and making them strong and true, so that they would last through all eternity, in spite of the faulty building of those who contrived the superstructure. The men of that day fully realized the danger and importance of their undertaking. It might have seemed like taking a leap in the dark, thus to sever a new country from its mother-land; yet they were not in the dark, for they had an inner light

and a conviction that they built wisely, and America as it stands today is a proof of their wisdom.

Then all hail to the heroes of 1776! As the golden sun rises over our fair land let us accentuate the nobility of their lives, and feel the challenge that they make to us. Let us be worthy of our forefathers, and in the expression of the highest patriotism be worthy of the fairest heritage in God's world.

KATE

A Lomaland Garden

M. G. GOWSELL

A WARDEN clump of pepper trees
With woodbine hedge abloom
Stands guard against the winds astray
That seek a postern through;
Though gray may grow the sapphire seas,
And mountains hide in gloom —
This garden knows but colors gay
For clay-cold days are few.

A sunset ecstasy o'erbrows
The fragrant woodbine screen;
The gorgeous hues at night's behest
Were swiftly taking leave.
I peeped between the pepper boughs
Low-hung in tender green,
And saw the brownies work abreast
Ere fell the dewy eve.

Midst rainbow-shaming blended hues
Of cosmos, ranged in rows,
I saw the love-lit brownie eyes
In-mingling with the green,
And heard with bated breath the news
They shared about a rose —
How, on the morrow, skylark-wise,
They'd greet the fairy queen.

(*Lomaland, October 29, 1911*)

"Pretty is that Pretty Does"

"GRANDMOTHER, here's your bonnet! Put it on, please, and come with me." Edalia tried to subdue her excitement to harmonize with her grandmother's serenity.

"What are you going to do with me?" asked Grandmother Wheaton, while she carefully tied her white cambric bonnet-strings under her right cheek.

"I am going to carry you off to the end of the rainbow and get you the pot of gold there."

"There's no rainbow nearer than China, and I'm not ready for so long a journey, my dear."

"Oh, I mean the *near* end. I saw just where it was, out in the orchard, last evening."

"Well, lead the way, and let us see what we come to."

The old lady and the very young one went hand-in-hand down the garden paths until they came to a place at the edge of the orchard where buttercups were shining.

"There it is Grandmother!"

"The pot of gold?"

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IN THE GARDEN NEAR THE RÂJA YOGA COLLEGE, LOMALAND

"Yes. Isn't it a large one?"

"I don't see a sign of the *pot*, but there is surely plenty of gold here."

"The pot is probably fastened to the rainbow and these are coins that were spilled out when the careless clouds ran away with it."

Grandmother Wheaton did not reply at once, and when she did speak she carried Edalia far over the seas to England, to the days of her own childhood, long ago.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

LITTLE TOTS SKIPPING ROPE IN LOMALAND

March Away!

MARCH away! march away!
To the playground lead the way;
All our lessons now are past,
Left foot first and not too fast.
O! 'tis nice each sunny day,
Thus to enjoy ourselves in play;
We'll no angry looks betray,
But merrily, merrily, march away.

Off we go! off we go!
All our looks our pleasure show;
Round and round the pole we swing,
Or we form the joyous ring:
Joining in the active race,
Swift we run from place to place;
'Tis the time for sport and play,
So merrily, merrily, march away.
— *The Union School-song Garland*

"It reminds me of a day seventy-three years ago this summer, my dear."

"Grandmother! Seventy-three?"

"Seventy-three. I was playing with my brother among the buttercups and daisies in the meadow near Father's house when Mother called us in. I had gathered an apron full of buttercups and was fastening them in my hair and on my dress as Bob and I went up to the house."

"Great-Uncle Robert?"

"Yes, Uncle Robert — Bob to me. He began to tease me on account of my vanity, and by the time we had reached the steps I was so angry that I rushed up and pulled open the door so quickly that Bob fell back on the stones. He closed his eyes and lay still."

"Grandmother! How did you feel?"

"I felt as though every vain thought I had ever had slipped out of my mind forever. My heart stood still when I tried to lift Bob, for I was sure that he was dead. Mother and Father both came calling out to ask how it had happened. While I was trying to tell them, Bob opened his eyes and said, 'You *are* pretty, sister, I was just joking!' Mother said, 'Pretty is that pretty does,' and sent me to my room."

"Was Uncle Robert sick then, Grandmother?"

"Yes, a long while. The buttercups were in winter beds when poor Bob was walking again."

"Oh, Grandmother, I'm sorry I asked you out here if it makes you remember that sad time."

"No dear, not sad. That was a time when I found a real pot of gold. My desire to be pretty might have led me into many troubles if Bob and I had not played in the meadow that day."

Edalia could not speak.

"Perhaps," Grandmother Wheaton continued, "my little granddaughter needed to share my golden treasure, and that was why she had the impulse to carry me to the near end of the rainbow, today."

"Yes," admitted the little girl. "Mother often has to say 'pretty is' to me, Grandmother."

Then Edalia put her hand into that of her dear old helper and they walked in silence back to their home together.

ZELLA

THE merriest folks are the best, I know,
For those who are laughing and gay,
Are the ones who are willing to stop and show
Tired people an easier way. — *Caro A. Dugan*

WE have had pastime here and pleasing game. — *Shakespeare*

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RÂJA YOGA PRIMARY GIRLS ENJOYING AN AFTERNOON DOWN BY THE SEA

Hie Away!

Hie away, hie away!
Over bank and over brae,
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
Where the lady ferns grow strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the blackcock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it:
Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green;
Over branch and over brae,
Hie away, hie away!

—*Sir Walter Scott*

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

RÂJA YOGA CHILDREN ON ONE OF THEIR PLAYGROUNDS

Lomaland Sports on July Fourth

ON the afternoon of July Fourth the Lomaland athletic field presented a very festive scene. Flags of all nations gave an international character to the occasion, while the presence of Uncle Sam and John Bull added to the patriotic spirit.

The festivities began with a grand march around the College grounds. The procession was headed by the Râja Yoga Military Band, followed by a company of the cadets. Then came the older students bearing flags of all nations; next the girls' basket-ball and Indian-club drill teams, while the juniors and the tiny tots brought up the rear, the former carrying their wands.

After assembling on the athletic field, students and children joined in the national hymn, which was followed by the reading of one of Daniel Webster's stirring orations. Another selection by the band was the signal for the commencement of the sports, which were varied and interesting, both young and old participating.

Among these the races played an important part, especially those by the little tots. One end of the race-course was marked by the flags of America and Great Britain. Great merriment was caused when two tiny boys, representing Uncle Sam and John Bull, took their positions, each by the wrong flag. This mistake was speedily rectified, however.

The last number on the program was a military drill by the cadets. The perfect unity and precision with which every command was executed called forth unbounded admiration. A skirmish in an adjoining hay-field was a fitting close to the afternoon, which all felt had been most enjoyable.

RUTH

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

INDIAN-CLUB DRILL BY RÂJA YOGA GIRLS

America's "Signature," the Great Seal

"WE are now a nation, and I appoint Dr. Benjamin Franklin, Mr. John Adams, and Mr. Thomas Jefferson a committee to prepare a device for a Great Seal of the United States of America."

With these words dauntless John Hancock, President of the Continental Congress, closed the dramatic scene of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, while the ringing tones of the Liberty Bell were yet thrilling on the air.

The idea was received with unanimous applause, and the immortal three began their work of preparing a device. Six weeks they labored, but met with disappointment, as

the Continental Congress quite disapproved of their drawings.

The art of engraving seal-rings was known in Egypt more than four thousand years ago. Their purpose was

THE GREAT SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES

much the same as now — to establish the genuineness of documents. So much importance being attached to seals, we can see what a weighty task those men had to perform, who were creating a device which should fittingly represent America as being a nation among nations. It would have to be technically correct in regard to all the laws of heraldry or emblazonry, as far as these were used; originality in symbols was necessary, and it had to be distinctly American in spirit and signification.

Six committees tried and failed — some because of errors in construction, some were too mythological in their design, with nothing essentially American, and some were too complicated.

But the seventh committee tried three times and succeeded. It was William Barton who perfected the seal as it is now, although he used many ideas found in former ones. Being singularly appropriate he did not hesitate to use them, bringing more artistic taste and heraldic perfection into their combination than any one had hitherto shown.

In searching for records, designs, criticisms, and discussions about the history of the Seal, much that is instructive and valuable has been brought to light about our early history, all of which has been preserved in the National Archives. Americans are becoming more and more appreciative of their early history, and we certainly owe a debt to Dr. B. J. Cigrand, who spent twelve years in collecting and arranging material gathered from State records, early diaries, writings, and biographies. His book, from which these facts have been taken, is most complete, and will certainly fill any reader with great enthusiasm, for in it one finds the very spirit of America, and gains an insight into the minds of the men who framed our Government.

The obverse side of the Seal shows a bald eagle, in golden brown with silvery head, bearing on his breast the escutcheon of America, thirteen alternate stripes of red and white, with a broad blue band above. The thirteen stripes represent the original States bound in a solid compact, and the blue field, which they support and which unites them, represents Congress. In his left talon the eagle bears a bundle of thirteen silver arrows, symbolizing war, and in his right, a green olive branch, the sign of peace. A golden ribbon streams from his beak with the motto in silver, *E Pluribus Unum* — meaning "Out of Many One," one nation formed of many States. Over the eagle's head is a golden light breaking through a white cloud, and in the center of the glory there are thirteen silver stars on a blue field.

On the reverse side of the Seal is an unfinished pyramid, representing strength and duration. It is composed of thirteen subdivided layers, typifying again the union of thirteen into One. On the base of the pyramid is the date 1776. Above it, in a golden light in a triangle, is an eye, representing the Eye of Providence, which is eternally guarding America's safety. The motto above this — *Annuit Coeptis* — means, "He favored the Undertaking." Below the pyramid is the inscription, *Novus*

THE REVERSE SIDE OF THE GREAT SEAL

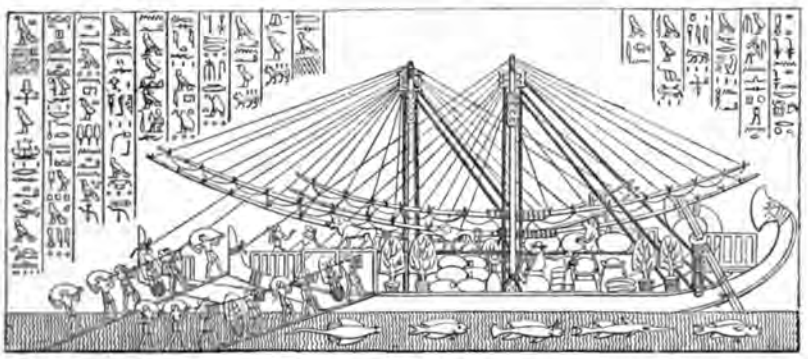
Ordo Seclorum — "A New Order of Ages."

It is thus seen that our Seal is beautiful, artistic, and almost mystically significant. The reverse side has seldom been used, so we are more familiar with the other.

It is worth notice that our Eagle rests on no support, signifying that America must rely on her own strength.

The Eagle was selected to represent our country because he is the king of birds and from antiquity has been a symbol of power and greatness. It was used by many ancient nations as an ensign, and as a symbol of divinity, because he flies straight to Heaven to meet the rising sun. The eagle outstrips the tempest in his flight, and his endurance and courage are unquestioned — a fitting symbol for the proud young nation just ready to take her place.

The Seal was engraved in America, and the engraver felt so honored by his task that he accepted no remuneration; so unfortunately his name is lost, as it is unmentioned in the State records. It was first used to authorize Washington to make diplomatic arrangements with Great Britain, and has since been recognized by every country.



THE SHIP OF QUEEN HATASU OF EGYPT

The Seal has been re-engraved several times, and some slight alterations have been made in the outlines, all of which have not been improvements, but it is hoped that these errors will soon be corrected.

It is evident that both the Seal and the Flag have been evolutions, and have not been created all at once. Washington himself helped to design the Flag, and the first one made according to his model was made by Betsy Ross, and our great general was the one who raised the first American Flag at Cambridge. The most beautiful description of Old Glory is from a poem by Joseph Drake, the first stanza of which is here given:

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robes of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the Sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave unto his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

K. H.

An Egyptian Sindbad

IN the Hermitage Museum at St. Petersburg there is a very ancient papyrus, nearly five thousand years old, which contains a delightful story reminding us of one of the adventures of the famous Sindbad in the *Arabian Nights*, that storehouse of marvelous tales which nearly every one has enjoyed in childhood.

The hero, a very ancient mariner, begins by saying that he was one of a band of one hundred and fifty fearless adventurers, "whose hearts were stronger than lions, and who had seen heaven and earth." They were on their way to the Mines of Pharaoh in a ship of one hundred and fifty cubits, but ill fate awaited them, for presently the wind rose and threw up mighty waves and the ship was wrecked. Every one perished but the hero, who was washed ashore on a piece of wood. He found himself stranded upon an island, but it was no desert. There were fruits and goodly herbs and many other fine things.

The sailor had been piously brought up, for after enjoying a good meal he made an offering to the gods. Immediately the marvels began, and it is clear that the good character of the hero saved him from destruction, for the next thing he saw was a huge serpent of terrible aspect, his body overlaid with gold, and his color a bright blue. However the serpent did him no harm, but politely asked how he had reached the island.

Being satisfied with the answer, the king of the serpents, for it was no less a personage, carried the sailor in his mouth to a place where there was a tribe of seventy-five other serpents. The serpent king said: "If thou hast come to me, it is God who has let you live. It is he who has brought you to this Isle of the Blest, where nothing is lacking and which is filled with all good things."

The serpent then told him to be of good cheer for he would be rescued by a ship from his own land in three months. Our Egyptian Sindbad spent much of his time watching for the ship from the top of a tall tree. At last it arrived, and the first thing he did was to run to the kind serpent to tell him. His surprise was great when he found that the serpent knew all about it, and had some gifts ready for him to take away. On parting, the serpent said: "Farewell, go to thy home and see thy little children once more; let thy name be good in thy town."

The sailor was very grateful for the kindness he had received, and he offered to speak for the serpent before King Pharaoh and to return with a ship full of treasures fit for such a friend of men cast away in a far-off land. But the serpent said no, they would not meet again, for the magical island would disappear and melt away when he was gone.

C. J. R.

Discoveries in Pompeii

THE excavating work which is being done on the sites of Pompeii and Herculaneum seems to be awakening a renewed and widespread interest, and the numerous photographs of the results of the latest discoveries which are reproduced in current publications prove the great worth of the work being carried on there.

These ancient cities are rapidly being unearthed, and numerous objects of artistic and historical interest are continually being found. In the shops and dwellings which line the different thoroughfares many objects of domestic utility, such as chairs, tripods, tables, tabarets, braziers, and money-chests have been discovered, and also pots, pans, and copper kettles still standing in their original positions on the stoves and ranges. Wine-jars and amphorae have also been found, containing remnants of their former contents, and also chests of tools and instruments, and stores of manuscripts, ledgers, and account books.

The beautiful frescoes which have been found in most of the larger dwellings are of great artistic merit, as well as of historic interest. Among the many mosaics, statues, busts, and bronzes discovered there are several known to all the world.

The signs, notices, and other like inscriptions found throughout the city are also of great historical and philological importance. This "literature" is unique on account of the great resemblance it bears to that found in public places in our own cities: advertisements above shop-doors, election notices, placards set out by local politicians asking for votes, inn signs, etc. Other inscriptions of a less serious nature have been found in some parts of the city: names and initials, and bits of poetry and witty doggerel scrawled on the walls.

Many of the buildings which have been found in a comparatively good state of preservation, have been not only restored, but have also been completely furnished with ancient Pompeiian household furniture found on the site. The inner courts have been replanted with shrubs and flowering plants found in old Roman gardens, and pains have been taken to make the buildings and their surroundings as closely resemble their former conditions as possible.

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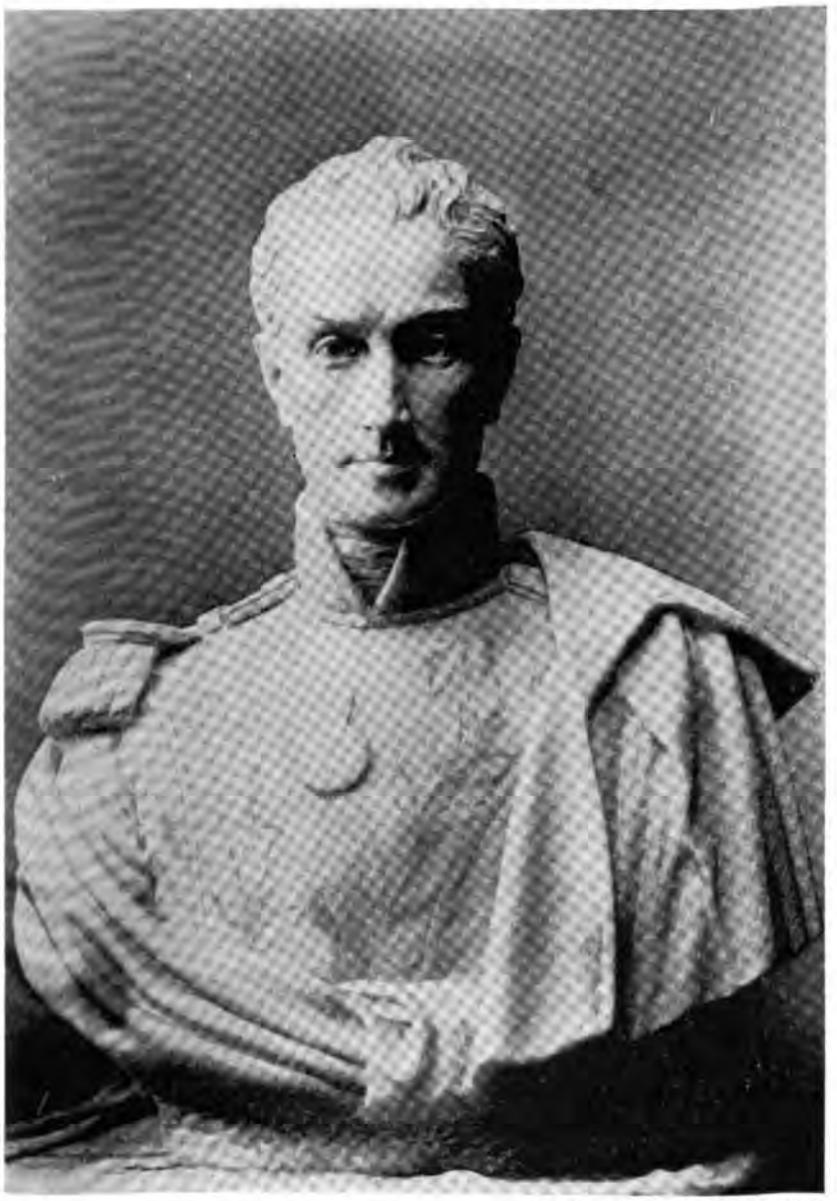
RUINS OF A POMPEIIAN HOUSE

The excavations in Herculaneum have not as yet proceeded far but it is hoped that this city will afford still greater opportunities for the archaeologist. Pompeii, being covered by ashes and volcanic mud only, was partially excavated even in Roman times, but Herculaneum, which was buried under a deep layer of hard lava, has been preserved untouched ever since its destruction in the year 79 A. D.

H. B.

PROFESSOR W. T. Prosser states in an article in *The Technical World* that Asia and America will in time be united across Bering Sea in the neighborhood of the Aleutian Islands, where volcanic activity is increasing, so that there are now over fifty active volcanoes in that vicinity. He says that the ocean floor is rising in that part of the world.



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BUST OF SIMÓN BOLÍVAR
PRESENTED TO THE PAN-AMERICAN UNION AT WASHINGTON BY VENEZUELA

A South American Patriot

THERE have been and are very few "great men," and the Liberator of South America was one of them.

Simón Bolivar was born at Caracas, Venezuela, on July 24, 1783. He was great because he was master of his ideas; he conceived the sublimest ideals, and, unlike many men who become so dazzled by the light of their achievements that they afterwards remain content, he carried his ideals into realization by his phenomenal will-power.

Through ordeals and sacrifices the most trying, through struggles almost superhuman, through defeats, yes, sometimes through crushing defeats, this indomitable warrior kept on, the light of his ideal shining for ever pure and undisturbed, in his will determined to reach it, no matter what obstacles might arise. And he did reach it.

Nothing can stand in the way of a great determination, as is seen in many examples through history, in some of which, however, it has not been directed towards the right and more glorious goal. Napoleon, for instance, is the overpowering river flowing undisturbed on an elevated plateau, with occasional falls here and there, until it finally precipitates itself in a deafening cataract of ambition.

Not so with Bolivar; his life is a series of hills and valleys, more marked than with other great men; for in his life is exemplified the constant struggle in human nature, with the certainty of triumph for the higher side when one is a warrior like him. Although accused of such an ambition as Napoleon's, and though his end was a sad one—self-exiled from the dear countries he had freed — today he lives in the hearts of his countrymen, still the glorious star of his five daughters, his five countries. His name will always stand first wherever patriotism and high ideals are in the hearts of the people.

A few of the events of his life are the following:

Advocates the independence of Venezuela, 1811; issues his proclamation of *guerra á muerte*, 1813; enters Caracas in a car of triumph drawn by the daughters of the nobles, 1814; emancipates the slaves, June 1, 1816; crosses the Cordilleras; proclaims the Republic of Colombia, December 17, 1819; gains the decisive victory of Carabobo, June 24, 1821; elected President of Colombia; marches into Peru; is declared Protector, after his victory at Ayacucho on December 9, 1824; condemned for ambitious designs, November 25, 1829; resigns presidency, April 27, 1830, and goes into exile; dies, December 17, 1830. He did not, of course, accomplish all this without a struggle, but his victories outnumbered his defeats; several attempts were even made to assassinate him — a proof that he had bold enemies.

When he declared war against the Spaniards, he fully realized the urgent need, and that to an exacting sickness an exacting remedy must be applied; however, his generous actions proved him to be one of the most humane of men. Said he:

My only ambition is the freedom of my fellow-citizens. My love of the independence of South America has caused me to make different sacrifices, sometimes in peace, sometimes in war. I shall never refuse these sacrifices, because he who abandons all to be useful to his country loses nothing, but gains all he consecrates.

This patriot also said:

I disregarded rank and distinction, because I aspired to a more honorable destiny — to shed my blood for the liberty of my country.

And this was his declaration:

I pledge my life to liberty.

If there ever was a great man who represented a country, Simón Bolívar was in his time a living South America. He traveled widely; saw Napoleon setting the crown on his own head; was strongly impressed with the French Revolution, and wherever he went he made a close study of human nature and affairs. On one of his first travels he went to Spain, and there he was introduced to the Court by his uncle, who had the favor of the King. Bolivar himself relates an interesting experience of that time:

The Prince of Asturias, Ferdinand, invited me on one occasion to play rockets. In doing so I struck him on the head with the shuttlecock. Ferdinand got angry; but his mother was present, and obliged him to continue the game, because, having invited a young gentleman to play with him, he had put himself on the same level. Who would have announced to Ferdinand VII that this accident was only an omen that I should one day wrench from his crown his most precious jewel!

While at Rome he decided, by a few words, the fate of South America — her independence. He went one day to Monte Aventino with his friend Rodríguez, to whom he said:

Let us here make an oath; let us here, on this sacred hill, pledge our lives to the liberties of our country.

That he carried those few words to an end shows the man he was.

Bolivar was a marvelous speaker, eloquent, fiery and convincing; he knew how to speak at the right moment. His sweeping address at Caracas, on the memorable fourth of July, 1811, is alone enough to place him among the most decisive orators of critical moments. There and then, when a weaker voice would have failed, his words carried everything in front of them and made a reality of the liberty of South America. But there is one sentence he spoke in those trying days of the struggle for liberty, when everything seemed doomed to failure and even the bravest hearts hesitated, that is enough to show the absolute greatness of his character and his uncommon wisdom. After disastrous calamities to their great cause, even Nature seemed to lend herself to the superstition of the people in giving a fatal blow to the revolution: the earthquake at Caracas, on March 26, threw the patriots in despair and left their beautiful city in ruins. What could they do, with everything seemingly lost and even Nature against them? Amidst the confusion, terror, and despair there was a man who knew what to do — Simón Bolivar was there. He was saving all the wounded he could from the ruins of a fallen church when, as the unfriendly Díaz met him there, the great patriot uttered these historical words:

If Nature opposes herself, we will wrestle with her and compel her to obey.

All his great victories — Carabobo, Boyacá, Ayacucho, his address at Caracas, his proclamation at La Angostura — stand out small against these few words, ringing through the crashing and thundering of the earthquake, silencing the very roar of Nature, when defeat and disaster were showing themselves in their most appalling aspects.

It is in the trying hours of misfortune and disaster, and not in the glorious ones of sensational victory, that a man's character shows best and shines purest. And so it was with Simón Bolivar, the Liberator of South America.

RAOÚL R. LÓPEZ-MARÍN

The Girls' Clubs in Sweden

THE Girls' Clubs form a continuation of the Lotus Groups, many of the members being girls from these groups, though of course other girls are also admitted. In the different cities the clubs have different programs according to the number of members and their ability, but to as great an extent as possible they have the same.

The Girls' Club for Higher Education in Stockholm was founded by Katherine Tingley in 1908, and has since then increased, not only in number, but also in the good spirit and interest of the girls.

They all look forward to the day of the club-meeting, which is once a week. Then they read papers, recite poems, sing, and discuss topics of interest to the members and of general advantage to the club. Lately they have been studying about famous women throughout the world, like Birgitta, Jenny Lind, and Florence Nightingale. Other subjects are the teachings of Theosophy, and what they themselves can do to help their fellowmen, for that is their aim — to help Katherine Tingley in her great work for humanity. So the girls try, each one in her own way, to live up to the highest ideals and to the principles of Theosophy.

The winter is dark and cold in Sweden. The sun hides itself so much behind the clouds that people need as much cheerfulness as possible. Therefore the girls want to be real sun-rays, and make every one feel the joy of

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SOME MEMBERS OF THE GIRLS' CLUB FOR HIGHER EDUCATION, STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN

life also at that time. In the summer they help to make the world still brighter and more beautiful.

"If we the world would purify and people unite, we must begin with ourselves," they sing in their club-song. So they try to be happy and helpful, in their homes in the first place, and have a smile or a kind word ready for everybody who needs them.

In order to spread sunshine to other people, entertainments are given by the club now and then. At these the girls sing, recite famous poems, read papers, and often give a play about the divinity of man and his two natures.

Sometimes they also have "English evenings." This is possible because, besides having the club-meeting, they study English, French, singing, and elocution, and have some gymnastic exercises.

While working or enjoying themselves the thoughts of all the girls are, "We are trying to prepare ourselves and all Sweden to receive the Râja Yoga School which Katherine Tingley is going to build, we hope soon, on Visingsö." KARIN

A Lesson from Nature's Book

AMONG Nature's busy workmen, one of the most interesting is the tiny coral animal, a creature so small and delicate that one might suppose its mission other than that of building up a great strong house of lime. Like so many other minute lives, it teaches us a lesson, and shows that *no* thing is so small as to be of no consequence.

Some of these little animals live in the quiet waters of the Mediterranean and build bit by bit until they have spacious homes, which we know as the beautiful red coral. Other and more hardy varieties are found in the waters of the Pacific, and it is these which build up the great reefs.

The tiny workman of the red coral is only a bit of jelly, which having come from one of the polyps or buds on a branch of this coral, has settled on the bottom of the sea to build for himself. He then throws out little tentacles, and with them feeds and takes carbonate of lime from the water. It is with this that he intends to erect his dwelling, and in some strange way he colors it, and then begins to build red spikes into his own flesh. His stomach and mouth, though, are free from these, and so remain uncolored and soft. Later, buds are thrown out, and these too remain white, while the red jelly gradually draws them together.

