

# SOODVIEW

Published by The Evergreens

## "KNEE DEEP IN JUNE"

<i>Youth and Age (Poem)</i>	D. E. W.
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OLALLA LA BELA

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# SOUNDVIEW

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

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their expiration, but if you are justly entitled to come under this head  
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foolosophy shut off when time paid for is up, you should invest a cent in  
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When this paragraph is Blue Pencilled it signifies 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.

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

## CALL FOR CONVENTION

I, M. F. Knox, as president of the Mental Science College Education-  
al Association, do hereby call a convention of this association to meet in  
Bryn Mawr, Wash., June 27, 28 and 29, 1907, for a three-days' session.  
All who desire to come and bring their tents can tent upon the college  
grounds, where the business of the convention will be transacted, and all who  
desire to remain can camp there during the eighth annual term of college dur-  
ing the months of July and August, 1907. All Mental Scientists and New  
Thought people everywhere are specially invited to be with us and take part  
in the convention. There is room for thousands to assemble upon this most  
beautiful spot on the lake shore front. Let us hear from the thousands.  
Nettie E. Knowles, Secretary. M. F. Knox, President.

# SOUNDVIEW

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No. 6

## Youth and Age

Youth, with infinite pain,  
Wearily tugs at the chain;  
Age knoweth best — the anchor means rest —  
Therefore the struggle is vain.

Youth, with his eyes a-daze,  
Sees but half — in a maze.  
Age seeth clear — but the price is dear —  
The loss of the rainbow haze.

D. E. W.

## Euphemistic Evidences of Sanity



H, yes, we can see the evolution of things almost everywhere. It has only been a hundred years or so when it was simply a common Madhouse, which was slowly modified to an Insane Asylum, while now it is generally denominated a Hospital for the Insane. This change is not due solely to the desire to express euphemistically the name of the place where we send our unsound of mind to be restrained and treated, but it evidences primarily our change of sentiment regarding our unfortunate brothers and sisters. Formerly we regarded them merely as a menace to our peace and happiness, and our endeavor was to rid ourselves, and quickly too, of those possessors of such evil spirits, and the shortest route to safety was to erect a rude structure and dump them into it, with no attempt to heal their disease and but little effort to give them comfort and protection. The place was a plain (and very "plain") "madhouse." Not only was there no attempt to heal these poor unfortunates bereft of reason, but there was not even a recognition of the fact that they were really suffering from a diseased

mind. Once mad, always mad, was the generally accepted dictum; the only thing to do was to put them under restraint, so they could not injure *others*, if they maimed or killed themselves, it was of little consequence — it was "good riddance"! So it was simply a "Madhouse."

¶ Very little effort was made to keep them from hurting each other — they were really only a species of ferocious animals anyway, and a wild rush in which several would be killed and others maimed and bruised was about like a forest fight among wild beasts — it rid the community of a portion of its dangerous element!

¶ Yes, truly it was a "madhouse"!

¶ But, bye and bye, some who had been mad appeared less so, and finally seemed to regain reason and sanity. They became their old selves. This set some people to thinking a bit. If some regained reason others might, if not herded with those more violent and dangerous. So the plan of segregating was gradually evolved. Those with a quieter mania were placed in a department removed somewhat from those suffering with wilder vagaries and who were more uncontrollable.

¶ Thus the "Madhouse" was transformed into an "Insane Asylum," where there was some effort to make it a real place of refuge for those afflicted with serious mental disorders.

¶ But the good work did not stop here — there was destined to be still greater evidence of sanity, both within and without the insane asylum! Victims of madness had recovered under the most adverse circumstances, and when those conditions had been made only a little more *endurable* (certainly not very advantageous or favorable as yet) the recoveries had been greatly increased, which caused some more considerate and thoughtful persons to reason that, if such a seemingly insignificant cause could produce such satisfactory results, why would not a study of insanity with a view to effecting a *cure* by scientific methods, result in the augmentation of recruits to sanity from asylums for the insane! Happy thought! If it did nothing else it would invite a study of insanity in all its phases, and would compel a more humane and considerate treatment of the inmates, and was not this, really, the basis of all recovery? They were to be still regarded as *human beings* and worthy of the best efforts of mankind, not only to effect a cure if possible,

but to lessen their bereavement in supplying them with comfortable compartments, kind attendants and cheerful and sanitary surroundings.

¶ And thru this evolutionary process we are now provided with beautifully constructed and equipped buildings, surrounded by tastefully kept lawns, in locations where pure air and picturesque scenery are the constant companions of the mentally afflicted; these hospitals are in charge of capable experts in the treatment of mental diseases (with a few exceptions, perhaps, where political pressure has prevented), with a corps of nurses trained for the purpose, and with ample supplies of good food prepared with as great care as that for the table of the best hotels.

