

# SOUNDVIEW

BY THE EVERGREENS  
PUBLISHED BY THE OBSTACLES OF THOUGHT AND THE  
PHILOSOPHY OF MISTAKEN

## NOVEMBER NONSENSE

<i>A Plea for Pleasure</i> (Poem)	Eusebia A. Mezger
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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 S. S. '06

## SOUND VIEW

Entered February 2, 1903, at Okalla, Wash., as Second Class Matter under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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MR. M. V. CRIM

¶ Mr. Crim did not finish the eighth grade in the Public Schools before entering the Seattle Business College. ¶ He studied Miller's System of Bookkeeping and Business, Contractors and Corporation and Banking six months. ¶ He was with the Western Hardware and Metal Company nearly one year. ¶ He is now bookkeeper for the Niblock Gold Mining Company in Alaska. He is not twenty years old, but he received \$125 per month from the start. ¶ His positions have been secured for him by his teacher, O. L. Miller, proprietor of the Seattle Business College. ¶ Under date of Nov. 14th Mr. Crim writes from Niblock, Alaska: "My salary was increased \$25 per month Nov. 1st, making \$150 per month."

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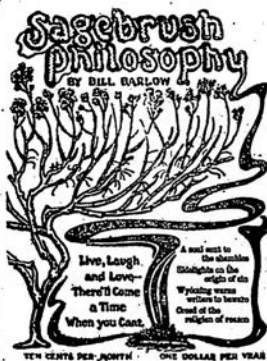
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Just  
let  
this  
sorter  
sink  
into  
your  
soul:  
The  
mummy  
aint  
had  
no  
fun  
for  
moren  
five  
thousand  
years

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# SOUNDVIEW

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Vol. VIII

NOVEMBER, 1907

No. 5

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## A Plea for Pleasure

He lay so sweetly sleeping on his couch,  
My Southron love;

I pounced upon him as some ravenous hawk  
Swoops on a dove,

And bent his white throat back and kiſt  
Under his chin.

Ah, God! if such bliss could but last  
I'd risk the sin!

His throat, like a pure, spotless dove,  
So smooth and white,

I kiſt, nor thought on one who claimed  
A better right.

And what was she to me that I  
Should bliss forego?

Tho I make all I can of life  
I'll taſte it's woe,

So I'll not let a single bliss escape,  
 Or joy go by,  
 A single moment of sweet sensuousness —  
 Indeed, not I.  
 But I will steep my soul in every bliss  
 And sweet delight,  
 And take my chances that the future state  
 Set all things right;  
 For this I know, and knowing it am wise,  
 The present's ours,  
 The future yet is no man's, it belongs  
 To higher powers;  
 And since all futures are uncertain things,  
 Each sense I'll cloy,  
 Lest in the future I look back and mourn  
 Neglected joy.

EUSEBIA A. MEZGER



## Knock!



**F** you believe in your heart that the other fellow is superior to you, *knock*; if he is doing things you would like to do and can't, or if he is doing them *better* than you pos-

sibly can, *knock*; if he is absolutely frank and honest with you, and doesn't try to win your friendship (?) by palaver and pretense, *knock*; if he doesn't "make a fool of you" (and, since you are already one if you drink in the words of such a hypocrite, *that* would seem impossible) by telling you what a smart fellow you are, *knock*; if he doesn't ask your advice on all occasions, and appears to *think* he has ideas of his own, *knock*; if he orders his life differently from what you do, and appears to think his plan the best, he's "stuck up," pull him down, *knock*; if he doesn't accept your politics or "plan of salvation," it's a sure sign that he is going to hell, but he might not get there soon enough to receive the full amount of punishment such a sinner deserves, so give him a kick, *knock*; if he seems to be superior in education or ability to get along in the world, get out your billy, *knock*; if he makes a mistake by means of which you can prejudice his friends, or cause his downfall, or destroy his business or his social standing, by all means seize the opportunity, *knock*; what are we here for, anyway, but to *knock*, KNOCK, KNOCK!