This growth goes on from day to day, and finally the little house has so changed that it is a real coral tree. All this while the spicules have come closer and closer

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ANOTHER GROUP OF A SWEDISH GIRLS' CLUB ON AN OUTING

together until they have formed a solid stem, which is a support to the rest of the tree, and when the litle builder dies this stem is all that is left. It is a beautiful record of his life, though, and some of the most delicate branches when strung together are like fairy chimes, giving forth the most musical tones whenever they touch each other.

The life in the Pacific is somewhat different and not nearly so peaceful, for there the water around the little homes is often stormy, and great waves dash against them. The builders, though, are not easily daunted, so we find them ever at work adding, adding, until one day a great impassable barrier has been formed. These are the white coral architects, creatures with tiny partitions in their bodies. A branch of the white coral is a mass of these little animals all throwing out buds, which also have divisions, and these as they take in the carbonate of lime deposit it between the divisions, firmly filling the spaces. The coral as we see it is the empty house, and each little bud, which carefully pictures the form of the tiny workman, stands out from the branch like a diminutive cup.

What an exquisite piece of workmanship it is, with many of its delicate details so small as to be invisible to the naked eye, while the whole mass constitutes a mighty monument to the ceaseless labor of myriads of lives! It speaks to us of perseverance, and bids us realize the greatness of small things. Some of the most sweeping changes have been the outcome of years of quiet but steady growth, but because we see only the result we allow ourselves to be misled. Yes, small things are worthy of our attention, and in them lies the secret of that which is really great. H. O.

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THE SERPULIN ATOLLS, BERMUDA

THE illustration shows a unique kind of coral formation, that of the atoll, projecting above the water. An atoll is a ring-shaped island of coral. There is usually water on the inside rim of the circle, but sometimes they are covered with soil and beautiful vegetation, and some are even large enough to be inhabited. As the coral polyp cannot live in water deeper than fifteen or twenty fathoms and as some of these atolls are surrounded by great depths, scientists are undecided as to the method of their formation. Some say that the bottom of the ocean has subsided in those localities where atolls occur, and that the coral animals, in order to remain near the surface, continued to build up the walls of their colonies as the water deepened. Others hold that such atolls have been deposited upon the tops of submerged volcanoes.

We can perhaps gain a better idea of the ceaseless activity of these tiny builders of the sea by referring to figures. In the coral area of the Pacific the estimated number of coral islands proper is two hundred and ninety, and there are in addition countless reefs around other islands; there are also large coral islands in the Indian Ocean, and reefs in the tropical waters of the Atlantic, while the great Australian Barrier Reef is 1250 miles long, and from ten to ninety miles wide. In the case of the Florida reef, extending to a depth of seven fathoms, it has been estimated that it took the marine architects from 1000 to 2000 years to complete their coral residence.

From "The Coral Grove"

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove;
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift;
And the pearl-shell spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs where the tides and billows flow.
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there;
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air.

. . . . . .

There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea;
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe when the wrathful Spirit of Storms
Has made the top of the wave his own. — *Selected*

Stories from Starland

NUMBERING THE STARS

DEAR CHILDREN: There is a common idea that the stars you can see with the naked eye are countless. This is quite a mistake, for they have been carefully counted, and they reach to about six thousand; but most of them are so faint that really only about half that number can properly be seen without a telescope. This includes the stars that can be seen in both the northern and southern hemispheres. Of course one person can never see more than half at a given time because the rest are on the other side of the world.

But when we come to the number of stars seen in the telescope, then "countless" is a word not so much out of place. Even Galileo, with his little glass — not more powerful than a modern opera glass, and not nearly so perfect — could see 100,000, and in a great modern telescope the number seems infinite. Every year more and more are discovered by means of photography, which can represent more stars than the eye can see because the invisible ones print their pictures on the plates after very long exposures.

The earliest known catalog of stars was made by Hipparchus, a Greek astronomer who lived about 150 B. C., but the ancient Egyptians made maps of the sky showing the constellations, and they probably had star-maps which are not yet discovered. The ancient Hindûs, thousands of years ago, long before the Greeks, knew so much about the movements of the planets and their exact positions that they must have had splendid star-maps, but we have none of theirs either.

About twenty years ago astronomers decided that they would make a very handsome present to the people of the future by making, with the aid of photography, a perfect star-map of the heavens as they are today. This is a tremendous affair, but it is now nearly finished, and it will be of the greatest use in the future. When any new star appears, or when any change takes place in the position of any of the stars, the astronomers of the future will be able to examine the photographic star-atlas and see exactly what was the state of things in 1912. If we had a perfect star-map of B. C. 1912, or better still, of B. C. 19012, we should know a great deal more about the way the heavens are built and how the stars are moving.

There is one thing which is very puzzling, that is, *whether the universe of stars is a republic or a monarchy!* This sounds funny, but it means that we want to know if there is one central Sun, very enormous, which governs all the rest of the stars, and round which they all travel in some way or other, or if there is some other means by which the stars are governed in their movements so that the universe does not fall to pieces. If there is no center around which they move it is not clear why they do not all rush together and form one immense body made up of all the matter in the universe. These are problems which the greatest mathematicians have worked upon without success, though some of the brightest minds think that there is a central Sun for at least a great many of the stars, ruling them in some way. The great star-map will help the mathematical geniuses of the future to tackle this problem with more chance of finding the answer.

With the aid of this photographic map they may find the planet that is supposed to wander about in the extremely distant part of the Solar System, beyond Neptune, the farthest planet now known.

The Milky Way is another great mystery which the new map will help to clear up. The great question here, is whether it is the only one of its kind in the universe, or whether some of the nebulae (see picture, in the June MESSENGER, of the Nebula in Andromeda) are great bodies of stars like the Milky Way, only very much farther away. Affectionately yours, UNCLE SOL

THE SIBERIAN MAMMOTH

The Frozen Mammoths of Siberia

THE mammoth of the olden days was very like the Indian elephant; but his tusks had a more decided upward curl and he was covered with a coat of reddish hair. The natives of Siberia dig mammoths from the ice and frozen soil in great quantities, and firmly believe that they live underground like moles and burrow their way about with their tusks, but that they are so delicate that they die on smelling fresh air. The Chinese call them Tien-shu or "giant rat" and suppose that they cause earthquakes as they work their way beneath the ground.

Mammoths seem to have flourished in Siberia when the climate was warmer than it is now; but how came they to be overwhelmed and frozen in the river mud is quite a mystery. Some people have suggested that the earth has tilted on its axis more than once, so that lands which used to be at the Equator now lie near the North Pole,

while of course the regions of the former Pole have shifted to the equatorial zone.

It certainly looks as though nothing but a great catastrophe can have drowned and frozen so many huge animals all at one stroke. Their flesh has been so perfectly preserved by frost that dogs and wolves procure a splendid banquet free of charge when the cold meat is exposed by a landslip or is dug out by the native. A mammoth found on the banks of the river Kolyma was evidently feeding when he met his death, as pieces of half-chewed twigs were found between his teeth. The mammoths must have been frozen almost as soon as they died, or their bodies would have decayed, leaving only the bones to be preserved; and thus it really looks as though there may have been a sudden movement of the earth which caused great waves that washed the mammoths to the lower levels of the valleys, when they were suddenly frozen by their country being moved into the regions of the arctic cold.

Towards the end of the nineteenth century the tusks and other remains of 20,000 mammoths were imported into England, so there must have been a great population of these hairy elephants at one time.

The Arabs were the first to start the trade in fossil ivory, which, they declared, came from the "behemoth," and this word was later on changed into mammoth.

The modern elephant is so much hunted for his tusks that he is beginning to get scarce. It has been calculated that there are now only about 10,000 wild elephants left on the face of the earth. This, of course, is merely a rough guess. Elephants will never wholly die out, we are glad to know, because a large tract of land has been set aside for them in South Africa where no one is allowed to shoot them. P. L.

Turpentine

THE source of supply for American turpentine is the long-leafed pine, which grows principally in Georgia, North Carolina, Florida, and even as far west as in the forests of eastern Texas. The turpentine is procured by a cut made through the bark of the tree, through which the sap escapes into pails put there for the purpose.

Turpentine is classified with tar, pitch, and rosin, as a naval store, because at one time their principal uses were in connexion with ships. At the present time this classification still holds good, even though the uses of turpentine are more varied than formerly.

The crude turpentine is distilled, making spirits or oil of turpentine, which is in great demand for making varnishes, mixing with paints, and for medicinal purposes. After this process of distillation there is a solid product left, which is the common yellow rosin used for violin bows, and for making soap, candles, varnish, fireworks, and for caulking the seams of ships.

This natural product is in such demand at present that the trees already "boxed" are not sufficient for the increasing need and so 800,000 acres of new forest lands must be drawn upon annually to yield the supply. This makes it necessary to take some precaution for the conservation of the pine-tree, which at this rate would soon become extinct. Several plans have been put forward for years past for obtaining turpentine by some chemical treatment of the wood. These experiments have shown the possibility of doing this, but they have not been adopted as yet by the commercial world. S. B. P.

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"BOXING" A PINE TREE FOR GATHERING TURPENTINE

Sounding the Upper Air

JUST as the depths of the ocean may be measured by a sounding-lead at the end of a line, so, by sending up captive balloons, we may discover the height and thickness of the various layers of air which cover the globe like the skins of an onion.

The pilot-balloon is simply a little gas-bag tied to a string and allowed to float upward. By observing its motions as it drifts overhead, we can discover the direction of the wind in the different strata of the air which it passes through, and also get some idea of the speed at which the wind is traveling. At night the pilot-balloons carry an electric light inside the gas-bag, which, shining through the red covering, makes them look like little

rubies shining in the sky. This enables the observer to distinguish them from the stars among which they seem to float.

The sounding-balloon is larger and carries instruments for recording temperature, air pressure, wind velocity, and moisture. The gas-bag is only half-filled; but as it ascends and the pressure of the surrounding air grows less and less, the gas expands until at last it fills the bag. Floating still higher, the expanding gas explodes the gas-bag and the torn balloon falls gently to the earth, buoyed up by a parachute with which it is equipped. When it reaches the ground you can read the scratches which the instruments have been making on rolls of smoked paper, and from these self-made records you may obtain a complete history of the balloon's adventures.

The greatest height to which these sounding-balloons have yet reached is eighteen miles, a height at which no man could live. In their famous ascent in 1862 Glaisher and Coxwell attained a height of seven miles; but they nearly died of the cold and the lack of air. Curiously enough the lowest temperature was recorded in Central Africa, so that, while the negroes were toiling under the hot sun in their millet fields, and zebras and giraffes were panting with the heat, the "thermograph" twelve miles above their heads was scratching on the smoked recording-roll a temperature so low that the bears of the arctic regions could scarcely have endured it without overcoats. As is well known, the quicksilver in the bulb of a thermometer freezes into a solid metal bullet at 40° below zero F., but on this occasion 119° below F. was registered, and in the heart of Africa!

Those fine-spun, fleecy streaks of cloud called "mare's tails," float about six miles overhead. They are not made of vapor, but of ice crystals, so great is the cold in that region. We may naturally wonder why it is that these streamers of solid ice do no fall to the ground, but they are probably wafted along and supported by the fierce gales which seem to blow continuously at those lofty altitudes at the rate of a hundred miles an hour.

The atmosphere is supposed to extend to a height of a hundred miles, but at this distance from earth it thins away to almost nothing. About half the total quantity of air is confined to a distance of three miles from the earth's surface, and after this limit it speedily becomes too rarefied to breathe.

Shooting-stars gliding into our atmosphere often leave a shining trail of dust behind them, which may remain visible for an hour or two, and by watching these luminous streaks much has been discovered about the velocity and direction of the higher currents of the air.

These trails of shining dust are most easily seen at a height of fifty-five miles. It sometimes happens that there is a layer of air five miles thick which lies in a state of perfect calm, while just above it the wind may be tearing along at a hundred miles an hour. Every one has noticed a similar thing among the lower "strata" or layers of the atmosphere, where low clouds are often seen scudding along in one direction, while a little higher still, the clouds are gently drifting the opposite way.

With the growing use of flying machines it is becoming of more importance to understand the movements of the upper air for the guidance of air-travelers.

It may perhaps appear a little strange that the higher layers of the atmosphere which are nearer the sun, the source of heat, should be much colder than the lower layers, where we live and breathe. But although we are warmed by his rays, there is no proof that the sun himself is hot. The sun, for aught we know, may be as cool as the dynamo which sends its cold current of electricity along the wires to our electric lamp. In trying to pass the coiled filament it meets resistance. Heat is produced and the filament glows white-hot. In much the same way the sun's rays may only develop heat when they strike the earth. P. L.

The Indians of the Painted Desert

IT was a genuine treat for the Râja Yoga students, when, on Thursday, June 27, upon an invitation from Katherine Tingley, Professor George Wharton James, editor of the magazine *Out West* and the author of numerous works on the American Indian, delivered an illustrated lecture at the Râja Yoga College.

Professor James is an eminent authority on the subject of the Great West, and has been a constant companion of the Indians of this region for thirty-one years.

The first of the stereopticon views presented by Professor James showed the wonderful petrified forest of Arizona which is to be met in journeying into the land of the Painted Desert. The Painted Desert Region is the home of the Hopi, Navajo, Wallapai, and Havasupai tribes. It is a region of magical beauty, consisting of a flat, many-hued plain broken by three large mesas, or tablelands, which stretch out like "three great fingers of rock from a gigantic misshapen hand." Upon each of these mesas the Indians have their homes, to which the Professor introduced his listeners as the views succeeded one another.

ENTRANCE TO A KIVA

Here was a veiw of the Hopi town of Hano, seen from the head of the trail, rising in terraced stories, its mud-built walls flanked by ladders. In this view the absence of doors to the houses was noticeable, indicating a precaution against attack from hostile tribes. For the Hopi house is the Hopi fortress; in order to reach the ground floor one must

climb the ladder and descend by a hole in the roof.

A prominent feature in all Hopi pueblos is the Kiva, or sacred ceremonial chamber. From without it appears as the opening to a well with a ladder protruding from the top. But despite its commonplace aspect, it is the most sacred portion of the Indian village.

Many interesting views were shown of the Hopi women and children, one of them being a pretty picture of a brother and a sister, the youth with his bow and arrow poised ready to shoot. Also there was shown a crowd of young folk off for a ride on their pet "burro," the "automobile of the desert."

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COSTUMES AMONG THE INDIANS OF TAOS PUEBLO, NEW MEXICO

In several of the views were to be seen Indian children dressed in apparel of Indian weaving, which Professor James testified to as far out-lasting the clothes of the white man. He spoke of the fine health of the Indian children, who live almost entirely in the open air, and, paying a high tribute to the little Hopi youths and maidens, the speaker gave glowing accounts of their fine natural courtesy and good feeling, also remarking on the total absence of habits of cruelty or unkindness. Indeed, kindness and consideration are very marked characteristics of these Indians in their native environment. When the speaker was among them he had occasion to pass many days without being able to remove his clothes; but whenever he signified his desire to snatch a few hours of sleep, his kind host would immediately go out to all the neighboring houses with the warning, "Hush, hush, make no noise; our white brother is resting!"

When a guest of the Indians one is never invited to partake of this or of that. The genial host expects his guest to feel that all the possessions of his host are at his command. The Indian's hospitality is that large-hearted warm hospitality that loves the guest for the guest's own sake and shows itself in a natural and spontaneous manner.

The lecture was most interesting. All present were transported for the time being to that region of charms and wonders — the Painted Desert, the home of a peace-loving people of Mother Nature.

The music rendered by the Point Loma Orchestra at the opening and close of the lecture was selected from that weirdly wonderful creation, *The Indian Suite* of Edward MacDowell. M. M.

A Suspended Railway

AN elevated railway of novel design has recently been constructed in Germany, the novel feature being that instead of running *on* the elevated track, as is the ordinary method, it is suspended beneath the track, and uses only one rail from which to hang. The great disadvantage is that the cars cannot be transferred to ordinary tracks, and are therefore confined to the limits of the elevated road. But the advantages, though not at first apparent, are many. The cost is far less than that of any other elevated railroad; the power required to run the motors is from one-half to one-sixth the ordinary amount; the speed is double; and among minor advantages are such things as immunity from snow troubles, ability to take curves with great speed and safety, cleanliness, etc. W. T.

A ZOOLOGICAL phenomenon of unusual occurrence has recently been revealed at Lake Nicaragua by the discovery there of sharks, a salt water fish, apparently thriving in the fresh water of the lake. The explanation is that the lake was at one time part of the sea, which having been cut off by upheavals of the sea bed, gradually lost its salt.

RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER

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THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC AND DRAMA, AND THE RÂJA YOGA ACADEMY, LOMALAND AS SEEN FROM ONE OF THE GARDENS

How Thoughts Grow

THOSE who depend for their thoughts upon what is given in books know very little of the vitality and strength of mind that comes to those who *try* to think and understand things for themselves. Of course books are dear friends to all of us; for by their means we come to know what the brightest minds of the world have to teach. But we should never forget that to *understand* the great things of life, we must learn how to think in a strong way and not wish others to do our thinking for us. Those strong and helpful people who are ever giving things a lift because of their buoyant self-reliance, know that true thought grows from within, as the result of a desire to know and an effort truly made to search for knowledge, in which something more than a passing interest is taken.

Thoughts, though they sometimes appear to come without warning, are, in their growth, governed by well-regulated laws. Our rivers of thought are woven with many other things into the fabric of our characters. They are like the busy thoroughfares of a great metropolis, each one in some way connected with the life of the whole. It follows then that thoughts are formed in accordance with what character we possess and with our *power to act*. No idea that is of value, be it personal, or of a nature affecting the world, is without proof of this. Every constructive thought comes to us as an overtone of the experience that naturally follows endea-

vor. We cannot possibly act without altering the current of our thoughts.

Did it ever occur to you that the dreamers and failures one meets with are as they are because they lacked the power to appreciate the connexion between acts and thoughts? The design and plan of life counts for little when far removed from the field of action. Those thoughts then that we may truly know as our own, are the outgrowth of *doing* things and taking an interest in them, and their presence is as natural as that of leaves and flowers upon a tree.

He makes a great mistake who supposes that by the mere process of memorizing he can cause the thoughts of others to become his own. Book knowledge is not unlike painted scenery within a theater. It appears to be real at first, but this idea is corrected as we grow older and find that much more is needed to make our knowledge real. Our acts and thoughts must be in harmony and must give expression to the noblest and best that is in our lives. If this be not so, we may as well place the plucked blossoms from one vine among the twining leaves of another, and expect them to grow. Such conditions are not in the nature of anything; but the lesson, though simple, is far from being learned.

We are too often misled by wishes, hopes, and ambitions. They are negative entities, and unless an indomitable will breathes through them they are little better than a flitting Will-o'-the-wisp. The things that we like and desire are easy to work for, and in this we are often misled by wishes and appetites that we know to be wrong. So we should cultivate a strong *interest* in our studies and duties, because a feeling of interest in great things awakens the power *to think* and to cope with them.

It is therefore the hidden power in everything that we must seek out and learn to know. The search will prove well worth our time, and bring the realization that abilities and faculties only unfold in the *doing* of what is nearest. Instead of wandering far afield in quest of something great, we shall open our minds to what is nearer home, and from an awakened interest in our work and studies find that the great things of life, which we usually regard as being far away in the future, are really right here in the present, simply needing a strong and self-reliant boy or girl to take possession of them.

The Sculptor Boy

W. E. Doane

CHISEL in hand, stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him;
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed before him.

He carved that dream on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision;
In heaven's own light the sculptor shone,
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our lives uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour, when, at God's command,
Our life-dream passes o'er us.

Let us carve it, then, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision;
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own—
Our lives, that angel vision. — *Selected*

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A RÂJA YOGA BOY OF LOMALAND

Discipline the body, the temple of the living God, make it a sweet, pure, strong vehicle for its life-work. Make it acquainted with its divine nature, point out its companion in arms, the little evil-doer, the undeveloped lower nature, seeking entrance but to blind it and draw it away from its good, true, happy, joyous, place in life. — *Katherine Tingley*

I Have a Little Garden

MAY GILLINGTON

I HAVE a little garden,
'Tis only six feet square,
But every day I leave my play
That I may labor there.
For in a little garden,
However small it be,
There's something new each day to do,
And something fresh to see.

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PUPILS GATHERING FLOWERS IN A LOMALAND GARDEN

And sometimes I am weeding,
And sometimes I must hoe,
And sometimes dig the furrows big,
All neatly row by row;
And if the summer weather
Is very dry and hot,
The gard'ner feeds his plants and seeds,
From out a wat'ring-pot.

I sow the mighty sun-flower,
The tiny mignonette;
The climbing scarlet-runners
Are in my garden set;
The robin sits to watch me
Upon the garden wall,
But if he sees my beans and peas,
He never steals at all.

I rake my little garden,
I make it spick and span,
I try to keep the borders deep
As tidy as I can;
And when you come dear Mother,
My growing flowers to view,
I'll pluck the best and prettiest,
And give them all to you. — *Selected*

HAPPY children: "Only in their mirth is home complete." — *Walter Smith*

Punctuality

NATURE loves law and order, and has a place for everything, and everything in its place; so, too, she has certain times and seasons for all things, and those who have ever worked with her know how much depends on obeying those unwritten laws. So great is their power, that he who sets them aside has chosen to walk tangled paths with sightless eyes.

Of these laws, that referring to time is one of the most important. Punctuality would verily be a saving grace in the lives of some people, and among the many there are few who could not with profit cultivate it more. Its effects are far-reaching, and spread like the tiny ripples that follow the casting of a stone upon the smooth surface of the water. The result of any break in this law is naturally as extensive in its effect. Carelessness begins with the little things, but soon includes those of greater importance, and like some loathsome weed it chokes out all the fairer blossoms of our characters. It is seen not only in being a few minutes late for this class, or a little behind time in doing that duty, but makes itself felt in everything we undertake. A person who is careless about being on time will also be slack in keeping things in order; and who knows but that those who find it so hard to make both ends meet would soon have the problem solved if they would only learn the value of time!

These things mean so much to us because of this very application to our daily lives. They are very near to us, so near in fact that we cannot turn without coming in contact with them, and we never can truly understand them until we are willing to look within ourselves for their causes. We go along from day to day leaving a screw loose here, or a weakened link in some place else, and then before we know it something has happened which affects the whole world! How did it happen? Not all at once and without warning, but as the result of our setting aside one of the laws of Nature.

Were account kept of all such occurrences, publications would have no room for anything else. But because we do not always see these things or hear of them, we cannot deny their existence. More than that, as each and every one of us is responsible for them, with us lies the double responsibility of finding the remedy.

Perhaps the greatest fault lies in procrastination. He who never puts off until tomorrow what he can do today, is the man who is ready at all times; and the most dis-

agreeable duties lose their power to repel when done at once.

The first step along the right road having been taken, there will be a wish to go farther, and we cannot too soon take it and find the joy of being on time. HAZEL

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"I 'LL PLUCK THE BEST AND PRETTIEST,
AND GIVE THEM ALL TO YOU."

When Once-Upon-a-Time and Long-Ago Met Happy-Ever-After

ONCE-UPON-A-TIME and Long-Ago were wandering wearily over the hills.

"Dearie-me," said the first old fellow, "I wish the children of now-a-days loved us as the children used to do."

"Aye, friend," said the second graybeard. "These little folk are missing something when they neglect us as they do."

They shook their heads and sighed, as oft of late they had done, and, leaning heavily on their stout canes, went down a small path. They came to a house where the door stood wide open. They could see within a child reading in the lamplight. They stood on the threshold. The child looked up and, upon seeing them, said, "Come in, Grandfathers, and sit you down and rest."

They went in. The child placed a chair for each, and then brought them food and drink. They sat without speaking until they were refreshed, and then one of them looked up and asked, "Child, do you know who we are?"

"I do not know your names, Grandfathers, yet I seem to know your faces."

"He is Once-Upon-a-Time," said Long-Ago.

"And he is Long-Ago," said Once-Upon-a-Time.

"And I, I am Happy-Ever-After — did you know me?" asked the child.

"You are?" queried Long-Ago. "I said to myself, 'It is the Child of the New Time,' when I saw you reading beside the light."

"And I said to myself, 'It is the world's lost Happiness,' when I looked in at the door," said Once-Upon-a-Time.

"And you were both right, Grandfathers," said the child. "I *am* of the New Time, though linked with you in the Olden Golden Time. I have long sat here reading in the ancient fairy-books all through the night hours, waiting for you to come back to show me the way into the real world. For I, its lost Happiness, cannot go there except by the old ways of Long-Ago and Once-Upon-a-Time."

The two old friends looked at each other in surprise.

"Do you hear him talk?" asked one.

"Do you mind what he says?" asked the other.

Then they arose and walked to the doorway. Below the hills the world lay in darkness and seemed too heavily slow ever to lift and lighten. The child, seeing their distress, went and stood between them and smiled, first upon one and then upon the other.

"Grandfathers, shall I then lead the way?" he proposed, as if challenging them.

"Let us go," they said together. So all three walked down the hills and straight across mountain and plain and valley until they came to a Râja Yoga school-room, where the little children were saying their tables.

"Here's the place I have dreamed of," said Once-Upon-a-Time.

"It feels like my own country here," said Long-Ago.

"It is home," said Happy-Ever-After.

The children looked up and quickly welcomed in their guests; and there, when you visit Lomaland, you shall find them all together: the old dear faces of Long-Ago and Once-Upon-a-Time, who are being waited upon and petted and helped into peaceful days by Happy-Ever-After, the child whose name you always find over the page, next-door neighbor to Finis. WINIFRED

HE will not blush that has a father's heart
To take in childish joys a childish part;
But bends his sturdy back to any toy
That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy.
— *William Cowper*

THE foes with which they waged their strife
Were passion, self, and sin;
The victories that laureled life
Were fought and won within.
— *Edward H. Dewart*

Advice to Small Streams

"IF I were you I should practise laughing and leave off sighing. The west wind and the humans can do all the sighing that is needed in this world," said the grandmother guardian of the wild flowers to the stream in the forest.

"Did I sigh?" asked the stream in surprise, for he was really a very contented body and quite unconscious of giving offense to any one.

"Sigh?" she repeated. "You sigh all the time. You worry me with your eternal sighing. I wake up at all

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DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT IS LONG-AGO AND HAPPY-EVER-AFTER?

hours of the night thinking that some unthinking human is trampling in my seed-beds, to find it is only your sighing that has startled me. It's a bad habit, my young friend, and one you cannot correct too soon."

"Well, I declare! Is sighing a bad habit?" asked the stream, becoming more and more astonished at the old woman's cross words and irritable manner, for she was usually the gentlest-voiced creature in the forest.

"It certainly is," said she, unrelenting. "There are sounds of sorrow here that can't be helped. The branches must sometimes crackle and break. The rocks must sometimes fall and crash into things. The little wild beasts must live in constant terror and give voice to their fears, but these are nothing compared to the awful sounds that penetrate into the forest stillness from outside. Now it's a stream's business to laugh and dance and bring good cheer. When I hear you sighing I think you were not well taught up there on the hilltop where you came from."

"At least," said the stream with dignity, "at least we were polite and friendly up there, as I remember. We did not find fault with each other."

"Botheration!" exclaimed the old woman shrilly. "You were very young when you left there, and undoubtedly did not understand the full meaning of words that were used in your presence. You were perhaps criticised less kindly behind your banks when you could not defend yourself."

"I doubt it," began the stream angrily, and then controlling his feelings he said more quietly, "But don't let's quarrel, Grandmother. I suppose you mean well and that it is only your manner of speaking that slightly annoyed me for a moment. I'm very sorry, if I do sigh, that it disturbs you."

"I was thinking of you and of what you are missing, more than of any disturbance to myself," said the old woman, tartly still. "As you go on you will need to learn to laugh, I assure you, or else your voice will be quite drowned out by the sad sounds that will press in upon you."