¶ All this in addition to the usually humane treatment of the patients in these institutions, is doing much to render less awful the thought of mental derangement. I do not say it is inviting it by reason of the pleasant features attending a consignment to one of these hospitals! Oh, no, there'll never come a time when people will clamor for admission, even if they should evolve into "Hotels for the Healthy-Minded," oh, no! But let us labor to make it more endurable and more curable with each succeeding year! There are none

of us so absolutely immune! I really think there are some still struggling to keep up appearances of sanity, who might have to test the pleasantness of these places! There are none of us so *very sane!* But one very strong evidence of our sanity is our treatment of those we have acknowledged to be suffering with a mania. In proportion as we treat the insane humanely are we entitled to be called sane. This is a saner age than any that has gone before, but there are still strong indications that there is room for improvement.

LEWIS ELLSWORTH RADER



## Childless

Never a world but He and I, with the ages' end in Two  
 All without was fantasy while the Fact of Us still grew  
     And on my breast there was only place  
     For my Lover to woo with his rapt embrace; —  
 But that was when we only dreamed — that was before we *knew*.  
 Years have past — such beautiful years. He is dearer now to me  
 Than when He only knelt and asked if a love like ours could be,  
     With His slightest touch he thrills me yet;  
     But the lonely hours I would fain forget  
 Have taught me in the stillness how this *Love is a Thing of Tbreel*



We are only One as we lie alone. And it takes but a single word  
 To make me swoon till the Judgment Call might sound and I had not heard!  
     But the day, with its anguished emptiness  
     Yet holds us Twain — no more, no less  
 And I cry to God " Oh Father, where is the Crowning Perfect Third? "

They say that in distant lands where worship's rapture flows like wine  
 The priests have led the people to a " Mother All-Divine."  
     Ah, God is a man — else God would know  
     The futile ebb and the endless flow  
 Of mother-longing moaning thru this bleeding heart of mine!

After the ache of the barren day I rise to go and meet  
 My Lord and Master calling — oh the sound of His voice is sweet!  
     Joy in my heart? It never throbs  
     But I hear the wind as it sighs and sobs  
 " *To a woman there is no music like the patter of little feet!* "

As best I may I minister to His want or His firm command  
 I serve, I smile — He is satisfied; oh how can He understand  
     That nothing melts a woman's will  
     In a sea of tear and smile and thrill  
*Like the touch of utter helplessness in the clasp of a little hand!*

To the vesper-tryst in the twilight hour I have brought the cares of the day  
 For the magic spell of His love-words shall soothe them all away.  
     A prayer — a kiss — and He quickly sleeps;  
     On me the haunting vision creeps  
*Of little lips that after mine had first learned how to pray!*

I would give my very soul — and staring midnight witnesseth  
 I would almost barter Him! For the leap of the heart and the catch of the breath  
     To tell me ours is a love that proves  
     For — *Something deep within me moves.*  
 God, send me a baby — His and mine; or — send me the sleep of death!

EDWARD EARLE PURINTON



## Mark's Musings



HE fakir ye always have with you.



A CHURCH festival might be called a "holy show."



"TRUTH is stranger than fiction" — also stronger.



IF you are caught in the act, plead insanity.



A LITTLE common sense is better than a "big stick."



SOME folks are too slow to catch a new idea.



THE world's greatest pugilist is one who knocks out the most idols.

NOW THAT corporations are on the "defensive" the public may "play" a waltz.

✽

"THOU shalt not steal" — except legitimately.

✽

ILL wind and ill will are about the same. Both blow hard.

✽

"EVERGREEN" is the color that lasts the longest.

✽

SOME sociological movements remind one of the "blind leading the blind."

✽

"THE Lord helps those who help themselves" — at some other fellow's expense.

✽

THE golden rule or the golden calf? And vice versa.

✽

OREGON's capitol, at Salem, ought to be repaired since so much gas was in evidence during the last legislature.

✽

THE wages of sin has made many a man wealthy in this country.

✽

THE greatest sin-crusher is the juggernaut of reason.

"Honor thy father and thy mother" does not apply to the cigarette fiend of today.

✻

To BE *hermetically* sealed in foggy ideas of the past is worse than being *heretically* sealed in new ideas of the present.

MARK MORRIS



## Observations



HONOR means most to the dishonest man.

The only "imps of evil" are the imps of infidelity.

Justice is the lemon Fate hands us when we beg for the apple of mercy.

To share pot-luck is not necessarily to wear a kettle expression.

Only our inferiors enslave us — and Liberty but opens our eyes to the fact.

When a man's front is but a reflection of his backing, what goes between must be pretty thin.

