

# SOUNDVIEW

OF THE EVERGREENS  
Resort to the Obstacles of Thought and the  
Full Enjoy of the Sun

## TO THE EVERGREENS

Ablaze with the rays of the rising sun,  
And inspired as he sinks to rest,  
With the day's work done and the laurels won,  
And true love in the old home nest;  
With a heart so true beating near to you,  
And the joys that are still in store,  
With a little cash, then Olalla, Wash.,  
Is near to the Evergreens' Shore.

*Hastily but cordially yours*

J. W. CRAWFORD

\* Capt. Jack \*

Published Monthly by *The Evergreens* at Ten Cents a  
Month, Twelve Months for One Dollar, at Olalla,  
on Puget Sound, in the State of Washington, U. S. A.

Warren Street '06

## SOUNDVIEW

EXPONENT OF THE SOCIETY OF EVERGREENS  
SOUNDVIEW COMPANY, OLALLA, WASHINGTON, U. S. A.

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Subscription and membership in the society, \$1.00 per year.

Advertising rates on application.

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Entered February 2, 1933, at Olalla, Wash., as Second Class Matter under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Remittances should be made with P. O. Money Order on Olalla or bank draft on Seattle or Tacoma. One and two-cent stamps taken for small amounts.

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When changing your address, please notify this office at once to insure a continuance of the magazine. Give both the old and new address.

Owing to our rapidly increasing correspondence "The Boss" would suggest that you accompany your letter with as many stamps as you think you ought, to insure a reply. We don't want you to cease writing, for we love your letters, but don't expect a reply always. "Vibrations" are sometimes sent instead.

Subscriptions to "Appreciative Persons" will not be discontinued at their expiration, but if you are justly entitled to come under this head you will renew promptly, so don't neglect sending the "necessary" too long or your head may come off. If you really want your supply of foolosophy shut off when time paid for is up, you should invest a cent in a postcard and notify us, otherwise (some folks say) you are responsible for payment as long as magazine is sent. Anyway, don't fool us.

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When this paragraph is Blue Pencil'd it's guinea you'll go into the "BLUE BOOK" if you don't renew. If you want to be an "Evergreen" and with the "Evergreens" stand—why, you must PUNGE PROMPTLY.

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All unsigned or otherwise uncredited matter appearing in this magazine is to be blamed to the "Boss Evergreen."

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## BOSS EVERGREEN'S BOOK

Yes, The Boss is going to write one some day — all by himself, — but not now; he is too busy and don't know enuf! But what we want to call your attention to now is the VERY FEW bound copies of 1905 SOUNDVIEW, now ready for delivery. They are dressed in green, appropriate to the occasion, with a fine "half-shell" picture of the Boss Evergreen in a mildly meditative mood. He'll write his "auto." in the book if you want him to (tho he doesn't guarantee that you can read it), all for the same money, \$1.25. Better HURRY if you want one REAL BAD!

1st. of 10  
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# Notice to Galena Copper Mining Stockholders

THIS STOCK ADVANCES TO 40 CENTS PER SHARE ON JANUARY 1st, 1907.

Again we wish to call your attention briefly to the activity in the Silver Creek Mining District. A property adjacent to ours has just been sold to an Eastern syndicate for One Hundred and Eighty Thousand Dollars (\$180,000). The same people have also purchased a smelter site from the Great Northern Railroad Company, and work has already been commenced. Some of the officers of the Galena Copper Mining Company have been approached by representatives of Eastern capital, with a view of purchasing the property. We have, however, absolutely refused to set a price on it, as we believe we can do much better by work-

Continued on next page

ing the mine ourselves.

We have every assurance that a railroad will be built before next spring, from Index to Mineral City, passing within Twenty-Five Hundred (2500) Feet of our property, and thus reducing our cost of transportation to a very low figure.

We are assured now that all the capital we require for development will be furnished us.

Remember, this stock advances to 40 cents per share on January 1st, 1907.

Better get your orders in now, before the advance. Make all checks and drafts payable to

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& COMPANY  
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Date.....

Remit by draft or Post Office order — it is unsafe to send currency by mail unless letter is registered

Continued on next page

ELBERT HUBBARD'S *Little Journeys* are now used as text-books in many schools. They contain a wealth of historical information without encyclopedic dryness. The series of Nineteen Hundred Seven will be the Homes of Great Reformers. The subjects are as follows, with frontispiece portrait:

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TAKE your choice, one of these beautiful books with every subscription for the *Philistine Magazine* and *Little Journeys*:

The Man of Sorrows	- - -	<i>Elbert Hubbard</i>
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The Ballad of Reading Gaol	- - -	<i>Oscar Wilde</i>
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Say you saw it in SOUNDVIEW — sabe?

# EVERGREEN EATATORIUM

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Guaranteed

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No-Breakfast Cranks a Specialty  
Forty-day - Fasters - Preferred

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PRINTERS, EITHER MALE OR FEMALE, ALWAYS WELCOME

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OWING to the absence of Hotel accommodations in Olalla we have been deprived of the pleasure of visits of numerous interesting Evergreens, hence this announcement.

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Convenient Barn Annex in case of overflow—with hay mattresses not yet consumed by the cows.

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OUR Table de Hoax is supplied with vegetables from our own garden, fruit from our own orchard, milk and butter from our own kine, honey from our own bee, and water from our own spring. We can recommend these products all XXX and absolutely unlike the civilized article. No "canned" goods on tap.