¶ We are traveling at a tremendous pace, the shadows are falling far to the eastward, and each day we are born into a strangely new and beautiful world of Light, Love, and Knowledge  
CHAS. MATT. BERKHEIMER

## Pitch Hot from the Boss Evergreen



**B**EWARE of the friend (?) who flatters o'er-much, who descants too effusively about your good parts, particularly if you happen to be a bit shy of the virtues imputed to you — he may be anxious to control your actions to his own advantage, or "borrow a dollar till to-morrow"! The *true friend* is the noblest work of God, but oh, how scarce is he! Too often friendship is cultivated for the sole purpose of ingratiating some designing scoundrel, with a view to your undoing. So long has this financial and commercial brand of friendship been in vogue that the rare soul who longs to throw himself into your arms is restrained from so doing by the recollection of other occasions on which he has yielded to his impulses only to find that it was confidence misplaced. The betrayal of the holiest function of the soul is more damnable by reason of the premium it places upon the destruction and utter eradication of the friendly instinct. The one who possesses the real article and feels inclined to use it, dare not do so, however much he may long for a true friend, because so often disappointed and

repulsed.

¶ Cultivate coldness if you would avoid rude shocks to your finer feelings, become as the fish, let your blood congeal, emulate the clod, stifle your warm impulses, don't allow yourself to manifest emotion, for that is a sign of weakness! Observe these instructions and soon friendship will become a lost art, the business habit will become firmly fixt and your success is assured!

¶ Nay, not on your copperplate! The world was never so sorely in need of friendship as it is today. Men have become mere money machines, whose sole business it is to grind out dollars, whose only object in securing friends is to gain influence for commercial purposes. Men will never (well, hardly ever) seek each other for the pleasure of pure friendship—it is always "on business." If a man leaves his town even for a day his home paper records his absence in the following stereotyped local item: "Mr. Wouldbe Millionaire made a flying trip to Dollarville Monday on important business." Or: "Dr. Surekill was called to Miasmaville yesterday on professional business."

¶ It is business, business, always business! Men are so tied to business they dare not take a day off to re-

cuperate and regain a portion of the vitality consumed in their effort to increase their store of this world's goods. Some very good men scarcely have time to visit their families. Oh, don't I know—haven't I a touch of the same disease! You need not squirm and try to deny it—you know that what I am saying is *true!* You know that friendship is being daily worked up into dollars. You know that you dare not take time for a friendly chat, much less a "heart to heart talk" with a kindred spirit.

¶ Oh, for a return of the good old days when neighbors would gather around the cheerful open fire for a night's visit, and chatter gaily while the good dame past the cider around amid good natured bantering, and frequent recourse was had to the apple basket, with a round or two of hickory nuts and walnuts! Now, honest, doesn't your mouth water? Don't you feel kind of lonely like sitting there in your stall in some apartment house, or lounging around some stuffy hotel! And all in the interest of *business* and the sacrifice of *friendship*.

¶ Oh, I am not blameless, I acknowledge that I am not doing as much as I should to discourage the dissipation of the finer faculties of the soul. I confess



that I find myself almost unconsciously figuring the value of some friend in a certain deal I wish to make, or, perhaps, a too frequent appeal for his influence. Oh, we are all guilty — but we do not all "plead guilty." To be sure friendship would not be worth the name if it failed to spring into the breach when needed, but it is the cold, calculating, conscienceless sort against which I am protesting.

¶ Let no one stifle the warmth of his feeling for anyone to whom he, or she, is honestly attracted, no matter how many may prove unworthy. To merit friendship you must manifest friendship for others. Again and again have I been rudely disappointed in the bestowal of my friendship, but, tho momentarily discouraged, I have not quenched the fires.

¶ I think I have said somewhere before that this is a mighty lonely old world at best, so let us not repel any soul hungering for fellowship or refuse any proffered pleasure. Because there is much counterfeit is really evidence that the genuine coin is in existence, and the more valuable the real the more persistent the efforts to imitate. The friendship that hesitates or calculates or barter is not worth having — it will desert you on the least suspicion of hypocrisy and

doubling on your part. The genuine article never stammers or stutters or suspects — it just takes you as you seem to be, until you prove the contrary. It does not search for evidence against you and is slow to accept from self-appointed witnesses. Great is friendship and it can only be strengthened with use.

¶ And I am not of those who believe in assuming a friendship if you are not drawn to an individual. The soul is unerring if you will trust it. Intuition will give an unfailing estimate of character. The more you cultivate a friendship you do not feel the more you weaken the finer elements of your nature. Be a strong friend to those deserving your regard but do not tolerate a knave because you fear to generate hate in your make-up. Only the strong can love deeply, and this presupposes the capacity for hating equally as strongly. The friendship that will not go to the point of turning you against your friend's foes is not of a very abiding or helpful character.