How to prove yourself a nobody: Start being a somebody's reincarnation.

Least is to be expected of the man who does what he is expected to.

Where a benefit ends a boast begins.

Equally unreasonable elation and dejection to him who remembers that only the immortal is immutable.

The seeming goes with the saying; the being abides with the living.

Logic is a good support for Love — but a poor substitute.

Seclusion is the origin of greatness, but openness the outcome.

Ignorance dreads the omens of the future; Knowledge dreads the specters of the past; Wisdom dreads nothing but looks to the sky and smiles.

The only defeat is to acknowledge defeat; the only success to deny success.

This then is the deadliest thing in the mortuary of Heaven: to try to live up to a reputation.

The only way you can teach a woman is to hire a pulpit, then fade away thru the roof.

We lord the crags by circumventing the crannies.

More men reach Heaven carrying a hod than driving a tally-ho.

Fate is a name applied by the ignorant and the cowardly to the foreordination of their own actions; to the wise man Fate is a subterfuge, to the brave man Fate is a myth.

The test of a man's love is *reverence*; the test of a woman's love is *abandon*.

The very religious and the very sensual share in the end a common ecstasy; thus does soul overleap boundaries to establish itself in every plain of human experience.

A man's eyes are open just to the extent that he sees God in a woman; a woman's eyes are open just to the extent that she sees what he sees.

We who have certified ourselves find us gods in the jungle and savages on the Mount of Transfiguration.

Only he greets the dawn unabashed who has buried the world in oblivion.

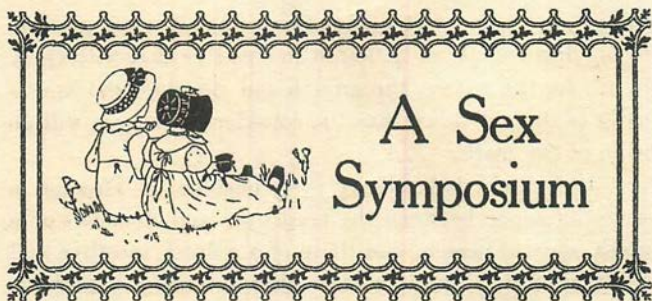
To learn the value of his soul must a man either keep it intact for a great purpose, or — throw it away for a great love!

EDWARD EARLE PURINTON



**S**INCE, then, leisure is the flower, or rather the fruit, of existence, as it puts a man into possession of himself, those are happy indeed who possess something real in themselves. But what do you get from most people's leisure? — only a good-for-nothing fellow, who is terribly bored and a burden to himself.

— *Schopenhauer*



XXI

## The Import and Ultimate of Our Sex Nature

By DR. EDWARD H. COWLES

Author of "The Science and Philosophy of Life," "The Law of Financial Success," etc.



O little is the sex nature and the sex organism understood, or its potential influence and effect upon the life, health and happiness of many realized, that I am impelled to lay aside the personal reluctance which the sensitive person naturally feels at exposing his finer thoughts to public view, and comply with the repeated request of the editor of SOUNDVIEW for a contribution to the series of articles now running in his magazine upon this very important subject.

I say above " upon the life, health and happiness of

*many.*" At the start I want to say that it is not possible to lay down a rule of action in this matter that will apply to all, for the *nature*, the growth and development spiritually of the individual must be considered, else we will go wide of the mark.

It is here that many make a mistake. There is a wide difference between the necessities and demands of a gross, sensual person, and those of a refined, sensitive and spiritual one! And it is impossible to frame a hypothesis which will cover and apply to both. They must be treated separately. A babe is *not* fed on the food of a full grown person!

It is to the refined, sensitive and spiritually developed persons that I address myself. *They* will see and understand, while others will read, but will be unable to grasp the veiled truth.

What we see, always depends upon our point of view. We take what we are prepared for, in what we read, but as growth and development proceed, we read again and discover the most beautiful truths which were hidden, or veiled from us before, by reason of our immature development, hence it is that as time goes on, many will gain much by reading this series of articles over again.

While it is impossible for all to see or think alike up-



on this subject, owing as I have said to our varied states of development, and the individual demands of each nature, I think we can find some general principles to guide us in forming some general conclusions, and it seems to me that in the treatment of this important subject, the primary and fundamental principles underlying it have, in the main, been overlooked.

In order to get right at the "inside" of the subject, let me ask, "What is the *original*, or *primary* and *true principle*, *import* and *ultimate* of sex-expression? What is its primarily true character, as designed by our Creator? Why are we given a nature that so loudly calls for this medium of expression? Why is it, that the higher our development spiritually, *the more sensible we become* of these demands, and the more *exacting* our requirements that the *demands* of our *soul-sex* nature, instead of those of mere *physical sensation*, be satisfied? "

That which is commonly recognized as "sex-expression" does not — *cannot* reach beyond the realm of the *physical*, because the higher and more exalted emotions of the *soul* — this *subliminal self* — are not engaged, consequently this is *not*, in any sense of the word what I shall designate as "soul-sex-expression."