"Why," asked the stream, "how do you know? Have you been out of the forest that you know all this, Grandmother?"

"Aye," she said, solemnly. "Out of the forests into the markets, and back again, time out of mind. I have heard the shrieking of factory whistles and the moaning and groaning of a thousand different kinds of distress. I scatter my wild-flower seeds wide over country fields and village paths, and busily tend them, as you know, and my whole object in doing so is to help to keep back some of the bitter tears that would otherwise fall."

"Oh Grandmother, Grandmother," earnestly said the stream, "I shall learn to laugh and to sing, and perhaps I shall become a help to you along with the wild-flower seeds, and maybe bring happiness to some sad being who needs just such joy as I can offer."

The stream leaped over a rock and fell with a merry shout into a little stony pocket, and then danced around a dozen curves, singing as it went.

The old grandmother guardian of the wild flowers poked holes in the soft bank with her cane and filled them up with tiny seeds that she took out of her apron; she pushed some dry leaves into a hollow and left them to care for the violet roots. All the while she talked to herself like this: "I'll follow him up. I'll watch him closely. I'll remind him of his promise, if ever he once forgets to laugh and dance and sing. The idea of a stream's having to be reminded of such things!"

So, chuckling to herself over all the words she had said, and those she still meant to say, she hobbled rapidly away in the direction that the little laughing stream had taken.

ZELLA

THE mother's heart is the child's school-room.—*Beecher*

The Fairies' Fiddler (Welsh Air: *Ffarwel Ned Puw*)

KENNETH MORRIS

A SONG comes breathing on the breeze,
And down around the mountain;
It rose behind the alder trees,
And died beside the fountain.
The dragonfly that darted by,
A flame among the rushes,
He heard the phantom crwth, in truth,
Five bars above the bushes:
I wander the hills through the long summer day-time,
When the dog-roses bloom through the laughter-loud hay-time,
And the tall foxgloves wave in their beauty.

A rumor ran along the trees,
And roused the dreaming heron;
It's dear knows what he hears and sees
When the moon is o'er Cilgerran;
Nor what wild wisp of song should come
At midnight down the river,
To set the vicar's hives a-hum,
His ivy-leaves a-quiver.
And its sweet in the moonlight, when fairies are roaming,
To dance the long nights by the wild waters foaming,
With the deathless young Children of Beauty.

A fiddler strayed away one day
Where the Tylwyth Teg were dancing;
And now he keeps the heather gay,
Its diamond-dews a-glancing.
At Mwnt he set the warren-folk
With long ears listening, listening;
The last green, tumbling wave that broke
He held a moment glistening.
By the long sands of Teifi in sunlight a-glimmer,
I pass like a dream through the June noonday shimmer—
Ah, the soul of this wild world is Beauty!

Oh, gold would grow the gorse and broom,
And bells would bloom in the woodland,
But where'd be half the glory and gloom
And glow of Gwalia's good land,
Were no wild music midst her hills
To enchant the stars above her,
And keep a-dance her daffodils,
And make the lone sun love her?
It's the fire in the mountains would grow cold without me,
And the wandering song I'll be squandering about me
Till the world is burnt up by its Beauty.

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THE FAIRY GLEN, BETTWS-Y-COED, WALES

Visit of Welsh Singers to Lomaland

THERE is hardly a month that passes that does not witness the formation of some new link in the international chain of our Râja Yoga work. In the visit to Lomaland of the Mountain Ash Male Choir of Wales, on the twenty-fifth of July, a very strong and lasting tie was formed with that country.

Whoever has had the good fortune to spend any period of time in Wales can never forget its remarkable beauty. The majestic hills, slightly veiled in raiment of purple mist, are invested with an air of charm and mystery. Many small rivers and streams abound in exquisite shade grottoes, where also the beautiful mountain ash droops over silent pools. Abroad on the open moorland, fragrant freshness from the purple heather fills the air, whilst here and there the golden gorse flashes its yellow blossoms out of the quiet background.

A Welsh cottage is a marvel of cosy comfort and cleanliness. The clean red tile floor, the snowy deal table, the shining pewter on the shelves, and the equally bright pots and pans on the walls, make the Welsh kitchen a model one. And to contact the housewife and her family is to find oneself immediately drawn into a lasting friendship with these generous-hearted people. All is hospitality, good-will, and welcome to the guest, whoever he may be.

It is from this land, from these surroundings, and out of such households, that come the members of the Mountain Ash Male Choir.

They came out to Point Loma about ten o'clock in the morning, and as they drove up in the autos the first sound they heard was Weber's

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RIVER TEIFI AND CILGERRAN CASTLE, WALES

Overture to *Euryanthe* being played by the Râja Yoga Orchestra, which continued as the guests entered the Rotunda. At the close of this number, the orchestra played the Welsh National Anthem, accompanied by the voices of our guests.

A brief speech of welcome by one of the Râja Yoga students was then given, followed by a short program consisting of instrumental solos, a number by the Râja Yoga String Quartet, and a song *By the Waters of Babylon* rendered by the Râja Yoga Girls' Chorus. The last number was Elgar's March, *Pomp and Circumstance,* played by the Point Loma Orchestra.

Before the final orchestral number it was announced that the Choir would sing one song for us. Needless to say, this was received with rounds of applause. The song chosen was the *March of the Men of Harlech,* which was rendered in Welsh. There are probably few people unacquainted with this air, but it is doubtful if one in a hundred has any conception of its effect when sung by a trained choir of nineteen Welsh singers.

At the close of the reception the guests were shown about the grounds, and after an exchange of many good wishes departed for San Diego, filled with appreciation for everything they had seen and heard while on their short visit to Lomaland.

During their stay in the city the members of the Choir paid visits to various points of interest in Southern California. It was in taking an auto ride into Mexico that they brought great happiness to an afflicted countryman. While stopping at National City, en route for the Mexican border, Mr. Glyndwr Richards, the musical director, learned that somewhere in that town there dwelt a native of Mountain Ash, the home of Mr. Richards and his Welsh comrades, and that this resident was blind and paralysed. Immediately the party left their autos and began a search for their unfortunate countryman. They succeeded in locating his residence, and all entered the house of the afflicted old man and gave him a rousing chorus. Imagine the happiness that came into that life at the sound of the hearty voices of his own countrymen singing *Comrades in Arms.*

The Râja Yoga students will long remember the visit of the Mountain Ash Male Choir to Lomaland. They brought a living touch of the Musical Soul of Wales, with its warmth of heart and instant appreciation of the truth of Universal Brotherhood.

On the morning of their departure from San Diego, a committee from Point Loma bade our Welsh friends farewell and gave them a little souvenir of their visit

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PONTAMMAN, AMMANFORD, WALES

to Lomaland. This consisted of a poem, *Old Brynhyfryd Garden*, by our Welsh comrade Mr. Kenneth Morris, which had been set to music especially for this occasion by our fellow-student Rex Dunn, director of the Râja Yoga Orchestra. The music manuscript was bound in a gray cover lettered in white and dedicated to the leader of the choir, Mr. Glyndwr Richards. MONTAGUE M.

OLD BRYNHYFRYD GARDEN

By KENNETH MORRIS

THERE 'S a quiet old enchantment of the heart that 's calling, calling
From when Myrddin wielded magic powers, and Gwydion wove his tales;
And you 'll hear it any April morn, when the apple-bloom is falling
In old Brynhyfryd Garden, in White, Wild Wales.

There 's an Ousel in the Orchard there, and dear knows what he 's telling;
But I think there 's Welsh comes welling from his throat when no one 's nigh,
And it 's he that in Cilgwri in the olden days was dwelling,
And he saw the Quest of Cilhwch, and the old worlds die.

There 's a lonely, lofty spirit that will fire your soul with craving
For the kind and haughty glory of the old, Heroic Kings,
Where the foxglove and sweet-william on the turf-topped walls are waving
In old Brynhyfryd Garden, when the West Wind sings.

There 's a ruin filled with nettles, where I think Ceridwen lingers
When she 's out to gather herbage for the Wisdom Broth she brews:
And maybe you 'll close your eyes there, and you 'll feel the touch of fingers,
Or the dropping down of healing with the cool June dews.

Ancient Magic of the World, it 's the fires of you are burning
When the Wind is in the pine tops, and the moon is o'er the vales;
It 's a rumor of immortal hopes, Immortal Hearts returning
That 's in old Brynhyfryd Garden in the white West of Wales.

Lomaland, California, August 1911

Chamber Music

IN describing good music there are certain adjectives which are invariably pressed into service and which, because of their constant use, have become either meaningless or else misleading. Probably one reason for this is the fact that, on the whole, people receive much less education along musical lines than along others, save the actual members of the musical profession. The latter, on the other hand, suffer to a certain extent from that over-development on this one line which so often occurs.

The secret of the Râja Yoga system of education is *balance*, equal development along all lines as far as possible. This does not imply that special aptitude along any one line is checked or retarded for the sake of forcing another line of development for which the student has neither taste nor talent. But it does mean that his own special talents shall be given a fuller opportunity for maturing by encouragement and, indeed, by a demand for as full a development along all other lines as the student is capable of.

This feature of the Râja Yoga education results in a particular characteristic in the student: it saves him from becoming a fanatic on one subject, and causes him to acquire a *sincerity* on all subjects. And be assured this is the keynote in any pursuit; art must be sincere, if it be anything. And as sincerity is an attribute of the real man, and is the heritage of many lives and many experiences, therefore the man whose work has the ring of sincerity is the man who sooner or later will produce great work, and original work, for true originality is really only absolute sincerity.

When we describe works of literature we rely not only on the adjectives beautiful, exquisite, lovely, etc. We speak of a book as "interesting," "deep," "true to life," as "showing insight into the feelings and aspirations of men and women."

Now to me it seems that with those who study music with thoroughness and earnestness, these same expressions will find application. And in our Râja Yoga College, under the direction of Katherine Tingley, music is a most important study and is presented in such a way as to evoke real earnestness from the student. A great musical work becomes as full of interest as a great piece of literature; among our students the masterpieces of Bach, Haydn, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Tschaikowsky, etc., are read and re-read, are studied and appreciated just as fully and genuinely as are Scott, Dickens, Carlyle Emerson, etc.

Of all the forms of musical composition, it is probable that in none have the greatest composers revealed their deepest thoughts or their most sincere musical ideas more fully than in their chamber music.

Chamber music is that class of compositions which is specially fitted for performance in a room, as distinguished from concert music, or dramatic music, or other such kinds as require large spaces for large volumes of sound.

Of the various forms of chamber music, as trios, quartets, quintets, sextets, and octets, the most characteristic and perhaps the most perfect is the string quartet consisting of two violins, a viola, and a 'cello. This combination "the great Beethoven in later years deemed the most perfect means of expressing his deepest musical thoughts, and left some of the greatest treasures of all music in that form," said Sir Hubert Parry.

Nor was Beethoven the only master who revealed the soul of his genius through this medium. In our Lomaland musical library is included a large assortment of quartet music, and in playing these compositions one comes in contact with some of the grandest achievements of many of the world's foremost composers. Thus, besides eleven quartets by Beethoven, two volumes by Schubert, including some of the most perfect productions of that great composer, there are great works for string quartet composed by the representative musicians of all nations. From Spain we have Lalo; from France, Saint-Saens, Godard, and others; from Germany, among

the foremost, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Raff, Jadassohn, Smetana, Brahms, and David; from Bohemia, Dvorak, whose *New World Quartet* is world-famous; and from Russia, such composers as Tschaikowsky, Kopylow, Glazounow, and Gretchaninow.

It is in studying the works of such men as the above that one realizes that music deals with the ideas, the hopes, the resolutions of human life, just as literature does. With what intense interest one follows the actions and reflections that go to make up a character of Dickens! Well, to the earnest student of music a Beethoven quartet, or a Tschaikowsky quartet, presents a character, or characters, just as true to life as those of the great author. Indeed, one is carried away to another world in endeavoring to express *all* that the composer revealed when he wrote one of these compositions, and that world differs with each composer and with each work, but it is always a grand and ennobling world and ever tends to exert an uplifting influence upon the life of the earnest student. I believe there are few combinations in which such thorough musical education is obtainable, or in which such perfect unity and sympathy may prevail, as in that small body of players required to produce the masterpieces of chamber music. M. M.

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THE RÂJA YOGA ORCHESTRA OF LOMALAND

Madame Le Brun

(1755-1842)

MADAME Vigée Le Brun was a great French painter of the eighteenth century. She lived in Paris at the time just preceeding the French Revolution, and was on friendly terms with Marie Antoinette and the other members of the royal household, besides being acquainted with the great artists, actors, and men of letters of that day.

Her artistic career was long and brilliant. As a girl, she received ready encouragement from her father, who was himself a pastel painter. When her father saw one of her first drawings — a rough sketch of a man's head, drawn by lamplight — he was greatly delighted, and said: "You will be a painter, my child, if ever there was one!" She was then only seven years old; but as long as she lived, she kept that picture, and with it the cherished memory of her father's early encouragement.

Like many children of artistic talents, she practised her art at school, to the detriment of the school-books and even the walls of the class-rooms, thus bringing herself into frequent disgrace.

She "finished her education" at the age of eleven, and returned to her parents. At home she had every opportunity to continue her development as an artist, receiving help from Doyen, a friend of her father, and also from a professor of the Academy. Her greatest joy was to go to her father's studio and work with his crayons and chalks.

Her advance was very marked, and she soon became known as a portrait-painter. From the time her father died until her mother married again she supported the family by her works. At this time, when she was but fifteen, she made her acquaintance with the ladies of the court. Her home in Paris overlooked the terrace of the Royal Palace, where she often saw the ladies walking in the gardens. They in turn observed her, and one day the Duchesse de Chatres asked Elizabeth Vigée to paint their portraits. This was but the beginning of a period so busy for her that she hardly had time to do all that was asked of her. She also attended many social functions, where she won great favor by her great beauty, grace, and quick wit.

Madame Le Brun painted many portraits of Marie Antoinette, two of the most famous being the full length portrait in the garden, and *Marie Antoinette with her*

Children, which is a charming family group. This second painting was a favorite of Louis XVI, who said to the artist, "I do not know much about painting, but you make me love it."

Her home at this time was the gathering-place of many famous people, so many, indeed, that she sometimes had not chairs enough to go round. Her entertainments were unique, especially the one which represented a Greek symposium. The costumes for the guests were hastily arranged from the studio drapery, pottery was borrowed for the occasion, and even the refreshments were made and served in Greek style. When two latecomers arrived, they were struck dumb with astonishment on seeing the whole assembly singing one of Gluck's Greek choruses, and in that Greek setting.

When the French Revolution broke out Madame Le Brun fled with her daughter to Italy, where she was most cordially received in the various cities, being asked to paint her portrait to hang in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence. She traveled extensively over Italy, Austria, Russia, England, Germany, and Switzerland, which she tells about in her book *Souvenirs.* In each of these countries she was received by the royalty and commissioned to paint their portraits. In Switzerland she painted a number of landscapes. Her work includes about six hundred and sixty portraits and over two hundred landscapes. It is celebrated for its delicacy, and for the grace of her models. Perhaps the best-known of her works is the portrait of herself and her daughter, which hangs in the Louvre. Some of her other pictures are portraits of *Madame Molé-Raymond, Stanislaus Poniatowski,* and *Hubert Robert,* and an allegorical picture of *Peace bringing Plenty.*

Madame Le Brun was the last representative of the eighteenth-century school of French painting. S. B. P.

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MME. ELISABETH LOUISE VIGÉE LE BRUN, AND HER DAUGHTER

THE Greeks considered music to be of the highest educational value. "Music is a moral law," said Plato. "It gives a soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gaiety and life to everything. It is the essence of order, and leads to all that is good, just, and beautiful, of which it is the invisible but nevertheless dazzling, passionate, and eternal form." And to quote the same great philosopher again: "Musical training is a more potent influence than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the secret of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace and making graceful the soul who is rightly educated."

In the Isles of the Pacific

DURING the closing years of the nineteenth century America became the possessor of numerous islands in the Pacific, among which is the group called the Hawaiian Islands. Geologically speaking these islands are among the youngest lands of the earth, being only a few hundred thousand years old. In spite of their youth and small size, however, one finds there a goodly array of interesting and wonderful sights, great natural beauty as well, and climatic advantages attractive to tourists.

A STREET SCENE IN HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

There are eight principal islands, Hawaii, Maui, Oahu, Kauai, Kahoolawe, Lanai, Molokai, and Niihau. These islands are volcanic in origin, as is easily guessed from the number of active and extinct volcanoes found there.

Kilauea is perhaps the most interesting of the active volcanoes. It is easily accessible; indeed, automobiles can take the tourist to within a few yards of the surging fires. Kilauea is a double pit — the outer wall is 600 feet high and over seven miles around. Black lava, chilled into solid waves of weird and varied shapes, forms the floor, over which one may safely venture to the edge of the central opening into the earth, from which burst lava, flame, and uproar. It has a fitting name, *Halemaumau*, the "House of Everlasting Fire."

Another famous volcano is Mauna Loa, which is active at times.

The eastern half of the island of Maui is occupied by the greatest extinct volcano in the world. It is called *Haleakala*, meaning "The House of the Sun." Its dimensions are so remarkable that they deserve to be widely noted. The greatest width is seven and a half miles, with a circumference more than twenty. Its greatest height is 10,032 feet, and 2500 feet below one sees the bed. Over this floor are scattered a number of cones, varying in height from 300 to 1000 feet. Where the opening to the internal fires once existed, are now two gaps, through which ancient flows of lava spread over the eastern and southern sides of the mountain.

The Hawaiian archipelago is most favorably situated. The group is blessed with a delightful climate, remarkably equable; and abundant rainfall fosters the brilliant and luxuriant verdure natural to tropical lands. All who go there are impressed with the beauties of the scenery, embracing almost all forms — high mountains, level plains, valleys, cataracts, beaches, and sheltered bays. Fortunately for those who love to seek out the strange and beautiful plants and flowers of strange colors and shapes and rich fragrance, there are no poisonous plants, nor harmful animals or reptiles.

The richness and fertility of the soil permit all kinds of fruits and tropical products to be extensively raised. Sugar is now the principal export, but recently large plantations have been devoted to pineapples, bananas, and other fruits, and they are a source of great wealth, being easily shipped to countries of colder climate. Among other lucrative industries are the cultivation of cotton, rubber, and tobacco. Anything will flourish in these islands, but the above-mentioned are the most extensive and important products.

The natives are a very interesting people, and their

history boasts some striking figures, one of their native kings, Kamehameha the Great, sometimes being called the Napoleon of the Pacific.

Among their interesting customs is their manner of surf-bathing. Sometimes the waves drive their boats straight to the shore, and one of their accomplishments is to stand on a board which the ingoing wave bears on its crest to the beach and lands them in safety. At Waikiki a coral reef guards the bathing beach from sharks, and so makes it safe from accidents.

All these islands afford sport of various kinds to the tourists, and it is not surprising that their many attractions have made them the pleasure-ground of many people. All modern improvements and conveniences have been introduced, and excellent facilities are offered for obtaining views of native Hawaiian life and becoming acquainted with Oriental manners and customs. KATE

Stories from Starland

SOME ASTRONOMICAL NOTES

MY DEAR CHILDREN: Today I am going to speak of some curious things about the stars which are not generally known or thought of.

It is often said that in the largest telescopes, such as the great Yerkes telescope of Chicago University, we can see the Moon as if it were but a hundred miles or so away from us. This is quite a mistake, for if we were really brought to a spot a hundred miles from the Moon's surface our satellite would look very different. We should see only a small part of the surface, because a hundred miles is a very short distance from the Moon when compared with its real size — over two thousand miles across. The view we should get a hundred miles off would be more like a view from a very high mountain, a landscape effect, while the view in the telescope is a sort of plan, because the distance is so great (about 250,000 miles). The telescope only enlarges the view that the naked eye gets; it does not perform the trick of bringing you nearer. Try to look at a globe close to, say from a spot two inches from its surface; then move away for a hundred yards and look at it through an opera glass. You will then see how very different the two views are.

There have been some curious people, even in this century, who believed the Earth was flat, and occasionally astronomers and others have taken pains to argue with them in order that the public generally should not be in the least deceived by the ignorance of the "flattists." Of course the reasons for knowing that the Earth is nearly a sphere are perfectly certain and capable of being proved to any one possessing common sense, but now and then something new comes up to support them. Lately an Italian astronomer has been carefully measuring the reflected image of the Sun when setting above a perfectly calm sea, and he has proved that it is slightly elongated, which is, of course, what would be expected in a reflection from a curved surface. If the Earth were flat the reflection would be circular, as in a flat looking-glass. Those who believed that the Earth is flat would have been puzzled to explain this.

THE MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS OF THE MOON

There is a bright star above our heads early these summer evenings, called Arcturus. It is very large, probably a thousand times as large as our Sun. Yet the heat it gives us is only the amount we should receive from a candle five or six miles off! This very tiny amount of warmth has been measured by wonderfully delicate instruments.

You might think that the light of the full Moon would be just double that of the half Moon, but it is not so. Careful observations made in Jamaica, where the moon-

light is very brilliant, prove that the full Moon gives twelve times as much light as the half Moon. The Sun is shining directly on the full Moon and there are no shadows of the lunar mountains then to be seen, but at half Moon the roughnesses on the Moon stand out in black and white and reduce the brilliancy.

You can have a little amusement the next time there is a full Moon by asking your friends to guess how large it appears when rising. All sorts of guesses will be given, few if any correct, and not many will believe that it appears only the size of a six-inch plate seen at the distance of 114 feet. Sometimes the Moon is a little larger and again a little smaller than that, according to its varying distance. It would take nearly 720 full Moons to reach round the sky touching each other in the largest possible circle.

Another almost unbelievable thing about the Moon is that it really measures less at rising than when high up in the sky. But it must be so, for it is 4000 miles nearer to the surface of the Earth when high up. Of course its distance from the center of the Earth is not changed, but we do not live at the center. We live on the surface, which is turning round and of which any point is continually changing its distance from the Moon. The difference in apparent size of the Moon in different positions is easily measured in the telescope, though the naked eye cannot detect it.

Affectionately yours, UNCLE SOL

AT the United States Testing Gardens at Fort Brown, Texas, a new tree, known as the tallow tree, is being grown.

These trees bear nuts that contain a rich tallow-like oil that has been found very valuable in the manufacture of high-grade varnishes and other much-used products.

The climatic and soil conditions in that section of Texas are apparently well adapted to the growth of this curious tree, and it seems probable that in the future it will be extensively cultivated.

THE deepest well in the world is in Germany and is 6572 feet deep. The deepest in the United States is in Pennsylvania. Its bottom is 5575 feet below the surface. A well reaching a depth of 3600 feet was drilled by primitive methods for obtaining petroleum in western China. The credit of reducing well-drilling to a science belongs to the Chinese.

WAVES are deceptive things. To look at them one would gather the impression that the whole water traveled. This, however, is not so. The water stays in the same place, but the motion goes on. In great storms waves are sometimes forty feet high, and their crests travel fifty miles an hour. The base of a wave (the distance from valley to valley) is usually considered as being fifteen times the height of the wave. Therefore a wave twenty-five feet high would have a base extending three hundred and seventy-five feet. — *Marine Journal*

Ever Onward

GERALD MASSEY

THERE'S always a river to cross,
Always an effort to make,
If there's anything good to win,
Any rich prize to take;
Yonder's the fruit we crave,
Yonder the charming scene;
But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,
Is the river that lies between.

'Tis weary watching wave by wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward,
We climb, like corals, grave by grave,
And pave a path that's sunward;
We're beaten back in many a fray,
But strength we borrow,
And, where the vanguard camps today,
The rear shall rest tomorrow.

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THE RÂJA YOGA CHILD IS TAUGHT TO BE KIND TO ALL CREATURES

The Birds of Lomaland

LOMALAND is getting to be a real bird land. Certainly they must have discovered it to be a very safe place for homes and families, for each year they return with their children and their children's children, their uncles and aunts and cousins, all their relations, and even a stranger or two. Each time they seem to lose a little more of the fear of human beings, so that now a few of the boldest have not hesitated to build right under our very noses, so to speak.

The smallest birds seem to be the most fearless. The little humming-birds have dared to build nests, one in the

pepper tree across the road that we pass along many times a day, another on a limb of a tree across a frequented path, while the third, the boldest of all, has built on a low branch of a cypress at the very door of the kitchen, where we have actually swayed the branch by knocking our heads against it, until we discovered the tiny nest and warned each other to be more careful.

In placing her nest so near at hand, Mistress Hummer gave us the delightful treat of watching the process of raising those two baby Hummers, from the time the pearly eggs were laid until the little birds spread their wings and flew away. The nest was about the size of half a hen's egg, the eggs were about the size of peas, and the little mother bird not nearly as large as your thumb. The nest looked like a knot on the branch, and the bird like a wisp of leaves, so perfectly did she fit herself into the nest as if she were a part of it, motionless most of the time, but with her little bright bead-like eyes ever on the alert. It took sharp eyes to first discover that little bird home in spite of its being so near at hand.

When the birds were hatched, it was curious to see her feed them by thrusting her long pointed bill into their open mouths and far down their throats. Sometimes she would stand on the edge of the nest, sometimes poise herself on fluttering wings in the air while she fed them from her own little crop.

It was most interesting to watch those little birds grow and fill the nest. They apparently had no fear of us, and we stopped many times a day to watch them as they swayed back and forth when the gentle wind rocked their cradle. How they managed to turn about in that small space and not fall out every time they did it, is a mystery; in fact, I believe one did fall out one day, but somebody put it carefully back without harm to it. Sometimes their two little heads would be turned the same way, sometimes they were head to tail. And all the time they kept growing, until it seemed as if the little nest would burst open.

Next, they began to exercise their little wings, standing on the edge of the nest. By this time their feathers began to take on the brilliant red and green iridescent colors, until one day the little muscles grew strong enough and the feathers grew long enough to carry them. So away they flew, first one and then in a few hours the other, leaving the little nest deserted.

The linnets are just about as fearless as the humming-birds. They build their nests under the tent flaps and in the window flower-boxes, and they often call to us for protection when danger, in the shape of cats and snakes or other enemies, assails their nests.

There is no doubt but that the birds know their friends and love the companionship of human beings; we cannot drive the mud-swallows away. Every year they return and build their little mud jugs of homes under the eaves of our bungalows, and they squeak at us in a very complaining manner if they feel that we are coming a little too near for their comfort.

A HUMMING-BIRD ON NEST

The quail — those very shy birds — do not hesitate to walk along the roof of the bungalow if they can do it early enough in the morning before we show many signs of stirring.

So we cultivate the friendship of these little feathered brothers of ours, and scatter crumbs and bits of string, and they in their turn reward us richly with their merry songs, with the confidence they show, and with their friendliness and lack of fear as they fly to our doors, and eat from our hands, and perch on branches so near that we may see all their pretty ways and bright plumage and hear the joy in their sweet little voices.

Last winter, after the high wind-storm which did such damage to the trees, I happened to go into the wild-flower garden and found it full of birds that had gathered there for protection behind the high cypress hedge. There was a covey of quail, besides all the smaller varieties of birds. I happened to notice two little humming-birds resting on a branch of a fallen tree; they appeared to be quite tired out. What do the birds, that have not a Lomaland garden to protect them, do in such a storm?

This year's strangers to Lomaland have been an eastern robin and a red-winged blackbird.

What the Lomaland children know about the birds is another story. I am only telling you about the birds and the Lomaland grown-ups. COUSIN EDYTHA

THE friendship of a child is the brightest gem set upon the circlet of Society.

A jewel worth a world of pains. — *Tupper*

The Names of Animals

THE kangaroo came by his name rather strangely. When first Australia was discovered a sailor pointed to a kangaroo and asked a native what they called that animal. The poor black man having never met an Englishman before, had no idea what the sailor was talking about and replied in his own language, *Kan ga roo*, that is, "I do not understand." The sailor foolishly supposed this was the name of the animal in the Australian tongue, and ever since we have called the animal kangaroo, "I do not understand."