When you want to "Return to Nature" take the steamer at Tacoma or Seattle and get off at Olalla.

Terms of Treatment—for the Blues: \$1.00 per day—if you don't kick. \$6.00 per week.

EM-BOSSED EVERGREEN, P. P.

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FRANK T. REID  
LAWYER.

415 Pacific Block, SEATTLE, WASH.

### IN THE LIBRARY

The following books have been received at the Evergreenery, the more important of which may be reviewed in later issues:

THE NEW THOUGHT PUB. Co., 1170 Caxton Bldg., Chicago: "Thought Vibration or the Law of Attraction in the Thought World," by William Walker Atkinson; cloth, \$1.

BALANCE PUB. Co., 1700 Welton St., Denver: "An Old Maid's Reverie," by Mattie Cory; cloth, 75c.

"Larriattes" (a book of poems and recitations), by Capt. Jack Crawford (the Poet Scout), care of "Lyceumite," Chicago; paper, 25c.

KAY & BRO., Springfield, O.: "One Hundred Money-Making Plans for Women," by Mary C. Moore; cloth, 60c.

"The Cur-e of Race Prejudice," by James F. Morton, Jr., A. M., 244 W. 143rd St., New York; paper, 25c.

ELIZABETH TOWNE, Holyoke, Mass.: "New Thought Pastels" (a collection of poems) by Ella Wheeler Wilcox; paper, 50c. "Through Silence to Realization, or the Human Awakening," by Floyd B. Wilson; cloth, \$1.

BROADWAY PUB. Co., 835 Broadway, New York: "Bixby of Boston," by John Tornrose Fitzgerald; cloth, \$1.

BENEDICT LUST 124 E. 59th St., New York: "Insomnia," by Dr. Alfred Baumgarten; paper, 15c. "The Abuse of the Marriage Relations," by Dr. E. Rasch; paper, 25c.

"Ladder Lessons for Beginners in New Thought," by Olive Verne Rich, Seattle, Wash.; paper, 50c.

HERBERT A. GRANT, 45 Merrimack St., Lowell, Mass.: "Health and Breath Culture" and "An Essay on Proper Food," both by the publisher; paper, 35c each.

L. E. LANDONE, 806 Fine Arts Bldg., Chicago: "Foods That Are Drugged," by the publisher; paper, 50c.

THE PROGRESSIVE PRESS, 12 High St., Paisley, Scotland: "The Art of Remembering," by Rev. Chas. A. Hall; paper, 6d.

STOCKHAM PUB. Co., Chicago: "Karezza, Ethics of Marriage," by Alice B. Stockham, M. D.; cloth, \$1. "Pre-Natal Culture," by A. E. Newton; paper, 25c. "Marriage in Free Society," by Edward Carpenter; paper, 25c. "Parenthood," by Alice B. Stockham, M. D.; paper, 25c.

Say you saw it in SOUNDVIEW — sabe?



SOUNDVIEW for 1907 will be "BETTER." RENEW NOW

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## "SOUNDVIEW" FOR 1907

We can safely promise Evergreens that the coming year will show SOUNDVIEW at its best. Our little publication is now being recognized as the really soundest, BROADEST, SANEST Magazine publisht.

### "A Sex Symposium"

will continue to be a feature of the new year. One contribution by Hon. Theodore Schroeder, a distinguisht lawyer of New York City, will run thru several issues. It is "A Study of Sex Overvaluation" and is a phase of the subject never before put before the public. All lines of thot and all phases of life and human aspiration will be treated by a corps of writers second to none.

Here is a partial list of our contributors, most of whom are authors of note: Edward Earle Purinton, Mary Eupha Crawford, Dr. Alice B. Stockham, Dr. Leroy Berrier, Dr. J. E. Rullison, Dr. J. H. Greer, Napoleon S. Hoagland, Edward H. Cowles, Ps. D., Mae Lawson Herself, "Capt. Jack" Crawford (the Poet-Scout), Mabel Gifford, Nancy McKay Gordon, Frank T. Reid, Harry Gaze, Dora Forster, James F. Morton, Jr., Edwin C. Walker, J. William Lloyd, William L. Garver, O. Byron Copper, LaVerne Francois Wheeler, O. Leonard, G. Dietrich, and numerous others equally as powerful with the pen.

All THINKERS are invited to our 1907 feast. Are you one of them?

This is in addition to the regular "Heavy" editorials by the Boss and the Em-Bossed Evergreen!

Please tell your friends who sometimes indulge in a "think" on their own account, and ABOVE ALL urge your newsdealer to carry SOUNDVIEW, and DISPLAY IT CONSPICUOUSLY on his stand. Help us to increase the influence of

## "SOUNDVIEW" FOR 1907

# SOUNDVIEW

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Vol. VI

DECEMBER, 1906

No. 6

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## "Poli" Put the "Lid" On



THE principal occupation of the politician is putting on and taking off "the lid." Some of our foreign readers may not understand what "the lid" is — for their benefit I will explain that it is the term applied to the compulsory brand of morality on tap wherever people are crowded together, in cities more particularly. When "the lid" is on people are supposed to be good — to abstain from the things they would naturally like to do but can't on account of the intervention of the strong (!) arm of the law and — the police! This is a very convenient cure for cussedness, for besides affording the slick and unscrupulous an opportunity to enjoy a monopoly of meanness, it gives the politician his meat and drink (especially the latter) by furnishing him a shibboleth to "get in" on and a chance for a hand out

from those desiring to do business on the quiet — under the shut-down lid.