∞

¶ Some time ago there appeared an item in the daily press, the same being a dispatch from London, telling of the unusual popularity of Americans from the South. The English people were especially pleased

with their jovial, courteous and hospitable manners and their warm friendly natures. This is a characteristic of the Southern people. The Southerner is more genuine and open hearted than the people of Northern birth and training, and I am Northern born who say it. There is something in the warm climate that gets into the blood. There is a languid sweetness in the Southern women which is not entirely obliterated by a long residence in the North, and the courteous Southern gentleman "will out" even in the most unfavorable conditions.

¶ The Southern character is one of extremes—there are no plains in his make-up, he is a series of mountain peaks and valleys. There is no "dead level" in his nature—he is either way up or way down in his moods. He is your friend or you will know he is not. There is little hypocrisy in his nature. He appreciates friendship as few can and when you have won the friendship of a true son of the South, you have an asset of no mean proportions, and something you can count on in adversity as well as in prosperity. His blood runs red, and is quickly boiling at any affront or slight or insult—it is the heat of his sunny skies in his arteries.

¶ It is this depth of feeling, this warmth and generosity that makes the Southerner popular in London, and it is this same nature that wins for him the love and admiration of his fellows everywhere he is known. He can be as cold as the snow clad mountains or as warm and friendly as the hillside bathed in the summer sun — his is no shallow nature. To be sure there are mean people in the South as there are generous and glorious natures under Northern skies, but I am speaking of the real Southern character, and I have met a few myself. On numerous occasions have I tested their hospitality and enjoyed their friendship. There is no resisting their overtures when once you have gained their regard. I do not wonder that the Londoners, having discernment, are attracted to these tropical natures. Oh, for the friendship that fails not, that grows stronger with each year and that calculates not the cost!

✽

¶ Again have we received an invitation to furnish Josephine Turck Baker with a certain number of insertions of an advertisement of "Correct English — How to Use It" in return for a copy of this "correct" journal for one year. Again we feel obliged to reject this generous offer, altho we note that quite a number

of our contemporaries have evidently yielded to her happily worded letter, and are heralding to the world the benefits to be derived from the use of correct English — Josie's kind. However, I have lookt in vain for its appearance in Bill Barlow's "Bad English — How to Abuse It," and when I remember Bill's penchant for "Good Women — How to Amuse 'Em" I know he would have surrendered to the picture which accompanied Josie's request for space if there were the least semblance of justice and fair dealing in the proposal. The picture, I take it, is one of Josephine herself arrayed in a "just before taking" costume which was quite "taking," seeing that the north half of the north half was — well, it was fringed with flowers, and no doubt of the "Correct English" form. I say, with all this shining in Bill's face, and he could refuse, well, I must, also.

¶ Anyway, I don't like "Correct" things — it sounds too "proper," and I shy at anything that savors of perfection — perhaps because I am so imperfect and so improper, I don't know, perhaps! Oh, yes, "Correct English" will do for school girls and boys and teachers and for other conventionals, but for editors, well, hardly. So, Josie, I pass, and, say, if you really

want to know what *vigorous* English is, you better read SOUNDVIEW awhile—it may shock you a little but you'll like it, I verily believe. If "you will give me as many insertions as you feel that you can, I will send you the magazine for a year," or if this plan does not suit you we'll send you the magazine anyhow, for we are sure that it will be of much use to you in the conduct of your "Correct Irish — How to Spake It."

¶ To be sure, I always thought I knew something of "Correct English," but I have no doubt your publication could help me some, at least it would enable me to avoid being too precise in my use of the language, which, as you will observe, I am in danger of doing!



## The Angel of Life



WE are all familiar with the poem entitled "The Vampire" which pictures a woman utterly selfish, living only for the pleasures of artificial social life, unable to understand her husband's higher aspirations, and unhappy because he will not bend all his energies to secure means for her to shine in society and enjoy its gaieties and its favors.