A curious mistake occurs also in the word crayfish. The name was borrowed from the French, who call this lobster-like animal *écrevisse*. The English thought that because it lived in the water it must be a fish, and so we always call it the "cray*fish*." Of course the little creature is no more a fish than a seal is a fish, or a sponge or an oyster, although they also live in the water.

The large American cat known as the puma is very rich in names, which fact leads to no little confusion in the minds of young students of Natural History. The

KANGAROO GARDEN, SYDNEY, N. S. W., AUSTRALIA

early Puritan settlers in New England named the animal the "painter," meaning of course panther, because in shape and size it strongly resembles this fierce carnivore of the Old World. He also received the name "catamount," which was shortened down from "cat of the mountain." The reddish color of the fur of some of the specimens suggested the name "red tiger," while in certain places it was given the more majestic name of "mountain lion." In South America one of the native names was *cuguacuara*, but we have very sensibly knocked off four of the six syllables and shortened it to "cougar." The puma has such a wide range, being found from Canada to Patagonia, that naturally enough it receives a different name in the various countries and localities which it inhabits. Six names for one animal! No wonder readers of books of travel get confused.

When an animal becomes known for the first time to English-speaking people, they usually adopt the name it goes by in its native country. Thus our word camel is evidently the Hebrew name for that animal, *gamal*, which has become slightly changed in the course of time.

Sometimes we use a purely English compound word in place of the native name of the animal, which often seems a great pity. The Red Indians speak of the *wish-ton-wish* when they mean that pretty little marmot of the plains which we refer to as the "prairie-dog." It is not of the dog family, being far more nearly related to the guinea-pig than to the mastiff or the wolf.

The name guinea-pig was bestowed by a most unfortunate mistake. This little household pet is a cavy and not a pig, and does not come from the Guinea Coast of Africa but from Guiana on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean.

Every one at Point Loma knows the troublesome, burrowing pocket-gopher who makes his holes in our gardens and throws up the earth in unsightly heaps. When the French first settled on the eastern coast, they thought the numerous burrows made the ground like honeycomb, and so they called him *gaufre*, that is, "honeycomb," which later on became corrupted to gopher.

The study of animals' names leads us into many pleasant bypaths of learning, and it is well to cultivate the eager intellect to seize and use the fascinating histories of words. A mind well stored with information is a mine of treasure for the enrichment of all whom we meet. A well-read man may entertain a large party of travelers with his conversation and make them forget their weariness. Instead of each one thinking of his aches and pains, his hunger, and the cold and wet, their minds will be enchanted as the speaker carries their imaginations all over the world, and thus they are helped to break free from the miserable prison of self, while their liberated minds range free among the marvels of the universe. P. L.

Cooling the Desert of Sahara

ABOUT a quarter of that great expanse of sandy desert in the north of Africa is occupied by valleys lying lower than the Mediterranean, and so a Frenchman has proposed to dig a trench and let the sea run in and make a great salt-water lake. The hot and drying desert winds in passing over the lake would be cooled and loaded with moisture, and it may be that some of this moisture might be dropped as welcome rain upon the desert regions at the borders of the lake. Nourished by the rainfall a rich vegetation would clothe barren rocks and sandy wastes, and fruit and corn and cotton may one day be gathered in abundance where at present only lizards, ants, and stunted prickly bushes can be found.

Certainly it would be easier to go by boat over the new lake than to sit painfully on the rocking hump of a camel as he plodded through the sand, and thus the desert would be opened up for commerce, and the easy traveling would attract great crowds of visitors from other lands.

It is to be hoped that proper notice will be given before this scheme is carried out, or the Arabs camping in the valley bottoms may be surprised to wake up some day and find themselves taking an early morning swim in the blue salt water rushing in to fill the hollows.

It is said that the great reservoir built by the British at Assouan to store the Nile water, has already perceptibly altered the climate in the neighborhood, and there can be no doubt that by flooding a quarter of the Sahara Desert a very great effect would be produced. What will

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ARABS WITH THEIR "SHIPS OF THE DESERT"

the camel, "the ship of the desert," do when he is put out of business by the steamers plying to and fro on the new lake? They might be exported to Australia, where already they have been introduced and where they serve as beasts of burden in the deserts of the west. The lazy ones might be employed in the easier occupation of standing behind the bars of traveling menageries and giving children rides upon their backs on summer afternoons.

P. L.

The Library of Congress

THE Library of Congress was founded in 1800 and was located in the Capitol at Washington, where it remained for ninety-seven years. Upon the completion of a special building as its home, in February 1897, it was removed there.

The collection in the main library is the largest single collection in this hemisphere. The complete library contains about 1,500,000 books, pamphlets, manuscripts, maps and charts, pieces of music, photographs, prints, engravings and lithographs. This includes the law library, a part of which still remains at the Capitol.

Among the exhibits of rare and interesting books, which are chiefly on the second floor, are the *Records of the Virginia Company*.

The Library acquires books in various ways. Of some articles copyrighted one copy, and of others two copies have to be deposited with the librarian. The Smithsonian Institute exchanges books and other literature with other governments, for which purpose sixty sets of our government publications are placed at the disposal of the Librarian of Congress, and in case of necessity the number of sets may be increased to one hundred. As well as these two methods, annual appropriations are made by Congress, which cover the cost of maintenance of the Library as well as the purchase of books.

The Library is so large that about 430 employees are needed: for the Library proper, 253; Copyright Office, 68; disbursement and care of buildings and grounds, 127.

The Library of Congress, besides being of great use to the various departments of the Government, is open to the public at certain hours.

C. S.

Seagulls as Life-Savers

IN the days before light-houses were so common, many a ship has been saved from wreck by the cries of the gulls upon the cliffs. The gull keeps perfect silence as he flies at sea, and it is only when at home, upon the rocks on which he sleeps and builds his nest, that he lifts up his voice in concert with his neighbors, so that the ringing chorus can be heard far out at sea. When the crew on board a vessel in a storm heard the sea-gulls' cry, they knew the coast was near and thus were saved from being dashed to pieces on the rocks.

Sometimes, it is true, when gulls are busy among a shoal of fish in shallow water, they scream as they dispute about their catch; but of course they would never be fishing on a dark night on a stormy sea, and so to a sailor's ear the cry of the gulls means rocks and danger.

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Castle-Building

FOR the construction of a brick wall two things are necessary, the bricks and the mortar; if the bricks be of good quality and the mortar be properly mixed, then the success of the wall may be said to rest with the bricklayer. In a large city there are thousands of buildings of all shapes and sizes, and there is doubtless to be found material for building these houses. Some of this material is good, some of indifferent quality, and some useless; in one place it is being used at the moment in new construction, in another it lies forgotten, while some part of it again has been discarded as worthless material.

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ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

It is evident then that these bricks are of value only as a means of construction; as simple bricks they might have lain on the ground till time had dissolved them to dust and they would never have realized any object of use or beauty. Placed one upon another, they might have risen to form of their own weight a loose barrier to be overturned at the first shock; hence mere position is not the source of their value. But introduce the mortar, build up the bricks in regular order and according to some definite plan, and ere long you may have a substantial brick house, or a stout brick wall, or whatever your needs may require — an object of utility whose symmetry and strength will vary with the art of the bricklayer.

All these reflections upon the subject of bricks have been suggested by a consideration of a certain agent of great potentiality within each human being, to wit, the imagination, the architect of the mind. For there seems to be a close correspondence between the bricklayer's bricks and the raw thought-material of our mental architect. For in every mind there is an abundant supply of thoughts usually lying about without use or purpose, but yet possessing the necessary latent attributes for the construction of useful edifices worthy of the builder's art.

The distinction between the ordinary man and the mental builder is this. The first leaves these bricks lying around in the yard, and permits any casual laborer to drop in other bricks indifferent as to their quality, or else to help himself from the owner's supply. The second selects from the varied collection, and by the application of his well-defined purpose binds the serviceable material into a structure whose symmetry and strength are governed by the power of imagination possessed by the builder. For in utilizing our thoughts we must be guided by some well-defined plan or picture, just as the efforts of the mason must be governed by the plan of the chief architect.

Building "castles in the air" is an old form of entertainment in which we all indulge at some time or other in our lives; yet it is considered as a practice of small actual value. This, it would seem, is due to the absence of certain of the elements necessary to architectural equipment. In the construction of these aerial mansions we have the plan — it may be, a very definite one; we can see plainly what we would *like* to build, but — and here is the vital point — merely *desiring* is insufficient for our purpose. Here we are, the architects with our plan and our bricks, but lacking the means of making those bricks adhere, for this is what our attitude of mind amounts to. In the frame of mind which merely longs that the picture of our imagination might be fulfilled, we pile up our bricks dreamily, one upon another, some straight, some awry; and all the time we see, not the edifice we are really erecting, but that glorious mansion which we wish we might build. But ere long this flimsy structure has reached its limit of stability and one more brick causes the whole structure to topple over ingloriously.

Now contemplate the real builder. He it is who has

first spent long years procuring and compounding a perfect uniting medium, a material whose binding qualities shall outlast time itself. He has compounded this medium out of thoughtful, sincere work in which he has enlisted the best and most effective of the powers with which Nature has endowed him. As this devoted laborer has worked cheerfully from day to day, his imagination has revealed to him the possibilities of that work upon which he is engaged. He feels that the pictures which come to him are true and rational, for they are wrought of the concentration of his mind upon his own duty; then each thought reveals itself as a brick in the structure, the plan of which his inner architect has revealed to him. Day by day he builds up the bricks according to this plan; but, like a true craftsman, he does not leave them to stand of their own weight. Through all his thoughts runs the Will, and that Will is guided by the Purpose of the builder's life and becomes the binding material which holds every brick firmly in its place. Hence his is no "aerial mansion," but a solid reality, the genuine product of his own life and labor. As with all genuine craftsmen, his sincerity and concentration on his work have been the keys which unlocked his imagination and revealed the plan of his castle.

This, then, seems to be the true place of imagination, allied with and growing out of the performance of the duties of each day; it is the child of sincere work and must ever be the one concrete reality which inspires the craftsman to fuller and nobler expression of his powers.

THE CASTLE OF THE HOLY GRAIL
(From the drawing by Mr. R. W. Machell.)

Sir Percival's Vision of the City of the Holy Grail

"THEN in a moment when they blazed again
Opening, I saw the least of little stars
Down on the waste, and straight beyond the star
I saw the spiritual city and all her spires
And gateways in a glory like one pearl . . .
Strike from the sea; and from the star there shot
A rose-red sparkle to the city, and there
Dwelt, and I knew it was the Holy Grail,
Which never eyes on earth again shall see." — *Tennyson*

WE drink of the living waters of the imagination only that we may be strengthened for the daily task, it may be for the daily drudgery, which is none the less divine because it is duty. — *Katherine Tingley*

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THEMA, A LOTUS GROUP MEMBER IN FINLAND

True Greatness

LADY ELIZABETH CAREW

THE fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife
His adversary's heart to him doth tie;
And 'tis a firmer conquest, truly said,
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,
To yield to worth, it must be nobly done;
But if of baser metal be his mind,
In base revenge there is no honor won.
Who would a worthy courage overthrow?
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe?

We say our hearts are great and cannot yield;
Because they cannot yield it proves them poor;
Great hearts are task'd beyond their power but seld;
The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
Truth's school for certain does this same allow,
High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow. — *Selected*

THE heart of a child is all mirth. — *Keble*

THE difference between one man and another is not so much in talent as in energy. — *Dr. Arnold*

Romanie's Embroidery Scissors

"A FLOCK of white sheep on a green meadow, a blue sky overhead, and a brown river running through the green," said Romanie Drew.

"What *are* you talking about, Romanie? Have you any idea in the world?" asked Sylvia Maine, her "next-door neighbor."

"Why, yes, my dear, a perfectly clear and beautiful idea," replied Romanie, laughing.

"Well, I 'll accept enlightenment," said her friend.

"Embroidery!" exclaimed Romanie.

"Embroidery?" echoed Sylvia.

"Yes, *embroideree!*" Romanie repeated. "I'm learning! Aunt Tot has given me a sofa-cushion cover with a summery design that will make you think of parasols and fans on a winter's day. Wait till we get there and you 'll see."

"There" was the shady side of Wonner's Pond, under the beech trees, where the girls of the To Help Club met on Saturday afternoons, making things to sell to rich folk to get things for poor folk.

When they reached the meeting-place the two girls were warmly greeted by their friends, and soon the object of the organization was being caried out.

"Did you ever see anything quite so exasperating?" asked Romanie and immediately answered the choral "What?" by explaining, "I've left my embroidery scissors at home!"

"Why, here, dear, take mine," said Alice Caldwell. "You needn't put your work away."

"But I want to use my own little scissors," said Romanie, peevishly. She could not explain what she felt, but she attempted to set herself right by saying, "Aunt gave them to me with the cover, and I do not feel as if I am doing her justice not to have them. They are just the dearest little pair you ever saw."

"Romanie Drew," exclaimed Sylvia, "you 're vainglorious and proud, that's what you are, and you 're provoked because you haven't another chance to show off your scissors to the girls."

"Why, Sylvia Maine," said Romanie, angrily, "you ought to be ashamed to speak to me so." Bursting into tears, she picked up her hat and started away.

"Where are you going?" asked Sylvia, calmly.

"I'm going home, and I shall never speak to you again," said Romanie, growing more and more intense.

"Romanie," said Sylvia, also rising, "you can't go a step until you've listened to me. You *are* proud and you *are* silly about yourself and your looks, and what you have and what you think, and you 're losing your good times and your good looks, and the first thing you know you will be very lonesome, because you 'll lose the companionship of the girls who used to be your friends. You can go home and pout and cry and think you have been ill used, and when you get over it you can come back, but if you think you are going to use the To Help Club to air yourself in, you are mistaken.

Romanie was so astonished that she went away without replying. The other Club members were also speechless with excitement at first, but when Romanie was out of hearing they broke into rapid exclamations:

"Sylvia, how could you!"

"I'm glad you had the courage to do it!"

"Romanie's getting awfully spoiled."

"How did you dare? It hurt her, she's so proud!"

"I just had to do it," said Sylvia very quietly. "Romanie is a dear and I love her, and so do we all, but somebody or other had to give her a good shock, sooner or later, to bring her back to her right senses."

Romanie felt that she had certainly been ill used. She felt quite alone in the world and knew that no one loved her and that no one would care what became of her, and she asked many times the old question as to what she had done to deserve this treatment from Sylvia Maine, *of all people!*

Hot and dusty and tired she entered her home and went straight to her room. There were the scissors, neatly attached to daintily-bowed pink ribbons, lying on the table. They accused her also, for she recalled the selfish thoughts she had had when she had been tying the ribbons just before starting to the Club meeting. "None of the other girls has a pair of silver-handled embroidery scissors," she had said. "Pink is certainly my color. This pink band around my throat will look very pretty," and so on — many of that kind she had thought, and sillier ones, and worse than silly ones.

Romanie sat down and thought until everything seemed to come clear to her, and then she took out her embroidery and worked upon it. She did not glance once into the mirror and she did not shed one tear, and she took the pink ribbon and bows off the scissors and tied them with a piece of white tape to her waist. She was different, you see, within a short time.

All summer long Romanie attended no To Help Club meetings. When she met the girls she was pleasant but quietly dignified, and they could not account for her manner. When the Club began to meet at each other's homes, Romanie sent a note inviting the girls to meet with her. They responded gladly. That day, before the Club adjourned, Romanie asked permission to speak.

"Girls," she said, "I want you to know what a help Sylvia was to me when she said those awful things to me out at Wonner's Pond. They were true, and I'm glad she had the courage to do it. I have a present for her that I want you all to understand is a token of thanks."

She handed Sylvia a little white box that contained an exquisite pair of tiny silver-handled embroidery scissors to which was attached a long blue ribbon with bows.

"Aunt Tot said I might, Sylvia, so it's all right, and blue is just your color, dear," she said gently.

All the girls were on the verge of tears, for they knew well the struggle it had cost proud Romanie to do this; but when she presented the To Helpers with a beautiful embroidered sofa cushion with white sheep on a green meadow, the members of that united body slipped over the verge. The tears, however, were only dewdrops on the blossoms that grow in the gardens of girls' hearts; and presently the sun came out and Consideration-for-each-other-and-everybody burst into full bloom there among them.

ZELLA

IN A LOMALAND GARDEN

A Problem of Three

ANONYMOUS.

IF three little houses stood in a row,
With never a fence to divide;
And if each little house had three little maids
At play in the garden wide;
And each little maid had three little cats
(Three times three times three);
And each little cat had three little kits
Oh, how many kits would there be?

If each little maid had three little friends,
With whom she loved to play;
And each little friend had three little dolls
In dresses and ribbons gay;
And if friends and dolls and cats and kits
Were all invited to tea,
And none of them should send regrets,
Pray how many guests would there be?

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POLLY AND DOVIE AND ONE OF THEIR FRIENDS

Two of our Bird Friends

DEAR Boys and Girls: Though many people are fond of birds and animals, they can only like them at a distance because they can never get near enough to make friends with them; either they are afraid of their would-be friends, or vice versa, and sometimes it is both.

Of course those who keep tame pets know that the secret of it all is *kindness*, and that is what Râja Yoga teaches us — to be kind to all living creatures. So, knowing this, you can easily understand why it is that the parrot and the dove, which you see in the picture, are so tame. They are members of the Brownie Bird Home and I will now tell you something about them.

Santa Claus brought Polly to us last Christmas, so we named him "Santa," though we call him Polly most of the time. He was not very tame when we got him, but he was inclined to be ill-tempered sometimes. He would not let you touch him at first, but he soon got over that; for in a few days he discovered that every one was kind to him, and, what is more, that the humans who were taking care of him were kind to one another. (Animals can tell these things better than we sometimes think.) Today he is the tamest and kindest polly you could wish to have, and he is very intelligent too.

Santa has a bright-yellow head and a green body, except for a few dark-blue feathers in his wings and some red ones on his shoulders, which make him look like an officer in full-dress uniform with red epaulets, especially when polly stands up straight.

This droll bird can sing in real "operatic style" besides talking, and in addition to this he whistles and laughs and even knows how to play with you. The way he laughs is the funniest thing of all; he always laughs at the right time, and if you laugh with him he will keep on laughing harder and harder until you think he would "split his sides." He says his "ha! ha! ha!" out to the "tether end," just as we do when we have such a good laugh that it brings tears to our eyes.

When he is in his cage he is very comical and acts like a clown. He climbs all around on the wires, hangs on to the top by his beak, and shakes hands with himself. Then he holds on to the side and moves his body up and down — oh, ever so fast!

When he is out of his cage (which is most of the time) if you do not pay any attention to him, he comes up to you and rubs his head against you, as if asking you to pet him. Perched on some boy's shoulder or arm, he goes for walks with us over the hills of Lomaland, laughing, singing, and talking all the way. He comes over and joins in with us when we sing (as you probably know, we Râja Yoga boys love to sing) and the only trouble is that he does not quite get in tune. But he *thinks* he is doing his part — a kind of alto, I suppose.

But there! I must tell you about the little dove. He is a Japanese Ring Dove, although in the picture you will notice that he has not his ring yet, for when his picture was taken he was only a baby dove eight weeks old. Since then he has grown up and now has a beautiful dark ring almost around his neck.

Polly and he are great friends. Polly talks and sings and whistles to him, and he cooes to Polly. One day I saw them cleaning one another's feathers — that shows they are good friends.

Dovie took part in our operetta *Bruce and the Brownies*, which you probably read about in the April RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER. He took his little part without being a bit frightened; most of the audience could hardly believe he was "real" until they saw him fly.

Whenever you go near him he flies on to your head or shoulder and cooes to you as if he were trying to say something pleasant.

Polly and Dovie are real Râja Yoga birds, and I am sure that if *they* can be so kind to one another and to human beings, then *we* can afford to be a little more thoughtful and considerate towards one another, as well as kinder to all living creatures.

This is from your friend, L. B., a Râja Yoga Junior.

The Joy of Life

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD (1787-1855)

THE sun is careering in glory and might,
'Mid the deep blue sky and the clouds so bright;
The billow is tossing its foam on high,
And the summer breezes go lightly by;
The air and the water dance, glitter, and play—
And why should not I be as merry as they?

The linnet is singing the wild wood through,
The fawn's bounding footsteps skim over the dew,
The butterfly flits round the blossoming tree,
And the cowslip and blue-bell are bent by the bee;
All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay,
And why should not I be as merry as they? — *Selected*

They know life. The gypsies know its bitterness and its sweetness. They know many secrets, many. Sing of the gypsies, lass," and old Sadah began to rock herself back and forth in the warm chimney corner where she sat.

Young Sadah sang the gypsies' song that was full of tears and laughter, and full of pain and joy, a strange wild song of the wandering children of the woods and plains. When it was done, the old woman sat rocking and humming the air many times over. Sometimes she mumbled words that young Sadah did not understand.

"What are you saying there so low to yourself, Grandmother? I cannot hear you," said the granddaughter.

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ONE OF THE GRANDMAS OF LOMALAND AND HER FAITHFUL FRIEND JEAN

The Bitter and the Sweet Together

"SING me a song, my lass," said Sadah the old grandmother, to Sadah the girl.

"What shall it be — the song I shall sing you?" asked young Sadah.

"Something sweet and true, something out of the life we live," said the old woman.

"I will sing to you the song of the gypsies in the forest out in the rain in the springtime," said the young one.

"Aye, sing of the warm-hearted gypsies, my Sadah.

"Bitter and sweet, the good and the bad, the false and the true, sunshine and cloud — they all come wrapped up in pairs, and you must take them together as they come," said old Sadah, and again she began humming the song in her quavering voice.

Young Sadah knew *by the signs* that a story was coming, and she sat down close by the old woman in order that she might not miss a word. It took shape slowly.

"A dark night and a stormy one far out at sea. No stars. No moon. Fast clouds scudding above and sails tight set, with rain washing in our faces, and my father

standing close to the wheel, holding his child — that was I — fast in his arms. I am afraid, but glad to be with my dear father, even though out on the tossing black sea. The first taste it was of the bitter with the sweet."

"Were you both saved, Grandmother?" asked Sadah eagerly.

"Both? No! The child, lashed to a plank, reached the shore at daybreak," said the old woman, as impersonally, as quietly, as though it had been not herself but some one else.

"Oh, Grandmother, what did you do?" said Sadah.

"The child was rescued and reared. The sweet goes along with the bitter, my girl," answered her grandmother.

A THATCHED COTTAGE OF THE POOR IRISH PEASANTRY

"Do you still remember well that time, after these many years?" Sadah's question came from a feeling she had that old Sadah must be dreaming.

"After many years the bitter has blended with the sweet," said the old woman gently, and then Sadah knew that the experience had been a real one.

Old Sadah continued, "It is all there in the gypsies' song. Sing again, my Sadah."

The young girl sang and the old woman sang with her. Oh, many times they sang that old wild song together.

At last the grandmother placed her feeble hands on the girl's head and said:

"I wish you the wish of my old heart, my girl Sadah. Draw not back from the taste of the bitter, nor long for the taste of the sweet. They come together always, the bitter and the sweet. Aye, bitter-sweet is our life."

Young Sadah never forgot those words of her old grandmother, and when long years had transformed the girl who sang of the gypsies into an old dame crooning in her easy chair by the fireside, she wished the same wish to the young folk who gathered about her knees.

WINIFRED

A Tale of Irish Hospitality

IN Duald Macfirbis' *Annals of Ireland* is to be found the following story, illustrating the warm-hearted hospitality and generosity of the early Irish kings.

In the latter part of the seventh century, so the story runs, there reigned in Ireland a certain Finnachta who, though hospitable, was at first very poor, his sole worldly possessions being a house and a wife, an ox and a cow.

One dark and stormy night it chanced that a neighboring king, who was journeying with his wife and his followers near Finnachta's dwelling, lost his way and was about to pass the night under the trees, in spite of the blinding snow-storm.

His intentions were overheard by Finnachta, who immediately went out and begged them to enter his humble dwelling which, though bare and devoid of luxuries, was better than the frozen ground.

The king accepted with gratitude, and when he and his goodly company had entered and made themselves comfortable, Finnachta did not hesitate to kill both his ox and his cow in order that he might provide them with suitable entertainment.

On the following day the visitor, who was none other than the King of Fera-Ros, said to his queen: "Knowest thou not, O woman, that this house was at first poor, and that it is now poorer, the owner having killed his only cow and his only ox for us?"

"This is indeed true," said the wife, "and it behooves us to enrich it; whatever, much or little, thou wilt give to the man, I will give the same amount to his wife."

"Good is what thou sayest," said the king, and on his departure he presented to his host a rich gift of costly apparel and splendid horses, and herds of cattle and sheep as well; and Fera-Ros' wife gave an equivalent amount to Finnachta's wife, and thus were the poor but hospitable Irish host and hostess rewarded a hundredfold for their generous treatment of their guests.

F. S.

How it is Done in Russia

ADVERTISING seems to be an indispensable part of modern life, and in Russia, where most of the peasantry are extremely illiterate, ingenious ways of advertising may be seen. Besides the printed signs attached to the different shops, which would be quite meaningless to the customers, are painted pictures of what wares are sold there. The baker shows his rolls, loaves, and cakes; fish are seen at another place; tea may be found over there where you see the tea-cups and saucers, and thus is everything else located. For the convenience of the peasant the houses are painted various bright colors

IN THE COTTAGE OF AN IRISH PEASANT

so that he can find his way among them. If he wants to know when the train starts, instead of reading the time-tables he listens to bells which are rung at the stations. When one bell rings he knows he has still fifteen minutes; when two are sounded only five remain, and when three strike his ear the train starts.

If he wants to read his letter he goes to the post-office and pays two cents to a man who does it for him. When he sends a post-card two and a half cents will get it done for him, and five cents procures a long letter. The address of a letter costs him half a cent. He knows where the letter-boxes are because he can see the picture of the post-card or letter beside it. KATE

IN our issue for September, in the article on "Chamber Music," by an unintentional slip of the mind the name Smetana occurs among the composers of Germany. Smetana was a Bohemian and a musician highly esteemed and reverenced by his countrymen. He was of a keenly sensitive temperament and experienced many vicissitudes; in his best-known quartet, *The Work of My Life*, there runs throughout a strain of lofty pathos.

The Ancient City of Meroe

PROFESSOR John Garstang has recently published an account of his first season's explorations on the site of Meroe, the ancient capital of Ethiopia. It is situated in the Sudan, between Athara and Khartoum. The excavations are not yet nearly completed, for the site is quite extensive, and many later buildings nearer the surface first claim the attention of the archaeologist. However, many treasures of antiquity have already been unearthed; among them is a bronze head of Augustus, which had been carefully buried under the threshold of one of the columned halls. In one of the royal palaces the archaeologists came upon the ancient treasury, which had been completely ransacked and its walls destroyed. Hidden under the foundations of a neighboring wall were found two pots full of gold, and some inscribed jewels.

The royal city is a four-sided enclosure, one thousand by five hundred feet. Dr. Garstang supposes the original height of the wall to have been thirty to forty feet. A wall of this size must have made the city impregnable to assault, for battering rams would have been useless.

The royal baths have also been excavated, and it is here that most of the statuary has been found. The baths are decorated with glazed tiles, colonnades, and frescoes.

Outside the city walls are the great Temple of Ammon and the tombs. The temple is about four hundred and thirty feet in length. The central avenue, with its columned halls and sanctuaries, has now been excavated. The high altar is of black stone decorated with carvings in relief; at the foot of it were found the last votive offerings.

The site of the tombs is marked on the surface of the desert either by a low mound or a ring of stones. Inside, the dead lay upon beds or mats, with vessels, baskets, and dishes arranged around the head. A warrior was usually buried with his weapons — sword, dagger, spear, etc.

