

# BANNER OF LIGHT.

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NO. 7

## OCTOBER.

But a few short months since nature's tide,  
Flooded the world with leaves green-dyed,  
Since the Marigold with its yellow hue,  
And the silent Hare-bell, small and blue,  
Since the Mignonette with its perfume sweet,  
And the budding Violet beneath our feet,  
Did smile God's smile—answer.

Since the Peony crimsoned the fresh green sward,  
And the Clematis purpled the wall,  
Since the Lily lifted her pure pale face  
And the Summer laughed at the white Snow-ball.  
Since the Cow-slip dotted the meadow damp—  
And the little brown stream flashed by,  
Since the Bachelor-bell was counted by maids,  
Hidden away in the mystic glades,  
Dreaming of love for—aye.

Since October splendors have mellowed the earth,  
Where are the blooms of last Spring's birth?  
Dead? Ah, not only faded away—  
To smile again the next glad May:  
Folded, as we shall one day be  
Within earth-mother's bosom—ye and me:  
There to rest quietly, peacefully sweet,  
Till again we shall rise upon newly lifted feet  
From God's imprisonment—free.

Since Adam's young time roses have bloomed,  
In mid-air ripe, forbidden fruit loomed,  
Yet Eves they will pluck, and Adams will eat,  
As long as love's golden heart has still the same beat,  
New centuries may come, and old centuries go—  
Great oceans roll on, with white-crested glow—  
But as long as new splendors ne'er dim the sun,  
Man's living course is never full run.

## The Warrior Maid.

JOAN OF ARC.

B. O. Flower.

Of all the illustrious characters that stand out in bold relief on the pages of authentic, profane history, I know of none around which clusters such a strange fascination as that of the maid of Orleans.

The simple story of her life, though robbed of the bright coloring of a poetic imagination, and told in the plainest language, sounds far more like a weird, sad, sweet romance than the plain narrative of actual facts. It is fortunate for the world, that by a singular accident through the decree of the murderous council that tried her, we have preserved to this day a trustworthy history of her life as revealed in the searching examination of her enemies. The proceedings of her trial being taken down with the greatest minuteness, were afterwards transcribed by members of the University of Paris into Latin. Five copies were made—three of which, as well as a portion of the original, exist in Paris today. Thus, as if ordered by the inscrutable will of eternal justice, the very persons who wreathed the flaming, serpentine tongue of death around her sweet, child form, have by their own decrees, perpetuated their criminality, as well as given to posterity a thoroughly reliable picture of a life at once beautiful as the glorified east when the roseate dawn flings back the sable mantle of night—pure as the opening lily jeweled with the diamonds of dew—brave as the spirit of truth which the world can never subdue, and gentle, loving, and tender as the zephyrs of even that rock the roses to sleep.

In 1411, in Don Remy, in the province of Lorraine, in France, this child was born whom history has enshrined and fame immortalized. For years previous, Lorraine had been the battle ground of opposing factions; in truth the wild ravages of the fierce hurricane never desolated a land more than did the warring factions that had made this province the field of rapine, plunder, and bloodshed. Long ere this, the ancient seer, or prophet, Merlin, had declared that one day there should be born in Lorraine, a child—a virgin—who would save France. This prophecy seemed to be universally believed throughout the province, and each mother hoped and prayed that the little girl she cradled might prove the promised redeemer of their land. At this period and under these circumstances Jeanne d'Arc, better known as Joan of Arc, was born. Her mother brought her up in the most pious manner, told and retold her the stories and traditions found in the Bible or handed down by the church, as well as the fruitful lore and weird legends of Lorraine. The youthful, simple, and enthusiastic mind of Jeanne heard with wonder and delight, and pondered in her heart these wonderful stories she had learned on her mother's knee. She soon became as devout and pious as she was pure and gentle. Of her childhood, Michael, the great French author, in his "Life of Jeanne d'Arc," says:

HER CHARITY AND PIETY WERE KNOWN TO ALL:

all saw that she was the best girl in the village; what they did not see and know was that in her, celestial ever absorbed worldly feelings, and suppressed their development. She had the divine gift to remain, soul and body, a child. She grew up strong and beautiful, never knowing the physical sufferings entailed on woman—they were spared her that she might be more devoted to religious thought and inspiration. Born under the very walls of a church, lulled in her cradle by

the chime of the bells and nourished by legends—she herself was a legend—a quickly passing and pure legend from birth to death.

At the age of thirteen a bright vision appeared to her at noon-day and an angel said, "Jeanne, be a good girl and go often to church." It is needless to say that this produced a powerful impression on her bewildered and alarmed soul. Shortly afterward another vision of celestial glory appeared to her, and the angelic form spake saying, "Jeanne, go to the succor of the king of France and thou shalt restore his kingdom to him," but she tremblingly replied, "I am only a poor girl; I know not how to ride or lead men at arms." But the voice replied, "Go to M. de Baudricourt and he will conduct thee to the king; St. Catherine and St. Margaret will be thy aids." She remained for some time stupefied, and, we might add, terrified, for being naturally an exceedingly timid and tender-hearted child, she shrank from anything so terrible as war; but from that hour she frequently heard voices, saw heavenly visions, and felt convinced that God had raised her up to save her country. However, when she revealed to her father what she had seen and heard, and expressed her determination to go to the king of France, the old man became greatly enraged; he told her she should not go and that

## HE WOULD RATHER DROWN HER

with his own hands than have her enter the army.

But in justice to the father it must be remembered that he was a man of stern purity and rigid morality, and at this time the French army was probably the most licentious class of men in the world. Jacques d'Arc felt that should his beautiful Jeanne enter the army she would be disgraced and ruined, and to him the purity of his child was more sacred than her life. Now in the soul of the Pucelle, as she was so often called, came a conflict more dreadful, and causing her more intense pain than the agony of her prison life or the anguish of her horrible death. The paternal and heavenly powers were the only ones she felt really sacred, and in duty bound to implicitly obey. But now their commands are in direct opposition; the father whom she idolizes, forbids and even threatens her with death if she persists, and she knows that he is prompted by love for her. The angels command her to go to the rescue of the bleeding nation, which is well nigh vanquished by the British forces; they assure her that she alone can save the land. She feels that God has commanded and she dares not disobey. Her inclinations, desires, and love prompt her to stay at home, but duty calls her into the strange, and to her timid nature, repugnant field of martial life, and she accepts the path fate points out.

While this conflict was still going on, her uncle came to visit her father; she confided in him; he encouraged her, and under the pretext of having Jeanne nurse his wife, who was then ill, he persuaded her father to let her go with him. From her uncle's she went to M. de Baudricourt, the French officer stationed in that section, and after much delay he sent to the dauphin—or uncrowned king—to know his pleasure in regard to this strange child.

## THE DAUPHIN SUMMONED HER TO HIS PRESENCE.

and in a short time he either became so impressed with the truth of her claim, or else owing to the extremity of his cause, he commissioned her to attempt to raise the siege of Orleans. With her white standard in her hand, symbolizing most beautifully her own purity and innocence, she went forth. In two weeks she had raised the siege of Orleans, the British having been beaten in every engagement. She wept when she saw the bleeding French,—she wept when she beheld the dying English; for her nature was one of great love and sympathy.

On one occasion when the French were pursuing the English with great slaughter she cried when she observed the cruel spirit manifested by her people toward the foe; and seeing one poor dying Englishman she lost her military control, and springing from her horse, she raised the dying man's head on her lap, sent for a priest and soothed his last moments.

Victory crowned her on every hand. She was a heroine, called forth in a great crisis, and in three months after raising the siege of Orleans she had crowned the king at Rheims. After the coronation of the king she fell at his feet, assured him that now her mission was ended and begged him to let her return home and mind her father's sheep; but the king feared to lose her, he knew no one had such a hold on the people as she; so he compelled her to remain, and from that moment she was no longer the same strong, spirited general, but felt and spoke frequently of her approaching doom. At last she was wounded, and by the treachery and jealousy of the French officers, just as she had predicted, she was betrayed into the hands of the enemy; a most cruel imprisonment was followed by a trial,—the infamy of which has never been eclipsed. The judges were determined to make her admit she was a witch so

as to invalidate the coronation of the king. Hundreds of questions were put to her which, answered either affirmatively or negatively, they intended to construe as proof that she was a sorceress. One example will suffice. They asked her if she believed herself to be in a state of grace. Now they imagined they had ensnared her with a question, which, no matter how she answered, they would construe as evidence of her guilt, for if she answered yes, it would prove she was proud and presumptuous; just as one who had fallen from grace naturally would be; while on the other hand if she answered no, she thereby confessed that she was not God's chosen instrument.

## BUT SHE CUT THIS BOND WITH WHICH THEY HOPED TO BIND HER

with that strange wisdom that sometimes startles a mother when it springs from the lips of her child. "If I am not," she said, "May God be pleased to receive me into grace, and if I am may He be pleased to keep me in it;" so it was with her answers to hundreds of similar questions; she seemed guided by inspiration above the wisdom of man. Her fate, however, had been settled long before her trial, and after this mockery was over Jeanne d'Arc was condemned to be burned to death. Dragged from her dungeon she was bound to the stake, while above her was placed a placard bearing the words,— "Heretic, relaps, and idolater."

What a thrilling picture she presents in this terrible hour as, with that child-like face in which it seems all the graces have blossomed forth in maturity, she earnestly gazes over the vast multitude who have assembled to see her perish. I imagine she never before appeared half so lovely as now; she has lost none of that former beauty that graced her brow, when in the hour of triumph she crowned her king and was named among the fairest maids of France. Sorrow and anxiety have enhanced, rather than diminished, the sweetness of her expression; and on that child-like brow (for she is only in her twentieth year), where sorrow's crown of thorns has pressed so mercilessly, there rests that sweet, sublimed radiance that is born of the furnace of affliction after a true faith has passed through the fiery ordeal and come forth purified, ennobled, and glorified. She was beautiful on her mother's knee when, with childish enthusiasm, she drank in the touching stories of olden times; beautiful when with soul of reverence she returned from the little chapel she loved so well; beautiful, when flushed with victory, she went forth conquering and to conquer; beautiful in the hour when she crowned her king and was the admiration of a royal court; but she is transcendently beautiful now, as she stands on the brink of eternity and catches the strains of music floating from above, as there sweeps over her soul the splendid consciousness of having saved her country. Though she has been betrayed by her people, deserted by her king, and tortured by her foe, she utters no word of bitterness or reproach, but lifting her eyes above, she utters that one name that has ever been an inspiration to her life,— "Jesus." They light the fagots that in a few minutes end the tragedy; her body crumbles to ashes, but

## HER SOUL RISES INTO A REALM FAR MORE CONGENIAL TO HER HOLY SPIRIT.

The memory of her life will ever remain an inspiration to every student of history so long as virtue, truth and devotion hold a prominent place in the heart of man. Michael, in commenting on her death, says, "She had the sweetness of the ancient martyrs, but with this difference; the primitive churches remained pure by shunning action and sparing themselves the struggles and trials of the world. Jeanne was gentle in the roughest struggles, good among the bad, pacific in war itself, yet, she bore into war the very spirit of God. In her purity, gentleness, and heroic goodness, the supreme beauty of the soul was reflected;" and it may be added that in her we find the loftiest type of heroism. She was called forth at a great crisis to save a nation and shape the destiny of the future.

I have outlined the career of this maiden because coming from the lower walks of life she won what neither prince nor nobles, wealth nor power was able to achieve. Rocked on the bosom of poverty, reared in a peasant's cot, surrounded only by the simple-hearted and simple-minded, she rose as a star from the shades of obscurity, lifted the dauphin to the throne, and made France a free nation. In her life we find that moral courage so rare in the present age. She dared to leave all that was dearest to her heart, leave the loved ones that glorified her home, leave the parish, around which clustered her fondest recollections and dearest cherished dreams of childhood; leave all to follow her conviction of duty through danger to death; yet, her fidelity to principle was not accompanied, as is often the case, with harsh severity, for if there ever existed in the richness of maturity in a human soul, love broad and true, tenderness and gentleness even to a fault, purity as spotless as holiness itself, bravery and fidelity to truth, stronger than the love of life,—if ever these

virtues wreathed a mortal brow that brow was Jeanne d'Arc. Around her lofty soul there beams a halo of glory that will blaze forth with increasing brilliancy, till the bell of the ages shall ring and the curtain of time shall fall; till the great Arbitrer of life shall say to the waiting intelligences of the universe,— "The drama of mortality with all its farces, its comedies, and deep shaded tragedies, is forever ended."

## THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

A certain sighing in my heart,  
Matches the mournful tone of trees;  
A loneliness in me has part,  
As weird and wild as Autumn breeze:  
It is to see the dying things—  
That golden summer brought to pass,  
And how October o'er them flings—  
The sadness of the withered grass!

Ah, so the loveliness of earth is one,  
Within the heart or world without;  
The beautiful so soon is gone,  
That in the spirit steals a doubt,  
A question of the life we live,  
And how it all at last will end,  
And whether days and years can give  
A good to prove it is our friend?

The ones we love the best of all—  
From us are borne as by the blast;  
In vain, in vain, our love we call,  
It cannot, cannot always last:  
As roses scattered in the path—  
Whereon we trod to watch them grow,  
So is the beauty friendship hath,  
And all the leaves lie deep in snow!

A certain sighing in my soul,  
Comes with the fall of flower and leaf,  
A secret sadness past control,  
The spreading mist of doubt and grief,  
And all the landscape turns so drear—  
That late was full of golden light,  
And in the gloaming of the year,  
I long and pray for something bright!

—William Brunton.

## Pen Flashes.

The Pilgrim-Peoples.

NO. 19

Sunday, Sept. 27, I concluded a month's lecture engagement with the Englewood Spiritual Society of Chicago. The original engagement was for two Sundays, but the committee asking, urging me to spend two Sundays more with them, I so did, the audiences constantly increasing. I have promised to return there at no distant day.

This society is thoroughly organized, energetic and harmonious, containing many cultured members. It gratified me to meet so many of my old-time friends to whom I had ministered thirty, thirty-five and forty years ago. Beautiful are those abiding friendships. During the month there were present at different times Baptist, Methodist and Universalist preachers. The latter had been a Spiritualist thirteen years, and asked me to occupy his pulpit at some future time. Surely the theological world is moving—and moving our way.

A portion of the time of this month I spent in the hospitable home of J. R. Francis, editor of the Progressive Thinker. I knew him when he was a lad in Cayuga County, New York, and watched him grow up into a strong, stalwart man wielding a potent power for human elevation and redemption. He has a most excellent family, all combining to make home a realm of industry, harmony and sunshine.

The red men of the forest set up their camps last week in Chicago, during the Centennial Anniversary. There were present several tribes, or parts of tribes. The Indian, considering his white despoilers, cherishes toward them—the land-thieving Caucasians—eternal animosity. He is only partially civilized—I mean a majority of them. There are among them men of wealth and culture. Those on exhibition in Chicago did not throw themselves into the spirit of the Centennial. They stood wearing their moccasins, elk-teeth necklaces, wampum belts, anklets and eagle feathers.

The Indians do not assimilate Caucasian civilization as do the Japanese. True, there are many half-breeds along the Western borders. They are neither good whites nor good Indians. The blending is a sham, mechanical mixture rather than a veritable chemical composite. The Indian may not live as an individual through the coming ages, and yet he will live in the blood of the white man and the African.

There is a record of over 200,000 Indians in the country. The Choctaws number 15,000; the Creeks number more, the Cherokees about 30,000; the Chickasaws 5,500. There are over 10,000 in the Six Nations. Those in Lincoln Park, Chicago, were mostly from Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan. Numerically, they are on the increase when removed from too close relations with the whites. Schools have done much for them. Probably the next census will show them to number 300,000,—we are brothers all.

Reader, let us be logicians for a moment. How do we know anything; or what are the grounds of certainty? The magi of the temple go by sevens—and so there are seven grounds of certainty:

I. Consciousness. We are conscious of what is passing in our minds.

II. Intuition,—we feel the truth, or know it without the ordinary process of consecutively thinking.

III. Reason, the method of perceiving the rational deductions of all mental processes.

IV. The majority of the five senses.

V. Personal investigation, observation and experiences.

VI. Memory, the evidences and the recollected evidences of memory.

VII. The testimony of several intelligent and corroborating witnesses.

These constitute the ground of positive knowledge, or certainty. A majority of these methods applied to the investigation of psychic phenomena, demonstrates the fact—the positive fact of spirit communion.

One of the marked differences between youth and old age is this:

"Youth spends health to obtain wealth;  
Age spends wealth to obtain health."

The following lines have the merit of great plainness of expression, to say the least:

"We'll nail false dogmas to the cross,  
And sound their funeral knell;  
We'll tear the thorns from Labor's brow,  
And cast them into hell!  
And from the wreck of Mammon's throne  
Will rise an age of splendor;  
And honest toil, not Shylock's dross,  
Will be the legal tender."

## SPECIAL ADVICE TO LIARS AND SLANDERERS!

I. Make the lie look as smooth and plausible as possible. It may be discreet to tell several little, sly side lies to brace up the big one that you are about to let fly.

II. Say you are sorry to feel obliged to have to refer to this disagreeable report. Here let your voice quiver just a bit.

III. You know that I would not hurt Mr. A's or Mr. B's reputation for the world. Oh, no!

IV. It was told me very confidentially by one of my excellent neighbors, but she especially enjoined upon me not to mention her name. Oh, no!

This is the style of the hypocrite, and the expert falsifier—the sleek, pious-faced, sneaky snoop! Lying is the work of the liar. And Ruskin says that, "The essence of lying is in deception, not in words; a lie may be told by silence, by equivocation, by the accent of a syllable, by a glance of the eye, by a nod of the head attaching a peculiar meaning to a sentence; and all these kind of lies are worse and baser by many degrees than a lie plainly told."

Slandering is the work of the slanderer, pronounced by the poet, "foulest whelp of hell." Insinuation is the dirtiest and most dangerous sort of slander. "Better to murder outright, than to slander," said Goethe. Gossiping slanderers uniformly have skeletons of some sort in their own closets. They conceal their own vile vices and cover their own skinless skeletons; they trot about hunting for skeletons in other people's comfortable closets. Decent people seek the good—seek for flowers and find them everywhere.

When a semi-royal newscaster hinted the scandal of John Brown and the Queen to Gladstone in his library, the grand old man simply exclaimed: "It's a mistake, it is false certainly false," and turning around to his library commenced reading. There was a silence in that study-room—a silence that was painful to the dog that had brought the bone. Could Gladstone possibly have given this scoundrel intruder a more cutting, withering rebuke?

Col. Ingersoll in his great oration upon Thomas Paine, who wrote,— "I believe in one God and no more, and hope for a future life," said:

"The church is as unforgiving as ever, and still wonders why any infidel can be wicked enough to endeavor to destroy her power. I will tell the church why:

"You have imprisoned the human mind; you have been the enemy of liberty; you have burned us at the stake; you have wasted us at slow fires; you have torn our flesh with pincers; you have bound us with chains; you have treated us as outcasts; you have taken our wives and children from our arms; you have confiscated our property; you have denied us the right to testify in courts; you have torn out our tongues; you have refused us burial. In the name of religion you have robbed us of every right, and after having inflicted upon us every evil to which men can be subjected in this world, you have fallen on your knees and implored your God to torment us forever in another world."

"Can you wonder that we hate your doctrines; that we despise your ecclesiastical creeds, and that we are proud to know we are beyond your power? Do you wonder that we glory in the fact that the whole world is

(Continued on page 4.)



## CONSCIENCE AND FUTURE JUDGMENT.

(Author's name requested.)

I sat alone with my conscience  
In a place where time had ceased;  
And we talked of my former living  
In the land where the years increased;  
And I felt I should have to answer  
The question it put to me,  
And to face the answer and question  
Throughout all eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions  
Came floating before my sight;  
And things that I thought were dead things  
Were alive with a terrible might;  
And the vision of all my past life  
Was an awful thing to face,  
Alone with my conscience sitting  
In that solemn silent place.

And I thought of a far-away warning—  
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,  
In a land that then was the future,  
But now is the present time.  
And I thought of my former thinking—  
Of the judgment day to be;  
And sitting alone with my conscience  
Seemed judgment enough for me.

And I wondered if there was a future  
To this land beyond the grave,  
But no one gave me an answer,  
And no one came to save.  
Then I felt that the future was present,  
And the present would never go by,  
For it was but the thought of my past life  
Grown into eternity.

Then I woke from my timely dreaming,  
And the vision had passed away,  
And I knew the far-away warning  
Was a warning of yesterday;  
And I pray I may not forget it  
In this land before the grave,  
That I may not cry out in the future  
And no one come to save.  
And so I have learned a lesson  
Which I ought to have known before,  
And which, though I learned it dreaming,  
I hope to forget no more.

So I sit alone with my conscience  
In the place where the years increase,  
And try to remember the future  
In the land where time shall cease;  
And I know of the future judgment,  
How dreadful so'er it be  
That to sit alone with my conscience  
Will be judgment enough for me.

—The American Woman.

## Banker and Printer.

J. Andy Wert.

## CHAPTER I.

"Isn't it about time for Hamlet to show up?" said Cy, as he drew a slip of copy from the book. "I have just been thinking about that fellow and it wouldn't surprise me to see him in the doorway at any moment. Let's see, we had Col. Hargit for three meals yesterday. Great old boy, isn't he? I've always noticed it that Hamlet, or whatever his name may be, comes in the wake of the Colonel. But of all the queer fellows that come to printing offices, Hamlet is the queerest. In my time I have met all sorts of printers—printers with wheels in their heads, printers with their heads filled with big schemes and nothing in their pockets, but Hamlet is a mystery. He's a man with a history, too, if we could only get it out of him. By the way, Mark, that fellow is brainy—a regular walking encyclopedia—speaks half a dozen languages and knows every line of Shakespeare. The next time he comes let's make an effort to solve him. What do you say?"

The speaker was a veteran printer—a man past forty and intelligent in a marked degree. Everyone knew him as Cy, and few knew that his name was James Cyrus Main. A man possessed of many excellent qualities, he had many friends and no enemies. He entertained some peculiar notions in regard to the social fabric of his time, but for most part he was a man of practical mind. He used to say that he had no use for theories, and especially for theorists. Cy wanted facts and figures, or nothing.

He came to my office some two years before and sought employment as an all-around printer. In less than ten minutes after his arrival he was in his shirt sleeves, setting type and quite at home. In all our subsequent trials—and they were many and varied—I never had cause to change my good opinion of the character of the man that I formed the first day that I was in his company. Patient, honest and sincere, he was ever the same. Good nature was stamped upon every feature of his face. His countenance gave him a passport into the confidence of all with whom he came in contact.

Cy did not pay deference to men of wealth. He cared nothing for money himself. He gave it to anyone that asked him for it. With a paid-up life insurance policy sufficient to give him a decent burial, a couple of suits of clothing and a place to earn an honest livelihood, he was contented and happy. To such a man wealth could add nothing to his happiness. As long as a dollar remained in his pocket he was restless. Rid of his cash he was once more his natural self—cheery and contented.

"I told you he was coming," said Cy, looking out of a window. "It's Hamlet, and he is making our line for this office."

There were footfalls upon the stairway and the next moment a young man, evidently under thirty years, entered the door. He wore upon his head a cad that might have been in style fifteen years ago. His hair hung not in ringlets, but in a bushy mass, and reached to his shoulders. His clothing was threadbare and slouchy, his general appearance "trampish." But his speech and bearing were not in keeping with his manner of dress. He had the polished manners of a Chesterfield. With head erect he strode into the office with the air of a prince. He possessed that indescribable something which we discern in men having authority. He advanced a few steps and stood still. He glanced at the Washington hall press in the corner and fixing his gaze upon Cy, said in a voice full of earnestness:

"I am hungry."