But the chief value of the lid is the opportunity for party overthrow thru appeals to the electorate to vote an "open" or "closed" town. They try the lid down awhile, and a change is desired — it gets monotonous sitting on the lid — they get the idea there is something softer to sit on underneath the lid, so they vote to throw it open. Things then run wide for a time, special privileges are removed so that any one can sin who has the disposition and the price, the secret dens of vice and the "up town" harem no longer have the monopoly of the unmentionable vices, back doors are at a discount and everybody just feels sort o' free and easy and natural like and ready to move right in at the front door, "betch yer life!"

Then Father O'Shaughnessy and Rev. Jimcrack go a' slumming — they see things, they are horrified, they go again, they get some more evidence, they preach sermons on the subject of the "Heathen at Home," slumming becomes a popular fad, a sentiment of close up the sin shops is aroused, willing politicians readily promise the "cleanest administration the city has ever seen," and poli put the lid on and we'll all be good, is the cry. The "moral element" wins, there is a great flourish of trumpets, the

leaprous condition is going to be overcome, people proceed to *vote themselves good*, vice must be restricted to certain districts and only enuf allowed to furnish food for sermons and editorials for Sunday School papers.

Such spasmodic, shallow attempts to force people to be good always recall to mind an incident in a recent legislature. A certain well-meaning solon from the rural districts was much interested in the passage of a pet measure of his to prevent males running at large. He was incessantly lobbying in its behalf, buttonholing, trading votes and adopting various other methods to secure the passage of this very important measure. Finally he got it to a vote, and everything was moving along favorably on a roll call, when one member, in explaining his vote against the measure, said that the author of the bill was the only man in the state who had a male running at large, and the only use of the law would be to force the gentleman to do what he could very readily do without the law — that he was simply getting a law past against himself, a measure to compel him to comply with the provisions of his own bill.

Every man must put the lid on himself. It is easy enuf to go round howling "put the lid on," but the important problem is to put the lid on yourself. Things only boil the harder when the lid is held down — the thing to

do is to go below and endeavor to stop the conditions that make for evil. Putting the lid on is merely intensifying the disturbance, and is like attempting to cure a disease with a plaster. Unless constitutional remedies are applied the disease simply grows worse. As long as people have the virus of vice in their veins they are going to do what is called "sin," by those who don't use that method of sinning.

Slums in cities are merely moral craters to permit the escape of the ashes of sin and the lava of vice, thus preventing a more disastrous moral earthquake. Make men moral with an ordinance! Elevate humanity with a policeman's club! Instil goodness into mankind with the closing or removal of a few of the vice mills! It can't be done. "Poli put the lid on," but sin continues to sizzle in secret. People will have what they want. When mankind has grown to a higher level, present conditions will disappear and not until then. Freedom is the great fomenter of a fairer day. Give people a surplus of sin and they'll sooner come to the mourner's bench. Desire postponed generates sin at compound interest. Smash the lid!

BOSS EVERGREEN



¶ When that is not free and expression unlimbered the world is in bondage

## Observations



IN the pursuit of Happiness — the last man wins.

A mistake isn't a mistake until you make it twice in the same place.

Of course marriage is a failure — when failures engage in it.

It is the slave who talks freedom.

Sooner or later every man gets his name in print — on a tombstone. Cheer up!

Humor is truly a "chestnut" — wit outside, sympathy inside. Beware the empty bur!

He lives longest who loves most. An appropriate epitaph for the defunct 100-Year Club.

We learn to speak chiefly that we may tell what we heard as babies.

"Money talks" in different languages. But we never profit by the conversation until we accost her in the idiom of our birth.

Truth is the provender of the soul. Because truth is lacking — in heart, mind or body, souls starve and pass out.

The one oblation acceptable to Deity is oblivion.

When a man can't be honest, he calls himself "honorable" and lets it go at that.

To the insincere, Solitude is a dungeon; to the self-certified, Solitude is a sky-parlor.

Dream — desire — deed — disappointment; this is the never-ending cycle of human experience. Until we learn that the dream alone makes life divine.

Books about a great author are like vines about a window; — they endure only by obscuring their support.

The woman who loves forgets marriage — the man who loves remembers marriage. The usual reversal of this test witnesses the rarity of Love.

Only the man who has gone thru Hell for a woman finds the Heaven that is in her.

Not the beauty in woman's body tempts man — but the blindness in man's soul.

The perfect lover needs Her in heart and body — yet leads Her in mind and soul.

A woman's smiles are for the world, her kisses for the one who needs her,— her tears for the one she needs! Blessed is the man on whose breast a sweetheart weeps.

The roses of a woman's love bloom just within her shrine. And their fragrance is the answer to the incense burned before.