To the north of the greater buildings is the area wherein were the dwellings and workshops of the metal-workers; beyond these were extensive pottery kilns in which the embers of the last fires remain, with many vases and fragments of pottery lying around. T. V. H.

PROFESSOR G. A. REISNER, of Harvard University, thinks he has solved the riddle of the Sphinx, says *The Pathfinder*.

As we all know, the Sphinx is the representation of a lion's body, but with a human head. Professor Reisner says that this is a man's, not a woman's head, and he identifies it as the head of King Cephren, who built the Second Pyramid, and who was buried in the little temple connected with the Sphinx, its guardian.

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A SCENE IN THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS

IN THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS

By M. G. GOWSELL

(Written for the *Rāja Yoga Messenger*, August 26, 1912)

THERE are leagues and leagues of twilight
All along the hidden ground,
Where the valleys gave their birthright
Of the sun for shade profound;
Somber cedars, thronging massy,
Call to mind deserted aisles,
Midst a fane, dim, dank, and mossy,
Roofing o'er the silent miles.

Far beneath the sunbeams peeping
Lie the former woodland knights:
Fallen firs and cedars sleeping
Through the years of changing lights;
While about the lifeless mothers
Babes are striving for the sky,
'Gainst the days when older brothers
Bid the sun and stars good-bye.

High above the solemn splendor
Rise the hills in richest green:
Solitudes the chosen wend o'er,
Pilgriming the mountain sheen,
Where cascades, in wildest measures,
Sound their music far and wide,
Chanting night and day their pleasures
To the listening mountain side:

Where the star- and sunlit hours,
Age-long weaving in their flight,
Have arrayed the mountain flowers
In a dream of pure delight,
And the tender twilight glories,
Trailing 'twixt the night and day,
Whisper low their magic stories
Loitering 'neath the Milky Way.

There's an unsung harping lingering
Round about each listening one,
From the myriad fairies fingering
Till their little season's done,
And 'tis sounding while the mountain
Robes in purple-mantled sleep,
Or before the highest fountain
Takes the day-peep in its leap.

There's a world of untrod places
Slumbering 'neath the twinkling throng,
There awaiting unknown faces
With a summer-woven song.
Oh for words to use in glassing
Half the sovereign glamor there,
With its grandeur all-surpassing,
And its beauty everywhere!

Franz Schubert as a Writer of Songs

WHAT student of singing has not delighted in the flowing spontaneous melody and poetic beauty of the songs of Franz Schubert, the king of German song-writers? One of the most prolific of all the great composers, his musical creative faculty was always present, and so rapidly did his brain work that sometimes a single evening's labor produced two or even three songs.

Of course with such productiveness it is not to be expected that all of his songs are of equal merit. But there is a large number of them in which his wonderful genius manifests itself to a high degree. Such a one is his immortal *Erlking*, written on the inspiration of a moment after reading Goethe's ballad of that name. So appropriate is the setting that one can hear in the accompaniment the clattering of the horse's hoofs as they gallop homewards through the stormy night, and the child's cry of terror as he sees the Erlking with icy hand outstretched to seize him. And then again the father's anxious soothing tones, as he tries to allay his son's fears, and finally the deep pathos expressed in the closing stanza when the fond father arrives at his home, but alas! too late, for he finds the child dead in his arms.

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FRANZ SCHUBERT

Another of his well-known songs is *The Wanderer*, the lament of an exile, far from his native land; in this the composer expresses all the deep longing and yearning of a patriot heart for the beloved land of his youth.

Perhaps the grandest of all Schubert's songs is his *Omnipotence*, an expression of the majesty, the grandeur, and the sublimity of Nature, and the beneficence of the divine power that pervades all things. *My Sweet Repose* is another favorite, with its exquisite melody breathing rest and soothing peace to the troubled soul.

Then there are songs of a lighter, more joyous character. Two of the best-known of these were inspired by verses of Shakespeare: the first, the well-beloved *Sylvia*, almost the first song of Schubert's studied by the beginner in the world of song; the second, that delightful creation *Hark! Hark! the Lark!* When the first joyous notes of the accompaniment burst upon your ear you have a complete picture before you. The glorious sun rising over the eastern hills, the fresh green fields all besprinkled with the early morning dew, and the joyous songster himself, caroling his very soul out in sheer gladness of living. And then who does not love his dainty *Wild Rose*, simple and sweet, transporting us at once to some quiet country road bordered with the sweet-briar and the hawthorn. Another of his nature-songs, *Faith in Spring*, describes earth's loveliness in the childhood of the year, and bids the sorrowing heart be glad and rejoice with Nature.

Among the water-songs, *To be Sung on the Waters* takes us with its graceful flowing rhythm for a sail on the river, swiftly bearing our boat along on its silvery waters, while the rosy light of the setting sun throws a soft radiance over the scene. His bewitching little *Trout*, too, finds a welcome everywhere, playing and jumping about in the stream utterly regardless of the dangerous closeness of the expectant fisherman. The brook also finds a voice in his charming little song *Whither?* in which the wanderer feels the irresistible attraction of the streamlet and fain would follow it in its downward course to the sea.

We must not forget the beautiful *Serenade*, nor the sweet little *Cradle Song*; but there are so many that we cannot mention them all. Each one must study them for himself in order to realize and appreciate their marvelous beauty.

A great many of these beautiful songs have been transcribed for the pianoforte by Franz Liszt, who was a great admirer of Schubert. These transcriptions are considered as piano-classics and are played by great artists all over the world. Whenever they are played or sung they are received with enthusiasm and heartfelt appreciation, for Franz Schubert has made for himself a place in the hearts of the people.

FRANCES S.

Stories from Starland

CURIOSITIES OF ASTRONOMY

WE have learned a good deal about the Sun and his family of planets, and we feel it is quite to be expected that there should be many other similar families far away in the distant regions of space. Well, we cannot prove that this is so because the distant suns are so far away that their planets — if they do have any — would be so faint that our largest telescopes would not show them. We must remember that planets do not shine by their own light; they only reflect the light of their sun and so they are thousands of times less bright than a sun of even the same size; if the whole sky were covered with full moons the light would not be more than half that given by the Sun.

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AN IMAGINARY VIEW OF SATURN FROM ONE OF HIS MOONS

But among the Multiple Stars there are many which resemble solar systems to a certain degree. For instance, most of them consist of a brilliant large sun with one or more smaller ones traveling around it; sometimes the companion is a different color from the big one, orange and green, blue and yellow, white and purple, etc. You would naturally expect that the largest of the two or more suns making up the family group would be the brightest, but in a few cases the smallest is much the brightest. One very dim star is known to be *six times* as massive as the small but very brilliant companion which travels around it. There is a mystery here that no one has fathomed. In another case, that of Sirius, the principal star is forty thousand times brighter than the companion, but only twice as large.

A curiosity of astronomy which seems very puzzling at first, is that astronomers have discovered some stars without seeing them, and have seen others without discovering them! The planet Neptune, for example, was discovered by mathematical calculations, and its place so carefully described by an English and a French calculator that when the telescope was pointed to the place, there was the planet. But it had been *seen* fifty years before by an astronomer who took it for a star and so lost the credit of discovering the farthest planet of our family. An object must be identified before a "discovery" can be claimed. Some years ago a well-known Dublin naturalist "discovered" a kind of spider new to science, but afterwards he found that it was common in nearly every house in the city! But this did not take away the credit of the discovery.

A puzzle in astronomy which has not yet been answered, is whether the beautiful planet Venus, the evening and morning star, turns round in about twenty-four hours or two hundred and twenty-five days. The greatest authorities disagree totally; yet it seems very strange that they cannot settle it, for Venus is the nearest of the planets to us and, as every one knows, shines with great brilliance. It is this very brightness that makes the difficulty, for the marks by which the rotation will have to be decided are almost lost in the glare of light and are very hard to distinguish. The biggest telescopes are not more useful to decide the question than smaller ones. One astronomer is so sure that they have seen marks on Venus proving that the planet turns round in about twenty-four hours, that he has published a map of it naming the supposed lands and seas.

A curious thing about the planet Saturn is that it will bear a greater magnifying power than Jupiter or Mars, though it is a good deal farther off. Its edge is brighter than its center, which is not the case with Jupiter or the Sun, whose edges are very dim compared with their central parts.

I must tell you a funny answer a schoolboy gave the other day to a question in an examination. He was asked what the Zodiac was. You will remember that I told you that the Zodiac is the band of stars across which the Sun and planets make their regular journeys, and it contains many constellations called after animals — the Lion, the Bull, the Crab, and so on. Well, the boy's answer was: "The Zodiac is the Zoo of the sky where lions, goats, and other animals go when they die."

Affectionately yours, UNCLE SOL.

IN EGYPT the Denderah Zodiac tells the same tale as that one left to us by the old civilization of the American continent, and all of these are from the same source.

William Q. Judge

The Ancient Art of Weaving

WEAVING is one of the oldest of industries and, like the potter's wheel, the loom is often pictured on the monuments and vases of ancient Egypt and Greece. There are few remains of the actual textile work of the finest kind of these olden times, though we read in Homer and Herodotus descriptions of beautiful and delicate weaving done by the Greeks and Egyptians. Especially notable are the pictures in the *Odyssey* of Queen Arete and her chests of snowy linen; of Nausicaa and her maidens drying their linen on the banks of the river; of Helen of Troy, returned to Menelaus, showing her stores of linen to Telemachus; again of faithful Penelope at work at her loom — the last of which pictures is represented on a piece of pottery of the fifth century.

At first all this weaving was done by hand on very crude looms, with few mechanical devices. It must have taken great skill and endless hours of careful and laborious work to make some of the textiles which were fabricated in Syria and Persia in the early centuries of the Christian era. These were elaborate oriental designs, carried out in brilliant colors and heavy with thread of gold. Even the very fine and delicate stuffs of India were, and still are, made on these primitive looms.

Long before this time China had been weaving silks into most intricate and gorgeous designs of dragons, flowers, phoenixes and other bright birds. Trade with China soon brought these into the Western world.

During the Middle Ages the production of rich textiles was at its height. Especially noted were the velvets, brocades, damasks, plushes, cloth of gold, and heavy tapestries of Genoa and of Florence, and above all of Venice. Beautiful silks were imported from the East and their oriental designs were copied, especially in Venice.

In Granada also, under the powerful influence of the Moors, the weaving industry flourished. Flanders was noted for her weavers; many of these were Italians who, on account of the constant warfare at home, had sought in the Flemish cities a peaceable opportunity to follow their art. We know from English history how good Queen Philippa, the wife of Edward III, who herself was born in a province adjoining Flanders, encouraged Flemish weavers to establish themselves in England. Very soon many weaving centers sprang up in England, and after Cartwright's invention of the spinning jenny in the nineteenth century there was a steady increase in the industry, until today it is one of the leading industries and England is now one of the greatest textile-producing countries of the world. Ireland has always been famous for its beautiful linen, and Scotland for its damasks.

Improvements are constantly being devised and introduced to lessen manual labor and make machinery and electricity do all the work, even the most delicate fabrics being now made by machinery. One of the most recent inventions is a new loom which is soon to be introduced into the Lancashire mills, where two weavers and an overseer will be able to manage from eighty to one hundred looms under the improved conditions. If anything goes wrong with the loom, an electric light will appear and the machinery will instantly stop.

NAVAJO BLANKET IN LOOM

Another interesting feature about the modern industry is the great variety of textiles. By different arrangements and treatments of the threads all kinds of effects are produced, and we have not only the beautiful effects in silks and velvets, but we have them skilfully reproduced in cotton and mercerized goods.

However, though there are so many imitations of the old-style work, and though it can all be reproduced by machinery, the most valuable are still the old pieces, carefully and laboriously worked out by hand in those exquisite designs and colors. There has been an increased interest in a revival of some of these old arts of weaving; for as it is with everything else, though machinery does a great deal for us it cannot equal hand work. It cannot give to the work that human touch; for everything we make carefully is an expression of the soul in each one, and it is this human feeling that expresses itself in a piece of hand-work and is lacking in machine-work.

C. L. H.

ARTIFICIAL lakes affect the climate, as well as supply water. Sometimes they lower the temperature, and at other times their influence causes an increase of foggy days in their locality. The German scientist who reports this says it is caused by the increase in evaporation in the regions of artificial lakes.

House-Hunting in Orchard Town

'TIS up and down
In Orchard Town,
When airs with bloom are scented,
You 'll hardly find
To suit your mind
A nook that is not rented.

The old sweet bough,
They all allow,
The robin first selected.
"Our home is here,
Good cheer, good cheer,
All other claims rejected."

"Chick-a-dee-dee,
Don't come to me!"
The titmouse is refusing,
"We 've leased this tree,
We 'll friendly be,
But say, you 're late in choosing."

"Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,"
Across the street
The yellow-birds are moving.
"Chip-chip-a-chee;
So dear is she!"
He scarce can work for loving.

APPLE BLOSSOMS IN EVANGELINE'S LAND NEAR GRAND PRÉ, NOVA SCOTIA

On lower floor,
Beside her door,
The wren is surely scolding.
If one but glance
She cries, "No chance
To rent the flat I'm holding."

To hear her scold,
The sparrow bold
And jay, beside her dwelling,
Cry, "Tschip, tschip, chee!"
"Tease! Tease! say we!"
The noise and chatter swelling.

On orchard wall,
To quip and call,
A stranger gay is listening;
His mate can hear
In meadow near,
Where daisy-buds are glistening.

Oh Lady-link!
Ho, ho! just think!
To nest in trees what folly,
When they might be,
Like you and me,
In Daisyland so jolly!"

Down Pippin Way,
Where branches sway,
An oriole hammock swings.
Mistress starling
And kingbird's darling
Rest near with brooding wings.

If you should go
Down Blossom Row,
Which runs right through the center,
At each day,
In morning gray,
You 'd hear from every renter.

For handed down
In Orchard Town,
'Tis quite an ancient notion,
To wake the earth
With song and mirth,
Such joy is their devotion.

ISABEL GOODHUE — *Selected*

Little Sea-Folk

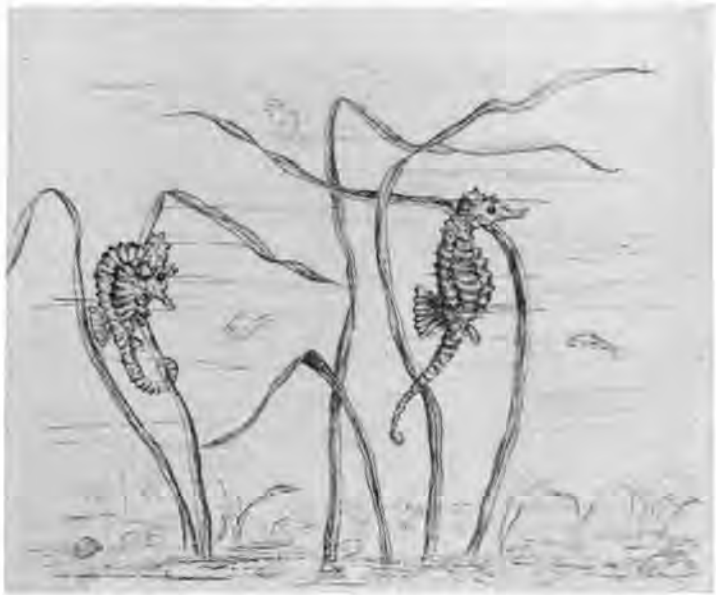
IT is along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea that one has the opportunity of seeing as great a variety of interesting forms of sea-life as perhaps in any other known place. The fishermen are constantly bringing in from their nets curious and interesting creatures, and in this way the fine Aquarium at Naples is kept freshly stocked with new and interesting sea-life.

Perhaps the glass tank which holds the little sea-horses, mussels, cockles, and small crabs will be found to be quite as attractive as any of the glass tanks in the Aquarium. These tiny fairy-like horses swim about among the tall sedge grasses that grow in the tank, winding their little spiny tails around the blades of grass to keep from swaying in the water while they take a short rest, and then off they go, their little filmy fins resembling fairy butterfly wings more than anything else, for they seem to fly instead of swimming through the water. These little Mediterranean sea-horses are not more than three or four inches long, but along the shores of Lower California they grow to be eight and ten inches long.

Very likely, if you watch long enough, you will be surprised to see what at first you may take for a swarm of butterflies which rise in the water and seem to flutter along, but a moment later you will observe that they were but a number of little scallop shellfish, or cockles, that had concluded to change their location. So, making themselves into a pair of bellows, opening and shutting their shells very quickly, they are able to rise in the

water for at least a foot or two, but only to drop back into a new spot on the sand-covered floor. Other varieties of mussels and cockles have an ingenious way of putting out a little fleshy foot from between their shells, and of hopping or springing along on that. As these varieties of shellfish gather their food along the sand, these different modes of locomotion give them ways of moving about to seek their food in fresh feeding-grounds.

Some of the small shellfish are to be seen slowly pulling themselves along a blade of grass, or up the side of the



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LITTLE FANTASTIC HORSES OF THE SEA

glass, with a steady expansion and contraction of the muscles along their bodies, going quite as fast as they need to go in order to fulfil their purpose in life. You may be surprised to see a shellfish traveling about at a much more rapid rate, and you will wonder what has increased the speed of that particular shellfish above all the others of the same kind. Looking closer, you will see that instead of the usual fleshy body or foot, several pairs of legs and long feelers are issuing from the shell, and then you may know that some ambitious young hermit crab, having concluded to take unto himself a house, has crawled backwards into a vacant shell and made himself at home in it, carrying it about with him wherever he goes.

The way those little prickly sea-urchins move themselves about is by contracting their spines on one side while pushing out those on the other side.

The "sand-dollars," another form of sea-urchin, lie about on the bottom of the tank, looking very different from those we gather on the beaches. Those lying before us in the tank have life in them, while the ones we find lying on the shore are only the dead bodies of those that have been left behind by the receding tide.

After such a visit to the Aquarium, I think we appreciate more fully the beauty and greatness of the wonderful life-principle which prevails in all the many forms of life upon the earth. And when we next gather up our treasures in the shape of tinted shells or other beautiful specimens of extinct life found along the sands of the sea-beach, we shall think of the little live things which used to inhabit them and which lived their lives doing what was planned for them. EDYTHA

Rambles in Nature's Realm with our Naturalist, P. L.

How the Cuckoo gets his Name

In April, come he will.
In May, he sings all day.
In June, he alters his tune.
In July, he prepares to fly.
In August, go he must.
—*Old English Rhyme.*

IN early spring a speckled, hawk-like bird flies with strong wing from hedge to hedge among the English meadows. He calls his name so often and with such distinctness that mankind has never had the trouble of inventing one to suit him better. This bird, which John Bunyan disrespectfully alludes to in one of his poems as the "yawling, bawling cuckoo," has been named after its familiar cry in almost every country in which it is found.

The Swedes call the bird the "kuku." The Portuguese write the name as "cucu." The Russian peasants in the early spring tell one another that the "kukushka" has come again. The Welsh spell it "cwcw," but pronounce it just as we do.

The cuckoo's call-note is different from the thin, clear whistling sounds uttered by most of the wild songsters, and closely resembles a human voice.

Something seems to happen to the bird's voice in June, for he begins to stutter and repeats the first syllable twice as if he had hard work to pronounce it.

The cuckoo chiefly feeds upon those hairy caterpillars known to children as "woolly bears," and thus he does good service to the farmers and gardeners.

One may be quite familiar with the cuckoo's note and yet have never seen the bird. To such the cuckoo is "but a wandering voice," and yet a sharp eye and a little perseverance will enable you to catch a glimpse of him, for he is not a very shy bird. The writer once saw three cuckoos fly over a field one after the other.

There is no out-of-door sound that revives the memory of vanished spring more keenly than the soft, musical cuckoo-call, and even a very old man must feel his pulse beat faster and his heart grow glad, when after a long and dreary winter, he first hears the cuckoo's call.

Gray Squirrels as Foresters

VISITORS to Central Park, New York City, are always fascinated by the squirrels. These handsome little animals are far bigger than the red squirrel of the English woods. Warmly clothed in soft, gray, furry coats, they always look remarkably comfortable on a wintry day.

They are so tame that they will climb all over you, and will take nuts from your hand. The people of New York City must treat their squirrrels very kindly, or they would not be so trustful and confiding. In Regent's Park, London, a number of American gray squirrels are now running at liberty, and they are just as tame as their relations in New York.

Squirrels store up nuts to eat in winter and in spring, but they do not keep them in one place. They bury them one by one in the ground, sometimes at quite a distance from their home. Even when the country is covered with snow the squirrels remember their hiding places and, scratching a little pit through the white snow-crust, they take a light lunch whenever they feel hungry.

This habit of theirs, the burying of nuts, helps to preserve and increase the forest land. The squirrels always hide away more nuts than they can use, and so at many different points chestnuts and hickories and walnuts, safely buried in the soil, send down their roots and spread their pairs of leaves when spring comes round again, and they later on develop into forest trees. But for the squirrels the nuts would lie where they fell under the branches of the parent tree and either die of being crowded by their brother seedlings, or be killed by the dark shadows of the branches overhead. The gray squirrel, you see, carries the nuts into the open spaces of the forests where they have room to grow, and though many are eaten, yet quite enough are left unused to serve as seed for future forest trees.

You and I are often disappointed by finding shrivelled, worthless kernels in the nuts we crack; but the squirrel never gets fooled in that way, and stores only sound nuts. Some writers make a good deal of mystery about the squirrel's power to tell a rotten nut at sight, but it is really very simple. He probably discovers the bad nuts at the first *handling*, not at the first *sight*, for of course there is a great difference in the weight of bad and good nuts, and the sensible little fellow never wastes his time or tries his teeth upon a nut that does not come up to the standard weight.

Baby Turtles and the Color Blue

THE mother turtle spends her quiet days paddling through the sun-warmed water of the tropical seas, feeding on the abundant seaweed, and dozing in the hot sunshine. Only about once a year does she visit land, and that is just to lay her eggs.

As she nears the shore she ceases her paddling, and stretching her neck she scans the beach that lies fully exposed to her view in the pale moonlight. If she is satisfied that no enemy is in sight, she utters a long-drawn hiss to scare away any dangerous animal which may be crouching down out of sight, and then she crawls up the sands and quickly scoops out a hole with her hind flippers. When the hole is made she may lay as many as two hundred round, leathery eggs, which she covers over so cleverly with sand that you would never suspect that such a treasure lay buried there. She cannot possibly stay to watch the eggs, or to protect her young. Perhaps she knows that their own instincts will guide them out to sea when the time comes.

You can always tell whether a female turtle has been ashore to lay her eggs. Her under-surface (or "plastron") bears the marks of scratches made by the sand as she dragged her weight over the beach. Young females who have never been on shore have nice, smooth plastrons.

When the hot sun has hatched the eggs, the young turtles push their way up through the sand and scuttle down to the sea as fast as their little flippers will carry them. When newly-hatched, their shells are quite soft, and I fancy they don't feel safe on land.

If you were to put a sheet of red or yellow glass between the little turtle and the sea, he would stay where he was. It is just the blue color of the sea which attracts him. This has been proved by laying down a piece of blue paper near to a very young turtle. The poor, deluded reptile ran at top speed to the paper, but must have found to his disappointment that somehow it did not quite come up to his expectations. Of course, in a natural state the instinct to run to blue serves the young turtle well enough to guide him to his proper element. When man steps in and fools the little innocents with blue paper, that mysterious thing we call instinct is at fault. But I don't consider that is "playing fair." Do you?

The Earth's Atmosphere

THE atmosphere which covers the Earth like a huge transparent blanket, is not separate from it, but travels along with the Earth in its journey through space. In a way it is just as much a part of our planet as the oceans are; in fact, it is one big ocean covering everything, only instead of being of water, it is of air.

The estimates that have been made of the depth of this ocean of air vary greatly, ranging from forty to more than one hundred miles. The former number is now generally supposed to be as correct as we can ascertain.

Although the atmosphere is of this depth, human life can only be sustained up to about seven miles from the Earth's surface. Men have been able to ascend to these heights in balloons, but have had to descend immediately on account of the difficulty of breathing, because the greater the distance above sea-level the more rarefied is the air, that is, the less there is of it.

The same difficulty has also been observed on some of the highest mountains. For instance, there are points in the Andes in South America where many people find it necessary to ascend a short distance and then rest or

stay some time in a place before proceeding farther.

This envelope which the atmosphere forms around the Earth is a protection, as anything attracted, on coming in contact with it is retarded. Furthermore, the friction produced by the motion through the air of a falling body is such that it becomes incandescent and is either reduced in size or is burnt up entirely. Thus many of the meteors or shooting-stars that we see, never reach the Earth, but are evaporated, and the gases so produced form what is called cosmic dust when they solidify

Although the air is so light, it has a definite weight, and if a column of air as high as the atmosphere and one inch square could be weighed, it would tip the balance at 14.7 pounds. Thus we say that the atmospheric pressure is about fifteen pounds to the square inch.

A knowledge of the exact atmospheric pressure at any time is useful in various ways, and figures in many scientific calculations. Some methods of measuring the heights of mountains are based upon this, as the pressure is less the higher one ascends. It is also useful in foretelling the changes of weather, for in stormy weather the atmospheric pressure is always lower than in fair weather.

Thus we turn another page of Nature's book, where there remain so many more yet to be investigated and understood. C. S.

CALIFORNIA MISSION BELLS

Of the Making of Bells

BELL-MAKING is one of the few arts which have been in practice from the earliest times, but even to this day it has never reached a state of perfection. Very skilled workmen are needed to construct bells so that they shall be melodious, artistic, and durable.

Taking Great Britain as an example, we find that its oldest industry is the art of bell-making. In Whitechapel, London, a bell-foundry had its beginning three hundred and fifty years ago, and yet this is by no means the oldest, for we are told that some may be traced back four or five centuries.

The bell of today is usually composed of five parts of tin to sixteen parts of copper. It has been found by the large bell-founders that to put too much tin in a bell often causes undesirable results, of which cracking is the most common. But the most satisfactory results have been obtained by using very old copper and procuring good tin, which comes from Australia.

In constructing a large bell the first step is to make the mold. This is really the most vital stage in the whole process, for the slightest error at this point would certainly lead to failure, and the work would all have to be done over again.

After the bell is cast it is sent to the tuning-shop, where metal is pared off from the inside according to need.

Before the tuning of bells had been studied as an art it was pointed out that a large bell was hardly ever in tune. A bell to be in proper tune must first be in tune with itself; that is to say, it should have at least five tones at correct intervals from one another in order to produce a perfect musical chord. These harmonics are the hum-note, fundamental, and nominal, and also the third and fifth from the fundamental, or in other words, the strike-note. If we were to put the first three named in musical notation with a C bell we should get three C's in octaves.

It was always found, very much to the surprise of the maker, that smaller bells were in worse tune than the larger ones, but after the mastery of the harmonics it was found that practically all these difficulties disappeared, enabling more perfect bells to be produced.

G. R.

RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER

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LISTEN TO THE RHYTHM OF THE SURF ON LOMALAND'S SHORE

The Ship of Life

WHAT a wonderful thrill is felt when sailing over the ocean, inhaling the salt breezes, and feeling the swift motion of the sturdy ship as she speeds along over the billows! One feels transported, as it were, into another world; the past is left behind, the future is as yet unthought of, all is forgotten except the glorious present and the deep consciousness of strength and power that it gives.

And why should not every one enjoy this delightful experience? Those who stay at home may be voyagers just as much as those whose duties or pleasures take them across the sea. For we are all sailors on the Sea of Destiny, and our ship is the Ship of Life. In the dim and forgotten past lies the port we have left behind. The port we are bound for is in an ideal future, and we need have no fear for that if we only take proper care of the present; for as Whittier says:

> The present, the present is all thou hast
> For thy sure possessing;
> Like the patriarch's angel hold it fast
> Till it gives its blessing.