Cy gave him a meal ticket. He bowed and walked out with the air of a man who had just transacted some important business. Hamlet, for I must call him by that name, since I never knew his proper name, was a tourist, as he preferred to be known, a member of that great army of restless, roving printers. He had been known as Hamlet for several years, a nom de plume given him by Cy. The latter used to say that the melancholy Dane and this printer were as much alike as two marbles, that this tramp printer was a second edition of Hamlet, that of all the "Hamlets" upon the stage today there were none so true to the original as this printer.

The "Free Lance" office was not the largest and best equipped of any in the country. On the contrary it was "type poor," as one printer termed it. But Cy was an artist in his line and his skillful arrangement of the board lines, together with his artistic way of setting the ads gave the paper a respectable appearance. The paper was nearing its second birthday. It came near dying when it was six months old from the effects of an

alcoholic dose of "C. O. D." The "ready-print" company that supplied the Free Lance with its "matters," and by the way, let me say that these so-called innards have made it possible for every village in the country to have its own paper; that the publication of these papers has given many hundreds of printers employment. This particular company, as I have stated, sent me package C. O. D.—some \$18—no great sum to be sure, but it came near being the death of the Free Lance. To raise this amount caused me two days of incessant hustling and two sleepless nights—nights never to be forgotten. The paper was one day late, but I explained this to my subscribers in a paragraph upon the ground of an "unprecedented rush of job work." C. O. D. has killed many a country newspaper. More than one country newspaper editor has been obliged to witness the death struggle of his child—the child of his brain, the child that he had learned to love, and, moreover, to see it buried in a dishonored grave with none to share his grief, and all because the man at the other end decided to put himself in possession of some ready cash.

The Free Lance had passed the dangerous rocks and was now sailing in safe waters. But all was not serene. There was a chattel mortgage upon the press and material of the Free Lance office. I never knew a country printing office that wasn't in some way associated with these legal documents. I have known some offices that were intimately connected with as many as four different chattel mortgages.

"Well," said Cy, "Hamlet, from his looks, must have had a streak of bad luck. When he comes back from dinner I will put him on for a day or two."

Hamlet returned in due time. His manner was unchanged. Clad in the garb of a tramp, he possessed the dignity of a judge. There was a far away look in his eye. His features were of the classical kind and his forehead high and intellectual. That there was something wrong with the man we never doubted—that he had a history and that his birth and early life were shrouded in mystery, we had not the slightest doubt.

He said little or nothing about his past and gave evasive answers to all questions concerning his nativity and early history. We, however, learned this much, that he was a graduate of Harvard College, that his mother died when he was a child, that she had been a prominent actress and that his father was a man of wealth, that he abandoned his wife and son, leaving, however, ample means for their support, and that he went west taking with him a large sum of money. Further, that he must have settled in some large city and in all probability changed his name, as he was never afterwards heard of by his eastern friends. The wife died of a broken heart, and the son was reared and educated by those entrusted with the money left for his support by his absconding father.

This information was obtained piecemeal from Hamlet by Cy and myself, during the various times that he worked in the office. We also concluded that something must have occurred soon after the man had obtained his education that in some way changed his manner of life. His knowledge of the stage, his familiarity with the lives and history of great actors, gave us the impression that he had once been something very different from what he was at present.

During his stay he seemed more melancholy than ever. From the start he became a mark for the curious. Walking to and from his meals with his head well back upon his shoulders, with his battered hat and dignified bearing, he attracted the attention of all with whom he came in contact. There were various opinions among printers in regard to Hamlet. Some maintained that he was a fugitive from justice; that he was an embezzler or that he had committed a crime and had become a tramp printer to conceal his identity. Others believed that he was the victim of some mental disorder.

In the course of a few days Hamlet stated that he must be off, that he wanted to reach Chicago at an early date. With a couple of dollars in his pocket he walked out of the office and out of town.

## CHAPTER II.

"Thunder and mud! Hain't you fellows heard the news? Why that man that owns the bank—that owns lots of other banks and seventy farms. Why that man and his daughter are in town this very minute. They are, for a fact. Yes, and I've hired to the old man—go in to take care of his barn and horses. Yes, yes, sirre, didn't know he'd bought the old Johnson homestead did you?"

"What's the matter, Sandy? You seem excited," said Cy.

"The great Jehosaphat! Its enough to make a fellow sit up and get a job. Forty dollars a month, wet and dry, the whole year round. Yes, we're goin' to fix up that old brick house in great shape. Just had a long talk with the old man and his daughter down to the hotel. They're there now. Goin' to stay here three months outen every year, from May to July, comin' here to rest up—that ain't just the word, either."

"Recuperate," said Cy.

"Yes, yes, that's it. Gracious, printers know a lot of things. And that gal! I mean that banker's girl. Purty? Now you've said it. Fine as a fiddle and talks—she can beat Cy a talkin', and big words—git out! And say, boys, I'm to take her out driving every day, the old man said so this morning. And I'm to have a team to drive that cost \$2,000. He said I'd haft to git a suit of liver-livery, yes, that's it, and I'll wear a plug hat. Whoopie! How's that for high! Glang, Liza Jane."

"Why, Sandy," said Cy, "you won't feel at home in the company of such high-toned people, will you?"

"What are you givin' me? High-toned? That banker's gal! Why, she's common as you are—talks to me right along. Course she uses some big big breakers, but Lordy, how purty she talks. And sich eyes! Say, Mark, you ought to see her. And hair! Why, it's as yaller as gold. I've seed a good many gals in my time, but I never seed one like her. Friendly? Never talked with such a friendly gal."

"What's the color of her eyes?" I asked.

"Dinged if I know, but I believe they are blue. Yes, that's it, blue as indigo. And say, Mark, she knows who you are all right enough already. Told her about you myself."

"See here, Sandy," I exclaimed, somewhat astonished, "explain yourself."

"Just so, just so," said he. "It was this way. She ast me if there was a paper printed here and so I jist up and told her that there was, that it was the Free Lance, and that it was the best paper in the state and that Bert Markley was the editor and Cy was the printer of it. I spect maybe I said jist a little too much before I thought, for I said that when you got on your high boss the way you rip them money kings of Wall street up the back is a sin to snakes. I forgot that the old man was a money king himself. She looked kind of funny and left a little, but I don't think she got mad at me. You see, she was so friendly and so common that I never once thought about how rich her daddy was. Talked to her jist like I would to you and Cy. What did she do? She jist yanked a big silver dollar outen her pocket and told me she wanted to subscribe right off; told me to give the money to you, and here it is." Saying which Sandy tossed the coin on to the table.

"And here's her name—her card. Let's see, Miss Elsie Mendon. Purty name, ain't it? And he handed me the bit of pasteboard. Cy

scanned it closely and remarked that it was "a city job," evidently more interested in the printer's art as displayed upon that card than he was in its owner.

William Mendon came to our town two years before and established a bank. The town had never had such an institution before and when the safe had been moved into its vault, and the magic word "BANK" in gilt letters appeared upon the plate glass front, our townspeople gazed upon their new acquisition with wonder and admiration. There were plenty of towns throughout that had no banks. When a town has grown to that point in commercial importance where it is able to support a bank and a newspaper and soda fountain it may be said to be fairly started upon the highway to fame and fortune.

The bank was established, a soda fountain was soon in active operation and in due time the Free Lance, the first newspaper ever printed in the town, made its appearance. Like all others of its kind it had come to stay, to labor for the advancement of the town's best interests and to promote the welfare of the community in general. There was something said about howing to the line, allowing the chips to fall whithersoever they might, regardless of consequences, and all that sort of thing. But I remember that I was careful that these same chips did not fly off at a tangent and kill subscribers. We are all careful about the chips.

Mr. Mendon visited our town at long intervals, and his visits were brief and full of business. His bank was managed by a cashier imported here at the time the bank was opened. Mr. Mendon was a man of large physique, past sixty years, but active in mind and body. He had a round red face, wore a short, crisp iron gray mustache and closely shingled hair. His eyes were bright and there was a glitter in them, a cold glitter, conveying the impression that the man possessed not a spark of humanity and that his only object in life was to accumulate dollars. He talked business and nothing else. Time was too valuable to be spent in any other kind of conversation. He talked rapidly, his words coming in a rapid succession. No word was wasted. I remember that his head seemed abnormally developed at the base of the brain. Mr. Mendon was a widower, the father of an only child, Elsie. She had been carefully educated and now at the age of eighteen was proficient in music, in painting and possessed all the accomplishments that wealth and training can give. The father was proud of her accomplishments. She had grown weary of city life, and longed for the solitude of the village, a place where she might remain in seclusion for a few months out of the year. The purchase of the Johnson homestead was made in compliance with her wishes.

Sandy Sims was a native of our town. He had always been regarded as an honest man and noted for his industrious habits. When Mr. Mendon wanted a coachman, and a man of all work, Sandy was recommended for the position and obtained it. He naturally felt elated over his good fortune, and was quite willing that everybody should know all about it.

It was about seven o'clock the following evening when James Ferrander and Albert Lansing came to the office for a social confab. "Gentlemen," said Mr. Ferrander, "we have had a bank in our midst for nearly two years. Have we been benefited? I have not been. I have had some dealings with its president, Mr. Mendon. I am a business man myself and I fancy I know something about values, too, but gentlemen, keep your eyes open when you trade with this man. He will have you or any other man who may happen to have dealings with him."

Albert Lansing was in evident distress. He listened attentively during Ferrander's recital and then said:

"Are you sure that Mr. Mendon would willfully misrepresent the value of property in order to make a trade?"

"I know it. Two years ago, before that bank came, I was worth \$5,000. What am I worth today? Worse off than nothing. I hold deeds to land in Adams, land that I sold for \$10,000. I have lost it all. Let me warn you, Albert, that man is after your little farm. Keep out of his company. Keep out of sight of those glittering eyes. If you get tangled up in a trade with him you will never get out of his clutches until he has your last cent in his pocket."

Lansing looked straight at the floor and said nothing. He took no part in the conversation that evening and seemed ill at ease. He had been closeted with Mendon the day before. Young Ferrander, a neat, little fellow of forty across just outside of the town's corporation lines. Mendon owned an adjoining farm and wanted Lansing's property. Now, when Mendon wanted something he always found a way to get it, a way to get it without giving value for value. Lansing was an intelligent farmer. In his younger days he was a teacher and earned the money which paid for his home. He then spent some two or three years making improvements. A handsome cottage, a neat barn, garden, a young orchard, choice fruit, together with shrubbery, it was in all respects an ideal home, a home to which he brought his bride, a young lady who, like himself, had spent several years in the schoolroom. It was a happy home, and might have ever remained one, but for the avarice of a man whose sole object in life was to gain possession of other people's property. Lansing did not tell us that Mendon had woven his web and that he was now hopelessly entangled in its meshes. We did not tell us that his friends had been come cheerless and that a mortgage demanding more than eight hundred dollars hung over his home like the pall of death, and that his once happy wife went about her work with a heavy heart. Even their little daughter, Jessie, seemed to share the gloom which pervaded the home.

(To be continued.)

## That Prophecy.

## THE CHILD WONDER.

In the Banner of Light for Sept. 26, a remarkable prophecy appears. The name of the popular lecturer and author is withheld, but it is not difficult to guess it. However, names are not important, except as a means of locating the source and perhaps strengthening the authority of statements. Some of the best things come to us without a name.

It is said that this prophecy was received "through the clairaudient sense." That does not add to the evidence of its reliability. Clairaudience is not the most perfect means of receiving accurate messages from the spirit world. But if it were, the question in this case might be: "from what source did this voice proceed?" Was it from an individual human spirit? Or was it some occult source in the boundless realm yet undiscovered? It seems probable it was pronounced by a human being who knows and uses human language. But it does not follow that the speaker was an incarnate soul nor, necessarily, that the language was intended for the medium's ear.

Some speculator on the course of events in Chicago and the United States may have been waiting for a group of friends in spirit, or on earth, and the medium happened to come into correspondence with that plane of life and action, just long enough to catch the words quoted and no more. If the entire prophecy should be fulfilled, it would be a remarkable case of accurate forecast, rarely equaled in the world's history. There have been thousands of prophecies given in detail

as definite as this; but rarely, if ever, fulfilled in every particular. Many have been verified in a general way by the order of events; but usually a part only is realized and often the most striking part fails utterly.