The poem in July, 1906, SOUNDVIEW by E. E. Purinton brings this other vividly to mind. As the other is a picture of a selfish woman living for pleasure and praise only, so this is a picture of a woman who loves selfishly. The vampire nature is that which will have all given to it and gives nothing in return. These are the people who make us weak; they are forever trying to get something from others, wherever they may be, but never give anything. They may be very amiable in manner and always polite, and give the impression that they are extremely kind and considerate people; or they may be of strong passionate nature like the woman portrayed in "The Choice" who continually controlled her husband the while he supposed he was having his will, and whose love is described in comparison with his as "a storm at sea beside a brook," and farther on, "The essence of your being she will drain, still cry for more of you and cry in vain."

These portrayals of the pre-eminently selfish nature, the vampire nature, are equally applicable to both men and women, except that the passionate nature of women is rarely violent or overpowering; it is exacting, petulant, wailing, capricious, when selfish, and if not satisfied turns bitter and develops into a thorny plant of fretfulness, fault-finding, ugly temper, hysteria, and jealousy. Or it may

turn into mockery and spite; or into a frigid reticence that never can be penetrated. But there are women who develop or inherit so much of the masculine nature that they feel and maybe express the violent, dominating, all-compelling nature that is characteristic of man. The animal predominating is masterful, cyclonic, and compels by brute force; and he afterwards abuses if he is not satisfied, and accuses the woman. The masculine, animal woman violently resists until overpowered and then is as passionate as the man.

But this type of woman is the exception, at least in the civilized world. Even the ordinary selfish woman knows more of love than of passion, for woman's love is affectionate, of a giving nature rather than passionate and craving. It is the mother nature; and whether she expends her love on man or babe or friend or some needy human stranger, or in general humanitarian work, the same characteristics are prominent. To the man she loves with her whole heart she gives her whole self. But she is not happy in giving only; the instinct of true love is strong within her; she knows intuitively that the ANGEL of LIFE dwells in mutual love, and mutual expression of love. She knows there must be a mutual giving and receiving; she seeks it blindly if she has not the mental knowledge.



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She knows that the more equal this love the greater happiness.

But when she is unselfish and seeks intelligently, and aspires to the purest mutual love, she learns secrets from the Angel of Life which are beyond words to express for heavenliness. They make her a wise counselor of man if he will but listen to her, and enable her to receive him into her kingdom of joy where he may share its blessedness with her. If he will not listen and will not heed, he will never find the way and will never know, and consequently will never believe.

Men tell each other many falsehoods relating to the love nature of women to excuse their treatment of them, and tell them so much that at last they come to believe it themselves and it is very difficult and next to impossible for a woman to convince them otherwise. There is an ancient saying from somewhere to the effect that the man who arrives is the teachable man. The man who believes he knows so much more than others that he can learn nothing of value from them blurs his vision and dulls his hearing so that he does not learn anything, but he who is teachable is always observing, always listening and always learning. No man is too ignorant and no place too poor for him to gather gems of truth of some sort.

The man's nature is to dominate, the woman's nature is to co-operate; to give and receive; to love and live in mutuality, hence we find the vampire nature more frequently in the masculine form than in the feminine. In fact the greater number of women suffer from this characteristic of masculine nature, and in desperate self-defense have in these latter days aspired to more of the masculine nature for themselves, and maybe many of them will swing to the masculine extreme before they become poised in their true relation to man. Men must develop enough of the feminine nature to understand enough of woman to sympathize with her and respect her knowledge and be considerate of her requests and to seek mutually with her for the true way of living, and woman must develop enough of the masculine nature to maintain the true life whether mutually with the man or without him or even in the face of his opposition. A woman's love for a man makes it difficult for her to displease him, and a man's self-nature is so strong that he takes advantage of the woman's love and is determined to have his will. But the Angel of Life never folds its wings at the hearths of any homes except those of mutual love and aspiration; to all others his secrets are forever sealed. Men may seek and investigate and experiment as they will, they may not arrive. Baffled,

tantalized, angered, they snatch at the beautiful vision that ever eludes, and wearied at last, believe it is not of earth and lives only in the imagination or in some future abode. But here or elsewhere the way is the same, and to live without it here or elsewhere is our choice if we will, and to walk in the way here or elsewhere is also our choice if we will. We may let the selfish animal nature dominate us so long as we will, and we may woo the Angel of Life whensoever we will and let the higher nature control or harmonize the lower. To-day if we will hear his voice.