The more sensitive we are — the higher our ideals —

the higher our standard of purity, sacredness and love, the stronger and more intense the longings, desires and impulses of the *soul* to express itself in this way!

*Why* these desires, these longings, these very pulsations and breathings of the soul itself? From whence do they come? Do they spring from our lower, animal or a sensual nature, or from our higher, spiritual, subliminal self? Are we made so painfully conscious of them only that we may constantly battle to *repress* these lofty, ennobling emotions of the soul-self, or should we recognize their higher origin, their purity and sacredness, and seek right conditions for their true and highest expression?

To my mind, the whole subject resolves itself into two questions, viz — What is the *true* nature, import and ultimate of sex-expression, as it is called, in its original and *unperverted* form, and how, and under what conditions may we employ these wonderful and potential forces for the best and highest good of our spiritual and physical being?

Owing to the difference of natures, requirements and soul demands mentioned above, and for other reasons as well, it is extremely difficult to make one's self understood. Certain natures can understand only certain other, and like natures, and what will reach the very depths of the soul in one person, may make but a faint mental impression upon

another, hence even here, some will read between the lines and discover the true, interior meaning of what is said, while others will read and forget, with but a vague impression.

I lay it down as a *fundamental law, fact and principle*, that soul-sex-expression, in its *truest and highest sense*, is *not* physical or sensual, but *is*, entirely and *only* the *expression* of the *deepest, truest, purest* and most *sacred emotions of the soul!* It is soul speaking to — communing with soul, in its own tender, refined language, the conscious self being held in at least partial abeyance, so that the realm of the spiritual or soul-world are virtually entered!

This carries with it not only the thought, but the deep and abiding *consciousness and realization*, of the absolute sacredness and purity of the sex organism, as well as of the entire body, which will be actualized in fact!

This is what I conceive to be the true and *unperverted* standard of soul-sex-expression, such as is actualized in the sensitive, highly organized and spiritually minded person. Anything *less* than this *is its perversion*, the misuse and abuse of one of *the* greatest blessings, and of one of *the* highest, purest and most sacred attributes of the soul!

Have you ever tried to solve this very puzzling sex problem? Have you ever tried to untangle the tangled

mess in which you find this question of sex-expression involved in almost every family? If you have, I'll venture to say that unless you happen to be one of the very few, you left it in the same tangled condition. You *know* there is something wrong, and your soul tells you it cannot be that the Creator designed that sorrow, suffering, heart-burnings, sensuality or degradation should be the consequence of the use of the sex organism!

The solution of this much tangled question lies in the *right* answer to the questions propounded in the seventh paragraph of this paper. There is *no good* but what can be — and *is* — perverted! And the *greater the good, the badder the bad!* The greater the *unperverted good*, the worse and more degrading is its *perversion*, and the more we *grasp* and *realize* the *fundamental nature and conditions of true soul-sex-expression*, the *farther will we grow away from its perversion — the more repulsive its perversion will be to us!*

This is absolutely true of soul-sex-expression which, when contemplated in its lofty and ennobling sense, is the greatest blessing that a beneficent Creator has conferred upon man — and *woman!* It is fundamentally and essentially connected and interwoven with the higher life, and with *all the higher and finer* faculties and attributes of the

soul, of which *true love* is one of the greatest!

So rare is a correct and intelligent understanding of this great and vital problem, that we seldom find anything but its *perversion*, in some of its varying forms and degrees! It is owing to the fact that its *perversion*, and the legalizing of the prostitution of women is so common and prevalent, that *this* has come to be the standard by which *it* and people are judged — a judgment, a decision and a valuation based entirely upon *its perversion*!

"What *God* hath joined together, let not *man* put asunder." Let me ask, is *God* the author of all this miserable *botchwork*, confusion and the mistakes of so-called "marriage"? Can you hold Him accountable for all the sorrows, misery and suffering that is entailed upon the millions of patient and submissive women — and *men* as well — thru mistakes in mating? *Can God* make a mistake? Did He "join" that couple, whom the law says are husband and wife, but who live in constant unhappiness and contention, with unsatisfied longings and heart-burnings, and with nothing whatever in common between them?

Does *He* sanction the perpetuation of mistakes, failures and sins of so-called "marriage"? *Is* our recognized "marriage" the "joining" by God of two *souls* as *one*, or is it simply a legal, civil contract, whereby a man gains

the legal right to the possession of a woman's person in exchange for her " keeps " ? Answer these questions for yourself — as *you* think they should be answered !