EDWARD EARLE PURINTON



GOETHE:

Happy are those whom Fate takes charge of, and educates according to their several natures



## Kollarless Kings



THEY are a long list of delightful sinners and cheerful saints whose very names taste sweet and refreshing to one who hungers for right-use-ness, sanity and service, and who thirst for simplicity and reality. They do not owe their respectability to their tailors or their laundrymen. They manage to look decent and dignified even if their trousers are not creast and their shirts not "boiled." They do not need starch in their linen to take the place of backbone. They can stand erect even if their shirts can't. Such men as John Burroughs and Walt Whitman, John Muir and Tom Edison, John Ruskin and Tom Carlyle, Jefferson and Paine, both tomboys and leaders of men. Then there are "Old Hickory" Jackson and Abe Lincoln, Bobbie Burns and Bill Shakespeare, the apostle Paul and the man of Nazareth, not to mention Teddy Roosevelt and Grover Cleveland. Such men look not only uncomfortable but just a bit ridiculous in a dress suit, Prince-Albert coat, hard high hat, and stiff collar aspiring towards their ears. No doubt their looks correspond to their feelings, when contrary to their better impulses they do yield to the dictates of fashion. Can you think of Saint Paul in a silk hat or the Man of Nazareth in a clerical collar? To do so would be belittling

if not irreverent. The stiff hat and the stiff collar are both abominations before the Lord. The stiff collar demands a stiff neck, and the good old scriptural interpretation of the stiff neck is unteachableness and idolatry or the worship of false gods. The physical attitude readily brings about corresponding mental states, just as when a man doubles up his fist the notion of hitting something or somebody pops into his head. The silk tile, or, to use our homely but descriptiv Western phrase, the "stove-pipe," hat could not have originated from any high sense of beauty or comfort. It is reported that the erratic degenerate who invented the stove-pipe hat and first wore it in the streets of London was hooted and given an ovation of ancient eggs by the bootblacks and newsboys, and one can scarcely refrain from sympathizing with the indignant urchins. But aside from being an offense to natural good taste and good horse-sense which are pretty much the same thing, the hard hat is a physical handicap and likewise a mental encumbrance. The hard hat impedes the circulation of the blood to the head, hence it is stated on good authority that it induces baldness. This seems to be more likely than that it is the result of early piety. Scientists have long tried to ascertain why there were so many more bald-headed men than bald-headed women. The hard, unyielding hat,

which with all their fantastic headgear the women do not wear, may account in part at least for the fact that they retain their scalp-locks more firmly than the men. For a woman's hat, whatever else it may be, is not an obstruction to head ventilation or circulation, and they are sometimes ornamental. Now if the hard hat obstructs the freedom of good red blood circulation to the roots of the hair and so starves it that it gets discouraged and falls out by the wayside or dangles from the hair-brush, then the same conditions will affect disastrously the nourishment of the brain-cells, and there you are. Your think-cells are not as well fed as they should be, and the first thing you know you don't know nothin'. You don't know which end your head is on, for your feet have become quite as useful to think with as your head.

People who prefer to be out of style rather than starve their brains, people who would rather feel comfortable than look respectable, are partial to the soft hat. Henry Ward Beecher and Robert Collyer had no earthly or heavenly use for any other kind. Senator Hoar as I past him one day in Worcester lookt manly if not majestic in a modest Fedora such as any school-boy might wear. Did anyone ever see Edward Everett Hale very far removed from his generous-brimmed soft hat? — broad,

serviceable and as free from harshness or narrowness as the man himself.

Yesterday a bright old lady complained to me, a stranger, about her minister being so narrow. He told his people that they ought not to send their money to the San Francisco sufferers but to *foreign missions*. The old lady could not see the harm of sending some of it to San Francisco.

Then she said: "He does not believe in people having a good time, either."

"Then he doesn't believe in heaven," I replied.

"But he believes in hell," she said quickly, "and gives it to us on Sunday."

"Well," I remarkt, "you certainly have a curiosity, and I would like to see him."

While I was in the village post-office an hour later in walkt a pompous, well-fed, self-important man (I had almost said *gentleman*) wearing a plug hat and an abundance of coat-tail, and I'll wager my old shoes that was him, or it.

By way of contrast, my very liberal friend and neighbor, who preaches everything but hell and brimstone in the still, so-called, orthodox church near by, paid a poor devil's poll-tax at the last town meeting in order to save the

man from further disgrace, a man, by the way, who had never attended his church and whom he scarcely knew by sight. When at a meeting of the local grange it was proposed to send something to the famin-stricken Japs, he promptly favored the motion, and plumpt out a dollar to help along. This, notwithstanding the facts that the offering is understood to be a penny collection and that he has a family of six young children and his salary somewhere about \$600 a year and a little slow at that. It goes without saying that he wears no plug hat. But he does wear a soft shirt, and a soft heart under it. The stiff shirt-front is coming to be considered by many ministers and other men as no longer a garment of holiness. Just as the use of the hot gridiron to convert raw sinners into well-done saints has gone out of fashion, so will the gridiron shirt as a potent means of pinching and roasting people into the appearance of respectability and piety be discarded in the interest of freedom and comfort and the simple life.

In regard to wearing hats it may be observed that the women follow the rather more sensible plan. A man is seldom seen without one, but a woman goes about her daily work or occupation hatless. With man it is an article of constant necessity — with woman it is an occasional lux-

ury. A man will not go to the barn without a hat jammed down over his eyes, while a woman goes gaily hatless all over the neighborhood. But the men are learning — some of them. Pressy, the prophet saint of New Clairvaux, in the nearby town of Montague, religiously digs potatoes and cleaves the wood happy and hatless. His devotion to the simple life in this respect is all the more impressiv from the fact that when his hat is off he is very much bare-headed. Houghton, the Warwick baker, is another virile man who scorns a hat while working in field or shop. The Pollack women in the rich Connecticut Valley, where this is written, scorn not only hats but shoes while working in the onion-fields. He is wise who learns how many things there are he can do without. He is richest who has fewest wants unsupplied. He is most wholesome and whole who in himself, as a conscious child of the Eternal Life, has ample supply for all his need.