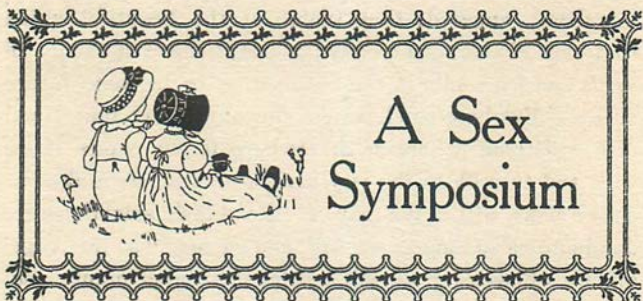
M. TRUEMAN

## Four Dollars' Worth of Neckties



IF some writer were to collate the true stories of what our famous men did with their first-earned money we would have a volume which, if not so edifying as the volume containing the "last words" of the great, would certainly add much to the gayety of the nations. Recently, at a banquet in a New York club, it was said of Dan. Beard, the celebrated artist and author of "Moonblight," when he received the four dollars which constituted the spoils of his first week's laborious apprenticeship in the mystery of surveying, that he went to the nearest haberdasher's and bought — whisper it softly under the stars! — *four dollars' worth of neckties!*

— *Selected*



XXV

## Love and Lust

By M. TRUEMAN

Author of "A Private Letter to a Friend," "The Resurrection of Adam and Eve," etc.



LOVE and lust begin with the same letters and that is all the resemblance there is between them; the beginnings look alike, but the rest of the way they are opposites. The one grows sweeter, purer, nobler, dearer and more satisfactory, the other grows coarse, low, and becomes an ever-perishing, unattained tantalizing pleasure, and the wages he reaps who follows hard after it are rage, hate, disgust, aversion, beastliness, disease, torment and loss of humanliness; in short, all the difference between heaven and hell.

The difference between love and lust puzzles so many,

especially youth and those who have not a spiritual idea of love or of life, but can see only on the surface of things, and those who have newly come out of conventional life and associate lust with love and freedom, that those of us who have looked deeply into the matter, and have had opportunity to make wide observations, as have teachers and writers, should make it their duty to give others the benefit of their conclusions. If the ideas of sexual relations and the practise of them are false, neither body nor mind ever reaches its full development, but both are diseased and broken. They make a fair show for a longer or shorter time according to their natural constitution. People with an abundance of vitality are apt to go down with a crash because, being strong, they abuse themselves more freely; the nervous temperaments are likely to break down with a crash because their owners imagine that their excitability is vitality; they bank on artificial excitement when natural excitement fails, and they become the most deplorable of all wrecks. The even temperaments and the weak are more temperate because they have less desire; one does not care for so much of this life, and the other cannot have it. These two classes of themselves are the more pure and moral, but they are in danger of being overpersuaded by the other stronger temperaments because they

have not the sustaining power of strong principles of the true life.

Back of sexual impurity and intemperance is the false thought in regard to sexual life, and back of this are false thought and false modes of life in various other ways, and every one of them ministers abundantly to lust. It is all lust of different kinds that causes our degeneration. Lust is selfish desire become a passion. A passion is an intense love, and woe to the man whose passion is a false love; "their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched."

The living soul that weaves about itself unconsciously to its self this physical body, lives in the physical body by the emotions thru the senses, but the senses are not intelligent; the soul guides the senses by means of the mind, and if we give our attention and take time and listen we shall sense the guidance. As the music in the brain of the musician is transmitted by him to his instrument, and thru his hand to the instrument, and from the instrument to the air and from the air to the physical ear of the musician, so is it with the soul's guidance; it proceeds from the soul, or actual being, to the mind, thru the mind to the brain, thru the brain to the nerves, and this last we call sensation.

If we are only seeking to find excuses for living a cer-

tain kind of life we shall not sense this mental guidance, for our minds will be crowded with these impressions we have been giving it, are all the time giving it, and we find only these. If we are trying to prove some theory of life we are in the same difficulty; we only give our attention to such things as favor our theory, and are blind and deaf to all else. It is when we seek truth, whether it favors our desires or theories or not, when we go with a humble — that is, a teachable — mind and listen for a higher wisdom than our own, making our mind for the time a clean tablet, that we can receive the soul's instructions, which it is always receiving from Truth itself.