[*To be concluded in next number*]



## Marriage



MARRIAGE is the great law of nature. Without marriage the purpose of the universe could never be realized.

Thru marriage all opposite forces are united and blended for the wonderful process of creation. Marriage — the joy-giver, the life-giver, the creator of energy ! How can anyone be blind to the necessity and beauty of this solemn compact ? Marriage is not bondage. It is liberty in the highest sense — the liberty to unite with, to work with and to enjoy as well as sorrow with the opposite half of one's being. Not alone and selfishly must man walk, seeking to avoid the responsibilities of life. Only thru loving responsibilities, thru effort and energy willingly and wisely expended, can man come into rapport with the divine within. Marriage is union, not ceremony ; freedom, not bondage. No man or woman was ever ne-

cessarily free, strong and self-reliant because he or she refused the responsibilities of sharing another's life. One may be free or bound as he will, whether united in marriage or standing apart — separate, alone.

Marriage! Marriage! The bounding pulse of spring-time sings this sweet word night and day. The birds warble it, the blossoms live it. The marriage feast is spread and all nature weds and joins in the delicious repast, and summer and autumn and winter point with glowing cheeks and fingers of pride to the beneficent result. Nature has no need for divorce. Her instinct is sure and unerring and her weddings, her marriages, are complete and final. But man, who, having drifted away from nature, has been, in a measure, disinherited, has lost much of this unerring instinct. Consequently he makes mistakes and suffers accordingly, for it is only thru suffering that he can come again into his inheritance — intuition and discernment.

It is apparent that no good can come out of continuing a mistake, of adding wrong to wrong, and the sooner it is righted the better. No form or ceremony should be necessary for this separation, which is the most natural thing in the world. Attraction and repulsion united with discernment are sufficient and sure guides for the developed soul.

EMMA E. RADER

## Some Nature-Studies



HERE is quite a taking "touch-up" of Evergreenland, from the pen of one of the local Evergreens, caught from the pages of a letter to an Eastern friend, which we deem well worth reproducing for the enjoyment of Evergreens everywhere:

"Olalla is certainly beautiful — has been for a month. It is a garden spot, indeed, with its numerous orchards so beautiful, in blossom, the green fields, hills and roadsides and its many murmuring brooks, seeking their way down to the Sound from their birth places in the hills above. Then the distant fir trees — more beautiful than ever now, with their intervening fringe and groups of trees drest in lighter shades of green. Strawberries are now beginning to ripen and some of my neighbors say they they will need pickers for at least six weeks of active picking. Then cherries will be ripening and so we look forward to innocent feasting."

✻

NEW ENGLAND, next to Puget sound, always appealed to me most strongly of any place in the United States, and if I should ever go anywhere else to live I feel that I



should choose that naturally beautiful and historically and literarily interesting section — the earth home of America's greatest literary geniuses. That is sacred ground to a lover of poetry, philosophy and natural beauty. One of our dearest New England Evergreens, Maud A. Thorn-dyke, in a burst of beautiful figures gives us a description of this attractive spot. I know you'll like it, so here it is:

" I asked a robin this morning if he ever was in Olalla, and if he knew *you*, and by the way he hopped around, so joyously, and opened his little throat in song, I feel sure he wanted to let me know that he had come from there with news of your dear selves. The flowers, too, begin to sing of you and your balmy home. Oh, we are beginning to feel real kinship to the Pacific coasters!

" The trees are flaunting their sign for their annual millinery opening, and by another week will all be wearing spring bonnets. The resurrection is a beautiful sight to the vision keyed to the grosser forms in nature, but the condition that makes it possible *is not death*, only *life* in another *form*, and when the season of (apparent) rest is ended, behold! the awakening is Beauty in infancy. Nothing but the ice-bound regions feel that exquisite thrill or behold the *fairest* beauty in spring.

" The throats of the mountans — the gurgling, bab-

bling brooks — have been loosed from the ice-king's clutch and are singing to the baby violets to "come out and play," and the Johnnie-jump-ups and mayflowers are getting ready for Decoration day in honor of their little brothers of last year. *Action*, the true memorial!