The Galveston horror seemed to be a very perfect fulfillment of Dr. Buchanan's prophecy published in the Arena many years ago; but other things, in the same prophecy, failed to materialize, while some are yet in the future. This last undertaking made by some intelligence capable of conveying thought in human language—presumably the English—is given in such definite detail, with dates, locality and the nature of events, and all so near at hand, that it is worth remembering and watching. It is not likely that on Feb. 3, 1904, the revolutionary purposes of a vast body of people will break out in open revolt for the express purpose of honoring this prophet by fulfilling his predictions; nor that on "Civil War" will burst forth "that fury," "that it might be fulfilled" which was spoken by C. the prophet. The reference to "17 in the Kabbala" does not, in my judgment, add anything to the value of the prophecy.

There may be unbounded resources of knowledge stored in mystic names, figures, symbols and incomprehensible combinations of ingenious guessing; but I have never been able to find the key to a rational analysis of their bearings and relations. But I can understand a little of the relations of cause and effect in the order of Nature; and prophecy, I am confident, has a basis in science.

## FAMOUS AT FOUR

That quotation "from a contemporary" in the same Banner, is also highly suggestive. The first and most important thing about it is the uncertainty that shadows it. True, it is told with seeming confidence, as if it were undisputed and familiar history. But if it be true, why has this wonder of wonders been so long unnoticed among the hundreds of prodigies that have been freely and frequently described in current literature and personal history?

Before attempting to solve the problem this genius raises, it would seem important to ascertain if the account given is reliable. When that is settled the question of the causes comes in with those of other prodigies like Colburn, Safford, Blind Tom and many similar manifestations of special genius in a given line of mental work. This one seems to have been limited to religious history, language and geography. Quite a large range to be sure; but he does not appear to be superior in mathematics, music, art or natural science. Reinforcement does not appear to explain this riddle any better, or as well, as some other theories. But the first question of importance is the reality of this reputed wonder. Is this Lubek marvel a fact? Iyman C. Howe.

## Camp and Other Notes from Moses Hull.

My last notes, I believe, left me at Battle Creek, Mich. I begin the writing of these on the train from Los Angeles, Calif., via Sacramento, Salt Lake City, Denver and Chicago to Whitewater, Wis. Our school opens next week, and we, Mrs. Hull and myself, are, after a long and hard summer's work, rushing home to prepare for the work of the winter and spring. We learn that all of our last year's students, with one or two exceptions, are to return. Besides that we are to have several new students this year.

No earthly power can prevent the growth of this school. Those who have placed themselves in opposition to the school have great courage but are terribly deficient in point of discretion. They are the intellectual lineal descendants of those who opposed Roger Bacon, Galileo, and others of the world's educators. They will, many of them, live in the flesh to become ashamed of their work. Those who now assist the school with their influence and their means will always be proud of their work.

Of all the work I have ever undertaken I am the most proud of my efforts to elevate the Spiritualists up to where they see the need of an integral education for their workers. Of all the longings I ever had I think the longings to see young Spiritualists receive that education which could nowhere be obtained in my young days is the most holy. Of all the warfare ever made to prevent the progress of the truth I think the one made in behalf of ignorance of any knowledge which cannot be obtained in our public schools the most unholy. Truly "he that hath sipped with me hath lifted up his heel against me." Such will learn by experience that Paul was right when he said, "for ye can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth."

I did not take my pen to talk about the school and its prospects but to give a kind of resume of my work since my last report. From Battle Creek I was summoned home as a witness. After spending one day in court I went to the Marshalltown, Iowa, campmeeting. I was astonished to find so good and so full a camp right almost in the very heart of the city. Besides the people who stopped at hotels and boarding houses in the city, there were, I think over thirty tents occupied before I left and many more to come. I predict a brilliant future for that camp. I spoke four times, and left the camp with many regrets on the part of the campers as well as myself.

Here I met C. W. Stewart, whom I had not seen for years. Bro. Stewart is an industrious and growing man. We have in our ranks very few men who are so well read and posted as he. He never speaks without saying something that will make those who listen to him wiser and better. Such speakers are scarce and should be continually employed.

Here also were Mr. and Mrs. Folsome. I saw no one of mediumship, but here cannot easily be excelled. Thoroughly blindfolded she read and answered hundreds of letters, some of them had never been within three rods of her. In all this she made not one mistake.

The Valls, senior and junior, I forget their initials, are intelligent and faithful workers. The younger Valls was this year president of the camp. With such men at the head of a work it must be successful. There were several other mediums beside those mentioned, and a few speakers on the grounds at Marshalltown, but their names have gone from me.

Julius Johnson, a graduate of the Chicago University, and an all-around worker, came to the grounds a few hours before I left, but I did not get to witness any of his work. I have promised to return to Marshalltown and other points in Central Iowa and spend a few weeks some time in the fall or early winter.

From Marshalltown I went directly to Haslett Park, Mich. I heard good reports from that camp, but could not give a very flattering notice of what I witnessed there. The rain fell so constantly and so copiously during my stay that the intervals between hard rains are hardly worth mentioning. Of course this made the audiences small. On Sunday morning the rain held up long enough to allow several hundred people to come in with tents and other things. On Sunday the falling of the waters abated during the delivery of both of my discourses. With the exception of the last week I think that the camp at Haslett Park this year has been quite as successful as usual. The camp grounds are beautiful, and there seems to be no reason, except that there are so many camps around it, why it may not again be a camp of its former proportions.

Through the courtesy of good old Father

Goff, the Spiritualists of Michigan own a good Mediums' Home in Lansing. The next great difficulty will be to get our good and worn out mediums to consent to occupy it; especially under the conditions. Mediums generally object to being herded together like so many cattle. The most of them would prefer even a very small pension, and the privilege of selecting their own homes among their own friends. A Mediums' Home at Haslett Park has stood empty for several years and is likely to remain so.

I am in favor of a Mediums' Home if mediums can be trained to take to it, and then can be so educated as to tolerate each other's idiosyncrasies. But should one or two get there who are controlled by Jesus Christ, and another who is controlled to say, as some do, that Jesus never existed, that would end the harmony. In Summerland, the place of all others where harmony was to be illustrated just such a circumstance occurred; it resulted in a street fight. Such things prove that we can not flock together very well. Let us all hope for the success of this Mediums' Home.

From Haslett Park I went directly to Chicago, where I met Mrs. Hull, and, together we went to the Mineral Park, Los Angeles (Calif.) Campmeeting. So many have journeyed across the Continent that a description of the journey would not be a general interest. This journey out and back made my eighteenth time of crossing the continent to the Pacific Ocean.

Mineral Park is a new camping ground, and though two miles farther out than Sycamore Grove, the place of former camps, the cost of getting out on the trolley cars is no more, and the grove is much better adapted to camping purposes than any other I have ever seen in California.

There is talk of having two campmeetings in the early part of July, and one in the latter part of August and in the early part of September. One can but regret the inharmoneics which prevent Harmonical Philosophers (?) from working together. It is believed, however, that both camps will be largely attended.

This year, beside the local talent represented the camp was addressed by John W. Ring and Mrs. Laura Paine of Texas; Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Prof. Bowman, Mrs. Robeson and others of Calif., and Mrs. Hull and myself. Among the mediums who took part, were Mrs. Maud L. Von Freitag, Mrs. Cobb, formerly Mrs. Nickless, and others.

I came to the camp last year fully expecting to find in Mrs. Freitag a first class fraud. I was offered every opportunity to investigate; she was not a fraud. I was written up in a pamphlet as receiving a consideration for seeing in her a genuine medium. This caused me to watch her more closely when she was in Whitewater in the early spring, and still more closely at Mineral Park camp than ever before. Whatever she may have been at other times, I would stake my life that she was not a fraud this year nor last. A committee was selected to go upon the platform with her, and to watch her every move. The committee, non-Spiritualists in their view, were compelled to report that there was no fraud in what was done under their eyes. Mrs. Freitag is certainly one of the best mediums in the world.

Those who accuse me of writing her or any other person up or down for place, position or money do not know me. They have not money enough to cause me to change the dotting of an i, or the crossing of a t unless it was deserved. Such accusations affect me as much as a fly lighting on an ox's horn would affect the ox.

A Mineral Park camp was one of the most harmonious, and one of the most successful camps I ever attended. All of the officers, I believe, with a single exception were new to the business, and their failure was anticipated and foretold. But the camp was in every sense of the word, successful, and all of the bills were paid in full.

For the next year there is a slight change in the officers. Dr. Cobb is president. It is believed that the Doctor being a business man, and used to dealing with the public, will make the camp a greater success than ever before. Mrs. Ashby, the former president is now secretary, and is well adapted to the work.

The California camp having to import their speakers and mediums more than half across the continent cost much more than the Eastern camps, but there is nothing in the East that beats it.

Hoping for future success for the camps, I am, as ever,

Moses Hull.

## Spirit and Self.

## A DIALOGUE.

George Louce Campbell.

Self—I took my doubts to Spirit and exclaimed: "Is there eternal life; shall man inherit it?"

Spirit—The spirit of man shall inherit eternal life.

Self—But what is the spirit of man?

Spirit—Tell me first, O thou dweller in matter, what is man? If thou canst read the vibrations of thought in the human brain, who canst take from or restore unto man his memory with thy scalpel, who canst divide the atoms of matter almost with thy microscope, and bring almost the life of other planets unto thy sight, if thou canst tell me not what is man, how can I tell or make thee understand what is spirit?

Self—But what is Self, the Ego, the I Am, the Soul?

Spirit—Could I tell thee that I were God; couldst thou understand thou wouldst be little less thyself.

Self—But is there no sign by which I may distinguish the truth?

Spirit—Yes, truth shall always thrill thee on its first conception by thy Soul. No matter if it be but a recognition of the law that binds together the stones of the field, its infinite beauty and simplicity will thrill thy Soul. Should it be a recognition of thy destiny in the universe, it will thrill to the very depths of thy being. Did word of materialist philosopher, who told thee there was no life beyond the grave, ever thrill thee?

Self—But where is there proof of life beyond the grave?

Spirit—And what is proof? Canst thou prove to the savage that the world is round, or to a man born blind that the rose is red and the violet blue? Canst thou prove to an unlettered, unthinking man the truths of abstract science? And still these were easy of accomplishment in comparison to proving to a being limited and hampered at every turn—a being who has as yet no idea of why he exists, whence he came or whither he goeth—to prove to such an one the infinite and eternal law by which he is destined to live and strive forever.

Self—But if man is to exist forever he must exist as an individual. He cannot exist as an individual apart from his material body from which or through which he has acquired all that makes him an individual.

Spirit—Indeed, and if thou knowest this of a fact why worrest thou? How knowest thou, presumptuous one, that man may not exist as an individual apart from matter, or his body as thou knowest it? Behold!

Self—And lo! to me a miracle. For the moment I lost all consciousness of self and life and then—O that I might have remained forever so! I was still I! but how great, how infinite, how all-embracing my individuality had become. Before, I had felt and known



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## The Crisis.