But how shall we hold it fast? In other words, how shall we assume command over our ship, so that we may control it in every situation? The solution of this question lies entirely with each and every one of us. Of course the first requirement is that the ship shall be staunch and strong, with no holes to admit the water. Like Longfellow we must

> Choose the timbers with greatest care,
> Of all that is unsound beware;
> For only what is sound and strong
> To this vessel shall belong.

Then when our ship is constructed, we must see to it that the motive power or propelling force is properly generated. The boilers and engines must be ready for action, so that all the fuel used by our ship, whether it be physical, mental, or spiritual, may be put to the best advantage. Then the officers and men must be alert and faithful, ready to serve with hand and heart under Captain Will. The pilot-house must be kept clear of obstacles so that pilot Intuition, who is the guiding-mind of our ship, may work unimpeded, and steer the vessel free of the rocks of pride and ambition, and of the shoals of narrow-mindedness and deceit.

Now a few words as to the general condition of our ship. Of course cleanliness in all parts is an absolute necessity. Law and order must reign everywhere, and

each member of the crew must know his place and fulfil his duty to the utmost. Captain Will should but express the slightest command to have his wishes promptly carried out to the letter. No need to question why or how. If the Captain knows he can depend upon every one of his men in any emergency, he is not afraid to trust his bark to the fury of the elements. In unity lies strength, and as each part of our ship, both inside and out, fits exactly into every other part, she is able to withstand the violence of winds and waves. She laughs at the storm and rides over the waves, conquering every vicissitude, surmounting every obstacle, rejoicing in the consciousness that hers is the *present*, to make of it what she will.

These are the conditions of an ideal ship, and they do not seem very hard to conform to. Why is it then that on Life's unresting sea there are so many shipwrecks, so many failures, so many ships that never reach the goal they started for?

Here is a ship whose helmsman sits dreaming of the future instead of *living* in the present. The result is that his ship never advances anywhere, but remains at a standstill, while several other craft pass her by.

Then there is one that has been through storms and shipwrecks, and although she has come out with comparative safety, her captain sits brooding over the slight injuries she has received, the crew meanwhile doing as they like, and disharmony reigning everywhere.

Look at this splendid schooner! She looks as if she could brave any sea. But her captain keeps her at anchor in the harbor, waiting for the breeze of opportunity to swell her sails. If he only knew, it will never come until he goes to meet it.

Here is another whose engines are so clogged with the seaweed of old and narrow ideas and vain and foolish thoughts, that the men cannot make her go. If she is not thoroughly cleaned out soon, serious damage will result.

The captain of yet another vessel is so wrapped up in trying to make his ship excel all others that he unwittingly loses his path and finds the ship in danger of collision with icebergs created by ignorance and selfishness; and then he finds that he cannot move until some friendly ship points out to him the way to get back to the broad open sea. If he follows the proffered advice his ship will be saved; but if not, it may take some terrible disaster to show him his position in its true light.

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WHERE THE TIRELESS SEA MEETS RESISTANCE

Then there are some who, in their weakness, fly from the first sign of a storm and hastily seek refuge in the nearest harbor of ease and comfort, so of course they do not reach their goal. And there are others whose ships have sprung a leak, because the crews were not vigilant; instead of stopping up the holes as soon as discovered, they waited for the morrow which never came, and so the holes grew in dimensions until it was too late. The water has begun to pour into these vessels and they will soon sink unless some timely aid can reach them.

And so it goes on through life. Most of us are totally oblivious of *the great and wonderful present* which means so much to every earnest sailor on the ocean of life. Shall we not take Whittier's advice once more, when he says:

> Then of what is to be, and what is done,
> Why queriest thou?
> The past and the time to be are one,
> And both are *now!*

That is the key to the situation. *Now* is the time to get rid of the barnacles; *now* is the time to clear the decks and put the machinery in order; *now* is the time to see that every officer and man is at his post, ready for action. Then, when the Admiral comes to inspect our ships, or to choose some vessels for special service, we can say: "Here we are on deck, alert and ready to make the most of every golden moment in the wonderful, magical *Present.*"

In concluding such a theme as this what could be more suitable than the words of the Master Builder in Longfellow's *The Building of the Ship?*

"Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we.
Before, behind, and all around,
Floats and swings the horizon's bound,
Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,
And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer brink.
Ah! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.
Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see and the sounds we hear,
Will be those of joy and not of fear!"

Procrastination

ROBERT SOUTHWELL

SHUN delays, they breed remorse;
Take thy time while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force;
Fly thy fault, lest thou repent thee;
Good is best when soonest wrought;
Lingering labors come to nought.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last;
Tide and wind wait no man's pleasure;
Seek not time when time is past;
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure;
Afterwits are dearly bought,
Let thy forewit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead;
When he flies he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked;
Works adjourned have many stays,
Long demurs breed new delays. — *Selected*

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LOTUS CHILDREN AT THE TOMB OF THE SWEDISH POET, VIKTOR RYDBERG

On Manners, Real and Assumed

MANNERS form a valuable portion of personal property, but unfortunately they are not in the possession of all. It may be added, however, that some manners are worse than none at all; though this is no excuse for their absence.

When such a condition does exist, it is usually caused by a mistaken idea of what manners really are. In too many cases the *letter* stands for more than the *spirit*, with a result which is, to say the least, stiff and often highly affected. Those persons who follow this plan are always in the way, and after an hour spent in their company you long for the freedom of the woods. At other times the attempts at courtesy fail so miserably that the only impression you receive is one of rudeness.

Perhaps you are already deciding that unless one is naturally gifted with manners it would be far better to leave them entirely alone. If so, you are very far from right. Such reasoning can no more be indulged in than that of never learning to read and write because you did not know how when you were born. A natural talent is always of the greatest assistance to us, but even that is the result of earnest work at some time or other, and therein lies the secret. We cannot have spent time and labor on anything without realizing that the things we value most are those for which we have worked. This is because our efforts have made them part of us, and we look upon them not as facts that we know from what others have told us, but as knowledge that comes of our own experience.

This is equally true of manners. To suppose that they can be merely acquired according to set rules laid down by others, is to suppose that a thin veneer of lacquer will prove as durable as solid wood. The process of lacquering has its merits for the many dainty Eastern articles we see, and the effects attained are very beautiful; but when we begin to deal with character, something vastly more substantial is needed.

If you are desirous of having good manners, and are determined to make your ideal a reality, surely you will be willing to do the work necessary to that realization. You will then seek to separate the true from the false, and when that is accomplished you will have begun to appreciate the difference between the spirit and the letter. This gives you a foundation on which to build, and the actual putting into practice of that which you have learned makes it really yours, and whatever is an outward growth of your own nature stands directly opposed to everything superficial.

Thus alone can we claim the right to any of those higher qualities which we always admire, for they speak of something deeper than the outward surface of our characters. He who would reap what others have sown, must be content if he is recognized as only another jackdaw parading in peacock's feathers. True worth is not from without, but from within. HAZEL

In my soul I loathe
All affectation; 'tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust. — *Cowper*

AFFECTATION is an awkward and forced imitation of what should be genuine and easy, wanting the beauty that accompanies what is natural. — *Locke*

I HAVE no secret but hard work. — *J. M. W. Turner*

Honor

DEAR little children, never do
A thing that's mean or sly;
It's doing in your *actions* what
In *words* we call a lie.

If mother tells you not to go
Into the street and play,
Don't slip out when she goes upstairs,
As long as you can stay;

And just get back before she's down,
With a sham quiet face,
That she may think you've never stirred
A moment from your place.

And when she says, "While I'm away
None of you touch the fire";
Oh! rather let it quite go out
Than break through her desire.

And when she says, "Walk *steady* home
When you're let out of school";
Don't loiter idly, then tear on —
Attend to mother's rule.

And if she tells you not to spend
Your pence in unripe fruit,
Stale shrimps, or bad cheap sugar-plums,
Don't grumble or dispute:

She says it because all those things
Are most unwholesome food;
And bring on sickness, aches, and pains —
So mind her and be good.

And if you should forget sometimes,
As I've no doubt you do;
Don't make excuses false and mean,
But speak out, brave and true.

Much less displeased will mother be,
Much happier you will feel,
Than if you'd done what you ought not,
And managed to conceal.

When we've been sly or mean or false,
Though we are not found out,
There's something heavy at the heart,
We always bear about.

— *Household Verses on Health and Happiness.*

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CHILDREN'S FÊTE UNDER THE SPLENDID OLD TREES AT DENHAM, NEAR LONDON

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

TEACHERS AND FRIENDS ATTENDING THE CHILDREN'S FÊTE AT DENHAM, ENGLAND

For the Dollies

"PRETTY birdies, sing me a song," said little Miss Worna.

"What shall we sing to you, my dear child?" asked the blackbird in reply.

They were all sitting in a row on the top of the fence at the sunny side of the orchard, the blackbird, bluebird, robin, and bobolink.

"Sing about nests," said Worna, thinking she had suggested something that would delight them.

"Too late," said the blackbird, tossing his head.

"That's a very old story, really a played-out tune, now," said the bluebird.

"You must be thinking that it's still springtime, dear," said the robin, gently.

"My voice is tired," complained the bobolink.

"Well, I never heard so many excuses at one time in all my life!" exclaimed Worna, as if she were a very wise old woman. She felt a little vexed, and added, "If you don't want to sing to me, what do you wish to do? What are you here for, so early in the morning?"

"I came over this way to look for blackberries," said the blackbird.

"I suppose that *you* came for blueberries," said Worna, sharply, to the bluebird, who refused to reply.

"The cherries are quite gone," admitted the robin in his usual frank manner. "I picked the last of them two mornings ago."

"*Pecked*, I think you mean, Robin," said Worna, and then was sorry the moment the word was spoken, for she really thought the robin a dear.

The robin chirped a few times, as though he could think of nothing worth saying in reply to the remark, so the bobolink came to his assistance.

"I think it sounds unmannerly to be so precise about words."

"Oh, I don't mind what she says," said the robin, cheer-

ing up. "The cherries kept me very busy this season. It was such an early summer, you know, and the crop was a large one."

"Father had something else to say about our crop of cherries, Robin," said Worna, emphasizing her words; but seeing that the robin either could not or would not understand her meaning, she laughed and gave up trying to shame him.

Still laughing, she turned to Mr. Bobolink, wondering what excuse he might offer for his presence in the orchard. He stammered —

"I — oh, I — I just come this way each day. It 's an interesting old place, isn't it, the old trees and the grass and the berry bushes and vines? I had business here earlier in the year with a nest of five of the cunningest little bobolinkums you ever saw, so I just look in here every day, for old times' sake, you might say."

"Well, of all the stories —" Worna began; but just then Tomkins Artabazus, the cat, appeared on the scene, and without ceremony, without even the politeness of a good-by, blackbird and bluebird, robin and bobolink, lost all interest in the orchard and flew away. WINIFRED

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"MONTAGUE TIG" OF LOMALAND

Lotus Children Under the Trees

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: The accompanying pictures of the Children's Fête at Denham, England, show the children of a Lotus Group from the big city of London enjoying an outing with their teachers and friends. That both young folk and grown-ups are having a fine time, it is plain to see. Indeed, how could they help

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ONE OF THE LONDON LOTUS GROUPS
ENJOYING A FÊTE AT DENHAM, ENG., JULY 6, 1912

enjoying themselves under such glorious old trees as that seen in one of the pictures? Isn't there a lot of comfort in a big tree?

Although we Râja Yoga children of Lomaland have at present no heavily wooded forests, nor trees as large as those in the picture, we are patient and well content with the young eucalyptus forest that is doing its best to fulfil our longing. We have, in fact, enjoyed its shade for several years already. We think all the more of it inasmuch as some of us helped to plant it.

If you love trees as I do, you will appreciate the following lines by Mr. R. H. Stoddard:

> Summer or winter, day or night,
> The woods are an ever-new delight;
> They give us peace, and they make us strong,
> Such wonderful balms to them belong;
> So, living or dying, I 'll take mine ease
> Under the trees, under the trees.

Not only from London, but from the other big cities of the world, and even from small towns, Lotus children flock to the woods or to Dame Nature's lap to rejoice with her and to celebrate in July the birthday of one whom they love very, very much. You are surprised? Why! didn't you know that there are Lotus Groups all over the world? They constitute the Children's Department of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, with headquarters at Point Loma, California. And it is a great satisfaction to us Râja Yoga children to think that bands of Lotus Group children meet in many, many places every Sunday to receive some of the same helpful teaching and encouragement that is given us in Lomaland. Our thoughts often go out to them, the world over; indeed, we feel quite close to them, and we like to think of them and ourselves as a band of young Crusaders. We know that much is expected of us.

Yours for the Greenwood,

A RÂJA YOGA LOVER OF TREES

Gladys and her Algebra Lesson

GLADYS was finding her lessons particularly irksome this evening because she had been called away from the most thrilling part of an interesting story, that of Cadmus and his slaying of the serpent or dragon, and she felt in no studious mood. She plodded away at her algebra for a short time, nevertheless, but found it extremely hard to keep her mind on what she was doing.

It was not very long before she forgot entirely about her algebra and began wondering to herself what was going to happen next to Cadmus. Finally, overcome with trying to make her mind do two things at once, she fell asleep, and this is what she dreamed:

Instead of Cadmus and the dragon, she was confronted by a host of *x's* dancing about and waving their arms excitedly. These were soon joined by a troop of *y's* and other alphabetical and numerical intruders, equally distasteful to her.

"Come!" cried an aristocratic-looking number inclosed in brackets and adorned with a very imposing-looking square-root sign. "Come," he said, as he emerged from his recent prison, still followed nevertheless by his little index, "let's not stay here in this place any longer. It's not where we belong anyway. There will be cause for rejoicing when this little girl learns our proper use, instead of drawing us up in such an array as this and then leaving us while she goes off to look for dragons."

"Perhaps she did n't find us formidable enough dragons," *Y-square* declared.

"Ha, ha!" laughed *X*, "I don't know about that. She certainly found us pretty unmanageable in that quadratic formation, though. Perhaps she got tired of us and lost her patience."

"I dare say," added the first speaker. "Let's show her what happens when she gets so negligent and loses her temper."

"Yes, let's," they all agreed.

Gladys felt rather provoked, not to mention ashamed, when she heard this dialog. But she watched them and tried to follow their movements as they moved about in intricate fashion. She went towards them, and was just about to catch hold of one when she caught herself falling off her chair. She jumped up and found to her astonishment that she had been asleep, and that it was only a dream.

Her books were lying before her in quite a natural position, and the unruly *x's* and *y's* looked innocently passive and inert. "Have I been dreaming?" she asked herself. "Well, I'll show my algebra subjects that I *can* master them and put them in their right places."

She was soon working away diligently, and it was not long before her lessons were all well prepared. When she had finished them the confused state of her mind had changed to a feeling of pleasure and satisfaction, and with her lessons well done she was able to enjoy her story thoroughly.

RUTH

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A SWEDISH MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN IN NATIONAL COSTUME

Mrs. Osvald Sirén is a Lotus Group teacher in Stockholm, and the little boy and girl are now pupils of the Râja Yoga School at Lomaland.

"Life is What We Make it"

SUCH is the opinion of an optimist and a man who holds the position of one of the oldest representatives of the British Bar — Mr. Augustus Hake, who celebrated his hundredth birthday recently.

In talking with a reviewer, Mr. Hake declared that there is such a thing as a weariness of life, but it is a feeling none have a right to entertain. He is a man to whom life presents few riddles; having fought its battles, joined in its pleasures, and borne its responsibilities, he is now cheerful in resisting the tendency to fret and grumble in old age.

As a boy, Mr. Hake relates, he had a taste for outdoor exercise, being especially fond of cricket, swimming, and long walks. As a young man, while his fellow-lawyers seldom cared for lengthy journeys on foot, he always held that the exercise conferred great benefits on the brain. On being asked his opinion as to the relation

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THE RÂJA YOGA ORCHESTRA AT HOME IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE RÂJA YOGA COLLEGE
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

of character-building and physical development, the dean of the English Bar declared that the two must go together. Said he:

A healthy body with a namby-pamby soul is an affliction, sir. The mind should pull the body to the green fields as often as possible, and the brain should be so cultivated that it can dictate to the body when it has had enough of a perfectly legitimate thing. With these rules, if they may be classed as such, and a love of work, and a high sense of duty, there is nothing in life that one need object to or fight against.

Speaking of the lawyer's work, Mr. Hake compares it to the business of the sailor who brings his ship to her destination. As it is his duty to navigate the ship to port through all phases of weather, so must the lawyer exhaust the whole of his powers and leave no stone unturned to win the case of his client. He intimates, too, that a lawyer of real manhood and honor will never stoop to enlist his powers thus conscientiously without a firm conviction of the integrity of the case presented to him.

It is a pleasure to read of such men as this, for their life-stories impress one with the old truth that the genuine happiness and contentment of life are not dependent upon one's external circumstances, but always spring from within. There truly are men whose cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirit would grace the darkest dungeon; while others there are who find all life's blessings insufficient to still their weak pessimistic complaints. The first are the "lifters," the *real* units in life; the latter are the "leaners," life's nonentities. A. M.

The Value of Orchestral Work

IMPERSONALITY is one of the highest attributes of true art. In the art of music this attribute may function upon two planes, the creative plane and the interpretive plane. When it is present in the creative aspect, it reveals the composer stepping forth from the bonds of personality and evolving an expression of his divine, impersonal, true self. When impersonality characterizes interpretation, we hear the artist giving true and sympathetic utterance to that message which came from the soul of the composer.

The execution of solo music frequently presents difficulties in the achievement of impersonality unless the musician has had a true training from youth, since all the attention of the listeners is fixed upon the single player. Under this concentrated scrutiny his natural peculiarities tend to become more pronounced. Still, in the great musical artists the love of the music is so whole and sincere as to enable them to set aside personality and

render a true expression of the works of the great composers.

But the great school for the student of music is the orchestra. Here every player who aspires to great achievement may find lessons innumerable and forms of musical discipline unobtainable elsewhere.

The first experience of the young student who enters the orchestra is that of dazed confusion, in which he vainly strives to distinguish his own notes in the general volume of sound surrounding him. Suddenly his section has a solo passage and the sound of his own instrument is so startling that he is apt to become nervous and read F for C, or to hold his half-note for one count instead of two. This feeling, however, passes shortly, and then it is time to give attention to the rhythm, and here he finds orchestral work has a great lesson for him. The movement and swing of a large body of players tends to establish a rhythmic stream which is controlled by the conductor's baton. All the student has to do is to merge his notes into that stream, and ere long his sense of time becomes acute and accurate. This is a most valuable asset in music, for there are surprisingly few who have really acquired that balanced and symmetrical temperament which enables them to plant each note on its exact rhythmic point, a power which is the first step towards real phrasing.

Next the student acquires an appreciation for those marks which indicate the "dynamics" of music. He learns to appreciate the beautiful effect produced by an orchestra of fifty or a hundred players all increasing and diminishing in loudness with perfect unity. The fact comes home to him that it is possible for all these instruments to die away to a mere whisper, and yet leave that whisper with all the latent power of a deafening *fortissimo:* here is a revelation of the application of "positivity."

There are other lessons, in the enumeration of which pages might be filled; but let us now glance at the effect of orchestral work on the general musical temperament of the student.

It is generally conceded that there are few experiences of more liberalizing tendency than that of travel in foreign parts. Orchestral playing has much of this same effect upon the musical student — it gives him an opportunity of "going abroad" in the musical world. He plays in the masterpieces of all climes, and these embody a world of experience and feeling. There are those composers whose works are replete with the national spirit of their own land. Others, again, seem to have moved out beyond nationality and to speak in a language of the whole world, calling out from us those feelings which lie deepest in every nature, from the Arctic ice-lands to the Torrid Zone.

To be able to participate in the production of a Beethoven Symphony is to play a rôle in a great drama: for the works of this master have a nobility of form and conception such as characterizes the epics of all ages. In playing in a Mendelssohn Symphony the student comes in touch with the Italian spirit; in another — the *Scotch Symphony* — he may catch a breath of the heath and the highlands; whilst in the celebrated *Fingal's Cave Overture* of the same composer, the player seems to stand in that fantastic wave-washed cavern and watch the sea-birds screaming and calling as they circle and wheel overhead.

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STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN

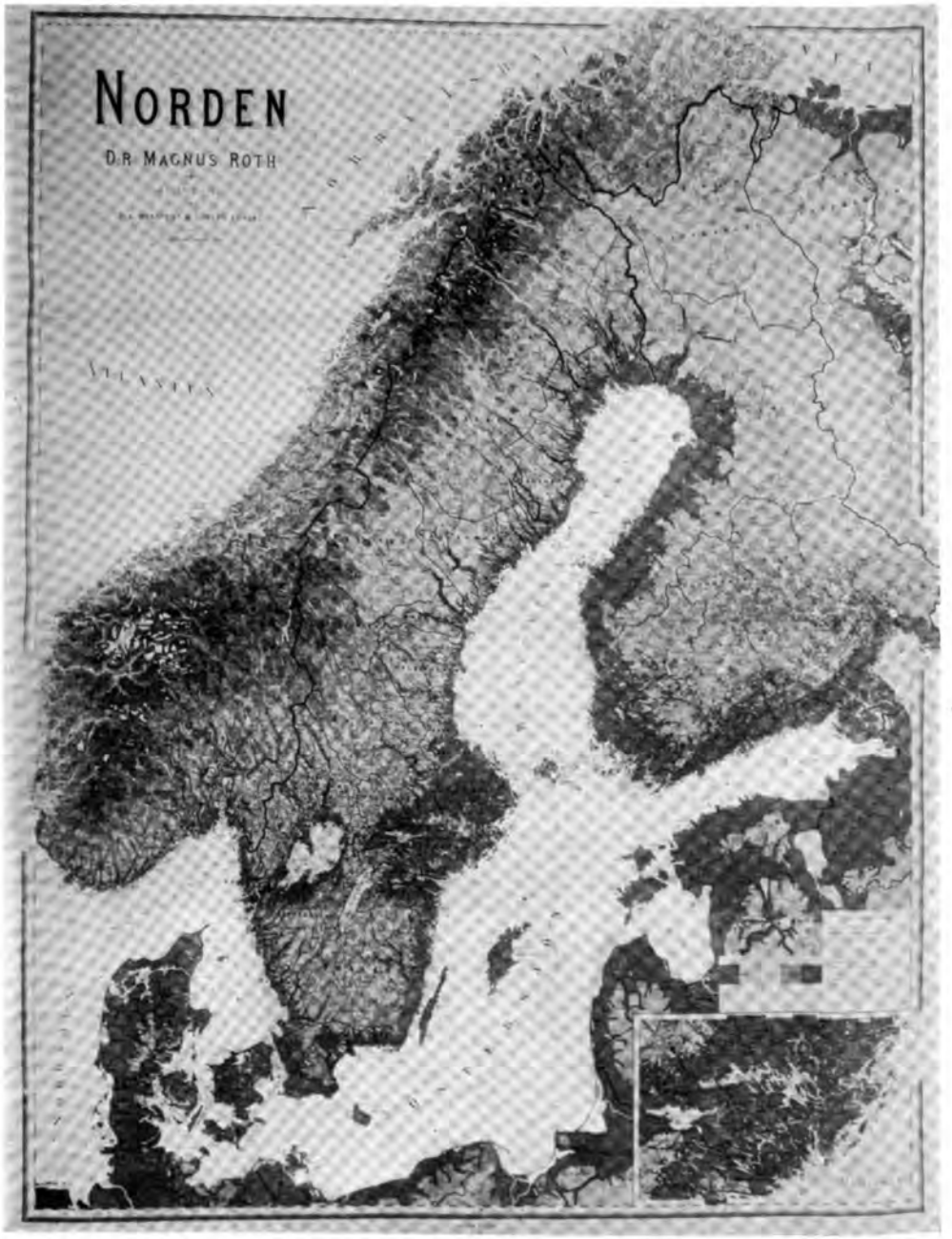
And would he know the German nature, he has but to take up some orchestral composition of Jadassohn and he will know at once the secrets of the home-loving people of the Fatherland. For the music of this composer is filled with that earnestness and rich melody of the heart of musical Germany.

In the works of Sibelius, again, the student meets the wonderful richness and power of the Scandinavian music; whilst in the works of Tschaikowsky he glimpses the wild mirth of the Cossack or the plaintive sadness of the peasant.

A student who has contacted all these lines of music may well treasure all the experiences of his career as a member of an orchestra, and feel that by its aid his whole musical horizon has been broadened and his reverence and appreciation for art deepened. M. M.

MUSIC, the mosaic of the air. — *Marvel*

SUCH sweet compulsion doth in music lie. — *Milton*



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MAP OF SCANDINAVIA

Some Notes on the Scandinavian Countries

By Professor Per Fernholm, of the Râja Yoga College

THE backbone of the Scandinavian peninsula is the mountain range of archaean granite and gneiss, which can be traced running from the north of Ireland over the northwest of Scotland, forming a ridge on the bottom of the Atlantic, until reappearing as the mighty highland of Norway and Sweden. From there it continues northwards under the waters of the Arctic Ocean and appears again on the Island of Spitzbergen.

The immense age of the land is evident from the fact that this mountain range has been a watershed through many geological periods, the rivers having cut deep passages on their way to the ocean.

CLIMATE: The capitals of Sweden and Norway are situated about 60° N., in the same latitude as the southern point of Greenland, northern Labrador, and Alaska. A great part of the country lies above the Arctic Circle.

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VISINGSBORG IN 1708

Near the ruins of this ancient castle of the Brahes is the site whereon will be built the Swedish Râja Yoga School and College.

Yet the climate is by no means as forbidding as in those places; on the contrary it is very agreeable. This is on account of the warmth of the Gulf Stream that sweeps along the west coast and even protects the north coast as far as the White Sea. Thus the average annual temperature for the district around Lake Vettern is 43° Fahr. (London, 50°F.; Paris, 51°F.); and the average *summer* temperature is the same as in those places.

The short summer is compensated by the length of the days and the wonderful effect the continual light has upon vegetation and animal life. Thus in the summer months there are even more hours of sunshine during a day in the North than in Southern Europe; and the light evenings and nights, "the white nights" as they are called, are a source of constant delight.

Comparatively few clouds in summer and many more in winter result in warm summers and not very cold winters. Fogs are rare. When cold in winter, it is usually almost absolutely calm.

LENGTH OF SEASONS (in days):

	Winter	Spring	Summer	Autumn
Lake Vettern District	112	60	123	70
Lapland	200	42	80	35

PRECIPITATION: Parts of the west coast of Norway have an exceptional precipitation up to fifteen feet; but the average for the North is about two feet a year.

SIZE: Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, taken together, have almost the same area as the three States of the Pacific Coast — California, Oregon, and Washington.

NORTH CAPE, NORWAY, AND THE MIDNIGHT SUN

DISPOSITION OF LAND:

	Arable Land	Forests	Unproductive
Sweden	12½%	50%	37½%
Norway	5 %	25%	70 %
Denmark	75 %	5%	20 %
Finland	7 %	57%	36 %

POPULATION: The population is thin, the average (32 per square mile) being the same as the usual estimate for the whole globe. For the three countries together it is about ten millions. In Finland one-seventh (or 350,000) of the population is Swedish, mostly along the coast.

PROFESSIONS (in percentage of population):

	Agriculture & Fishing	Industry	Trade	Public Service
Sweden	55	27	11	7
Norway	50	25	15	10
Denmark	50	30	10	10
Finland	—	—	—	—

Mining has been one of the foremost industries from early times; especially copper and iron.

The numerous and considerable waterfalls are being more and more used as a source of power for industries.

Navigation is one of the most important occupations of the Scandinavians, showing that the seafaring of ancient times is still loved by the descendants of the Vikings.

As to railroads, the North stands in the forefront of European countries in proportion to the population; and as to telephones, Scandinavia has no rival in the world, it being possible to reach by telephone almost any person you want in these four countries. In Stockholm there is a telephone to every four persons.