The kollarless king may not be king of lands or chattels but is pre-eminently king of himself. He is led by no collar of party or church or fad or faction. He may wear a yoke of service, but it is not a badge of slavery or servility but of useful freedom and life which is at once "clean, noble and alive."

NAPOLEON S. HOAGLAND  
WARWICK, MASS., when at home



*J. W. Crawford*

A "KOLLARLESS KING"

The Wail of the Innocent  
(A Voice for Childhood)

" Man's inhumanity to man," since Adam roamed the wild-  
wood,  
Cannot compare with man's unfair brutality to childhood.  
God's innocents, compelled to slave for men of rank and  
station,  
A curse and blot, a criminal rot, that saturates our nation.  
God's flag! — oh! how I love each fold, and how I love  
the story [glints of glory  
Of stripes and stars, that sprung from Mars, and other  
That gave thee birth in Heaven and Earth! And what  
an inspiration [nation!  
Were you unfurled around the world, to every struggling  
Four hundred thousand heroes fell, amid the cannon  
booming, [blooming,  
But Pluto's power has crushed the flower of freedom in its  
And helpless millions cry aloud, while grafters are reward-  
ed [regarded.  
By devils' imps, and corporate pimps, while laws are dis-  
And Lawson, lion that he is, and brave beyond comparing,  
Is just a mite, in freedom's fight, with all his wealth and  
daring.



God give our people eyes to see and strength to beat the  
devil, [level.  
That they compel these imps of hell to do things on the  
And oh! ye sons of honest toil! will you still wear the fet-  
ters [betters?  
Of abject slaves of these vile knaves, who claim to be your  
They lie, and well you know they lie, for you are God's  
own people; [Steeple.  
John Mitchell is a bigger man than John D., Church, and  
And what of me? I'd rather be a monkey to an organ  
Than be a yellow Rockefeller, Rogers, or a Morgan.  
Now straddle me, you yellow curs, and call this anarchist-  
ic, [istic.  
And get your knaves and hireling slaves to write us up art-  
Oh, no, you won't! I'll tell you why: I'm just a work-  
ing man, [union clan  
And — don't you see? — to notice me would cause the  
To squat and read this honest screed, and then instead of  
drink, [yes! *just think*.  
They'd black-list you, and devils brew, and think — God,  
That's all they need — to think, cut drink, and all of dev-  
ils dope, [slope; —  
And take their children out of hell, and lead them up the

Those little God forget-me-nots, deprived of education,  
Whom we should train, in heart and brain, as safeguards  
of our nation.

I represent that element of patriotic fervor [preserver.  
That stood the brunt on war's red front — my country's  
'Mid shot and shell I fought and fell; my father fought  
beside me — [that guide me.

Aye! fought and died, while you defied the laws of God  
But Christ was tried and crucified, in spite of all his wis-  
dom, [the system.

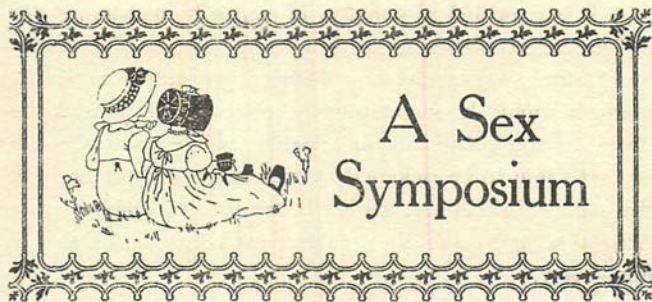
By that same gang from which you spring, who represent  
But God is good and God is just, and anarchy must fall;  
And millionaires and billionaires are chiefest of them all.

And in conclusion I assert, nor fear a contradiction, [tion;  
God's people stand against your band, unanimous for convic-  
And head and front our President, by God Himself ap-  
pointed, [disjointed.

Before he'd swerve or lose his nerve, would see you all

So fill your glasses, brothers mine, and fill them to the brim,  
With Nature's nectar Heaven's Brew, and quaff a health  
to him, [you,  
And swear by that same beverage, by Him who gave it  
To make defense for innocence, to God and country true.

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD



## A Sex Symposium

XVIII

### Crowd Habits in Sex Relations

By MARY EUPHA CRAWFORD

Author of "Typo-Culturists," etc.



It is easier, safer, and lessens the strain of watching and dodging for oneself on all sides, to cross crowded streets with a company of people. It imparts a feeling of safety and support to go with the crowd. The masses have no desire for education on sex questions that will involve struggle and mastery, or separate them from the company and support of the crowd. It is easier to go with the crowd within and without, even tho mad desire and panics seize and sweep the whole mass at times into disastrous situations and suffering.

It is regarded as a matter of course by occident civilization, and would be noticed more by absence of a convenient supply for carnivorous desire, that numerous meat-markets should be maintained, where carcasses hang at the doors to rouse the animal appetite, while passers brush against them to be sickened by the smell of flesh or hear the sound of breaking, sawing bones within, much as any African savage would do it to prepare a feast on or with a missionary.

But a magazine seeking to diffuse wholesome knowledge about the human organism that will lead to more natural, purer living than the carnivorous mode, is likely to be watcht with suspicion by prudish, rather than purity leagues, and censored by post-office officials who themselves are moving with the crowd. A flesh diet stimulates suspicion and misinterpretation of the most innocent actions and remarks, and sex distinctions and emotions are kept strong and activ as an accompaniment of this tendency.