Only a few days and the Eleventh Annual Convention of the Spiritualists of America will be in session in Washington, D. C. It is the most important convocation of the followers of the spiritualistic flag that has ever been called together. It should be attended in person by every Spiritualist in the United States and Canada who can afford to go to Washington. Indeed, it is the paramount duty of all true believers in the gospel of angel ministry to make sacrifices if necessary in order that every Spiritualist Society may be represented at that convention. There are issues at stake, which if they were political in character, would draw every man from his personal business affairs to a conspicuous place on the floor of the convention. It should be the same with regard to Spiritualism and the convention soon to be held in its name. If any other denomination were holding this convention not less than one thousand delegates and ten thousand visitors would be in attendance. The annual convention of the American Unitarian Association was held ten days ago in Atlantic City, and over one thousand delegates were in their seats. The Unitarians have not one quarter in numbers that the Spiritualists have, yet they have, love enough for their cause to inspire them to send full delegations to their national conventions. It should be the same with the Spiritualists, and it is a shame and disgrace unto them that it is not so. The Washington convention should be the pride of every Spiritualist, and he should labor earnestly to make it a success. Only five hundred and ten or fifteen delegates are entitled to seats in that convention, owing to the failure of local societies to keep in touch with the National body. This fact, however, should make every delegate the more anxious to attend the convention and every layman the more zealous to see that he does attend. Every delegate should have a "body guard" of at least ten of the Spiritualists of his State. This would make a splendid convention and one that would be truly representative in all respects. Such a gathering can be called to order Oct. 20, in Washington, D. C., if every Spiritualist will but do his duty by attending the Convention. Thousands of them can go there if they only will to do so. Through will power they can find ample means to cover the expense of the trip. Moral courage to identify themselves with the movement emanates from the self-same source.

The old claim that Spiritualists as a class are poor in purse hence cannot afford to attend the Conventions, is an unmitigated falsehood—a downright lie. Nine out of every ten of them have money for horse races, excursion trips to Sunday School picnics, so-called agricultural fairs, and in not a few instances for liquor and tobacco. If they can afford these luxuries, they can afford to attend the annual conventions of their denomination. The money wasted at one horse race would defray the expenses of two persons to the average convention. They also have money to give to the Christian churches they attend, and make no complaint when asked for these offerings. It is only when they are asked to support their Spiritualism that they claim to be poor. Taken as a class, the Spiritualists of this nation are the richest people on earth. They have the most blessed truth ever vouchsafed to mankind, and its value is beyond all price. In addition to this the majority of them have comfortable homes, good incomes, and generous bank accounts. Such people are far from being poor and it is sheer prevarication for them to make any such claim.

When a man really loves his religion, or anything else, he is willing, even anxious, to make some sacrifice for it. If Spiritualism is worth anything to its followers, if they really love it, believe in its principles and desire its advancement, they now have a chance to prove their loyalty and devotion. The Washington Convention is by far the most important body ever assembled in this land under the flag of Spiritualism. Its responsibility is even greater than that of the famous Hartford Convention in 1853. Upon every Spiritualist rests a share of that responsibility, hence every Spiritualist should be ready to do his duty in the present case. He should go to Washington and induce his friends to do likewise. There are vital interests at stake there in the important issues that are to be considered and settled by the Convention. The settlement of those issues involves the future weal or woe of co-operative altruistic Spiritualism for at least a score of years. Spiritualists, do your duty! Go to Washington ten thousand strong, and prove to the world that you are what you claim to be—an honest man—a true Spiritualist.

## The European Problem.

The trouble in the Balkan States continues to be a very serious problem for the nations of Europe. The great Powers in some instances appear to be indifferent to the atrocities in the rebellious districts, and may see fit to let the local Christian and the wily Turks settle their differences in their own way. If newspaper reports are reliable gross outrages have been perpetrated upon the Christian subjects of the Porte in his own dominions and upon those resident in Bulgaria, where the chief difficulty has long seemed to lie. No one can uphold or defend murder in any form, be it war or slaughter of the defenseless. That the Turks are engaging in these outrages without provocation is beyond belief. The cause that led them to retaliate thus has not yet been made known to the world. When it is we venture to assert that it will be found that some of the Christians were first at fault.

It is more than probable that the missionaries from the Occident were the initial offenders and that they persuaded the local Christians to make common cause with them. No doubt they led them to dream of mastering European Turkey and of securing the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, through the interference of the Great Powers in their behalf. European Turkey would be rich plunder for rapacious churchmen, if they could but get a chance to "loot it," as they did in China. The experience of Miss Stone is yet fresh in the minds of many intelligent people. The brigands involved in her case were all Christians, and "it doth not yet appear" what was done with the ransom money. The present trouble in the States of Turkey was instigated for a purpose, and we feel that the motive is not hard to find. It lies in the desire of the missionaries to acquire greater power in the sections to which they have gone, for the benefit of their own pockets, and, incidentally, for filling those of the Church.

The nations of Europe have moved very cautiously in this matter, and it is to be hoped that they will continue to do so. The shocking murders of men, women and children should be stopped at once, and they can be by concerted action on the part of the Powers. These frequent local outbreaks, these bloody contests, and alarming rumors of war would be less frequent—in fact would cease altogether—were the so-called missionaries forced to mind their own business while they sojourn abroad, or else compelled to stay at home. If our Government were wisely managed, our rulers would say to all missionaries going abroad that they go at their own risks, and that they forfeit all claims for the protection of our flag by engaging in such enterprises. There is missionary work needed in America in every city and town, and decent people will always find enough to do in attending to it. The minding of one's own business is a high art, and if men refuse to learn it, they should be forced to do so, even as willful children are compelled to attend the public schools.

## A Magnetic Example 3,000 Miles Away.

In the Lyceum Banner for September, printed in London, Eng., and edited by Alfred Kitson, we find the following letter from Mrs. Selma Smedley, addressed to the editor, thus:

"Dear Mr. Kitson:—I had by 'will' left to the British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union, of which you are the worthy, self-sacrificing secretary, a certain sum of money to be paid over to the Funds of the Union on my leaving my earthly tenement for one of the 'Many Mansions' in the 'Better Land.' My earthly form, which has served me well for so many years, is now getting somewhat out of repair, and is not capable of carrying out my behests as in the busy years. Learning that the B. S. L. Union has no legal status, I have decided to hand over to you now the enclosed cheque for the Funds of the Union, viz., £100 for the General Fund; and £50 for assisting to support a Lyceum Sick Children's Home."

Is not this example magnetic? In England the grand Lyceum movement is thus sustained. Why is it that in America so few Lyceums prosper?

## Brief Outline of Convention Business.

The following items have been handed to us as some of the topics to be considered at the coming Convention in Washington:

- (a) The reception of the reports of the President, Secretary and Treasurer, and their consideration.
- (b) The reception of the reports of the missionaries and their disposition.
- (c) The report of the Editor-at-Large, discussion of the same and provision for the continuance of the office for another year.
- (d) Consideration of plans for raising an endowment fund.
- (e) The raising of the General and Pension funds.
- (f) State and National missionary work.
- (g) Spiritualism in Cuba and Porto Rico, and how to aid its advancement there.
- (h) Medical persecution and its remedies.
- (i) Prosecution of honest mediums, and how to prevent the same.
- (j) Mass meetings as a means of propaganda.
- (k) Spiritualism at the St. Louis World's Fair.
- (l) An International Congress of Spiritualists.
- (m) Local societies; their organization and support.
- (n) Wills, bequests, donations, and other means of raising revenues.
- (o) Aid to State Associations, etc.
- (p) Home Circles and how to extend their influence.
- (q) Action upon the report of the Committee on Usages.
- (r) Action on President's report.
- (s) Action upon the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer.
- (t) Action upon general committee reports.
- (u) Plans for post office mission work, extension of distribution of literature, etc.
- (v) The Morris Pratt Institute.
- (w) The settlement of speakers.
- (x) The fraud question.
- (y) Selection of place of next annual Convention.
- (z) Election of officers.

These are only a few of the items of business that the delegates are to act upon, for many others are involved in the topics above named. Others will yet develop ere the Convention assembles. From the above outline, and from all other issues involved, it will be seen that the coming Convention is of the most vital importance to Spiritualism, and to all who call themselves Spiritualists. Every Spiritualist should go to Washington and attend every session of the Convention.

## Is He a Spiritualist?

A wealthy Spiritualist was asked the other day why he did not attend campmeetings and go to the annual conventions of his denomination, his questioner closing his remarks sentimentally, "You surely can afford to do so!" "Well, yes," he replied, "I know I can afford to do so, and I really like to go, but I wouldn't do for me to do it. If I went my buildings might be burned, and just think of what people would say if I lost my house while away attending to a Spiritualist campmeeting or convention!" "Are your buildings insured?" was the next question. "Yes, indeed, up to their full value, so far as possible," he replied. "What then do you have to fear? No one would set your house on fire. Cannot you do as others do who really have risks to run in going to these gatherings?" "No, I can't. I could never hold up my head again in the place where I live if my buildings should burn while I was away at campmeeting!"

This man is a type of those Spiritualists who are willing that others should do all of the work and give them all of the glory. He is far from being acquainted with the first letter in the alphabet of Spiritualism. He is capable of doing excellent work for the Cause, yet is so egotistical, so selfish, and so averse to progress that he willfully injures Spiritualism every passing day by refusing to do one thing for it. We are not his judges, nor are we condemning him, we are simply trying to awaken him and all others like him, to a realizing sense of duty, so that he and they may "mend their ways." He may never be quickened into spiritual activity on this side of life, hence will require a sufficient number of additional earth experiences to introduce him to his own Soul, and thereby reveal to him the infinite littleness of his present embodiment.

This man has an income of about four thousand dollars per year, yet he gives less than five dollars annually to the support of his religion. How many such similar finite expressions of Soul would it take to cover the point of a cambric needle! Is any man truly spiritual who has abundance of this world's goods, yet thinks only of himself in using the same? Is it a spiritual trait to conjure up some bug-a-boo, such as the possibility of having one's buildings burned, as an excuse for failing or refusing to do one's duty? Do not all such people need a spiritual resurrection—an intellectual renaissance, to make them really fit to

live among their fellow men? In this connection, let us say that it is not the money one gives in any cause that counts; it is the spirit in which it is given, and the work one does for that cause that tells in the end. Faith and works were always united in the teachings of the olden time, and the same law holds good today. When the Spiritualists of America back their knowledge of spiritual things by their works, Spiritualism will become the leading religion in every city, town and hamlet within five years. In order to make it so, it will be necessary to call the man who is afraid of fire from his lazy contentment, and give him some work to do for others. This will apply to all whom he represents, and when men and women are unselfishly laboring for the good of others, they are Spiritualists, even if they never heard the word spoken.

## Christian Science and German Philosophy.

## SALVATORONA.

I am not a Christian Scientist. In my "Wisdom of Passion" I criticised Mrs. Eddy and the system of Christian Science. A broader comprehension of Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health" leads me to modify what I have said in the past as respects the system. And what I have to say in this particular place respecting Christian Science is the relation which the system bears to German Philosophy. I am not, in this instance, therefore, concerned with the primary question as to whether Mrs. Eddy's system is "Christian." I approach the system purely from the standpoint of the philosopher; and not from the perspective of religion, or mental healing. To do Mrs. Eddy justice, therefore, I wish to say that Mrs. Eddy has been the first religious genius of the world to ever reduce to a religious system what philosophers call

## THE PHENOMENOLOGY

of the illustrious Kant; the greatest of the world's metaphysical philosophers. An understanding of Mrs. Eddy's concept of the "mortal mind" will explain this point. In Kant's way of thinking the Senses of man, i. e., the "mortal mind" of Mrs. Eddy posit phenomena before the consciousness, and Not the Reality of Things.

The illustrious German philosopher, Fichte, the great disciple of Kant, takes the same position. What Mrs. Eddy calls the "Mortal mind," the philosopher Fichte calls the Non-ego. A study of the great Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," with that of the system of the illustrious Fichte and the concepts of the "mortal mind" of Mrs. Eddy, will show that Mrs. Eddy has been, as I said, the first religious genius of the world to reduce to an enduring religious system the highest ideas of the most illustrious of the German philosophers.

## NOT AS RESPECTS THE PHASE OF MIND HEALING

but in the purely psychological and metaphysical aspects of their philosophy and theories. Read this winter the great Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason"; the illustrious Fichte's theory of the Non-Ego and Ego; and compare with them Mrs. Eddy's concepts of the "Mortal Mind," and the "Immortal Mind." In her idea of the negativity of the Mortal Mind she follows Kant. In her idea of the positivism of the "Immortal Mind" she follows Fichte.