CULTIVATION OF CEREALS. Average in kilograms per inhabitant for 1891-1895:

	Wheat	Rye	Barley	Oats	Total
Sweden	24	116	65	229	434
Western Europe	95	62	41	78	276

The cultivation of wheat is confined to the southern parts of Sweden by the unfavorable climatic conditions.

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PICTURES FROM SIGURD'S SAGA, ON RAMSUND'S MOUNTAIN, SWEDEN

numerous and of very high standing, showing what a height civilization had reached there three or four thousand years ago.

Of interest from the Viking time, are some complete beautiful ships found in Norway, preserved in the clay in which they were embedded. They show that ship-building stood as high then as at present.

The deep love of Nature, which is such a prevalent trait in the Scandinavians, and their innate power of imagination have urged them to exploration and organization, not only of the "white spots" of the map, but also in natural science and administration. The North is one of the hearths of music and song, and lyrical poems in word, color and plastic material are natural expressions of the soul of the people.

TOTAL CEREAL CROPS. In cwts per acre, for 1886-1895:

Sweden, 11; Europe, 7.2; U. S. A., 9.5

POTATOES, cwts per acre for 1886-1895:

Sweden, 68.5; Europe, 64; U. S. A., 35.7

Other cultivations are sugar-beets, root-crops (turnips, swedes, and carrots), flax, and tobacco.

FRUIT-TREES: Apple, pear, cherry, and plum. Peaches and apricots, and even walnuts, in southern parts. The taste and aroma exceedingly fine.

FRUIT-BUSHES AND BERRIES: the climate is especially favorable for these.

DAIRY-FARMING: This industry has been practised for seven centuries; it is very important, especially in Denmark.

FOREST INDUSTRY: In this the Scandinavian countries hold a leading position.

TEXTILE INDUSTRY is important: domestic handicraft is still common in many districts, almost amounting to a home-industry.

INDUSTRIAL ART has had a renaissance lately, and many of the beautiful art-works of old times have been taken up and preserved, wood-carving, pottery, and wrought-iron work.

ARCHAEOLOGY: The finds from ancient times are far more numerous than generally known. Rocking-stones, dolmens, rock-cuttings, and single immense blocks are spread all over the countries, and especially in the southern part of Sweden.

The finds of gold and bronze objects are

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EXAMPLE OF SWEDISH WALL-DECORATION OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

Cleopatra's Needles

ABOUT 1600 B. C., by the order of Thothmes III, the then ruling king of Egypt, there were cut from the red-granite quarries of Syene two huge obelisks about seventy feet in length and over one hundred and eighty-six tons in weight. These were floated down the Nile to Heliopolis, a distance of seven hundred miles, and there erected. There they remained until 23 B. C., when Augustus Caesar, the great Roman Emperor, ordered them to be removed to Alexandria, where they were set up before his gorgeous palace. As Cleopatra was supposed to have helped to design this palace, they finally got the name of Cleopatra's Needles.

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

GÖTEBORG

There they stood for fifteen centuries more before they fell, long after the palace had vanished, and after having viewed the decay and death of the Roman Empire, as they had that of their own country's civilization.

However, as they were not damaged by their fall, they were destined to further adventure. After an elapse of another three centuries one of them was embarked on a ship by cutting a hole in the bows and thus getting it into the hold, and brought to New York. Seven years later, in 1887, the other was taken to England and set up on the Thames Embankment, London. The method of its conveyance is quite interesting. It was encased in a water-tight circular casing which, when finished, somewhat resembled a submarine boat. This was rolled to the sea, floated, lost, recovered, and finally towed to England.

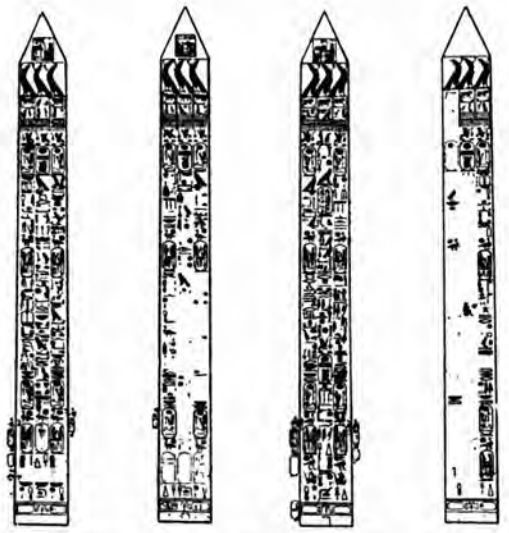
That these obelisks will outlive the present civilization, and that at some future time they may become the property of the then existing civilization, is reasonable to suppose, and as we have desired to give posterity a glimpse of the greatness and glory of our own civilization, we have endeavored to bequeath them various tokens by placing the same in jars and sealing them in the bases of these obelisks, among other places.

IMATRA CASCADE, FINLAND

The fitness of including many of the things in the following list will readily be apparent from the fact that things of their nature, when found by archaeologists today, awaken the keenest interest, and give the greatest insight into the life of the people who made and used them.

The following list is of the things contained under the London obelisk:

A bronze model of the obelisk, a standard foot and pound, a complete set of British coinage, an account of the removal of the obelisk printed on vellum, a translation of the obelisk hieroglyphics, a standard gage to the one-thousandth part of an inch, a portrait of Queen Victoria, Bibles in several



THE FOUR FACES OF THE OBELISK IN NEW YORK CITY

languages, a passage from the same in two hundred and fifteen different languages, a railway guide, a shilling razor, one case of cigars, pipes, etc., a box of hair-pins, sundry articles of female adornment, a feeding-bottle and children's toys, a model of one of the hydraulic jacks used in raising the obelisk, wire ropes and marine cables, a map of London, a London directory, copies of daily and illustrated papers, photographs of a dozen pretty English women, a two-foot rule, and an almanac. W. T.

Stories from Starland

CURIOSITIES OF ASTRONOMY

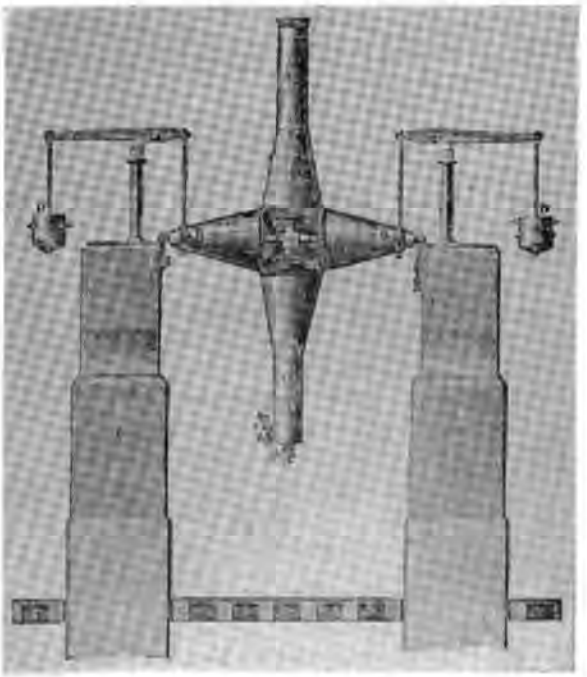
MY DEAR CHILDREN: One of the most curious things in astronomy is the wonderfully perfect time the stars keep. If you go to an observatory you will find that the telescopes are being pointed to the stars by means of calculations made several years ago. The Nautical Almanac, which contains the positions of the principal stars and planets, is published two or three years before the date on its cover, so that sailors can take it on long voyages and astronomers use it for their calculations.

All large observatories, and some small ones, contain a special telescope, called a "Transit Instrument," for the purpose of getting the exact time to a fraction of a second. This telescope is mounted on a pivot so that it can swing only in one direction — from south to north. It sweeps along a north and south line in the sky across which every star must pass once every day as the Earth revolves.

The Nautical Almanac gives the exact time that the principal stars, the Sun, and the planets cross this line, and when the observer fixes the Transit telescope at the place where the star will appear, all he has to do is to watch for the moment when it is in the middle of the field of view in the telescope in order to know the exact time. Several fine threads, made of spider's web (nothing else is fine enough) are stretched across the inside of the telescope, and the time by the astronomical clock that the star passes each thread is taken down, added together, and divided by the number of threads. This is to get a more correct result than could be got by merely watching the star pass the central thread. The result is then compared with the time given in the Nautical Almanac, and the clock corrected if it needs it.

A very strange thing was discovered by means of the observation of stars crossing the Transit. No two persons agree in estimating the exact fraction of a second during which the star is crossing the thread; one person will always call out the least bit earlier or later than another, although he is certain that he spoke at the exact moment of crossing. According to his state of health he will be still quicker or slower; even some unusual article of food or drink he has lately partaken of will make a difference! All this has to be carefully allowed for, and to get the greatest accuracy the average of several observers has to be taken.

When you have the exact time you can use the large telescope to find any star in the sky, even those that are quite invisible to the naked eye. By looking into the book of tables you can find the exact moment that the star you need passes across the north and south line (called the Meridian). Then you look at your clock which tells how long it is before or after that time. By moving the telescope around for the distance that corresponds to that length of time, and elevating it to the proper height, you can place it upon the exact spot where



TRANSIT INSTRUMENT
Showing telescope pivoted, and counterbalanced by weights.

the star is. This can only be done by means of telescopes mounted freely, not by the Transit telescope, which only moves in one direction.

There is nothing more impressive than to stand in an observatory on a starry night and watch an astronomer make a few simple calculations, turn a great telescope round until he is satisfied with its position, and then, at the exact moment given by the clock, when he says "Now," to look and see the star or planet swim into the middle of the field of view. The power to find stars with perfect accuracy is a great triumph of mathematics and of mechanics, for not only have the calculations to be exact, but the instruments have to be perfect.

Affectionately yours, UNCLE SOL.

The Gift of Gitche Manito

IN that wonderfully beautiful Indian legend, which our poet Longfellow has so exquisitely put into verse — *The Song of Hiawatha* — one of the chapters is devoted to the story of Hiawatha's fasting, his labor and triumph for the good of his people. The whole poem is redolent with the fragrance of pine trees and woodland balm. We tread like the silent Red Man through forest aisles carpeted with the living moss, and in the silence and solitude we hear wild birds sing and see Nature's children freely roaming about, as in the days long before this continent rang with the blows of the pioneer's ax. We come in close touch with primeval Nature, and feel the beating of her heart as did the dusky race that lived with her all the time.

In this chapter, however, we have a glimpse of the inner nature of the Indian, his devotional beliefs and his unlimited faith in the beneficent watchfulness of Gitche Manito the Mighty, the Great Spirit and Master of Life, who blesses his red children and sends them peace and prosperity.

Hiawatha, the teacher and prophet of his nation, goes alone into the forest to fast and pray — not for strength or prowess or renown, but for the welfare of his people. In the leafy springtime he built his lodge of bark by the sparkling waves of Gitche Gumee, "the Shining Big-Sea-Water," and there for seven days and nights he prayed and fasted. As he wandered through the forest and saw the creatures that were the maintenance of the Indians' life, the rabbits, the deer, and the birds; when he looked into the leaping stream and saw the fish, the pike and herring; when he wandered through the meadows and saw the wild rice, the blueberry, and the grape vine, he reflected how all these things pass in winter, when the frozen snowtime comes, and in despair he cried aloud, "Master of Life, must our lives depend on these things?"

When the fourth day's sun was slowly sinking to rest, exhausted with hunger, faint from lack of food, Hiawatha lay on the leaf-couch in his lodge and gazed at the sunset colors that reeled and swam before him. In the golden light of evening he beheld a youth approaching, whose green and yellow garments wakened wonder in his heart. Nodding plumes of green floated above the stranger's soft and golden locks. Drawing near to the open doorway, he looked pityingly upon the wasted Hiawatha, and called to him in murmuring accents, and said:

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GITCHE MANITO'S THANKSGIVING GIFT TO THE PEOPLE OF LOMALAND

"Oh Hiawatha, your prayers all are heard in heaven, for you pray for the welfare of the nations, not for prowess and renown. The Master of Life has heard you, and I, the friend of Man, Mondamin, have come to tell you how by fasting and labor you shall obtain the answer to your prayer. Arise, come forth, and wrestle with me."

Though weak and fainting, Hiawatha came forth to wrestle with Mondamin, whose touch gave new life and hope and vigor, Hiawatha growing stronger the longer they struggled and contended. Mondamin, when the darkness fell, promised to come the next day at sunset, and then vanished; how, Hiawatha did not see. He came the next day and the next, and on the last but one told Hiawatha that on the seventh day he would be victor, for the Master of Life would be with him.

On the last day of their wrestling, Hiawatha longed impatiently for the yellow sunset. Old Nokomis had come, weeping, with food, and begged him to break his fast, but he refused, and she went away sorrowing, lest

his strength should forsake him and he should die. In the evening Mondamin again appeared, clad in his green and yellow garments, and for the third and last time he wrestled with Hiawatha. Suddenly, upon the green-sward Hiawatha stood alone. Dead before him lay Mondamin, with his garments soiled and tattered, plumage frayed, and locks disordered. Victorious Hiawatha, following his commands, stripped his garments and plumage from him, made a grave for him to lie in, and left the earth soft above him. Then Hiawatha returned to his wigwam, where old Nokomis wept and waited for him.

Through all the long pleasant summer Hiawatha kept Mondamin's bed free from weeds and insects and thieving birds; he watched and patiently waited till Mondamin should arise into the sunlight. Then at last a small green blade appeared above the dark brown earth, then another, and another, and they multiplied and grew, and when the summertime had passed, there stood the maize, Mondamin's self, robed as he in green and yellow, with his soft and shining tresses, and his plumes of nodding green. Hiawatha, in his joy, called Nokomis and his friends; showed them this new gift of the Great Spirit; told them of his struggle and his vision, and gave them this new food, which should be the prosperity of the nations. In the autumn when the corn was ripe, he gathered it and made a feast, offering it to all the people, and telling them from whence it came.

In this beautiful story we have the predecessor of our American Thanksgiving, in which the maize was such an important factor and always has been, in commemoration of that time. All nations have their harvest festival, and it is as old as time itself. In the vast forests of the New World, undreamed of by the busy nations of Europe, lived this simple people, with their gifts direct from Heaven, and celebrating with their beautiful legends, and in their sacred ceremonies, their thankfulness for the blessings that had come to them — a feeling which is one of the basic elements of the human heart. KATE

An Autumn Evening

WALTER THORNBURY

IN scattered plumes the floating clouds
Went drifting down the west,
Like barks that in their haven soon
Would moor and be at rest.
The Day sank down, a monarch tired,
Upon Night's sable breast.

The wind was all but hushed to sleep,
Yet now and then it stirred
A great tree's top, and whispering,
Awoke a slumbering bird,
Who half aroused, but only chirped
A song of just a word.

And in the west the rosy light
Spread out a thousand arms,
Each with a torch, whose crimson flame
Stretched o'er the peaceful farms,
And o'er the yellow corn, that lay
Unconscious of all harms.

Then changed into a waste of blue
A desert tract of air,
Where no rich clouds, like Indian flowers,
Bore blossoms bright and fair;
And over all, a sense of want
And something lost was there. — *Selected*

Whirlwinds and Waterspouts

THERE it goes! A little column of dust twisting and dancing and whirling down the road on this gusty day. The air often waltzes round itself like this; but the air eddy only becomes visible when there is some loose material such as dust or leaves to take the place of partner in the dance. The men of science can no more explain these whirling eddies in the air than they can say why certain nebulae of fire-mist out among the stars in space revolve and twist upon themselves in spirals. Are there companies of unseen fairies causing currents as they whirl in merry dance? Or are they little air-sprites with bodies formed from wind, the messengers of Mother Nature running circular errands?

When the air dances out at sea great waterspouts are formed. Out of a low, black cloud a slender arm of mist appears and stretches downward, where it meets and grasps another hand of salt sea-water reaching upward from the dark, gray sea below. When the two hands are clasped, a twisting, snake-like column of black water is formed, which sways from side to side and dances like a huge serpent between sea and sky. Many tons of sea-water are sucked up the hollow body of the spout, and sailors often fire a cannon into these threatening columns in order to prevent their bursting near the ship.

One day when low, black rainclouds overhung the ocean, the boys of the Râja Yoga Academy saw three large waterspouts out at sea. They are nice to look at from a distance, though they are dangerous visitors when close at hand.

A vessel off the coast of Guatemala was once pursued by one of these monsters; but fortunately it broke of its own weight before reaching the ship, and a regular cataract of sea-water, which had been sucked up into the clouds, fell back into the ocean with a deafening roar. Lightning in dazzling zigzags darted all around, and near the column's base the surface of the sea was lashed into tumultuous billows of white foam. P. L.

The Magic Oval Chamber

TRY to imagine a round room with neither windows nor doors, and having walls of smooth white stone. A ball of orange-gold floats in the center, surrounded by watery jelly. Look now at the picture in your mind, and you will see that you have thought of an egg. An egg is not exactly alive, and yet life sleeps within its dark and silent dome. It only needs a steady warmth, and day by day the outlines of a bird take shape. The sleeping form

begins to stir, the pulse beats softly, gentle breathing may now be perceived. The fluid yoke and watery slime are changed into an active chick. Bright eyes look into yours, and a little voice calls "cheep, cheep, cheep." An egg is merely merchandise, a thing to be bought at so much a dozen; but the chicken that breaks out of it is a living friend to be loved.

Eggs have been kept in a warm place and little panes of clear glass have been set in one side of the eggshell so that from day to day the wonderful progress of the change could be watched.

A bad boy, who was put on a training-ship to reform his character, went on shore for a holiday one day and somehow got possession of a hen's egg. He made up his mind to play the part of hen to the motherless egg. All day he kept it close against his chest, and at night he took it to his hammock with him. You may be sure he took care to keep out of fights and fisticuffs for the sake of his egg. In about three weeks a fluffy little chicken crept out, which in due time grew up into a splendid hen who lived to lay dozens of eggs for the boys on board the battleship. He was not such a very bad boy after all I fancy. P. L.

A Story-Book for Children

CHRISTMAS will be here anon! Christmas, that puzzling season when parents and relatives are at their wits' ends to know what to give to their sons and daughters, or their nieces and nephews. Or, if it be none of these, it is sure to be some little girl or boy acquaintance whom they wish to remember at Christmas. But what to give — that is the burning question. Perhaps we can help them out of their difficulty.

The Aryan Theosophical Press, at Point Loma, has recently published a new story for children, which is just in time to serve as an appropriate Christmas gift. *Luz Star-Eye's Dream Journey* is the story that is told by Ylva. Who is Ylva? Oh, that is a Râja Yoga secret! We will say this much: Ylva is a very dear friend, for she produces whatever we may desire or need in getting up our plays and entertainments. Has she not created all manner of things, from an elephant to a spider? And now she has written and illustrated a story-book that is a delight.

We wish space permitted giving a full reprint from *The Theosophical Path* for October of Mr. Kenneth Morris' review of this charming book; for who can interpret a fairy tale better than a Welsh poet?

Mr. Morris introduces the story with these words:

Luz was a little Râja Yoga girl at the Academy at Point Loma, whose desire was to become a Râja Yoga teacher herself in time. She was to set out on a journey with certain of her teachers; the day before they were to start, she made the acquaintance of Vestra, the fairy-soul of a Eucalyptus in the garden; and the two made a pact: They will exchange bodies, so as to learn what life is like, each in a world unfamiliar to her; Luz will be a fairy, and Vestra a human girl for a while. Vestra will go on the journey to Cuba with the teachers, and Luz promises to accompany her in her fairy body.

Wishing is having your wish fulfilled, in fairyland; Vestra awakes and finds the big, heavy human body, that she does not understand, on her; Luz, to find herself a trifle light as air, carried as if by the wind wherever her desire leads her. She sees some of her fellow-pupils, and follows them; then some flowers attract her, then a rabbit; at last she arrives, in despair of arriving anywhere, at the home of the Cave-Man. He puts her under tuition of the Fairy Silence, to learn to think and wish for one thing at a time; then gives her a protecting amulet, with which she sets off on her travels.

Then follows a summary of Luz's interesting adventures as a fairy among fairies, which adventures take her to Guatemala and then to Cuba, where, by her kindnesses, she makes many friends among her fairy kin and the animal folk. Her goodness of heart even prompts her to reconcile the body-selves of the people of the island with their soul-selves. The difficulty is, she cannot find some one whose soul-self is sufficiently in control of its personality to act as an interpreter. Finally she arrives at a Râja Yoga Academy in Cuba and finds that for which she is seeking. The review closes thus:

The Râja Yoga party return to Point Loma, and Luz the fairy is brought there again by Foamwing. She and Vestra meet under the Eucalyptus in the garden, and change back to their own bodies. Then Luz knows that she has learned the secret of how to become a Râja Yoga teacher.

The little book is a veritable jewel. The children will love it: it is full of delightful incident and adventures; and beyond that, it is filled with the essence of Râja Yoga, replete with excellent wisdom, the secrets of true living; so that there will be few grown-ups who will not read it with pleasure and profit. It is delightfully simple and natural; the teaching graces the story as naturally as the bloom and fruit grace the orange tree. It is illustrated throughout by the author; which is, of course, the ideal way of doing things.

REVIEWER

Our Christmas Offer

THE price of *Luz Star-Eye's Dream Journey* is 75c; a year's subscription to the RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER is 50c. To those who wish to make a most acceptable Christmas gift to children, we make the following offer, good during the Holidays only: for $1.00 we will send a copy of *Luz Star-Eye's Dream Journey* and one year's subscription to the RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER to any address not already on our mailing-list; in other words, the subscription must be a new one. If the order be for a foreign country, add 20c.

Râja Yoga Messenger

THIS publication for Young Folk is under the direction of a staff of the students of the Râja Yoga College at Lomaland. This periodical makes a beautiful gift — a gift that renews itself twelve times a year! Send a subscription for this year's MESSENGER to your young friends.

Address: BUSINESS MANAGER,
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RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER

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STUDENTS OF THE RÂJA YOGA SCHOOL AND ACADEMY, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA
WAITING TO WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Christmas the Year Round

OF all festival seasons in the year Christmas is perhaps the most universally recognized; for at this time a wave of good feeling encircles the world, touching the peoples of all nations. Then, more than at any other time, men feel drawn towards each other, while their hearts respond quickly to the spirit of giving.

No one is so poor that he has naught to give. Each possesses a treasure-chest, if he will but open it. The gifts it contains are those of the heart, ours by every right — yet not always ours either, for by countless unguarded thoughts and acts we have gradually buried them, until their very existence has become unknown to us. No wonder, then, that the gleams of gold are sometimes rare and hard to find when sought for. But we must search into our own characters, and the deeper we are willing to go, the richer the treasure we shall bring to light. We all see gleams of it at times, perhaps more often at Christmas. Ah! yes, more often at Christmas, but why not have it all the time, and something more than gleams?

Such a day as Christmas stands out above all others, but it is as a fire whose light is allowed to die. We, as guardians of this fire, should keep it burning so brightly that its light will shine through all the year. For if we truly value the Christmas spirit, we should wish to do all in our power to keep it with us as a living force, which would influence our daily lives, and give us the power to share our gifts with others. It would also make us more responsive, for besides giving we must be willing to receive.

We can neither give nor receive justly until we have studied our own natures. At such a time as this we appreciate the necessity for a deeper understanding of character in our dealings with others, since our power to

The Frost

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD

THE Frost looked forth, one still clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make such a bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads — and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That hung on its margin far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

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SANTA CLAUS' STATION

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he slept,
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things — there were flowers and trees;
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers, and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair:
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare —
"Now just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three,
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall *'tchich!'* to tell them I'm drinking."— *Selected*

SWEET roses crown this sunset land,
At Christmastide they grow;
Pink roseleaves are its summer clouds,
White petals are its snow.
— *Grace Hibbard (Wild Roses of California)*

Why Christmastime Comes

AT last the sun made up his mind to come back from his winter's excursion to the south.

"Why, it's time to turn around," said he to himself. "I was not thinking of how far I had gone."

He smiled upon the orderly stars that circled about him, above and below and all around — the bright twinklers and the cold wanderers. Among them he spied out the little sister in green that was dancing merrily along in her small path.

"Ah, the grassy hills and lovely forests of earth!" said the sun, as if he were recalling something very pleasant of which he had not recently been thinking. Fastening his attention for a moment in her direction, he saw what seemed to be a white veil folded across the face of his green-clad daughter, and he remembered more and more.

"I declare, it's Christmastime for the earth. I see her snows in the north, and I feel the glow of her kindness." He spoke tenderly and his Christmas thoughts led him to recollections of earth's beautiful springtimes, and even to him it seemed long since he had enjoyed the game of searching out wind-flowers under fallen chestnut leaves, and had coaxed crocuses out of their hiding-places.

With his mind fully made up to the necessity and wisdom of the act, he turned a beautiful, symmetrically executed, rounded corner, and started back.

Or is it the other way about, and was it we who turned ourselves around? You know, dear child, for you have the first pages of your geography open there on your knee. All I know is that *I* didn't hold my breath while we were turning, and I didn't feel any jar, so it must certainly have been the sun.

I know that we had watched with sad misgivings the sun's straying off farther and farther ever since summer. Our days were too short for the making of all the pen-wipers and table-mats that were needed to be done for the Christmas stockings; and the nights were too long for the sleepiest head that ever nodded to enjoy; and it was snowy and blustery, and we couldn't be easy at home for thinking every day and every night of the poor little children who were hungry and cold and homeless.

Then suddenly the sun turned around and it was Christmastime; and every one acted as if he were going to be good and kind forevermore. There was joy running over and to spare, and all the children in the streets seemed warm and happy. There were no tears left in

the world, and the words that people said to each other were like the jewels in the fairy story.

Ah, the Christmas-morning sun! There he was shining generously and heartily, as though he were glad to be facing back towards our summertime again. And we had the notion that if we could keep alive our Christmas love, perhaps the sun would never again wander away quite so far as he has been in the habit of doing. How sweet it would be to have our days all bright, our years all spring-like, our lives one long Christmastime! D. W.

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THE SNOW-FAIRIES HAVE BEEN AT WORK HERE

Snow

FLORENCE HOARE

SNOW-FAIRIES dancing o'er meadow and lea,
Dainty and light,
Hurrying onward in silence and glee,
Snow-fairies white;
Some one has opened a gate of the sky
Far, far away out of sight;
Spreading their pinions, now earthward they fly,
Snow-fairies white.

Fair is their raiment, too frail and too fair,
Why did they roam?
Earth cannot cradle a beauty so rare,
Heav'n is their home:
Glint with the starshine that gleams up above,
Touched by no shadow of night,
Brief though their mission, they whisper God's love,
Snow-fairies white. —*Selected*

A Dog's Autobiography

DEAR READERS: I am Wolf, a Râja Yoga dog of Lomaland. A Râja Yoga dog? Yes! Don't you believe it?

Well, I have three good reasons for calling myself a *Râja Yoga* dog. In the first place, I was born in Lomaland where the Râja Yoga School is, and I like to consider myself a part of it. Why should I like to? My second reason answers that. I have noticed that Râja Yoga students and children all try to be kind to each other and to animals, and so do I. Isn't that reason enough? My third one is just as sensible. It seems to be the lot of Râja Yoga dogs and other animals to write autobiographies, and now that the task has fallen upon me, I am doing my utmost to fulfil the obligation. If these reasons are not quite Euclidian, please consider that I am only a dog and unused to reasoning with humans.

But, my dear readers, how *shall* I begin? Once upon a time — no that won't do, I 've already told you that I was born. Well, once there was a dog — no, that won't come out right either, because I ought to speak in the first person. Oh, how distracting! You see, although I 've picked up something in the way of grammar, I find it extremely difficult to express myself in literary style. Perhaps the best thing will be to tell my story in a simple dog-fashion. It will at least be the easiest.