"Oh, yes, the Green Mountains and the White Mountains of New England are beautifully drest — they live so near Boston, you know, they would not dare go nude like mountains in Colorado that only don brown jeans to match their fellow miners, or go nude to please their lofty fancy! Oh, no, the mountains in the home of Boston are Priscilla-like in modesty; they wear gowns of evergreens in winter, and in addition to these, in summer, when the giddy youth from cities come to gaze upon their maiden charms, they have for "changes" beech, birch, maple, walnut, oak, ash and many more to beautify their graceful forms with; and for jewels they have the topaz, opal, agate, beryl and beautiful moss-agate set in gold, silver and copper; these they wear only for anklets, displaying on their maidenly bosoms only delicate flowers of all colors, forms and fragrance. Only here and there will one find bare bosoms and arms among the sister mountains of New England; they are clothed from head to feet as the rule, even tucking their gowns tight around their ankles

and fastening them with granite boulders. Great is the modesty of New England's mountains; but greater their beauty."



A TRULY beautiful character is that Royal Los Angeles Evergreen, Walter Barron Currier. In a recent letter blowing in on The Evergreens, he says:

" I am God (that is, one part of God, the same as you are) and, being God, I *will* and *do* summon all these forces which are parts of God to do as I will them to do, provided I do all in a spirit of love and unselfishness. I possess, as a part of my being, all the gold, all the power, all the love, all the harmony, all the material toys, even to every luxury I choose, in order that I may be in a position to help others to do the same. If I have a producing gold mine, a home, an automobile, a garden of flowers, a book-bindery and studio, it is a lap of luxury yes, but if I have these things it is because I may invite others to be advancing with me and enjoying with me. Just during the past week I have met three *lonely*, weary souls who are hungry for the truth, and two of them have said, ' Oh if I could only know a *true* friend, I would be ambitious and life would be worth while.' Now *I* am going to be a true friend to them, and I must and do have these materi-

al joys around me to make it a Paradise corner for them to come to, and a place where they can think healthy thoughts, so they may soon create the same love and harmony about them. Oh, my dear friend, we have a right to every luxury there is — not for selfish indulgence, *never, never* — but in order to induce less friction, less inharmony, more peace and more time to help others. We have no right to starve ourselves in order to obtain them. We should be like Mother Earth, of which we are a part, possessing them not to hoard and treasure up, but to *use* and work hard with them, and *help*."



### Pitch Hot from the Boss Evergreen



**T**is only about a quarter of a century ago that churches were very carefully fenced off to prevent the intermixture of the sexes. The well known box seat was in general use in those days, with a row along each wall facing the pulpit, with an aisle between it and the central row, which had the aforementioned division board to prevent the too close communion of the sexes. It was an interesting study to watch the boys come in early (think of it, to Divine servi-

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¶ And sometimes the young man would escort his chosen to the house of worship, but there was always a parting at the door, the young lady passing up the female aisle and the gent stealing sheepishly down the opposite side. Strange it seems to us now when we note the unconscious intermingling of the sexes in the churches of today! We've certainly taken some very long strides along the highway of freedom since those times. About that time every school playground had its board fence between the girls' side and the boys' domain. It was thought decidedly improper for males and females to play together. My, my, it don't seem possible, does it? What short-sighted people we were, to be sure! Oh, yes, I acknowledge it—but *I* always did like to play with the girls, do yet, for that matter—so you see I was *broader*! It was the other fellow, and that crusty "old maid" school-

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gates of liberty you deprive them of the opportunity to longer masquerade in the garments of purity, and add to the stature of the pure in mind. Take away the barriers, smash the division board, down with the dunderheads!



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soul, of which *true love* is one of the greatest!

So rare is a correct and intelligent understanding of this great and vital problem, that we seldom find anything but its *perversion*, in some of its varying forms and degrees! It is owing to the fact that its *perversion*, and the legalizing of the prostitution of women is so common and prevalent, that *this* has come to be the standard by which *it* and people are judged — a judgment, a decision and a valuation based entirely upon *its perversion*!

"What *God* hath joined together, let not *man* put asunder." Let me ask, is *God* the author of all this miserable *botchwork*, confusion and the mistakes of so-called "marriage"? Can you hold Him accountable for all the sorrows, misery and suffering that is entailed upon the millions of patient and submissive women — and *men* as well — thru mistakes in mating? *Can God* make a mistake? Did He "join" that couple, whom the law says are husband and wife, but who live in constant unhappiness and contention, with unsatisfied longings and heart-burnings, and with nothing whatever in common between them?

Does *He* sanction the perpetuation of mistakes, failures and sins of so-called "marriage"? *Is* our recognized "marriage" the "joining" by God of two *souls* as *one*, or is it simply a legal, civil contract, whereby a man gains

the legal right to the possession of a woman's person in exchange for her " keeps " ? Answer these questions for yourself — as *you* think they should be answered !

[*To be concluded in next number*]



## Marriage



ARRIAGE is the great law of nature. Without marriage the purpose of the universe could never be realized.