## The Cause of Small-pox and Kindred Diseases.

Rev. H. S. Geneva Lake, the talented and distinguished thinker and preacher on the Spiritualist platform, recently communicated to our esteemed contemporary, the following:

In a recent issue of Light of Truth (May '31) appears a reprint from the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, relative to small-pox, and its cause. The gentleman interviewed is reported to have said: "Small-pox is a dirt disease, and the remedy lies in sanitation." With due respect for all concerned, and for the generally accepted opinions of the world, permit me to call the attention of your readers to an exceedingly comprehensive and pointed dissertation on the subject, from the pen of the great Seer, and Physician of soul and body, Andrew Jackson Davis: ("Beyond the Valley," Chap. LI, page 339).

"All the plagues have three productive and multiplying causes—(1) conjugal misdirection; (2) filthiness of the skin; (3) constipation of the bowels. Eruptive affections among children and adults—scrofulous swellings, blotches, boils, pimples, sores, erysipelas, scarlet fever, small-pox—are the effects (either immediate or remote) of transgressions of the law of the conjugal principle of holy and procreative love."

"This judgment may seem both unjust and repulsive to many consciously innocent sufferers. But will it lessen the harshness of this judgment to add that ignorance is generally the boon companion of the sort of innocence here referred to?"

I commend the reading of the entire chapter, and, indeed, the volume itself, to the diligent student of divine science.

## A Remarkable Inspiration.

Permit me to call the attention of the readers of these pages to a sublime poem, in prose, by the Editor, Harrison D. Barrett, entitled, "The Soul's Song of Triumph," which is overflowing with the love and the wisdom of higher intelligences. It is a rich and rare production and is exactly adapted to every soul suffering from the heavy and painful trials of the present life. Also it is good for missionary work.

## PREJUDICE.

We sometimes think how good we are—To overlook another's sin, And all the while, we raise a bar—That will not let his goodness in!

William Brunton.

The days are ever divine. They come and go like muffled and veiled figures sent from a distant friendly party, but they say nothing, and if we do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them as silently away.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

## Pen Flashes.

(Continued from page 1.)

slowly rising into the blessed light? Can you wonder that we point with pride to the fact that infidelity has ever been found battling for the rights of man; for the liberty of conscience?

"Can you wonder that we are proud to say that we have been the disciples of Reason, the soldiers of Freedom, and that we have kept our hands unstained with human blood?"

As several railroads already stretch across the continent connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific, governments should at once plan to construct at least two macadamized roads to span our country, conjoining the two oceans, the one from Atlanta, Ga., to San Diego, Cal., the other from Boston to San Francisco. This great scheme should be inaugurated as soon as possible and the Pacific Coast should be a unit in asking for it. These national roads once built would soon put a belt of cities, towns, villages and gardens across the continent. Pilgrimages on foot, horseback, bicycle, and in horse and horseless vehicles would be made by the million. Consumptives and other invalids would take the great wide open highway for California to get the benefits of that "glorious climate," and when they arrived in California, would not need the climate save for keen enjoyment and robust living and out-lying. Where practicable, the roads should be lined with fruit trees, and should also be lighted at night.

It is as much the duty of the government to supply the people with good roads as it is to build harbors or docks, or carry the mails. To do this it should organize a peace army to be utilized in draining great swamps and planting the disinfection and health-giving eucalyptus trees around their borders. Australian trees would grow all along the southern route. This peace army of men should be further employed in irrigating the desert lands, in dotting the distances in palms, gardens and groves, and in the setting out of trees on the barren hills and mountain sides, as trees invite rains, grasses and grains.

Can the spirit, the inmost Ego, leave the body previous to death? I so believe, and if I had the time would give many facts to sustain my position.

In Henry Seward Hubbard's late pamphlet I find this:

"I have many times during my life had the experience of going about in what I called my 'spiritual body,' but on those occasions my physical body remains in the same place and position that it is in when the spirit body leaves it and I can see it and often go to it and touch it and compare it with the spiritual body."

Here is another experience by the same person:

"I heard a voice saying: 'Satisfy thyself that it is possible for thy spirit to operate thy body at will.' I felt an immense weight lifted from me (yet I had not been conscious of any weight until then) and again I floated, but this time my will directed, and my first thought was to pass through the solid wall, and I was on the other side of it by the time the thought was formulated. Then I wanted to see how it was done, so I passed slowly through the closed door; still I did not see how I was able to do it, so I tried again. This time, watching my body very intently, I saw that body and door seemed to be composed of tiny globules—a mist—that seemed to separate just enough to allow my body to pass through. There were some books lying on the table in the room that I passed into, and I threw one on the floor, and instantly I was back in my room and could float no more."

The wisest of us know but little of the possibilities of the spirit. Let us be careful about using the word impossible in regard to things spiritual.

Commencing these "Pen-flashes" with a reference to Chicago, I may as well close with this wonderful city—wonderful, considering its growth, and commercial and financial aspects.

In Chicago's great fire, 1871, a number of lives were lost, 100,000 persons were rendered homeless, 18,000 buildings were burned to ashes, and property was destroyed to the value of nearly \$3,000,000, the flames sweeping over 2,151 acres. Of the \$100,000,000 of insurance, only \$45,000,000 was realized. The fire financially ruined fifty-six insurance companies. Relief funds to the amount of \$4,000,000 poured in from all parts of the world. Even far-away Australia and Japan contributed, so further demonstrating the brotherhood of the human species.

In 1850 there were 50,000 people in the city; in 1870 this number had grown to 300,000, and now the city is estimated to have a population of 2,500,000. I was told, which may or may not be correct, that there are twenty Spiritualist societies in the city, several of which are thoroughly organized. How many Spiritualist societies has New York, and what the average attendance? Let us have a report in the Banner of Light.

## A Startling Indictment.

In an editorial in these columns (Sept. 25) I read with surprise the following statement:

"We never heard any Christian minister or members of any church abuse the Spiritualists even in their vilest humors of momentary rage and excitement with one-half of the vehemence and cruelty that Spiritualists have abused one another. Is it any wonder that peace-loving, kindly-hearted, tender-souled people hold themselves aloof from Spiritualism while such conditions are to be found extant under its name?"

May I be permitted to remark that phenomenal Spiritualists are not governed by philosophical principles. They are taken with the remarkable signs and wonders, and stand by and defend their favorite mediums just as a loving mother upholds her children, often whether right or wrong. Only the philosophical are charitable.

S. Z.

When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch; in our family, our tempers; and in society, our tongues.—Hannah More.







## THE IMPENDING CATASTROPH.

Dr. George W. Carey.

The dry leaves whirl and swirl,  
And seek a safe retreat,  
As sudden gusts blow swift  
Along the dusty road and street.  
The frightened moon hides crescent horns  
Behind the hurrying cloud  
And vapors dark with border red  
Wraps nature like a shroud.

The seed once sown by selfishness  
Has blossomed in its bed.  
The fruit is growing, ripening fast—  
Its color crimson red.  
The upas tree bears poisonous fruit,  
Life withers 'neath its shade,  
And those who plant and nourish it  
Beneath it shall be laid.

The storm has burst; the cannons roar;  
The earth is reeling with blood;  
Is this thy peace, O Optimist?  
Thy dream of Brotherhood?  
Shall competition, hate and strife  
And war's dread carnage  
Forever write its autograph  
On history's dark page?

Arise, O man! O woman great!  
And unto thy cry,  
Unfold co-operation's flag,  
And let it wave on high;  
And let the new earth onward wheel  
Toward the blessed goal,  
And let the new Heaven's choir chant  
The "Triumph of the Soul."

## Wanted—A Savior.

Dr. Lyman Abbott has written a new book, setting forth his ideas of life after death. Like almost everything from his pen, it is sweetly and beautifully written, the utterance of a noble soul, and yet one who is somewhat in error; for in this book, which he has called "The Other Room," he declares, in effect that Spiritualism is practically already a lost cause. Its power, he says, is waning, but the kernel of truth in it is that "Death is not cessation of life, but transition, and that the dead are not dead, but living; are not even departed, but living near at hand, having only stepped across the threshold into the other room."

We should rejoice exceedingly could we know that Spiritualism had planted that kernel firmly in human hearts. Whosoever or whatsoever can do this will prove to be the Savior of Mankind, and any or all systems of faith or philosophy which cannot do this, must fall just so far short of earning that appellation.

Following directly the absolute knowledge of the continuity of life comes the consciousness of Love and Justice, the understanding that effect inevitably follows cause, that the Universe is governed by law and that order prevails. Such knowledge made universal among the sons of men means the salvation of the human family, means the doing away at once and forever with human selfishness and human sin, and consequent human misery.

Such knowledge, the angels of heaven have told us they are come to bring through Spiritualism. It can be acceptable in no other form, for it must be scientific and practical, and Spiritualism is both. It will not do any longer for us to preach to any but already enlightened souls, of the nearness of spirits, of their care and guidance over us, unless we can prove the truth of our words. The Spiritually enlightened man may be easily taught by the poets and the dreamers, or the words of ancient seers; but the ordinary man of the day, the man who is doing the world's work, fighting the world's battles, brushing elbows with his fellow men every day in a world of stern practicality, the man who makes all the trouble, but who really wants to do the right, and also the lower man, the more stolidly indifferent, the semi-criminal and the actually-criminal man, must have practical demonstration of the truth of what you say to him, or your words will fall upon empty air. They will produce no effect upon him, and he will go on in his old way, making trouble, marring peace, whether by ignorance or design makes but little difference in the result. Truth, demonstrated truth, can be his only Savior. The "still, small voice" which speaks to you and to me from our soul depths, is silent in him. His life has made it so. He needs, oh! so sorely, a Savior. He needs him. He will listen to it; he will obey its voice, if you can only prove to him that it is truth.

That "death is not cessation of life, but transition," as Dr. Abbott says, is truth. Spiritualism has made it so. Before the days of Modern Spiritualism many believed it to be true, but it was solely a matter of faith, or rested in individual cases upon such individual experiences and intuitions as could be of little value to the rest of the world. Spiritualism makes it knowledge. It has made it so already to many people, but countless thousands of the world still know nothing of it. They want a Savior. They do not find one in the churches. People who think at all now realize that priest and layman stand upon even planes of ignorance upon the question of life beyond the grave. They realize that all that the preacher says are words born of faith and hope, beautiful in themselves, but not able to impress the ordinary man, the doubting man or the vicious man that they have any more value than a beautiful dream.

So the churches are losing power. It makes no difference whether they gain in membership or not. I know it to be a fact that many church members permit the church doctrines to assert a very slight influence over their lives. They do not believe in their truth or they would live up to them. They would not dare do otherwise, for they would know the effect which follows cause, and would dread the departure from known law. They need a Savior. They need one to whom they can go and who shall say, not "I do not know," but "This and so," and show the truth of his words.

Never before did all this wide world so need a Savior as now. Now when capital is combining in tyranny against labor, and labor is combining in equal tyranny against capital. When human hearts are being broken and human bodies tortured, when great (?) nations are tyrannizing over weaker ones, and anarchy is holding up its bloody hands in many places. Never was patriotism at a lower ebb among certain classes than now. Never was political corruption more rampant, was vice more insolent and right and justice more defamed and degraded than just now. Might seems right, and justice is only too often lost sight of. We need a Savior. Honest men and virtuous women are crying aloud for the Messiah who alone can stop the anguish of a race sinning, some in ignorance, some designingly, against their brother men.

And the Savior is here. The Christ spirit is abroad in the world of mortal and of spirit, and the doorway is open between the mortal world of cause and the spirit world of effect. The Christ Spirit is the only possible Savior. Spiritualism is the only logical and practical method by which it can be brought to man.

Spiritualists, another year of work is opening before you. How shall it be spent? May we not have it to say at the end of the year that we have done something to bring men more closely in touch with the Savior? Let

our work this year be better, really better than ever before. Let us demand of our spirit teachers that they give us nothing but the very best they have to give. The Twentieth Century man has no use for mediocrity, for it is of no benefit whatsoever to him.

Dr. Abbott further states, in his book above spoken of, that he is not a Spiritualist for many reasons. "Spiritualist mediums have too often proved arrant impostors," says he. And further "Against fraudulent pretense by the spirits themselves, if spirits there are, there is no protection. The method of their communicating and the subject matter of their communications are alike repellent to common sense and to refined feeling; by their fruits ye shall know them," and Spiritualism has no fruits of public service and little of enduring comfort to show."