Our soul is our real self of which we are gradually becoming conscious just as an infant gradually becomes conscious of its physical body and the external world, and this real self is our guide, or the means thru which we receive instruction and guidance. Sensation begets desire, but desire is not intelligent; it only wants more because the sensation was pleasant. A man enjoys his food, but his enjoyment of it or his sensations when he eats create desire or a call for more and more; there is no intelligence in the sensation; his mind, his unconscious mind, sends word when he has eaten sufficient; if he listens he gets the message, but if he gives his whole attention to the enjoyment,

and desires nothing but to keep on indefinitely, he keeps on until the food is all consumed or he is nauseated. He has abused his body and his body suffers; every time he repeats this abuse his body suffers more and grows more disordered and weak. So it is with every sense, and in sexual sensations more than in any other, because here is a blending of soul and body, of sensation and emotion with another soul and body, another organization of sensation and emotion; the life of each is mingled with the other's and as sensation is increased so is abuse more disastrous and wasteful of vitality.

The reason that abuse with one's self alone is as disastrous, and generally more so, is that when sensation suggested by the mind is ultimated physically with another there is a giving and receiving, but when ultimated alone there is not only no giving or receiving but a wasting. With those living in ignorance, an occasional wasting of the vital fluids is beneficial, for they concentrate vital force and do not know that by their thought they can distribute it thruout the body adding to its health and strength; and occasional waste is much better than congestion.

We develop physical sensation first in this world, and we have to learn what it means and how to take care of it. The child wants to eat everything it sees, and that without



regard to the consequence to itself or to others; the young person and others who have not learned the nature and meaning of sexual desire, feel desire for the physical possession of every attractive person of the other sex. As children we seek food because it is agreeable to us, and that is our only motive, but as adults we seek food because it is necessary to sustain the body, and we eat such things and as much of them as we believe best nourishes the body. In the sexual life man simply follows his sensations, satisfying them when and with whom and where he may. If he is restricted he seeks freedom, and secretly or openly according to his situation he takes it. It is for this that many seek to be freed from social restrictions, and legal marriage.

But he who has looked deeply into the matter sees that human relations cannot be rightly enjoyed in any manner on the purely physical, or the purely selfish plane. Human relations must be loving relations, not lustful; desiring the other for the other's pleasure as well as one's own, for the other's good as well as one's own. Mutuality is the rule of life whether our relations with our kind are the most distant or the most intimate. There is a universal love of humanity, and an individual love, and the greater the love the more intimately we are drawn togeth-

er, and the more we have to do with each other's happiness and welfare. In this light we see that physical sexual relations belong to that most intimate of all human loves, that of husband and wife. As this love is the dearest and the most intimate, so is its expression in the physical plane. Physical sexual relations are the physical ultimate of the dearest love, a love in which a man's whole heart is given to the one whose life and whose being he desires to mingle with his own.

Before he knows this he desires physical sexual relations with women indiscriminately, whether he has any love for them or not. After he knows this he knows this desire should be the completion of love, and never enjoyed without it. The foolish man chooses to gain all his knowledge by personal experience, disdain in his conceit to learn anything from others; the wise man seeks knowledge from others' experiences; he is always observing and listening and considering; ignorant or wise, all contribute something to him. He accepts no man's statements, but listens attentively, observes, weighs, considers; then he seeks light from within, and this light shed over what he has gathered interprets it to his advantage.

Any man or woman who will take the time to do this will soon see why what is called "love" is fleeting; they

will see that it is only self-love, and seeking enjoyment for itself. They will see that every pleasure sought for the physical sensation only is ever dying, and that every pleasure sought for true love's sake, which is always for a use, is always growing sweeter and stronger.

He who has learned these things will have put on the armor of faith, and when he hears the inhuman and un-Christian-like doctrine preached by men who profess to be human and Christian, that it is expedient that a man destroy another life to save his own, or to drag down a wrecked life yet deeper instead of reaching a helping hand, for his health's sake, he will be able to tell of a wiser and a human way. He can tell them to pour forth their excess of vitality to upbuild their own bodies and minds until they have not only health and strength but the light of heaven and the speech of angels and the power of the archangels. He can tell them to pour out their vital force in love to their fellowmen, in kind words and good deeds; first among their own whom God has given them to love and cherish, and then to the larger family, where he may find all mankind his father and mother, his brother and sister and friend. Doing this he will never suffer from lack of a sex-mate; nothing but lustful thought and selfish desire will make that necessary to him, and when his soul-mate comes

to him he will be worthy of her. He will not seek her for a convenient relief to his ignorantly and selfishly stored up vitality, which his body is suffering for and all humanity is sick for, but he will seek her for love — mutual love — what he can be to her and do for her, and what she can be to him and do for him.