Thru marriage all opposite forces are united and blended for the wonderful process of creation. Marriage — the joy-giver, the life-giver, the creator of energy ! How can anyone be blind to the necessity and beauty of this solemn compact ? Marriage is not bondage. It is liberty in the highest sense — the liberty to unite with, to work with and to enjoy as well as sorrow with the opposite half of one's being. Not alone and selfishly must man walk, seeking to avoid the responsibilities of life. Only thru loving responsibilities, thru effort and energy willingly and wisely expended, can man come into rapport with the divine within. Marriage is union, not ceremony ; freedom, not bondage. No man or woman was ever ne-

cessarily free, strong and self-reliant because he or she refused the responsibilities of sharing another's life. One may be free or bound as he will, whether united in marriage or standing apart — separate, alone.

Marriage! Marriage! The bounding pulse of spring-time sings this sweet word night and day. The birds warble it, the blossoms live it. The marriage feast is spread and all nature weds and joins in the delicious repast, and summer and autumn and winter point with glowing cheeks and fingers of pride to the beneficent result. Nature has no need for divorce. Her instinct is sure and unerring and her weddings, her marriages, are complete and final. But man, who, having drifted away from nature, has been, in a measure, disinherited, has lost much of this unerring instinct. Consequently he makes mistakes and suffers accordingly, for it is only thru suffering that he can come again into his inheritance — intuition and discernment.

It is apparent that no good can come out of continuing a mistake, of adding wrong to wrong, and the sooner it is righted the better. No form or ceremony should be necessary for this separation, which is the most natural thing in the world. Attraction and repulsion united with discernment are sufficient and sure guides for the developed soul.

EMMA E. RADER

## Some Nature-Studies



HERE is quite a taking "touch-up" of Evergreenland, from the pen of one of the local Evergreens, caught from the pages of a letter to an Eastern friend, which we deem well worth reproducing for the enjoyment of Evergreens everywhere:

"Olalla is certainly beautiful — has been for a month. It is a garden spot, indeed, with its numerous orchards so beautiful, in blossom, the green fields, hills and roadsides and its many murmuring brooks, seeking their way down to the Sound from their birth places in the hills above. Then the distant fir trees — more beautiful than ever now, with their intervening fringe and groups of trees drest in lighter shades of green. Strawberries are now beginning to ripen and some of my neighbors say they they will need pickers for at least six weeks of active picking. Then cherries will be ripening and so we look forward to innocent feasting."

NEW ENGLAND, next to Puget sound, always appealed to me most strongly of any place in the United States, and if I should ever go anywhere else to live I feel that I

should choose that naturally beautiful and historically and literarily interesting section — the earth home of America's greatest literary geniuses. That is sacred ground to a lover of poetry, philosophy and natural beauty. One of our dearest New England Evergreens, Maud A. Thorn-dyke, in a burst of beautiful figures gives us a description of this attractive spot. I know you'll like it, so here it is:

" I asked a robin this morning if he ever was in Olalla, and if he knew *you*, and by the way he hopped around, so joyously, and opened his little throat in song, I feel sure he wanted to let me know that he had come from there with news of your dear selves. The flowers, too, begin to sing of you and your balmy home. Oh, we are beginning to feel real kinship to the Pacific coasters!

" The trees are flaunting their sign for their annual millinery opening, and by another week will all be wearing spring bonnets. The resurrection is a beautiful sight to the vision keyed to the grosser forms in nature, but the condition that makes it possible *is not death*, only *life* in another *form*, and when the season of (apparent) rest is ended, behold! the awakening is Beauty in infancy. Nothing but the ice-bound regions feel that exquisite thrill or behold the *fairest* beauty in spring.

" The throats of the mountans — the gurgling, bab-

bling brooks — have been loosed from the ice-king's clutch and are singing to the baby violets to "come out and play," and the Johnnie-jump-ups and mayflowers are getting ready for Decoration day in honor of their little brothers of last year. *Action*, the true memorial!

"Oh, yes, the Green Mountains and the White Mountains of New England are beautifully drest — they live so near Boston, you know, they would not dare go nude like mountains in Colorado that only don brown jeans to match their fellow miners, or go nude to please their lofty fancy! Oh, no, the mountains in the home of Boston are Priscilla-like in modesty; they wear gowns of evergreens in winter, and in addition to these, in summer, when the giddy youth from cities come to gaze upon their maiden charms, they have for "changes" beech, birch, maple, walnut, oak, ash and many more to beautify their graceful forms with; and for jewels they have the topaz, opal, agate, beryl and beautiful moss-agate set in gold, silver and copper; these they wear only for anklets, displaying on their maidenly bosoms only delicate flowers of all colors, forms and fragrance. Only here and there will one find bare bosoms and arms among the sister mountains of New England; they are clothed from head to feet as the rule, even tucking their gowns tight around their ankles



and fastening them with granite boulders. Great is the modesty of New England's mountains; but greater their beauty."