Hard words, these, but who can deny the truth of them? Never, while a honest, upright and intelligent man like Dr. Abbott, uses such words, can Spiritualism fulfill its mission as that which shall give the Savior—Christ—to men.

Shame upon us all that his words are true at present. Let us arouse and make our Spiritualism a thing which men must love and prize, praise, and truth is ever noble. Let it be presented in its own noble form by noble men and women.

Let us make our lectures and sermons practical helps to those who listen to them, not simply attempts at oratory. Let us require of our spirit guides and of ourselves that there shall be given in such addresses nothing which shall merit such words as those of Dr. Abbott. How can we expect to progress otherwise?

Let us refuse our platforms to any but the best mediums, such as are competent to do the work expected of them, and who shall do it in a refined manner. Let us abolish the psychic circus. It has no attraction for any man save one who seeks amusement.

Probably one of the weakest phases of Spiritualism is in the prophecies of its mediums. Where I have seen one prophecy fulfilled, I have seen twenty fail; and the results of such prophecies upon the faith of any but the strongest minds is apt to be disastrous.

A year or so ago a certain daily newspaper offered a valuable cash prize for the best prophecy of the events of the year then beginning, the various papers not to be opened or read until the year had closed. A number of psychics, real and alleged, contributed prophecies, but at the end of the year when the papers were opened and read by the examining committee, the prize was unhesitatingly awarded to a business man, one who claimed no psychic gifts whatever, and made his prediction simply as the result of his keen judgment and understanding of conditions prevailing at the opening of the year, and he was more nearly correct than any of the others.

There is perhaps nothing, outside of actual fraud, which brings Spiritualism so much into disrepute as do these foolish and wild prophecies. One such appeared in the Banner very recently. It stated that a revolution will commence in Chicago next February, to be followed by civil war next fall, and all sorts of dreadful things to come in its wake. Now none who has any knowledge of the laws of Cause and Effect can do anything else than smile at such nonsense. No one could reasonably get angry over it, it is too absurdly foolish for any serious attention; but nevertheless it is just such nonsense which detracts greatly from the true glory of Spiritualism and helps keep thinking men and women away from its teachings, especially when the prophecies come, as this is said to do, from "a Spiritualist author and lecturer, well and favorably known."

I have heard so many prophecies from the lips of mediums, and have seen so many of them fail. Just before the Spanish War, when everyone was eagerly questioning every one else as to whether or no there would be war with Spain, a certain medium, long honored as one of the best in the country, stated most emphatically: "So and so, my chief guide, says 'There will surely be no war.' And it was only a few short weeks after that that Devey was in Manila. That is only one. I could give a hundred others. The world sorely needs a Savior. Spiritualism is here to answer that need, for it is truth that

"Never in times of keenest woe,  
When night looks down on anguish wild  
Can 'O my Father' rise in vain  
From the worn spirit of His child."

But Spiritualism today seems in the position of him who "came unto his own and his own received him not."

Friends who may read this, I am not a worker on the Spiritualist platform. I am simply one of the ordinary, every day "business men" who go to make up your audience; an employer of labor, in close touch and sympathy with the labor movement, looking to the emancipation of the working man; but I am one who delights in calling himself a Spiritualist, one who knows of the truth of life eternal and something of the glory which the angels of heaven are striving to bring to man. As such, I see the sore need of men today of a Savior, and I see how they may be saved by a knowledge of the truth which lies in your power to bring to them. I plead with you, workers and laymen everywhere, therefore, that the coming year be one in which all that is best, is highest and noblest shall be given fullest expression from your platform and in your lives, and that all fraud and incompetence or mediocrity of every kind and nature be relegated back to where it belongs, so that when another Autumn has come we shall see a marked difference in the work and its results everywhere.

I confess, Dr. Abbott's words have "stung me to the quick," for I know they are so unnecessarily true. None of us would, willingly, give a stone to him who asks for bread. The world asks for its Messiah. As far as present revelations have gone, Spiritualism and Spiritualists alone can reveal the Messiah to the world. "Let us then be up and doing," appreciate to the full the noble, divinely-missioned given us, strive to the utmost to fulfill it, and thus hasten the day.

"When shall all men's good be each man's rule, and universal peace  
Lie, like a shaft of light across the land,  
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,  
Through all the circle of the Golden Year?"  
Rivenoak.

## The Centre of the World.

The real centre of the world is the mid-day room of our lives. We may as well have to live. We may not have mountains, but there is joy when we get back. More out of the house if it is too small for you and your family, but always take home with you. As we should make our own home on earth, so we should make for ourselves a home in Heaven. The hours of our religious life should always be kept safe and strong and unmolested. The eternal home awaits you beyond. Cultivate your home. Always keep home with you. Money does not make it, social position does not make it—only love, pure, faithful love. Love at home will save many a man from ruin.—California Christian Advocate.

"Compliance with the Divine Will comes when man fully realizes that the one and only real power in the Universe is Spirit."

## SUNSHINE THOUGHTS.

In the summer shine from love's own clime,  
Our hearts grow bright with cheer,  
But in the dimming light as it fades from sight

The night seems long and drear  
And we oft complain when the chilly rain  
Falls pitiless on our way,  
With out cloudy night there is only night,  
Not a star to shed its ray.

We forget, in our pain, the night-time and rain

Have such a purpose for good—  
For some hours are glad and some are sad  
With lessons, if understood.  
In life's throng we meet there are faces  
Sweet,  
Some bear the marks of pain,  
Like the ripples of light shimmering and bright  
Over a field of grain.

He who bears in life's affairs,  
Of burdens of ill and wrong,  
In cold and heat with a nature sweet,  
Grows beautiful and strong.  
With friend and wife, in joy and strife,  
Keeping the heart as true,  
Makes the ideal in life the real,  
And lessens the weight of woe.

In passing along with life's thoughtless throng,  
Some sunshine each may shed,  
With a willing heart some good impart  
So the hungry heart is fed.  
For in the fight 'twixt wrong and right  
In this world of joy and woe,  
Keep ever in sight, the darkest night  
Will leave in the morning's glow.

Bishop A. Beals.

Ocean Side Home, Summerland, Cal.

## Questions and Answers.

W. J. Colville.

Question by Charles Fillmore, St. Louis, Mo.: What are the primary methods through which the co-operative commonwealth may be attained?

Answer.—The first method to be pursued in every instance, if we determine to tread the highway to success, is to begin at home and practise on a small scale at once what we hope ere long to see ultimate on a gigantic scale. It is beautiful to rejoice in Peace Conventions and to discuss in public pacific means for settling great public questions, but it is almost useless so to do unless we are sufficiently imbued with the peace spirit as to prove the truth of the beatitude, "Blessed are the peace makers" in our business, social and domestic circles.

Edward Bellamy in his two beautifully temperate novels, "Looking Backward" and "Equality," pointed to trusts syndicates and all successful capitalistic corporations as evidences of the success of co-operation among level headed financiers. We may oppose trusts ethically, but to a certain extent we cannot help admiring them intellectually, because they are standing proofs of the necessity of pulling together instead of pulling apart. The difficulty in the way of realizing a co-operative commonwealth is that people are so afraid to trust each other when not even Rockefeller or Pierpont Morgan could have succeeded financially without trusting some other human beings with whom they pooled their interests.

The intense competition which is now so generally bemoaned is fostered by false methods of training children and we all know how often the words "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined," prove correct in actual experience. A home should be a model working community and every member of such community should, almost from infancy, be brought up to contribute some share of the communal work. There should be no servants and no masters, but only fellow workers.

There is positively nothing in the true idea of complete democracy to destroy legitimate ambition, for the ambition which is adapted to various kinds of work, and difference in kind of service rendered (all modes of service being equally necessary and dignified) can never justify any sense of inequality. Tolstoi has not proved as far seeing as Bellamy because the veteran Russian philanthropist, unlike the genial American author, has not realized the significance of the nature. Nikola Tesla has never been surpassed in evidencing firm grasp upon the basic truth of co-operation, and thought that eminently practical electrician is often alluded to by prosy conservatives as an impractical dreamer, he has spoken with the force of exact science in his democracy, and his forecasts, for he traces nearly every ill which now afflicts the entire human family to lack of realization of the fundamental, scientific, philosophic and religious truth of human solidarity.

Though it would be absurd to picture out New Zealand as a country which has already attained perfection, it is certainly not attained, there are many features of the existing New Zealand system which are particularly worthy of consideration, but however justly the title "Working Peoples' Paradise" may apply to those beautiful islands of the Pacific in a comparative degree there is not yet a complete fulfillment of the co-operative ideal because the war spirit is still existent.

Education along distinctly industrial lines of progress must precede the establishment of a genuine co-operative commonwealth, the chief drawback to which is the continued rampancy of the war spirit. It seems strange that cultured and elderly ministers of religion like Dr. Lyman Abbott should be so fanatically devoted to warfare as that scholarly writer proves he is, judging by his article on the relation of the sexes published in the "Atlantic" (Sept. 1903).

The argument against female suffrage or political equality, which is based upon the sophistry that woman is not calculated by nature to bear arms. Now according to the clear reasoning of Alice Stone Blackwell in the "Portland Oregonian" (Sept. 20) Dr. Abbott logically disfranchises himself for two causes. First, that he belongs to a profession exempt from military service and second, that his age is such that he would not be accepted to serve in the army.

The stupid worship of soldiery has long been the curse of many European nations, and we are delighted to read an editorial in the "Banner of Light" (Sept. 12) declaring in unmistakable language that war is a quite unnecessary. The peaceful poet, Whit-tier, has truly said,

"Sells rise up men, the olive waves,  
With rods deep set in battle graves,"

because warfare has had a part to play in the course of evolution, but as Tesla and other scientific writers have already shown, war is no longer necessary.

Those Christian congregations which encourage rifle practise among their junior members would be acting consistently with their avowed religious principles if they were to place twelve apostles on stained glass in their windows carrying guns across their shoulders, but ecclesiastical art has surrounded their heads from time immemorial with a nimbus or halo which bespeaks a degree of spiritual advancement, where a holy auric effluence proceeds from a spiritualized person the weapons of whose warfare are not carnal but spiritual might to accomplish the overthrow of strongholds of iniquity.

We cannot expect masses of people to rise higher than the individuals of which these masses are composed, therefore, it must ever be fallacious to expect that a reform in government can precede individual reformation. If all parents and teachers who are now imbued with the co-operative consciousness would but illustrate the practical beauty and utility of arbitration in home and school life, there would soon arise a public sentiment sufficiently strong and universal to abolish industrial as well as other phases of warfare. Education is at the root of every form of progress and it is consequently useless to seek to purify a tree by attacking its branches instead of by irrigating its roots. Co-operative commonwealth means that a number of people are so consciously one in all their interests that they feel themselves to be like individual cells in a complex organism. Each cell has a life and interest of its own, but no one can flourish at another's expense. The home must be the chief centre whence all reform must emanate.

## Books of the Day.

Reviewed by B. O. Flower.

"Boston Days," By Lillian Whiting. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 488. Price \$1.50 net. Boston, Little, Brown & Co.

The affinity in thought for that which is fine and high, the breadth of vision and rare charm of style that have made Lillian Whiting one of the most popular and widely read authors, journalists, and newspaper correspondents of Boston, are striking characteristics of her latest and in many respects most interesting volume, "Boston Days," in which are treated as only the sympathetic idealist who is thoroughly acquainted with the themes could treat them, those three great movements and their chief representatives which made Boston pre-eminent as a centre of literary and spiritual activity. Here, in a manner very captivating, are marshaled before the mental vision of the reader the illustrious men who as philosophers, theologians, poets, critics, orators, and reformers, have either influenced in a large way the thought of the world, enriched literature for all time, or in a positive manner changed the political current of events in the republic.