Sex magnetism is everywhere; it is omnipresent in the air; we need never seek any one person expressly for that. If we lack, it is our own ignorance that shuts us away from it; in a social way we can get a great abundance of it; in friendly intercourse we can revel in it. What we lack is not quantity but quality; we must learn to absorb the purest and highest brand, for everywhere heaven and hell await our bidding and we take our choice. He who chooses lust goes down to perdition, he who chooses love enters into the secret of the Highest and finds that which all the world seeks, but which ever eludes them because they seek not aright.



## Observations



LAY means nothing till work means everything.

He who can be taught never learns.

He alone teaches us who demonstrates

how to use adversity wisely.

Personality is the caterpillar-stage of the butterfly called Individual.

When the price of peace is compromise, war is cheaper.

How to tell a man from a simian: The simian hangs from his "family-tree."

Smallness is to trace one's family record; greatness is to see one's name writ beyond the stars.

He travels fastest who stops oftenest to study the sign-posts.

How to break the record for mountain climbing: Lift more burdens than anybody else.

The only sure way of reaching results is to turn your back on them.

Recipe for success: One-third policy of method, two-thirds sincerity of purpose, mix well, put in a cool place and let stand over night.

Desire is the dynamo of the soul, but only Deity can teach us how to handle the wires of wishing with safety.

A woman's life lesson is to suffer and not be embittered, a man's is to exult and not be made proud.

A man is ennobled most by whom he loves, a woman by who loves her; in the continuity of this mutual ideal lies the reason for a life-tenure marriage.

Realization is losing the frowns of the world in the smiles of God.

We shall all be omniscient when grown-ups know as much as children imagine.

God never punishes mistakes: error is the soul's laboratory wherein to compound the formula of life, and they who are reckless punish themselves in the explosion called sin.

To see is the test of man, to do is the test of woman, to see and do together is the final test of Love.

EDWARD EARLE PURINTON



## About "Greens" and "Evergreens"



WE are fortunate in securing some unpublished MSS. from the pen of that popular California writer of the 70's — Eusebia A. Mezger. We publish the first poem in this issue, and Evergreens will at once recognize the Epicurean nature of her philosophy. Thus, philosophy is "the art of enjoying life." And who shall say she is not right? I'm a sort of an Epicurean myself, that is, where it squares with Evergreenosity. The fellow who lays up his fun for the next century or a possible future existence is very apt to enjoy (?) a little disappointment at the other end of this life. Anyway, what is life for if it isn't to use?

¶ Now, don't get the idea that Evergreen Foolosofy means a wild debauch or an absolute surrender to depraved appetites. Far from it—it simply means that people who go thru the world on tip-toe, for fear they might get too much dirt on their feet, are acting just a little unwisely. As long as we are inhabiting a world of dirt we cannot remain entirely spotless, so why be on the *qui vive* for means of *avoiding* pleasure? Don't be a damphool and get drunk on pleasure, for then you miss the very condition you seek. "Live, Laugh and Love," says Bill, and that's philosophy, but don't drink too deeply, for that's poison. "A Plea for Pleasure" is not necessarily a plea for poison.



¶ Yes, we're getting along pretty well, thank you, since we enlarged our shop and got those "good" girls we wanted so "bad"! And one of them is a brother to "Peck's Bad Boy"—now what do you think? Well, I liked the Bad Boy and I rather think I'll like "Peck's Bad Girl," too, and maybe better than the Boy, you never can tell for sure! But it's not *all* girls, if you please! There are several boys, and a new one blew in from Los Angeles t'other day, and insisted that he is "green" enough to be added to the Evergreen family! So the outlook is hopeful and we may get to you more promptly than usual in the future. And, say, can't you manage to get that "long green" to us without such loud hollerin' over Uncle Sam's phone? Why

not send us an extra subscription while you're about it? We would do as much for you!

¶ We're getting some mighty good stuff (and just a little nonsense) for the future issues of our maglet. The talented author of "Woman and the Race," Gordon Hart, has contributed an article for our "Sex Symposium" which will appear in the December number, and another fine article from a new writer is booked for January and February. They are among the best articles yet.