The flaunting meat-shops everywhere sustain the impure sex consciousness so common and dominating in our flesh-fed form of civilization. It is carried out of doors in most of the faces to be met in a crowd. It seems to them the natural way of living that would be disturbed and irritated by suggestions of change to purer ways of thinking

and living which involve struggle and self-control.

A beautiful, well-drest woman or handsome man are usually conscious of sex and of attracting attention and admiration by means of this, as the facial expression and many useless motions attest to acute observers.

Children even of tender age are rarely met who are not self-conscious from having had the sex instinct roused early and kept prominent by the smiles and significant remarks of their elders, who, out of the fulness of their own hearts, in a covert way speak of what they are ashamed to do openly about their organisms. Nature never seems to be ashamed of or to seek to cover her processes from the seeker of knowledge.

Parents think, desire, act secretly and their secret sins are outlined in the faces and actions of their children, who lack art to conceal what they receive thru that subways into hereditary soil prepared to receive the seed sown on it. The children of this generation are as sharp and know as much of the evil and impurity of sexualism as their grandparents did at a ripe old age. Evil thots are early attacht to parts intended to be as pure and clean as any in the soul's temple, and they grow up unable to regard them with pure thots or move with the unconscious grace that would be natural if taught the physiology and sex

functions of their bodies from an early age in a matter-of-course way that would deprive it of impure significance.

This would involve more knowledge and feeling of responsibility on the parents' part for the kind of thinking done by their children, who seldom possess true knowledge themselves and do not generate children because they are loved and desired. So the people suffer and are destroyed in many subtle ways from lack of knowledge. It would seem that when adults have the shaping of sweet plastic minds it would be a pleasure to impart the simple truths of nature as to the use of and attention required by all parts of the body without making any impure suggestions as to any. It is the thots and practice attached that produce the impurity and acts with evil results. The churches contribute to this tendency by teaching that all are conceived in sin and born in iniquity, and transmit thru the desires thus fostered a kind of knowledge that sets the children's teeth on edge.

But few are able to discuss sex questions without becoming self-conscious and by significant remarks and smiles indicating the kind of thot-company they keep.

Company manners are apt to be stiff and self-conscious. The thots one lives in alone on the subconscious plane shape the outward acts and expressions to kindness,

grace, nobility, or the opposit. The charms of unconsciousness of sex distinctions is as sweet and diffusiv in grown-up as in growing children. When this unconsciousness is firmly establisht by choice and practise, the cell and nerve substance are formed, by the builders, who follow closely the mental patterns kept before them, of a supporting kind, then the movements become easy and graceful and the waste of useless ones is checkt.

One who is moving on in the freedom attained by pure thinking and living experiences something of a shock on finding George Elliott's works listed in libraries under the name of Cross, in the belief that having been acquired by a legal marriage it will cover the work of genius with a stamp of respectability. The demand prevents entire exclusion of them from the public that needs, it is assumed, to be guarded from the infection of true knowledge. Such self-conscious officials live in crowd air and fog and are unable to distinguish as to what uplifts thru accurate knowledge or degrades thru impurity of intent.

The civilized belief that some parts of the body, or soul's temple, were created for dishonor, or to function under a cloud of secrecy for the satisfaction of impure sexual desires and appetites, sends a shiver thru those who are freed from it, and leads them instinctively to protect their

auras by a thick psychic mantle from its strong vibrations. Yet none of the race crowd can be expected to be able to travel the path of self-control and mastery in advance of having the desire and will to do so, even tho untold depths of disappointment and suffering attend every action upon the familiar well-worn ways.

Disturbers of crowd habits and beliefs are apt to make things as uncomfortable for themselves as for others. It affords satisfaction to the wearer to attract attention by keeping pace with the most pronounced, stunning fashions, and perhaps stirs envy in the less favored of fortune, but to attract attention by being even slightly behind the prevailing fashion causes discomfort and discontent.

The woman who placed the satisfaction derived from wearing good clothes above the consolations religion offers was philosophical by her standard and the kind of religion dependent on the support of plenty of good clothes.

Women of fashion make themselves comfortably uncomfortable and derive a degree of satisfaction from wearing clothes that pinch and torture their bodies. The changing, distorted fashions are an expression of the everywhere prominent, restless sex consciousness. It is held by those whom it dominates that no one carries himself with forceful, impressiv style, who is unconscious of his appear-



ance and the impression being made upon others. The extent of this is usually calculated.

In nature the sex difference and unlikeness is used to produce unity and harmony.

As man recognizes and rouses to the importance of unity of action in his organism, of ruling the sexual and animal appetites and desires by reason and will for the good of the whole, he discovers and works in harmony with natural law into health of mind and body and channels of success. He thus becomes in the nice balance of nature an "Evergreen, receptiv to truth."

It has often occurred, when people were suffering from some malady and derived a melacholy satisfaction from recounting their experience of misery, on making the suggestion of a change in sexual and dietetic habits as a reliable remedy, that their eyes glared like a wild-cat's at thot of the discomfort, greater than that caused by their illness, such unfamiliar ways would produce.

"It is impossible!" they exclaim. "What satisfaction would there be in living if one must deny himself everything he desires most in the hope that doing so will keep him well? It is the business of doctors to make people well, and they are poor sticks if they fail."

So the multitudes are gathered to their fathers in the

regular way, or *via* a mysterious providence, who inflicts penalties for desires and appetites it is supposed to have implanted in the human organism and pronounced good.