At the present time, when the intellectual world is considering the life, philosophy and influence of Emerson as never before, the chapter entitled "Concord and its Famous Authors" will be of special interest to general readers; for here, as we would naturally expect, the greatest of New England philosophers occupies the centre of the stage, while around him are ranged such rare spirits as the sweet-souled philosopher, Bronson Alcott; the nature-lover, Thoreau; that wonderful woman of peculiar conversational talents, Margaret Fuller; with numerous less famous literary personages.

The volume is divided into four sections, dealing with "The City of Beautiful Ideals," "Concord and its Famous Authors," "The Golden Age of Genius," and "The Dawn of the Twentieth Century." Each complements the other, and the whole forms a vivid panorama of the intellectual and spiritual activity of the nineteenth century, especially of the latter half of the century, and an emphasis being given to the liberal, idealistic and broadly Christian men and movements. The work is crowded with interesting and inspiring historical, biographical, and reminiscent facts and illustrations presented in the most engaging manner.—From August Arena.

## Ministering.

Helen Van Anderson.

I cannot think of any more beautiful way of ministering than this, of ever thinking and speaking of the ideal to children, to boys and girls, to grown people, to everybody. There is that within every soul which answers to a suggestion of his own highest.

I have in my mind two memories, in each of which the angelic nature of a young girl, home wherein a young girl, who was practically homeless, worse than parentless, and in every sense dependent upon the charity of those with whom she lived, who, though kindly treated, so far as a provision of food, clothing, etc., was concerned, yet received from every member of the family such words as these: "You can never do anything right. You can never remember what I tell you. You have done just the opposite of what you ought to have done," etc. And the effect of this kind of speech, given as it seemed from one or the other of the family from morning till night, together with the thought of her own weakness, made her feel that she was about to become completely dominated by the picture of herself as she appeared to those about her that she had accepted it as a true picture and was exemplifying it in every particular in her character. What a momentous difference had she been privileged to receive thoughts and words which would build and bring forth in her possibilities and her true character.

The other memory is of a home of which I was an inmate for several months, wherein was a daughter, one of the most wayward, capricious, wilful and incorrigible children I think I ever saw; yet so patient, so gracious and so full of words of her mother that my heart was won with admiration, and I waited eagerly to see the outcome of this kind of training. Years passed, that incorrigible child has grown to a most beautiful character. The picture of her ideal self, which her mother so continuously kept before her and so beautifully suggested in every word, has finally become manifest so that all the world may see the outcome.

It has been my privilege within the last year to visit the young woman's home where she now reigns as wife and mother. Every detail of that home is perfect. Order, neatness, beauty and harmony are everywhere apparent. Even the baby is the most model child I ever saw. It eats, sleeps, laughs and does all other charming things just at the right time, without making anybody any inconvenience or discomfort. So far reaching are the results of the right thought training! Can you wonder that I say there is no better way, no more important way of ministering to the betterment of the world than by just thinking right thoughts of people, even when you do not speak audibly? You are holding the picture and the sensitive minds will receive it, even though they may never know that you create it.

Another beautiful way to minister is by writing letters. There is nothing which brings us into soulful contact with persons more quickly than a friendly letter, and how many people there are who would prize and gratefully appreciate a few words of encouragement or friendly recognition. I know of an old lady who is now over ninety. She is hale and hearty and happy and spends her days in receiving her friends for a little friendly chat or in writing letters to the absent ones. Often her sons and grandsons, some in college and some in business, bring their friends a special letter to "mother" or "grandmother," as the case must be. She is introduced to the strangers, takes their name and address, sends a few moments or half an hour in visiting and later, when the time

comes, writes them a letter. She has always been an active person, doing many things for the benefit and blessing of others. She says that now she does not want to lose her usefulness, so, as she knows no better way, she writes letters to friends who cannot often come to see her.

Is there one among us who cannot find some way to give cheer and joy as the days go by? Perhaps we may build better than we may ever know.—Magazine of Mysteries.

## "The Other Room."

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT'S CONCEPT OF LIFE AFTER DEATH.

George A. Bacon.

This is the title of a new book by Dr. Abbott. It is written to emphasize the doctrines distinctively held and taught for more than half a century by the great body of Spiritualists, although he disclaims, quite prudently perhaps, of being one. That, however, is of little consequence, in one sense. To announce himself as such, would probably interfere seriously with his prestige as a pastor and his usefulness as a minister—as the successor of Henry Ward Beecher, who by the way was also a Spiritualist in private but non-committal in public.

This kind of action is known as theological diplomacy, and passes for worldly wisdom—which it undoubtedly is.

I have said that this book was written to emphasize the teaching of Spiritualism, which it does, but I should have said, it was written to accent his own advanced views as a representative of what he calls the "Church of Christ"—views which, he says, "the Church of Christ has often ignored, and sometimes denied."

In the following figure, Dr. Abbott says, is found the key to the Christian faith, respect to death and immortality: "The Universe is God's house. This world is not the only habitat of the living. In His house are many rooms. Death is only pushing aside the portiere and passing from one room to another."

Whatever may be the conception of liberal-minded Christians of today as to the after-life, it is respectfully submitted that the view here quoted does not correctly represent Christian theology, as enforced by the Church for centuries and centuries. Heaven was always pictured as an eternal state of perfect happiness. The other condition was just its opposite. There is no room for doubt, and these states debased progress. Disbelief in these and other dogmas of the Church have deluged the world with blood.

Dr. Abbott, quoting Christ to the penitent thief, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," says: "Yet Christ, rising from the dead, appeared to his disciples upon the earth. If he was with the disciples, and the penitent thief was with him, then neither he nor the thief was in 'a happy land, far, far away.' Paradise is not a distant country; it is only the other room."

With reference to Spiritualism our author says: "All popular errors have in them some measure of truth. It is the root, not the error, that makes them popular. I am not a Spiritualist. I have many reasons why I am not."

"The spiritualistic mediums have too often proved arrant impostors; against fraudulent pretense by the spirits themselves, if spirits there are, there is no protection. The method of their communicating and the subject matter of their communications are alike repellent to common sense and to refined feeling; by their fruits I am not a Spiritualist."

It is refreshing to have a public teacher express himself so directly. But notwithstanding his disclaimer, he is a Spiritualist, all the same, in our opinion.

He would say, too, that he is not a Universalist, a Swedenborgian, etc., yet he is, because he preaches the same essential doctrines which give these organizations their characteristic designation. So likewise is he a Spiritualist. To disavow the name while preaching the particular views of any collective body of believers, may be all right from a certain standpoint of Christian morality, but to us it appears to be of questionable honesty.

But the reasons given for this disclaimer are enough to make the judicious grieve, and the student of logic to tear his hair in rage. Because the method of spirits in communicating, and the matter of their communications are disagreeable to common sense and to refined feeling.

Suppose a well-intentioned questioner of the infallibility and immaculateness of the Church should seek to apply Dr. Abbott's first reason, to the Christian clergy: "That they have too often proved arrant impostors." Would the bottom of the Christian Church drop out? The impostors among them are ten to one as against recognized mediums.

The writer has recently seen a large envelope of newspaper clippings, casually noticed and gathered during the last two years, recounting the misdoings and immoralities of Christian clergymen. Collectively, they are enough to make an ordinary fire burn abnormally blue. Now because of this, should one who is disposed to be called a Christian, deny the title, with far greater relative reason than Dr. Abbott has for not being called a Spiritualist? It is the unquestioned prerogative, however, of every one to determine what and how he shall be labeled.

His second reason is against the manner and matter of the communicating spirit.

We know not what manner, four or shape he would have invisible presences announce themselves, but they uniformly affirm, strictly in accord with the highest common sense, that they have to adopt, under the circumstances, the simplest yet most effective means at their command.

Surely we do not ignore or turn away a friend who comes to see us, because he raps upon our door or rings the bell. We bid him enter, give him of our hospitality, never dreaming that his coming was "repellent to common sense," but every way natural and dignified.

To those who have laid away their dearly beloved ones, and sorrowfully found but "little or nothing of enduring comfort" in what their Church had to offer as to the true condition of these loved ones after death, is it wholly "repellent to common sense and to refined feeling" to have these loved ones return to our firesides, and by various ways and means, prove beyond all doubt, demonstrating over and over again, their palpable presence? Assuring us of their continued affection, of their happiness, and of the naturalness of the life upon which they had entered? Is all this "repellent to common sense and to refined feeling?"

When our good Doctor Abbott can furnish us from out the popular teachings of the Church, half as much sense and comfort as have these misjudged mediums given to the world during the past fifty years, then it may be in order for him to decry their works.

Voicing exactly what has been the burden of the message, alike by our trance mediums, our inspirational speakers, our seers and poets since the dawn of this distinctive, spiritual movement, Dr. Abbott says: "The dream of poets that our unseen friends are friends still, and minister to us in services which we but dimly recognize, in counsels which strangely guide us, though we know not whence they come, is more than a dream. Poets also see. Their witness to the invisible realities is not to be discarded. Their prophesying we are not able to despise; and with







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## This Page

Gives the clientele of the BANNER OF LIGHT complete information in regard to Railroads and Hotels to be used officially for the N. S. A. Convention held in Washington, D. C., Oct. 20, 21, 22, 23.

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It is made of the spirit more than of the talent of men, and fortune will not supply to every generation one of these well appointed knights, but every collection of men furnishes some example of this class.

Manners aid to facilitate life, to get rid of impediments and bring the man pure to emergence.

Great men are usually working, not triumphing. The time never was when a great man spoke to a subordinate offensively, no matter what the provocation might have been.

Manners are gaining control of the world. They are the growing element of success and there is no place in the world where this fact is more felt than in hotel life; there meeting as one will, individuals from all parts of the world, an observing person will note whether care and courteous attention is bestowed upon all alike, or whether the person brilliant in diamonds receives more recognition than one whose daily life is followed upon simple lines.

The writer has carefully observed that there are in existence today in America, England, and on the Continent but few hotels conducted absolutely upon refined lines and personal recognition; among the few we note as decidedly at the head in America the Hotel Empire, 63d St. and Broadway, New York City, and Grand Pacific, Chicago; Mr. W. Johnson Quin is ever at the helm in his own hotel. The force of the gentleman cannot escape the thoughtful observer.

The Grand Pacific in Chicago comes under the same head. Mr. Whipple, who has been for twenty years its Manager, has succeeded in creating an atmosphere within his own hotel which shuts out the muddy, smoky air of that wonderful western city. One cannot but observe in both of these hotels the courtesy extended to all alike, which is the keynote of their success.

## Paint Analyses.

It is argued by some paint manufacturers that so long as a paint is good and gives value received for its price, it is no concern of the consumer what its composition may be. This is to a large extent, true; and if all paint manufacturers were scrupulous to give full value in their products, it would be entirely true. But it is a sad fact that human nature is weak, in paint manufacturers as in other men; therefore, some paint manufacturers do undoubtedly fall before the combination of opportunity and secrecy, and the result is seen in poor paint which would be costly even if it cost nothing.

It is this consideration that has of late years induced some manufacturers, as a measure of self-defense, to advertise the composition of their products. It is a significant fact that those who use water and benzine, inert pigments, rosin, etc., are not those that publish their formulas. Those, on the other hand, who stick to zinc white, white lead, pure colors, linseed oil and turpentine, considering that they have nothing to conceal, are not slow to spread abroad the knowledge of their virtues.

As a general rule, it may be taken for granted that while there are many most excellent paints of which no hint regarding composition is allowed to leak out, there are none of which the formula is published that are not excellent in every respect. This applies, of course, to combination paints, all of which (at least those under consideration) are based on zinc white, and claim superiority on that ground.

With white leads (pure white leads, that is) the case is different. Chemical analyses of these are seldom published, and mean very little when they are, since the physical condition of a lead is quite as important in determining quality as chemical composition. Leads vary widely in this respect, and it is probably to the equalizing and compensatory quality of the zinc in correcting inequalities that the superior working and wearing properties of the combination paints are due.

The moral of this is that while the consumer is generally safe in buying the high-grade paint of any reputable manufacturer, assurance is rendered doubly sure when the composition of the paint is also guaranteed. Stanton Dudley.

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