A TRULY beautiful character is that Royal Los Angeles Evergreen, Walter Barron Currier. In a recent letter blowing in on The Evergreens, he says:

"I am God (that is, one part of God, the same as you are) and, being God, I *will* and *do* summon all these forces which are parts of God to do as I will them to do, provided I do all in a spirit of love and unselfishness. I possess, as a part of my being, all the gold, all the power, all the love, all the harmony, all the material toys, even to every luxury I choose, in order that I may be in a position to help others to do the same. If I have a producing gold mine, a home, an automobile, a garden of flowers, a book-bindery and studio, it is a lap of luxury yes, but if I have these things it is because I may invite others to be advancing with me and enjoying with me. Just during the past week I have met three *lonely*, weary souls who are hungry for the truth, and two of them have said, 'Oh if I could only know a *true* friend, I would be ambitious and life would be worth while.' Now *I* am going to be a true friend to them, and I must and do have these materi-

al joys around me to make it a Paradise corner for them to come to, and a place where they can think healthy thoughts, so they may soon create the same love and harmony about them. Oh, my dear friend, we have a right to every luxury there is — not for selfish indulgence, *never, never* — but in order to induce less friction, less inharmony, more peace and more time to help others. We have no right to starve ourselves in order to obtain them. We should be like Mother Earth, of which we are a part, possessing them not to hoard and treasure up, but to *use* and work hard with them, and *help*."



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his eyes are filled with tears

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# THE PITT

## BEATRICE FAIRFAX

She Warns Her Readers That They  
Must "Step Lively" if They  
Expect to Succeed.

**G**IRLS, do you realize how the days are slipping behind you, each day with its precious possibilities that can never come over again?

What are you doing with these days? Are you making the most of them?

It seems to me that no day is half long enough to crowd all that one would like to do into it.

Don't put off your opportunities with the idea that they will come again, for they never do come quite in the same way. Seize every chance for betterment that comes your way.

A day that you do not learn something

away on an uncongenial occupation you were made for better things. To reach those better things you climb, and the way to begin is by your duty and putting your best into the work at hand.

If you are a typewriter or stenographer try to be the best kind of a typewriter and stenographer possible.

If you are a saleswoman, try the position to the best of your ability by quickness and accuracy.

If you are in domestic service, yourself indispensable to the mistress of the house.

Slurring small opportunities will

# by Exper

## CAN GOTCH DO MIGHTY RUSS

### Chances Will Favor H schmidt in Contest fo World's Mat Honor

#### GIANT CHAMPIONS OF RING AND MAT.

	Jeffries.	Hackenschmidt.
Height .....	6 ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	5 ft. 10 in.
*Weight.....	230 lbs.	215 lbs.
Chest.....	50 in.	52 in.
Waist.....	35 in.	36 in.
Neck.....	17 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	20 in.
Biceps.....	16 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	19 in.
Forearm.....	13 in.	15 in.
Thigh.....	28 in.	23 in.
Calf.....	16 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	17 in.
Age.....	31 years.	29 years.

\*Stripped, in condition.

Interest in wrestling has been awakened in all parts of the sporting world by the prospect of a championship match at Kansas City between George Hackenschmidt, the "Russian Lion," champion of the world, and Frank Gotch, the American title holder. No definite date has

Hack in comparatively and Jenkins grappled change in the result feated Jenkins in Cleve the American title ag in New Orleans two r Beell in two straight match between the pa in Kansas City last m feated Beell in a gru

This portion of the title holder's record whole. He has been through his career, a the breath of scandal by.

Hackenschmidt, on t never lost a match, d he has tackled the gr the world. Turks, A Germans and scores strong men have been by the powerful Rus that he has never been in a legitimate wrestl

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## THE PATH TO THE PASTURE.

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row path that we used to tread  
straight away from the farmyard gate,  
down the lane to the pasture lot,  
for our coming the cows would wait,  
its borders of grass and weeds,  
the prints of our restless feet,  
tripped so blithe through the early dews,  
aged along in the pulsing heat.

our heads curved a roof of blue,  
oft we saw the ghost of the moon,  
flitting by with the sun-tipped clouds  
called away to the port of noon.  
nodding thistle and mullein stalk  
meadow larks through the summer sang,  
in the stubble of harvest fields  
bob white's call through the stillness  
g.

path of the long ago,  
wandered far from your beaten dust,  
trambled oft in my journeys wide,  
lost the key to my childish trust;  
and then in my waking dreams  
led once more by the pasture wall,  
far again from the harvest fields,  
the cheerful sound of the bob white's call.

—New York Sun.

Thursday, Aug. 16th.

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