Our race crowd finds it more comfortable to suffer the uncomfortable results from gratification of desire, than to stir up things within and make associates uncomfortable by adopting different ways of thinking and living. It requires pulling up all the time to do so tho it be to continuous youth and health.

The support of the crowd is necessary to prop weak characters and impart a sociable feeling of alikeness and understanding of the ways of the rest, before a consciousness exists of an independent center of action within each one whose lead may be followed with confidence, tho it be into markt singular ways.

The literature extant devoted to diffusing useful, living knowledge and breaking the cohesion of the crowd current, seems most abundant to those familiar with it, yet millions who are not going that way nor seeking that kind know nothing of it.

Those who are traveling the new way of righteousness against the race trend, cannot keep from preaching to their fellows the gospel of good things that come to them at every step of self-control and mastery, tho not called in the regular orthodox way and even rated as iconoclasts to the establisht, conservativ modes of thinking and living.

## Em-Bossed Evergreenings



WHILE we should select the best possible environment for the development of the finer faculties of the soul, it is manifestly unwise to spend all one's time and that on ways and means; thereby leaving the result unachieved. The strong soul does not require a fixt environment; it molds its exterior conditions as it needs them and changes them at will — *from the ordinary surroundings of every-day life*. To depend entirely upon environment is to build up limitations which sooner or later must be torn down. But to transmute the ever-present undesirable (?) into the consciously desirable is the faculty which once thoroly acquired leads to the development of great souls. It is the spiritual blossoms on the tree of life, from which shall spring such wondrous fruitage as the ordinary mind is to-day incapable of grasping.



You will generally find that the man or woman who is always seeking to set the world straight is the very one who is most in need of being set straight. It is our own imperfections which we see mirrored in the world before us. He who is busy with the full and complete expression of himself has no time to waste in commiserating the fol-

lies of the world. He is a world unto himself, and a busy, activ, happy one.



THE essence of wisdom is discernment. To be able to distinguish between the seeming good and evil, the beneficial and the hurtful, between that which deadens and that which spiritualizes — this is wisdom.



MANY things that look unattractiv on the surface are found, when probed to the core, to be sound and sweet.



THE reddest-cheekt apple is not always the sweetest at the heart.



AMONG poverty and rags you will often find rare genius and pure nuggets of gold, while the homes of the so-called refined and wealthy often abound in whited sepulchers.



IN dealing with men one is forced to be more or less of a hypocrit. But in dealing with nature one can at least be sincere. Nature starts fair with you. She tells you frankly that you must take your chances. She guarantees

you nothing, takes no responsibilities. If you win she is still your friend and should you lose you must bear her no grudge. She is her own true self at all times, hiding nothing, pretending nothing. She boldly shows you her faults as well as her virtues, and if you deal with her you do your own reckoning and count your own costs. If to-day she takes pennies from your pocket, to-morrow she restores them lavishly. You understand her and her moods and know how to plan your life in accordance with her. When she frowns you know it is a passing mood and she bears you no ill will; and when she speaks sweet, hopeful words you can open your soul and drink them in and be refreshed thereby, knowing that she is honest and fearing not that she is beguiling your confidence in order to promote some selfish scheme at your expense. Oh, sweet and sincere nature! I adore you!



### Pitch Hot from the Boss Evergreen



THE crying need of the times is the well-balanced man and the broad-minded woman. We have gone to seed on "specialists" — instead of men we have organs, faculties, tendencies. We develop an arm, a foot, a touch, a taste, and discour-

age a symmetrical, sane, orderly construction of the modern homo. We know only one thing and that not very well. The lawyers split up into various lines of investigation of their special domain, and the doctors likewise have their eye, ear, and other "specialists" within their general territory of "healing." And does it enhance the value of the stock in the complete man — physically and mentally, to say nothing of the ethical result? Not on your half-tone. We are sacrificing the man for the machine, we are surrendering mental make-up and intellectual strength for commercial grab and society clatter. It is all a race to see who can get rich the quickest — a sort of continuous wholesale football game which nothing short of an earthquake can stop even for a brief period. We scarcely pause long enuf to dress the wounds of the injured or bury the dead.

Is this development — is this progress? In one way it is, in another it is going the other road. The age is distinctly destructiv of the individual. He is lost in the herd — he is known by number. The results in a material way are wonderful, but is it worth the price paid? We build magnificent palaces and gorgeous temples, but we kill men in the work. We haven't time to consider the individual, either his safety or his development. But

we're getting what we desire, our own is coming to us. The law is inexorable. We are building on sand — the structure will topple. We are nagging nature to our own destruction.



THAT humanity is not entirely regenerated, and still retains a chunk of "original sin" in its cosmos, is proven by the fact that the purser on the steamer still has to lock the doors and barricade stairways with burly mates and assistants to insure the collection of the customary charges for transportation; and by the mutilation in public libraries of all volumes intended for circulation among the reading public.



SANITATION is noticeable on modern built crafts for passenger traffic. Cane seats are succeeding the filth-catching plush, linoleum floor-covering is used in place of disease-breeding carpets, stiff window-curtains replacing the flapping rags so common on many steamers. Still I overheard a lady on board the "Kitsap" protesting against the cheap seats — didn't have nice plush cushions! Not aristocratic, you know!