¶ And, say, we are seriously considering enlarging SOUNDVIEW beginning with January. What do Evergreens think of it? Could you stand it? Do you want "more" bad enough to help swell our rapidly growing list of green people? Just give us your mind on this proposition. We really ought to have several thousand more readers to begin the New Year with. If you want any of your friends to get a taste of our "Greens" just hand us their names and we'll send them a copy of the November or the December numbers. Get a hustle on you!

¶ From Brother Purinton in his New York den comes this breezy message: "Congratulate you on the accession of our dear Mae Lawson. Also glad to hear that Brother Hinton White is prospecting in your vicinity. Pretty soon your colony will grow so tempting we beleaguered city-ites will all want to migrate into



the type-setting business!" That's just what we want to do, Brother— attract all the good "green" people to Evergreen Land. Mae had to return to Kansas, but in a letter just in she says look for her back soon. We are trying to hold Brother White and his attractive companion, and will open wide our arms to Brother Purinton also when he is ready to reach out for the simple life as we live it on Puget Sound. A dozen or so others are seriously contemplating the plunge, so we'll have plenty of good company soon, I verily believe.

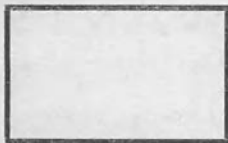


## Ether Music

God said,— " Let there be music,"  
    (The spirit of the light)  
And forth it sped with rhythm  
    In sacerdotal white.  
It sped with wings of morning  
    On that creation day;  
And still melodic sweetness  
    Is in each crystal ray.  
But we who court the shadows,  
    Who cannot bear the light,  
Paint green and blue and orange  
    Upon its priestly white.  
Yet these are tones of music  
    In God's prismatic scale —

His diatonic rainbow —  
Whose sweetness cannot fail.  
Oh! what a weary jargon  
You earthly people seek!  
Come out beneath the starlight  
And hear the silence speak.  
Come hear the ether music  
For but one golden while,  
And it shall ring within you  
For many a toilsome mile.  
Your compass shall be vaster  
For these harmonic bars,  
Your soul enlarge to circle  
God's wilderness of stars.  
We think beyond our vision;  
We dream beyond our ken;  
It may be angel whispers  
Obscure the tones of men.  
It must be God Almighty  
Hath many things to say,  
That alphabet and rainbow  
Only in part convey.  
And tender, strange vibrations  
From subtler realms than sense,  
Meet us on that sweet border  
Where human things commence.

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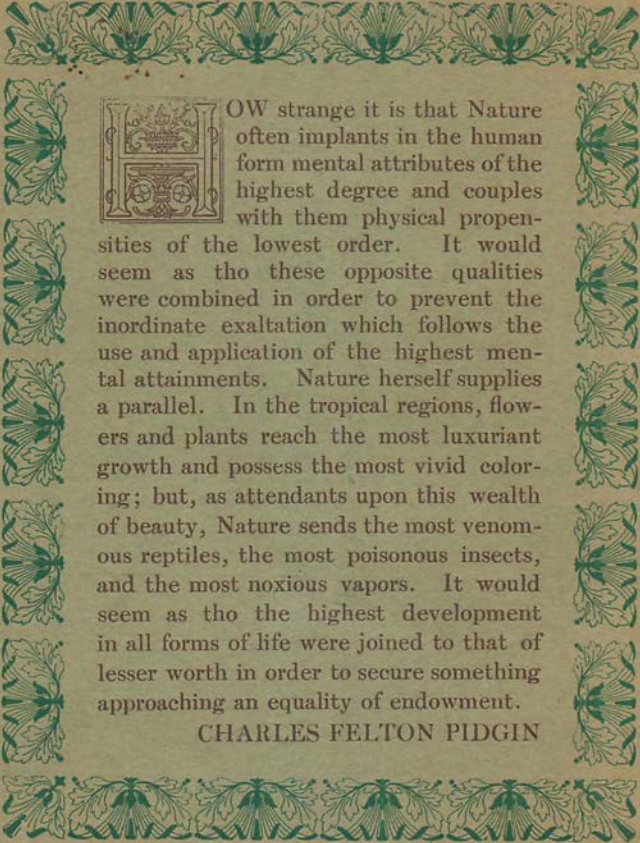
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