Let me think. It was ten years ago that I looked forth upon the world for the first time. I remember there were beautiful buildings and gardens around. Happy little children laughed and frolicked about, and it was my delight to watch them at their play. I wasn't a bit afraid, I suppose because they all looked so kind and happy. Those were happy days! I used to wonder if the whole world were as beautiful as this delightful spot! Pray don't think me ignorant, dear readers. Of course I don't wonder that any more. Other dogs who have not been so fortunate as I am have told me of places not so beautiful, and children not so kind as those I am acquainted with. But do not think I am utterly disappointed, for I have found out that these Râja Yoga children are learning to be good so they can go out into the world and teach others by and by. Yes, I have grown very wise in ten years.

When I was a wee little thing, in fact until I had reached the age of three or four years, I did not like to leave my master's side, and I used to follow him about everywhere. I remember one time when he was seated on a wagon piled with hay, and I was preparing to climb up beside him. He said quite decidedly, "Wolf, you cannot come with me today." How my heart sank! I jumped up on the fence to be as near as I could, and pleaded with my utmost eloquence till my master gave in, and, delighted, I leaped upon the load of hay.

This, however, was many years ago, and now I have grown to be very responsible and am no longer afraid

JAPANESE CHILDREN

A Peep into a Japanese Schoolroom

DEAR READERS: As the majority of you have not yet said farewell to your school-days, perhaps it will interest you to learn something about Japanese school-children. Let us imagine ourselves in a Tokyo public school.

Here is a class in ethics, and the scholars are reading from a textbook on the Fukuzawa moral training that is given in all the public schools of Japan.

The following passages, translated into English, tell us what constitutes the character of an ideal Japanese:

A good Japanese is one who fulfils all his duties to his parents, brothers, sisters, and relatives; who never forgets the veneration due to his ancestors; who as master is kind and considerate to his servants; who as servant is faithful to his master. He will never forget benefits conferred upon him. He will act straightforwardly in all things, scrupulously observing his agreements, and acting in a generous, large-minded way to others. He will be kind and charitable, a respecter of what is right, and full of compassion for the unfortunate. He will hold in high esteem public order, devising schemes for furthering the progress of society, and careful not to be guilty of any impropriety, even in his dealings with foreigners.

A good Japanese develops his physical powers; stores his mind with useful knowledge; and cultivates courage, endurance, self-control, moderation, modesty, and self-examination. He forms useful habits, practises virtue, applies his mind to the practical application of learning, and devises means of self-development and continual progress. A good Japanese thinks highly of country, and, by cultivating a spirit of loyalty and patriotism, strives to fulfil all the obligations of a good citizen.

The number of nations in the world is by no means small, and they differ from us in religion, language, color, and customs; yet they are our brothers. In our intercourse with them there should be no partiality, and no attempt at swaggering or boastfulness. Treat others with truthfulness. If you trust others, they will trust you in return.

It is an act of humanity, and one of the highest human virtues, to extend to others that love which we feel for ourselves; to lighten the burdens and promote the happiness of our fellow-men.

It is the duty of men living today never to allow intellectual development or moral culture to slacken, and to improve the civilization and happiness they have received from their forefathers so that they may hand them on unimpaired to their posterity.

Truly, these are worthy ideals for the aspiring youth of Dai Nippon, or for that matter any country, to work and strive for! The expression of such lofty thoughts sounds in no way strange to the ears of Râja Yoga students, and reminds us how close the teachings of Japan and Lomaland are in spirit. L.

(A short account of the life of Fukuzawa Yukichi, Japan's eminent educator, appears on page 13 of this issue.)

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TAMI-KO AND TETSUO WITH MRS. STEPHENSON
These Japanese children are now pupils in the Râja Yoga Academy.

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A JAPANESE SCENE

Urashimo

A Tale of Old Japan Retold

LONG ages ago, so long that only the waves remember, a fisher-lad lived in Nezame, on the shores of the Kisogawa. His name was Urashimo, and a more devoted son could not be found; but he had one great longing, and from it he had little or no peace. This was the desire to know what lay beyond the waters of the bay, and the marvelous stories he heard only made him the more desirous of seeing for himself.

At length he could tarry in the village no longer, and taking his net he went down to his boat. It was a beautiful day, and Urashimo's heart danced as he thought of the great blue ocean waiting for him. When he left the village the air was still cool, but as time passed the sun became warmer and warmer, until Urashimo was fain to put down his oars and bethink him of going to sleep.

How long he slept he could not say, but when he awoke it was dark, and all about him were thousands of fairy lanterns, as exquisitely beautiful as flashing jewels. Urashimo rubbed his eyes, but only to behold greater wonders, for by the side of his boat was a lovely maiden. Her robe glistened like moonbeams, and in her hair were flowers whose like he had never before seen.

"Come," she said, and her voice was like the music of the silver gong in the temple at home. Urashimo thought of his father and hesitated, but the maiden called again, and her voice was sweeter still.

"Urashimo," he heard her say, "you have desired to know what lies beyond the waters of the bay, and the great Sea-King has granted your wish. I am his favorite daughter, and if I ask him you shall see even his most valued treasures."

Then the princess led him through the ocean's depths to her father's palace. At first Urashimo's eyes were dazzled, for it was wrought of mother of pearl, and its many windows sparkled like diamonds. All around it were stately groves; strange shrubs and flowers of the sea abounded, and the land was fair to look upon.

Urashimo soon became very much attached to the Sea-King, whose favorite daughter he married, and as time passed he helped him with the affairs of his kingdom.

When three years had come and gone, however, Urashimo began to think of his old home, and one day he begged the princess to let him go back for a visit. She became very sad when she heard this request, but at last she told him he might go. Then she took him to the surface of the sea, where he found his boat awaiting him, and as he took his place she gave him a little silver box embossed with dolphins. "Keep this as a token," she said, "but open it not till you have returned to me."

Urashimo then sank into a deep sleep until he found himself on the shores of the Kisogawa. There was the familiar beach, and beyond the groves and the old mountain of Koma-ga-take, which he had known since childhood. His father's house though; where was that? And all the other huts seemed strange. He saw no one whom he knew, and none could answer his questions. Finally an old man remembered a story his grandfather

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URASHIMO MEETS THE SEA-KING'S DAUGHTER
(Drawn by G. R., a Rāja Yoga student.)

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A VIEW OF FUJI YAMA (MOUNT FUJI) AND JAPANESE FISHERFOLK

had told him. Urashimo's father had thought him dead, and broken-hearted had soon passed away. "That must have been three hundred years ago," the old man said.

Poor Urashimo! He knew not what to do. Then he bethought him of the silver box. Surely that held the explanation of all his trouble! Soon he had it open, but at first he saw nothing; then a delicate veil-like mist began to rise. It spread around the astonished Urashimo, and then he felt himself growing older and older. Three hundred years instead of three had added themselves to his age, and when the mist had parted, lo! Urashimo had vanished too.

HAZEL

Opening a little the jewel-casket,
A white cloud came forth from it
And spread away towards the immortal land.
. . . . . .

Meanwhile, of a sudden, his vigor decayed and departed:
His body that had been young grew wrinkled;
His hair, too, that had been black, grew white;
Also his breath became feebler night by night;
Afterwards, at last his life departed:
. . . . . .

In the immortal land
He might have continued to dwell,
But of his own natural disposition:
How foolish was he, this wight!

From the *Manyoshu*, a collection of ancient verse, about 760 A. D.

Ode to Fuji Yama

(The Japanese author of this ode is unknown.)

THERE on the border, where the land of Kai
Doth touch the frontier of Suruga's land,
A beauteous province stretched on either hand.
See Fuji Yama rear his head on high!

The clouds of heaven in reverent wonder pause:
Nor may the birds those giddy heights essay
Where melt thy snows amid thy fires away,
Or thy fierce fires lie quenched beneath thy snows.

What name might fitly tell, what accents sing,
Thine awful, godlike grandeur? 'Tis thy breast
That holdeth Narusawa's flood at rest,
Thy side whence Fujikawa's waters spring.

Great Fuji Yama, towering in the sky!
A treasure art thou given to mortal man,
A god-protector watching o'er Japan:
On thee forever let me feast mine eye!

My Children

WHAT use to me the gold and silver hoard?
What use to me the gems most rich and rare?
Brighter by far — ay! bright beyond compare —
The joys my children to my heart afford!

(Written by Yamagami no Okura, governor of the province of Chikuzen, 700-750 A. D.)

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H. I. M. MUTSUHITO, THE LATE EMPEROR OF JAPAN
(From his latest portrait.)

An Emperor's Maxims

(The late Emperor of Japan was a poet of no mean ability. It was his custom, we understand, to compose an ode each morning, and upon completion the ode was invariably submitted to the President of the Board of Poetry in the Imperial Household, whose duty it was to criticise impartially these Imperial literary pearls. If in his judgment there were any flaws, the ode was returned to be repolished. We select the following from *The Yamato-damashii* (Spirit of Japan) as characteristic of the ethical note sounded in the verse maxims by his Imperial Majesty, Mutsuhito.)

(On Parental Love)

In the excess of your affection for your little flowers,
Do not neglect to train them well and truly in your bowers.

Lighten your parents' hearts and give them pleasure,
When duty to your country leaves you leisure.

See, raindrops from the eaves wear out the stones below!
Despair not, then, e'en though your task be hard to do.

Correct each other's faults and live as friends:
Such is the spirit that true friendship lends.

The clear blue sky spreads far as eye can see;
As limitless my heart should ever be.

No one ever gives me so much pleasure true,
As the friend whose heart is upright as bamboo.

To them that true and loyal to their Sov'reign live,
Surely, the Gods will gladly their protection give.

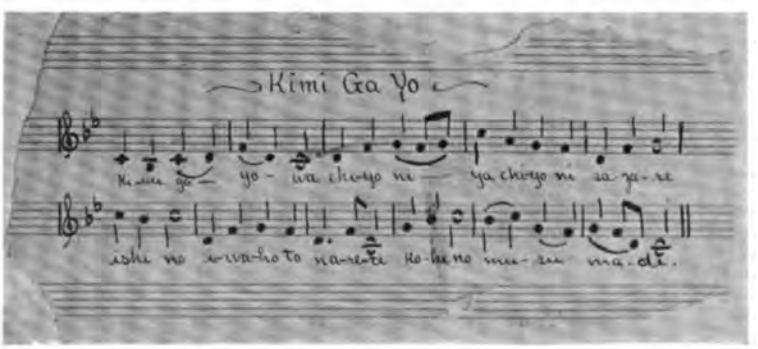
Over my people will I rule alway,
Guided by what ancient records say.

The National Song of Japan

KIMI go yo wa
Chiyo ni ya chiyo ni
Sazare ishi no
Iwaho to narete

Of which the literal translation reads:

"May our Sovereign live for thousands and ten thousands of years, even until the tiny pebble becometh a moss-grown rock."



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SHINTO SHRINE, NIKKO, JAPAN

within historical times no foe has trodden the soil of this empire for more than a few hours. The enormous extent of coast-line, the great number of excellent fortified harbors, and above all the efficiency of its sea-faring population, afford those elements which give Japan the mastery of the Far Eastern waters. For the numerous hamlets cosily nestling along the bays and creeks of the Japanese islands are the home of a hardy race of fishermen, inured to peril and fatigue, of brawny strength, with indomitable pluck, and frugal and enduring — as fine material for manning warships and trading-craft as the world has ever seen.

But a short distance out from this hamlet-lined shore the water is very deep, the sea-bed off the eastern coast of North Japan falling abruptly nearly 28,000 feet. This drop of nearly five miles constitutes the famous Tuscarora Deep, and is probably the deepest sea-bed in the world.

All the world has paid homage to Japanese scenery, and the Japanese themselves are probably better qualified to appreciate it than any other people. The so-called Inland Sea is considered one of the most lovely sheets of salt water in the world. Lake Biwa, with an area of that of Lake Geneva, is far-famed for its beauty, as is the luxuriantly forest-lined Lake Chū-zenji, 4375 feet above sea-level, and its smaller rival, Lake Yumoto, 5000 feet above sea-level. These lakes, lying as they do in the mountain region about Nikko, present in their greatest beauty the characteristic features of Japanese inland scenery — imposing mountains, stately and venerable trees, and grand waterfalls comparable to those of Norway. In a land so mountainous, wild and rocky as are many parts of Japan, native products must always testify to a high order of enterprise, industry, and national culture. The manner in which this nation has converted its home into a garden of flowers is a high tribute in itself; for where floral cultivation excedes that of any other land, flowers are objects of reverent admiration, and nowhere is their growth more skilfully tended. With an inborn aesthetic taste fostered by the natural beauty of their land, all classes in Japan, high and low, nourish their patriotism with the enjoyment of Nippon's lovely scenery, and are proud and happy in the feeling that their land must indeed be Kami-no-Kuni, "the land of the Gods."

The backbone of the southern half of Hon-shū consists principally of gneiss and schists; Kiū-shū, Yezo, and the northern half of the main island are partly of volcanic structure. Many of the mountains are volcanoes, some still active; the last eruption of the glorious Fuji, which is a volcanic peak rising 12,365 feet from the plain, occurred in 1708. Fifty-one volcanoes have been active in recent years, some of them, especially Bandai-san, with disastrous results. Still more terrible, however, are the earthquakes, occurring with a frequency of about five hundred shocks a year, at times resulting in appalling destruction to life and property.

In the Japanese people we have a striking example of a delicate and aesthetic personality veiling a character of granite strength and steel-like temper. These inner qualities may lie concealed from the casual observer, but let danger threaten the land, let war and invasion exercise its terrors, then all the latent grandeur of the Japan-

ese character is revealed. Patient endurance, self-sacrificing bravery, proud honesty — all these qualities have been strikingly displayed in critical times.

The subjects of the Emperor number nearly fifty millions, and this number is rapidly increasing. The racial features are black hair, smooth yellowish skin, comparatively large skull, with prominent cheek-bones and well-developed jaw. Both men and women have small hands and feet, those of the upper classes being beautifully shaped. The physique of the nation as a whole has been greatly improved by admirable gymnastic training administered in the schools, and still more by the naval and military service to which every able-bodied male is liable.

In their family relationships this people is an example to all nations, and within the sacred precincts of the

KIYOMORI TEMPLE, JAPAN

family circle are bred and fostered those splendid qualities which have made the Japanese nation what it is today. It is around the family hearth that mother and father instil into the lives of their children those primary and essential qualities of loyalty, courage, filial piety and cleanliness, which lend charm to youth and maiden, and sterling worth to manhood and womanhood.

Over this nation one hundred and twenty-three Mikados have held the scepter, and the one hundred and twenty-fourth now ascends the throne, the latest representative of the oldest dynasty in the world.

The late Emperor Mutsuhito ascended the throne on October 13, 1868, at the age of fifteen. Growing up into a fine deep-chested man, tall in stature and strong in character, he at once revealed a high sense of duty, and a full appreciation of his immense responsibility. As his reign proceeded, the late ruler showed himself to be amply endowed with the soundest

"GOOD MORNING"

In the Land of Courtesy — Japan.

political wisdom and full knowledge of national affairs. As the first Emperor of New Japan, Mutsu-hito — "Benign Man" — placed himself at the head of the march of progress, and from every quarter he sought counsel, advice, and instruction along lines which should increase his people's prosperity and efficiency. From France, Germany, and England came military and naval experts to guide Japanese valor into the channels of modern warfare. A Deliberative Assembly was established, rebellion was put down, enmity to foreigners eliminated, and an edict published proclaiming the Emperor's determination to "live in amity" with the Treaty Powers. Well might his people hail the late Emperor's reign as Meiji, "The Enlightened Rule." And now this great ruler has passed away, leaving behind a splendid heri-

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TRAVELING IN THE "KAGO," IN JAPAN

tage to his son and successor, Yoshihito.

Of the new Emperor, we read that he has received a thoroughly modern education, and has availed himself of every opportunity of gaining greater familiarity with his country and his people, by means of extended travel and incognito visits to the homes of his subjects. He is spoken of, by those acquainted with him, as resembling in geniality of manner and modesty his noble father, whom he loved, admired, and revered.

May the new Emperor lead his people along that path of growth and prosperity in which his predecessor so ably started them, and may peace and happiness bless fair Nippon, the Land of the Rising Sun!

M. M.

CONGRESS HALL, TOKYO, JAPAN

Fukuzawa — Japan's Great Educator

FUKUZAWA YUKICHI, in the estimation of the Japanese, was the greatest educationalist of their Meiji Era.

Born in the province of Bungo in 1834, he went to live in Nagasaki when quite young, and there studied Dutch with so much success that he became a teacher of that language. He was keen enough, however, to see that English was destined to become of more importance in his country's expansion as a world power, and accordingly, under many disadvantages, he set himself the task of learning it.

Ever desirous of adding to his knowledge of the world, he visited America twice and Europe once as a simple attendant on several embassies that the Tokugawa Government sent abroad. As his countrymen had not been much in foreign countries up to that time, the book that he published on his return was in great demand and attained a wide circulation.

Fukuzawa not only became an author, but also, soon after his return, he opened a school at Shiba in Tokyo, where he taught English and other useful subjects, ethics in particular. Moreover, he drew up a system or code of morals for the guidance of his countrymen in their daily life and intercourse with the world. He called his school the Keio Gijuku, which is today one of the largest universities in Tokyo. He also founded the leading newspaper in Japan, the *Jiji-Shimpo*.

This great educator died in 1901, aged sixty-eight. His moral code is so esteemed by the Japanese that it was sent as an exhibit to the Anglo-Japanese Exposition held in London last year, and it is taught to Japanese children during the eight years of their public-school training. It deserves to rank as a classic. Several extracts from it are given on page six of this issue.

These details of Fukuzawa's educational work were drawn mainly from *Famous People of Japan, Ancient and Modern* (Edward S. Stephenson and W. Asano).

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THE CHILDREN OF THE NEW EMPEROR OF JAPAN

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ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS, WITH REVOLVING DOME, AT THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY, GREENWICH, ENGLAND

Stories from Starland

CURIOSITIES OF ASTRONOMY

DEAR CHILDREN: I once told you something about the planets Neptune and Uranus, and today I will tell you the whole story of the way Neptune was found, for it is one of the most curious things that ever happened.

The honor of adding the knowledge of Neptune's existence to the records of modern astronomy belongs to two great mathematicians, Urbain J. J. LeVerrier of France, and John C. Adams of England; an American, Professor Benjamin Peirce, is also closely concerned in the matter.

Neptune is one of the giant planets, being ninety times as large as the Earth, but it is so enormously far away that it can be seen only with difficulty in small telescopes, and even the largest telescopes cannot make much of it. It has one moon, which sparkles as the tiniest point of light you can imagine, though it is really quite large. The spectroscope, which splits up light into separate colors, tells us that the planet reflects only a portion of the Sun's light back to us, and that it must therefore be in a condition that we do not understand. There is a great quantity of hydrogen gas in the atmosphere of Neptune, according to the testimony of the spectroscope.

To understand the peculiarities about the discovery of Neptune, we must learn something about Uranus, the next planet nearer the Sun. Uranus was discovered by Sir William Herschel in 1781, and after a few observations had been made, a map of its track around the Sun was made according to the regular rules of mathematics. But soon it was found that Uranus was wandering away from this track. Another calculation was made, and the planet kept on the new track for a short time, but soon the astronomers found that there was something wrong again. What could be the cause of this? Perhaps the law of gravity did not work at such a long distance from the Sun? Or perhaps there was some great comet dragging Uranus out of position, hurrying it up?

It occurred to LeVerrier and Adams that there might be another planet farther away than Uranus, whose attraction was drawing Uranus along at a faster pace than was expected, and they both set to work, independently, to find out, by calculation, if such an explanation was likely to be true. They both found that the presence of another planet would explain all the difficulties. Adams solved the problem first, but unfortunately he could find no one possessing a large telescope who would look for the new planet in the place he pointed out. LeVerrier suffered in the same way; no French astronomer would spend the necessary time to look for his supposed planet, and he had to beg a German astronomer, Dr. Galle, of Berlin, to do so. On September 23, 1846, the very day Galle received the request, he turned his large telescope on the spot indicated by LeVerrier and — there was the new planet, now called Neptune. Immense excitement was aroused in the scientific world, and honors were heaped on LeVerrier from all parts of the world.

By this time an English astronomer at Cambridge, named Challis, had become sufficiently interested in Adam's claims to begin a search. He did not know of Galle's discovery. If such an important one were made today it would be known everywhere the next day, but this was before the days of the electric telegraph. On September 29, 1846, he also found it just where Adams said it should be. As he had had the opportunity of finding it for seven months before LeVerrier had finished his calculations, it was considered a great misfortune for Adams and the glory of English science that he had not looked long before. Adams received no special honors at the time; in fact a great deal of bad feeling was aroused about the matter, though Adams himself behaved with the greatest dignity and never blamed the astronomers who had so unfortunately neglected his appeals. He always said that he awarded LeVerrier the honor of discovery. Now that the matter is able to be considered impartially, the world has agreed to give equal honor to both mathematicians, and to glory in the discovery as one of the greatest triumphs of the human intellect. Adams received many honors later on; he was twice elected President of the British Royal Astronomical Society.

But this was not quite all. After some years Professor Peirce of Harvard College decided to examine the calculations of Adams and LeVerrier, because a very surprising thing had happened. Neptune was not traveling in the orbit that they had calculated! Could there be another planet outside Neptune, disturbing it in the way it disturbed Uranus? After some time it was found that there was a curious error in the calculations of both LeVerrier and Adams, and that when this was corrected the tables of Neptune's movements were all right. This error was not an oversight, but it was a guess which they had to make in order to work out the problem. It was a guess as to the distance of Neptune, and as it happened, Neptune was nearer than they thought it would be.

The curious point about it all is, that Neptune happened in 1846 to be *close to the place where it would have been if their guess had been correct*, so that when the telescopes were pointed to that place there was the planet, just where it was expected. If they had tried a few years earlier or later Neptune would not have been there, and we should have had to wait for more observations of Uranus before Neptune would have been discovered. Perhaps astronomers would have given up the problem for many years, thinking there was no planet outside Uranus. Many of the tiny planets between Mars and Jupiter, which are quite invisible to the naked eye, have been found by photography.

However, by that curious coincidence the planet Neptune was found, and a great triumph of mathematics achieved, for, without the marvelous skill and incredible labor of Adams and LeVerrier, Neptune would have remained quite unknown till these days, when the wonderful photographs always being taken of the stars would have revealed it.

Wishing you all a very happy Christmas, and bidding you good-bye for the present, I am,

Affectionately yours, UNCLE SOL

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY ON THE SNOW
Black-tailed Deer (*Cervus Columbianus*) of the Columbia River Region.

A Christmas Dinner Out of Doors

THESE pretty deer, as you see, are shoveling away the snow with their noses, and nibbling the dead grass beneath. Of course no grass grows in winter, and so the deer are obliged to be content with the summer's growth which Dame Nature has very kindly preserved for their use under her pure, white table-cloth woven of snowflakes. It would probably be a mistaken kindness to give them a wagon-load of hay, for then they would easily get a good meal at once and have nothing to do for the rest of the day. Nature is a wise mother in many ways, and by making her brown-coated children work for every mouthful, she gives them pleasant employment and keeps them interested.

The deer before us in the pictures are called the Black-tailed Deer. They resemble the Mule Deer in general shape and size, and in their antlers; but the

Mule Deer has very large ears, from which indeed it gets its name, and there is no excuse for confusing the two distinct species.

The coat of the Black-tailed Deer is tawny gray in winter. His throat and under parts are of purest white, and his slender, active legs are colored dark cinnamon. A curious, dusky horseshoe mark may be traced between the eyes.

In summer he grows a new coat of a rich bay color, and he sometimes finds himself the father of a family of three graceful, mild-eyed fawns.

The Virginian Deer is found from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to Mexico; but the Black-tailed Deer is met with only on the mountain ranges bordering the Pacific in the neighborhood of the Columbia River. He is never seen east of the Sierra Nevada Range.

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COME AND JOIN US; THERE IS PLENTY FOR ALL

These deer spend most of their time among the quiet depths of the pine forests, and seldom venture far from the friendly shelter of the great green arms which stretch out in all directions overhead. Sometimes, however, wishing for a change of diet, they make an excursion to the seashore and feast on a particular kind of seaweed, of which they are very fond. All deer are fond of salt as a relish to their food, and this perhaps is the fascination of a seaweed picnic. P. L.

To Teachers and Parents

CHILDREN are very fond of animals, and by no other means can kindness be so thoroughly inculcated in them as by humane teaching. "I find it the best kind of discipline, and worth any amount of effort," writes an able teacher after two years' trial. Such is the uniform testimony of those who teach kindness to animals.

We appeal to all educators of youth — a class whose power and responsibility are greater than that of any other, to adopt at once this beneficent instruction, to teach children that animals have rights which they should respect, that cruelty is contemptible, and that justice, mercy, and compassion are the noblest of all virtues.

Humane Press Bureau

Avail Yourself of Our Christmas Offer

THE Aryan Theosophical Press, at Point Loma, recently published a new story for children, which is just in time to serve as an appropriate Christmas gift. *Luz Star-Eye's Dream-Journey* is the story, which is told and illustrated by Ylva.

Mr. Kenneth Morris, reviewing this book in the October issue of *The Theosophical Path*, said:

The little book is a veritable jewel. The children will love it; it is full of delightful incident and adventures; and beyond that, it is filled with the essence of Râja Yoga, replete with excellent wisdom, the secrets of true living; so that there will be few grown-ups who will not read it with pleasure and profit. It is delightfully simple and natural; the teaching graces the story as naturally as the bloom and fruit grace the orange-tree. It is illustrated throughout by the author; which is, of course, the ideal way of doing things.

The price of *Luz Star-Eye's Dream-Journey* is 75c: a year's subscription to the RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER is 50c. To those who wish to make a most acceptable Christmas gift to children, we make the following offer, good during the Holidays only: for $1.00 we will send a copy of *Luz Star-Eye's Dream-Journey* and one year's subscription to the RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER to any address not already on our mailing-list; in other words, the subscription must be a new one. If the order be for a foreign country, add 20c.

Notice of Change in Foreign Subscription Price

COMMENCING with Vol. IX, January, 1913, the foreign subscription to the RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER will be 75c. instead of 50c.; Canadian subscription, 60c.

This will admit of mailing foreign copies in a heavier wrapper, which will insure the paper reaching its destination in better condition.

Râja Yoga Messenger

THIS publication for Young Folk is under the direction of a staff of the students of the Râja Yoga College at Lomaland. This periodical makes a beautiful gift — a gift that renews itself twelve times a year. What more acceptable gift could you make a child than this?

Address: BUSINESS MANAGER,
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RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Monthly

Conducted by Students of the Râja Yoga School and Academy

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INTERIOR COURT IN THE TEMPLE OF EDFU, THEBAID, EGYPT

The Builders

WHEN you look at a stately building, or even at the picture of one, your mind turns with admiration upon the mind of the architect who conceived and designed its proportions; and then very naturally your afterthoughts linger with those who worked upon it. There is still another person for you to consider when you are studying a famous theater, castle, fortification, or temple. He is *the builder*. He, standing between the man who planned the edifice and those who put its stones into place, by consulting with the one was able to direct the others, and thus became the actual creator of it, responsible for its faults and worthy of praise if it approached accuracy and received the approbation of men.

It is easy to think thus of ourselves: as builders standing between the Great Architect, sometimes named Conscience, and that other forceful side of our natures that enables us to work to order. We are the builders, who by making use of the excellent materials that are ever to be found all about us, and by faithfully taking counsel with Conscience, are able to raise up a structure more enduring than the Pyramids of Egypt, and more lovely than the Taj Mahal. We call our edifice *character*.

Which gives the building the more, which enters the more into its perfection: the plan, or the execution of the plan? Looking at the faultless temples of antiquity