I HAVE never seen "Capt. Jack" Crawford, nor have

I ever heard him, but I know the man who can write such stuff as this is worth knowing:

“ When a bit of sunshine hits ye  
After passin’ of a cloud,  
When a fit of laughter gits ye  
An’ yer spine is feelin’ proud,  
Don’t fergit to up an’ fling it  
At a soul that’s feelin’ blue,  
Fer the minit that ye sling it  
It’s a boomerang to you.”

That he is a versatile cuss is evident. In the first place he was born in Ireland, and that covers a multitude of talents. Coming to this country with his serfdom full upon him he plunged into our battle for freedom, then flew away to our Indian fastnesses, where he served as chief of scouts. His life has indeed been a full one and one fraught with danger and privation. To-day he is in universal demand as an entertainer, and his poetry has a Riley swing to it that places him a close second to that popular poet. Again we find him championing the cause of a penitentiary-bird in Montana, whom Capt. Jack believes more sinned against than sinning, and the last word I had from him he was way off in Pennsylvania on the stump for a congressman friend of his who was likely to be defeated.



Am I right when I call him a " versatile cuss " ?

We present our readers with a recent poem, which will be read with interest by all. It is a voice for childhood, with numerous appreciations of prominent men who are working for universal uplift, intersperst. Long live " Capt. Jack " !



THE only thing I've got against Alexander J. McIvor-Tyndall is the outlandish length of his name. It consumes so much time and space to write it, but if it is essential to his good work in the thot world we'll let it go. The reason I am impelled to mention him is that he has recently been given charge of a psychic department in the *Denver Sunday Post*, and, judging from the first instalment which has reacht this shop, it is destined to be of much benefit to this paper's wide circle of readers. Dr. Tyndall's first article on " The Coming Era of Individualism " is a most striking summary of the conditions that make for strength or weakness, independence or slavery, individuality or crutchiness. It is truly an Evergreen preachment, and McIvor is entitled to papers in our society. We wish this new departure all the success such a virile personality can make it. Perhaps the Professor might let you see a copy if you tell him you are an " Evergreen " ! Address him at Hotel Albany, Denver.

WITH the January issue we begin the publication of Theodore Schroeder's remarkable sex article, "What is Purity? — A Study of Sex Over-Valuation." This is a startling utterance on this important subject, and something no Evergreen can afford to miss. It is an entirely new view of the question, but Mr. Schroeder puts it so logically and convincingly that the reader is readily aroused to a realization of the unnatural situation now existing, and is inspired with a desire to see a transformation for the better. Don't fail to renew and get this article complete.



### Recognition

Weeping with my struggle thru the shadows on the hill,

Soul a-sobbing, heart a-dying, body growing chill,

Then it was I found you

With the Light of Love around you,

But I could not see; and did not dare to *feel* your woman's thrill.

Blind from ceaseless vigils, counting day and night the same,

Stumbling on, I *senst* the glow — yet knew not whence it came.

Dreading lest it near me,

Lest it burn and scar and sear me,

I faced the icy summit — I would flee your body's flame.

Tenderly you kist my eyes. I woke, I saw my goal.

The flame of Love within you burned not to take control

Of me the mortal lover,

But to help the god discover

The path to lead him upward; — thru the Light within your Soul!

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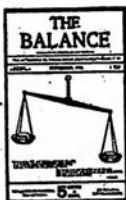
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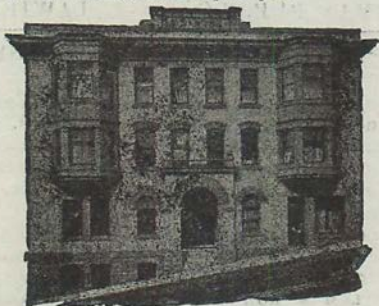
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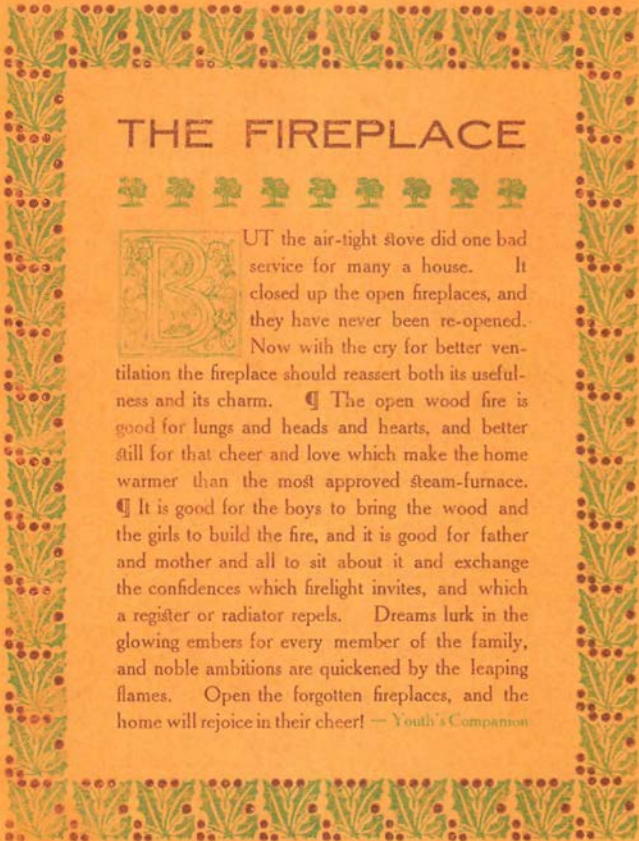
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